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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . .
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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Quick Gassers: Michael Ansara (Cochise of Broken Arrow) mobbed by females in his Eastern hotel and the gals insisting that he looks scurrilous in his Indian wig. (Grim advice: Presley, Sands, go get an Apache haircut!) Strike It Rich, ten years on radio, six on TV, now making with death rattle. Rumor Roy has the wake set for February. Candy March will be turning up on TV soon as she gets servant problem straightened out at home. Jan Murray joins the Ed Sullivan Club as another proud (?) possessor of a baby ulcer. Ed, who travels as much as Bop Hope, will go only as far as Scarsdale on Christmas to spend the day with his daughter's family. Polly Bergen will be adopting a two-year-old boy. CBS-TV's Jimmy Dean waxed a Columbia Album titled, "Jimmy Dean's Hour of Prayer." Most of these songs he learned when he was knee-high to his mother's piano. And that delightful ole devil, Peter Lind Hayes, is red-upping a pipe and a handlebar mustache—for he is now a writer, in addition to other duties. His first teleplay debuts on Kraft Theater, December 4. It's a story of a gal singer who gets into an emotional mess with a too ardent fan, and then there is a murder. "I love to write bloody dramas," says gentle, bloodthirsty Peter. "I'm at work on another play which will be much more gruesome than the first." However, wife Mary Healy and children report that Peter remains his same lovable self in their New Rochelle home.

Robbin' Along: The holiday deluxe show, "Junior Miss," a musical version of the great Broadway play, comes on CBS-TV at 7:30 P.M. EST, December 20, with Bob Cummings starring as the middle-aged father of two teen-aged daughters. So this season Bob plays three different generations. On his own show, NBC-TV's Bob Cummings Show, besides playing the youthful, perennial bachelor, he is, also, his own grandfather. He fashioned the characterization after his own grand- father, who lived to be 92. "About the role, the toughest part is the make-up. It takes up to three hours with three men working on me." He adds, "And my kids love grandpa. They beg me to come home in the make-up. Well, I couldn't get my food through the whiskers, but I leave some of it on and all through dinner they make me talk like grandma." About the sexy dames on the show, he says, "Sure, the show is sexy, but in a realistic way. Based on my own experiences, I have a theory that a guy shouldn't fall in love and marry the first lovely gal he meets. Well, 'Bob,' on the show, plays the field. He's in no rush. And the show is instructive for young men as well as gals in dealing with each other. If 'Bob' gets too predatory, the gal gives him the brush-off. Bob, who has been happily married to former film beauty Mary Elliot since 1946, the mother of his five kids, does have a second love that has nothing to do with sex. It's airplanes. He has 6,000 flying hours and is a colonel in the Air Force National Guard. Moral: Don't get married until you have 3,000 flying hours.

Snappy for Pappy: Jackie Gleason resisting all pleas to appear on TV this Christmas. Barry Sullivan, Harbormaster's star, in Europe working on film with Lana Turner. Nice work... Nice, cute Ann Leonard, Godfrey, now making New York City her home. She's studying acting with Stella Adler and continuing her education at Fordham, with courses in psychology and philosophy. "I know I want success in the entertainment business, but truly, and don't tell anyone, my secret ambition is to be a psychiatrist." Garroway has a new Victor LP, "Some of My Favorites," featuring songs by Matt Dennis and blues by Red Norvo. Dave recommends this worthy bit of jazz for its "deep feeling" and "great simplicity." A rumor to be squelched is the one that Patti Page will move Big Record to Hollywood. Not true. Patti has just signed a three-year lease on a new Park Avenue apartment where she expects to cook her first Christmas dinner. In company with Faye Emerson, Patti has been taking cooking lessons from Dione Lucas. Patti says, "It makes me so nervous—like being back in school again." She good-humoredly admits that it hasn't been a breeze. Her first French food creation, a real dish that she took home for herself and husband, made her very ill... The Milk Bowl game, the annual football classic for small-fry elevens, takes place on December 8 at San An-

Pencil in hand, mustache on face—Peter Lind Hayes is a writer now!

Singer Ann Leonard, now studying drama, has a secret, "heady" yen.

And Chicago's Howard Miller will toss a hat in the mayoralty ring.

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 6
Windy Items: It'll be a big Chicago Christmas for Don McNeill. This is his 25th year in network radio and, on December 22, he celebrates his 50th birthday. All of his giant-sized (6'4") sons will be home. Tom and Don, Jr., plane in from Notre Dame. His youngest, Bob, is a junior in high school. Incidentally, Don's wife's birthday falls on December 20, which makes it quite a Christmas week. He says, "We exchange gifts only once and say 'Happy Birthdaymas.'" On radio, he is now reaching a third generation of listeners. "My original audience, now grandmothers, come into the studio with their daughters and granddaughters." He concludes, "It's been very exciting—being in radio at its birth and now with its rebirth." . . . Another Chicagoan, Howard Miller, is a bachelor eligible to the extent of $350,000 a year before taxes, and he is probably the most exposed personality in electronics. He's on two networks: NBC-TV's Howard Miller Show and CBS Radio's Howard Miller Show. Besides this, he does about another twenty hours a week on Chicago's WIND. He gets just 30 hours' sleep a week. "That's enough," he says, "for I sleep fast." Daily, he smokes four packs of cigarettes, drinks thirty cups of coffee and eats several rare steaks. He is, also, dead serious about his ambition to become Mayor of Chicago, for his civic interest is deep-rooted. He studied law and is the son of a Chicago judge. Proposals of marriage to Howard need merely be addressed to "Mr. Chicago, Illinois."

Cultural Note: The Last Word, off TV since early fall, returns to CBS on January 4, Sunday afternoons at 3:30 P.M. . . . Julie Christy, who plays villainess Irene Egan in Edge of Night, is a lovely blonde whose eyes go from blue to black, depending on her mood. Her eyes are always black in the serial. "My friends ask, 'How can you do that nasty part?' and I tell them, 'I like it. It's fun to break things and throw bottles. I get rid of all my own frustrations.' . . . Como's wonderful Ray Charles Singers have cut an M-G-M LP, "Here's to My Lady," twelve beautiful bouquets in song for the gals. . . . Nat Hiken, who wrote the Phil Silvers Show until this season, now readying The Magnificent Monte- tague for TV. Monty Woolley, who created the radio role, is in retirement. Considering the title role is Dennis King, who may be aided by Myrna Loy and Pert Kelton. . . . Another new show in the making, Turning Point, will be based on the actual lives of the big money winners in quiz shows. Speaking of quizzes, Twenty-One announced it paid out $500,500 in 55 telecasts. Simple division makes this $9,100 per show, not much as TV budgets go.

Katy-Did, Does It Again: A Gallup poll made this year to select the world's top ten women included only three people from the entertainment world: Grace Kelly, Marilin Anderson and Kate Smith. Now the big news is that Kate's coming back to radio. By January 6, or a little earlier if it can be managed, Kate will pick up the mike five days a week on the Mutual network. Kate had to be convinced, for she has said that after 25 years of hard work in show business she didn't want another regular show. Mutual convinced her, not only with top pay but also with enthusiasm. A spokesman for Mutual explained, "We think of ourselves at network headquarters as servicing our 465 stations, so we polled each station individually on a Kate Smith show and we were overwhelmed with yes." You can expect a truly great program from Kate, for she never does less than her best, and her best is what has made her one of the few entertainers in the world who deserve the adjective "great."

Beware of Curves: Next month, Studio One moves to Hollywood. Reason simple enough: Sponsor, Westinghouse, wants movie stars for audience bait. On the other hand, Johnny Carson moved with Do You Trust Your Wife? to New York City. He brought along his wife Jody and his three sons. Johnny recently went to court to change the first names of his two younger boys. "When they were born, they rushed us so (Continued on page 74)
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

Together Again: Molly Bee is back with Capitol Records where she had her first hit, "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." Is it chance or good fortune that Capitol is Tommy Sands' recording company, too? Wouldn't be surprised to find the kids dueting beautiful music together. . . . Debbie Reynolds, President of the Thalians—Hollywood young people's organization formed to raise money for mental health, with an emphasis on emotionally disturbed children—picked up the phone to kick off the Thalians' annual drive. Eight telephone calls later, with hubby Eddie Fisher on line and Debbie on another, and the kids had pledges from the major studios and networks for $8000. After the annual meeting, she and Barbara Ruick rose to entertain the members. Quipped Debbie, "You will now be sung to by the four of us." Barbara and Debbie are both expecting.

Bugs And Arrows: Pat Conway proposed marriage to actress Pamela Duncan quicker than his grandfather, Francis X. Bushman, proposed to grandmother—something of a record in itself. Bushman had popped the question only three months after meeting his wife, then proposed on an average of thirty times a day, until she said "yes" a year later. . . . But Pat proposed to Pam the first day they met on his Tombstone Territory set. Pam hasn't given a definite "yes" yet, but Pat shys admits they're by way of being engaged. . . . Recently, Art Linkletter was scheduled to fly Asian flu expert, Dr. Hugh Hussey, out from Washington for an appearance on his Houseparty show. Night before the program, the doctor called to cancel it. Reason: the doc had the flu.

Casting: Hermione Gingold pilot for George Burns' MacCadden Productions is in the works. . . . George Sanders doing a pilot for the peripatetic Mr. Burns under the title of The Amazing Oliver Gentry. They ought to call it "The Amazing George Burns." He acts, directs, writes and oversees four series produced under his MacCadden banner. . . . Don Murray and wife, Hope Lange, will co-star in a Christmas Playhouse 90.
this season, will be doubly blessed by the designing works of two of the fashion world's leading exponents. The first thirteen weeks, Loretta's gowns will come from the fine hand of Travilla; the remainder of the season, Werlé will be back for the fifth year gowning Loretta.

Home Sweet Home: Danny Thomas, on a cross-country tour in behalf of United Charities, stopped off at his home town, Toledo, Ohio. The city fathers honored Danny by dedicating "Danny Thomas Park." At the ceremony, Danny quipped, "At least now I'll always have a bench to sleep on." ... Richard Eyer, age 13 and a retired Little Leaguer, taught star Charles Laughton how to play baseball for a recent Playhouse 90 role. ... Walter Brennan has a 10-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, with a hothouse where he grows orchids. Hobby? No. Just so Mrs. B. can have a fresh orchid every day.

Bubbles 'n' Babies: Myron Floren uses his day off from the Lawrence Welk show to play cross-country concerts. Flying from the West Coast to the East Coast and back, Myron arrives just in time for the next morning's rehearsal. No sleep, but lots of loot and good-will. ... Welk's tenor Jim Roberts and wife have a new baby boy. ... The Myron Florens have named their bundle Holly Jean. ... On the expecting list are Welk violinist Dick Kessner and wife. ... Jim and Lois Garner's baby is due Christmas week. "Gambler Maverick" is betting it will be a boy. ... Scott "Jim Bowie" Forbes and his lovely actress wife, Jeanne Moody, are ecstatic over the stork's March date. Their first ... Tennessee Ernie's prize heifer, Granny, has a new calf.

Love Light: On the first show of his ABC-TV series, Frank Sinatra sang the new song hit, "All the Way." If you thought Mr. Sinatra was giving it his all, you might like to know that Lauren Bacall was sitting front row center. Frankie Boy was singing right to her. Our money is still on an early wedding date. ... Sinatra will only be doing two live hour shows on the series of 39. For the comfort of Frank's crew and guest stars Bob Hope, Kim Novak and Peggy Lee, ABC dragged in twelve luxurious dressing-room trailers. Sinatra's trail-er, complete with kitchen and bath-room, was pink and six feet longer than all the rest.

For Real: Walter Winchell received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams on the debut of his new show, W. W. File. But the wire that thrilled him most was signed by the people in New York with whom he dwells—"The Captain, House Dick and Bell Boys of the St. Moritz Hotel." ... J. S. Peters, who in real life is a retired Cavalry officer, was hired as tech-nical advisor for Boots And Saddle, the new (Continued on page 59)

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4
TV favorites on your theater screen

That pooch plays a big role in the movie love affair of Kim and Frankie.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

Pal Joey
COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR
Top performer Frank Sinatra has a ball in this offbeat musical, singing the lovely Richard Rodgers tunes, playing a cagy opportunist. He latches on to rich widow Rita Hayworth, gets her to finance a night club for him. But he also becomes romantically interested in Kim Novak, pretty and penniless chorine. Such popular classics as "I Could Write a Book" lend grace to this adult story of shabby but appealing Broadway type.

Jailhouse Rock
M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE
Well, this is the month when heroes turn heels. Like Frankie, Elvis Presley now portrays a rough character, an ex-con who is not at all improved by success as a singer. He's mean to his discoverer (the late Judy Tyler, young girl tragically killed in a car crash shortly after she finished this film). He's ungrateful to his prison pal, Mickey Shaughnessy, who lent him lots of show-business know-how. But eventually Elvis learns that you can't get along without the devotion of fellow human beings. While the story is absorbing, the movie could use a bit more music than it provides. Comer Dean Jones looks highly attractive in a small role as a disc jockey who boosts Elvis.

The Sad Sack
WALLIS; PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION
As adept a clown as ever, Jerry Lewis does his best to wreck the U. S. Army in this dizzy comedy. Oh, he means well; he wants to be a good soldier. Psychologist in the WAC, Phyllis Kirk tries to help him. GIs David Wayne and Joe Mantell just get stuck with him. In a wild finale in Morocco. Jerry finds an unexpected ally—Liliane Montevecchi, snippy lady spy whose allegiances are uncertain.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

April Love (20th; CINEMASCOPE, De Luxe Color): Pat Boone's at ease in a homey, down-on-the-farm musical, with Shirley Jones as a Kentucky neighbor who initiates him into thrill of sulky racing.

Sayonara (Warners; Technirama, Technicolor): As lovers in a deeply touching drama, Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka receive fine support from James Garner and Red Buttons. Filmed in Japan.

Operation Mad Ball (Columbia): Lots of laughs are supplied by noncom Jack Lemmon, plotting to get himself and fellow GIs together with Army nurses. Officer Ernie Kovacs tries to outwit him: Mickey Rooney comes to the rescue.
When you need her, nothing keeps her from your side

Even when she’s too tired to go another step, even when it means giving up her own happiness—she’s there...comforting you...helping you, until you can help yourself. Because you’re not just another case to Nora Drake. You’re a human being in trouble—frightened, lonely, sick. And taking care of you comes first. Does her devotion to others cost her too much? What gives her the strength to go on? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear THIS IS NORA DRAKE on the CBS RADIO NETWORK.
Just sixteen, and sweet as sugar candy, this Disney darling is

**That Livin' Doll, Darlene**

Stardom doesn’t keep young Miss Gillespie from such teen-age fun as dancing informally with Hal "Johnny Tremain" Stalmaster (above)—or riding with famed fellow-Mouseketeer Annette Funicello.
Baby brother Larry is really the Gillespie family idol. Ask Darlene!

She loves clothes, still likes to try on her mother’s “best”—and hope.

Gillespies are devoted, as well as talented. According to Darlene, older sister Pat (left) has “the best voice in the family.” Younger girls Gina and Larrion (foreground), also study singing—but Larry just coos in his mother’s arms. Dad is equally proud of them all.

By GORDON BUDGE

ONE DAY last summer, pert, freckle-nosed, sixteen-year-old Darlene Gillespie bounced out of the Walt Disney Productions office with news that she had just been cast as Dorothy in the feature motion picture, “The Rainbow Road to Oz.” Darlene was bursting with excitement, for it had been a short three years which had taken her from a small part in the ABC-TV Mickey Mouse Club, through a featured role in “Westward Ho, the Wagons,” to co-starring roles in the “Margaret” and “Spin and Marty” serials. Now, Dorothy, the plum role of the studio, was to be hers! Darlene remembered it was not so long ago that she had dreamed of becoming a singing-dancing actress. When Darlene was eleven, her entire family, with faith (Continued on page 77)

Walt Disney’s Mickey Mouse Club is seen on ABC-TV, M-F, from 5:30 to 6 P.M. (all time zones), under multiple sponsorship.

Larrion’s the youthful visitor in room Darlene shares with Pat—but the toys are Darlene’s. She collects ‘em.
Uncle Milton Berle was padding along the beach at Fire Island one morning last summer when he spotted a familiar face. "Hi-ho, Steverino," he shouted. And when Gordon Hathaway (Louis Nye) introduced his three-and-a-half-year-old son, Milton promptly went into his act. "He did his whole routine for our Petie," says Louis Nye. "But he didn't remember—and I didn't tell him—that I used to work on his show now and then."

Meanwhile, back at a ranch house in Dumont, New Jersey, a slight young man in a jazzy flowered sports shirt was inching his car out of the drive when a second car pulled up alongside the curb. "Hi, Shaky," the driver called out, grinning. And Don Knotts—Steve Allen's nervous "Man on the Street"—got himself (Continued on page 69)

The Steve Allen Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son., Inc., Greyhound Corporation, and Pharma-Craft Corporation.

Talent, they've always had. It's the "sudden" recognition they've got from Steve Allen's show which surprises Louis Nye, Don Knotts and Tom Poston
ON EASY STREET

Hi-ho "Gordon Hathaway"—alias Louis Nye, who hails from Hartford, Connecticut (via Madison Avenue).

"Stupid," they call him on Steve's mythical street. Actually, Canton, Ohio's Tom Poston is anything but.

"Shaky" by name—not by nature! Don Knotts of Morgantown, West Va., began as self-taught ventriloquist.

Above, Steve Allen "researches" Man-on-the-Street interviews with Nye, Poston and Knotts. At left, the three prove they can be penthouse-type playboys, too—when they forsake the city's dusty sidewalks for a slick night-club turn with gorgeous Barbara Nichols on The Steve Allen Show.
Talent, they've always had. It's the “sudden” recognition they've got from Steve Allen's show which surprises Louis Nye, Don Knotts and Tom Poston
“If you want to be Actors...”
Rusty Draper’s two teenagers know they’ll have to show Dad, who’s strictly from (Kirksville) Missouri

By EUNICE FIELD

On his tenth birthday, Farrell K. Draper made up his mind. He talked his parents into buying him a $3.25 guitar, practiced up a couple of pop tunes, washed his freckled face, slicked down his red hair, and marched off to his Uncle Ralph’s cafe to “play for the customers.”

“I made up my mind to be a big star,” he told Ralph and Arietta Powell.

The Powells were show folk. They fixed the boy with a hard-boiled stare and said, “Nephew, where are we livin’ now?”

“Kirksville, Missouri,” he replied.

“As long as we’re in Missouri, you’ve got to show us.”

Twenty years later, “Rusty” Draper, as he is fondly known to his fans, is indeed a big star. He’s shown them. With his own red-hot Rusty Draper Show on CBS Radio, two gold records signifying hit tunes which have sold better than a million copies, and “socko” appearances at plush night clubs, Rusty is perched comfortably on one of the top peaks in the entertainment world.

But, recently, when his fourteen-year-old son Johnny, and daughter Judy, thirteen, approached their daddy on the subject of taking a crack at the stage. Rusty listened quietly, tossed them the well-remembered

Continued
Most of all, Rusty and Macia want the family to have roots. Having started "trouping" so early himself, the Missouri-born singer is glad he can now provide Johnny and Judy with a permanent home in Carmel, California—complete with barbecue for growing appetites.

challenge: "I'm from Missouri—you'll have to show me."

This attitude of skepticism about his children's talents is little short of heretical on the part of Rusty Draper. The theater, and all its allied branches, has grown to be like the medieval guilds when a shoemaker's son became a shoemaker and a weaver's daughter a weaver. Most stars of today are so delighted with the prospect of their kids carrying on the family tradition that they do everything in their power to guide their offspring (whether talented or no) up the golden trail they helped blaze. Rusty and his charming wife Macia, the lively and

brainy young woman who manages his affairs, have not urged their children to try acting. And they offer only the mildest kind of approval when the youngsters try it.

"Mind, we're not against their taking a fling at it," says Rusty. "But when they came to me and said, 'We have an idea we'd like to try acting,' this was my answer: 'It's not enough to have an idea. I made up my mind to be a performer when I was not quite eleven. Show business was in my heart like religion. I'll let you two appear on my program once in a while if you can prove you're any good. But I (Continued on page 60)

The Rusty Draper Show is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, from 8:35 to 9 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
"If you want to be Actors..."

(Continued)

Everything's planned for entertainment at home—not in public. Sun deck on which Draper family stands (above) is frequently used as dance floor for teenager parties.

Rusty's own great offstage hobby these days is golf, and he is teaching Johnny the game. Actually, baseball was the first sports love of both—till music took over.

Rhythm is the heartbeat of their home. Show business is in Judy's and Johnny's blood—as well as Rusty's.

Both youngsters take dramatics at summer schools in Colorado—with ranch life and riding as "extras."

Mostly, they live and go to school in Carmel—with "Aunt Clara" Klinck running the household on weekdays.
The Happiest Search

For today, tomorrow, a lifetime, Mary Stuart finds fulfillment in the miracle of growing children.

Mornings start early for Mary, to share the precious breakfast hour with little Cynthia and baby Jeffrey, before leaving for her Search For Tomorrow rehearsal.

Afternoons, she's "just another mother" playing with her children in Central Park. Weekends, husband and father Richard Krolik can join them on the carrousel.

By ALICE FRANCIS

As you walk through the doorway of Mary Stuart's apartment on Park Avenue, in New York City, you marvel at what a difference a couple of years make. This time, a bright red balloon, caught in the draft from the opened door, comes rolling out in friendly greeting, even before you meet Mary's welcoming eyes. You sidestep a stroller parked in the foyer—a double one designed for two babies, holding some rubber pails and toys for "digging." On the living-room windowsill, just beyond the foyer, is a gray plush kitten with a perky red bow. Within an inch of Mary's prized yellow silk chairs bobs a tiny maple rocking chair. Moving about the apartment, you see other evidences of a new way of living for Mary Stuart, who in private life is Mrs. Richard Krolik, and on television is Joanne Tate of Search. (Continued on page 76)

Mary Stuart stars as Joanne Tate in Search For Tomorrow, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Oxydol, and Spic and Span.
Curb service for a busy mother: Mary places order on way to Park, then picks it up on the way home.

Flowers are purchased at last moment, to beautify their home (and Cynthia!) before Daddy's arrival.

Happy ending: Mary believes that motherhood is "the most rewarding thing that can happen to a woman."

Romp with children before bedtime crowns a satisfying day for both Richard and Mary.
Garry Moore dodges no questions—on sex, voting, jobs, drinking, trick haircuts, rock 'n' roll—though both parents and teenagers may want to argue with his provocative answers!

By MARTIN COHEN

GARRY MOORE is a good guy to ask for an opinion—because, if he has nothing to say, he says so. However, he agreed to talk about problems of teenagers and their parents. His comments are blunt but temperate—Garry Moore has never clubbed anyone. He is, today, one of the most successful men in the United States. He is forty-two and has been married eighteen years. Garry has two sons and he knows them well, since he is at home for breakfast and back from the city in time for dinner. He is deeply concerned with the welfare of his children—but it should be noted that Garry's only "preparation" for this interview was to loosen his necktie. From one minute to the next, he had no idea of what question would be thrust at him. Yet the quality of his response is that of a thoughtful person. Many parents may criticize Garry for the degree of freedom he has given his seventeen-year-old. On the other hand, some teenagers may feel he underestimates the degree of their maturity. Here are the

Garry, the father, senses the pulse-beat of teenagers—as the performer Garry feels the rhythm of the drums.
questions—and Garry’s answers:

Today, teenagers have songs written and recorded for them, movies produced for them, magazines edited particularly for them. Do you think this means that today’s teenagers are wiser, more grown-up, than previous generations?

No. I think it merely means that they have more money in their pockets. And the salesmen have found that out.

Do you agree with President Eisenhower’s proposal that the voting age be lowered to eighteen?

No—and I’m familiar with the argument, “If they’re old enough to fight, they’re old enough to vote.” I think it takes less mature thought to fight than to vote. I think that any nation has a segment of its population which is subject to demagogues and easy persuasion by fiery speakers and colorful personalities. I think teenagers, being less mature, could be more easily swayed by a Huey Long or someone of that nature. Such a man could concentrate on voters between eighteen and twenty-one, tell them what they want to hear, rather than what they should hear. He might easily create a large and dangerous voting bloc.

You have two teen-age boys?

The older, Mason, is seventeen. The younger, Garry, Jr., is fourteen.

Why have you kept them away from writers, photographers and most publicity?

Well, that isn’t a normal teen-age problem which is going to be encountered by the average parent. I’ve kept my kids away from publicity in order to keep their lives normal, and they prefer it that way. For example, they go to school using our real family name of Morfit. It is several months before the other kids find out they are “Garry Moore’s” sons. By that time, they either make it—or don’t make it—on their own.

Do you (Continued on page 65)
"Silent night, holy night," the voices ring, reaffirming faith and mutual devotion.

Outside, the little town of Elmwood is a winter fairyland. The scattered small homes, each with its candle-lit windows, green-trimmed doors, sparkle as if some generous Santa Claus had tossed a handful of jewels onto the earth to beautify it. Safe indoors, the Young family, warm with the Yuletide spirit, gather at the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Young to celebrate. On this night, the troubles of the year are put aside. Forgotten for the moment are the developments involving Pepper's work for the new venture in which he and his friend Dave Wallace have been so absorbed... the mysterious Pinedale company, headed by Eric Matthews—a chemical engineer and a stranger in Elmwood. Eric is fast growing closer to the Young family, both as co-worker and as personal friend. To Peggy Young Trent, forced by divorce to rear her daughter Ivy and son Hal alone, the presence of the attractive Eric as next-door neighbor has been disturbing. Is she falling in love with this man of the world—so different from Dave, who has long sought to marry her? To Dave, Eric presents a real threat. And he is bedevilled by the feeling that, somewhere long before, he has met Eric under most peculiar circumstances. But, on this most wonderful day of the year, the Youngs are united in love and faith. To each other—and to all their friends across the country—they say: "God bless you. Merry Christmas!"

Pepper Young's Family, as written by Elaine Carrington and directed by Chick Vincent, is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:45 P.M. EST.
Pepper Young’s Family, as written by Elaine Carrington and directed by Chick Vincent, is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:45 P.M. EST.

Pepper (Mason Adams), Linda (Margaret Draper) and Buttons (posed by Margaret’s son Christopher); Grandfather and Grandmother Young (Bill Johnstone, Marion Barney); Peggy Young Trent, son Hal (Betty Wragge, Jackie Grimes — back of couch), daughter Ivy (Lynn Loring — on floor).
“Silent night, holy night,”
the voices ring, reaffirming
faith and mutual devotion

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is a winter fairyland. The scattered small homes, each with its candlelit windows, green-trimmed doors, sparkle as if some generous Santa Claus had tossed a handful of jewels onto the earth to beautify it. Safe indoors, the Young family, warm with the Yuletide spirit, gather at the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Young to celebrate. On this night, the troubles of the year are put aside. Forgotten for the moment are the developments involving Pepper's work for the new venture in which he and his friend Dave Wallace have been so absorbed...the mysterious Pinedale company, headed by Eric Matthews—a chemical engineer and a stranger in Elmwood. Eric is fast growing closer to the Young family, both as co-worker and as personal friend...To Peggy Young Trent, forced by divorce to rear her daughter Ivy and son Hal alone, the presence of the attractive Eric as next-door neighbor has been disturbing. Is she falling in love with this man of the world—so different from Dave, who has long sought to marry her? To Dave, Eric presents a real threat. And he is bedevilled by the feeling that, somewhere long before, he has met Eric under most peculiar circumstances...But, on this most wonderful day of the year, the Youngs are united in love and faith. To each other—and to all their friends across the country—they say: "God bless you. Merry Christmas!"

[Image of a family gathered around a Christmas tree with text: Pepper (Mason Adams), Linda (Margaret Draper) and Buttons (played by Margaret's son Christopher); Grandfather and Grandmother Young (Bill Johnstone, Marian Beatty); Peggy Young Trent, son Hal (Betty Wrage), Jacki Greene (back of couch), daughter Ivy (Lynn Loring — on floor).]
Be an “Angel” like Betty White—and your dog, your children’s pets, can lead a people’s life, too!

Betty White, star of Date With The Angels, over ABC-TV, claims she is no expert on dogs. But all her life, she has shared her heart and hearth with a succession of assorted canines—so many that Betty couldn’t help but pick up considerable knowledge on the subject. You can’t knock experience as a teacher. Experience becomes capitalized, and in italics, when you consider that Betty has never had fewer than three dogs around her house, and once had as many as nineteen cluttering up the corridors.

Among Betty’s friends, there’s some discussion as to whether Betty leads a dog’s life, or whether Betty’s dogs lead (Continued on page 72)

Mrs. White—whose own pet is poodle “Donny” (below right, with Betty) —laughs as big and little pooches tug at Betty’s leash, eager for outing.

As Vickie, on ABC-TV’s Date With The Angels, Betty’s “pet” is that feminine favorite, the all-American husband—as played by Bill Williams.

Guard fence is seldom needed in the White household. Pets have learned canine etiquette, are rewarded with dog cookies during Betty’s training.

Mrs. White—whose own pet is poodle “Donny” (below right, with Betty) —laughs as big and little pooches tug at Betty’s leash, eager for outing.

Betty stars as Vickie, and Bill Williams is Gus, in Date With The Angels, as seen over ABC-TV, Fri., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Plymouth Dealers of America.
Shyness is no problem for Eve—now—with husband Brooks West at Westhaven, their ranch in Hidden Valley. Sons Douglas and Duncan are anything but camera-shy, with Brooks keeping a photographic record of all the children's activities!

But it's mighty uncomfortable, admits Eve Arden—who hopes others may benefit from her own early experiences

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Teen-AGED Eve Arden (she was Eunice Quedens then—but let's call her by the name she has made world-famous today) was heading for her English class when the principal stopped her in the hallway and asked: "Please announce that the night of the prom has been changed from next Saturday to the week after, will you?"

Eve's knees started to buckle. Her face grew flushed, her voice hoarse. "I don't feel so well, Miss Adrian," she croaked. "I... I... I just wonder if I could be excused and go home..." The principal looked at her sternly. "Eunice, you are perfectly all right and you know it. Now you go right to class and make the announcement!"

Eve made one more attempt to get out of it. "I have a terrible memory. Honestly, I have. Couldn't someone else...?" "Now, Eunice, you have to get over this shyness. Nobody is going to hurt you when you get up in front of the class. Just do it." With that, she turned and left.

Somehow, Eve managed the announcement. But when she got through, her hands were wet with perspiration, her mind a blank as to what she had said, and how she'd said it. In fact, on the night of the dance, she was surprised that anyone showed up at all!

"That was only one of the many instances I was in agony because of my shyness," she recalls, over luncheon at Motion Picture Center, where she is now at work on her new CBS-TV series, The Eve Arden Show. "I used to think there was something drastically wrong with me. It took me years to realize that most young people, and a lot of older ones, go through the same qualms... I still do, from time to time."

Overcoming her shyness has been a constant, still continuing struggle. Yet Eve is now willingly discussing the subject, in the hope that her own experiences may be of benefit to others.

She first became conscious of her reticence when she was four or five and a distant relative from back East visited them during his summer vacation. Like most children, she was quite uninhibited when she met strangers. But there was something about this man that frightened her. Maybe his tremendous height, or the strong scent of tobacco he carried with him.

Her mother didn't realize the youngster's uneasiness when she asked Eve to go over and shake hands. "I don't want to..." Eve had resisted. But Mother insisted: "Be a good girl and show you have manners."

Continued
"Now, Eunice, I'm not going to hurt you," the tall one assured Eve as he walked over. Eve turned and fled in terror. For years, she was afraid of tall strangers who smelled of tobacco. "Had I known a little more about him, I wouldn't have been so terrified," she believes today. "I'm convinced that most of the shyness in youngsters starts at that age when they first become conscious of people."

Realizing this, she has made a very special effort to help her own children get adjusted to mingling with others... a process made somewhat more difficult by the isolated location of Brooks and Eve Arden West's ranch—and by Eve's and Brooks' long working hours—which have kept visitors to Westhaven at a minimum. "I work on my children and our friends before they ever meet," Eve explains. "Ahead of time, I tell my youngsters who is coming and a little about them and their families—whether they have children, and about their hobbies and sports or anything else they might find interesting. Then I caution our friends and acquaintances that my children usually are a bit shy at first, and urge them to leave them alone till they warm up on their own account.

"I also point out little things that will give our visitors an opening for a conversation. Like when our oldest, Liza, took her first dancing lesson, she was thrilled because a new acquaintance asked how she liked rock 'n' roll. And, the moment anyone asks Doug about his favorite toy, he immediately runs to his room and brings his dump truck. Thereafter, the problem is to keep him quiet!"

Eve's system has worked so well that, a few weeks ago, when one of her writers came to the ranch to discuss the following week's script, Doug kept him so busy playing "road construction" that the business meeting had to be postponed until after Doug was tucked in bed.

Eve is convinced it's easier to overcome shyness by first recognizing that it exists, and secondly by finding the reasons for it. "In most instances—at least, judging by my own experiences—it's primarily due to unsureness..."
and inexperience in any particular field . . ."

Like the embarrassment she went through every time a boy asked her to dance, for instance. Particularly one evening, when she was thirteen or fourteen and went to a prom dressed in her new white pleated skirt and red-and-black knitted sweater.

Throughout the evening, she uneasily sat on the far side of the gymnasium, hoping that one particular boy—the football hero of the class—would come over and ask her for a dance . . . yet hoping he wouldn't because she didn't know the newest steps! And when he actually headed across the floor to where she was sitting, she frantically thought up all kinds of excuses to turn him down. Too shy for even that, she had no choice but to accept his invitation with a nod of her head.

The next five minutes were the most miserable in her young memory, in spite of having the school's number-one (Continued on page 68)
Here's Tex and Jinx McCrary's magic formula for working and living together. But is it "magic"—or the age-old wisdom of eternal woman?

By FRANCES KISH

When Jinx Falkenburg McCrary and Tex McCrary began their husband-and-wife radio team in the spring of 1946, Jinx was five months pregnant. Her first solo interview assignment was a visit to the gorilla, Gargantua—only a month before the McCrarys' son, Paddy, was born. The mail and telephone response to the broadcast was terrific—and condemnatory—and mostly addressed to Tex. Irate feminine listeners, genuinely concerned, warned that now Tex and Jinx's child would be irrevocably "marked." They hinted that the baby might "have fur," or learn to speak only in "guttural sounds."

Nothing of the sort happened, of course, and neither Tex nor Jinx was frightened by such old wives' tales—"Jinx doesn't (Continued on page 79)
Sonny James:
Singing Gentleman from Alabama

From Hackleburg to Korea, from Texas' "Big D" to Yankee big-time, he carries Southern music and gallantry with him, wherever he goes.

Doris Farmer, from Dallas, shows Sonny first brief story about him in TV Radio Mirror (August, '57).

By GREGORY MERWIN

You can get into some embarrassing situations, he admits with a grin: "There were those girls down in Atlanta, crowding around, waiting for an autograph, and this one little girl—she must have been about seven—held her pad out and I knelt down by her and she began to titter and asked if I'd mind if she kissed me on the cheek and I said, 'No, hon, it would be a pleasure.' Then the little girl with her gave me a kiss. About that time, a young teenager asked if she might kiss me and I could see they were lining up and growing. Some of them looked kind of like

Continued
Mom's cooking is "best." Sonny did some himself, with Army in Korea, but won't try to compete with Mrs. Loden.

middle-aged teenagers. I figured it was snow-balling and I'd be kissing my way all the way to Chicago and so I just stopped it."

The object of this affection is a big-hearted, long-legged troubadour, Sonny James, radio-TV star and Capitol recording artist. Sonny has blue eyes and weighs about one-eighty. There are six feet, three inches of him between his size-ten shoes and his tousled black hair. And those curls, too, hold a particular fascination for gals. "Well, there was this one little girl who asked me for a lock of hair, and she had a pair of scissors in her hand and I said, 'Sure.' And then another girl asked for a lock and a couple others asked. Well, I couldn't refuse the others, once I gave to one. When I got back

Sonny bats out a few with today's sand-lotters. He liked touring with The Loden Family, as a boy, but got biggest thrill from returning to finish high school in Alabama.
to the hotel and looked in the mirror I had this hole in my head as big around as a baseball.”

It is understandable that Sonny’s generosity and amiability have won him the title of “Southern gentleman.” But he is also a man of principle who doesn’t flinch from his beliefs. Sonny will not sing where liquor is served: “There were only three exceptions in my life. I was booked into three clubs in Texas before my manager understood how I felt. I made good on those commitments, but I’ve never been in a night club since. In the first place, besides what I think of drinking, I want to sing only where teenagers can go.” And he is a modest gentleman. For years he had been classified as a country singer. When his first sensational (Continued on page 10)

Waiting on customers in Pop’s clothing store, he feels so much like teen-aged “partner” he once was, he’s likely to top cash register for dote-money, just as he used to do!

Fishing’s still his favorite hobby. Above, he and Lennis Tesney get kick out of Freeman Cochran’s latest tall tale about “big ones.” Below, here’s one that didn’t get away.
Like his TV role, Guy Williams has two names, seems "born with a foil in his hand"—but his duel with fame has been hard-fought, as well as daring

By ELSA MOLINA

BAD LUCK in 1953 turned into good luck in 1957 for Guy Williams—the giant of a man who is now delighting TV audiences with his portrayal of the masked rider Zorro. Four years ago, Guy's movie career seemed to have reached an abrupt end when the actor was thrown from a horse and suffered serious injury to his left shoulder and arm. He came out of the accident with impairment of muscular control of the left arm. In desperate hope that exercise could restore muscular co-ordination, Guy started fencing lessons. Within six months, he had regained full use of the arm and had become a crack fencer. This skill clinched the dashing role of Zorro for Guy a short four years later. (Continued on page 66)
Don Diego by day, avenger Zorro by night, Guy matches wits—and swords—with Brit Lomond, TV’s Monastario.

Guy Williams now, he was Armand Catalano when he met Janice in 1948. It was love at first sight, as they posed for a skiing illustration, back in New York City. Now it’s sunny California for them and their four-year-old son Stevie—who has almost as many hobbies as his parents. With Dad, he shares New World passion for model-railroading (left) and Old World skill with a fencing blade!

Walt Disney (center, below) and director Norman Foster (at left) were equally impressed by this romantic actor’s amazing resemblance to the hero they envisioned for Zorro.
Shirley Temple's
OWN FAIRYTALE STORY

Hollywood wanted only the best for its fabulous child star and everyone rejoiced when Shirley found grown-up happiness in marriage to businessman Charles Black.

Even their youngest daughter knows how Mommy looked when she was little, too. Lori immediately recognizes curly-top Shirley Temple doll, has seen Mommy's early successes on the Blacks' home movie screen.

Watching three-year-old Lori at play, Shirley has no acting plans for her children—and no regrets about her own youthful career, which started before school days.
Shirley's later absence from show business has been purely voluntary, "to spend all the time possible with the children and Charles." Now, the youngsters themselves—Lori, Linda and Charles, Jr.—are delighted she's going to have her own show on NBC-TV, with just the kind of stories they love best!

Once upon a time, there was a tiny golden princess the whole world loved.

Now grown up, she's still the queen of hearts to all who've ever known her

By DORA ALBERT

Mrs. Charles Black, exquisitely dressed in a dark sheath dress with white bodice and lace collar, sat in a hastily improvised theater room at the Los Angeles Press Club headquarters in the Ambassador Hotel. In her lap she held a nineteen-inch Shirley Temple doll with blond ringlets and hazel eyes. On the screen were being flashed scenes from Shirley Temple's early triumphs in pictures: "Heidi," "Captain January," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Wee Willie Winkie." Just before the films started, Mrs. Black looked down at the cuddly doll on her lap and said softly: "This feels so
Fox title was prophetic: "Baby, Take a Bow." Shirley won whole world's heart, saved a big studio.

Scripts were never a problem—but she "studied" hard on set for Paramount film with Gary Cooper.

Shirley left lasting imprint on movies' hall of fame—along with childish scrawl, "Love to you all."

Versatile Shirley acted, song, danced. Scene with Buddy Ebsen is from "Captain January," one of the four Temple films seen on TV, over NTA network, as Holiday Specials.

Revivals on TV include "Heidi," "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In latter, Shirley danced with the late, great star, Bill Robinson (above, left).
Shirley Temple cult is starting. Audiences were spellbound when NTA released on TV four of the films which made her famous. A new Shirley Temple doll (just like the one she held on her lap) is being sold all over the country—which is the reason the Ideal Toy Corporation gave the party at which the press met the grown-up Shirley Temple.

You couldn’t mistake that face anywhere. The childish features are now those of a poised young woman. The face is almost heart-shaped. Her hair is darker now, and she wears it in an attractive bob, but otherwise she is a grown-up replica of the child who became the most fabulous star in motion picture history.

As she stood in the center of a swirling crowd, friends came up to her who had known her “when”—among them, Frances Klamt, who (Continued on page 74)

Shirley Temple’s Story Book, produced by Henry Jaffe Enterprises and Screen Gems, premiers on NBC-TV, Sun., Jan. 12, 8 P.M. EST. Four early movies are now being seen on TV, via NTA Film Network, with “Heidi” scheduled for WPIX (New York), Sun., Dec. 8, 3 P.M.
His hard-pounding beat at the piano comes from the people who make their own music ... the gospel singers, the field hands, the honky-tonk professors, the hillbilly hotshots, and the little combos of kids who work up a special number for a high-school show. But the surging, exuberant drive which has carried Jerry Lee Lewis swiftly into the top hit class is distinctly his own. You could no more halt it than you could stop an ocean wave with a toothpick. Jerry Lee is a born singing, piano-playing, music-making entertainer ... a guy who has to be heard.

They found that out at Sun Record Company in Memphis, Tennessee, the first time he came through the door with a grin on his face, a roll of tape under his arm and an urgency in his voice as he stated, “I came to see Sam Phillips.”

Every performer’s way to stardom is as personal and different as falling in love. Jerry Lee’s destiny involved a family which put a son’s needs first ... a teacher who failed to understand him ... and a man who was away from his desk.

Many (Continued on page 62)
In Jerry Lee Lewis, Sun Records has launched a boy with a beat which thunders up a storm all over America.

*Trademark: Made in Memphis. A million-dollar array of song talent—Jerry Lee at left, Carl "Blue Suede Shoes" Perkins on guitar, Elvis Presley on piano, Johnny Cash at right—gathers for strictly off-the-record jam session. Lucky number? "Blueberry Hill."

WHBO deejay Dewey Phillips (at upper right) gave Jerry Lee's first platter its very first air-spin. Crowds flocked to Poplar Tunes Record Shop to buy it—and meet Lewis.

Jerry Lee is frequent guest at Sam Phillips' home, where young Knox, 12, and Jerry, 9, argue relative merits of Presley and Lewis haircuts. But there's absolutely no argument about the late snacks Becky, Sam's wife, makes for Jerry Lee. They're the most.
MAYBE there's not as much gold now in them thar California hills, but there's a sight more romance in the Golden West, as viewed on TV. The hero may still ride off into the sunset alone, at the end of each episode, but he'd rather kiss a gal than a horse anytime—on screen or off. And the gals are responding in spades. With a whole corral full of he-men waiting for the right she-women, the female posse is racing full gallop to carry the fan mail. Just as a sample assay, here are six eligible handsome critters—with helpful hints on their dates and hopes.

In this new era, the noble redskin is fluttering as many hearts as his paleface brothers. Few bachelors in filmland get more mail than Michael Ansara, Apache chief Cochise of Broken Arrow (ABC-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EST). At 34, six-foot-two Mike is as brawny as any desert son, has scored highest in Indian roles. Actually, he's the New England son of Lebanese immigrants—and has old-fashioned ideas of marriage suitable to tribal customs of both Old World and New.

Of bachelor life in a Hollywood apartment, Mike says:

"I like it. I know I'm having a lot of fun." Of single men in general: "They can struggle and they can squirm—but they're going to be caught by some gal. That's my goal!" Recently, he's been dating Gia Scala, Julie Van Zandt, Myra Monsour, Jill Jarman. But he probably won't wed an actress. "The man must be the man in the house," he affirms. "I think it's hard for a man and wife, both in the profession, to make a go of it. There are so many beautiful women in the world—and they are not

These rugged Western bachelors haven't been roped yet. Meet six men who are eagerly hoping to meet just the right girl!
all in Hollywood. If the right girl would come along,” he concludes, “I’d get married and have a dozen kids. That’s what I’m looking for.”

Blond, blue-eyed Will Hutchins—who is cowboy Tom Brewster of Sugarfoot (alternating with Cheyenne on ABC-TV, Tues., 7:30 P.M. EST)—dates starlets, too, because they share similar career interests. But he likes coeds even better. He’s the collegiate type. Los Angeles-born Will got a B.A. in drama at Pomona College, studied for his M.A. in movie production at U.C.L.A. after overseas duty with the Army Signal Corps.

Starlets or collegiennes, Will likes a girl who can carry on a sensible conversation. A thinker, he likes his women that way, too. Six-foot-one Will is the kind of guy who takes a gal to a play, buys her a book. Youngest of our six “eligibles,” at 25, he feels he isn’t ready for serious romance, thinks he has a lot more to learn about women, after all that concentration on school and career.
WANTED: Six Wives
(Continued)

But he definitely wants a wife and family as soon as he's "established." The way things are going now for Will, that doesn't seem far in the future—ladies, get your lassos ready!

With the undoubted, enduring success of The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp (ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST), Hugh O'Brian is in a position to consider romance and marriage seriously right now. Born in Rochester, New York, brought up in the Midwest, this dark, intense six-footer is also a college man—Kemper Military in Missouri, and Cincinnati U. But there were lean years of struggle, when he decided to take up acting after his service with the Marines during the war.

When Hugh was offered the role of Wyatt Earp three years ago, he says he didn't have anyone but himself and his canine pal, "Lady," to provide for. Since "Lady" only ate thirty-three cents' worth of dogmeat a day, she wasn't much of a responsibility. Today, at 32, O'Brian could raise a whole family on filet mignon—and he's ready to settle down. Gallant as Earp himself, Hugh's much in demand socially, says that, to him, all women are beautiful. He has no preference in looks or type, except that he wants "the home-loving kind." Hugh wants to fall in love. But, more than anything, he wants to be sure it's the right girl.

Indian smoke-signals are waiting the news that Pat Conway of Tombstone Territory (ABC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST) is already branded and on his way to the matrimonial market. Pat was born to show business, out Hollywood way. His dad was movie director Jack

Conway and his granddad is Francis X. Bushman, great lover of the silent screen. But Pat himself preferred life on the family ranch, in his earliest days, had learned to rope and ride before he was ten.

At 26, he's always been a shy one, who blushingly admits he could never hope to match his grandfather's way with the ladies, on film or off. But—between drama studies at the Pasadena Playhouse and at London's Old Vic—Pat served a tour with the Marines in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic. Being a Leatherneck, as well as an ace-high cowpoke, he has learned to "advance." Now that he's Sheriff Clay Hollister of Tombstone, he's no longer afraid to swing his lariat, when the right heifer lopes over the horizon.

Black-haired Dale Robertson, the Jim Hardie of Tales Of Wells Fargo (NBC-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST), is living the bachelor life on his Sepulveda, California ranch. Born and raised in Oklahoma, this rugged six-footer loves the outdoors, raises quarter-horses in California, has a really large spread in his home state which his brother manages for him. Free weekends, Dale spends working the horses at his ranch, teaching riding to his four-year-old daughter by an early marriage. And, whenever he can, he likes to take off for Oklahoma to visit his parents. Dale was voted "outstanding athlete" at Oklahoma Military College, later served with General Patton's Third Army in Europe.

Date-wise, Dale's been out with a number of different girls, both in the industry and out. Nothing "steady," though he'd like to get married again and says it will "depend on the girl." She'll have to like both music and writing, which are the biggest things in his life—next to racing his horses. Dale takes his writing seriously, has done a few screen plays and submitted ideas for Wells Fargo. As for music, he loves the classics. So, ladies, take your pick: Riding, writing, romantic music!
Robert Horton, the Flint McCullough of *Wagon Train* (NBC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EST), likes the classics on his hi-fi, too, but is also fond of “pop” standards. “Music for listening,” he calls it. A native Californian, Bob doesn’t go for Hollywood-type dates, with both parties fighting to make bright, witty conversation: “As far as I’m concerned, there doesn’t have to be any conversation.” Thirty-three years old, and just over six feet tall, Bob can’t stand people who are always “on stage.” For that reason, he says, “I doubt if my wife will be someone from the industry.”

Bob seldom takes his dates to night clubs, is more apt to wind up with them at the home of one of his best friends, a European doctor, for black coffee—and conversation! That’s his idea of a fun evening. Between times, Bob grubs around the libraries poring over historical journals looking for the kind of material which makes frontier-scout McCullough come to life in the post-Civil War period of *Wagon Train*. (Bob himself was in the Coast Guard, during more recent hostilities, and has studied drama at Miami U. and U.C.L.A.)

As Bob allows, “I don’t mind this bachelor life ... but I’d much rather be married.” A sentiment which seems to sum up the philosophy of all six of these eligible males—who may be headed for the best roundup faster than the most fabulous Western hero could draw and shoot!
“This Is the Way I Like to Look”

Tiny Susan Douglas knows her own size is best—for her—shows small girls how to dress well

By HARRIET SEGMAN

If you're small, why pretend you're tall? asks tiny Susan Douglas of CBS-TV's The Guiding Light. "Better," says Susan, "to pretend that all tall girls wish they were petite." At the right is Susan as she likes to dress. "I like fitted dresses," she says, "with simple lines and small details. Big collars may be fashionable right now, but not for us tiny girls." Susan chooses short or elbow-length sleeves, long only if they're skin-fitting. If she can't resist a dress with large lines, she has it made smaller in both size and proportion. "Make sure it's not a dress wearing you," she says, "but you wearing the dress." Susan's pumps always match her dress for an all-in-one look.

"NOT THIS WAY . . .

. . . BUT THIS WAY."

At the left, Susan Douglas shows how she thinks a small girl should not put herself together. Explains Susan: "A full top is good with a slim skirt, or a full skirt can be worn with a fitted jacket—but full skirt plus full top overpower a tiny figure. Same goes for triple-tier dresses cut like wedding cakes. Leave these for your tall sisters. I like the all-one-piece look, so I avoid separate jackets, and choose full-length coats and all-one-color suits. The purse I'm carrying in the photo also adds to the unbecoming 'billowy' look. Small, slim, flat purses are better. I don't care for fluffed-out hair, either, for a small girl with small features. Too much hair, not enough face. I like my hair very short and well-shaped, in a cap or sculptured style, not wavy or bushy. Or quite long and pulled back and away to show the outlines of the face." Personally, Susan doesn't recommend bangs for a small girl unless she has an enormous forehead or extremely long or large face. "If you must have bangs," she says, "just wear a very wispy arrangement that leaves enough forehead showing. Always remember that your object is to show your face and trim figure, not your hairdo and dress."
Hazel Hazel. year, the could But year her Paul, a tribute repre.

The latest bundle from Britain to grace the American home screen is lovely Hazel Court, who plays opposite Patrick O'Neal in the CBS-TV series, Dick And The Duchess. And fair royalty she is, Hazel, who was born in Birmingham, England, remembers she made up her mind to be an actress very early in life. Much later, when Hazel's parents saw her way, they sent her off to the Birmingham School of Drama for the necessary training. While there, Hazel distinguished herself in theater, painting, ballet and writing, and celebrated her eighteenth birthday by signing a five-year contract with the Rank organization. Major film roles followed, in quick succession. On stage, she appeared in "Laurel." . . . Hazel is married to actor Dermot Walsh. Six-year-old Sally, their daughter, is undecided about a career, but hugely enjoyed "playing" her mother's daughter in a recent remake of "Frankenstein." Her parents had to take care she didn't see complete rushes of the famed horror film and get scared off from acting.

This Is the Boy

Please write something about singer Paul Anka, whom I've heard on the deejay shows on radio.


Canadian teenager Paul Anka has a crush on "Diana." But so do millions of other teenagers on the North American continent. The difference is—as his fans know—this is the boy who wrote the song about the girl and sang it, just about "a million times." . . . Paul, sixteen, was born and raised in Ottawa. His extremely precocious interest in music and show-business took him around to every stage door in town. To Paul, any trifling bit of lowdown on the upbeat and its manners was grist for his music mill. . . . He developed his own vocal group, calling rehearsals daily. Within a year, Paul's teen-age trio was booking in theaters and teen-age clubs around Canada. . . . But making arrangements wasn't enough. Paul felt the material itself wasn't "right." He began to make up and jot down his own songs—both for the group and for solo. About a year ago, a representative from ABC-Paramount heard the young tunesmith on his own tunes and liked the style—that nervous, mellow vibrato which was to become Paul's trademark. Paul cut four sides, and "Diana"—written as a tribute to a slightly older heart-throb of Paul's in Ottawa—became the catapult for his rocketing success. . . . Of slight build and volatile personality, Paul writes new numbers, a batch at a time, using his own unique "shorthand" to notate them. As for "Diana," he'll never forget her.

Fortune Smiled

I would like to have some information on John Russell.

E. D., Nova Scotia

Maybe it could only happen to a Californian—like John Russell. This Soldier Of Fortune was two days out of the Marines when, suddenly, Hollywood—in the form of a well-dressed stranger in a restaurant—tapped him on the shoulder. "Had John ever considered becoming an actor?" John thought the man was kidding, but he showed up at the appointed time and place the next morning. It turned out the man was a genuine theatrical agent. John was tested, and signed to 20th Century-Fox. . . . Over a long succession of roles—from "A Bell for Adano" to his latest, "Untamed Youth"—John has become known as "an actor's actor." There's six feet, four inches and 190 pounds of him, and he can portray anything from villains to heroes. For his role of Tim Kelly in the TV series, Soldiers Of Fortune, John had to obtain a special release from Republic Pictures. . . . For movies, he's free-lance now, but for family life, John can't be called foot-loose. John's marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Renata, has been long and happy, and has produced three lovely children—Renata Amy, 10, Shaunna, 9, and John James, 6. John likes music and is an ardent skeet shooter. He sees to it, though, that the Russell collection of firearms is kept well out of the children's reach.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV Radio Mirror.

Put Boone Fan Club #829, c/o Judy Pappas, 40 Alma St., Kingston, Ontario.

Hugh O'Brian Fan Club, c/o Darlene Religa, 429 Rochamptown Ave., Toronto 12, Ontario.


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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
After playing roles as others wrote them, Eloise Kummer is now happily herself on WBBM

Twice a day, Josh and Eloise swap chit for chat, but he protests that she talks "while I'm interrupting."

Over an old copy of Radio Mirror, Eloise reminisces with Virginia Clark, who once starred in Helen Trent.

Like two good friends sitting down to klatsch over a cup of coffee, Eloise Kummer and Josh Brady foregather at the microphone to talk of many things. Eloise And Josh, heard weekdays at 10:30 A.M. over Chicago's Station WBBM—and its afternoon counterpart, Josh And Eloise, at 3:15 P.M.—is a friendly and frank sounding-board for anything that pops into either's head. "Among our favorite topics," says Eloise, "are the battle of the sexes, clothes, interior decorating, gardening, and problems of the classroom and of housewives." . . . With little if any formal preparation, anything is food for this talkfest. "Josh loves to heckle," Eloise says, "and it's up to me to straighten him out when he gets off on women drivers or women golfers." "But then," Josh retorts, "I get real mad when she talks while I'm interrupting." Though they broadcast at times when most of the available listeners are feminine, there is a surprising amount of mail from males. "And a lot of the letters written on business stationery," Eloise adds. . . . Teaming with Josh, Eloise is just herself. She's known to millions—in character, though—for her leading roles in Backstage Wife, The Story Of Mary Marlin, The Right To Happiness, The Guiding Light and The Road Of Life. Eloise starred in these daytime dramas in the days when they were broadcast coast-to-coast from Chicago. When the shows moved to New York, Eloise did, too, for one year. On television, she was seen in Hawkins Falls and as Nancy Bennett in The Bennetts series. . . . Unlike Kay Thompson's famous Eloise, who lives at the Plaza, this talented Eloise grew up in Sheboygan. She got her show-business start in high school productions, continued as a producer, director and dramatic actress over the University of Wisconsin's radio station, WHA. Next, she moved to Northwestern University's Chicago campus, a handy location to the broadcasting studios where she entered "big time" radio. . . . Today, before, immediately following and in-between her two radio shows, Eloise handles numerous spot commercials on radio and TV, narrates films for schools and industry, and plays an active role in her community. But evenings and weekends are reserved for being Mrs. R. A. Jones of Evanston, Illinois. . . . This year, on Mother's Day, Joseph or "Kicker," who's 9, and Amanda, age 7, presented Eloise with a bicycle. On Father's Day, Ray, who is president of A.F.T.R.A., got his. Now, an early-evening bike ride is almost a daily event for the entire family. They share other activities, too. Ray serves as executive chairman of Evanston Cub Pack 22 and Eloise acts as den mother. Eloise's wide range of interests also embraces gardening, refinishing furniture, and making needlepoint for antique chairs. . . . "Of all the radio roles I've done," says Eloise, "I think I probably enjoyed Mary Marlin and The Right To Happiness the most. The role of Jane in Judy And Jane is another favorite." But, though she's made many exciting women come alive out of a script, Eloise adds, "Interpreting and handling a daytime-serial part is always a matter of doing it as you believe the character would do it—this, as against simply being yourself, as we are on Eloise And Josh."
Keeping up with these Joneses means moving fast. It takes, at the very least, a bicycle—like the ones Mandy and "Kicker" bought for Eloise on Mother's Day, for Ray on Father's Day. But they slow down, below, for a family reading hour.
There was lots to listen to but nobody to talk with at the studio, so deejay Joe Van took his WKMH mike and went out to meet the people

That's Joe, second from the foreground, in a sulky race at the Detroit track. Below, at right, in a change of pace, he interviews a draftee at the Fort Wayne Induction Center.

Don't look now, but Joe Van may be just around the corner of your shoulder. "Movin' Van," as his listeners have begun to call him, is a handsome, six-foot-three disc jockey for Station WKMH in Dearborn, Michigan. His time slot is from 7 P.M. to 1 A.M., Monday through Saturday. But that's the only thing stationary about him. Joe Van gets around—faster than sound, in a jet plane thousands of feet above Detroit or, another time, slowing down to the speed of a sulky at the Detroit Race Track. . . . "I got tired of just spinning records and yakking," he explains. "All of a sudden, I realized that there are a lot of people around who have plenty of interesting things to say, but no chance to say them. At first, I thought we could get them to come to the studio," he continues, "but that's not half as good as taking the studio to them! I've interviewed sailors in a submarine, librarians in a library, dogcatchers at the Dog Pound, guards at the County Jail, workers at the Automobile License Bureau during the last-minute rush, workers on an automobile assembly line while they were assembling cars—all live and on the air." . . . Joe is liable to pop up any place. "That man—Joe Van," Michiganders have taken to saying, but with a wag of the head and a wide grin. To Joe, it's a genuine thrill to meet these people. Others may have labeled them "the average citizen" or "the common man." But, to Joe, they're neither average nor common, and he presents them on his popular
At home, though, Joe slows down. Morgan is perched on dad's lap, Peter is paired off with mom Pat.

Animals have provided as many laughs as people. On a visit to the zoo, Joe wanted to let his listeners hear the lions roar. But the jungle kings were strangely quiet. "It seems the popular music we play on our show was soothing to them," he explains. On another broadcast, a St. Bernard was less reticent. He barked—full force—right into the microphone. "It almost deafened the engineer," Joe recounts, "and half the housewives in Detroit thought they had a dog in the house."

One particular housewife, in a Detroit suburb, wasn't fooled. Pat Van knows that anything goes on her husband's show. In contrast to his hectic schedule on radio, television and stage, Joe and Pat live quietly with their two sons: Morgan, who's going on three, and one-year-old Peter. At home, Joe wages a constant war on a strange group of elements which he calls "anti-grassers." This foul group of plants and insects, according to Joe, constantly plan and perpetrate insidious schemes—all designed to destroy the lovely green grass that surrounds the Van homestead. It's a war to the end, and WKMH listeners are betting on their wandering disc jockey. This is one case, insists Joe Van, when "we're not moved to move."
A Roman Feast

Fedora and Pino Bontempi can sing for their supper—and also cook it in a truly Continental manner.

Music introduced them, but when it threatened to keep Pino and Fedora apart, the duet cooked up a new career.

COSTATA DI MANZO PRIMAVERILE
(Marinated Beefsteak)
Serves 4
Place in a deep dish:
2½ to 3 pounds T-bone steak
Add:
1 carrot, cut up
1 onion, cut up
1 celery stalk, cut up
1 bay leaf
Salt to taste
9 peppercorns
1 quart red wine

Allow meat to marinate in this mixture for at least 8 hours, turning occasionally. When ready to cook, lift steak from marinade and blot dry. In a large deep frying pan heat:
2 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon olive oil

Brown steak in this thoroughly on both sides. Then lower heat and continue cooking until as done as desired. Meanwhile, pour marinade into a saucepan and boil until reduced to half its volume, strain and pour into gravy boat. Arrange steak on a hot platter garnished with mashed potatoes, peas, stuffed onions. Serve with sauce.

Two cooks who have never been known to spoil the broth are Fedora and Pino Bontempi. This pair of connubial chefs prove that, if a wife's place is in the kitchen, a husband's may very well be at her side. Together, from the antipasto to the dolce, they prepare an Italian meal that is something to sing about. This they can do, too, for before the Bontemps made feasts together, they made songfests separately.

Pino studied voice at the University of Milan in Italy, under the great Beniamino Gigli. He graduated to great success in the operatic and concert fields and sang with both the Metropolitan and New York Opera Companies. Fedora, at the same time that she was experimenting with Italian dishes and recipes, also starred in the Italian-language version of "The Desert Song" and was seen in films for Paramount and 20th Century-Fox.

The two met in 1937, via the New York Opera Company, and they married a year later. When their separate careers sent them traveling in different directions, Fedora came up with a plan. Combining equal parts of theatrical background and culinary skill, the Bontemps went on radio. In short order, they became known as the "Sweethearts of the Air," and, when they moved to television, they kept the title.

The Bontemps star on Continental Cookery, seen Saturday, from noon to 1 P.M., over New York's Station WABC-TV. They also conduct a program series from Tuesday through Friday, from 11:30 to noon, over Station WNHC-TV in New Haven, Connecticut. As Pino and Fedora explain, the name Bontempi means "good times" in Italian. Here are three of their recipes for Bontempi and Buon Appetito.

CIPOLLE FARCITE
(Stuffed Farçette)
Serves 6
Peel:
6 firm white onions of uniform size
Cut a slice from top of each and save. Gently hollow them, leaving a ¾-inch or ¼-inch shell.
Saute until brown in: 2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup chopped onion pulp ¼ cup dry mushrooms,
1 clove garlic, minced chopped (previously soaked until softened in cold water to cover)

Add and saute for a minute or two:
½ to ¾ pound crumbled Italian sweet sausage meat
Then add:
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 or 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
Mix and blend well, season with salt to taste. Fill onion shells with this mixture and cover each with the slice cut from top, securing with a toothpick. Place onions, standing up, in a baking dish just large enough to hold them firmly in place, side by side.
Pour into baking dish:
1 cup beef bouillon
Pour over onions:
¼ cup melted butter
Sprinkle each with sugar and bake uncovered in a hot (450° F.) oven until tops of onions are glazed; cover pan and lower temperature (to 375° F.) and continue baking until onions are tender (do not overcook). Lift gently from pan and serve immediately with a little of the sauce poured over them.

CREMA CORONA CON FRAGOLE
(Cream Ring With Strawberries)

Serves 8 to 12
Hull and wash:
1 pint strawberries
Drain and place in a bowl. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and a little sherry or brandy, and chill.
Soak:
1 tablespoon plain gelatin
in:
¼ cup cold water
Dissolve over hot water and then cool.
Combine:
2 pounds ricotta cheese
½ cup cream
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ cup chopped nut meats
Blend well, add to the cooled gelatin and pour into a 7-inch ring mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until set, unmold and fill center with strawberries. Decorate with whipped cream.
The Poni-Tails (l. to r.) are LaVerne Novak, Patti McCade, Toni Cistone. Above, crew-cut me.

This space rotates among your favorite deejays. This month, he's Joe Finan of KYW in Cleveland

THREE ON A SONG

By JOE FINAN

Cleveland has been referred to as the No. 1 record city in the country by many phases of the industry—recording, promotion, exploitation. While this does not necessarily mean Cleveland sells more records than any other city in the country, it is indicative of the fastest action on any new record or any new recording artist.

One recording group who just recently stepped into the charmed circle of success is The Poni-Tails, now recording for ABC-Paramount. Their latest record, (It's Just My Luck To Be) "Fifteen," is now making its way onto the best-selling charts across the land. Yet, a little over one year ago, these girls—LaVerne Novak, Patti McCade and Toni Cistone—were doing their singing in the girls' locker rooms and assembly halls of Brush High School, right here in Cleveland.

On a dare, they showed up one evening at one of my record hops and asked if they could sing. They had such fine potential that their present manager, Tom Ilius, who was along, got in touch with their parents and asked if he could make a demonstration record.

Having accomplished this, the girls began to lead a double life—school from 9 to 4 and record promotion from 4 till sometimes midnight. This was accomplished with school books in one hand and an autograph pen in the other. While riding from radio station to radio station in Ohio, they did their homework, which later paid off in straight "B" and "A" averages at graduation.

After graduation came a firm contract with ABC-Paramount and their first national release. In that one year of hard work, we here in Cleveland have watched three charming young ladies mature and develop into seasoned performers, The Poni-Tails. They have since appeared on Dick Clark's Bandstand program in Philadelphia, and are soon due for a national TV shot based on the success of their record. The trio is truly on the way to big things.

Cleveland breaks the hits and discovers some of the finest talent, including Tony Bennett, Perry Como (who first worked with the Ted Weems band), and now The Poni-Tails. KYW and yours truly were pleased that we could play a small part in the success story of this newest trio on the singing horizon, The Poni-Tails.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

803—A gay Santa apron adds an extra note of welcome to holiday guests. Easy to make. Transfer of 17-inch long apron; color suggestions, pattern for applique pieces included. 25¢

7187—Any tot will love his “Kiddie” cover! Delightful children’s faces are embroidered in gay colors on the quilt blocks. Fun to make. Transfer of 9 faces, each about 5 x 6½ inches. 25¢

786—Three handsome doilies with flower-medallion centers, lacy borders. There’s a 10½-inch square doily, 8 x 13-inch oval and an 8-inch round, each in No. 50 mercerized cotton. Directions. 25¢

7305—With your needle and colorful thread, you can “paint” this lovely woodland scene. Transfer of needle picture is 15 x 20 inches. Color chart, directions. 25¢

584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture. Feather-in-a-fan design adds interest to this chair or buffet set. Easy crochet directions. Use No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7032—Animal toys stuffed plump with foam rubber. Washable; tots love them. Each toy is just two pieces, plus ears and tail. Transfer, directions for four toys. 25¢

7132—Graceful swan in snowy white crochet—perfect for fruit or flowers. Directions for “swan” centerpiece, body about 13 x 7½ inches. Use heavy jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for our Needlework Catalog.
PERT AND PRETTY, Jean Magers is also peripatetic. She went on her first trip when she was six months old—but that was in the company of her family. Since 1943, though, Jean has been billed as "The Girl Who Travels Alone."... For a girl like Jean, going it solo presents no problems. On a cross-country drive like the 7,000-mile jaunt she made this summer, Jean simply gets herself "adopted" by truck or bus drivers who blaze the trail for her. Wherever she goes, she makes friends. Curious and open-minded, she also finds that, wherever she goes, things happen. In Mexico City, one day, they voted her the Queen of the Bullfight. In South America, aboard a private yacht going out to wave a welcome at an ocean liner, she suddenly found herself being sprayed against the bubonic plague. In Peru, she arrived just in time for a revolution.... Whenever she returned to home base in Waukesha, just outside Milwaukee, Jean would regale her friends with accounts of her adventures. Soon, the Shriners, women's groups and assorted clubs were asking her to speak to them about her travels. Then she was invited to do a single radio show about a recent trip. This grew to a series of fifteen, and then into Feminine Viewpoint, a WAUX program of travel, entertainment, fashions and celebrity interviews. This year, Jean has added video to the audio on two Station WISN-TV programs: Luetzow Varieties, each Monday at 1:45 P.M., and Good Housekeeping, seen Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M. Milwaukee area viewers have seen Jean frequently on Channels 12, 4 and 19, and her Jean Magers Dancers, a product of the dancing school she runs, are regulars on Milwaukee screens.... Jean travels alone—and likes it. She lives alone, too, in a huge six-room apartment whose bathroom itself measures eighteen feet. Her furnishings, like her clothes, are tailored and versatile. Jean likes to sleep late in the mornings, is a good cook, loves music, books and the theater. But, though she's a successful one, she doesn't look like a "career woman." She thinks it's about time for that right man to come along, but he'll have to be someone who will share her many interests. Meanwhile, when people wonder how she manages to stay a bachelor girl, Jean has an answer all ready. Says she, "I've been running too fast."
WHAT'S NEW—WEST

(Continued from page 1)

syndicated tales of the Fifth Cavalry in the Arizona territory in the 1870’s. But he looked so much the part that Peters soon found himself before the cameras—minus his commission and as a Cavalry sergeant instead.

Did You Know . . . ? Hugh Beaumont, co-star with Barbara Billingsley on the new Leave It To Beaver, is a licensed minister, spent the war years preaching at the Methodist Church at 28th and Main Streets in downtown Los Angeles. Hugh has a Christmas tree ranch in Marcel, Minnesota—plants 10,000 saplings every spring. Michael Ansara, ‘Cochise’ on Broken Arrow, was made a full-fledged Iroquoi Indian Chief. Speaking of Indians, NBC-TV’s Truth Or Consequences emcee, Bob Barker, was raised on a Dakota Indian Reservation. The foremost hobbies of Woody Woodpecker’s creator, Walter Lantz, are golfing, mystery-magazine reading and amateur cooking. He recently sold his Valley house to NBC-TV vice-president John West. The house came equipped with built-in barbecue in the covered patio, where Walter spent his hobby time. Since veep West enjoys the patio, too, and calls Walt every few weeks for recipes, Lantz quips, “I’m going to dedicate my first cook book to John.”

Traveling: NBC-TV’s George Gobel will be on the road in March with Diana Dors to plug their Paramount pic, “I Married a Woman.” Tommy Sands to Mexico City for a week breather after completing “Sing! Boy, Sing!” Speaking of travel, it seems nowadays that competition in the rating battle is sending performers out on the road. Guy Mitchell is touring in December, as are Joan Caulfield and Marion Lorne, who hit the trail for a two-week jaunt to plug Sally; and Hugh O’Brian has made a successful cross-country trip to plug the Wyatt Earp show and his album. Yep, more actors making the rounds today than toured the old vaudeville circuits. NBC-TV’s Tennessee Ernie is putting out a song folio of the spirituals he loves best. His favorite? “The Old Rugged Cross,” which he sang at the First Methodist Church in Bristol, Tennessee, when he was four years old.

Hollywood Heart: Gale Storm, in the midst of her busy schedule, is taking off during the holidays to tour to Philadelphia, New York, Springfield and Chicago, in behalf of children’s hospitals and every major charity. Nobody is sponsoring Gale’s tour, she’s paying her own way. It’s something she’s wanted to do for a long time. Gale is giving up part of the holiday season with her own baby daughter Susanna, and her boys Phillip, Peter, and Paul, to bring smiles to the faces of thousands of children across country. That’s the heart of Hollywood.

New Patterns for You


Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.
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won’t beg for you, oull wires or anything like that. If it’s really in your heart, you’ll work and pray and listen to advice and make your own breaks. This year? And they said, ‘All clear, Dad.’"

As time has passed, Johnny and Judy, who have already attracted some notice by the quality of their occasional performances, have come to understand their parents’ attitude even more. Argues Johnny, "Kids our age—even when they put on a program, they’re sure in their minds that it’s about sticking to school or sports. Only real professionals can be that sure. Take me, for instance. Two years ago, I joined the Little League of Roanoke. That’s where they live. All I wanted was to be a ball player. I kept forgetting to practice the piano. So Daddy and Macli stopped the lessons. Dad said, ‘I played ‘prout’ ball for a while, and I know how you live the game. But the only thing you should be is a good ballplayer than a half-baked entertainer.’"

“They did right, too,” sister Judy bobs her head sagely—both children have their dreams, but in mind’s son, it’s better to be a good ballplayer than a half-baked entertainer. So I went to and Maci told them I wanted to get back to the piano. And he’s been a good little boy with his practicing ever since,” concludes Judy, who, strangely enough, is her brother—who mutters darkly, “Watch that ‘good little stuff’! It should be pointed out—that of all the parents in show business—Rusty Draper should be one of the few who are not tempted to help his kids over the rough spots. Just past thirty, he is a veteran of twenty years’ struggle to get ahead. He has known lean years. And there have been dark days. But he felt the darkness of defeat close in.

“I don’t doubt that my kids are talented,” he says, his white, winning grin adding a gleam to his vivid coloring. "With all that family?” he asks, "as is his how his father, Sam Draper, used to try him for the guitar before breakfast—until mother Delta put a stop to it by getting him a tenor instrument, so that father and son could monotize. ‘At the time, the Delmore Broth- ers were going great on radio and we’ve had a ball imitating them. But full time, he started to sit on the guitar and vocal, was sitting on our lawn hunting four-leaf clovers.’ When he was twelve, his uncle and aunt wrote that they were going to visit. Rusty had bought a guitar and had managed to get out in the school, and I immediately leaped to the conclusion that this visit would be lucky. What he was dreaming of was that Ralph and Arietta Powell, who by then had left Missouri and had moved back to their home in Muskogee, Oklahoma, would be struck by all he’d learned and take him back home with them and give him a job. They came. They had liked his talent, and they left—without Rusty. He moped, was uninterested in school work and letting his guitar gather dust. I was blue and didn’t care who knew it, and my family got the brunt of it. I’ve always been a creature of one of these people who have written to Tulsa—because, a month later, I got my first engagement. It was from Uncle Ralph. I was to go to on their program. For three dollars and fifty cents a week! Plus room and board! How I cheated! I cheated, I cheated to do it for just room and board!”

After six months in Tulsa, the Powells went on tour and with them went our hero. ‘I loved it—the novelty, the excitement—we performed on Western jamborees and local radio shows. Only one thing was missing, the sense of belonging, of having roots. Just think, I picked up a girl, I fell in love, I broke up with a dozen different schools.’ is Rusty’s rather wishful recollection. ‘That’s why Maci and I have tried to give Judy and Johnny permanent links with a town, a house, a school, a group of friends. And it was always the same. I was good real good until I broke my thumb, he makes the lacrosse boast with wry humor. As a result of the accident, he had to wear a splint and was forced to forego playing his guitar. Setting the pattern he would follow years later, Rusty decided that music came first. Regretfully he stowed his glove away. Millions of his fans will gladly confirm the wisdom of this choice. His first important break came in Chicago. He was doing a stint with a group called ‘The Sons of the Ozarks’ and was heard to a number of tunes he’d been singing. The record sold remarkably well: ‘How could I miss with a title like ‘When Beulah Did the Hula in Missoula’? Rusty made up his mind again. Told his father, ‘We’re going to get out and go it alone.’

He traveled to the West Coast and tried his luck at the International Settlement in San Francisco, where he got a rousing reception and was invited to a professional engagement at the Rumpus Room. He stayed on for eight-and-a-half years as the longest-held-over on record. The place held high for a while. No sooner was he left, it had been enlarged three times to hold 600.

For a seventeen-year-old, he had been working hard and moving fast and was a great success with the girls. The young dates, experiments with dating and romance. Now a very pretty girl, also in her teens, crossed his path. They fell instantly in love. She was so in love that she proposed to him. Rusty, so sadly how, They were married. It was not a happy arrangement. After a few years of trying to make a ‘livable home’ for the children, they came to the inevitable decision and were divorced.

It was at Los Angeles, and my career sort of developed from there, Rusty says with unaccustomed grimness. Time dragged interminably. The zest for music, for companionship, for lipe itself, seemed gone. Then, one day, he received the most memorable night of his life, an acceptance invitation to a party. As he stood gloomily observing the milling guests, he chanced to look across the room. Between two tables stood a young and lovely blond-haired girl whose vivacity seemed to dart out at him like a quiet flame. ‘I felt like a drowning sailor who’s caught hold of a raft. I stayed at Maci’s side all through the evening. I asked my sister out and added that I only leave her now when I’m forced to.’

Three weeks later, the pretty statistician became his business manager. She found his affairs in confusion, one of the consequences of his emotional turmoil. She got out the proverbial new broom and started a clean sweep. If she worked magic, it was only her will which worked. She had promised to marry Rusty as soon as he was “good and solvent.” Then there was the problem of his two children. She took the first hurdle by insisting that he bring them. He made the long journey from first date. In this way she made it clear that she would not enter the Draper family until the children had given her their confidence, respect and love. She saw to it, and her two was spent as much time together as possible.

By 1950, almost two years after they met, she concluded that both these conditions had been fulfilled. The child had accepted, and Rusty’s book was balanced. She said the great small word of consent, and they became man and wife. Soon after, she finally won her own request to spring him from his contract at the club and began booking him into the most famous clubs in the country— New York’s La Vvie en Rose, New Orleans Blue Room, Miami Beach’s Fontaine- bleau, and the Hollywood Palladium, and the Civic Arena.

She saw to it that he was seen with greater frequency on top TV and radio shows, including Tennessee Ernie Ford’s variety melange. The barometer of popularity—zooming fan mail, requests for repeat performances, increased publicity—was indicating that Rusty had, at long last, arrived. "I’ve always,’ he says, that suggests that he has not quite used to the incredible. Rusty comments, ‘Seems like my career, if you call it that, was only waiting for a touch of the spur to send it jumping. It’s a tough business, I know; Maci still pressed on not to Rusty more recording assignments at Mercury. It wasn’t long before two of Rusty’s platters, ‘Gambler’s Guitar’ and ‘Shifting, Whispering Sands’, topped the record charts. It was this that led him to his own CBS Radio show and, in the course of a few months, he had won a huge following, particularly among the ladies.

Two years ago, the Draper clan held a celebration to mark the marriage of their ‘family mind.’ They voted to buy a home in Carmel, a lovely town not far from San Francisco. ‘We didn’t make it fast,” father Eusty tells the poet, did that a long time ago.”

“We love it,” Macli chimes in happily.

“It has a fine school system, good shopping, clean streets, interesting view and—most important, for Rusty and me—seven golf courses.”
Because of his radio show, Rusty and Macia live in Hollywood during the week, leaving the house and children in the care of their housekeeper to whom they affectionately refer as "Aunt Clara" Klinck.

The Drapers made up their "family mind" about something else. Back in San Francisco, when Rusty had been holding forth on his own Adventure Time KRON-TV show, his kids had got their own first taste of acting. One of his sponsors had been a milk-mix company. Rusty had drafted Judy and Johnny to do a commercial in which they mixed and baked muffins before the camera. Since that time, Rusty had been careful not to "over-expose" the kids to show business. But now the decision was made to let them accompany him and Macia while he filled several Western engagements.

Judy and Johnny began to show a disturbing excitement over the entertainer's life, with its constant change of scenery, round of novelities and uneasing challenges. Each new town, each new club, was like a door opening on some strange and fascinating wonderland. "Why didn't you tell us show business was like this?" wailed the kids. Rusty merely growled, "Because I wanted you to find out for yourselves."

It had finally come down to this: Rusty's attitude, summed up, says, "I don't want to push them into anything." This opinion is balanced by Macia, who says, "But we mustn't hold them back, either."

The crucial point came one Friday night last spring, Judy met Rusty and Macia at the Country Club. "She seemed unusually excited," Rusty chuckles. "She was bubbling over. We could tell she had something pretty special on her mind."

"The something special was Judy's announcement that she wanted to spend her summer at the Perry-Mansfield in Colorado Springs, "learning about the theater—from the ground up."

Her parents had to admit that, if she was willing to spend six months studying, she must indeed be serious. They were completely won over when they discovered Perry-Mansfield accepts only students who can prove a natural aptitude for acting—a qualification Judy met with flying colors.

Johnny was enrolled at the Lowell Whiteman Ranch for Boys, just a few miles from Perry-Mansfield, which offers similar curriculum. "The youngsters were so pleased with their choices that they've already put in bids to return next year."

"And," Macia reports with a twinkle, "was Rusty the proud papa when Judy and Johnny landed roles in plays given at Perry-Mansfield's Julie Harris Theater—she's the school's most famous graduate you know."

The children are showing a keen interest in other phases of show business. They are avid students of the dance, Judy in ballet, Johnny in tap. And they have appeared several times in his show, singing duets or harmonizing with their dad. "You couldn't exactly say we're professionals, because we didn't get paid," Johnny twists his father.

But nobody needs to mention that the Draper kids are going to forsake school and the normal life of American teenagers. Both Rusty and Macia state firmly, "As a family, we agree they have the best training. Now and then they'll be allowed to go on the show. But they're not going seriously into show business until they want it more than anything else in life. When it's that deep and strong in their hearts, they will make it come true. But we don't want it to happen except on those terms.


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New Memphis Skyrocket!

(Continued from page 42)

aspiring kid, and in some wishful, he bought out Sam Phillips, owner of Sun Records, since word got around that it was Sam who developed Elvis Pres- ley into an entertainer. Presley, when he first walked into the Sun Studios, was only a youngster with $4.50 in his flat to pay for one of those “test your voice” records. He announced, “I can sing anything,” and proceeded to prove it in a single song by changing style and tempo each eight bars.

Phillips was the one who, out of this mishmash, sensed the boy’s potential. Phil- lips coached Elvis to bring out his talent, trained him to be an entertainer, cut his first professional disc and turned him into an exciting rock ‘n’ roll performer before selling his recording contract to RCA Victor. Search guns had been set up, and what had been on previous recordings, he also brought from obscurity to best-seller status Carl Perkins, of “Blue Suede Shoes,” and Johnny Cash. To sign on with Sam seems to many a boy the fastest route to fame and fortune.

But, when Jerry Lee Lewis first burst into the Sun Record office, Sam was out. His heart was busy listening to the way Jerry Lee had to offer. He spun the tape, the ear, made the usual non-con- mittal comment that the piano and voice combination was “interesting.” But he maintained that Sun didn’t want to “consider” it.

Soft of speech, Jerry Lee did not raise his voice one decibel as he said, “Sir, I came here to see Sam Phillips.”

He had been out.

From there, the conversation grew more and more stubborn. Jerry Lee wanted to know where Sam Phillips was and when he would be back. Told that Sam might not even be back that day, Jerry Lee de- manded, “Where does he live?”

“I can’t tell you where he lives. He does not want to be disturbed.”

Jerry Lee was not to be put off. “Man, you just go to tell him what I’d do. He lives just across the street, and I drive to see hundred miles—all the way from Ferriday, Louisiana—to see Sam Phillips, and I’m going to sit on his door- step until he takes five minutes to listen to me.”

The discussion was growing heated when Sam walked in. Recalling that meeting, he says, “I had a hunch as soon as I saw that kid. I knew if he could do anything at all, a good shot at a market I’d have with my next star. He looked like a performer.”

Jerry Lee is, indeed, an impressive hunk of man. Broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, he stands six feet tall. His hair is bright blonde, his eyes are brown, his complexion fair. The black sports shirt, black skivvy shirt and black trousers which he likes to wear emphasize his well- muscled frame. He moves with the smooth, confident grace of a professional. Black blinks on the million-candlepower smile he flashes is open, happy and infectious. When Jerry Lee Lewis grins at you, you’d have to be the original sourpuss not to smile back.

Sam led the way to the studio. “I kept telling myself,” he now concedes, “that this kid could not possibly be as good as I hoped he was going to be.” Phillips is his own engineer at recording sessions. Seated at the studio piano he carefully listened first to the tape and then asked, “What else do you know?”

Jerry Lee went to the piano. “I sort of like ‘Crazy Arms.’” At that time, this was a tune which singer Ray Price had made his own. Introduced in the country-and-Western field, it proved such a hit that it had moved over into the popular-music

classification. Sam anticipated that Jerry Lee would fall into the amateur’s common fault of trying to imitate an established star’s style.

But the way Jerry Lee played and sang “Crazy Arms” bore no resemblance to Price’s. Fundamentally, Jerry Lee watched and listened with growing ex- citement. This wasn’t country, nor jazz, nor pop nor straight rock ‘n’ roll, yet all of them had contributed. The music had something of the piano playing, something of the moving beat, but it also was surprisingly polished. Jerry Lee was as de- ef a concert pianist. While his left hand held the driving beat, his right fingered over the keys of the piano moving back and forth. Says Sam, “I never expected to hear anyone add counterpoint to rock ‘n’ roll.”

When Jerry Lee’s hands came down on the last crashing chord, Sam switched off his control board. “That’s it. We’ll press it.” Jerry Lee hadn’t even realized he was being recorded. It was an almost unheard- of accomplishment. On his first audition run-through, Jerry Lee Lewis had pro- duced a number which the discerning Sam Phillips thought good enough to release in competition to Price’s established hit. With a dramatic flourish seldom known in real life, Sam Phillips asked Jerry Lee, “Going to New Orleans?”

Jerry Lee was born September 29, 1935, in Ferriday, Louisiana, and grew up on a cotton farm nine miles from Natchez, Mississippi. His parents are Elmo and Myt- Ethel Lewis and he has two sisters, Frankie

GIVE Strike back at Cancer

Jean, who is now thirteen, and Linda Gail, who is ten. Music has always been a vital bond in their family life. His father plays piano and guitar. Jerry Lee says, “Come night time, when the work was through, we’d all get around the piano to sing and play.” Jerry Lee says he’d be playing supper, but she’d get a few notes in, too, then run back to the kitchen to turn over the chicken.

Jerry Lee, from childhood, had “foolished around” a piano. When he reached the age of nine, his father listened criti- cally and said, “Son, you’re not making any minor chords. Guess you better have some lessons.” The tutoring was brief. “I was on my third lesson, I guess,” says Jerry Lee, “and this teacher was trying to make me play it note by note, just the way it was written. Well, I just can’t do that. I never been able to. I got to play it my way.”

Today, Sam Phillips says, “Jerry Lee is absolutely unable to copy by rote or to repeat himself. I’ve never heard him play the same word twice. Ever.”

Even at nine, Jerry Lee’s urge to originate and create was developed. He was no child to coerce into becoming a musical me- chanic. In speaking of Jerry Lee, Sam Phillips says, “That teacher and I had some words. I got mad. He got mad. Then he slapped me . . .”

Fortunately, the elder Lewis understood his son’s passion and made him go back. We sort of worked out our music together. There was one time when my daddy got ahead of me, but I couldn’t let that happen, so I tried real hard.”

This is another definite influence. The Lewis family belongs to the Pentecostal Church, and there is daily family worship. Jerry Lee says, “Mama

gets the Bible out and reads a few verses. Then she kinda preaches a little and we mustn’t get into an argument, though, because we all believe the same way.”

With some thought that he might be- come a musician, Jerry Lee went on to high-school age, enrolled in the South- western Bible Institute at Waxahachie, Texas, but study of music soon became his dominant interest. He set one goal for his future, and realized it. “I guess I had a wild notion I wanted to play violin. Usually, it took six months to get into the or- chestra. I made it in two months. Then I decided I didn’t like the violin and went back to the piano.”

Wise teachers encouraged him to try other musical instruments. Jerry Lee proved to be one of those natural musicians who could tell Jerry Lee to play and say—“only I’m slow at it.” He works out all of his arrangements by ear.

He was graduated from the high-school division of the school and his direction changed. He decided to stay at school in order to take the college courses. Instead, I went back home and started playing music in a night club across the river in Natchez.” Jerry Lee had reached the time when he had to be heard. “I wrote a letter to the Muscle Shoals Recording Company, and I was given a serviceable family commotion. “My daddy was all shook up about it at first. But then he checked up on me and found out what I was doing. He actually took me to a drinking at that night club. I’d go to work at eight o’clock and then, at one o’clock, I’d go right home. It even got so that cus- tomers would come in early and they’d re- quest hymns, and I’d sing them.”

There were two in the band—but we tried to sound like a half-dozen. You just never saw two guys so busy.” At the piano was Paul Whitehead, a Negro musician. Jerry Lee says, “With that, a group of Jerry Lee fans in New Orleans and L.A. would try to find someone who would listen to me or put me in a show or make a re- cording.” His father, who had left the farm, and was then working as a carpenter, heard that the band was playing—always and every night he used to drive nails all week, then he’d use some of the money to take off with me. He was anxious to help me find the right spot.”

One of those spots Jerry sought was New Orleans. “Jerry Lee and I went there. We heard so much about Nashville, we went up there and I tried out. They were sure cold. In Nash- ville, they laughed at me.” Jerry Lee failed to realize that it is very difficult for black country-music men to get on the professional country music scene. Already, he had too much jazz, too much rock ‘n’ roll, too much distinctive Jerry Lee in his style to qualify.

Discouraged, Jerry Lee’s son returned to the piano and the work and auditions. “Then I heard about Sam Phillips and his Sun Record Company. I knew I just had to get to Memphis. I figured if Sam Phillips could make it as a star, he sure ought to be able to help me.”

With success so sudden, Jerry Lee, hav- ing cut his first record on his first try, found it hard to believe his dream had
come true. His wishes and his expectations had conflicted many times. He returned to Ferriday to wait for the record's release, but, within a week, he was back in Memphis. Knowing nothing about the recording business and the distribution of records, he had a firm understanding that it was too soon to expect anything to happen, but he was too old to stay home.

When he arrived at Sun, Sam Phillips greeted him, bringing him a beer and pushing him through. Dewey Phillips will play your record tonight on his show on WHBQ." Dewey Phillips, the man who gave Presley's platter its first spin, also introduced Jerry to Armin Arnet. Hearing himself played was a new experience for Jerry Lee. With a strange feeling of detachment, he said, "Man, is that me? I just can't believe it..."

On the plane back to Sun, Sam began organizing the difficult campaign which would take an unknown artist from obscurity to national importance. Sam says, "Many people thought I was疯 at RCA Victor, but I've never regretted it. It gave us the working capital to do a better job promoting our other artists." It also gave Sam's word authority. He would later say that he had wanted jockeys and record distributors willing to bet it Sam's way.

Sam's most difficult convincing job came right in his own family. His brother Jud had heard records of other people promoted shows. He had been once interested in Sun Records, but the lean early days had dimmed Jud's enthusiasm. He had returned to the Phillips' home town, Shreveport, Louisiana, and was in the automobile business.

Sam, believing Jerry Lee would go right to the top, knew he needed help in the campaign. He decided to try to bring Jud back into the act. When Sam visited him, was cold to the idea. He had had enough of show business. It fluctuated too much. He was comfortable where he was. He didn't want to sneak around another Presley." That's a phrase which raises Sam's blood pressure. "Jerry Lee is not another Presley," Sam told Jud with spirit. "Maybe he's a bit like Victor Borge or Jerry Garcia. But Jerry Lee has had sales, coaching and understanding and a chance to learn. He needs a good, solid foundation, and I don't want to push him ahead too fast. He's going to be a big star for a long time. He needs the kind of perspective you can give him."

Sam's fervor broke down the objections. Jud became Sun's national sales manager and the drive was on. Jerry Lee sold face-to-face his first big hit, "Blue Suede Shoes," who has Dance Party on WHBQ-TV, and Bob Neal, who was Presley's first manager and who now manages Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins, a series of country rock 'n roll shows. Wink says, "I heard Jerry Lee's 'Crazy Arms' the night Dewey first put it on the air and I flipped. Bob and I decided to put Jerry Lee into our next program, which was set for Helena, Arkansas."

When Jerry Lee came on stage that night at Helena, he admitted to a scared to death. Wink recalls: "The kids didn't know what to expect. When the band was away, we were carried away by his playing. Then Jerry Lee began to get excited, too, suddenly he jumped up, kicked away the piano bench, and kept right on playing, standing up. Then, I heard it. And the audience was all shook up."
When Johnny came on stage he told the audience, "You've just seen a new star take off. And, believe me, if I didn't know Jerry Lee was wringing wet and dead tired, I'd ask him to come back here and take my time, too. Since he can't, I'll just play you some of my quiet numbers and maybe we'll all calm down a little."

The boy who had learned his music in family singing sessions, in a school orchestra, and in a little night club, was on his way. As soon as he cut his second record on Sun, Jud Phillips and Jerry Lee set out on a seven-weeks' tour to introduce "Whole Lot of Shaking Going On" to disc jockeys and their young listeners.

Word passed swiftly. Cleveland disc jockey Bill Randle was tipped off by his mother, who lives in Detroit. She heard Jerry Lee when he called on the Detroit disc jockeys, and wrote her son that this boy was one he mustn't miss. When Jerry Lee reached Cleveland, Randle, one of the nation's top disc jockeys, was waiting. In Buffalo, so many kids turned out for the record hops at which Jerry Lee appeared that the police had to bar further entry to the hall.

In New York, they hit their first disappointment. Audition records and information about Jerry Lee had been sent to the producers of a certain major TV show. An audition appointment was made. The interview lasted less than five minutes. The star didn't like Jerry Lee at all. Jud came away from that office sizzling. Jerry Lee was crushed. "Maybe I am just a country guy. Maybe I don't belong in this town," he mourned.

That was enough for Jud. "That's not the only show in New York," he said. "I'm going to call Steve Allen." Irritated as he was, he spoke right out when he reached Jules Green, the Allen Show's executive producer. "I'm Jud Phillips from Sun Records in Memphis. We don't bother you New York people with every kid who can pick up a guitar, but when we have a boy we believe in, we think you should hear him."

To Jules Green, there are two kinds of talent managers, "the phonies and those who are completely honest." He says, "Sun Records is a name you pick up the phone for. The Phillips brothers know their business." He invited Jud to come right over to Steve Allen's office.

Green and the talent coordinator, Henry Frankel, were a bit nonplussed, however, when Jud arrived minus audition records, minus photographs, minus record reviews. All had been sent to the show which turned them down. Said Green, "I must say you're a strange salesman. You have nothing to show us what you're trying to sell."

Jud grinned and pointed to Jerry Lee. "Oh yes I have. I've got the man himself. If you've got the piano, he's got the talent." That's how it happened that Jerry Lee used Steve Allen's own piano to audition for his first national television program. The big chain reaction had started.

Jerry Lee and Jud had a few suspenseful days while Steve Allen and his production staff determined exactly which date they would put him on the program, but Steve settled that by one sentence. "We know talent when we see it, don't we? Let's put him on as soon as possible."

Jerry Lee describes what that first network performance meant to him. "That was a stone, man, a rolling stone. It gathered no moss." He was to raise that delighted cry many times during the next few days. The shy boy who explains his own performance by saying, "Before I can play or sing, I got to get it in my imagination—I got to see what a song is about, had many sharing his excitement.

Never in his life had so much happened in so short a period. He was asked to repeat on the Steve Allen Show two weeks from his first booking. He was scheduled for a third program later in the fall. Two major talent agencies competed to represent him. After much consultation, Jerry Lee and Sam and Jud elected to book through the Steve Allen show. ABC-TV gave Jerry Lee on Dick Clark's American Bandstand. He also appeared in his first movie.

The response to his American Bandstand appearance could quickly be measured in records. The show originates at the studios of WFIL in Philadelphia. The kids jammed in—and, apparently, after the show they ran, not walked, to their favorite record shops. A couple of hours after his appearance, Sam Phillips received a frantic telephone call from Harry Chipitz, owner of Coeanet Record Distributing Company in Philadelphia. "Sam, you gotta get me some more Jerry Lee Lewis records right away. My dealers are driving me crazy. I had five thousand on hand this morning and now they're all gone."

Says Sam, "It wasn't just in Philadelphia that the kids were discovering that Jerry Lee had the beat and the sound they wanted. To meet the demand from all over the country, we soon needed three pressing plants to keep up with the orders. Whole Lot of Shaking was heading for the top of the charts."

The response to his first motion picture performance was measured in applause from the toughest audience in the world—the crew, stagehands, and film and TV newsmen. They had never seen a picture before. Among these, at the time the scenes were filmed in New York, Jerry Lee was the least known. As extras, to compose the audience for these performers, the studio billed Jerry Lee's most promising young actors and actresses. It was not a group to be easily impressed.

Ray Lockwood, the director, tells what happened when Jerry Lee faced the camera. "I looked around and noticed that everyone got going to the beat. It wasn't just the cast. The production crew felt it. They'd been on a stage before, but Jerry Lee, but he had tended toward an opinion that he was just another country boy fooling around with the piano until he joined the Memphis delegation to The Steve Allen Show. Dewey was putting up and over to Sam. 'Man, he's got it,' Dewey said. 'This little old cotton-pickin' kid is a real ball of fire.'"

The title of Jerry Lee's filmed number seems appropriate: "Great Balls of Fire." The name came from his friend Dewey Phillips, the Memphis disc jockey. Dewey, who had just joined the Steve Allen show, met Jerry Lee, but he had tended toward an opinion that he was just another country boy fooling around with the piano until he joined the Memphis delegation to The Steve Allen show. Dewey was putting up and over to Sam. "Man, he's got it," Dewey said. "This little old cotton-pickin' kid is a real ball of fire!"

And how is Jerry Lee taking it? No one has yet noticed any swelling of the head. He still likes to wear those black skivvy shirts and buys them for two dollars from Charlie Beale in Memphis. His biggest treat while in New York was to head out to Coney Island and ride the roller-coaster. He likes to go to what he calls "ghost moving pictures" and squint at the faces. He once paid a feature by buying two bags of popcorn and a Coke. His favorite of all favorite foods is a ham sandwich. Says Wink Martindale, "When Jerry Lee orders steaks, Jerry Lee Lewis splurges by ordering ten ham sandwiches."

The crowds of fans who want his autograph still frighten him a little. He's still the shy, modest country boy who walked into Sun Records insisting he was going to sit on a doorstep until he saw Sam Phillips. He has since crossed that doorstep many times, and Sam Phillips' house has become Jerry Lee's second home. There are those who predict that, if Jerry Lee ever does start being impressed with his own success, the conviction will come not from Sam, nor Jud, nor Mrs. Sam, nor the faithful boys who came out from the Phillips' younger generation.

Between Sam's two sons, Knox, age twelve, and Jerry, who is nine, a terrific argument might decide whether or not to continue to sport hairstyles like Elvis Presley's or to change them to copy Jerry Lee Lewis' crispier style. Knox and Jerry Phillips also are thinking of working up a new record ship and to be devoted to Jerry Lee. They already have a title, and perhaps it is prophetic. They plan to call their special number, "A Whole Lot of Shipping Going On."
What's All This About Teenagers' Problems?

(Continued from page 21)

and your wife have any specific ideas or suggestions in mind about discipline?

Well, yes. There's a very humorous book by John Paul Smith in which he says, "We don't leave our kids alone enough. We agree with him that it is important for parents to make mistakes, but when they do, they should then leave them alone. The only thing I stress with my boys is absolute, utter honesty. If they adhere to that, honesty to others and to themselves, every day, every minute, they will always know that they make mistakes, it doesn't bother me. I still make mistakes. My wife is an awfully good mother, and both of us were raised by families who didn't pay much attention to discipline—youths in our generation in our teens, in our twenties, in our thirties. So we make mistakes, we still make mistakes, but when we do, I don't think my boys are the worse for it.

Do you think parents frequently set standards too high for their youngsters?

Frequently, yes. As you know, I used to stutter. When I was about fifteen, I convinced myself that I wanted to be an actor. My parents opposed this. Well, I was terrible in school. I literally got 5's and 10's. Not in a few subjects. I mean in all subjects. I just couldn't get into the swing of things. I just didn't know what was going on. I just wouldn't be a good soldier. Instead of my parents saying, "This isn't for him; let him do something he'd be successful at"—instead, I was forced to conform. This fulfilled his every wish. And my stuttering had continued for about a year. As we know, stuttering is an emotional block and I had no confidence in myself. Now, because I once stuttered, I get leery from parents telling me their children stutter and asking if they can come in and talk about the problem. In almost every case, when they come in, the parent does all the talking, overriding the child. I say I'm sorry, and I tell them to go home and try to make the child talk to me and not make him the model of his parents. I say that the child will improve, and that the parents can help the child a great deal. They don't realize they've given it to the child himself, by being overprotective and overcontrolling.

Suppose a young person is a poor miser—you don't think parents should push him out?

Do n't force him to do anything against his will. Nor do I think parents should be strongly opposed to what they call "permissive training." You know, if a kid wants to hack the legs off the piano, you say he's expressing himself. The subject of sex. What's sex? Well, what's sex is a good kick in the pants. But, on the other hand, he shouldn't have to conform completely. If he doesn't want to go out with others, it means he is quiet and independent, and parents wouldn't bother me. And, too, not all children will do well in school. Some kids shouldn't go to college. They may be happier working with their hands.

I don't see them as a jazz "buff," but you mentioned once that one of your sons likes rock 'n' roll. Do you clash on this?

My older son likes progressive jazz. It's my fourteen-year-old who likes Presley and rock 'n' roll. No, I never show disapproval. Absolutely not, because this is a matter of taste. For example, I don't like symphony music. My dad doesn't think it's a sensible thing to become an entertainer. They know that, professionally, I've followed my own ideas of what the show should be, rather than trying to conform to anyone else's ideas. They're the sponsors. So they know I will never object to what they do because "it's not the thing to do" or because people will talk. So I have an advantage that way. When they say, "Why don't you do this?" I say, "Well, it's our money; I like it."

Where does the responsibility lie, with the boy or with the girl, when it comes to drawing a halt in petting?

The girl has her own responsibility, of course. But—to get back to good manners at home—I think it's up to the boy to respect this and not give her a bad time about it.

Where does a young person learn the proper standards of conduct?

He or she learns at home, if the parents are gallant and have good manners. A child probably learns tenderness from the mother, restraint and understanding from the father. I hope, I may say, that parents do not think of themselves as "delinquent parents." Well, I don't know what a child does, from that kind of home. I think the moral tone of the country has deteriorated. Or maybe, as I've become more familiar with the world, I've taken this too broad a view—now, if you go back through the ages you'll find that the early Greeks and the Romans, and right on down, were saying the same thing—and, if we'd been deteriorating that long, we'd be back on all fours. So perhaps it's a fallacious argument.

But don't you think parents pursue conservative standards, and that widows and orphans begin to fall apart. Like parents getting on a bus and saying their kids are under-age when they are even two months over. I think you should make an occasion of saying to the conductor that you have been a widow for a whole week over age, is now a man and pays fare. I think Jewish people have an excellent idea in making a ceremony when they think the child is old enough. Now Garry, Jr., asks if he will get the same privilege when he is seventeen. Well, I have explained that it depends on him. I felt my older son was ready—my view was that he should have been allowed to do something like that. And that's my view on discipline, that we shouldn't make rules for the sake of rules. Instead, what we should do is to try to explain to the child why we're trying to do something.

How do you account for that?

A little bit of the spanking department when they were too young to comprehend why they were being disciplined. But I don't understand this other thing that people talk about when they say Presley or James Dean represent the teenagers' revolt against adults. I don't know any kids who are "revolting." My kids want to do what I want them to do. We can sit down and discuss it. I've never had one of my boys talk back at me. I've had them recent things. This I could tell, by their expression, but they never sas me or did anything else about it. If you appeal to them, they'll tell you in five minutes. You'll never again tell you what you can or cannot do. I reserve the right to advise you when I think you're doing something wrong, because the decision will be yours, too. If you don't do it, then I'll say, "Well, you've done this, you've done that," and you can't have it." And I've found that you have to be on the ball, or you'll have delinquents. So what I'm saying is, if you have a child who has been delinquent, you must try to make things understandable to him. You must say, "Look, this is what you're going to do, and if you do this, you might be delinquent."

Do you think a parent should skirt discipline?

I believe that, if a child asks a question about sex, you answer that question and that's all. Give an honest answer to the specific question, and then let it alone. But I don't think any parent should skirt discipline. I think a parent should be careful. I think you have to be on the ball, or you'll have delinquents. So what I'm saying is, if you have a child who has been delinquent, you must try to make things understandable to him. You must say, "Look, this is what you're going to do, and if you do this, you might be delinquent."

What's your opinion of steady-dating?

I've never encountered it, so I haven't given it too much thought. It seems to me to be more of a Midwestern or, maybe, far Western thing. That's a healthy things. Familiarity breeds more familiarity. But I would never make the mistake of saying, "You must not do this." I think it's better to say, "This is what we think is a good idea, and why don't you talk about it with your parents and say, "I think you're making a mistake for the following reasons."

Fortunately, my kids know much of my background—that I'm not a communist, and such things. My children know that I am not a bad boy. I don't think it's a sensible thing to become an entertainer. They know that, professionally, I've followed my own ideas of what the show should be, rather than trying to conform to anyone else's ideas. They're the sponsors. So they know I will never object to what they do because "it's not the thing to do" or because people will talk. So I have an advantage that way. When they say, "Why don't you do this?" I say, "Well, it's our money; I like it.

Do you think kids have less respect for parents than they did when you were a kid?

No. And I think "respect" is used in the wrong way. When a father or mother says that a child doesn't respect him, he means the boy doesn't obey him. Well, I don t think you can demand respect from a child. Those are things a parent must earn.

But what if parents think their kids are running with a bad crowd? Shouldn't a
teenager respect his parents' wishes here? It seems to me that you don’t “interfere,” but “influence.” You find things to do with him so that he doesn’t get around the corner. And you appeal to his intelligence. Every kid wants to be bright, and you should point out to him it is really a dumb thing to set himself up against society just because he is upset. There is nothing smart about getting arrested.

If you had a teen-age daughter would you let her go out with a date who drinks?

Absolutely. Certainly. Kids are going to start drinking. You can only hope that, when they begin to drink, they will let you know. Three weeks ago, if you’d asked me, what I would do about a drinking problem in the family, I would say they don’t drink. But, last night, we were out with my older boy. There were his date and her parents and Nell and myself. As I was standing in the kid’s room in Minneapolis and this was our first time out in a couple of months.

Well, I took the adults’ drink orders, then I asked his date what she would have and she said, “Oh, uh, yes, I really don’t drink.” Although I know she has an occasional cocktail. Then my son said he wanted a whiskey sour before dinner and I almost fell out of my chair. We were out to hear Count Basie, and Nell and I had two whiskies. There is no period of four hours. But I was actually pleased about it. I was pleased that he didn’t ask for tomato juice in front of me and drink two or three drinks in one sight. And I noticed that his date’s parents were not concerned with his two drinks.

Isn’t there a driving hazard in drinking? Yes, but you’re talking about over-drinking and the same thing applies to adults. Years ago, when I was in California, I got to know some cousins who were between eighteen and twenty. They would drive in a group, six or seven kids, and three boys. They would say to one boy, “Tonight is your turn not to drink. Not even a beer. Nothing.” Of course, this didn’t give the others license to get loaded, but it did give one boy touched nothing. Now that was an idea they had dreamed up themselves.

Guy would reserve the right to tell a son not to go out with a youngster who had a reputation for being a reckless driver.

Oh, yes. That’s a plain case of protecting the kid. I don’t think you say, “You cannot go out with George.” But you can say, “You’re an idiot if you go out with George. This is what can happen . . .” Incidentally, my boys were impressed by statistics published by the state of Connecticut, which indicated that the number of accidents per million miles driven was alarmingly higher among teenagers. And I think insurance rates indicate this is true nationally. Well, kids are likely to say, “You just think we’re reckless. We really aren’t.” But these figures prove it’s true. The point is that driving is a skill, like golf. You’re bound to play a better game after six years than in your first couple of years.

How should a teenager’s allowance be determined?

It must be dictated by the society in which you raise your child. If the standard of living is high, then his allowance must be higher. On the other hand, you should point out this fact—so that, when he gets out scratching for himself, he knows what to expect. But don’t misunderstand. I don’t believe in exorbitant allowances. Up to fifteen, our boys get a weekly entertainment allowance. At fifteen, we started our older boy on a monthly allowance, out of which he paid rent. He is in control of the allowance he made by himself. It had a good effect. When he went shopping, instead of going into just any shoe store, he tried several to see which was made by himself. It had a good effect.

Do you think teenagers should be encouraged to take part-time work or summer jobs?

Definitely. It gives them a sense of accomplishment. Beginning at what age? Fifteen could be a good age. What about juvenile delinquency—do you think it is the responsibility of the church, school, home, or the juvenile court?

Now there’s something I don’t know much about. But I believe nearly everything goes back to the home. Is it too late to help or correct a delinquent?

It’s never too late. I know people who were bums until they were forty—and then became nice people. All religions are based on the idea that it’s never too late to change.

What might make a man—or kid—change from a bum to a nice person?

I think the realization that it’s more fun and a person to be a responsible citizen.

What do you think of teen-age marriages?

I would discourage early marriage. I wouldn’t stand in the way of one, but I wouldn’t try to point out that most divorces happen among people who marry very young—they don’t know enough about each other, or others. I think, ideally, a man should wait until he’s actually able to take care of himself. That’s what I was in love with my wife long before we married, but I set a practical goal for myself—so that, when I was earning some money per month, we could marry.

What do you think of teenagers’ fan clubs?

Terrible. Well, I mean foolish. Many times, kids have asked, “Mr. Moore, can we start a fan club for you?” I say no. Unbelievable. Just the other day, I went to a terribly contributory individual. He’s gaudy, and that’s why kids are attracted to him. But there are so many gaudy things that I don’t see a sense of accomplishment. For example, organizing a blood bank. And—if and when they do—they should get recognition for it.

Do you think there is any difference between the counter-coup-le in teenagers and teenagers of your generation?

I don’t think people have changed much over the centuries. We have learned to fly rather than walk, but human nature is about the same. Maybe teenagers learn a little earlier these days, but they are still governed by the same rate of growth into maturity. No, I wouldn’t say the present crop of teenagers is superior, nor would I say they are inferior. Actually, I only deplore the lack of moral fiber in the adult population.

(Continued from page 36)

But who is Zorro? First, the product of Johnston McCulley, who created in fiction form the romantic hero who led a double life—son of a wealthy California rancher by day, Zorro by night. But this is only part of the stack on by night. In mask and cape, Zorro battles the evil Monastario, a tyrannical despot besetting the good people of the Spanish Los Angeles of the 1880’s. Zorro has sworn to destroy Monastario—and leaves upon the scene of each of his victories the dagged letter “Z,” etched with the tip of his rapier.

To younger TV viewers, this fabulous adventure series is the epitome of camp. Dressed completely in black—with a black cape swinging from his shoulders, black mask, riding a huge black horse—Zorro is the epitome of menace. To older viewers, it is the famous silent movie about Zorro which starred dashing Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as the defender of the oppressed people of Los Angeles. In 1940, Tyrone Power appeared in “The Mark of Zorro,” another successful and thrilling presentation of the same character. And now Zorro rides again, this time played by Guy Williams, who was cast for the part by Walt Disney.

Physically, Guy is screws—well proportioned one-hundred-eighteen-pounder, with grey-green eyes, dark wavy hair. He has the habit of standing tensed on the balls of his feet like a fencer ready to explode into action.

For this combination of Zorro-like physical attributes which first caught Disney’s eye. When the call for Zorro went out, fencing ability was a prime requisite. Director Norman Foster of the Zorro series was one of the first people Guy impressed when he went to the Disney Studio for the initial audition. Of the twenty candidates casting directors Lee Traver and Jack Lavin had sent to the studio, Foster immediately picked Guy.

We had checked every studio in town for film footage on our candidates. I was immediately impressed with Guy’s looks. But I wanted to be sure he could handle a sword. So, the first day, I had him do three different test fencing scenes. From that film, Guy appeared to have been born with a foil in his hand. As far as I was concerned, Guy fit Zorro to a “T”—or should I say “Z”? From the beginning, I knew he was the fellow I wanted to play the part.”

Guy had the Old-World charm, the looks, the fencing ability and acting talent which Zorro demanded. He was given the role.}

Guy, whose real name is Armand Catalano, was born in the Fort George area of New York City to an “Old World” way of life. His grandfather, a wealthy timber grower from Messina, Italy, had years before bought a house in New Jersey which he offered to his four sons. Of the four, only Guy’s father, Attilio Catalano, decided to make the New World his home. He settled in New York City to raise his family, and became an insurance broker. Guy was an active child, not nearly so interested in school as he was in sports. Anything that kept him inside the house and off the playing field he remembers with distaste. It was for a couple of reasons. One, the family custom of leisurely dining. “I never appreciated good food,” he admits, “because I knew it would be hours before dinner was finished. I could never understand, for example, tables talking, sipping wine, eating apples and cheese. In short, we were never a peanut-butter-sandwich sort of family. At the time, I wished we were. Now I can’t get away from it.”

Guy’s parents sought to give him the best education possible. After attending
 certainty built and athletic young man. When he walks, he swaggers. When he comes into a room, he seems to leap in. By contrast, he’s an easy conversationalist, and jumps at any opportunity to discuss his favorite subjects—astronomy, hi-fi, chess, and children (the Williamses have a five-year-old son, Steve). True to his Italian blood, he gestures with his hands when speaking.

Guy’s manner is debonair and light-hearted, but he has his serious side. He considers the Zorro assignment a care taker. Nearly every minute he is not working in front of the camera, he is studying next week’s script.

His conscientiousness shows in many ways. When he finished the Zorro role, Guy knew very little about the guitar. But Zorro is a guitarist. Mr. Disney put well-known guitarist Vincenzo Gomez in charge of giving Guy lessons. After three weeks, Gomez told Disney that Guy was adept enough to “get by.” But Guy didn’t want to “just get by.” He kept at the lessons until he could play very acceptably.

Guy wants to be busy, and scores a heavy work load. Up at six A.M. for a seven-o’clock call at the studio, he is usually the first person on the set. Guy good-naturedly describes his work as “only half-days”—two hours. It’s scene, scene, scene, one right after the other. Then, at home, it’s learning scene, scene, scene for the next day. Saturdays and Sundays, I study ahead on the next two shows, so that when sixteen pages of dialogue come along, I’m ready for them.

In spite of the busy schedule, Guy finds time to play with his five-year-old son, Steve. A junior Zorro, Steve is all boy. He’s a naturally athletic youngster. Guy keeps two swords at home, which he and Steve use to play at reopening Zorro fencing scenes. Steve’s getting the idea real well, the young guy who seven nights I bent over to pick up something and he gave me a whack while my back was turned.”

Guy and Janice share some rather exotic interests. To satisfy their interest in astronomy, they have a telescope set up in the bedroom. Guy proudly describes it as follows: “It has a six-inch reflector and works on the same principle as the two-hundred-inch telescope at Harvard. The equatorial mounts weigh sixty-five pounds; it’s not portable, and has great resolving power. The reflector makes the moon this big,” he says enthusiastically, spreading his arms as wide as they go.

“In the bedroom, a moon that large can be very romantic. It’s really out of this world. Recently, Jan and I saw the planet Mars, which is a little too close to the earth that it will again for seventeen years. We even tried to catch a glimpse of the satellites—but no luck.”

For their photography—another shared hobby—Guy and Janice have a complete darkroom set up in their studio apartment. Japanese prints and some of their own photographic work decorate the walls. And son Steve is a favorite subject for pictures. Janice says: “I rarely take pictures of Steve. I’m sure he’s one of the most photographed children in the world.”

The Williams’ musical tastes are broad. But Guy’s favorite records, out of his collection of 300 LPs, are the last five quartets of Beethoven. He explains, “As a composer, Beethoven was constantly curious about music and constantly exploring new areas of awareness, new areas of sensation.”

Whether he’s dynamically discussing the stars, fencing, music, the merits of a rare wine or a poetic love song, Guy Williams is as much at home as his fictional counterpart, Zorro, the romantic adventurer of early California.
It's No Crime to Be Shy!

(Continued from page 29)

It's a beautiful spring night in New York City, and a young woman is about to make her entrance on the dance floor. She is Eve Brooks, a fourteen-year-old aspiring actress, and she is about to perform in her first professional role. Eve is nervous, but excited, as she prepares to take the stage.

The dance is at the famous Alcazar Theater, and Eve is playing the role of a young girl who is about to make her first dance. She is wearing a beautiful dress, and her hair is styled in soft waves.

As she steps onto the stage, Eve feels a surge of confidence. She knows that this is her chance to make a name for herself in the world of show business. She is determined to give her best performance, no matter what.

The audience is watching her, and Eve feels the pressure. She takes a deep breath and begins to dance. Her movements are graceful and confident, and the audience is captivated.

As her performance comes to a close, Eve feels a sense of relief. She has done it, and she has done it well. She steps back from the stage, feeling proud of herself.

The night is over, and Eve is exhausted. But she is also exhilarated. She knows that she has taken a step toward achieving her dream, and she is determined to keep on working hard to make it happen.

Eve's mother is waiting backstage, and she congratulates her daughter on her performance. Eve smiles and thanks her mother for her support.

As they walk out of the theater together, Eve's mother says to her, "I'm proud of you, Eve. You have talent, and you are working hard to make it happen. I know you will succeed."

Eve nodds and smiles. She knows that her mother is right. She is determined to work hard and make her dreams come true.

The night may be over, but Eve's journey has just begun. She knows that there will be more challenges to come, but she is ready to face them head-on. She is a young woman driven by a passion for acting, and she is determined to make it in the world of show business.

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The guests probably ignored it, but Eve turned purple, worked hard on keeping back her tears, and wouldn't say another word throughout the meal. After dessert, she asked to be excused and rushed back to her room. When the guests had left, Eve's mother was brought into the room for a private discussion.

"That wasn't fair," she cried out. "That wasn't fair at all..." Thereafter, whenever the same group of people came over, Eve avoided getting into such predicaments, but— as Eve herself has found out since— even grownups forget their best intentions. That particular evening, her mother and dinner guests, in the middle of the meal, the suddenly remembered something Eve had done, and promptly scolded her for it before she should forget the incident again.

One evening, she confessed her fears to a friend, who promptly took matters into her own hands. "Let's go for a drive," she suggested after supper. On the way home, she "happened" to pass the Alcazar. There was practically no one at the door of the theater, and Adam punished her for her weakness and drove away, she was no place for Eve to take shelter— except the theater. Before she realized what was happening, she found herself face-to-face with producer Henry Duffy. The driver "don't do for you?" he asked obliquely.

Eve faltered. "Nothing, Nothing at all," he looked up, quizically.

"Well, you could give me a job as an actress..." Eve burst out.

By the time her friend returned, Eve had talked herself into a part at her own evaluation of thirty-five dollars a week. She stayed on for almost two years as a dancer and comedy relief. However, her shyness with boys plagued her throughout her early years, and still recalls her first "devastating"—on Freddie, a boy in the eighth grade. "I wasn't the only one. Another girl in my class was just as crazy about him. We were very civilized about the whole thing and decided to share him between us. When I won out, nevertheless, I lost my nerve.

It happened at a school dance, the night he brought her a candy bar with "I want a kiss before you go—" printed on it. One look at his offer made Eve avoid him for the rest of the evening. But, since it was a dance, more boys than girls home, and Freddie elected himself her protector, she had to face him again whether she was scarred or not.

All the way home, Eve didn't care look at it. She made love to him, kissed her just as they reached the steps, leading up to her house, she fled in panic toward the front door—hotly pursued by her fourteen-year-old Romeo. He caught her first, tried to squeeze her through the open door, planted a kiss squarely on her forehead—and, with his mission accomplished, turned and left.

Everyone was aware what happened to me. I was afraid a she tip-toed through the hallway. But her mother, who was waiting up in the living room, didn't notice anything at all. "Have a good time, dear?"

The next time, Eve didn't run as fast...
Things were easier after Tom was fourteen. The Postons moved to Washington, D.C., where his mother and sister still live. Tom, deciding to follow in his father's footsteps, enrolled in Massachusetts Institute of Technology and majored in chemistry, though he wasn't sure this was really the profession for him.

Tom and his older brother Richard were placid, all of them, so that afterward, they both would do the same thing, whatever it might be. Letters flew back and forth from Italy, where Richard was stationed, to various airfields in Europe, and Tom was always happy to discuss commercial flying, among other careers. Then, one day, Tom happened on a magazine article describing the work of the vaudeville and movie vaudeville, and was able to take on parts in daytime dramatic programs. He spent two years in the Broadway production of "No Time for Sergeants" and, during the run of that show, was asked to appear in the first week of the Allen show, asking for an audition.

Don had almost forgotten about comedy when he dreamed up "Shaky" after watching "James Cagney," and "Sid the Sixth" on his own home town. He worked on it, tried it out on The Garry Moore Show (he wrote Garry a letter, too) and then auditioned it for Steve. Steve liked it—and a new "Man on the Street" was born.

While Don had been going thataway as a synthetic cowboy, Tom Poston has been going around as a native Minnesotan, playing second-banana roles on Broadway and in summer stock. He won the Vernon Rice award (1950) for the best actor in the summer theater. He worked up a comedy act for night clubs, and has had a part in several first-night test performances, on WABC-TV in New York.

One of the writers on Steve's show, a friend, called Tom in one day. What could you do on the show? he asked.

"A drunk," Tom answered.

"Not on a show this time of evening," "I could do pantomime," Tom said hastily, and demonstrated. Out of this came "Sid the Sixth".

When "Shaky" and "Stupid" arrived to complete the trio, Louis Nye was already firmly established as "Gordon Hathaway," doubling the effect on the screen. Tom had the show's sketches. Louis had arrived by way of appearances on the Berle and other comedy shows, and fairly regular stints—two or three times weekly—on Jack Paar's daytime program.

Because of his ability as a mimic (talk to him for ten minutes and he'll fly off in as many dialects) and his lack of distinguishing characteristics, Louis is still sometimes, even on the Allen show. But as Gordon Hathaway, he's easily recognizable. On Madison Avenue itself, he's also recognized as one of the few advertising-agency men who have even been invited by several agencies to sit in at directors' meetings.

But he hasn't gone completely Madison Avenue. Married to song writer Anita Loys ("I wrote all the great music and the next thing I knew, we were married"), Louis lives simply. The Nyes have a small apartment in New York City. Their daughter, Joanne, has rented a house on Fire Island, where Louis joined Anita and their son on Mondays and Tuesdays, his days off. But there are no sports cars in the Nyes' driveway. No, they say, "there are no cars, cooks or butlers. Comfortable? Yes. Plus? No.

His fellow second-bananas aren't living it up much, either. Don and his wife Kay and their two children live in Dumont, New Jersey, in a house they bought for $5,000 a month—one at a local charity benefit.
Sonny James: Singing Gentleman from Alabama

(Continued from page 35)

hit for Capitol, "Young Love," jumped the traces and sold over two million copies in the popular field, Sonny refused to admit that somehow he had magically converted his voice to compete with Sinatra. "I haven't got a style one bit," he says. "The people have changed their listening habits."

Sonny, an Alabamian, was born and raised in Hacketburg, a town of five-hun-
dred souls. Hacketburg began growing spec-
tically at the age of four and that's when they began calling him "Sonny"—his real name is James Loden.

Pop had a love for music," he says. "When I was four he made me a mando-
lin out of a molasses bucket, and somehow I had the knack for it, and then he got me a ukulele, and later a real mando-
lin. There was my grandfather's fiddle in the house and I picked that up. By the time I was six, I could play a half-dozen instruments."

As a youngster, he began to enter sing-
ing contests. One day, when Sonny was five, Hacketburg native Sam Smith heard him win an amateur event in Birmingham. She took Sonny on her lap, gave him a dollar, and told his father that Sonny, with the right breaks, would be a big star. When Sonny was six, he went to Hacketburg and studied music with his father, for Archie Loden always had his heart set on Sonny's success as a singer.

"Dad never pushed me or told me that I should try singing. He was proud that Sonny say go as far back as I can remember, it was always the thing I wanted to do. It was just taken for granted."

The Loden family sang religious and country dances. "Father gave Sonny and his sister Thelma, who is a couple of years his senior. They sang in school auditoriums, county fairs, under canvas and in churches within a two-hundred-
mile radius of Hacketburg."

"We had a farm, but this was parceled out to tenant farmers. Pop spent most of his time setting up dates for The Loden Family and organizing the programs," Sonny says. "When we returned to town so that there was no question of it interfering with my schooling. If we had to go far, they would pick me up right after school. We'd make our date. I'd do my lessons in the car and got lots of help when I needed it."

Sonny always had good grades. And I'd get my rest in the car. I slept better in a car than most people sleep in a bed."

It was always fun and sometimes funny. Sonny remembers a duel with another youngster, when they fell through the stage and a rope snapped and broke up. Sonny and his friend just dropped through—and kept singing. Sonny also became quite good at playing a trick fiddle, which meant bowing out a tune thicker than a stage ladder. Sonny was in Members, his neck and under his seat. Fiddle con-
tests were very popular when Sonny grew up, and he won many prizes. But once he began his career in music, he had a fairly average childhood. He ran around with a bunch of boys who liked nothing better than to play ball, and Sonny himself daydreamed about being a big-leaguer. He was seriously ill only once. At ten, he contracted pneumonia and was in bed six weeks and required an opera-
tion. Like most kids, he wanted a pony, but fell for a bicycle.

When he was twelve, he learned to play the violin, and he learned to respect the life and work of a farmer. "I remember," he says, "as a boy, I used to like to ride the drag and slides behind the mule. There's something so good and quiet about a farmer's life for me."

He continues reminiscing: "Then I got a goat for a pet and, with him, a little plough and harness of my own. Billy was a smart little goat and I taught him to shake a tail feather. I'd put him on his hind legs like a trick dog."

By the time Sonny was seven, the Loden's were taking their singing seri-
ously and broadcasting daily. Their pop-
ular "Sonny and Thelma" show began travel-
ing a farther all the time. Between Sonny's twelfth and seventeenth birthdays, the family worked out of Raleigh, Memphis, Birmingham and a half dozen other places.

"I don't know how to explain it exact-
ly," Sonny says, "but this wasn't show business as you see it in the movies. It's true we were singing for a living and traveling the show business the way people do for five years. But Pop wasn't one of those the-show-must-go-on fellows. We didn't live out of suitcases and jump from one hotel room to another. We also had a home. We live in an old apartment or rented a house. Only once did I have to change schools during a school year. Pop always put the welfare of his family first."

During the years they traveled, Sonny always hoped that he could go back to his home town to finish high school with his friends. This was made possible when Thelma was accepted by Alma College in Decem-
ber of 1948. That Christmas, his sister Thelma left the group to marry. The other girl in the group, Ruby Palmer, chose the same date to wed, too. Sonny's family was one of the few affairs of the show. They could travel and do a clothing show. So Sonny went back to his high school, earned his letters in foot-
ball and basketball and graduated with a strong academic average.

"I used to work in the store after school," Sonny says. "Actually, Pop had always told me we were partners in everything. If I recall right, I think he even let me share his checking account while I was still in school. I used to brag about being his partner and my friends would ask why my name wasn't up on the store sign. The store was called 'Loden's.' I was the 'sonny' in the name for son," he grins. "I used to go into the store after school and sell about five dol-
ars worth of something and then I'd take it out of the cash register for a date. Pop always said 'Boy, you should sell this for more money.'"

Sonny began dating when he was about twelve. "We just went to movies and then the girl usually paid her own way. I was working for Pop at fifteen and when I was sixteen that was in Jackson, Missis-
ippi. I don't remember the girl, but I don't remember the kiss when we were visiting there."

Sonny graduated from high school in June of 1950. September of that same year he was in the Army and was in one of the first National Guard units to land in Korea. He had been offered a chance to work with the USO in a certain army entertainment, but turned it down.

"I was in the 252nd Truck Company, Hamilton Alabama National Guard. There were a hundred and thirty of us, all trying to keep up with the people we were fighting with and some didn't. I had a guitar with me and did a lot of singing. I'd sing a chorus and the boys would join in and then our Korea gave us Leave or you'd have the kitchen—four or five little orphans would join us. They loved to sing and
taught me some of their native music.

Sonny went overseas as a truck-driver, Private First Class. He didn’t like driving a truck. I’ve never liked to drive a car either. I guess not too many men are built for driving a car. Even today, on the road, I let one of the boys drive my car. Did I tell you when I was seventeen, just out of plain boredom, I fell asleep at the wheel? This was at midday and I ran into a nice ripe tobacco field. What did it do to the car—it was like having one giant squirting of tobacco juice all over us! Any- way, when we went overseas, I talked to the captain and told him I’d like to do something else besides drive—maybe work in the kitchen, if there was an opening there. I didn’t know anything about cook- ing but I liked the idea, and I thought I’d be that much closer to the food.

They no more than landed in Korea than one of the cooks took ill. Sonny went into his place. He said, "It was fun. And you know we were cooking for friends and we felt more responsibility and we were careful about measuring ingredients. I learned to make good saw-mill gravy. We used to make ice cream out of snow. We'd try anything. We all wrote back home for recipes for biscuits and cakes. We'd save up sugar and flour for cake. Our cake wasn’t much, but we used to put on top made it look delicious."

With a battle ribbon and corporal’s rating, Sonny got out of the service in 1952 and then faced up to his ambition alone for the first time: "It was going to be different. That I knew. There’s a lot of heartbreak in the business. There’s the sponsor who cancels out in radio. There’s the ‘big turnout’ that isn’t big. Or you work so hard on a song and it sounds good but doesn’t go. Well, Pop always took the heartbreak when he was running things. That was to be the same with me."

One of Sonny’s first breaks came through his good friend Chet Atkins. "I’d known Chester from before the war. We’d even roomed together in the Market St. Hotel. Well, after the war, I spent a week with him and his wife. I’d written some songs and sang them for him. One day, Ken Nelson of Capitol came around and Chet- ter suggested I go back into the studio and sing my songs for Ken. I did, hoping that he might be able to use one of the songs—instead, he asked me to record the songs myself. I was pleased, but Ken was frank. It would be a hard pull before I made good."

In 1953, Sonny put in a hitch on Louisi- ana Hayride out of KWKH, Shreveport—as many have other new stars, such as Elvis Presley and Tommy Sands. In the latter part of 1953, Sonny went over to WFAA, radio and TV, in Dallas and stayed on there for a couple of years. During those years he came back to the South with other entertainers and got to know both Elvis and Tommy. "Elvis was born sixty-five miles from where I live. We never played more than a week at a time in the same town. He was a very busy man, doing business appointments and answering mail between shows. In the trunk of the Cadil- lacc, Sonny totes a shotgun and rods and reels. In season, he stops near a woods to go fishing. Sonny enjoys sitting alongside a river to fish a spell. If it’s warm enough, he looks for a place to swim. But—the way Sonny James fan clubs are springing up—it’s getting tougher every day to find private corners. And Sonny, always a gentleman, finds it hard to say no. He gives away autographs, handkerchiefs, his long bow ties, pencils, pens, anything they ask for. One man, believe it or not, asked Sonny for his money clip—and got it. (‘He was such a good-hearted person,’ Sonny explains.)"

The only thing Sonny isn’t giving away from now on, more and more, is his time—so that when they’ll really count.

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**ON RECORD FOR A MUSICAL VALENTINE**

Pat Boone and Nick Todd, singing brothers—full color on the cover—full story inside. . . . Jim Reeves, daytime rave who “waxed” his way to fame from Texas—via Louisiana. . . . Tab Hunter, Hollywood hero who proved he has voice as well as view appeal. . . . Jeril Deane, prize vocalist of Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club. . . . all in February’s TV RADIO MIRROR on sale January 2

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Sonny smiles as he says, “Another thing I do a lot of, at home, is eat. Mom is the best cook in the world. She”s very papaistic. She says, ‘You’re the only son I’ve got. I’ll cook anything you want. And you can eat as much as you want.”

But, when I’m home, Mom really lays it on the table. I love fried chicken, and Sonny’s fried chicken is wonderful. I just sit down and eat until it hurts.”

Sonny, then adds, “Mom tried to bring me up the way she was brought up. She’s a very Christ- ian woman, and jolly. When I say she’s jolly, I mean she isn’t a stern religious person. She thinks you have a reason to be the happiest person alive because you’re religious.”

Sonny, who belongs to the Church of Christ, is also very religious. He never misses church. He carries a Bible with him and studies daily. "You look like people that you care if you’re all the way. I make this as my need for it," he explains, "I don’t talk at church, as Pat Boone does. Pat and I belong to the same church. Last time I went to church, Pat and Shirley picked me up, Sunday morning, and took me to services.”

On Sonny’s last visit to New York, he played the historic Palace, home of the country-western most famous, Judy Garland, Danny Kaye and other great entertainers have worked. Sonny was a big success with New Yorkers and he finds New York, one of the big thrills in his career. "I love the city," he says. "I love looking at the Broadway lights or just walking around Rockefeller Plaza. The people live so differently. They live in such large apartments. But after a while, you get used to the noise. And after a while, they’re nice. Of course, you never know what to expect. Take the cabs. One I hailed climbed right up on the sidewalk to get me. But the225 taxi drivers are the greatest, they are.”

Sonny has performed all over the United States and Canada. Most of the time, he lives in his Cadillac. He has just one Cadillac and has to explain, "It isn’t worth the money, but I keep it, of course, because it’s economical for me. There are four of us who travel together. The three boys who back me up instrumentally travel with me. We may be on the road three weeks, road four weeks. We own our bags and music and instruments and props. We need space to stretch out."

And Sonny gets his recreation on the road, too—once he gets into a town, he is busy. He says, "I’m a workaholic. In fact, I’m one of the hardest working people I know. One man, believe it or not, asked Sonny for his money clip—and got it. (‘He was such a good-hearted person,’ Sonny explains.) The only thing Sonny isn’t giving away from now on, more and more, is his time—so that when then’ll really count.
(Continued from page 24) a people's life. With Betty there's never any question. 'The dogs definitely lead and the people follow! It's true! The current manegery covers about the best cross section of dogdom you could imagine. Patriarch of the trio now running the Whole Dog is none other than irruption-able Pekingese. Originally christened "Bandit," the Peke was a puppy when he was given to Betty about ten years ago. Now he's a well-possessed older dog. His eyes are a lovely copper brown and are always well kept clean. He has been shown in a few trios. Betty has taken over and informs the small owner that enough is enough. A few growls, and a couple of gentle nips generally get the message across. But it's the parents' job to train those children who may come into the study. And the Peke will observe and take over. You'd almost think he'd leave it up to the pup. You'd know what to do if your child was about to fling a Spode teacup at the mantelpiece. Take it over and make the action when he grabs Fido by the tail!"

What dog to buy for Junior is generally the biggest problem confronting parents, and Betty believes the most important thing to be considered is that the dog be able to spend more time with the children. But the dog is to be introduced. If a family lives in an apartment, it's rather obvious that the huge St. Bernard isn't the suitable animal. Nor is the German shepherd. But Betty believes the lively wire-haired terrier, or the Airedale, would be a mistake in an apartment—these dogs love, and need, open space to romp about in."

So, for the tiny apartment (with or without children), Betty suggests a smaller and less active dog. Poodles are now much in vogue, and the miniature poodles are especially good. If you are prepared to spend as much on Fifi as you do on your own coiffure—the upkeep on poodle-cuts can be terrific. The pug, darling of our grandmothers and now conquering hearts, is a first-rate home companion. And Betty adds that she has the isometric advantage of being a short-haired dog, unlike to leave its fur behind. Poodles, for their part, are as fine as sofa pillows and Daddy's blue suit.

Some breeds are more temperamental than others. Many Pekingese are one-person dogs. Many Boston terriers are high-strung. But you can be lucky and find an "extrovert" Pekingese or a calm Boston bull. Betty points out that when any of these are brought into a home as small puppies, they are more likely to adjust themselves than if they are brought as grown dogs.

If the dog-seeking family has a large yard, their choice is broadened considerably. Among the top favorites nowadays is the boxer. In spite of his fierce appearance, a boxer is gentle toward young people and can be a very good pet for an owner who threatens their safety. Collies, too, are wonderful pets for young children. Their gentleness matches their fine-boned beauty. And even the Chihuahua, seemingly an unbelievably affectionate Alaskan husky down to the tiny chihuahuahua.

Once you make your choice, your next thought is likely to be, "Where will he sleep?" Betty says the person from whom you buy the dog can be your most trusted authority on what to feed the pup, at least for the first few weeks. But as a general rule, they start to feed him with a variety of foods, then, to stick to what you know agrees with him. Later, as, the dog grows older, you'll become convinced you can survive on a diet of old shoes, current magazines, and venetian-blind cords. That's the time changes may be introduced in his diet.

"Most of the commercial dog foods won't be found worth the money and all that, Betty points out. "But vary the menu a little with some fresh meat—the cheapest grade of hamburger has all the essential elements a dog needs, and tastes just as good. But the fact that some authorities claim the extra fat present in cheaper ground beef is beneficial to the dog. Pork liver or kidneys are cheap, worth trying for your dog's diet, and most dogs adore them."

"Some authorities will quarrel with me on this one—but we have always fed our dogs table scraps, and don't just scrape everything left over into the dog's dish and choose judiciously. Any meat scraps, cooked vegetables, gravy—this goes to the dogs. We avoid giving them starch-they don't need it. You'll be amazed how soon enough, if your dog can tolerate things like cooked vegetables—some pets can't. But many vets recommend that pets have a few cooked vegetables regularly."

"When you buy a dog from the owners of the kennel that's the worst, if you can, of course, ask to see the mother. It's one of the best indicators of whether the puppies are going to grow up healthy and well-behaved."

"As for where a pet should sleep—I'm afraid I'm going to have to bow out as an authority here," Betty confesses with a chuckle. "All authorities agree that a pet should have his own bed in quite a separate room in the house. Many people put their bed off in a corner of the kitchen or laundry room. Or even in the basement or the garage, if it's warm and out of the way. Most of the roomier dogs can stand—even prefer—a dog house of their own, cut-out in the back yard.

"So where do my three sleep? On our bed. Of course, with the Peke and the poodle, that isn't too bad. But you should see the St. Bernard curled up on the counterpane! It's a good thing the people who buy such dogs have a Mother's bed—after the Peke and the St. Bernard get settled down on my bed, there's barely room for me."

A lot of folks claim to be terrified at the thought of owning a dog, but Betty doesn't think there's really so much to it. It does take time, concentration, and patience, but only for a few weeks. Most...
Betty's first impulsive answer to that one is "None!" It takes an adaptable dog, and one who's long-lived and patient, to travel together all the time. It's been done with the smaller lap dogs. As Betty observes: "I won't say it can't be done, because it is done. But it's hard on both owners and dog. They're not made to be a team." To avoid this, she and Danny have taken to leaving the car door open a few feet away at the end of their driveway. "We've never taken our dogs on long trips. We just take turns dog-sitting. When I go off on a personal appearance tour, they stay with Danny. When he goes on a trip, I take care of the boys." Of course, we could put a folded newspaper across the seat together. Many people do, and with excellent results.

"But occasional trips—that's something else. Determined mother dogs are mad to go with us in the car. Poor Stormy doesn't make it very often. After he gets into the car, there's barely room for the driver! But the two smaller dogs do—"of course—"but there's always something in a while, and it's a riot, watching their completely different approaches to the problem."

Danny, you see, is a big dog. I suspect Stormy is just a little less impressive. Betty doesn't think much of him either. They don't appreciate having that braying character rear up on his hind legs, lay his paws on their laps, and give them a couple of friendly swipes across their faces. So I've trained Stormy to head for the bedroom every time the front door rings.

Many people like to take their dogs on the same general errands that they do with their cars. Betty thinks the car is a wonderful idea. But even the most conscientious trainer couldn't get the results pets sometimes do to each other. The old dog and the young one, the big one and the small one, the one that think the other is his master..."

The best-known dog I've ever known has been just plain mutts. Sometimes, a just-plain dog is sturdier and healthier than some that 'come from the pet store. Betty and many of the fellows here in Hollywood, who train dogs for parts in the movies, claim it's easier to train a mutt.

"About the only way you can run, getting a 'who-knows-what-breeds' pup, is to know what its eventual size will be. An acquaintance of mine bought a puppy, mothered by a pedigreed boxer of medium size, fathered by a large dog, and neither of whom I knew the size of. So, while the pup was still a poundling, I began to reach Great Dane proportions, my friend had to find a new home for it! When a dog's ancestry is uncertain, you never know what its grown size is going to be. But if you know what size a dog will be, and no budget to buy a thoroughbred—you're sure to find a lovely and loving pet at any animal shelter."

Danny, as Betty points out, training a pet isn't a difficult feat for a determined owner. But even the most conscientious trainer couldn't get the results pets sometimes do to each other. The old dog and the young one, the big one and the small one, the one that think the other is his master..."

I think Betty is right. One of the most frequent questions asked of Betty is: "Must I get a thoroughbred, pedigreed dog?" Betty has a few comments. Not a bad idea, but not necessary. Some of the most intelligent, most adorable dogs I've ever known have been just plain mutts. Sometimes, a just-plain dog is sturdier and healthier than some that 'come from the pet store. Betty and many of the fellows here in Hollywood, who train dogs for parts in the movies, claim it's easier to train a mutt.

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in the hospital about names and we found we didn’t like the ones we picked. So Kim, nearly six, became Rickey. Corey, four, is now Barry. The eldest, Christopher, seven, remains Kit Carson.” . . . Surprise gift for the William Redfields, who didn’t expect their daughter to inherit her father’s (dramatic actor on Mutual’s big mystery-adventure block) and Betsy (sister of Julia Meade) named her Liza Mareta—Liza for fun, Mareta for Bill’s mother, Mareta Georgia, who dined in Ziegfeld’s stage “spectaculars.” . . . Talk about your middle-aged heroes on TV, how about the heroines? Exotic Merle Oberon, star of As Time Goes By, and Joan Fontaine, 47. She was born Merle O’Brien Thompson in Tasmania on February 19, 1911 . . . Julie La Rosa has two guest spots this month: December 13 with the fine, new Peter Pan and Daniel Show and December with Polly Bergen. Incidentally, Julie’s bit as an actor on Kraft Theater didn’t just happen. He’d very much like to develop into a singer-actor. . . . Liz Lawrence, in addition to daily stints on Road Of Life and Nora Drake, is in the Broadway production of “Look Homeward, Angel.” 

What’s New on the East Coast

(Continued from page 5)

of pictures from the time she was a small child; she’d never known any other world, and had no wish to change it. Temple also knew that people all over the world idolized Shirley, but they took precautions to keep this idolatry from going to her head. If visitors raved, they would tell Shirley that they thought she was lovely, but because you did good work in the picture and you’re a nice girl, but it’s nothing to get excited about.

“Do you think they would have wanted me to be a little girl in a picture or excited about the recognition that I received. . . . Miss Klamt looked around the Los Angeles Press Club headquarters, where Shirley was smilingly signing autographs. As you can see,” she said, “she’s still signing autographs for all comers.”

“Shirley and I played all sorts of games on the set,” said Marilyn Granas, her first assistant at the Fox Publishing Co. NBC. “To us, a movie set was really a wonderful, with marvelous places to hide, and the most exciting props imaginable. Other girls might have doll-sized playhouses, but that just isn’t the kind of girl that Shirley is. . . . I remember that our favorite prop was a beachhouse on stilts in a picture we made with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson. Whenever Shirley and I weren’t needed on the set or for school lessons, we romped all over this beachhouse—which was a complete house built inside the sound stage.

“Shirley’s stand-in from the time she was five,” said Doris Lewis, 37, “was a little girl of eight years old. Oddly enough, I didn’t think too much like Shirley, except in height. However, because of our similarity in height and looks, the other directors thought we worked together so much, the studio put me under contract. I’ll never forget the joy of working with her in those early years, and nothing would please me better than to work with her on her current TV show.”

The story of Shirley’s actual discovery for pictures is almost a fairy tale in itself. It was “Doc” Bish, a former veterinarian who became one of 30th Century Fox’s most respected publicity men, who filled me in on the details of that story. “Without exception,” he said positively, “Shirley is the most popular person who ever lived. When Shirley and I were visiting in Washington, D.C., President Roosevelt told her mother that he attributed her popularity to the fact that she contributed so much happiness for a people in a period of despair. For a few cents, people could have their dreams restored, they could revel in the beauty and charm of this little girl, and dream that they themselves might become patients of the other Shirley Temple. Her story was an inspiration to everyone. She was the living proof that dreams can come true.”

Even before Shirley was born, Mrs. Temple told someone that she was going to have a beautiful daughter. “She had worked hard, raising two husky boys,” said Doc. “Mr. Temple was a bank teller who became manager of the California Bank in Los Angeles. He earned a modest salary.”

Jack was twelve and George eight when Shirley was born on April 23, 1928. The family lived quietly in a simple house in Santa Monica. Shirley’s mother did her own housework and sewed Shirley’s baby clothes. But, like any mother, she wanted Shirley to have the opportunity to play. Shirley, a little girl who was so graceful and loved music so much, she gave her dancing lessons. Charles Lamont, an executive with Educational Pictures that at the time, selected Shirley from that dancing class to play the feminine lead in some short movies the “Baby Burlesk” series. Later, Shirley played a small role at Paramount.

However, these first few pictures created no sensation. Shirley wasn’t really “discovered,” in the true sense of the word, until Jay Gorkey, a songwriter, saw her one day in a theater lobby and thought she was a fine stageapper. After a while, the time, Jay had just written a song, “Baby, Take a Bow,” which was to be a song-and-dance routine with James Dunn for an all-star picture Fox was going to produce from the line. He asked Shirley to do it.

Once Jay had laid eyes on Shirley, he couldn’t get her out of his mind. He decided that, if it was humanly possible, he would try to convince Lew Brown, the songwriter, and Winifred Sheahan, the vice-president in charge of production, that Shirley was the right girl for this role. Once they had met Shirley, they were as thrilled over her possibilities as he was. “She was a natural,” Jimmy Dunn told me. “I was fascinated by her. She was a very sweet girl, but when they told her Shirley Temple’s Own Fairytale Story

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taught Shirley in the days when she was seven years old. Bish, who handled her publicity at the Fox Studio in those early days. She greeted each of them with a radiant smile that transforms her from a pretty woman into a beautiful one.

“That’s exactly the way she smiled when I first met her,” Frances told me. “The first time I saw her, when she was seven years old, I thought of her as a little golden princess. I was never to be photonized away by the glamour of children in pictures or excited about the idea of meeting any star. But, when I saw Shirley rehearsing a dance, her golden curls and beautiful smile were so attractive that she seemed to radiate a shining quality, just as she does now.

“I became her teacher when she was seven years old, and taught her during next four years. Though she was very normal child, she had an unconscious understanding of the moods, personalities, and feeling of the people around her. When visitors were, or had been, or were to be photographed with her she became flustered and self-conscious at the idea of having their pictures taken, Shirley would give them her radiant smile, or make a little joke, or take their hands and before they knew it, the picture was finished.”

“I remember the first time I met Shirley,” said Jim Reid, now a publicist at 20th-Century-Fox but in those days a free-lance reporter. I was never to be embarrassed at the idea of having my picture taken, and said, ‘I bet you can’t make me laugh.’ I made a teasing joke about her hair, and she blushed, and pressed her lips together. Watching her, I forgot the camera—which, of course, was what she intended.”

“Even as a child,” said Frances, “Shirley always had a smile and taught her lessons in a moody. The more I see of this business, the more I admire Mrs. Temple’s methods of handling problems. When the gates closed behind the temples and they went home, the studio was outside their lives. They had the same friends they had previously—and it was most difficult to invade the privacy of their home. Shirley was a little girl, either with thither or thither, she made very few personal appearances. All Shirley’s fame never turned her head. She’d been brought up in this world
time head of a similar department on "Fort Apache," a John Ford film. "I remember one of the wardrobe women on the picture, out of sympathy for Shirley, offered to tie her gag into a bow, and Shirley tried to do. Shirley wouldn't hear of it. She bent forward and tied her own boots. Most of the people who worked with her hope she could return. Shirley is considered by it a great privilege to work with her again."

"When I met her, she was about sixteen, and working on re-takes for a David Selznick picture. Then I met her again when I decided to give her an autograph on "Fort Apache," and I really got to know her. She has a wonderful sense of color and a wonderful clothes sense. She liked my styling, and I loved her ideas and suggestions about clothing and gloves."

"The first time I met her, I thought, What a lovely child. But, the better I got to know her, the more I admired the adult brain behind the lovely childlike face."

The story of Shirley's life impressed me greatly about Shirley. Not only was she very mercurial and fastidious about herself and everything she wore, with a wonderful sense of cleanliness, but the childlike innocence that was a joy to behold, but she was very modest. She wouldn't appear in front of another woman without her underclothes and slip on."

When I was born, reporters asked Shirley whether she wanted a boy or a girl, and whether she hoped the child would become a movie star. "I don't care," she said. "I just want my baby to be a happy, beautiful, well-behaved child just as Charles and Lori, in their turn, were beautiful babies. Experts in such matters say that Lori looks most like her mother when she was a child."

The memory of the unhappiness of Shirley's first marriage has been almost completely blotted out by the subsequent happiness she has found with Charles and Lori, a very successful businesswoman. Together, they are bringing up three very well-adjusted, happy children. Reporters asked Shirley, "Knowing what you went through as a child, do you think you'd be willing to have one of your children make movies or act in TV shows?"

"What I went through?" Shirley's eyebrows shot up. "I was a very happy child. I had a very happy childhood. My children, it all depends on what they want to do. Before pushing their children into a career, I think parents should watch for little signposts along the road. Does the child show an interest in bad dance? And does the child like people?"

"My oldest girl seems to be interested in bugs and the piano. I don't know whether she'll go in for biology or music, but I think she'll do both. My second child, young Charles isn't interested in being a movie or TV star, but a doctor or a policeman. Maybe Lori, the baby, will like television."

"All the children are delighted that I'm going to be on TV. And my husband, Charles Black, is in favor of it. He never objected to my being in show business. It was my decision to stop appearing in pictures. I want to spend all the time possible with the children and Charles. I'm sure the work on TV won't be so demanding that it will keep me from being a good wife and mother."

Shirley stood facing the lights in the press room at the Ambassador Hotel, and the photographers concentrated on shooting her, with a doll in her arms. Doc Bishop smiled as he watched, recalling what Shirley was like at seven."

"That girl," he said, "hasn't forgotten any of her technique in front of a camera. She's just as poised now as she was then."

"She loved to play pranks. After we'd shoot the scenes, we'd drive in the trailer, and she'd always be after me. She was naturally all bushed. On that Sunday afternoon, she was wearing a cowgirl outfit. When I asked her for another picture, she said, 'No.' Then gave me a little push that knocked me down. I rolled under it because I didn't want her to get hurt, and caught her. When we came up, she was laughing."

I looked up at the wall in Doc Bishop's office, and sure enough, there was one of the gayest candid photos of Shirley I've ever seen. The laughter on her face makes her look as if she were going to have to use her wits on people. But they were always silly, gentle pranks—never anything that hurt anyone."

"Shirley met some of the most famous people from all over the world," Doc continued. "In her studio bungalow she had her own autograph book, and she collected priceless signatures. She was made an honorary G-Man by J. Edgar Hoover; Roosevelt, and ambassadors from all over the world. In those days, Shirley was our greatest good-will ambassador."

"But, with all this adulation, Shirley remained unaltered in her nature. She never heard her say any unhinged thing about anyone. After Frances Klamt became her teacher, I asked Shirley if she liked her. 'Oh, yes,' said Shirley. 'Better than the last, another teacher. Shirley was more than equal to the question. 'Don't you think that's a rather personal question?' she asked me gravely."

"Shirley is thirty-nine years of my life in this business, and the seven most pleasant years were spent photographing Shirley. What a little imp she was, always kidding and clowning! When she knew I had to shoot pictures, she would go over to some other part of the set or hide behind me! But she always gave me the shots I wanted, finally. Sometimes she would say she didn't feel like posing. Then, when I act disconsolate, she would put me on the shoulder and say, 'Okay, let's get a couple of them.'"

"When some University of Southern California photography students dared to talk to her and find out what made her tick," Anthony Ugrin continued, "they said that, at seven, Shirley had the mentality of a nineteen- or twenty-year-old. Still, she listened to the selected pictures. Back of her dressing room she kept rabbits, dogs, a pony and a saddle. She loved pets."

"Everyone who met her fell for her. I never saw a man fall so hard for anyone as I did for Shirley. I acted a defendant director, did she made 'Wee Willie Winkie.' When we did the dramatic scene in the hospital where Victor McLaglen was dying and she was doing the talking, she sat on his chair and balanced his head on her lap. There were few dry eyes on the set."

"But most of the time, when she was free to do as she wished, she was a born companion and a ready audience. She set. When she was working in 'Heidi,' Shirley started pinning paper clips on the people she worked with. She told us we were her police officers. Seeing how much joy she was getting in this game, Allan Dwan, the director, ordered a lot of brass badges and gave them to Shirley, and she distributed them among us. Frances Klamt was given the list of those of us that had not been officially accepted. If you forgot your badge, you were fined two bits—which went into Shirley's can for the milk fund."

"Do you still have yours?" I asked.

'No,' said Anthony Ugrin proudly. "I keep it at home."

"Have you seen Shirley recently?" I asked.

'No,' said Anthony "The last time I saw Shirley was two weeks after her divorce from John Agar. She was very much broken up about it." The marriage to John took place when Shirley was about seventeen, and was followed by an indication his was going to be a great success. This unhappy marriage has been about the only black cloud in Shirley's life. Even that had a silver lining—because, during that marriage, Shirley had her first experience with motherhood, when Linda Susan was born."

"Shirley worked during her first pregnancy," says Ann Peck, head of the ladies' costume department on the C. V. Whitney picture. "It was a very, very difficult period for her."

"I remember one of the wardrobe women on the picture, out of sympathy for Shirley, offered to tie her gag into a bow, and Shirley tried to do. Shirley wouldn't hear of it. She bent forward and tied her own boots. Most of the people who worked with her hope she could return. Shirley is considered by it a great privilege to work with her again."

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"The first time I met her, I thought, What a lovely child. But, the better I got to know her, the more I admired the adult brain behind the lovely childlike face."

The story of Shirley's life impressed me greatly about Shirley. Not only was she very mercurial and fastidious about herself and everything she wore, with a wonderful sense of cleanliness, but the childlike innocence that was a joy to behold, but she was very modest. She wouldn't appear in front of another woman without her underclothes and slip on."

When I was born, reporters asked Shirley whether she wanted a boy or a girl, and whether she hoped the child would become a movie star. "I don’t care," she said. "I just want my baby to be a happy, beautiful, well-behaved child just as Charles and Lori, in their turn, were beautiful babies. Experts in such matters say that Lori looks most like her mother when she was a child."

The memory of the unhappiness of Shirley's first marriage has been almost completely blotted out by the subsequent happiness she has found with Charles and Lori, a very successful businesswoman. Together, they are bringing up three very well-adjusted, happy children. Reporters asked Shirley, "Knowing what you went through as a child, do you think you'd be willing to have one of your children make movies or act in TV shows?"

"What I went through?" Shirley's eyebrows shot up. "I was a very happy child. I had a very happy childhood. My children, it all depends on what they want to do. Before pushing their children into a career, I think parents should watch for little signposts along the road. Does the child show an interest in bad dance? And does the child like people?"

"My oldest girl seems to be interested in bugs and the piano. I don’t know whether she’ll go in for biology or music, but I think she’ll do both. My second child, young Charles isn’t interested in being a movie or TV star, but a doctor or a policeman. Maybe Lori, the baby, will like television."

"All the children are delighted that I’m going to be on TV. And my husband, Charles Black, is in favor of it. He never objected to my being in show business. It was my decision to stop appearing in pictures. I want to spend all the time possible with the children and Charles. I’m sure the work on TV won’t be so demanding that it will keep me from being a good wife and mother."

Shirley stood facing the lights in the press room at the Ambassador Hotel, and the photographers concentrated on shooting her, with a doll in her arms. Doc Bishop smiled as he watched, recalling what Shirley was like at seven."

"That girl," he said, "hasn’t forgotten any of her technique in front of a camera. She’s just as poised now as she was then."
The Happiest Search

(Continued from page 18)

For Tomorrow, oldest daytime TV serial. Small Jeffrey's crib is in what was once an uncluttered dining room. His playpen has appropriated a corner of his parents' bedroom, so the young lady of his own and the large bed, small Cynthia has stuffed her most precious crayon drawings, done on big sheets of Daddy's office paper. A toy TELEVISION is his big bed, a blue ragged near the floor. A row of Cynthia's crisply ironed dresses takes up space in what was once Mary's own closet.

"You never saw me live like this be-""fore the war,"" she admits. ""You never saw the perfection of her home before Cynthia was born, before Jeffrey followed fourteen-""and-a-half months later. Everything was polished and in place then, looking always as if a professional decorator had just left it. (Mary was the decorator—and, if she ever deserted acting, she could surely turn to decorating.)

"You are quite one so happy in the midst of so much confusion!" Mary continues. ""With lollipops stuck to all my elegant French furniture, and ice cream dribbled onto my lovely damask upholstery. But I didn't know how com-""paratively unimportant these things are. I didn't know—although I strongly sus-""pected it—that having children is the most rewarding thing that can happen to a woman. The house gets more messy. Things don't always get done when they should. I have so little time now to sew. I don't window-shop, except on the one day a week when the store is closed. I don't go to a""n shop together. I have had lunch out about twice this year—one of those times with my agent, to talk business. I go to bed very tired at night, but it's such a pleas-""ant tiredness.""

The Krolaks, married August 1, 1951— a month before Mary became Joanne on television—waited for Cynthia until July 30, 1953, and were delighted when Jeffrey followed fourteen-""and-a-half months later. Everything was polished and in place then, looking always as if a professional decorator had just left it. (Mary was the decorator—and, if she ever deserted acting, she could surely turn to decorating.)

"You can see why I am thoroughly at home as Joanne Tate. I even look the part of the busy homemaker and mother. Bits of scrambled egg may be stuck to my clothes. I put on my underwear on my cheeks. I don't even look in a mirror, except for a quick glance going down in our apartment house elevator— Mike, the operator, calls it my 'vertical dresser.' When I try to slip off a few smudges and apply a little lipstick before we reach the street floor. But no one would mind, anyhow. The neighbor-""hood people know I am the wonderland used to seeing me this way. It's completely in character for both my real and my TV life."

At the studio, Mary becomes involved with her television children: Patti Barron, teen-age daughter of Joanne's first hus-""band (who died), and baby Duncan Eric Tate, son of Arthur Tate, her husband on Search For Tomorrow. With Lynn Loring, now fourteen-and-a-half, who has played her daughter Patti since the program be-""gan more than six years ago, Mary has a close and beautiful relationship. Lynn's mother has always shared her with Mary. Lynn shops together, in the manner as well as with her own, loves to pick out the clothes Mary wears on the show. Mary sometimes helps with Lynn's homework, has always been interested in everything that happened to the little girl.

Now she relates Lynn to her own children—especially, of course, to Cynthia: ""Being with Lynn so much, loving her and receiving love in return, has helped me understand children. I had never been around them much, and I never knew how a child could respond to love. I have learned so much from her. She looks upon my two as a sort of extra brother and sister. (She has a fine big brother of her own, but no sister.)

""Lynn is one of the best baby-sitters I have. Mary says to her, ""She sits for re-""placing money, and has a way with children—even with mine, because she adores them and they adore her. She never gets or other children all over when I just mention her name.

Every morning, during a rehearsal break, Mary calls home. At Cynthia's age, there is so much to tell, so much has happened: ""A little girl with a broken""— or, ""a gelatin cake if they had to stay home."" ""Jeffrey bumped head but no cry."" ""What- truding doorstep—they stop by at the market. Mary stands at the doorway of the butcher shop, one eye on Cynthia and a firm grasp on the carriage, calls in her order and says she will pick it up as soon as it is ready. She always tells me the same procedure is followed at the grocery store. (""I get the only curb service in New York, I'm sure.")

The toy playground in Central Park, all is pandemonium, a melange of children and mothers and nurses. Cynthia races for the swings. Mary shows no favorit-""ism, swings Jeff with one hand and Cynthia with the other, and there is no hint of there to keep one of them content. Even then, each wants some attention from Mom-""my. The slides come next. Other children learn around Mary, gravely deposit their toys, grab the toys of their children until you might suppose that nobody could ever figure out what belongs to whom. But at the appropiate time the kids are claimed, their toys picked up and, everybody goes home happy. Sometimes Cynthia gets 'lost' in the sandpile, hidden by the bigger children, and, for a moment, Mary begins to panic, because she can't see her. (""I can't lose my little one because I know she is there and in a mo-""ment I will spy her.")

Mary loves the anonymity of the park. There is no mother, just another mother, looking after two lively youngsters. She gets smiles of recog-""nition at times. Occasionally someone says how much she is liked on the show, how much they have in common. She says, ""It's part of my social life now centers in the park,"" says Mary. ""I try to sit near Cynthie's friends so she will have companionship, and now some that are Jeffrey's age. They are all different children because of the boy friend, and his mother and I have be-""come good friends. We meet the children of some of the radio and television and they are like the kids on the show. We get little Olivia, and the younger child, too. We meet the people who live in our block and around the corner and from everywhere in the neighborhood. Just nice people."

By going-home time, Cynthia is always too tired to walk and Mary propels them both, stops for the groceries and the meat and piles them in with the kids, picks up a bouquet at the florist's, and a special posy for her daughter, has them home, fed and ready for their baths and playtime, when Daddy arrives.

""Jeffrey's special time with the children,"" Mary says. ""On Saturdays out. 'On Sat-""urs and Sundays, there is all day. But, weekdays, this is the time they look for-""ward to. We bathe the children together, get them into their pajamas and have them go to sleep. The boy ""raps them in a big cloth"" and then join him in bed. Then we have our dinner, some-""times with guests, frequently alone. Every-""body we know has to get up early, so no one calls."

Nowadays, a large evening for the Kro-""laks may include dinner out in a restaur-""ant and a movie, occasionally a play. ""My husband brings me such presents as candy bars. Mary says, ""instead of the big boxes of candy he used to tell when we were first married and there were no children to think about—and when I didn't have to think about calories at all. I simply have to have a candy bar in a movie. Richard says popcorn. Each of us sits there, completely content.""
“We no longer go away for weekends, because it’s too much of a production with the children. They don’t eat or sleep as well away from home, and it isn’t worth the trouble. Our friends have children a little older than ours and they are doing well with the things that we are still going through, so we keep the children at home most of the time. We’re all happier that way.”

The Krolis’ theories about bringing up children—at least, about their own and the others they hope someday to have—begin and end with the word love. You can’t love children if you don’t have a good reason for it—then they can’t understand what matters. That’s very nice too, of course. But it’s the love and security and understanding!”

She believes that every child should have some one close, every day to play by himself, uninterrupted and seemingly unsupervised. A time to study things out, to think, to become independent of being amused every minute. It’s why they are looking for a New York house; one with a back yard, where Cynthia can have a little sandpile of her own and perhaps a small garden, and Jeff can climb his own tree, even if it’s a very little one. Where they can spread out a little and live an uncluttered life.

“I hope to see the children become more and more independent as they grow up. Mary is so independent of them, to let them be free when the time comes—although I must admit that now I can’t stay close enough, that I dislike being away from them an hour! Richard they can spread out their opportunities and have their own work and to live their own lives without interference from anyone.

“I certainly have no idea, at this time, whether Granada—the soprano—will stay. Now, she sings all the little songs I sing, and the new ones I make up for her, but it is far too soon to know if she has musical or acting talent or would be interested in things.

“What I really hope, of course, is that she marries and has a lot of children—a lot of grandchildren for Richard and me. And that goes for Jeffrey, too!”

That Livin’ Doll, Darlene

(Continued from page 11)

in the girl’s ability, had all worked together in her dad’s part-time nursery to help finance her dancing lessons. During the summer she worked as a waitress and she and her mother were up at six A.M. and out in the lath house cutting the bottoms out of empty Coca-Cola cans which her Dad had brought home from the Douglas plant, where he worked. Elizabeth, behind the lath house held row after row of cans, doubled one on top of another, filled with rich, black earth and each containing one of Mr. Gillespie’s prized pearls.

But, Darlene remembers working gingerly with the cans, trying to avoid the bees attracted by the sugary syrup. Though her thumbs grewcalloused, and her button nose became peppered by freckles in the sun, she never gave up the happy, faraway look in her hazel eyes. She was willing to do anything to make her dream come true.

Born in Montreal, Canada, where her mother and father were vaudeville dancers, Darlene moved to Los Angeles when she was one year old. Her dad worked as an appliance-store manager, then as a lead-man in the Douglas Aircraft plant at Long Beach. Later, her mother helped add to the family finances (the Gillespies by then had four children) by working on a telephone company’s information board.

Darlene learned to sing by listening to the radio. “My sister, Pat (now nineteen), and I used to harmonize while we were doing the dishes after little Larrian and Gina,” she reminisces. “I remember the first song we learned— Googie, Googie. Pat has the best voice in the family,” Darlene says proudly. “She’s the one who ought to be the singer in the family.”

Both singing and dancing seemed to come naturally to Darlene. “She was born with rhythm in her being,” said her mother, Evelyn Gillespie, says. “When she was first learning to walk, I only had to put a cute little costume on her, and Darlene was in a dancing mood. She did her first routine before an audience when she was only five years old.

“I was going to a school near our apartment to get my citizenship papers and, the night after our final tests, we had a celebration. One of the members played piano, one sang, another danced. Darlene sat quietly in the back row until every-body was finished. Then, without asking me, she got up, walked to the middle of the room, and danced to the melody.”

The next year, Pat had left school to marry and the family was struggling. The Gillespies moved to Los Angeles where Darlene continued to dance and sing. She trained with an opera teacher, sang in vaudeville and worked as a chorus girl in a Los Angeles night-club.

Then, Darlene started dancing regularly. She was discovered by a producer who offered her a part in a musical in New York. She accepted the offer and moved to the big city, determined to make it as a dancer. She worked hard, took dancing lessons, and soon began to receive offers from Broadway producers.

Darlene’s first break came when she was cast in a numbers dance in a musical called ‘The Songstress’. She impressed the producers with her talent and they offered her a role in another musical called ‘Mabel’. Darlene was thrilled with the opportunity to work with some of the best dancers and singers in the business.

She continued to work steadily, appearing in several productions on Broadway. Her career took off when she was cast in a leading role in a musical called ‘Bless This House’. Her performance in the show was so successful that she was offered a role in a film called ‘Bless This House’.

Darlene’s success on the stage continued to grow. She appeared in several more musicals and films, becoming one of the most popular dancers and singers of her time. She was known for her energy, talent, and dedication to her craft.

Darlene’s career was cut short when she was forced to retire due to a serious injury. She continued to work in the entertainment industry, however, and remained a beloved figure to many.”

Rip Van Winkle

I couldn’t sleep with nagging backache.

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains. You can often ease these discomforts and relieve tired-nerved feelings. When those discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain— you want relief—Want it fast! Another delay may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a real uncomfortable feeling. For quick relief get Doan’s Pills. They work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. By speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 2. By their soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. By their mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

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It is now six years, several albums and three television courses of the “Michael Mouse Club” later says Mrs. Gillespie with a smile: “and
Darlene is still with Mr. Raikes. In fact, she has to go home to see her sister today.

Shortly after the singing instructions began, Darlene again evinced interest in dancing. Her mother, herself a dancer, visited a half-dozen schools before she finally married Burch, Holtzman University of Dance in Alhambra. "One of the things that Mama liked best about Burch's method," says Darlene, "was the special way she had of teaching character so that it felt like you were actually dancing around. There is a beginning, a middle, an end. For example, Burch has a way of taking a character and a situation—like a little girl playing the piano, or a wrist-watch— and putting it into a dancing story. It was a character such as this that I later did at the Disney studio audition."

"I had taken lessons from Burch for four years until she sent four of us to answer an audition call from the Disney studios. There were about ten men there and, not knowing them, I'll admit I was scared to death. When I finally got up to the center of the floor, I didn't think they were going to ask me to dance, they asked me if I could sing. Nervously, I replied, 'A little bit.' They told me to sing anything I liked—so, without any accompaniment, I started out on the words, 'Corky and White Shadow.' I think, for them, they sent me straight to wardrobe.

Her mother describes Darlene's reaction to her first few days of work on The Mickey Mouse Club. She came home each night with an upset stomach, but she loved it. We had never thought that a career would begin for Darlene so soon. If she had developed well as a dancer, we had considered taking her to New York after graduation from high school. But here she was, only fourteen and already under contract to Mr. Disney. Both Mrs. Darlene and Mr. Disney were fully aware of the pressure she was under, and they were careful to ensure she wanted to go ahead with the work. We warned her it would be a long, hard grind. The decision was hers.

"I think Disney was enough to make her say ‘yes,’ " Mrs. Darlene beams. "I remember how excited I was the first time I met Mr. Disney," Darlene sparkles. "I was so impressed—he's such a humble person. Because he's such a big businessman, you might expect him to be stiff, but he isn't at all. He's very warm and cordial, calls everybody by their first name, and everyone else on the lot calls him 'Vail.'"

After doing a number of Mouseketeer roles on the Mouse Club, Darlene was selected by William Hanna to play Corky in the "Corky and White Shadow" serial. Since Darlene couldn't ride a horse, the studio gave her daily riding lessons. "I can't exactly describe how she was taught," Mrs. Darlene reports, "but I can tell you she did suffer. Every time she came through the door, she looked like she was still in the saddle. I'd ask her, 'How did you do today?' and she'd answer, 'Oh, I was terrible.' But, when I asked her if she wanted to give it up, she said, 'No, siree.' You've never seen a girl with more stick-to-it-iveness."" From "Corky and White Shadow," Darlene joined the other Mouseketeers in a circus-come-to-town theme at Disneyland Park—the girls were dressed as Tinker Bell, Wendy, Alice and the Mad Hatter. They were six months of aerial work on swinging ladders. From there, Darlene went into the Bobo role in "Westward Ho, the West!"

Then came a black moment in her career. She contracted pneumonia and went to bed for six weeks. At first, Darlene was terribly upset at the thought of losing her dream. But her mother encouraged her, preparing her for the inevitable. Later, as Mouseketeer Doreen took over for her, Darlene explained to Alice by saying, "When you swing at the ball in baseball, you have to expect a few misses. There are some things in life you have to learn to accept. Often, something even better will come your way."

After recovery, Darlene returned to Mission High School in Burbank and the studio called her back for the "Spin and Marty" series. From there, she cast in the five-reel features starring Annette Funicello. And finally—after recording the albums, "Darlene of the Teens" and "Alice in Wonderland"—she had to make a decision whether to stay "in character" in Disney's feature movie, "The Rainbow Road to Oz."

Today, Darlene and her family live in a modest three-bedroom house in Burbank, California, just five minutes from Disney's. Her new baby brother, Larry, shares one bedroom with Mother and another with the seventeen-year-old sister, Larrian. The second bedroom is the mother's guest room. Pat. the third. Darlene admires Pat, now going to junior-college nursing education. They pay tribute to the time Darlene and her mother cut cans in Dad's nursery, sister Pat also got up to six, to cook and keep house for the rest of the family, and helped save money by taking a part-time job. But Darlene has a hard time making the decision to "play by the rules." It is a second mother to Darlene. In their shared bedroom, Pat has given up half of her wall to their mother's collection of dolls and ceramic animals.

With a family of five children, one would expect that there's not enough time in Mrs. Gillespie's busy life to meet out an enough number of days to allow affection and securing to a large family. But with the need for a large family, there are no jealousies in the Gillespie household. Darlene explains it simply: "How do you know you're loved? It's something you know, some of the time you're 'you-up' close. I feel doubly blessed because I have three sisters and a brother to share my love and affection."

"Speaking of baby brothers," Darlene beams, "Larry is the real prize of the family. All we girls fight over him. As soon as he wakes up from his nap in the afternoon, this house is filled with shouts of 'Hi, Larry!'" Mrs. Gillespie-bath, feeds and clothes Larry, the girls stand around in the hope that something else will demand her attention so that they can carry on. The members of the Gillespie family are as close as the stones in a brick wall, their unity made strong by the mortar of love and understanding. The basis of this relationship is the lack of the selfishness of the church. Almost every morning, they go as a group to 8:15 mass, and, every day, they say their family rosary together. Mrs. Gillespie says with firm belief, "The family that prays together does stay together."

Holidays and birthdays, too, are for the family. Gina's and Larrian's birthdays are celebrated on the same day. Darlene's birthday was celebrated recently by a surprise party (Darlene's idea) after their parents had taken them off for a day at Disneyland. Mrs. Gillespie set it up by explaining to the family what was going to happen. Gina and Darlene had an M-G-M picture, we don't think we're going to be able to have a birthday party for you, so Dad and I will take you to Disneyland. She laughs, 'Anything Disney.' The family has to laugh and to imagine how the girls made the deal enthusiastically. But, to top their day, their faces were really brightened by the giant-sized cake that arrived. "Darlene unselfishly stayed home to bake."

Darlene has divided her schedule into "A" and "B" days. "A" days are the eight-o'clock calls that generally take place in location. "B" days are the nine-o'clock calls at the studio. "I usually get up an hour before work," she explains. "There is always a mad rush for the bathroom and everyone is in a hurry. I wish there was always one face in front of the mirror. This is followed by breakfast, a hectic bedmaking, picking-up-things session. Then Mommy drives me to work."

"When we are home at night, about seven or seven-thirty, I'm tired, but we have dinner and laugh around the house. Of course, all the Mouseketeers are my friends. You always learn things. I don't have much of a chance to meet boys and girls my age and join clubs off the Disney lot anymore, but I don't mind. You can't film a show, be fresh in front of the camera every day, and go to school too. But," Darlene smiles, "it has its compensations. I'm meeting a lot of kids in this business and making new friends. I'm learning a lot of things of which I can learn. Since I've chosen this new business for a career, it's like being paid to go to school."

Dating for Darlene is boiled down to another "no" by her mother. Many young men are interested in Darlene, but she has not been interested in any of them. "I think double dates are fun and thrilling—though infrequent," she says. "There'll be plenty of time to meet boys when I'm not so busy, not in a rush." When she does have a few free minutes, Darlene is an avid movie—magazine reader, devouring Photoplay, especially articles on Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo. She loves to shop, has bought all her own clothes ever since she can remember, loves "dress-up" stuff, especially nice hats and shoes. Disney has changed her tastes; she has made her mother agree that her collection of hats and jewelry be "willed" to her. Like a kid, Darlene can spend hours in front of the mirror trying on clothes. "I have the most fun dressing up," she says, "Right now, the shrimp and orange shades are getting the most wear. Once I went through a violet craze, and everything I had was violet. I think the next color will be navy blue. She has a very clear, from a dreamy look in her eye, 'I'd love a mint-colored T-Bird.' Then, reverting back to her practical self, she explains, 'I think I'm too young to have a car, though.'"

When she's not dreaming about T-Birds or enrap in Photoplay, Darlene is watching television. She loves Disney- land, and sometimes she and her family spend an entire day at the park. Her favorite subject is biology and she's evinced an interest in becoming a scientist. She likes a variety of things, is quickly able to hit the high spots in all of her school work. Darlene's remarkable for what is important and what isn't. Her quick intelligence enables her to "catch on" to anything new.

Mrs. Darlene's heart for Darlene's voice has a unique, individual quality, her dancing is educated, smooth, professional, and her acting shows a great deal of sensitivity and understanding. Even at sixteen, she has the poise and personality to make the transition smoothly from one mood to the other. Her mother jokingly says that Darlene is such a good mimic the family are afraid they've wasted their money on her dancing and singing. But none of the Gillespies regret the early days of sacrifice and hard work that went into helping establish Darlene's career. "It was worth it, it was worth it. Darlene has been miracle—a fairy tale dream right out of 'The Wizard of Oz.'"
Happily Married 24 Hours a Day

(Continued from page 31)

scared easily, anyhow," says Tex. Paddy (John Reagan McCrory III, named after his grandfather and father) turned out to be a thoroughly normal boy—who now, generally, very much admires his stunning mother. Just to keep things even, Kevin—born two years later—looks just like his good-looking dad.

At the time of their wedding on June 11, 1945, Jinx and Tex had no idea of becoming a "career" wife and mother—certainly not of being half of what is now one of the busiest radio and television teams, with a half-hour broadcast five nights a week on the NBC network and a two-hour broadcast on radio, over WRCA, five late evenings a week.

She had every intention of being just a wife who stays at home, cooks and cleans and cares for the kids, and waves her husband off to his job each morning. That was her plan, just as soon as Tex should be separated from the U. S. Air Force, in which he was a lieutenant-colonel assigned to public relations (but with a record of more than half-a-hundred missions and sixteen parachute jumps).

They had a three-day honeymoon in New York, coming home for three days together in Italy, from which point Tex headed out to the Pacific, later to be with the first group that took news correspondents into Hiroshima after the A-bomb was dropped. Jinx, in the meantime, had gone back to Hollywood and her Columbia Pictures contract, to wait for Tex's return, her heart already taking possession of a little child. Tex—probably in New York, where Tex had worked as a newsman before the war.

When Tex took up his civilian life and a new job as executive editor of the American Mercury, Jinx got her release from a movie contract which still had eleven months to go, and joined him in New York. The small apartment they despised was big enough to intrude on him. "I tried to be happy as a pet, Tex, but the whole thing was a disaster," she says. "I was five thousand miles from home and in a small apartment with an attic full of garbage." Jinx worked in the telephone company, now in the advertising department, for half a year. "It was a shock to my system. I was a journalist, and had seen life in the war as a reporter. I had no intention of becoming a housewife, and I was attracted to the work."

Jinx's working career was cut short when Tex was drafted for the war, and turned out to be a big, old and lonely Colonial house, with green trim, on the Manhasset, Long Island estate of Tex's good friend, "Jock" Whitney (John D. III, a major in the U. S. Army, who later joined the Royal Air Force to the Court of St. James). The rooms were many and large, on three floors, but the rent was nominal and Jinx was in no way dismayed by the situation. She undertook the work of the house, with a housekeeper now and other competent help. But, in the beginning, Jinx took care of it single-handed, ecstatically happy to be a wife. "I was expecting a baby, and with hardly a backward thought for her glamorous and starry past.

That past included a period as a child swimming-prodigy and a teen-age tennis player, and also as a model for several calendars. Jinx is left-handed, before she married Tex, Jinx wrote for a couple of years in Spanish-language films made in Hollywood, and finally starlet-status at Columbia Pictures.

"I knew Tex admired women who worked and used their talents and abilities well," she says, "but I was very, very happy just being Tex's wife and keeping house those first months under the careful budget—because I was working as a freelance photographer, writing in Spanish-language, and still got her the first "Miss Rheingold." It impacted the Mexican market, but it's Jinx's first Spanish-language film. She was working on a season of Spanish-language show business, from which she has since started a small business in photography, and is now teaching art in the public school system.

"But, Jinx's reporting and interpreting techniques on the shows are the natural outgrowth of her happy to be a wife, her almost naive way of going straight to the core of any subject and asking direct questions. Tex says of her, only half-laughingly, that her curiosity would kill a horse. A man's life, and his career, Jinx should therefore be more careful now because she has only eight! "She does have those eight, luckily, and two feet to land on—although I sometimes wish for her clout," she says. "She's got a knack for getting a story."

"I don't want to be a wife and mother," Jinx insists. "I want to work." She says she plans to continue working and continue her career in photography, and hopes to work in television and radio. "I love to work, and I want to work," she says. "I want to stay in show business, and I want to stay in the business." Jinx's future plans include working in television and radio, and possibly in a new field altogether. "I want to be a working woman," she says. "I want to work."
program and I go over the commercials. We both have to be at the sound show, and we have to do the show and hardly have time to see each other, unless I have to ask him something about the show we are doing. It's all business.

So, for instance, if she wants to catch Tex, she has little notes prepared to hand him quickly. He reads rapidly, says yes, or no, or let's-wait-and-talk—that-over-later. "I never, never stop him for a personal question when he's busy," Jinx points out, "any more than any other wife would bother her husband during business hours. I try to handle personal papers or to hit him until we are alone at night. The only times Tex calls me during the day are when he has to change a plan. In his public relations company, which has grown tremendously, he must meet with many people, and I am not a part of any of this. I know his schedule for the day in general and I have to guide myself accordingly, but sometimes the whole schedule goes off.

In this secret way of life, will I be able to get him up to go to dinner with friends or business associates, and will say that a meeting is running long, and that Tex suggests I go alone without him. I plan it so that the meetings or sports will come later. Often, I have to go to a picture preview, or a benefit performance of some kind, without him. In fact, because there are so many walls of our life, we often go to separate evening performances or meetings, each important to our work. Then we meet later, at the Waldorf once more, for the radio show. One of us must always be there to go on the air by 10:30 P.M."

Weekends and Wednesdays are different. Ever since Paddy asked Jinx why she couldn't be home more of the time, like other mothers, Jinx has hurried home after the Wednesday—noon TV program and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon and evening, leaving Tex to do the night show solo Saturdays and Sundays are different, and the boys decide what they all should do—except that now, since they have reached the ages of eleven and nine, they often wave goodbye to their parents quite casually to go off with their friends and follow their own interests.

It is this that has made Jinx stay with the programs, instead of giving up one or both of her jobs to be the neighborhood mother. Sometimes envy mothers who are home all day with the kids, getting their breakfast, fixing the school lunches, having the milk and cookies ready after school ever, and see how independent the boys are growing—which is good. How much we have to talk about when we are together. How they save things to tell me, and Tex and I save things to tell them, and what a fine companion-ship there is between us.

"Tex and I have talked all over, and he has reminded me how much of the time I would be sitting alone while the boys stay at school. We went there and after they went to bed at night. I have been too busy all my life, earning my living and contributing to the household bills. I am a working woman, and after, we try to work some of that in, too. This way, I see Tex in the evening, at least. Other-wise, he might be doing a show while I stay home alone."

On the day of this interview, Paddy had been brought home from football practice minutes before we arrived at the house for lunch. "Paddy got cooking in the head," Kevin said. From that moment, the radio and television performer was forgotten and the mother took over for the next hour, until the doctor assured her there was nothing to worry about. Luncheon, which was to have been only a little late, was served at ten-thirty, when the interview was picked up. But there would have been no interview at all, had Paddy shown any signs of illness from the blow. The kids gave her the afternoon, when they need her, and many a guest has to be content to talk with Tex, when he expected to chat on the show with Tex's beautiful wife—just because it's a special day at the boys' school or there's a project that requires a mother's presence.

Each summer, both parents take a month off with the boys—leaving the programs in capable hands and they all decide what they want to do with the

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It has been hard for her to keep from being a bus seat driver, especially when Tex has to lose his head and mind to a familiar turn which may take them blocks out of their way. Once, when he almost missed the last exit for the bridge that takes them over Long Island Sound from Long Island, where they live, to Manhattan, where they work, Jinx clutched his arm and said accusingly, "Oh, Tex, you're missing the exit." He made the turn, the bridge was clear. "Well, would it have been a big crisis if I had?"

Ever since then, she has tried to keep her mouth shut. "I realized I was sounding just like the boys."

For those who think Tex is a somewhat brusque man (and there are some), Jinx has a quick explanation. "Tex is concerned with people and with what happens to the boys, but he has great powers of concentration and it is often hard to get his attention. Sometimes, I ask him what he thinks I should wear for some special occasion and, when he says, 'I don't know,' I know he has good judgment about what is right for the occasion, and what will photograph well.

"Tex concentrates on each problem as it comes up, whether it's about business, the boys' school, the way to change my mind a number of times, Tex seems to sum up all the sides quickly and make his decision, and that's that. And it's always the right decision."

He is a hard worker, because he cares so much for the children and so much wants them to be happy and self-disciplined. I get after them for small misdeemors, but they know they have to do Tex and me, and Tex will see that they don't.

Tex will not lose his temper—as I sometimes do—but will be quick to stop them up short if he sees them annoying me. Kevin and his kitten, Mughead, and Paddy and their fat cats will be left to wander all around the table where Tex is working and he can simply ignore them until, like most mothers, I come to the end of my patience with all the people and kids. Then he steps in to clear the air. He plays ball with the boys and swims and joins them in all their games. He often says that, busy as he is, his kids see more of him than ever. In Texas, his father, who was a farmer and was out in the fields from early morning until late at night.

Like most wives, Jinx has that sixth sense, that one, in her husband's mind. "I can feel when things haven't gone right for Tex. He doesn't bring his business problems home, but I can always tell when he has had a turn out. But he stays out, and often can hardly tell to know what has happened, I hold back until he is ready to talk. Sometimes I can literally see him turning over a situation in his head, and he usually rushes some conclusion and opens up about it. Usually, he unburdens himself after a few hours.

"Working together, as well as living together, has made us more of a 'team.' This is the happiest of husbands and wives. Maybe I have provided more perks. If it has, I am not aware of them. I believe it has made me understand Tex's problems, made each other's life easier as we understood each other, and truly, and provided deeper respect for each other. If it has made me rather less independent, taken away some of the privacy that a wife has at home, then I am more aware of these things, either. If it is true that, as Tex's broadcast partner and as Tex's wife, I am leading two lives—then all I can say is, both are quite wonderful.
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When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for you?

MUM® contains M-3... stops odor 24 hours a day
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movies on TV

Showing this month

CITIZEN KANE (RKO): Orson Welles' brilliant, movie-history-making biography of an arrogant publisher is fascinating as ever. Friend Joseph Cotten, business associate Everett Sloane, second wife Dorothy Comingore recall Welles' many aspects.

CORNERED (RKO): Tough, fast-moving mystery stars Dick Powell as an ex-flying of World War II who seeks the murderer of his bride, heroine of the French resistance. Walter Slezak's a sleek heavy.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO): Pleasing light comedy sends starry-eyed, determined Betsy Drake on the trail of a gay bachelor Cary Grant. Franchot Tone's drafted to make him jealous. (Betsy got her man off-screen, too.)

FOLLOW THE FLEET (RKO): This gay Astaire-Hitchcock musical, with Irving Berlin tunes, casts Fred as a sailor in pursuit of Ginger, a dance-hall gal. Shy spinster Harriet Hilliard yearns for Navy officer Randolph Scott.

GARDEN OF ALLAH (U.A.): Colorful, old-style love story of the desert, teaming Marlene Dietrich with Charles Boyer, as a renegade monk.

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia): William Holden's debut, vigorous prize-ring drama. As cynical girlfriend of fight manager Adolphe Menjou, Barbara Stanwyck persuades Bill to give up the violin for the gloves, a decision he finally regrets.

HIGHER AND HIGHER (RKO): Sinatra's first film, with Rodgers-Hart score. He's a rich boy chased by Michele Morgan, serving girl disguised as heiress. The Hartmans and Victor Borge add to the fun.

HONEYMOON (RKO): Bubbly farce presents Shirley Temple as a teenager of the bobby-sox era, Guy Madison as her soldier beau. Franchot Tone helps the flighty pair get together in Mexico City.

I REMEMBER MAMA (RKO): Irene Dunne has the beloved role of the mother in the tender story of a Norwegian-American family. Other beguiling performances by Barbara Bel Geddes, Oscar Homolka, Edgar Bergen, Rudy Vallee.

IRENE (RKO): In a mild musical, Anna Neagle's a humble colleen who breaks into New York's fashion and society worlds with Ray Milland's help. Some good old songs like "Alice Blue Gown."

JOHNNY HOLIDAY (U.A.): William Bendix is rugged and likeable as a reform-school employee who helps young Allen Martin, Jr., go straight in spite of Stanley Clements' evil doings.

RED CANYON (U.S.): Ingratiating Western. Rancher George Brent discovers of daughter Ann Blyth's romance with Howard Duff, kin of oldlaws. But a handsome wild stallion plays Cupid for the couple.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (U.A.): Loving tribute to home-front heroism. With daughters Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert keeps her household going while Dad's in the Navy.

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
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Brush away bad breath? Impossible! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills all known bacteria on contact—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Nothing—absolutely nothing—stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way. Reach for Listerine!
James Garner, who has hit a gold mine as Bret Maverick in the Warner-ABC Maverick series, now alternates with Jack Kelly, who plays his brother, Bart. The boys will appear in some episodes together, and each will solo in others, thus giving Jim Garner time-off to make movies. ... Speaking of gold mines, Cheyenne's Clint Walker has become his own "powder monkey," spends weekends blasting the face off the Calico Mountains—he and his partner finally think they've hit a new silver cache or vein. That's still gold and silver in them thar hills.

Pretty redhead Carol Richards, recently a songstress on the Bob Crosby show, will marry Chicago dentist Andrew Mitran, whom she met at a family reunion. Usually a most cautious gal, Carol says that, after only three days, she knew, "This is it." When they heard the news, her daughters, Judy and Jean, cried, "Oh, Mother, we're so happy, we've prayed for this." Said Carol, aglow with love, "I've prayed for it, too."

Who's breaking records? Has Pat Boone melted down his 9th million-seller gold disc, from the title song of 20th's "April Love"—to pay his taxes? ... Speaking of gold records, Dot prexy Randy Wood has taken to giving gold discs to the writers of his million-sellers. The first went to Dimitri Tiomkin and Paul Webster for "Friendly Persuasion." ... If Rick Nelson's "Be Bop Baby" goes to two million, does he get two gold records?

Christmas, 1956, was a big season for young, handsome emcee Bob Barker—Ralph Edwards signed him to do the Truth Or Consequences daytime show. Bob had a pretty big Christmas in 1957, too—on December 13, T. Or C. went night-time, Fridays at 7:30 over NBC-TV. Which puts personable Mr. Barker on network TV six times a week.

Lanky Will Hutchins' wish for Christmas? Living in a garage apartment with his mother, he wanted a day-couch that would unfold into a seven-foot bed. He got it—but the apartment was too small for the bed to unfold.

Too much of a good thing: Most gals love to shop for clothes. So did Phyllis Kirk (who plays the role of the exquisitely groomed Nora Charles on The Thin Man)—but not any longer. Since she devotes six days a week to fittings
and selection of high-style wraps, she says with sorrow, "Today I stop to buy a gift and a salesgirl will bring out some beautiful gown, and all I can do is grunt and look at it in a glazed sort of way. I never thought TV would spoil the fun of shopping.”

Did you know...? Peter Lawford hates shoes, walks around the set in bedroom slippers. . . . Donald O’Connor owns a hi-fi shop. . . . Tallulah Bankhead offered to work for free on TV if Tennessee Williams would write her a play. . . . The real voice of Woody Woodpecker’s creator is Walter Lantz’s wife, Grace Stafford. . . . Producer Sam Gallu of Navy Log is going to Europe to sing with the Rome Opera Company in April. . . . Jim Arness is taking off for a Pacific island after the series of thirty Gunsmokes winds up its current shooting schedule.

On the Hollywood raceway: In order for Hugh O’Brian to participate in Macy’s Thanksgiving Parade, he had to be guaranteed a police escort that Wednesday night from the Desilu studio to L.A.’s International Airport. He shaved on the plane, was again police-sirened to Macy’s. After the parade, the process was repeated—sirens from Macy’s to LaGuardia and again from International to Desilu, where the cameras were waiting Friday morning. If he’d been late, would he have had to bring a note from Mr. Macy? One way or the other, Hugh’s agents are asking $100,000 for his next picture.

To gain added color for his ABC-TV show, Walter Winchell has been riding around in the Hollywood patrol cars while filming Walter Winchell File at Desilu. Walter should be careful, or he’ll end up in an escort column to International Airport.

When Tommy Sands returns from his Mexico City rest after “Sing! Boy, Sing!” he may be singing a different song—for Molly Bee has been dating Dwayne Hickman at the Mocambo.

Wedding bells: Famous Artist agent Pete Sabiston to marry Phyllis Avery at year’s end. . . . Danny Thomas was best man at wedding of Tony Martinez (he plays Pepito on The Real McCoys).

With Dick Crenna’s marriage the month before, Kathy Nolan is the only single star, of eligible age, on the show.

The very funny Ann B. Davis, who plays Shultzy on The Bob Cummings Show, and who was discovered at the Cabaret Concert Theater in Hollywood, is back there working for scale to help out the kids who run the house.

Hollywood remembers its friends: When the Lennon Sisters first started on television, the Cason family of Portland, Oregon, wrote the very first fan letter to the girls. Thus began a regular correspondence. Since that first letter, the Lennons have thrice visited the Casons and their three children while on tours with the Welk band. This December, Bill, Seas Lennon and the girls invited the Casons to spend their Christmas holiday with them. Though the Lennons have a giant house, there wasn’t room enough to sleep five more. No problem, however—Bill Lennon converted the garage to a combination playroom-bedroom which the Lennon Sisters shared with the Cason girls for a week of pajama parties.

While Gracie (Continued on page 13)
When a guy with a yen for show business married a gal with a love for children, they had a brain-child, as well as three of the more usual offspring. Bert and Nancy Claster are the proud parents of two girls, one boy—and Romper Room, a kindergarten that goes on camera in fifty-five cities from coast to coast. It's a unique, "live" syndicated television show and also probably the most unusual school system in the country.

What the Clasters have come up with is network in scope but local in flavor. Romper Room headquarters are in Baltimore, its producer is Bert, and its principal is "Miss Nancy," as she is known to millions of preschool youngsters. With the help of child-guidance experts, they have discovered what boys and girls from the ages of three to six like to do best—and for just how many minutes even a favored activity will hold their interest. They alternate active and sedentary joys. "Let's Gallop"—with the youngsters mounting stick horses and galloping about the room to whatever place they've chosen to "visit"—might be followed by "Look and See." In this game, the children see a group of objects all relating to one idea. Then, some of the objects are removed and they try to tell what objects are missing and what their importance is.

"We have one slogan for all cities," says Miss Nancy. "It is 'Education is fun.' Every feature used on the air combines teaching with entertainment. Six children attend for two weeks in the studio and a big audience of regulars watch in their homes and take part in the games, songs and exercises." School furniture, books, songs and scripts are all supplied by Baltimore, and there even are substitute teachers, ready to fly to any city to stand in for an ailing regular.

The teachers are chosen on the local level. But, before they keep school, they go to school with Miss Nancy, learning the special Romper Room techniques and philosophy. All are college graduates. Their age, experience and voice being equal, Romper Room votes for the pretty girl, even though this risks losing her to marriage and motherhood. Actually, most of the teachers are married, in their mid-twenties and with nursery-school children of their own.

Each finds that, working with children in the studio, rather than at an unseen audience, she grows and learns on the job. Teachers-in-training at Louisiana State University make the program part of their curriculum and, in all Romper Room cities, there is close cooperation with local school and civic groups.

Any parents, or would-be parents, can learn about children from their uninhibited reactions on Romper Room. They can also learn about themselves—from a child's point of view. As, for example, the time the son of a G.O.P. senator appeared on Romper Room and recited, loudly and clearly: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republicans for which it stands."
Education is fun—and it never stops.

On Romper Room, a cross-country kindergarten, adults as well as the youngsters learn a thing or three.

In New York, Joan Thayer keeps school on Channel 5. Unlike most Romper Room teachers, she's really a Miss.

In Baltimore, Miss Nancy, who's the principal of all the Romper Rooms, has official help in teaching fire prevention. Below, with Miss Carolyn, it's exercise time.

Parents rate their youngsters on a weekly report card. Good marks win a prize at Romper Room stores.
In any language—even Mickey Shorr's private one—the WXYZ deejay is the "best buddy" of all.

A pear-shaped six-foot-four, Mickey Shorr will give you the time of day—but in his own language. According to this Detroit deejay, it is never 7:40, it is "a double sawbuck before two over a half-dozen." In Mickey's special "slanguage," an automobile is a "drive mo-chine," a turntable is a "re-cockn' mo-chine," and everyone who listens to him over Station WXYZ is a "good buddy." . . . Mickey gets the steam up on Night Train, each weekday from 8 to 11 P.M. and Saturdays from 8 to 10 P.M. The mood is a moving one. "About three-quarters of the records I play are aimed at adults," Mickey says. He favors Sinatra and the big bands. But, because Mickey believes in not knocking the rock, he's the darling of the teenagers. He likes rock 'n' roll if it's good and he's partial to Presley on a ballad. Night time is his especially bright time, but Mickey makes a point of getting out to see his "good buddies" in-person at other hours, too. . . . Most of the daylight, though, is devoted to Mickey's family. He and May were married in 1950 and they have two livewire boys—Hank, 6, and Danny, going on 8—and a baby daughter, Debbie. . . . Mickey himself left Detroit's Chadsey High School at sixteen to take an announcing job in Erie, Pennsylvania. Other radio jobs followed, up until the time he entered the Army. Discharged from the khaki, Mickey enlisted as a straight man in Baltimore burlesque. This career ended when he saw that years of hard work and pies-in-the-face would only lead as far as a job in the larger burlesque house across the street. So Mickey joined his brother Jack in the used-car business, where their claim to fame is that they went broke in 1948—a year when it was supposed to be impossible to do this. Later, the two went into business together again and made a success out of marketing automobile seat-covers. . . . Then, almost two years ago, Mickey returned to his first love, radio. He also experimented for a while on WXYZ-TV, with Mickey's Record Room, and he hopes someday to branch out to a casual video format somewhat like Steve Allen's old Tonight show. "I make good money," Mickey Shorr grins, meanwhile, "and I'm happy in my work."
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Lowell Thomas adds: "I am a frustrated man who wants to read everything worthwhile and lacks the time. The Club makes it possible to read the important books I would otherwise miss."
Returning home, Fess Parker doesn’t yet know of the danger that Dorothy McGuire and Kevin Corcoran have sturdily faced.

TV R A D I O MIRROR

goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

TV favorites on your theater screen

Old Yeller

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

Walt Disney’s movie-makers are known to both movie and TV audiences for authentic studies of wild life and of human nature in primitive surroundings. In this story of a frontier family, you’ll find all the expected humor, harsh realism and touching moments, Fess Parker’s role is limited; as the film starts, he leaves his Texas home for a cattle drive. Wife Dorothy McGuire, teen-aged Tommy Kirk and little Kevin Corcoran carry on the farm work gallantly. Into their lives comes Old Yeller, a big, brave, rascally mutt who wins their hearts. Here’s one of the best boy-and-dog stories ever filmed, offering both action and genuine feeling.

The Seven Hills of Rome

M-G-M: TECHNISSMA, TECHNICOLO

Recordings have kept Mario Lanza’s lusty voice available during his long absence from the screen, but now it’s filling theaters again. As an unpredictable TV star blacklisted in the U.S., Mario seeks a singing job in Italy and winds up with a group of cheery Bohemians as broke as he is. Among them is charming Marisa Allasio. Mario’s songs range from the operatic “M’Appari” to a lively take-off on a typical Frankie Laine ballad. Lovely Italian locales are the McCoy.

The Deep Six

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

In a stirring account of a destroye crew’s experiences during World War II, Alan Ladd takes the star role. But William Bendix, TV’s Riley, shows his usual skill at stealing scenes here and there. Ladd plays a lieutenant whose Quaker upbringing makes him a dubious fighting man, in the eyes of a superior. Bendix is a rugged and loyal shipmate; James Whitmore and Keenan Wynn, skipper and exec; Dianne Foster, Alan’s beloved.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Pal Joey (Columbia, Technicolor); Top performer Frank Sinatra has a ball in an offbeat, adult musical. Rich widow Rita Hayworth and chorine Kim Novak are ladies in his unscrupulous life.

Jailhouse Rock (M-G-M, CinemaScope): Elvis Presley, too, forgets his scruples, as a lad who goes from jail to singing fame and a swelled head, brushing off even pretty Judy Tyler.

The Sad Sack (Wallis; Paramount, Vistavision): With the best intentions, Jerry Lewis almost wrecks the U.S. Army in a dizzy farce. WAC Phyllis Kirk and GI David Wayne offer him help in vain.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7217—Endless chain quilt. Buy a little fabric at a time; make a few blocks a month. Use scraps, too. Pattern of patches, directions. 25¢

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7357—Happy little bluebirds or canaries—make them blue or yellow, whichever you prefer—add a cheerful note to kitchen towels. Transfer of 6 motifs about 5½ x 7½ inches. Directions. 25¢

636—Get out your scrap-basket and make a bib-style or half-apron from those scraps you’ve been saving. Trim one apron with lazy-daisy embroidery. Easiest sewing. Tissue pattern, transfers. 25¢

7035—A bunny and posies and ruffles, all three. On a cute pinafore for daughter to see! Ruffle-edged panties, too. Child Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, transfer, cutting charts, directions. 25¢

7312—A picture in simplest embroidery—Christ. The Good Shepherd—is an heirloom of beauty for the walls of your home. Transfer of picture 16 x 19 inches. Directions, color chart. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlework Catalogue.
This month's deejay columnist, Torey Southwick of Kansas City, has ballads 'n' bears on his mind.

DIAMONDS are a Song's Best Friend

By TOREY SOUTHWICK

Torey: In the picture above, I'm surrounded by Diamonds. Counting off, left to right: Dave Somerville, lead; Tedd Kowalski, tenor; Mike Douglas, baritone; Bill Reed, bass. There's a rumor in the music business that up in Toronto there's a factory that turns out male quartets to make hit records in the United States. Is this true?

Dave: Well, there are fourteen professional groups from Toronto. I suppose the four best-known are The Crew Cuts, The Four Lads, The Rover Boys, and ourselves.

Torey: Does the Chamber of Commerce encourage male quartets or something?

Dave: No, not particularly. I think inspiration came from big success of The Four Lads. They stuck it out for five or six years before they hit it big.

Torey: Their first big break came when they recorded with Johnnie Ray. How did it come for The Diamonds?

Dave: Well, it started with Tedd at the University of Toronto. He and Mike had been good friends for about fifteen years and they both knew Bill. At that time, Tedd was going to school, Mike was working for a greeting card company, and Bill was working for the Bell Telephone Company. They came to audition for a show at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. That's where I was employed as a radio engineer, and we formed a quartet. That was almost four years ago.

Torey: Where does Phil Levitt fit into the picture? He was one of The Diamonds until he went back to school last fall, isn't that right?

Mike: Phil replaced me when it was decided to go professional and work in the States. I couldn't go with them then, but now that Phil's gone back to college, here I am.

Torey: We might mention here that another very important member of your team is your manager, Nat Goodman. He was wise enough to hold you back a bit until he felt you were ready. What was your first professional job in this country?

Dave: Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. We won, and we've been on his morning show a number of times since.

Torey: What other TV shows have you worked?

Dave: We've been on with Steve Allen, Perry Como, Vic Damone, Tony Bennett, Paul Winchell... By the way, Bill was chased by a bear when we were on the Winchell show once this year.

Torey: How did that happen?

Bill: Well, they had a bear act on the show, too—a fellow and his wife with three bears who rode bicycles, etcetera. They'd just driven a long way in a trailer and I think the bears were restless. During rehearsal, the lady was clawed by one of them. We were going to be on the second half of the show and, during the first half, I was standing in a stairway off stage. All of a sudden, a guy came running by me yelling, "Come on! Come on!" I looked behind him and one of the bears was coming down after us.

Tedd: The bear only weighed about eight to nine hundred pounds.

Bill: Yeah! So we ran down the stairs and through the cellar, over to the other side of the theater, and up another stairway. I got to the top and found a trap door... locked! The bear started coming after us and I started pushing and pounding on the door. Finally, somebody helped us from above and we made it. I'll never be the same, though.

Torey: And the TV audience missed it all! Something audiences haven't missed are your records. Your first one was "Why Do Fools Fall in Love." How did that happen?

Dave: We were working at the Alpine Village in Cleveland. Things were at a standstill for us, as far as recordings were concerned. Then Art Talmadge of Mercury Records happened to be visiting in Cleveland and heard us. He signed us and gave us the song. That was the start.

Torey: Followed by "Church Bells May Ring," "Love, Love, Love," "Ka-Ding-Dong," and biggest of all...

Dave: "Little Darlin'."

Torey: That one's sold better than a million-and-a-half copies, and still going. By the way, I happen to know that The Diamonds "secretly" enjoy singing ballads. Do you include many of them in your night-club act?

Bill: Oh, yes. We do things like a medley from "Oklahoma!", old barbershop harmonies, spirituals... all kinds of songs. Of course, we also do a medley of our big records.

Torey: Teenagers have been responsible for the majority of your record sales. How do adults in the clubs react to the rock 'n' roll?

Tedd: Well, we get applause every time it starts, if that means anything.

Torey: I guess it does. And I think it shows that, no matter what kind of song they sing, The Diamonds can really sparkle. Just keep away from bears.

Over KMBC in Kansas City, Time For Torey is heard Mon.-Sat., from 7 to 9 A.M.; Torey Southwick Show is heard Mon.-Fri. from 2:30 to 5 P.M.
WHAT’S NEW—WEST
(Continued from page 5)

Allen is busy redecorating all of the lower level of their Beverly Hills home, with the help of exclusive decorator Bill Haines, Ronnie Burns is doing some decorating of his own. "Seems every weekend," says George. "Ronnie decorates that living room with a new girl. He’s that age, George.

All those stores in the Tail of the Cock restaurant the other lunch time were directed at Vincent Price and Janice Rule, taking time out from their acting chores in an upcoming G.E. Theater show, "Angel in the Air."

They were garbed as derelicts!

Bob Hope, star of his own NBC-TV program, The Bob Hope Show, has an opinion on the clean and dirty atomic bombs. About the clean bomb, says he, "One of these days we’ll all be missing—but we’ll be sanitary."

When Shirley Temple launches her Story Book fairy-tale series this January, don’t be surprised if she begins a story with the line, "And another time," instead of "Once upon a time." That’s the way her three-year-old daughter Lori does it, and it’s caught on in Shirley’s happy household.

When Charles Boyer goes to Europe in January, he will be house guest in his own home: Boyer rented his Paris home to comedian Danny Kaye with the understanding that, if and when he were to make a European trip, he could stay with the Kayes.

More houses... Come spring, funny man Jerry Lewis moves his family out of their Palisades home to the Bel-Air Hotel—four kids, three dogs, two cats. Seems the house doesn’t have a family room big enough for the whole crowd. So Jerry is keeping the lot and rebuilding everything giant-economy size.

We’ve often wondered what goes on behind the scenes of Edward R. Murrow’s Person To Person. Professional Art Linkletter can tell you he was surprised at the detail—thirty-five men, six cameras, lights in every room of the house, cables going out of every window. Even in sunny California, the nights get chilly, and Art’s youngest daughter, Diane, wouldn’t move from in front of the warm lights. Art accused her of being a ham, but Diane replied, "Daddy, I’ve just got to get warm!"

Later, second youngest daughter Sharon complained, "Oh, Daddy, you introduce Jack and tell how he’s going to get married, and you tell how Dawn has gone away to school at Occidental, and you describe Robert as the mechanical genius in the family—how come Diane and I don’t get a bigger build-up?" That’s show biz, Art.

Academy Award winner Dimitri Tiomkin has the musical rights to "High Noon," which we’ll see as an NBC spectacular sometime in February. ... February also brings Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra Valentine’s Day show.

When Marlene Dietrich plays the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas, she puts on a special late-late-late show for all the hotel’s employees—and she pays the band to stay over. That’s the heart of Hollywood for you.

The Feminine Hygiene “Need”
that has been missing
for Difficult Days

Frances Neil, Hygienist,
advises about women’s monthly problems.

When the sanitary napkin and tampon were invented, a great step was taken in the field of feminine hygiene. But as a hygienist, I have always felt that a second step was needed—an additional feminine aid to solve sanitary and daintiness problems. Now an important new product called “Memo” has been developed, and another universal feminine need has been filled.

“Memo” is an antiseptic saturated towelette designed as a special sanitary supplement for those “difficult days.” Women sometimes experience discomfort and anxiety for fear of staining and odors during monthly periods. Protection is not enough at these times—your need is for cleanliness. But until now an antiseptic clean-up has been impossible away from the privacy of your own home. Now “Memo” fills this need—conveniently, discreetly, and above all, antiseptically.

“Memo” is individually packaged in a foil envelope no larger than a matchbook. It’s easy to carry in your bag, won’t hurt clothing, easy to dispose of. It’s no bigger than a wash cloth when unfolded. And besides its important antiseptic properties, “Memo” is delightfully soothing—and is a wonderfully efficient and safe deodorant.

Carry “Memo” in your handbag at all times, for peace of mind. In addition to its indispensability on difficult days, “Memo” is useful as a cleansing agent when occasional discharges disturb you, or when special physical conditions make ordinary toilet tissue not quite adequate or comfortable. At home, you’ll find “Memo” a fastidious improvement over your regular wash cloth for intimate cleansing. Ask for “Memo” at your favorite Drug or Department Store. Box of 10 for 49c, 21 for 98c.

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Tall Texan tells short tale! Quoth WDGY's Dan Daniel: I eat, sleep and breathe radio, the clock around.

No one pushed him! The evidence is that Dan Daniel just threw himself into the "lions' den" of the radio world. As it happened, of course, the "lions" just loved him—especially one Todd Storz. But that's getting ahead of the facts. . . Minneapolis' fabulous deejay-artist, WDGY's Dan Dan Dandy—formerly known as The Touring Texan, alias The Thin Man—stood on the brink back in Houston. He was the sole young'un born into the Daniel family who ever wanted to be an entertainer. But, as Dan says now, "If they'da thought I wanted to be a truck-driver, they'da said it was all right." So Dan went ahead and took part in high-school plays, emceed various church events. Then, coming of age, he joined the Navy. . . Two years of Dan's service time were spent in Manila, working with the Armed Forces Radio Service, which airwaved the Daniel charm over the whole Philippine area. But he had to go job-hunting after his discharge in 1955—the radio executives hadn't been to Manila recently. At KXYZ in Houston, Dan hosted Night Scene, then switched to afternoon spinning. It was a dreary February afternoon last year when Dan's show caught the ear of one of the most discriminating talent-hunters in radio. Within two weeks, he was on-mike at the Todd Storz Omaha station; another two found him in the Twin Cities at WDGY. . . Ever since, Dan's listeners have kept him chained to two slots on out planet's time-scale—9 to 10 A.M. and 12 to 2 P.M. Every second is filled to capacity with the cream of the pop corn, lively-worded messages from sponsors, weather warnings, contest clues (one mental-telepathy contest drew 1500 pieces of mail), or just plain delightful Texas talk. Signing on in the afternoon, he tells his favorite audience, "Thanks very much for the ride on the car-radio, but drive carefully, ya hear, I wanna get there." . . . But Dan jumps off the "car-radio" only to be on the go again with personal appearances for his fans or remotes for local sponsors . . . Bachelor Dan, who "likes it homey," lives with friends in a big two-storey house furnished in semi-provincial. Looking forward to the time when he should find the right girl, twenty-three-year-old Dan counts off specifications: "Olive complexion . . . sophisticated . . . college educated." (Dan intends to go back to school someday and he wants a wife who can help him with his homework.) In return for this paragon? Well, just check Dan's radio ratings. Wherever the ever-lovin' Texan is concerned, things are delightful, delirious and just Dan Dan Dandy, all the way.
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Mid-Season Report: Nat “King” Cole was the first casualty in the musical variety format, but most of the musical shows have been generally disappointing to sponsors and network execs. As a result, the Patti Page and Pat Boone shows renamed key personnel; Guy Mitchell revamped his format; Frank Sinatra, finding his rating swinging lower and lower, decided to do half of his shows live and film the rest before a live audience; and so on down the line. Only Como and Dinah Shore have maintained their peaks... The Westerns have been either so-so or sensational. ABC-TV’s Maverick began to cut into the Sullivan and Allen audience—Sullivan retaliating with teen-age idols; Allen with Abbe Lane and the like, if you can find the like... Perry Mason showing strength and hurting Como’s first half-hour. So pleased is CBS-TV with the success of the Mason show that they are building another hour-long mystery series... Networks giving second thought to their neglect of comedians and are already diagramming new situation comedies... For the future: Less music, more crime, return of comedians and comedy series, leveling off of Westerns.

Short & Sassy: Not likely Elvis will appear on The Big Record. His asking price, $75,000... The Las Vegas specs have their off-camera pathos. A couple of stars lost their fat fees at the gambling tables... Jimmy Dean’s early-morning show axed at mid-season, but his Saturday afternoon soiree continues... Teenagers ask why can’t Tommy Sands have his own TV show if Pat Boone can... Garry Moore takes his winter vacation January 13-24, and Dick Van Dyke, young comic, fills in. And, next month, Nell Moore wings the Atlantic to visit with son Mason, who is matriculating in England... Sammy Kaye panting to do a Lawrence Welk type show. And why not?... Not seeing much of Belafonte on TV, and that’s a shame... If you hope to be a contestant or participant on a TV show, think of your clothes. Light colors will make you look fat; small prints jump on the screen; big hats are taboo. The boyfriend should wear a solid-colored suit. Nudes are not welcome.

The Magnificent Slob: Jim Backus, who played the first-person-singular in I Married Joan, is now being magnificently funny on ABC Radio, five daytime hours a week. “I call him ‘the magnificent slob,’” says wife Henny. “He drops clothes anywhere. Steps on his glasses. Doesn’t know what he’s wearing or why. I’ve snapped earrings on him while he’s reading and he’s walked right out of the house wearing them.” They’ve been married fifteen years and have been having a ball. “Henny and I write as a team,” says Jim. “Usually we work from eight P.M. until two in the morning, and that’s nice collaborating when your partner’s in a negligee.” Henny Backus, also an actress, is to be seen in two current movies, “The Great Man” and “Bay the Moon.” Says Jim, “When I first met her, she was sculpting and was a mess. I told her, ‘You’re the sexiest-looking bricklayer I’ve ever seen.’ The Backuses miss their Bel Air home and swimming pool. In Manhattan, they have leased Eva Gabor’s town house. “But Jim is absent-minded in any geography,” says Henny. “In the morning,
On TV, Dean Jones sings. But the actor of the same name is him, too.

The maid and I count the number of false starts he makes. First, he goes out to the car, then comes back for the keys. Then he comes back for money. Then he comes back for the script. It takes him twenty-five minutes to get away." At bedtime, she reports, Jim is a picture. “First, he puts on long pajamas with built-in feet, has a glass of warm milk and puts on an eyeshade, ear plugs and then, grasping the control switch of the electric blanket, orders everyone to be quiet.”

Sunnyside up: Hardy, perennial bachelor Henry Morgan dating only one girl, Aldine Toohy. . . . Jan Davis still stretching out her engagement. . . . The TV production of “Annie Get Your Gun,” with Mary Martin, has been etched into a Capitol album and it is one of the most entertaining discs of the year. Now NBC is trying to revive “Peter Pan” with Mary Martin for telecasting on March 31. NBC figures 122-million viewers have seen the two previous telecasts. . . . Having finally got a foothold in TV, Walter Winchell is now working up another dramatic series. This new one, in which he will narrate, is to be called Diplomatic Courier. . . . Randy Merriman didn’t have to leave The Big Payoff. He had two years to go in his contract, but he wants a chance at night-time TV. . . . The fabulous Hi-Lo’s raving about La Page. Said Gene Puerling, ‘Patti is so pleasant about everything. Takes work in stride, smiling, and is deeply concerned that we look our very best.’ . . . Mary Margaret McBride has published a cookbook, “Harvest of American Cooking.” . . . Note the completed circle: You’ll soon be seeing the movie, “Marty,” on TV, which is where it was first seen as a teleplay. . . . Bud Collyer received the annual award of the New York Bible Society for his whole-hearted dedication to church work.

Letter from Dean Jones: About a year ago, handsome Dean Jones was chosen by Metro for an experiment. They contracted with NBC to let Dean do a dozen guest shots with Allen, Shore, etc., to see how it would affect his career. The results and Dean’s reactions are these, excerpted from a personal letter to this desk: “M-G-M has exercised their option on my contract for another year, so they’re happy with me. For 1958, however, they have said they don’t want me to do more than six TV appearances and then primarily as a singer. (Incidentally, I have never yet sung in a movie. Sometimes I wonder if people know that Dean Jones, TV singer, and Dean Jones, actor, are the same guy.) What I like best about movies is the time you take to get things perfect. But, speaking of perfect, if I had to describe the Dinah Shore Show in one word, it would be ‘perfect.’ They’ve spoiled this baritone. It’s the best rehearsed, tastiest, finest-peopled show on the air. Naturally, I’m thrilled that I will be on it several times this season. . . . And do you know I got my first big movie break as a result of being seen on Dinah’s show? The producers of ‘Handle With Care’ saw me on their home screens and thought I would be fine for the lead, if I could act. So they inquired and found I was under contract to Metro. And so were they. Small world, but it took a coast-to-coast show to unite us.” (Continued on page 70)

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Do try it this month. Why put off gaining the freedom, the confidence Tampax brings. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold.” Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Actor At Sea

Would you please tell me something about Chick Chandler?

B. W., Bridgeport, Conn.

Chick Chandler, Soldier Of Fortune, actually wanted to be a soldier—a professional, uniformed, ranking sort of soldier. The son of a famous New York surgeon, Chick went to military schools in preparation for West Point. But, while at school, he also directed and acted in plays. Not being able to make up his mind, Chick signed for a hitch with the Merchant Marine, only to find out, at sea, that his true love was for the theater. . . . On his return, he joined a stock company, then got a break when Billy Rose signed him for a Broadway play. Though this success was followed by a long-term Selznick contract, Chick tries to get back to the stage once or twice a year. He has done numerous musicals on the road, including "Desert Song" and "Roberta." During the war, Chick entertained troops in over three hundred shows. . . . On the movie screen, Chick recently appeared in "The Lost Continent" and "Battle Cry," while on TV, he's appeared on The Loretta Young Show, Topper and The Whistler—and claims the distinction of having had one of the very first TV quiz shows. Chick, married to the retired actress Jean Frontal, is still "at sea"—but not because he's a doubtful actor. Sailing is his hobby. On dry land, it's raising beagles.

Music . . . and the Maestro

Please give me some information on Dick Clark, emcee on American Bandstand.

Mrs. M. H., Albany, N. Y.

"All in all," says the host of the popular ABC-TV presentation, American Bandstand, "you could say I like music." Dick Clark, 27 and a former deejay, spends a daily hour-and-a-half on-camera "listening to music." He follows that with three to four more hours listening to next day's rehearsals, fills out harmonic days listening to whatever new songs the pluggers have on tap and, finally, as he puts it, "I go home and listen to music." . . . The music-lover in the tale is Mr. Vernon (N.Y.) born and Syracuse University educated. During one summer vacation, Dick found himself a job spinning records for a Utica, New York station. He deejayed in Syracuse after graduation. On television for the first time in Utica, New York, Dick made a major jump to WFIL in the City of Brotherly Love. The radio Bandstand, under Maestro Dick's lead, soon became the highest-rated afternoon program in a major city. In turn, the show did things for Dick—made him one of the best-liked personalities in the Philadelphia area and put him on the in-demand list for personal appearances everywhere. Late in '57, American Bandstand made its debut on network. . . . Dick and his wife, the former Barbara Mallory, live in Drexel Hill, a suburb of Philadelphia, with their dachshund "Looie," a massive hi-fi rig and some 15,000 "pop and not-too-progressive jazz" records—to "round out our musical lives."

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV Radio Mirror.

Chet Atkins Fan Club, c/o Margaret Fields, 629 South 40th St., Louisville, Ky.
Alice Lon Fan Club, c/o Helen Krause, Assistant Director, 206 North Chester Ave., Compton, Calif.
Annette Funicello Fan Club, c/o Marie A. McGee, 948 County Ave., Texarkana, Ark.

Blarney for a Briton

I would like to know something about actor John Alderson, who plays in the film series, Boots And Saddles. S. M., Portland, Oregon

In reference to his career, British-born John Alderson says he "didn't want to be an English type." The former artillery major who plays the bullying, blarneying Irish non-com, Sgt. Bullock, in the Boots And Saddles series, says that his Britishness was his biggest handicap after arriving in Hollywood in 1950. To overcome his native accent and speech mannerisms and be accepted for American roles, John took voice lessons. "It began to pay off," says John, who's since played every type—from cowboy to the sadistic German corporal in "The Young Lions." . . . John was born in Horden, England, in 1916. In his late teens, he enlisted in the British Army, rose to sergeant and then lieutenant. During World War II, he fought in Europe with Montgomery's army. In Germany, after the war, he was in command of a town—later, in Berlin, a theater. (As a teenager, John had had some experience acting with a small theater group in Kent.) While in the capital city, he met and married Mary Brown, an American girl working for the U.S. State Department. . . . John recalls income-tax returns that first year in Hollywood—his earnings had reached a "high" of $800. "After that," John reports, "I dug in. I sold TV sets, moved furniture, did odd jobs of all sorts." . . . John, now an acting coach himself, finds he has to study just as hard on a British accent as he does on an American cowboy's. As for soldiers, "Major" Alderson finds they're "pretty much the same the world over. . . . If I can come through as an identifiable person as Sgt. Bullock, I'll feel I've done a good job."
Her Very Good Friends

Please give me some information on the new young singer, Jennie Smith. M. S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Victor’s latest to hit the stardom trail is pop singer Jennie Smith. The petite, brown-eyed brunette was born in Burnwell, West Virginia. Her dad, John Kristof — radio and TV announcer — was the first of “many good friends” who’ve helped Jennie’s success. When she was younger, he used to take her down to the radio station and make records of her speaking voice, correcting her droll — à la Professor Higin — during the playbacks. Jennie had a great enthusiasm for singing and the stage. She remembers “the happiest day of my childhood” — her eighth birthday, when her parents presented her with a new piano. At fourteen, in Charleston, West Virginia, Jennie started singing professionally with a band. Later, she was to win a talent contest sponsored by the area newspapers and, more importantly, the friendship of publicity man Frohman Johnson. Frohman became interested in Jennie’s career, taught her all he knew about mike technique, stage presence and such, and then introduced her to deejay Hugh MacPherson. Through Hugh, Jennie met band-leader Johnny Long, who offered her a job touring with his group. But Jennie was only sixteen. Her family refused to let her go — justifiably, as Jennie admits now. She stayed home, took voice lessons and wisely crammed some commercial subjects in with her academic work in high school. Graduating with honors in June of 1956, Jennie headed for New York, armed with $90 cash, her steno pad, and the telephone number of top arranger-conductor Ray Ellis. Ray coached Jennie for a few weeks, then introduced her to Mike Stewart, Ellis’ own manager. Songwriters Bob Allen and Al Stillman were so charmed with the freshness of her voice, they sat down and ran off a number for her. “My Very Good Friend in the Looking-Glass” is on Jennie’s first LP, “Jennie.” . . . A most happy miss, Jennie is grateful for all those good friends who helped her career. She loves New York, riding subways and eating “just plain old bread with mustard on it.” It’s a good thing Jennie likes airplane travel too; her November deejay tour took her to 15 major cities in three weeks’ time. Thanks to that chain of friendship, Jennie’s traveled the stardom trail at supersonic speed.

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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH


Meet active, popular Lyn Behrens and some of her friends. Lyn has many interests . . . from dramatics and dance committees to teaching swimming, and work as assistant Girl Scout leader. Music too . . . sings in a pop trio, the Glee Club and Chapel Choir. When you’re as busy as Lyn, you can’t let pimples spoil a single moment.

Read what Lyn did: “Skin blemishes often embarrassed me and took a lot of fun out of the activities I enjoyed. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. Clearasil really worked for me. I’m happy to say my skin problem is a thing of the past.”

Lyn Behrens
Academy Hall, Bradford, Mass.

Would your experience help others?

You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. M, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks’ supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-AA (for Tube) or Box 260-AB (for Lotions), Eastco., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 3/15/58.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)
remembers you with a lovely gift!

FREE TUSSY "Beauty Touch" Compact (85¢ size)
complete with pressed cake powder

Just send in special wrappers from 4 large or 6 medium Ivory Soap now at your dealer's

That Ivory Look is a gift in itself—a sparkling clear, silken look your complexion can have through the magic of mildness! Simply start using Ivory Soap regularly. Soon this soap that's gentle enough for a baby's skin will smooth and freshen your complexion. You'll have That Ivory Look!

And as a bonus gift—a lovely pink and gold Tussy Beauty Touch compact, an 85¢ value! This delicate blend of pressed powder and foundation base stays color "true," won't cake or streak. To get yours free, send in special wrappers from 4 Large or 6 Medium Ivory. On certificate check your skin tone to receive the right shade of powder. Better hurry—supplies are limited.

Procter & Gamble, Department V, Box 3, Cincinnati 99, Ohio
For each free Tussy Beauty Touch compact, I enclose special wrappers from 4 Large—
or 6 Medium—Ivory. My skin tone is Light—Medium—Dark—

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

Offer good only in continental U.S.A., including Alaska and Hawaii. Offer expires July 31, 1958. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.
As Pat Conway, she models fabulous fashions on The Big Payoff. As wife of Marco Brizzolara, she is married for keeps to the man she loves. Who could ask for more?

Clothes she models for Bess Myerson on TV are part of The Big Payoff, but wedding gown was Pat's very own, when she wed Marco Brizzolara!

a Lady in Luck

By FRANCES KISH

Sometimes when we are sure we are through with a certain situation and will have no more of it, something suddenly happens to change our mind. Something that turns out so much better than we could possibly have planned.

Twice this has happened to Pat Conway, of CBS-TV's The Big Payoff. First, concerning work. Secondly, concerning love.

At twenty, Pat was a fashion model with a background of dancing and of water-ballet shows. One day, she just decided she had had enough of modeling. "It was difficult. It was hard for me to keep my weight down to the superslimness of a high-fashion model." This seems improbable, with that hand-span waist of hers and that pencil-slim
grace! But Pat also adds, "Maybe I was tired of modeling and was looking for excuses to quit."

What happened? On the very day she made up her mind to accept only one more call from the Conover model agency, they sent her to audition for The Big Payoff. Dozens and dozens of girls were waiting, but Pat got the job. That was six years ago this January, and she has been on television five days a week ever since, modeling gorgeous fashions. Loving the exciting way the clothes are presented, the way each male contestant tries hard to win them for the lady of his choice. Loving to wear the clothes—especially the bridal gowns she so often models.

This leads right into the subject of love, something Pat once also decided to renounce. Love was trouble. Love was unhappiness. Love wasn't at all what romantic ballads would lead one to believe. But, on the very day she sat alone in a restaurant on Broadway—unhappy because a man she liked very much hadn't telephoned, and they had quarreled when at last he did—a new romance came into her life. The Real Thing, this time, although she didn't believe it for one moment then.

What happened? (Continued on page 73)

The Big Payoff is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, from 3 to 3:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.

"Useless," Marc nicknamed this gay ceramic figure of Harlequin. Pat just couldn't resist it, now can't quite find room for it.

Both young Brizzolaras are athletically inclined, but ice skating is one of the few sports they can enjoy together. Their apartment's a blend of two different backgrounds, Old World and New—modern setting for graceful French Provincial chairs and "nested" tables.
Just between us callers and the lamp post (which is really an antique bird cage), Pat has had the time of her young-married life decorating her home.

Once an aerial navigator and photographer for the Marines, Marc now trains his camera on the face and figure which captivates millions on The Big Payoff.

Elegant car was Pat’s "consolation prize" for missing the big European trip they had to postpone last summer. They’re still planning that dream vacation—though Marc sometimes wonders if his model-wife could be ready in time to make it!
Jim Reeves, born to a music-happy family, delights the nation with a daily diet of rollicking grass-roots melody.
Jim Reeves Show, emanating from Radio Station WSM, spotlights such tops in talent as Owen Bradley's orchestra, the Anita Kerr Singers (Gil Wright, Dottie Dillard, Anita, Louis Nunley) and Jim himself.

THE BIGGEST FAN of the Jim Reeves Show is Jim Reeves himself. The tall Texan, now transplanted to Tennessee, is having the time of his life, presiding over the musical matinee which American Broadcasting Network radios across country at 1:00 P.M. daily. "This is a show for all the artists," says Jim, "a show I've dreamed about. We've got more talent concentrated here in Nashville than you'll find, per square block, in any other city. We could keep going twenty years and never run out of talent or ideas."

The regular cast of the show includes the Anita Kerr Singers, Owen Bradley's orchestra and vocalists Buddy Hall and Dolores Watson. The roster of guests calls in such hit-makers as Ferlin Husky, who took "Gone" into the top ten—Marty Robbins, whose "White Sport Coat" told a story of teen-age romance—Faron Young, who is gaining popularity as both a motion picture star and a singer—and the Everly Brothers, who followed up their hit "Bye, Bye, Love," with a second, "Wake Up Little Susie."

These are just a few of the people who, a year ago, were classified strictly as (Continued on page 83)
Bill says I don't really wake up, when that alarm goes off at 4:15 A.M., "just walk around in a trance." But I manage to get his coffee (then go back to bed for more sleep, the minute he leaves for his 6 A.M. broadcast).

My husband Bill has a schedule you can only believe if you have to live with it. The Price Is Right, I've Got A Secret, Pulse—I'll swear he's the busiest man on TV-radio!

By ANN CULLEN

Here's a typical day in the life of the Bill Cullens:
4:15 A.M. EST. The alarm clock goes off—the clock radio on my side of our seven-by-seven-foot "Hollywood" bed. Bill sleeps right through the melodious reveille. Not I. Bill keeps saying I don't really wake up—I "just walk around in a pre-dawn trance." Perhaps. But I'm enough awake to awaken him by whispering in whichever ear is turned toward me. The moment Bill awakens, however, he is all the way awake—no stretching and yawning and turning.

Once Bill is awake, he's all the way awake! Always a "notty" dresser, he carefully matches ties, shirts and socks—even at that early hour. (He takes just as much interest in my clothes, buys me the loveliest things.)

City is still dark, but Bill's taxi (he has the same driver every day) is waiting downstairs. Goodbye to our helpful doorman, then off to a daily schedule which includes as many as three programs—one, four hours long.

Continued
Pulse goes on WRCA Radio promptly at six, and Bill's day has officially begun. Just five hours later, he is on NBC with the morning telecast of *The Price Is Right*. (Bill adores giving out prizes, the bigger the better.)

Above, with Beverly Bentley, on *The Price Is Right* (which is also colorcast every Monday night). Below, with publicity representative Nat Fields at one of the many business lunches Bill fits into his crowded days.
As I may have said, my husband Bill is a great one for gifts. They're always both thoughtful and imaginative. He's also a shutterbug (took some 1200 pictures on our Bermuda vacation—most of them, I must admit, of me!).

Leisure moments are rare, except on weekends. We love the view from our terrace because the East River, with its passing ships, reminds us of the sea. (Whenever the weather's right—and Bill has time—we lunch out here.)

over for another forty winks. His eyes are wide open and bright. He wears a pleasant smile. (Bill has, I think, a particularly engaging smile.) He looks chipper, glad to be awake. And—for reasons I'll explain later—he is glad to be awake.

4:30 A.M. EST. The Big Ben (on Bill's side of the bed) sounds off—or would, if I didn't turn it off just before it blasts our eardrums. Big Ben is simply a safety measure, in case I oversleep. (Since I never have overslept yet—and we celebrated our second wedding anniversary on Christmas Eve—I've about decided Big Ben is expendable.)

4:45 A.M. EST (give or take a few minutes) finds Bill propped up against his pillows having his orange juice and coffee, which I bring to him in bed, and his first cigarette of the day. When I try to tempt him with a heartier breakfast, he says, "Too early to look at an egg." (I couldn't agree with him more!) There is a final draw on the cigarette—his sponsor's brand, of course—then he showers and dresses. Bill is the nattiest guy. Matching up ties and shirts and socks is serious business with him. Not only that, but many of his shirts have matching shorts!

What's wonderful is that he takes as much interest in my clothes—if not more—than he does in his own. He often buys me coats and dresses and surprises me with them. And I always love them. A silver kid coat, for instance, with a silver mink collar. A white linen sheath-type dress cut away (practically all the way) in back, with a wide, crushy, gold and white polkadot sash. Not only is the sheath-type dress my type, but this one had the plus of being so imaginative-looking. Bill is always imaginative, and always gives little personal touches to his gifts.

(I remember the first time I laid eyes on Bill, I was terribly intrigued. Must have been, for I walked

*The Price Is Right* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 11 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—also Monday nights, 7:30 P.M., sponsored by RCA and Speidel. *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., at 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. *Pulse* is heard over WRCA Radio (N. Y.), M-F, 6 A.M.—Sat., 8 A.M. (All EST)
We've begun collecting sculptures by Carroll Barnes. Also books on art—and volumes on interior decoration, lighting, and gardening (all because of that home in the country for which we're looking and hope soon to find).

Painting is my special hobby. Bill's interest is more general, covers just about everything from bullfighting to vintage wines. He's particularly enthusiastic about sports of all kinds, whether participant or spectator.

Bill loves games, surprises—and, above all, people. Particularly, the wonderful group on CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret. With a star like Garry Moore (right) and guests like Hal March (in middle of the panel), Bill, Jayne Meadows, Faye Emerson and Henry Morgan have themselves a ball!

Bill, Joyne Meadows, Faye Emerson and Henry Morgan have themselves a ball!

over and started talking to him right away—which is something I never do. I'm not a very good talker. Bill is. Unlike many men you meet, especially in this business, who can only talk about themselves, Bill talks about everything from bullfighting to vintage wines. Everything but himself. Even then, I had the feeling: This is the guy I want to marry. More than just a feeling, I knew it.)

If Bill has a few minutes leeway after he is dressed, we usually stand together on the terrace or at the living room windows, admiring the fabulous view we have of the East River—a view that gives you the feeling of being at sea. Then, at exactly twenty-five minutes to six, Bill walks out of the apartment. Downstairs, his cab driver is waiting to take him downtown, a matter of some fifty-six blocks, to the RCA Building in New York's Rockefeller Center. It is from a studio in the RCA building that the WRCA Pulse show is broadcast. (At exactly twenty-four minutes to six, I go back to bed and sleep until nine!)

At 6:00 A.M. EST, the hour at which Pulse begins, Bill is on the air—and, except for one morning last winter when a blizzard all but stopped traffic, he's never been a second late on the air. Punctuality is a kind of fetish with Bill. He is seldom just on time for an appointment. He is almost always (Continued on page 78)
She jumped from obscurity to fame and $30,000 a year as a result of a homemade tape-recording. Yet this is probably the least surprising fact about the spunky beauty with the flashing dark eyes and velvet voice. Professionally, she's known as Jeril Deane, a true Cinderella girl who soared to success recently as vocalist on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, the daily radio show on the American Broadcasting Network. Like Cinderella, she overcame obstacles that would overwhelm less dedicated persons. And, yes, her story even has a helpful godparent—her uncle—although Prince Charming has not yet arrived on the scene.

"I still don't believe it," says Jeril happily. "Here I am walking down Michigan Avenue or State Street, and I'll suddenly say to myself: This is Chicago!" For a girl who was born in Hollywood and raised in California's San Fernando Valley, the Windy City is a chilly place. "But not the people," she says with a wink, "they've just been wonderful."

Even though Jeril, in her mid-twenties, has made the big time professionally, she has retained thrifty habits taught her in childhood. Getting her (Continued on page 71)

Jeril sings on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, heard over American Broadcasting Network, M-F, 9 to 10 A.M. (all time zones), under multiple sponsorship.

With the help of a home recorder and roommate Pat Pace, Jeril keeps the fresh quality that won her the job with Don McNeill.
"Tomboy" Jeril grew up into this chic miss who loves to window-shop along Michigan Avenue. But she can hardly believe it's her—here in Chicago!

Title of her first record, "Run, Darlin', Don't Walk," was good advice for Jeril. She's willing to follow it—but only for six days of the week.

Jeril's chariot is a Darrin, a sports car that transports her to the Breakfast Club each morning. Like Cinderella, she has a magic hour at which she climbs back into it. But it's noon, not midnight.

Roommate Pat, a long-time California friend, lends a hand in answering letters from Jeril's radio friends. Below, they shop together to furnish a new apartment they will share this spring.
Those Block-busting

The sizzling success story of 1958: Singers Pat Boone and brother Nick Todd soar up into the show-business stratosphere!

Nick's star is rapidly rising, too, and he's been a headline guest on brother Pat's Chevy Showroom, over ABC-TV. It's an all-show-business family, these days—with Pat married to Shirley Foley, daughter of the one-and-only "Red" Foley (below, center).

Bid to appear on Ed Sullivan's show was big TV step for Nick. Right: Though Mam once had a problem getting her boys to practice piano, their voices make hits for Dot Records today.

By DANIEL STERN

Once upon a time there were two brothers... Thus begins a modern folk tale: the story of Pat Boone, one of the most phenomenal singing successes of all times, and a young man named Nick Todd, America's newest singing star and (only incidentally) Pat Boone's brother.

The story begins some twenty years ago in the town of Nashville, Tennessee, where Pat and his kid brother (one year younger) used to listen to the radio and sing along with it. By the time they were three and four years old, the Boone brothers were already blending their voices in harmony. Their proud mother says they both went to bed singing—and woke up the same

Continued
BOONE BROTHERS
Fan mail is a familiar story to Pat Boone by now, a newer phenomenon to brother Nick Todd. Raves for Pat, of course, continue to grow with his film fame—below, with Shirley Jones in 20th Century-Fox's "April Love." Nick hasn't just followed in his brother's footsteps to fame—he's also practicing new ones for himself! Above, two views as choreographer Bill Foster coaches him in the fine art of putting rhythm into action, as well as words.

Way. It was a long time, though, before anyone guessed that Pat or Nick was destined for record stardom.

"We tried to give Pat piano lessons," Mrs. Boone smiles, "but he wouldn't practice. He would rather play ball. He broke his elbow, his collarbone, his nose—three times—and his wrist. When he played, he played hard."

But when he sings, she might have added, he sings easy and gentle. For it was Pat Boone's gentling of a song that won him the hearts of millions of fans who feel he's the greatest Boone since Daniel. Kid brother Nick—who skyrocketed to recording fame recently on the same Dot Records label as Pat—is another story entirely. His first disc, "Plaything," backed up by "The Honey Song," proved that when Nick sings, he sings hard. This vigorous rock 'n' roll record landed in the first ten after a brief struggle . . . and stayed there.

Right, mutual admiration as Nick visits nation's leading deejays: Nick congratulates Chicago's Josh Brady on his fifth anniversary as a top WBBM radio personality—Josh compliments Nick on success of Dot record, "Plaything."

The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom is seen on ABC-TV, Thursday, from 9 to 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.
Warm family group in cold snow outside Pat's Eastern home at Leonia, N.J., includes Pat's wife (left), sister Marjorie, brothers Nick and Pat—with latter's "biggest" little girl, Cherry. Right, the Pat Boones, wheeling daughters Debby, Lindy, and Cherry.

Before anyone seizes on the difference in vocal styles and makes a big thing of it, let's remember that Pat began in a big way with rock 'n' roll hits, and only later graduated to success with such warm, smooth ballads as "Anastasia" and "Love Letters in the Sand." Nick, too, claims he would like to try some ballads in the near future. But, right now, Randy Wood, the Nashville-born impresario who handles both boys' recording careers, intends to keep Nick doing the kind of rhythmic song the people seem to want from him.

As a matter of fact, the two Boone brothers are an interesting and complex study in differences and similarities. Pat, as the entire civilized world knows, is an attractive, boyish young man of medium height whose most arresting quality, outside of his limpid voice, is a relaxed, comfortable style.

(Continued on page 80)
Tab Hunter: TRIPLE-TALENT MAN

With a memorable new movie to his credit, hit records spinning into million-sellers, Tab is racing toward increasing fame

By JERRY ASHER

On the ninth day of October, 1956, Tab Hunter received a letter that became a milestone in his life and renewed his flagging faith in himself. It was written on CBS Television stationery and signed by dynamic director John Frankenheimer of Playhouse 90 fame. The following words from that letter still sum up, in essence, the current status of a controversial career: "I imagine you've received thousands of fan letters and I'm adding to the collection. I'm going to be very honest with you, Tab. You were cast in 'Forbidden Area' while I was still at RKO this summer. I had nothing to do with it and (Continued on page 67)

Versatility: Top athlete Tab has no fear of ice, for Hall Of Fame TV special, "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." But he was nervous, when Dinah Shore asked him to sing duet with her—as well as dance on her show!
In a way, I suppose it may seem strange for an article on happy marriage to be written by a divorcee. When TV Radio Mirror asked me to do this piece, that was my first reaction. “Me, do an article on happy marriages? I’m a fine one to ask!” Then I got to thinking: Maybe it wasn’t such a strange combination, after all. There’s no knowledge like hindsight. Most any person who has watched a marriage fall apart, and later reflected soberly on why it fell apart, has some pretty definite opinions on the subject. And any serious-minded person who contemplates marrying for the second time puts a lot more thought and deliberation into it than most people do the first time around.

So I guess a divorcee can be an authority on what it takes to make a successful marriage. Maybe a lot of her knowledge is the negative kind—what not to do. But it’s knowledge learned from experience. I’ve known a number of divorced people, and seen a very sizable percentage go into extremely happy second marriages—probably because they had attained a maturity which enabled them to choose more wisely, and also enabled them to adapt more easily to the daily give-and-take which marriage itself requires.

Continued

On TV, as "wife" of the star of The Danny Thomas Show, Marjorie Lord mothers three children—as played by Rusty Homer, Sherry Jackson and Angela Cartwright. At home, Marjorie has two of her own—Anne, 9, and Gregg, 11.

Marjorie Lord is wife Kathy in The Danny Thomas Show, CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Post Cereals and Instant Sanka.
What Makes a Happy Marriage?

It’s mostly up to the woman, says the lovely wife of The Danny Thomas Show—and the “don’t’s” can be even more important than the “do’s”
I think there's a good example of this in the part I play, on television, as wife of Danny Williams on The Danny Thomas Show. It is the second marriage for both Danny and Kathy. In the very first show of the season, Kathy became angry when she felt Danny was neglecting her and the children. Then, with a sympathetic understanding of which only mature persons are capable, she realized the why of Danny's "neglect," and that her demands on him had been selfish.

I'm not saying that the ability to understand the other fellow's problems is unique to divorced people! I do think that many persons are born with this ability. Others learn it early in life. They're the ones whose first marriages are happy, successful, and "until death do us part." Others of us simply have to learn it the hard way.

The fact that some people are born with this sympathy and understanding has been demonstrated to me all my life. My parents, who live in the other half of our duplex house, celebrated their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary recently. Not only has their marriage been a happy one, but now, in their later years, they've shown a wonderful adaptability by taking over much of the supervision of my two youngsters.

I'm home evenings and weekends, but, during the daytime, Gregg, 11, and Anne, 9, answer to Grandpa and Grandma. I daresay they do a little spoiling—which is a prerogative of grandparents—but they also respect the rules I've laid down for the children's behavior, and see to it that they conform to those rules. It's really a wonderful break for me: Mother and Dad manage somehow to remain sufficiently detached to give me an objective opinion when problems arise. I find I'm not nearly as arbitrary in dealing with the children as I might be without Mom's and Dad's counsel.

I do believe, sincerely, that one of the biggest strikes against a successful marriage these days is the attitude many women have, approaching it. I've heard this so many times: "I want to quit work and get married." The woman speaking has the idea that she is tired of working eight hours a day, five days a week, and would like to
That Daring Young Man

By EUNICE FIELD

What I'd like most right now," says Ozzie and Harriet's first-born, "is to jump out of a plane..." It's the sort of wish usually accompanied by a smile—but not this time. The blue eyes remain serious, the firm mouth holds its earnest line. David Nelson is not kidding.

He's been tinkering with a motorcycle, his black and aluminum Scrambler. Now he pauses long enough to explain. "I have a friend. He's a paratrooper and he's tried to describe the sensation of jumping to me. But it isn't the same as doing it yourself!"

"Dad once told Rick and me that life can be a perpetual dare. He wasn't telling us to be reckless. He was telling us not to be afraid of new experiences and responsibilities. And, the way I see it, if you learn to take up a little dare like jumping out of a plane, maybe you won't fall down on the big dares—like facing a camera or a microphone. Or (Continued on page 82)"

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet—which also stars their sons David and Rick Nelson—is seen over ABC-TV, Wednesday, 9 P.M. EST., as sponsored by Eastman Kodak.

Younger brother Rick (far left, on facing page) might scoff at Dave's reasons for buying a motorcycle—but he accepts a lift, just the same. The whole sports-minded Nelson family is all for action: On skates, left to right—Dave, Harriet, Ozzie, Rick.

Rave reviews for 20th Century-Fox film "Peyton Place" [with Hope Lange] may prove Dave has met one dare better than he ever dreamed. Proud of Rick's overnight success as a singer, Dave always expected he himself would take much longer as an actor.
SHE'S THE MOST!

By ROBERT PEER

Today, her voice and face are famous. Though still only in her teens, she has made top-selling records, been a hit on radio and TV, and just completed her first step toward movie stardom, as well—in Universal-International's "Summer Love."

But, on the evening of May 11, 1950, Molly Bee was just another ten-year-old sprawled on the floor, chin cupped in her hands, watching the antics of her favorite comedian on television.

Before the show was over, her whole life had changed. When the hastily summoned doctor came out of her parents' bedroom, his expression told Molly the story. Her father had died of a heart attack.

Biting her lips, holding back her tears, Molly jumped up and ran out of the house. She never came back to it. She spent that night—and the next two weeks—with her neighbors, then talked her mother into moving from Azusa to Arcadia, another nearby suburb of Los Angeles.

It was one of many moves she was to experience (Continued on page 85)
Hugh O'Brian's modest way of life would surprise even Wyatt Earp. But he's saving for a family—"the family I hope to have" someday.
in HOLLYWOOD

greeted Hugh and walked into his apartment, he couldn’t help speculating how much—or, rather, how little—Hugh must pay for the place. It wasn’t bad. Bedroom. Living room. Kitchen. Nicely furnished. But certainly not extravagant. “What are you doing with all your dough?” he asked Hugh. “Stuffing it into mattresses?”

“Nope,” Hugh laughed. “Oil wells.”

“But this apartment . . . what’s the gimmick? It can’t cost you more than a couple of hundred bucks a month, at most.”


Hank shook his head. “I sure don’t get it.”

Nobody else does, either. Hugh is one of the most successful entertainers of the decade. His income from television alone passed the four-figure-

Continued

No mansions for Hugh: “Should I spend a hundred thousand just to keep up a front?” Instead, he rents a pleasant apartment on the less fashionable side of Sunset Boulevard—“It costs half as much and is just as close,” he grins.

Biggest investment so far—outside of oil wells—is Hugh’s car. “Fallee,” a neighbor’s dog, keeps him company during outdoor and indoor exercise, since accidental death of Hugh’s longtime canine pal, “Lady.”
Apartment came furnished, and Hugh has invested in few extras of his own for "temporary" quarters. One personal touch: The sailfish which he caught on combination holiday-and-business trip to Mexico.

Singing has proved to be an unexpected additional source of income for that sunny day ahead. Above, he presents ABC-Paramount album, "Hugh O'Brian Sings," to popular star of The Nat "King" Cole Show.

a-week bracket a long time ago. What he earns, in addition, from his various promotional activities and personal appearances, is known only to him, his accountant and the District Collector of Internal Revenue. However, it has been estimated at more than half a million dollars annually. Yet he lives in a modest apartment—and spent his most recent vacation at an inexpensive motel at Lake George, New York.

Those who know Hugh intimately are convinced it isn't stinginess that makes him live poor in Hollywood. Hugh has never skimped with money (or his own time) on gifts, corsages, charities—in fact, anything that's for someone else.

So what's behind it?

"Let's say I'm practical," Hugh explained to this writer, who has known Hugh since he sold magazine subscriptions to raise his earnings—at a time when his income at Universal-International exceeded that of many stars. "Take my apartment. It's perfectly adequate. I don't entertain much. When I do, it's easier for me to take the guests out. I'm not married, live by myself, am gone a good part of the year, and really have no time to enjoy an expensive home—or, for that matter, a lot of other luxuries. So should I spend a hundred thousand on a mansion—plus the tremendous upkeep of maids and gardeners and pool-cleaning service—just to keep up a front? When I can invest the money in something that'll someday provide tangible security for the family I hope to have?"

Sole assistant is Goody Levitan, tripling as secretary, treasurer, fan-mail answerer.
Hugh admits he'd love to drive a high-powered foreign car—there's a Mercedes Benz at $6,000 which has caught his eye. But he sticks to good, standard American makes, and leaves racing to others.

As he said, "Why take unnecessary chances?" He grew very serious, as he recalled an accident he had a few months ago. A friend of Hugh's had picked him up at the airport when he arrived from a trip to New York. On the way home, near the intersection of Sepulveda and Wilshire Boulevard, a car ahead of them made a sudden stop without any warning. Unable to slam on the brakes fast enough, Hugh's friend plowed into the trunk of the other car.

She was unhurt, but Hugh was thrown against the windshield. He got a severe cut, near the eye, which required several stitches. As he was sitting on the bench in the emergency hospital, waiting to be taken home, with his eye bandaged and the anesthetic gradually wearing off, he became conscious of more than the immediate pain that made his head throb. If the cut had been a fraction of an inch closer, he would not only have lost the sight of one eye—but his career, as well.

As it was, he did his first TV show after the accident with a patch over one eye. "My body is the prime product I have to sell," says Hugh. "How can I tell what'll happen tomorrow that will make it impossible for me to continue my work? It's not pleasant to think about, but to ignore it would be as stupid as calling the Russian Sputnik a glorified toy."

From that day on, Hugh embarked on a program of (Continued on page 61)
Kathy Nolan's Favorite Casserole
Shrimp Pilau for six offers a scrumptious
Sunday-night feast for Kathy’s lucky guests

Thursday evenings, Kathy Nolan charmingly portrays Kate McCoy, the young bride who has accompanied her husband Luke and his grandfather from the West Virginia hills to the San Fernando Valley, to begin a new life in the West. This major casting in The Real McCoys is only the latest of a series of triumphs which started for Kathy as a baby, when her actress mother carried her on stage in a showboat production aboard the sidewinder Golden Rod. In between lie sixteen years of showboat experience, triumphant appearances as Wendy to Mary Martin’s “Peter Pan” on both stage and television, and an impressive list of movie and TV dramatic credits. Off camera, Kathy has been busy furnishing a new apartment—and arranging such easy-to-do dinner parties as the festive one pictured here. For a complete menu, just add beverages to the recipes given at right!

The Real McCoys, starring Walter Brennan and Kathy Nolan, is seen over ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Sylvania Electric Products.

SHRIMP PILAU

Makes 6 to 8 servings.
Wash well in cold water:
2 pounds jumbo shrimp
Cook in 2 quarts boiling, salted water until pink (about 10 minutes). Remove from liquid, reserving liquid for later use. Peel, clean and rinse shrimp. Set aside.

Add to the shrimp liquid:
salt and pepper to taste
onion flakes
hot sauce (if desired)
Bring to a boil. Add:
2 cups rice
Cook gently until tender, about 14 to 18 minutes. Drain. Place alternate layers of rice and shrimp in a buttered 2½-quart casserole. Sprinkle each layer with paprika and dot with butter or margarine. Repeat until all rice and shrimp are used.

Beat slightly:
2 eggs
Spread evenly over top of casserole. Then sprinkle with fine, dry bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and dot with butter. Bake in a slow oven (275° F.) until heated and browned (about 30 minutes).

GREEN SALAD A LA NOLAN

Makes 6 servings.
Wash and crisp 1 large head lettuce. Drain well or dry. Tear into pieces and place in salad bowl. Add tomato sections and oil and vinegar dressing. Toss gently. Sprinkle with garlic croutons.

GARLIC BREAD TOAST

Slice 1 loaf French bread. Spread with butter softened in bowl which was rubbed with cut clove of garlic. Or season with garlic salt. Toast under the broiler until it is golden brown.

PEARS IN CREME DE MENTHE

Place canned, chilled pear halves in sherbet dishes. Spoon some of the pear syrup over each serving. Top with creme de menthe.
Ex-footballer Barry Sullivan, lean and rugged, topping six-feet-two, is just naturally "cast to type" in he-man roles—most recently, as star of Harbourmaster, over CBS-TV. He's been the star of The Man Called X, scored high in the televersions of "A Bell for Adano" and "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," among many credits on Broadway, TV, films. But his latest series marks the first time he's ever "rocked the boat." As Harbourmaster (old English spelling) of the fictional "Scott Island," Barry's been getting mixed up in some rough adventures while cruising on the big wet.

"When they told me about the show," says Barry, "I asked them, 'Why do you want to do a series about a guy and a boat?' And they asked me, 'Did you ever want to own a boat?' I said, 'Just for the past ten years.' And they said, 'See!' Then I learned that there are some thirty million Americans churning about in powerboats and sailboats. I've come to realize the affection the boat-owner feels for his craft, and we try to get that. (Continued on page 87)
a boat for Harbourmaster, Barry Sullivan has never played the “lone star” hero

Acting team included Paul Burke and Nina Wilcox (above) as Jeff and Anna, Barry (far right) as Capt. David Scott. Cast and crew enjoyed exploring mythical “Scott Island”—actually, of course, the picturesque environs of Cape Ann.

Cape Ann, Massachusetts—rich in historic tradition and a mecca for artists from all over the land—was home base for Harbourmaster during shooting. All exciting episodes of TV series were filmed “on location” in their entirety.
Sundays, 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Camel Cigarettes.
From football to piloting a boat for Harbourmaster, Barry Sullivan has never played the "lone star" hero

By GREGORY MERWIN

E-FOOTBALLER Barry Sullivan, lean and rugged, topping six-feet-two, is just naturally "cast to type" in human roles—most recently, as star of Harbourmaster, over CBS-TV. He's the star of The Man Called X, scored high in the televisions of "A Bell for Adano" and "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," among many credits on Broadway, TV, film. But his latest series marks the first time he's ever "rocked the boat." As Harbourmaster (old English spelling) of the fictional "Scott Island," Barry's been getting mixed up in some rough adventures while cruising on the big wet.

"When they told me about the show," says Barry, "I asked them, 'Why do you want to do a series about a guy and a boat?' And they asked me, 'Did you ever want to own a boat?' I said, 'Just for the past ten years.' And they said, 'Beef!' Then I learned that there are some thirty million Americans churning about in powerboats and sailboats. I've come to realize the affection the boat-owner feels for his craft, and we try to get that." (Continued on page 8)

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ALWAYS for the TEAM

By GREGORY MERWIN

Blue Chip II, the Harbourmaster captain, fulfilled a dream for boat-loving Barry.

Harbourmaster is now seen over ABC-TV, Sundays, 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Camel Cigarettes.

Acting team included Paul Burke and Nina Wilcox (above) as Jeff and Anna; Barry (far right) as Capt. David Scott. Cast and crew enjoyed exploring mythical "Scott Island"—actually, of course, the picturesque environs of Cape Ann.
"Laugh Girl" from Ohio

What makes Dody Goodman the top comedienne of Jack Paar's Tonight? Nobody seems to know. But her humor's as real—and as offbeat—as Dody's own charming dimples

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

It was a Saturday afternoon in December and the curtain was up on a matinee performance of "Wonderful Town" at the Winter Garden on Broadway. In a second-floor dressing room backstage, Dody Goodman, a slender, red-haired girl, sat with her chin cupped in her hands listening to the music over the public address system. "Roz Russell and Edie Adams were singing, 'Why did I ever leave Ohio?'" Dody recalls, "and I was (Continued on page 65)"

Tonight, starring Jack Paar, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, between 11:15 P.M. and 1 A.M. EST, and picked up at varying times in different areas. (Consult local newspapers.)

They're both from Ohio, but that didn't make Tonight's boss, Jack Paar, any more certain that Dody Goodman was "for real."

Ballet brought Dody from Columbus to New York, where she was "discovered" as a backstage clown in such Broadway musicals as "Wonderful Town," with Edie Adams (left) and Roz Russell.

Any girl can wear a tote bag, but no one can fill it the way Dody does—or empty it with the same innocent look.
Dody finds New York friendly—or is it the other way around? She loves to talk to people.

At the Stage Delicatessen, Dody joins showgirl pals Nancy Lynch (left) and Pat Wilkes.

Mail from viewers overflows her apartment, but Dody answers as much as she can before it gets time to pack up her bag and go to work.
Rehearsal session of the choir:
Director Richard P. Condie conducts 375-voice singing group.

Organist Alexander Schreiner played Tabernacle recital at 20, joined the Choir in 1924.

Dr. Schreiner inspects some of the organ's 11,000 pipes—many carved from native Utah lumber.

Dr. Frank Asper alternates at the organ with Dr. Schreiner for the weekly broadcasts and for noonday recitals. Audiences reach 4,000 daily.

The biblical injunction to make a joyful noise unto the Lord is followed with special zeal around Salt Lake City, Utah, where the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir has continuously broadcast each Sunday for twenty-nine years. This program of religious music can claim to be the biggest radio has ever had, based on the number of regularly performing personnel. Through the years of world turbulence, it has continued to rehearse twice a week and to sing selflessly (and unpaid) to nationwide audiences on Sunday mornings over CBS Radio. This year is the twenty-fifth year of CBS network performance.

The choir, conducted by Richard P. Condie, sings Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Haydn, Buxtehude and the other great composers of choral works, with non-sectarian musical devotion. It rarely sings the "Mormon" hymns of its own denomination on the air, and participates in actual Latter-Day Saints church services only two or three times a year. Occasionally, it goes on concert tours in the United States or overseas—as it did in 1955, to the acclaim of European audiences and critics.

The people of the choir represent many occupations and stations in life. Some singers are teenagers, some are oldsters. Some—like the Hendriksens, whose story is shown on the following pages—are young parents. Oscar Hendriksen and his wife are typical of the choir members who devote many hours each week to ensure for the Sunday broadcasts the superb musical quality which has made the Tabernacle Choir world-famous.

Continued
Each Sunday, 375 men and women reverently sing their praises of the Lord. The story of a great Mormon choir, and one young couple of the many who comprise it

**CHOIR and ORGAN PROGRAM**

Tabernacle Choir all ready to sing—impressive in number, as well as in excellence of performance.

Pre-broadcast conference between Dr. Schreiner, at organ, and Richard L. Evans, who has been delivering the eloquent "Spoken Word" on program since 1930.

Rehearsals of choir are held twice weekly, one on Thursday evenings, the second at 7:30 A.M. on Sunday mornings. Choir has long waiting list for auditions.
Dr. Frank Asper alternates at the organ with Dr. Schreiner for the weekly broadcasts and for noonday recitals. Audiences reach 4,000 daily. Users who devote many hours each week to ensure for the Sunday broadcasts the superb musical quality which has made the Tabernacle Choir world-famous.
The SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR and ORGAN PROGRAM

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The people of the choir represent many occupations and stations in life. Some singers are teenagers, some are older. Some— like the Hendriksons, whose story is shown on the following pages—are young parents. Oscar Hendrikson and his wife were typical of the choir members who devote many hours each week to ensure for the Sunday broadcasts the superb musical quality which has made the Tabernacle Choir world-famous.

Each Sunday, 375 men and women reverently sing their praises of the Lord. The story of a great Mormon choir, and one young couple of the many who comprise it...
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hendriksen, devoted members of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, with infant Eric, daughter Leslie, 6, and sons Neil, 2, Michael, 5, and Donny, 3 1/2.

Daytime occupation for Oscar is a job in the meat department of Don's Foodtown, at 33rd South and 23rd East streets, in Salt Lake City. Oscar works a full nine-hour day there.

Hendriksens' religion permeates all facets of their lives. Prayers before supper—which is shared, on this day, by friends Mr. and Mrs. Don Egginton and child.

Thursday evenings are regular rehearsal nights for the Hendriksens. They say goodnight to their children, who are left with capable Carol Yost, neighborly "sitter."

The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ Program is heard over CBS Radio, Sunday, from 11:30 A.M. to noon EST.
While mother and father are away, the youngsters and Carol have fun watching television for an hour. Then the little Hendriksens are bundled off to bed.

Above, the Hendriksens and other choir members enter gate outside Tabernacle, where they will join their voices with hundreds of others in religious song. At left: Picking up musical scores from the Choir's extensive library, which numbers 90,000 pieces of music.

Actual rehearsal: Here, Mrs. Hendriksen (left) works with other members of women's group.

Husband Oscar Hendriksen is with the four-part men's group. Choir sings eight-part harmony.

Music at home, too: The Hendriksens and close friends, the Eggintons, enjoy an evening of playing records.
"I feel pretty"

Jill Corey knows that "feeling pretty" depends on more than beautiful features—it starts with daily attention to cleanliness and good grooming

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Dressed in glamour for the Hit Parade (above), or in at-home costume (at right), Jill Corey's beauty theme is soap and water.

I feel pretty, sings Jill Corey on one of her top records—and this charming star of NBC-TV's Your Hit Parade can say this about herself off-the-record, too. Hers is a special, fresh-scrubbed beauty. How does Jill achieve it? She washes her face with soap and water four times a day, follows with astringent for a clean feeling. Another basic is hand lotion (she uses it on her body, too, after bathing—a tradition handed down by her grandmother). She owns a light red and a bright red lipstick, applies them with a brush. "It took me time to learn," she says, "but you get a cleaner line." For tidy brows, she shapes hers with a brush dampened with soap and water, then fills in with a soft, sharply pointed eyebrow pencil. "I use short, dashy strokes," she explains, "to avoid a hard, heavy line." She washes her hair three times a week, sprays it with a light cologne that matches her perfume and bath powder. One coat of platinum polish gives her fingernails a shine. Jill's manager says she "files" her clothes rather than just hanging them up. He isn't far wrong. Her evening dresses, TV gowns, matching shoes go into her foyer closet. Hall closet takes blouses, slacks, coats. Bedroom closet holds suits, daytime dresses, and shoes and hats in neatly-labeled boxes. Clothes are pressed and brushed, checked for missing buttons, split seams and spots afterwards. She lays her costume out the night before, gives herself at least two hours to dress for a rehearsal or interview. "When I came to New York," she confesses, "I didn't know how to buy. I kept getting bouffant dresses and skirts, lots of crinolines and petticoats and bright colors." Today she compliments her tiny (5'4") figure with short-jacket suits and one-color outfits, owns five long coats and no separate jackets—"they cut me in half." She favors classic, slim-skirted styles in subtle dark shades. "Today I have far fewer clothes, really, than I ever thought I'd need," she adds. "But I feel pretty in everything I own."
savings and investment that in recent months has made Hugh the "Rockefeller." And he doesn’t go about it haphazardly. Before he invests in any-thing, he checks the deal more carefully than Dun and Bradstreet. And a few weeks ago, a man approached Hugh at a party with a proposition to invest in a Texas oil well. High-income people are always intrigued by oil deals because of the tax advantages, and Hugh himself has taken advantage of it on a number of occasions. But this one sounded too good. "If it’s such a wonderful deal, why don’t you sell it to a Texan?" he enquired.

The man hesitated. "To tell you the truth, Mr. O’Brian, I have several inter-ested..." and then he rattled off the names of half a dozen prominent citizens of the state.

"All right," said Hugh. "I’ll let you know by Monday."

In the meantime, Hugh made a couple of long-distance calls to Texas and found out that none of the men whose names were given to him even knew of the supposed oil wells. Needless to say, it didn’t take Hugh long to make up his mind about the kind of deal this was.

Hugh has other reasons for the thrift which makes his personal budget closer to that of a junior executive than of that of a wealthy man. He has been cut off from times when he squandered money—and paid the consequences.

Hugh has always been unusually capable in business dealings. While attending Trier High in Winnetka, Illinois, he used to average fifty cents an hour working as a produce boy for the local A&P store on Saturday afternoon—and quadrupled his income on Sundays by selling all the car rot tops and other discarded greens to farmers for pigs’ food.

Later, at the Kemper Military Academy, he soon realized that cadets who couldn’t go out at night, because they had to study, got mighty hungry about ten o’clock. So he went into the sandwich business. He charged fifteen cents for a peanut-butter sandwich, twenty cents if he added jelly, and up to thirty-five for triple deckers. With other equally profitable ventures, his self-confidence in future earnings grew to the point where, one Saturday afternoon, he was spending a lot of money on Chicago’s north side and put down $375.00 on a sedan in fairly good condition.

The day after he drove it off the lot, his financial troubles began. Another boy at the Military Academy, Whitt got ganged up by his sandwich business, and started one of his own. Soon they were outbidding one another till neither made any more money.

To keep up his monthly car payments, Hugh had to get some outside jobs. But, with the little time he got off from school, he couldn’t earn enough to meet his pay-ments, so he kept borrowing on the car itself, then paying off one, then borrowing from another—again and again—till he went into the service. "I learned a lesson in those days," Hugh acknowledged.

"Never buy anything unless you know you can pay it off."

He credits a good part of his present success to living below his income. "Even at best, acting is an insecure profession. No matter how successful you are, tomorrow you may have a very small number of reasons. Moreover, if you are independent financially, you don’t have to accept just anything that comes along. You can be selective and, as a result, get better parts."

Hugh isn’t talking out of thin air. The first professional job he got in Hollywood—two days’ work on "Decision on Arrival"—grossed him a hundred dollars. After de-

ductions, he had somewhere around eighty-four left. When he came home with his paycheck on the second night, he was tempted to throw a big party to celebrate his break into motion pictures. The more he thought of it, the more he became convinced that it would be foolish, because there was no telling how much another part for a month. He was right. Five weeks went by before he got his second chance. With what he had earned during those two days, and the little reserve he had from before, he managed to get by.

The temptation to go out and celebrate was even bigger after his first major support-ing role. For "Never Fear," which stars Hugh, he was paid two hundred and fifty a week for three weeks—an enormous amount of money for Hugh in those days. Again, he deposited most of it in the bank. After a while, whether he earned much or little, a certain percentage of his earnings was always invested "in the future."

And that’s how he was able to accept Hugh long in The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp. A few months before—against the advice of almost everyone—Hugh had turned down a new U-I contract in favor of free-lancing. It was less secure, but more money. Hugh knows that if he wants to get into high gear when the Wyatt Earp offer came along. For Hugh, it was a gamble. But he could afford to accept it.

One hundred and sixty dollars a week, and his television appearances have paid him over $13,750 a year. Today, his way of life is evident in more ways than his apartment and his car. He is probably the only star who has only a part-time secretary to help him with his business correspondence and volumes of fan mail. When he goes out for dinner, he seldom eats at expensive restaurants, cares more about the quality of the food than the plush surroundings. He hardly ever entertains at home and, when he does, gets rid of his social obligations on a one-party-a-year basis to repay his friends’ invitations.

This year, Hugh called about twenty people and asked them to be at his apartment on a Friday night, prepared to spend three days. To the surprised inquiries as to what he had in mind, he mysteriously answered, "Just bring along your boxing gloves, tennis shoes, and a good appetite."

A more curious group of people never assembled north of the Sunset Strip to pilc little room in and take off for Newport Beach. The mystery cleared up when they boarded a sixty-five-foot yacht which Hugh had hired and outfitted for a long weekend. They had a marvelous time cruising, sailboarding, tennis, fishing, just shooting the breeze. The total expense for Hugh was under three hundred dollars—or less than fifteen dollars apiece.

Yet even Hugh has learned that, in some respects, it’s foolish to cut expendi-tures to a minimum. Specifically, for food and clothing, Hugh will never forget the first civilian suit he bought after he was discharged from the Marines. He had read an ad in the paper about a big discount sale where prices were not only reduced fifty percent, but an extra pair of pants, a shirt, and two ties—customer’s choice—were given to each purchaser.

Unwilling to take a chance on the best bargin, he walked into the store before he got there, Hugh left his house at six in the morning, was the first to line up at the front entrance of the department store and had to get up in the wrong mood past him and he was too much of a gentle-man to protest. An hour later he walked out with what he thought, and all his friends agreed, was a very nice-looking suit.

It wore nicely for about two weeks, when he sent it to the cleaner for the first time. It came back with all the buttons off, a half inch each, and a note from the cleaner: "The buttons were made of cheap imitation bone. Sorry they broke. There’s nothing we can do about it.

It’s S. P. The suit isn’t much better. Hugh quickly figured out what that meant. Two more cleanings and the lining fell apart. After a month, his elbows came through the sleeves. The day after, he had to drive to the truth counter. Hugh was just getting into high gear when the Wyatt Earp offer came along. For Hugh, it was a gamble. But he could afford to accept it.

Today, he pays as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a week for his television appearances. He makes no more than $150 a week. With his seventy-five-dollar monthly subsistence allowance from the Government, he worked in the school cafeteria, selling peanuts and cotton candy. For this, he got thirty dollars a month and a hot meal a day—his only one. To save up for "emergencies," he put aside every penny he didn’t need for rent or other urgent necessities, and he considered any additional meal—a day—an unnecessary luxury.

Hugh felt himself getting tired more easily all the time. He credited it solely to having much work and not enough sleep and didn’t get worried till he did poorly in two examinations. He simply couldn’t remember the answers on a subject in which he was usually flunked. He was just too tired," he explained. "Looking back, I was also very foolish. If I had gone on, I might have ruined my health—perma-nently. But, in a way, failing in those exams was a break. Suddenly, it hit me what I was doing."

He never again saved on food. It isn’t smart.

It’s a cinch Hugh will never lose his respect for "livin’ low," or Hollywood’s bewildering kind of reasoning. It’s just that certain he’ll live comfortably in the years to come, no matter what happens to his career. Can any other star, who is doing well today, say the same?
in New York, Ruth found Perry Como in the know on color TV, planned similar color production for her show.

Sitting out a segment with Jerry Lewis, above, Ruth makes time, too, for daily chat with the little ones.

Ruth Lyons can out-talk any other woman—and make her WLW listeners and viewers out-give any other audience.

RUTH LYONS, Ohio's high priestess of the airwaves, was never a suffragette. She was too young in that heyday. But pick up the feminist torch she did—the driving, vital intelligence, the fierce independence and the crusader zeal. After some twenty-five years in radio and TV, Ruth commands a following near-legendary in its loyalty. Tune in 50 50 Club, weekdays at noon—or scare up a ticket of admission and join the studio-audience—and the Lyons' phenomenon will begin to explain itself. Ruth's program, that hour-and-a-half of live music and talk, started out several years ago as the 50 Club. Fifty people bought luncheon at the station, then stayed for the show. Later, 50 more were added. At present, there are 120 people in the daily luncheon-audience group. Tickets at $1.25 are sold in advance, currently through 1961... Ruth's day starts just a few seconds before program time. As she hurries along toward camera, her staff thrust small memos at her concerning a commercial or some bit of stage business. "I'm glad I can't hear you," she waves them away cheerily. "We don't want the show to seem stagey, you know." Once on, if she happens to have been late, Ruth will tell a marvelously probable traffic story. Then, taking a good
look at that day's aggregation, she exclaims, "Good! We're having a cold cream commercial today. A lot of faces in the front row need help, bad." Denizens of the Club adore the good-natured roughing-up and the evidence is overwhelming that it gets results. Once, she quipped offhand to a fat lady in the audience, "You ought to start a reducing club." Years later, the same lady returned with her friends, announcing proudly to Ruth, "We've lost 500 pounds since you got us started." . . . Ruth gets a lot of things started. As an example of the potency of her unscripted appeals for the Children's Hospital Fund, Christmas of 1956 brought in a record $155,340.42. The money—for toys, special TV sets, games equipment and basic items like iron lungs and air-conditioning equipment—is spent year round by a joint committee appointed by the local hospitals. On an average day, unsolicited contributions total at least $56. . . . But the Ruth Lyons' charitable projects are only one facet of her broad involvement in human affairs. Crediting the so-called "average woman" with the same vigorous curiosity, Ruth says succinctly, "I don't believe her only concern is with the dust-cloth." Ruth may outtalk her audience, but it's second nature for her

Continued

At Crosley Field, Ruth roots for TV-radio team. She managed, they played, and won—over newspapermen.
to avoid anything smacking of talking-down. As wife
and mother, she finds the traditional homemaking tasks
of women of prime importance. On one show, Ruth
brought in her family laundry for an audience-partici-
pation ironing-out session, then ribitzed, “Hey, don’t
crease Herman’s collars. He’s got a sensitive neck.” . . .
But she’s also convinced women want more comment and
free discussion on political and social questions, not less.
So, regularly, the controversial items get hung out with
the rest of the laundry—the refugee question, the Fifth
Amendment, radioactive fallout, local politics, whatever
elicits a passionate pro or con. Each time, after the initial
shock, the Crosley executives who head WLW recover
quickly. They know if anyone can air a touchy topic over
the tri-city WLW coverage area, it’s Ruth Lyons. . . .
Sponsors bear this out. WLW takes in about $2,000,000
yearly in sponsor revenues, in spite of the fact that an
advertiser rarely if ever gets his nicely-scripted com-
mercial read straight. Ruth’s style is in her incomparable
delivery. Should she just happen to mention one of her
favorite perfumes (if it actually is a favorite), every
drug and department store in the Cincinnati-Dayton-
Columbus area will have a run on the product that very
afternoon. . . . Contests and campaigns are similarly hap-
hazard in scheduling. One time, a contestant called in an
answer soon after Ruth had posed the question on air.
She barked, “What’s the idea making me think up an-
other question so soon again and killing my weekend!”
. . . That response was only half in jest, for weekends do
mean a lot to Ruth Lyons. Her fans, for example, have
no chance whatever to “Lyonize” Ruth, because she
socializes so rarely. “I love my family and my work,” she
insists, “in that order.” . . . Ruth got her first job after
graduating from the University of Cincinnati. As a staff
organist and pianist for Station WKRC, she was asked
to sub on the consumers’ show one day. Bored with her
job, with a secret hankering to be a librarian, Ruth de-
cided to have some fun. The script carefully “filed” in the
wastebasket, she took off impromptu on mike, kidding
the sponsors like mad. Surprisingly, the program director
didn’t even think of firing her. He liked her style. . . .
Soon, Ruth had her own show. She rose quickly to the
upper echelons and, in 1942, went over to WLW with
thirteen sponsors. . . . During the earlier years of her
success, Ruth had resigned herself to a life of single
blessedness, figuring no man existed who wouldn’t hate
her professional and financial eminence. But in Herman
Newman, a University of Cincinnati English instructor,
she found someone as indifferent to money and its niceties
as she was toward her sponsors. They married, modern-
ized a big Colonial home in the Mt. Airy section of Cin-
cinnati and soon added a daughter to the family. Occa-
sionally Herman and Candy, now 13, will appear on one
of the special holiday shows, but otherwise Ruth guards
her family’s privacy vigilantly. She allows no publicity
about her home life, no pictures—nothing of a nature to
satisfy the curiosity of her fans. Probably as a result of
this, one Hallowe’en over a hundred parents drove up
Ruth’s street with their kids, presumably to trick-or-
treat the neighborhood. But they all stopped at Ruth’s
house. Mrs. Newman had no choice but to queue them
up at the side door and show them through, from kitchen
to living room. Ruth Lyons’ comment next day: “Oh yes!
A few of the old girls came out to see me last night.”
Laugh Girl" From Ohio

(Continued from page 54)
growing more nostalgic by the moment!
We knew we were getting Christmas week
of, and I couldn't wait to get home." As
the show's stars continued to berate them-
svselves for ever having left Columbus,
memories of her childhood there flashed
before Dody's eyes like the daily rushes in
a Hollywood projection room. She saw
the playhouse in the back yard of the
house on Summit Street where she played
mama to a host of dolls, the sandbox where
she and brother Dexter used to dig the
watery lemonade they made and sold for
two cents a dirty glass.

"First thing I know, those memories
had me smiling," Dody says. "I never
could stay moody very long. Usually,
I spent the time between numbers clowning
around in the dressing room. I'd satirize
songs and recite the old poems like 'Yukon Jake' and the girls would
laugh fit to kill themselves. None of us
ever dreamt then that, three-and-a-half
years later, I'd be a full-fledged co-
medienne doing the Tonight show three
times a week on TV."

Tonight's star, Jack Paar, says, "The
minute Dody walked into the office she
made me laugh. I couldn't believe her!
I thought she was painted there. I asked
her if she was putting on for me and,
when she confessed, 'A little,' I said, 'Hire
her!'"

Dody joined the cast of Tonight on
July 21, and with a week, she had created
such a stir of interest that NBC promptly
signed her to a five-year contract. With
that as her inspiration, she has quietly set
about winning herself a host of fans from
cost to coast. The volume of mail con-
tinues to amaze and delight her, though
many a fan berates her for not singing
more often on Tonight. (They'll be happy
to hear she has a whole new album, just
released by Coral Records.)

Trying to define Dody's charms as a
comedian isn't easy. There are those
who feel her specialty on Tonight is mak-
ing spontaneous and amusing remarks,
which seems to tie in with Dody's own
opinion that her chief function on the
show is "just to be back next week." But
to leave it at that would be misleading.
Perhaps one of the young comedienne's greatest assets is her unpric-
dictability.

She refers to her own humor as "vague
and scatterbrained," and confesses she
comes by it honestly. "Mama is a com-
bination of Mary Boland, Billie Burke and
Marion Lorne, although she vigorously de-
nies it. Not long ago she saw an old
Jack Paar movie on TV and got the mis-
taken idea that the Tonight show had
finally come to Columbus. That Sunday,
when I made my phone call, she scolded me with, 'I watched it right
through to the end and you never came
on at all.'"

Dody's lack of dependency on prepared
material (a goodly share of it ends up
at the bottom of her famous tote bag)
is well known. "Audiences seem to sense
spontaneous things and react better to
them. Jack is just that kind of libber. He has a very quick mind. His
charm lies in the fact that he's just him-
self. He's really a very kind, sensitive
person, inclined to worry a lot. I don't
believe in worrying myself."

But Dody admits she did do her share
of worrying, the first couple of weeks on
Tonight. It disturbed her that people
were asking "Is Dody real?" and that
"If I weren't real, I says Dody, "why
would anyone want to be like this? I
thought maybe I was coming across as phony—like someone putting on an act—but then friends assured me I was coming over exactly as I am.

Exactly as she is, is the way people want her to be. She is completely, really, completely honest. That Dody holds a deep spot in the affections of viewers is evidenced by the recognition she finds wherever she appears. "When I walk down the street everybody talks to me," she says delightedly. "Women, teenagers, ticket-takers, cab drivers. They say, ‘Hi, Dody!’ They smile. They’re nice. It’s nice to have them like that.

People have liked and been amused by Dolores Goodman since she made her first appearance “from outer space,” October 28, 1929, at the Vic. Of the family of three children born to Rachel and Dexter Yates Goodman, rumor has it that she so amused the stork during delivery he had to switch to automatic pilot to bring in the new arrival. Her mother, her early age and her mother enrolled her in the Jorg Fastig Ballet School when she was eight. “Mama had studied dancing as a child,” says Dody, “so she understood and encouraged me. Papa just thought it was a lot of impractical nonsense.

“He has a wonderful sense of humor, though. My brother and I used to fight a lot when we were young, but I always got the better of me and I’d run screaming to my father. One time I shouted, ‘Papa, you’ve just got to speak to Dexter. You’ve just got to speak to him, Papa!’ As my brother was on the phone, I had looked up from his paper and said calmly, ‘He-lo, Dexter.’ His delivery was so great it even broke me up. I probably got my sense of humor from him.

Describing herself as a ‘sort of offbeat child—a non-conformist, not adhering to any particular pattern,’ Dody confides that she has had a way of provoking laughter. “Always,” she says, “I like to like to give humorous versions of plays or movies she’d seen. Friends were always saying, ‘If you could just do that on stage, it would be wonderful.’ But, as Dody points out, ‘The trouble is, I didn’t always understand why something I said got a laugh. I’m not even sure I do now. Like sometimes on To-Sit, I’ll say something I think is very profound and the audience howls. It probably comes out all mixed up.”

By the time she entered North High School, Dody was a serious ballet student. In the fall of 1942, the ballets her teacher presented at such places as the Hartman Theater, during summer vacations, Dody went to New York to attend the Ailey School of Ballet. With her long hair parted in the center and drawn straight back in ballerina style, she presented a completely opposite picture to the curvy short-haired comedienne that is the image we think of in her. The transformation from ballet to comedy was a slow, arduous and sometimes heartbreaking process. “It took me years to get used to myself,” Dody says. “I started out by trying to give up the ballet comedy with dancing, but that wasn’t the answer. I have a funny voice and I needed to use it.”

So Dody attempted a comedy act of her own was as a teenager during the war when she entertained at a servicemen’s canteen in downtown Columbus. My act was made up of a whole bunch of stuff I’d put together myself. I had this whole mess of props—funny hats, feather fan, a suit of long underwear. Those poor boys! I can’t even remember if they laughed.

In a bit of coincidence that Dody left town shortly afterwards. Subsidized by a generous father, she and a girl friend headed for New York and back to ballet. She started out in one of the corps of the school. She studied at the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School and with Madame Alexander Fedorova, who had been a distinguished ballerina during the czarist regime in Russia.

It wasn’t long before Dody landed her first job as a dancer in the road company of “High Button Shoes.” While in Chicago, with that excitement overwhelmed dramatic classes at Northwestern University. Other hit shows followed in rapid succession and Dody, who also danced intermittently in the corps at Radio City, was named by the two Broadway productions of “Miss Liberty,” “Call Me Madam,” “My Darlin’ Aida,” and “Wonderful Town.”

Director Gene Abbott, of the latter show, knew Dody from “Miss Liberty,” in which the ballet girls had a few lines of dialogue, and he let her double in the role of Violette, the shady lady. He even added a line for her. This new line was: “It wasn’t a terribly big part, but it was a good one.”

“Wonderful Town” closed its Broadway run in early summer of 1954 and Dody’s name was a household word in both New York and Los Angeles. Soon after, Dody was offered a chance to show how much she could do. She landed a part in a film, and from that point on she had a lot of offers of all sorts. She made her first hit on television with “Americanarama.”

But, as Dody says, “I’ve never been a fan of the medium.”

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joined it in Dallas, Texas, where Imogene Coca had taken over the Rosalind Russell role. It was here Imogene first heard Dody. She has old pal “Young Champagne” and “You’re a Doll.” In one of her talents as a comedienne, Imogene was convinced Dody would be a hit in one of the New York niteries.

“When we took New York in the fall,” Dody relates, “Imogene gave a party and Julius Monk, who booked Le Rubin Bleu, was there. Besides the old ones, I did a comedy interpretation of ‘Glad Rag Doll,’ with or piano, and satirized ‘Laughing Song’ from ‘Rosalind.’ Julius was painfully frank. He said the poems were too long to hold a night-club audience. He thought to cut to something funny, and the material needed polish. He advised me to work hard, get some more ideas and audition for him again. That’s when I really stopped everything, except a few auditions. I spent half my time looking for, and I was always sliding behind the scenes in the dressing rooms of the2007.5

When writer Mike Stewart advised Dody that Ben Bagley, the producer of an off-Broadway show “Shoestring Revue” (1955), was looking for a comedienne, she insisted she wasn’t ready. “I was never ready,” Dody admits frankly. “But Mike arranged an audition, anyway, and I was hired.” She sang “Somebody’s Been Lending” out one of the show’s highlights, and did an impersonation of Marilyn Monroe. A six-week engagement at the Village Vanguard Room. It was then that Dody finally got the chance to sing in a single club. I’d say it was semi-successful.”

Exactly eighteen months after she had been “spurned” by Julius Monk, Dody went to work for him in his Downstairs Room. In November, 1956, she opened in another “Shoestring Revue.” This was followed by three appearances on the Ray Scott radio show in Florida for “New Faces.” “By the time that closed, it was July and I flew out to Columbus for a visit with my folks. It was there I got the call to return to New York. So that was the first time I ever backed back. I came to my home-away-from-home.”

Dody’s reference is to her charming one-half room apartment in the West Fifties. The furnishings are Victorian and early American. There are oval hooked rugs to complement the floor, while the gray walls feature framed Vic- torian photographs and marbled pictures. A little arrow-shaped table sits comfortably before the large sofa-bed. There is a TV set to “catch the important shows,” and a Boston rocker for relaxing. The low bookcases, the windows, and mahogany doors are locked, and a mahogany table placed between the louvre-shuttered windows holds fan mail in unsteady piles. The overall color scheme is stacked on the floor. “I don’t know what to do with it,” Dody says bewilderedly. “My closets are jammed and I can’t bear to throw it away. It’s so good of people to give it to me, but then I like it. And when I get going real good on the mail, it’s time to leave for the show.”

Check-time in for Dody at the Hudson Theater in New York. Even though it doesn’t go on the air in New York until 11:15. “They like to have me there to discuss bits of business,” she explains, “and of course I have to make up. They have to get to their engagements, and I have to cut the first couple of months. Fans who saw me in person would tell me I looked older on camera than off. Poor Jack felt he had to keep explaining how young I am!”

Dody’s answer to any request to come, Dody’s fans are in for a treat. A slim, five feet, six inches tall, tipping the scales at 118 pounds, with soft brown eyes, a fair complexion, and a feathered hair, she will come into her own at last.

There is no special man in her life at the moment and she has grown weary of well-meaning friends who insist she ought to marry. “They’re all afraid I’m going to get married and that, when you’re concentrating on a career, you haven’t got time to really get to know a man even if you’re married to him.

Dody tries to sleep until 11:30 A.M., then she makes important phone calls, rehearses new material, gives interviews and answers mail. She may run to a new theater, she may stay home. “The only time I do is crazy about cooking, so, when I do have someone in for dinner, I either get barbecued chickens at the rotisserie or I fix something that you can just push in and sit down to. I don’t think you should guess at the domestic type.” She is thoughtful a moment. “Even if I did want to get married right now, I just don’t have the closet space.”
Tab Hunter: Triple-Talent Man

(Continued from page 36)

when they first told me, I was very annoyed, because for some reason I had you pegged as just another Hollywood pretty boy. It just goes to show how wrong anyone can be!

I was absolutely thrilled with your performance and I have never seen anyone apply himself so diligently, or have such complete understanding of what he was trying to achieve. Many people whom I respect a great deal have told me they thought you were the best thing in the show, Tab, and I agree with them. You were. Everything you did was honest and true, it was terribly professional in every respect. You are an actor who shouldn’t be afraid to step on the stage with anyone, and your talent is tremendous—always remember that. I hope I have the pleasure of working with you again very soon. Once again, thank you very much.

"That letter," Tab confesses, "brought me out of the fog and proved to be a turning point in my career. I was at the crossroads personally, emotionally and spiritually. In fact, name it and it applied to me! At that period of deep despair, a significant word of encouragement could have sent me splattering in all directions. John Frankenheimer will never know how much his letter helped me. I really should keep copies around everywhere to boost myself whenever there is need—like always!"

Fifteen fruitful months have elapsed since Tab received this deserving tribute and, despite his self-deprecating exterior (it’s a way to prevent people from believing he’s taking himself too seriously), he’s going places and accomplishing things that amaze even his severest critic.

Today, no one can question his popular position, and the benefits derived therefrom are both handsome and heartwarming.

In his current "Lafayette Escadrille" for Warner Bros., Tab’s newly acquired poise and aplomb are evidenced by a memorable performance. He admits that self-consciousness still sneaks up on him on rare occasions, but now he can laugh about it and take it in stride.

"When Dinah Shore kicked off her current hour-long Sunday show for NBC-TV," Tab tells you, "she asked me to sing and dance with such perennial performers as Danny Thomas and Nanette Fabray. Then Dinah—which sure rhymes with ‘fina!’—also wanted me to do a duet with her and sing harmony. Harmony! I’d only sung in front of a live audience twice before, and what I knew about harmony—you could put in your tin ear!

"When I explained that I sing flat when I get nervous, Dinah told me to nudge her and she’d signal the band to blast. Seriously, she was just wonderful to me in every way, and one bit of advice was so helpful I’ll never forget it. The advice? "If you’re going to make a mistake," said the sweet singer of songs, "be sure and make it a big one! The little ones are always much more obvious."

Tab’s triumph on the Dinah Shore show was a doubleheader. It marked his release from a disheartening suspension imposed by Warner Bros., when he refused to appear in "Darby’s Rangers."

Tab considered the script was a step in the wrong direction and, having the courage of his convictions, he remained adamant.

"Going off salary and remaining inactive ten months was a tough decision to make," says Tab. "A performer must perform, or he gets rusty. But, after 'Lafayette Escadrille,' I wanted to follow it with something just as good—or better. Of course, I could see the studio’s side. If a better script had been available, I know they would have given it to me. As it was, I knew the time had come for me to fight for better roles in bigger pictures."

"My suspension automatically cancelled making records, because the studio controls my recording rights. I had already made my first LP album for Dot label—it couldn’t be released now, and this darned near killed me. After 'Young Love,' which sold close to two million, it would have been a great break to follow up with another smash hit. Sometimes, when things like this happen, you ask yourself—why? Well, there is a reason. You have to know where you’re going, and I didn’t know—before this experience."

Proving that nothing is ever lost, during that inactive period Tab composed a song, in collaboration with Gwen Davis, which he sang on the Dinah Shore show. Warners was so impressed that the theme for "Lafayette Escadrille" was written into a song called "Learning to Love." Backed on the Dot label by Tab’s own number, "Don’t Let It Get Around," this new Hunter disc is now selling like those proverbial hotcakes.

Late in 1957, his studio loaned him to Columbia for "Gunman’s Walk" and that studio was so stirred by Tab’s top touring, they tried to buy up half his contract. Adding still another feather to his
illustrious cap was his assignment, early in 1958, to the Hallmark Hall Of Fame special, “Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates.” Fortunately for Tab, he’s as solid a sender on ice (or horseback) as he is on terra firma. Tab can not only sing and dance, but match figure-eights with Dick Button and Barbara Ann Scott—proving it’s possible for a triple-talent star to look like a champion among Olympic champions.

“Everything is working out so well,” Tab enthuses, “I can hardly wait to get up in the morning. You see, there is so much to make up for! When I look back on my beginning in 1950,” he says ruefully, “I realize everything in my career has been a ‘first,’ and this is doing it the hard way. I was supposed to be a professional when I played my first leading role in my first picture, ‘Island of Desire.’ I was supposed to be a professional when I sang my first solo to millions of viewers on the Perry Como show.

“In other words, I was the most inexperienced professional in the business! I started out with a bang—and slowed down to a snail’s pace. What else, when you’re forced to develop overnight know-how? When the publicity exceeds the product, and you haven’t had the experience to back it up? In the meantime, everyone looks at you and thinks how lucky you are. And you are—except you should be prepared to carry the ball. When you aren’t, people say it’s your fault, and suddenly it all becomes pretty frightening.

“Where do you start to try and find yourself? How do you overcome shyness and insecurity and develop self-confidence? If only there were some precious pill or magic formula! I remember going to an executive who was in a position to give me the advice I needed so badly. People can be so unfeeling, but maybe it was fortunate that I made a bad choice. This man reminded me that I was making easy money and should be very grateful. Grateful I was and am. But ‘easy money’? There’s no such thing, if you hope to survive in a highly competitive profession.

“From that moment on, I knew what I must do. I knew it was up to me if I wanted to be around long after other fast-starters dropped out along the way. I began, I believe, by learning the toughest thing for an actor to learn—patience. This real gift of the gods never stopped serving me while I struggled to develop faith in myself and turn it into something constructive.

“Experience is, of course, the greatest teacher of all, and there is no substitute. No one knows better than I that some of my pictures and performances were stinkers. And, when you’re criticized and ridiculed, it hurts. I even got to the point where it was painful to hear those jokes about my name.” (Tab’s real name is Art Gelien, pronounced Go-lee-en.) “Even when you can honestly tell yourself you did your best, it still hurts and you hang on and pray and keep trying to improve.”

Unlike many actors in his same spot, instead of spending money in night clubs, Tab Hunter invested in his career. Whenever he had a spare dollar, he studied dance, voice, perfect body coordination and he took speech and dramatic lessons from a private coach. Personal-appearance tours helped him to overcome his fear of facing an audience. Like those two performances at the Chicago Opera House, where he appeared before 4700 people for disc jockey Howard Miller, the man
who brought him to the attention of Randy Wood, president of Dot Records. "I just made up my mind that I had to do it," Tab recalls. "So I got a little nervous at first. There are always a few hecklers and you can't help thinking people are sitting out there saying, 'So show us what you can do!' So you tell yourself that you're not going to disappoint them—and then you knock your brains out! Of course, the first show for teenagers was the easiest. My fans, God bless them, are so loyal I could have made it with moon talk. But the second show was more adult and I had to change my approach. It was a great experience.

Unless there's a last-minute concession, it's doubtful if his studio will ever allow Tab's Dot album to be released. Like we said earlier in this story, when they rendered their original decision to punish Tab, he was so distraught he popped off and said many things he now regrets. Losing his temper (and it's a gasser), Tab discovered, doesn't prove a thing.

"I had to learn a lesson and make concessions," Tab says sheepishly. "There's a right and wrong way of doing things and personal antagonism is an indulgence, and a stupid one. The whole truth is, I'm probably very lucky that the album wasn't released. A year has passed since I made it and, during this time, I have been studying hard with Dean Campbell, a wonderful voice coach. He's taught me breath control and how to sustain notes. As a result, I now come close to having a three-octave range. You know, it's customary for the artist to pay for arrangements, musicians and background singers during a recording session. So I'm out several thousand dollars, but I still think I gained more than I lost. Having been through the Hollywood mill, who is better qualified to point out pitfalls for newcomers than Tab Hunter? By his own admittance, he's received his best breaks through "freak" circumstances. He was discovered for pictures because they couldn't find the proper person with the physical requisites who could act, too. They compromised with Tab. He is the first one to tell you it was his name, not his voice, that paved his way into the recording world. No one or nothing, however, but Tab himself could have made it possible to survive.

"I have never met a top-flight performer," Tab says, "who isn't not only still learning, but still asking himself—have I got what it takes? This, when they're fabulously famous, makes me realize I've only scratched the surface and I must take advantage of the examples set before me. Bill Holden, whom I admire very much, said something to me that has made a deep impression. He said that sometimes you reach a plateau in life which can best be called self-assurance. So you develop a tendency to relax and indulge in yourself. This can be fatal, if you start to coast. An actor can never coast. If he does, that's when he stops learning and starts kidding himself.

"No story on Tab Hunter would be complete without a reference to faith and the great part it has played in helping him find his way along the rocky road to success. Tab attends an inconspicuous little church in West Hollywood. Sometimes on his lunch hour, he slips in for a quiet moment of meditation and it sets him up for the day. But, because religion is such a sacred subject to him, he prefers to skip any lengthy discussion. "I've heard too many people exploit their innermost feelings," he sums it up, "but they fail to live up to the things they suppose I believe in. I've heard them say, for example, 'God is my guiding light.' Whether they know it or not—he is!"

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Happily Married—Heart-warming pictures and text about Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont • Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty • Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell • Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis • Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer • Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean • Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron • Guy Madison and Sheila Connolly • Doris Day and Marty Melcher • Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger • Charlton Heston and Lydia Clarke.

Rising Stars—Pictures as well as a thumbnail description of 33 newcomers to the screen. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers. Joanne Woodward • Betsy Drake • Sylva Koscina • Pat Hingle • John Bryne • John Barrymore • Katy Jurado • Dean Stockwell • Jeff Hunter • Shirley MacLaine • Hugh O'Brian • Susan Strasberg • Carroll Baker • Don Murray • Maria Schell • Martha Hyer • Jack Lemmon • Vera Miles • Luana Patten • Dean Jones • Tom Tryon • Julie London • Jack Lord • Lori Nelson • Russ Tamblyn.

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(Please print)
NBC Books Stork: At press time, the crew and cast of NBC-TV's Tuesday were expecting a minimum of five infants. For April delivery, there are Dave Garroway and wife, and also Helen O'Connell and husband Tom Chamales. Plus this, the wives of stage manager Shelly Schwartz, assistant producer Palmer Shannon and director Bill Healion are that way. The only person on the show making it easy is Frank Blair, an expert in these matters. He already has eight. . . Vital statistics on William Christopher Allen, son of Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows: Cesarean birth at 10:00 A.M., Saturday, November 16, 1957. Weight, eight and a half pounds; complexion fair. Says Steve, "It seemed like a half-pound of him was his hair, but he's got my hands and long fingers." This was Jayne's first child; Steve's fourth. He has three boys by a previous marriage, so he had been rooting for a girl. "Jayne and I hadn't even thought of a boy's name. We had chosen the name of Barbara, but it didn't seem fair to the boy.

Short Stuff: BBC wants the Mike Wallace films for their audiences. . . . Art Ford, proprietor of New York's Make Believe Ballroom, has a menagerie in his home—ocelot, monkey, ant-eater, puma—and he tries to match them to his dates. Honest. . . Anna Maria Alberghetti warms up on the Chanel Show this month, January 5, but next month she gets top billing in the spec musical, "Aladdin." . . . Underworld effort being made to entice Jimmy Cagney into big TV show. . . . Funny thing about the Caesar-Coca show that premieres on January 26, ABC-TV. It's a half-hour format, and when NBC offered Sid the same deal last summer he turned it down. . . . Jackie Gleason has concocted, for Capitol, another album of lovely sounds, provocatively titled, "Jackie Gleason Presents Oooo," a kind of vocal orchestra without words. Jackie is visiting England, where they know him only as a musician. . . . If Tab Hunter can sing, and Tony Perkins and Hal March, too, so can TV's first king, Milton Berle. He has made an album for Roulette in memory of his mother and it is titled, "Songs My Mother Loved." . . . The Original Amusement Hour, which would have been twenty-four years old this month, lost its spot on NBC-TV. Emcee Ted Mack has been with the show since 1936.

Eventful This Month: One of the great ladies of the American theater makes two TV appearances this month. On January 7, Judith Anderson will be in a comedy, "Abby, Julia and the Seven Pet Cows," on ABC-TV's Telephone Time. Miss Anderson's co-star is Dorothy Stickney, and both actresses complained about being upstaged during the filming by the supporting cast. The culprits were the seven cows. Then, on January 21, Judith Anderson stars on CBS-TV's Du Pont Show Of The Month. The vehicle is a dramatization of Thornton Wilder's novel, The Bridge of San Luis Rey. Miss Anderson plays the Marquesa de Monte- mayor. . . . Chalk up a feather (ticklish one) in Polly Bergen's cap for January 25. Bob Hope will be her guest. First time they've worked together. . . . NBC-TV's Catholic Hour will present a special series of four films made in the Vatican, beginning January 5. . . . Tony Domino, who has established a record in selling twenty-five million rock 'n' roll discs, gets the most—$25,000—for a week's appearance at New York's Paramount Theater during the holiday season, then goes on with Patti Page on January 8. . . . Another sunny note on radio. January 6, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy premiere a new CBS daytime strip, from 12:05 to 12:15, Monday—Friday. This is a 52-week deal, with the sponsor laying $1,200,000 on the line.

How To Marry $$$$$: A new comedy, How To Marry A Millionaire, premieres this month on the NTA Film Network. Based on the Marilyn Monroe movie, the series stars three actresses: Lori Nelson, Merry Anders and Barbara Eden. The gals average twenty-two years, are blond, about five-three in height, and all wear glasses. Each has been successful in TV and movies and, as proof, each owns a poodle and a Thunderbird. In New York City, the gals subjected themselves to the following third-degree: Q. Do you really want to marry a millionaire? Lori: Every girl secretly hopes to marry a rich man. Barbara: Once you meet one, you change your mind. Merry: I'd settle for half a million.

Q. Do you like shy men? Merry: Shy men aren't so interesting. Barbara: I like a man who knows what he is. Lori: If he's shy, then I can't be myself. I don't like shrinking violets.

Q. Do you like eggheads? Merry: What's an egghead? Barbara: Is that a man with no hair? Lori: Intellectual types are nice, so long as you know for sure what they're talking about.

Q. Would you propose to a man? All: No.

Q. Do you accept blind dates? All: No.


Q. Would you like the trappings that go with marrying a millionaire—jewels, furs, servants, etc.? Barbara: They're lovely. Merry: I like them. Lori: I think they're wonderful, but I could get along without them.

Q. Do you date actors? Lori: I hate the majority of them. Too aggressive. Too stuck on themselves. Merry: They have too many problems. Maybe their glamour appeals to the average woman, but I've seen too many of them. Barbara: I have met a couple that I like.


Q. Do you think actresses have to be sexy to succeed? Lori: I think it's a disgusting attitude. What does sex have to do with it? The reverse is just as bad—that only a homely actress can really act. Merry: If a woman is feminine and warm, it should be enough.

Q. Does it annoy you, then, if people think of you as sexy? Merry: Oh, no. Lori: No. Barbara: To the contrary, when I first came to Hollywood, they told me to go home. "You're not pretty. You're not sexy." So now I'm very happy if people think I'm sexy.

Q. How can you tell whether a man likes you for yourself or because of your Thunderbird, your sex appeal and the fact that you're working regularly? Merry: That's easy. We've already talked that over. Once they see us without makeup, you can tell.

Lots of loot, too, for Fats Domino, who sells his records by the million.
Breakfast Club
Cinderella

(Continued from page 30)
sports car out of the parking lot before noon—while Bill and Buffalo Bill were acting as usual. This is an example. These habits go back a long way, just like the love of singing with which she seems to have been born.

From her Italian grandfather—who, though blind, was a neighbor by playing the accordion—Jeri inherited this feeling for music, while the Spanish blood that ran quick in her father’s veins gave Jeri a sense of rhythm. These genes was such that she used to select strangers in her classroom at Hollywood’s Selma Avenue School—and, after class, on a cedar-chest stage with a bedspread for a curtain. Music was also her hobby. In fact, she entered the California Conservatory (Garcia, Jr.) into service operating the office for the penny admission.

But Jeri’s early activities weren’t confined to these “back-porch productions,” as she called them. She was the most sought-after tomboy for every game. “For a while, in Hollywood, when my mother wanted me, she just made a regular circuit of the neighborhood’s trees. I was sure to be going around in one of them,” she says.

“Bill and I were the neighborhood champs at marbles, too. We had the biggest and most collection of marbles in the whole school. All won in fair competition—no hunching.” But, just as they were getting too proficient, her father decided to move to the San Fernando Valley, putting most of their games to a whole new level.

However, at eleven years of age and entering Van Nuys Junior High School, Jeri found herself suddenly becoming a lady and then a child, with new dresses, new hairdos, and—boys. Prince Charm was no longer represented by some toothless kid hitting clean-up and sporting a 400 home run, but a group of boys who began to think of boys who could dance something besides a snappy football shift. It was a new and even more interesting world.

When she entered famous Van Nuys High, two years after entering Van Nuys Junior High School, Jeri found she suddenly becoming a lady and then a child, with new dresses, new hairdos, and—boys. Prince Charm was no longer represented by some toothless kid hitting clean-up and sporting a 400 home run, but a group of boys who began to think of boys who could dance something besides a snappy football shift. It was a new and even more interesting world.

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DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?

Vital questions about life and love are answered on radio's "My True Story." For it presents real-life stories taken right from the files of "True Story" Magazine. You hear how people like your friends, your neighbors, your own family have fought with life's most difficult emotional problems—and how they have won happiness. Be sure to listen—for the next thrilling episode may answer your most important question.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY" National Broadcasting Company

He was more real than the husband in her arms. Read "Dream Lover," the unusual story in February TRUE STORY Magazine, now at all newstands.

During this period with Dr. Moore, a friend, Art Valando, who had published a song, asked Jeril to record it for him and help push it. She did, making frequent trips to plug the song with disk jockeys on the West Coast. The song, "Run, Darlin', Don't Walk," was a West Coast success and resulted in favorable publicity, a fan club originated by a Massachusetts dealer, and contact with some three hundred other disk jockeys that she still maintains today.

In a family as close as Jeril's, no one individual move was futile. Jeril was whipped, despite the success of her recordings. Then, just as she was getting ready to call a halt to career dreams, she received a phone call from a solo representative.

The representative, still promoting the recordings, had called the Breakfast Club crew in Chicago about auditioning her for the program, after he'd learned they were seeking a replacement for Betty Johnson, who was leaving the show.

It was Friday, May 3, 1957. The solo man told Jeril he was to have some recordings played by her.

Even in the retelling, Jeril barns the floor because of the excitement the scene recalls. Friday started the ball rolling with the initial call. Saturday night, they made the headphones, with brother Bill—now an intern whose fingers were more used to surgery than music—accompanying her on the organ in a neighbor's home. She taped "Singin' the Blues" and "I Love Music," and it turned out that could play only chords on the unfamiliar instrument, and Jeril admits the whole rendition was pretty shaky.

On Sunday night—afternoon, eighteen short hours after the package was wrapped, Jeril was told to prepare for a trip to Chicago for a week's appearance on the Club. She was competing with thirty other girls now, all the way from the original three hundred.

Don McNeill puts it this way: "Like everyone in this business, we were looking for a new voice and a fresh personality. When we received that homemade recording of Jeril's, we knew this was the real thing—no fillers, no echo chambers. Her voice was true. But we needed to know how she would react to a 'live' audience. If they didn't take to her—well—and McNeill shrugs his broad shoulders. But, Jeril gave Jeril her first ride in a full-sized passenger plane. This, coupled with the strangeness of a new city and the tension of doing the show, resulted in one of the strangest of occurrences. The Porterhouse Room in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, nearly overwhelmed her until she got into the swing of singing. After that week, she returned home not knowing how she managed within little more than a week, they called for a second appearance a month later.

This time, the field had been narrowed to Jeril and one other girl. By Thursday of the second week, she was so certain of not getting the job, she walked to the window of her twelfth-floor hotel room, flung it open, and announced: "People of Chicago, disregard announcement number one. She'll be singing. And, turning to her, she said, "Jeril, I think you've made it. You're our girl."

She started regularly on the show on August 5, and has lost four pounds from her regimented diet, and has gone through the process of working the five-day schedule.

A typical day starts at 5:30 A.M., with Pat Pace, roommate and longtime Valley friend, preparing a light breakfast. Jeril is in the air by 7:30, for a rehearsal by seven, and on the air from nine to ten. Then follows an hour of discussion with the arranger and more rehearsal, if necessary, on new tunes. (And don't forget the cats. Darrin, must be out of the lot at noon.)

She usually arrives back at her apartment on North Lake Shore Drive about 12:30 P.M., allowing a half hour for finding a parking space in the quaint "near North Side area." Lunch and answering fan mail take until three. Then, for two hours, she and Pat listen to tapes of the show recorded by Pat. When this worry and this question is answered at five, they might go out shopping for an hour, seeking furniture and "doodads" for their new apartment in one of the glass-and-steel buildings still under construction on the Drive. They expect to move in this spring.

Dinner usually comes at 7:30 P.M. About twice a week, it comes in the form of a "working dinner" that describes her and Pat as a "close friend." (Matrimony, she says, will have to wait until she can cook.)

Sunday entertainment for the two girls often includes a spin in the little sports car that Pat bought for his "in town" rush, or a trip to a community possession for both of them.

It's a thrilling new world for this spunky little girl who had the grit to stick by her beliefs. She's become a sort of modern-day Cinderella in a sports car as a sparrow with a pumpkin and the microphone her magic wand.

But you can bet she's having a ball, even without a full-fledged Prince Charming—yet.

"But, Mr. Heidt, she protested, "I just want to be on the talent show. I couldn't go on tour because I won't work on Friday night or Saturday because of my religion." She said it so softly that Heidt, a six-foot, had to bend down to hear her. "What's more important," came the inevitable show-business query, "your career or religion?"

"My religion," answered Jeril, in a small voice. And with her firmness went her hopes.

During this period, she was working for her uncle, Emanuel Mancuso, owner of an engineering company. Her brother was working with Dale Robertson—now star of TV's Tales Of Wells Fargo—on the uncle's baseball team in an industrial league. She dated Robertson occasionally, but not seriously.

Losing the Heidt job almost made Jeril give up a career. However, her love of music and the entertainment world caused her to accept a position closely allied with it, as secretary to Dr. Clifton Moore, coordinator of radio and television for the Los Angeles Church Federation. At times, she lent a hand on local public service shows, singing hymns.
A Lady in Luck

(Continued from page 22)

A little more than a year later, on January 23, 1956, she was walking up the aisle of Our Lady of Lourdes Church in Queens Village, Long Island, wearing an ethereal white chiffon bridal gown as lovely as any she had ever modeled. And, this time, it was very different.

That unhappy day she had sat in the restaurant alone, she thought, Men! Who can depend on them? Just then, a friend came by, said, "There is a bachelor and I have been wanting you to meet. His name is Marco Brizzolara. We think you will like him and he will like you."

Outwardly, Pat smiled and said a pleasant few words of thanks. Inwardly, she was thinking: Don't do me any favors. I have enough trouble right now. I'm through with men!

Pat was invited to a dinner at the friends' home the same night Marco was invited. "If he was impressed, he wouldn't admit it," she laughs. "He saw a handsome, six-foot-one, dark-haired, blue-eyed Italian who looked almost as Irish as I do." Pat is of Irish-Scottish-English ancestry, is five-foot-six, has light brown hair, a cute little nose and pretty mouth, and twinkly blue eyes. "I liked him, but I still liked the other man, so I wasn't too impressed, either."

A few days later, Marco telephoned. They went out on dates. But the other man was still in Pat's thoughts. She saw him again, too, but he was still wrapped up in some work he was doing and she was still resentful of what seemed like neglect of her. Three weeks later, she didn't care. She had fallen in love.

"I think Marc and I knew we were in love at about the same time," she smiles. "He proposed to me in the car, parked in front of my house on Long Island—but we became officially engaged in the car, parked in downtown Manhattan, in Maiden Lane, the famous 'street of jewelers.' I waited in the car while Marc picked up the ring he had ordered for me, and he came out and slipped it on my finger."

Four times, they set the wedding date. For her and for Marco, marriage is for keeps, and she wanted to be sure about everything. As a businessman (Marco is in the drug business), would he mind her remaining in show business and appearing on television, which was now so much part of her life? "He didn't care too much for the idea in the beginning, but is willing now."

Would he want at least six children, the number she hopes to have? "Marc loves kids and wants them as much as I do."

She worried, too, when they met their respective families in the beginning. Would Marc find it easy to meet a family that consisted not only of parents, but of eleven brothers and sisters and some in-laws? (Pat is one of the middle children, and there are seven boys and five girls.) "He mixed very easily," she beams. "He liked them and they liked him right away. I was the one who was scared about meeting his parents and his brother. That turned out to be easy, also, because they are so wonderful."

"I had only my family at the wedding, because that was a crowd! But, because Marc's family is small, we decided he could invite some friends as well as family. That way, we kept things even."

The wedding reception was held on board the S.S. Patricia, the ship that took them on a honeymoon cruise to the Caribbean. Pat's full name is Patricia Susan, so this seemed like a good omen. Her youngest sister cried because Pat was getting
"WHEN I SAW MY HUSBAND CRY"

There arose in her a feeling of extreme helplessness. She was faced with something that she could not understand—and yet MUST if happiness was to last. His crying—it was real, and it wasn’t real. To see a strong man cry—burdened by a distress that she felt she could not relieve.

The young Brizzolaras came back from their honeymoon to live in a four-room apartment in a small New Jersey town, just across the Hudson River from New York—about forty-five minutes from the theater where The Big Payoff is broadcast every weekday afternoon.

The home background of these two very modern young people—career-minded, sports-minded, civic-minded as they are—is an interesting blend of modern and Old World. The apartment is modern, but some of the furnishings date back hundreds of years and are European in origin. Some vases came from the home of Marc’s mother in Italy, furniture that had been in the family for generations. (“There is little from my family,” Pat explains, “because, with twelve children, everything got broken!”)

There are paintings from Europe, antiques from France, a number of candelabras set it apart from most dial glasses in a locked glass cabinet. A Grecian-urn lamp, set next to a modern couch. An Italian console table that opens into a dining table, and two French provincial armchairs for the host and hostess.

Pat loves to dig about in antique shops. Marc likes it, too—but reminds her of space limitations in their apartment. She came home one day with a French ceramic, a large blue and gold and red figure of Harlequin, one arm outstretched with finger beckoning amusingly. She just couldn’t resist the fellow—but, when Marc saw the purchase she had just flipped, immediately dubbed him “Useless.” Pat wanted to put Useless under the lamp in the small dinette area, but this soace was already well filled with an antique metal table and two prized cane-back chairs, so Useless stands in the living room and has become a very special “conversation piece.”

“I look for little objects that will bring charm into our home and keep it from being stereotyped,” says Pat. “I think a home should express the personalities of the people who live in it. Maybe ours expresses more of mine than Marc’s, but he seems satisfied that way. When we bought our bedroom set, Louis XVI, in spraved gold touched with gray, it was being displayed with light green bedspreads and some beautiful lamps. Marc insisted on having the whole display with the set, because he knew I felt it blended perfectly. One bedroom wall is lilac, and so is the bath, too.”

The all-white kitchen has room enough to serve six informally, and frequently they serve in the living room from a buffet, setting out card tables so guests can play croquet in their laps. Pat does the cooking, is sure Marco knows how but just won’t admit it. (“I might take advantage,” she grins.) He does help with the dishes, though—serves some非常 delicious breakfast, but their laps. Pat laughed when they first invited company and she wanted to cook more than one main dish—in case the original menu might not turn out well. She figured that, if she planned at least four main courses, one was bound to be all right! "Marco wouldn’t let me do that," says Pat. "And, to date, there have been no real casualties. The nearest I came to that was a Montana—some very fine mince meat soup and forgot all about salting it."

“I still have a little stage fright about entertaining, but it’s like any other stage fright—once you get on, you are fine. It’s only thinking about the time that scares you. And I have had two good cooks to guide me. Marco’s mother makes all the wonderful Italian dishes. Mine makes all the good old Irish dishes. At home, it was mostly stews—what else, with twelve kids?—but now there is more variety.”

Marco was an aerial navigator and photographer in the Marines, still uses his camera when he can find time. He is fond of sports, but this is an area where Pat cannot always follow him. The men won’t let her play handball with them, which is one thing she likes. Marc bowls, but she doesn’t care for that, although she could go along. He plays golf, she doesn’t. She used to ice skate every day after the show, and that’s one sport she both like and can enjoy together.

She loves the theater. Marc, tired from a more active day, is apt to nap a little. She bought him a pair of trick glasses with wide-open eyes painted on them, and asked him to wear them at the theater—"So, every time I look at you, I won’t be annoyed but want to laugh." He does wear them sometimes, to make

**ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 68**

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"I THANKED GOD FOR THIS MARRIAGE-SAVING BOOK"

was what she wrote one day. It was only what women want of men have said in different words. It is what women have thought, and felt, but never expressed. And there were other occasions, too, when the book was a lifesaver—particularly that time when she thought they could never have a child. And the time when she thought she was losing her husband to someone else.

FOR THE PRIVATE LIBRARY OF EVERY WIFE

_The Modern Book of Marriage_ by Lena Levine, MD, is a book you will read and reread—a book that you will refer to when you want to find tranquility and peace of mind—a book you will want to share with your husband.
her laugh ("or, maybe so he can really sleep without my noticing").

Pat is a swimmer, another sport they both enjoy. She appeared in water ballets when she was in her late teens, swam with Johnny Weismuller in water shows. Her first professional dancing engagement was with a water ballet.

One of the girls in her dancing class left to go in a show and Pat was telling her mother about it. "My mother was a little annoyed with something I was saying and she told me that, if I was going to act so high and mighty (which I was doing) and was so sure of myself (which I guess I was), she would repeat something she hadn't intended to mention. My brother Tommy had learned from a friend that there was an opening for a girl in a show. As long as I thought I could take care of myself so well, I might just as well apply for it. If I hadn't upset her, I don't think she would ever have told me, or let me go.

"I got instructions about where to apply and started into town. But, after I left the subway, I found I had lost the address. I was going to skip the whole thing and go home, but when I ran into the girl from dancing school and found that the opening was in the show for which she had signed. So I went along with her, was chosen, and went on tour with a water ballet for several months. When the show was over, I began a modeling career and got my first television experience. I appeared with Don Amache, Ken Murray, Milton Berle and a couple of others—followed, of course, by The Big Payoff!"

One of the occupational hazards of modeling in a top-flight TV show is being exposed constantly to beautiful clothes. "Women look at me in those lovely costumes and want them all. I look at myself and want everything I model. At least, I did in the beginning. I got to a point where I couldn't go buying, whether or not I needed anything. This often happens to models, I learned.

"Now I buy the clothes I like the best and feel most comfortable in, clothes which I would wear the way I live and the places I go. Nothing too extreme, nothing I can't wear many times. Clothes I think my husband will like as much as I do."

Viewers comment on Pat's poise, her sense of timing, her sense of rhythm, her evident enjoyment of her job on television. They have noted her flair for comedy in some of the little production numbers with which she displays the clothes. "I let the music carry me along," she says. "The Big Payoff isn't like the usual modeling job. Every day is different. Everything helps to do your best—the clothes, the contestants, the pleasant things that happen on the show—and the glamour."

How does Marco react to this glamorous, dramatic life of Pat's? "He keeps me down to earth," she smiled. "He is the most normal person I have ever known. When I am either 'way up, or 'way down, too gay or too quiet, he brings me back to solid ground.

"Marco has a wonderful sense of humor. When I get over-dramatic, I just look at him and know what he is thinking. He gets a twinkle in his eye, and I can almost hear him say, 'All right now, Pat. Come off it!' I have to laugh, too, and it's over."

Last summer, they had planned a European vacation but couldn't get away. So Pat now has a stunning white Thunderbird of her own, red-upholstered, to make up for postponing the trip. Europe, however, still lurks in their future plans. Everything else has turned out so wonderfully for Pat, better than she could possibly have planned. Work, love, home and happiness. Why not this dream vacation, too?
What Makes a Happy Marriage?

(Continued from page 41)

checkbook, bank statement, and current bills. But in more and more homes, this is being taken over by the wife. Women today have a better business sense than they ever had before. There aren’t as many of the fluff, spendthrift types as the cartoonists would have you believe. I think wives are more apt to think and plan ahead, so that there’s something left in the checking account at the end of the month.

Husbands seem to have extremely low sales resistance as a whole. They are apt to succumb to the pressures of a good salesman, instead of weighing the value of the purchase. Did you ever think about that? She’ll shop, compare values, and guarantees and end up with the best possible buy. If a girl has had training in the business place, she’ll think this through. She’s been doin’ this helps. If she hasn’t had it, she’d just jolly well better settle down and become businesslike.

I can remember, early in my marriage, not knowing what to do when you were in this stage of life. I’m sure the problem was the same, and you thought you had forgotten to tell her daughter. Buy it, and keep it in your baby’s room.

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Send me a copy of INFANT AND CHILD CARE. I enclose $1, paperbound $2.95 hardbound.

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"WE WERE SCARED OUT OF OUR WITS"

a woman wrote, as she was telling us the help she received from The Modern Book of Infant and Child Care, which three doctors who love children took the time to write.

PANIC AND A SICK CHILD AT 2:00 A.M.

The rain coming down in sheets. The icy streets. The ringing phone!—ringing and ringing! "Why doesn’t the doctor answer?" Why? Why? And the whimpering cries of pain. "Operator! Please! It’s an emergency!" The darkness seems like a crushing weight.

But for her page 70 of this life-saving book was the answer till the doctor came.

She wrote us that. As many women have written us—women for whom this book is always as close at hand as their medicine cabinet. There is no cause for panic when you know what to do. It is when you don’t know what to do that you panic. The things you should know about the infant and growing child are in this book—things which even a fond mother may have forgotten to tell her daughter. Buy it, and keep it in your baby’s room.

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a woman wrote, as she was telling us the help she received from The Modern Book of Infant and Child Care, which three doctors who love children took the time to write.

PANIC AND A SICK CHILD AT 2:00 A.M.

The rain coming down in sheets. The icy streets. The ringing phone!—ringing and ringing! "Why doesn’t the doctor answer?" Why? Why? And the whimpering cries of pain. "Operator! Please! It’s an emergency!" The darkness seems like a crushing weight.

But for her page 70 of this life-saving book was the answer till the doctor came.

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"WE WERE SCARED OUT OF OUR WITS"

a woman wrote, as she was telling us the help she received from The Modern Book of Infant and Child Care, which three doctors who love children took the time to write.
less he’s an unusually gregarious individual, all he asks of life, when he gets home at night, is a little peace and quiet. The wife, having been “cooped up” all day, is ready to go out on the town. But, if he’s as sympathetic, understanding, and adaptable as she should be, she’ll keep their gallivanting to a minimum.

And how many of these men who marry their husbands at the front door in the evening with a long list of the minor annoyances which have clutched up their otherwise uneventful days? A number of wise wives know rare as much mention minor grievances to their husbands, correctly figuring these are in the home-management department, and therefore their worry and theirs alone. Larger problems, which must be discussed, are saved until there is a chance to relax, to have a good meal, and to regain perspective on life.

Women are by nature possessive—many of them too possessive for their own happiness. There was a line of poetry I remember reading once—“No one worth possessing can be quite possessed.” That takes a bit of figuring out, but I think there’s a lot of truth in it. Women who overwhelm their loved ones with possessiveness are apt to lose them eventually. Those who love wisely recognize that loved ones are individuals, not possessions.

It’s this I’ve worked toward with Gregg and Anne. There is no question in their minds, I’m sure, of my love for them. But, even as young as they are, they are treated as individuals with a right to likes and dislikes of their own. They respond to such treatment beautifully, and I rarely have any difficulty getting them to behave within the fairly elastic limits I set. The children know these are reasonable rulings, and that no reasonable request of theirs will be refused.

I’m afraid I’ve painted much too dark a picture of marriage—made it appear much more difficult than it really didn’t mean to. It’s just that I meant to emphasize that anyone going into marriage with full knowledge of what lies ahead has a much better chance for happiness than someone expecting an eternal honeymoon.

Even though it’s true that marriage is the most demanding career a woman can choose, it’s equally true that it can be the most rewarding. There are a lot of talk going around these days about women seeking “fulfillment.” Personally, I think a woman who has a husband, children, and a home of which she can be proud is pretty well fulfilled! And if, as happens more and more often nowadays, she manages to combine her homemaking with an interesting job or community-service projects—then she has come as close to “eat-your-cake-and-have-it” as is possible in this life!
Keeping Up With Cullen

(Continued from page 29)

ahead, sometimes as much as a half-hour. 10:00 A.M. EST, and the four-hour stint Bill does on Pulse—five days a week, Monday through Friday—is finished. (His position of the Saturday-morning Pulse supplement is recorded. On Sunday, Pulse takes a day of rest.)

At 10:30 A.M. EST—and in an entirely different part of town—he has a run- ning engagement, his slot is called The Price Is Right (which he hosts five days a week, Monday through Friday, and also on Monday night) with Jim Holland, who stands in for him during rehearsals.

At 11:00 A.M. EST, he is on the air with Price.

At 11:30 A.M. EST, Price goes off the air. If Bill is coming home, he gets here as these shows have lunch together. The usually sandwiches and coffee—either on the terrace or on trays in the living room. However, he doesn’t always get home for lunch. On Thursday, after Price is over, Bill and his staff go to Mr. Moore’s (which he named after being there on the early Pulse show last September, while Bill and I were vacationing in Bermuda. And he reciprocates in Bill’s name, of course, are those long-time regulars Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, Faye Emerson—and the ubiquitous Mr. Cullen. It’s a roundabout way of saying that some of these people are busy working on other shows. Meanwhile, back home—and back to the morning hours, after my second arising at nine—I busy myself around the apartment. If I’m expecting another cocktail, as we do during this show, and if I’m feeling well, I go out and do the cooking. We have a daymaid who comes at nine and goes home at noon, three days a week. We like it that way, don’t want anybody intruding on our privacy.

Even when we move to the country—which we are going to do, as soon as we can find a house—there’ll be no “live-in” butler. If we can’t find a cook who is very experienced, we hope to have children—at least two, because Bill feels we’d spoil one—we may have to have domestic help later. On one or two days during the week, on the days Bill is on the show, I’ll give the sandwiches a big kick out of the marketing, either by phone or on foot. I also do the cooking. We have a daymaid who comes at nine and goes home at noon, three days a week. We like it that way, don’t want anybody intruding on our privacy.

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Dr. Munro’s book will be of no interest to the health “faddist,” it is written for intelligent men and women who want to reduce fatty deposits and not vital tissue.

The price of this splendid book is only $2.50. If you are overweight, you owe it to yourself to obtain a copy of this remarkable book—immediately.
anything, whether it be work or play—he really goes into it. Wines, for instance. He has a collection of books on wine. He tries a new wine, he talks to the wine steward, in every restaurant we visit. The same with bullfighting. He has a collection of books on bullfighting. And films, some of which he himself made in Tia Juana and Mexico City, some of which he bought. Because I am interested in art, he's started a fine collection of books of art for me. Now that we're about to become home-owners, he's collecting books on interior decoration, books on lighting, books on gardening. We belong to the Book of the Month Club.

We've started to collect sculptures and paintings. So far, we have three sculptures: A lucite Polar Bear, a Blue Goose carved out of esoduck wood (in progress), and The Three-Finger piece of cocobolo wood—all the beautiful work of Carroll Barnes. Bill is also a camera enthusiast, has a collection of cameras and of cameras we came back from our two-week vacation in Bermuda last September, guess how many pictures he had? Twelve hundred—most of them, I fear, of me!

As a sports enthusiast, he certainly hasn't an equal. Because he had polo as a child, which left him with a limp, Bill can't play football or baseball or tennis. But he can and does play golf, squash, fly a plane. And before a sporting assignment comes along, he takes it on! Last year, he took on all the Army games, covered them—play-by-play on radio.

Bill will make a good lawyer. With so much warmth and sympathy, and such curiosity about so many things, how helpful he'll be with the children—and what a friend he'll be to them! He's also (and this is another answer to the "How does he do it?" question) the most relaxed person in the world. Most TV freelance up, they tell me, when that little red light winks its eye at them, signaling We're on the air. They perspire. Their hands are cold. Their minds go blank. Not Bill. I've never been present during one of Bill's run-throughs for The Price Is Right, but I'm told that he sits there, lit cigarette in hand, feet up, spread-eagled all over the place, as nonchalant, as completely relaxed as if he were not just about to go on.

On Wednesday night, it is usually twenty after seven before the other members of the panel, too) dash into the studio in which, ten minutes later, I've Got A Secret goes on the air. The people there, who have no idea what they're doing, know everything. They're not people who know nothing about the contestants. There is no rehearsal, not even a run-through. Yet there they sit, as poised and as at ease as if in their own living rooms—which, I rather suspect, is where Bill does think he is!

When he is really at home, he's the same. He has no trouble sleeping, either after lunch or when we go to bed for the night—which is usually about 11:00 P.M. EST. He never takes a sleeping pill or a tranquilizer of any kind. Bill is a naturally relaxed person, never shows temperament—only temper—hasn't got any "pet hates" (except the kind people to throw things that smoulder into ash trays). He hasn't any fears (except of insects—he runs from a bee faster than I do).

However, there is another reason—in addition to being born "excitable"—that keeps him the way he is. Busy as he is, Bill is not in the rating rat-race. His programs go on and on, but he is strictly not one of the so-called "top ten." Bill doesn't want to be. He doesn't want to be that big. He likes his work just the way it is. He likes his life just the way it is. And I like him just the way he is.
Those Block-Busting Boone Brothers

(Continued from page 33)

Now Nick Todd—if you approach a first meeting with him expecting the usual brotherly similarities, it’s quite a surprise. In the first place, he is more than six feet tall, at least an inch or so taller than Pat. But, even more than the extra height, what strikes you always, of course, is his polish. He is much more sophisticated than his older brother. His clothes are the first tip-off to this difference. Pat strikes the casual note, all the way down to what is probably the most famous pair of pants on famous faces in America. Nick is a sharper, more formal dresser. His shirt is not open at the collar. There is, as often as not, a handsome dark tie, secured by a tie-pin. He wears suits and jackets (dark), and non-campus-type shoes.

These sortal discrepancies clearly show that the boys are two distinct personalities, no two brothers being the same half-shy smile, the same easy-going Southern intonation (not quite a drawl) . . .

A friend, who also works closely with both men, expects to take the same opinion: "Outwardly, Nick seems to be more worldly, more at ease in social situations. A smile doesn’t hop to his lips as easily as it does with Pat . . . he’s serious. So is Pat, but Nick looks as if he could yawn at any time. We’ll tell you what’s on his mind in a flash, where Pat is more—well—more reserved.”

He wasn’t always so reserved, however. In spite of calm personalities, the brothers once, actually, got into trouble. And, mildly enough, the bone of contention was—clothes. Pat was in the habit of doing a warm-up run at the school track early in the morning. Well, in an in-intentional or otherwise—he wore a pair of Nick’s pajama bottoms while trotting around the gravel. The next day, in retaliation, Nick deliberately wore one of Pat’s pajama pants. This playboy could have been heard in Memphis! It was the only time the Boone brothers ever fought with their hands. Never before and never since.

Close as they are, the boys have never been quite as close as they were one day during the war. Pat was ten years old and Nick was five, and they stood nervously at the audience line of the Grand Ole Opry Theater in Nashville. The occasion was the weekly amateur show sponsored by the local dance studio: It was called the ‘Happiness Club,’ and the competition was for a small prize . . . because the first prize was a prize—Java Split . . . and everybody got an ice cream cone—win, lose or draw.

The war was on and, all over the world, soldiers were singing a song called “Sentimental Money.” In both Booths, the Grand Ole Opry, and traveling home. So, naturally, this was the song the boy and Nick chose for their duet . . . their first and last dual singing engagement.

It would be equally sentimental to report that talent scouts in the audience grabbed Pat and zoomed him instantly to success. But it wouldn’t be true. The boys got their ice cream and went home. But in a deeper sense, Pat was launched. Although Mama Boone frowned on the idea of a permanent show-business career for his sons (“She was afraid it was too unsanitary a life,” he confided), Pat to sing for his supper at ladies’ clubs. (“I had a healthy appetite,” Pat says, “and around Nashville at that time, if you wanted to sing for a meal, you could stay real busy.”)

And so, while brother Nick busied himself with more ordinary youthful pursuits, Pat went on to emcee a high-school talent show on radio. After high school, in 1953, the long arm of New York radio reached out and Pat sang on the Ted Mack Original Amateur Hour.

He was a victory twice and this decided him, in spite of earlier hesitations. He was through with being an amateur. He wanted fame. He heard the whisper that he could be the next Frank Sinatra—or, possibly, the next Tony Bennett. He’d met Shirley Foley, daughter of Red Foley, the great country-music star, and he’d fallen in love almost immediately. Being very young, they decided to elope. Pat was 17, Shirley 15. They were unhappily married, but the less tragic results. Their parents’ blessing was forthcoming the next day . . . and Pat, at the age of nineteen, was a professional singer, a husband . . . and a student at North Texas State College in Denton.

The rest, as they say in the movies, is history. For Pat, that is, Nick’s history, in the main, has still to be lived. It was while Pat was off reaping the fruits of his first big success—personal-appearance tours, and then Hollywood—that the thunderbolt struck his kid brother. It came in the form of a telephone call from the man who manufacture thunderbolts: Hollywood.

It was Randy Wood, the president of Dot Records, the company which (along with Pat) was launched to national prominence. Did Nick want to make some tapes for him and send them to Hollywood? “Well . . . sure, Mr. Wood . . . but . . .”

No guts! The tapes were made and duly shipped. And then . . . silence. Being a sensible young man, Nick attended to his school work, sang a little around town, and thought about things. But upon his graduation, Randy Wood called again.

“This time,” as Nick puts it, “he was ready to talk turkey.”

And as Nick tells it, this first period of his new-found life was like a new world before him, exciting, a little unnerving at first . . . and really quite unexpected. In spite of cutting the tapes and doing the best he could on them, in spite of his love for singing, he never expected anything like a major recording contract . . . not so soon, anyway.

To Wood’s amazement, Nick was hesitating. Nick was not only two years younger than his brother, but his voice voltage was not quite high enough for the majors. “Boy, I don’t think we’re going to make it,” Nick said. “I don’t think we’re going to make it.”

But Wood had a dream. Nick, with his fiery spirit and talent, was quite a student with an English major, and heavy emphasis on drama.

Does this mean a big dash for the stage or Hollywood? Is he the next in his swift and sudden rise? Nick has no idea. Again, like Pat, his ambitions don’t seem to be the conventional show-business drives. Instead of interspersing his conversation with monologues of song-and-dance, Nick would have Frank Sinatra (whom he admires greatly). Nick is more likely to say: “Boy, that Frank Lloyd Wright is a great architect and a good man.”

Lest this seem from way out of left field, bear in mind the fact that both Nick and Pat have a natural gift for drawing. Both brothers, being level-headed guys, have tucked away in the back of their hearts, a profession each would follow in the unlikely event of his singing career fizzling out. Pat nurtures a secret dream
of someday being a teacher, and Nick occasionally diversifies his thoughts of architecture. In a world of rough-and-tumble, what-makes-Sammy-run, show-business people fighting to get ahead, these wholesome attitudes, Pat, when they were relating afterward, sweating out the fatigue in the comfortable steam room, Pat looked up, sighed deeply and said: "There are no problems in here."

From this vantage point, Nick Todd seems to be pretty much a chip off the same block. Along with all his collegiate ambitions and sports enthusiasms (even the people have run a hundred-yard dash the other day), there seems to be a very genuine normal desire for the fame that goes with singing stardom.

Recently, Nick was having a dinner with Pat, Shirley and their three little girls. The radio was playing and a recording of Nick's came on the air. It was "Plaything," one of his first. Suddenly, little Cherry burst out smiling up and down, crying out, "Mummy, listen, Mummy ... Nick Todd, Nick Todd."

Nick still blushes with quiet pleasure when he speaks of that first failure. He's not even sure if little Cherry is fully aware that Nick Todd is really her uncle Nick Boone. That isn't important. She's a fan. And, little or big, that's always a thrill.

Nick gets the greatest pleasure from the youth, Pat and Nick are finding and facing new lives in the big city now. And, just to prove they're still country boys at heart, New York still seems enormous to them. And, even up in that second heaven where Nick took one turn-off and was twenty minutes late for the services. Another time, there was Pat—who's been away from the farm much longer than Nick—out to the west to pick up his mother at the airport ... and, if New Yorkers had noticed, they would have seen one of the world's most famous young singers, Pat Boone, by the looks of it. But, Nick still feels he's a country boy.

With his fourth child on the way, his TV show well established, and a new smash picture, "April Love," already in the theaters, Pat gives the appearance of being pretty well settled. But what of his younger brother Nick? The answer is: Nick's in no hurry to get settled just now. His career may take him anywhere, and so has his chance. When Marrian Me-Knight occupies his thoughts, and also his dates, when they can get together. But, even here, Nick seems to be playing it cool.

Not long ago, the country had a big chance to see Nick and Pat together when Pat invited his kid brother to be a guest star on his TV show. This was, many people feel, the acid test. After all, the biggest problem about being the brother of a star is that the shadow of the latecomer will obscure him entirely.

But that performance, plus Nick's records and personal appearances, have established once and for all that the two boys who were "Big Four" on the stage of the Belle Meade Theater in Nashville, Tennessee, are still the same: Two individuals, each standing on his own toes.

The listening and viewing audience of America can be doubly grateful. Deep in the American grain is the tradition of rooting for the "kid brother" to make it. And Nick Todd is one kid brother who is doing just that!

MORE ABOUT MUSIC—IN MARCH

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That Daring Young Man (Continued from page 43)

marrying and becoming the head of your own family. It's like, it's like. A bachelor can imagine what it's like, it's like. I don't really know, and I want to know.

Parachuting from a plane is not the first life's dares twenty-one-year-old Dave has met. Fans of gadgetry were the next to go, mainly to prove the ability of the Little Giant, a midget, to parachute. While they were at the airport they decided to catch the flight for Chicago.

But behind the pseudonym lies an amusing bit of family history. Twenty years ago, when Ozzie's band was touring the country and Dave was only a babe in Harriet's arms, the monicker was much in use by the musicians for being able to do things better than the others. It was then that Dave decided to try it out and see if it could be done. The result was a success. 

So it's a sport he reluctantly gave up this summer. Shortly after winning a part in "Peyton Place," one of 20th Century's major productions for the year, Dave was entered in a race. On the last lap, a car suddenly shot by, lost control and plowed up into the fence. The driver was lucky—he got off with a few cuts and bruises.

"But it set me to thinking," Dave recalls. "What if I got myself all bunched up? It felt I would be unfair to everyone connected with the film if I took any more chances. I decided to get the part. Jerry Wald, the producer, took a chance on me because his son was a fan of our television show. I wouldn't do anything to let him down. So—I decided to play it safe and give up racing."

There's a lengthy pause, after which he grins self-consciously and adds, "And I bought the motorcycle instead."

It was time to look reflect.

"You bought what?" groaned Ozzie, when he first heard it. "What do you mean, you gave up racing and bought a motorcycle?"

"No, Rick," said Dave. He was distinctly surprised by the question.

"What I mean," said Dave in defense, "is that we go into the hills to compete, not on the freeways and streets. We don't cut in and out of traffic and we don't terrorize people by acting rough. In fact, we don't even carry lights, because we have a rule against night riding."

"If that's what you don't do," said Rick, "why have a cycle at all?"

"Because there's too much things we can do. For one thing, we can take afternoon trips through the hills and get to places a car can't reach. That's wrong with most of your cycle riding."

"Nothing," Ozzie finally allowed. "But why didn't you take it over with us first? Why all the secrecy?"

"I guess it was pretty sneaky. I'm sorry," Dave told Harriet. "I don't think you'd approve, and I didn't want to get into a long hassle over it, especially since I'd already thought out all the pros and cons and made up my mind."

Perhaps the biggest dare Dave has had to face, so far, was brought about by a combination of events. First came the job in "Peyton Place." Then, as July approached, Ozzie and Harriet were about to set off for their summer home at Laguna Beach. Ordinarily, Dave welcomed the family's annual vacation of outside activities like fishing and water-skiing. But now he had to envisage two trips a day over the hot, traffic-filled road between Laguna and the studios.

Finally, as he has been frank to admit, he was wearied by his pressure to re-discover the world beyond the boundaries of family and home. He and Jim Pauley went into conference. A "Three Stooges" of sorts of companionship existed among Dave, Jim (the TV stand-in for Rick) and Joe Byrne (Dave's stand-in) since their days at Hollywood High. Joe was out of town, however, so Jim had been able to introduce Dave for the first time during the shooting of the film.

"I'm in the same boat you are," Jim groaned. "I've got to make that trip, does it follow you when you go to the shore. Of course, we could stay home." The boys gave a moment's reflection to the prospect of rattling around in their big empty houses, then shuddered. "There's only one choice left," Jim says. "We'll have to get an apartment and batch it." They've been "batching it" ever since. Dave has an instinct for independent action and has sought out responsibility for everything under the sun. It was a relief when Ozzie decided to give up the car. In the old days, he says, "a young fellow was given his latchkey as a sign that he was growing up, that he knew enough not to abuse the privilege. Well, to Jim and me both, it was a lathkey. And going it on our own had the same meaning. We had to take care of a heck of a lot of problems our parents used to do for us at home, but it was a lot more fun keeping the place in order. Then there's the bills. You have to keep up with them."

The apartment is only one large room with kitchen, and Dave fetches up an emoji when he can. It's like, it's like. They return to the bosom of their respective families for a home-cooked dinner. On these nights, all four Nelsons watch their show as they eat. After it is over, there comes the post mortem, with its rehashing of scenes and self-criticism. The tension is relieved at last, when Ozzie picks up the phone and says, "Let's find out what Mom thought about the 'Man in the Moon.'"

It's a tradition Ozzie and Harriet have followed since his bandstand tours. After every radio broadcast, a call would be put in to Tenafly, New Jersey, and Mrs. Nelson telephoned for an honest appraisal of the performance. The elder Mrs. Nelson always "levelled" with her son and daughter-in-law, and she decided that she was most upset by Ozzie. Harriet's mother, who lives nearby in Los Angeles, is quite a critic, too. "Our grandmothers are our best barometer," both boys agree.

"About those bills you mentioned," said Rick. "Dave now demands with a wink. "Tell about them, will you?"

Dave's husky shoulders raise in a sigh of resignation. Well, you know how it
Jim Reeves: He Comes in “Live” From Nashville

(Continued from page 25)

country-and-Western singers. By blending rock ‘n’ roll and pop music techniques, which he learned through the bands which fended in rural rhythm, and made musical news by producing some of the most popular recordings of the past season.

They are concentrated in Nashville because Old Opry, which has been on the air since 1923, has always been a magnet for the country performer. This is where he turns, brought through the broadcasting and recording companies. Today, only Hollywood and New York top it as a recording center. Governor Frank Clement rates the music business as fifty-million-dollar-a-year asset to the state.1

This concentration of talent also led American Broadcasting Network to originate its new, live daytime show in Nashville. As vice-president, Stephen B. Salamonski says, “We like the bright, happy sound which these artists produce. Through their constant personal-appearance tours, they stay in close contact with the people in all parts of the country. They know what an audience wants to hear.”

Jim Reeves was chosen to head the program because he is one of those rare persons who possess both entertaining talent and executive ability. “He can be easygoing and still keep everything under control,” says Jack Stapp, producer of the show. “He won’t let you get too high or too low on Jim’s judgment,” says an RCA Victor executive. “He’s a perfectionist and can maintain discipline in any band, yet he has the warmth of a born leader. He’s a kind of a thing as a high-powered, top-notch commission an officer. He can command respect, but still know when to let down his guard.”

Jim himself accords much of his leadership to the program. He says: “I like radio, and I guess I can say I have been a musician all my life.”

Born August 20, 1924, in Panola County, Texas, James Travis Reeves is the son of Tom and Mary Reeves and the grandson of one of those stalwart settlers who, after the Civil War, set out from Alabama and just kept going until they found the wide open spaces where he wanted to home doing it. With a muscular arm about Rick’s shoulders, he states emphatically, “It’s only the furtive who afraid of the family way.” days. He’s already developed a style and sound of his own and he knows the newcomers… their likes and dislikes. He can’t miss, and he’s been in the flash in the pan. There’s a saying in the family, “What Rick wants to do, Rick does.”

A troubled from creeps over Dave’s restless features. “A few people have asked me if I’m jealous of Rick’s success. Where in the world do they get such ideas? I’ve no angel, granted. But this is my kid brother—yes, if he could be jealous of him! Don’t they realize I’m proud and happy over the hit he made? Sure, I want to succeed, too. I’d like to do it his way, in one terrific blast. But, in all honesty, I don’t think I will. I’m the kind that makes haste slowly. But I know this: If a time comes when I score as an actor, Rick will be shaking me on just as I’m shaking him now. I’m an actor’s secret that I carry a football much better than a tune!

Marriage—which, in Dave’s lexicon, is the ultimate dare—must still be postponed, if only temporarily, for the time being, that I wouldn’t get married until I was twenty-five—but, the closer I get to it, the more I’m inclined to wait a few years longer.” His blushing glow and show business confidence. Maybe I want to a little too much. I have every reason. Mom and Dad have had the most wonderful life together. All they’ve meant to each other, and it’s too good. This, that I’m often tempted, looking at them, to find a girl real quick and give her a ring.

“I’m tempted, but I won’t do it. I’ve simply got too much respect for marriage to go on a ménage a trois. I want to settle down. Maybe that’s what it would have to be, what with college, the TV show—and, I hope, more movies. To say nothing of hobbies. Being a husband and father deserves more than being an entertainer, and I certainly mean to give it the old try.”

One of the new “dare” young Dave is not likely to face up to is singing. “I’m a great appreciator,” he grins. “I’ve always loved to hear Judy Garland and Frank Loesser. But singing—it just doesn’t feel natural.”

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stead. Jim regards this pioneer ancestor with considerable affection. “We’re a tough-grained and long-lived family. I fully expect to live to be 150 years old.”

It also is a big, happy, vigorous family. Jim owns a guitar and a violin. “They all can sing a pretty good song. My mother played the accordion and we’d gather around to sing the old hymns.”

Jim took the first job in his present career even before he started school. “Our nearest town was nine miles away. One Saturday when we went in to do our shopping, I saw an old fellow sitting on the sidewalk playing a guitar. He’d have a pail on the ground and then he’d switch over to a guitar. It was the guitar that fascinated me. I just couldn’t rest until I got one of my own.”

Fascination and reality were poles apart, until small Jim trudged up the road to visit a neighbor who had a son a bit older than Jim. They’d sent away to the mail-order house to buy a guitar for him, but I guess he’d lost interest in it or couldn’t learn to play it, so they threw it away. I saw it on the scrap heap.

Too shy and too proud to ask for the discarded instrument, Jim vowed to barter. “I don’t know how I got the idea this kid’s mother might like some pears. Not that we had any pears, either, but another neighbor down the road had a tree. I talked her into letting me go there and myself to them would be stealing. I got a fishing pole and knocked some down. Then I took that pailful of green pears to the white piano and I could sell the guitar in exchange. She must have understood how much I wanted it. I brought it home so happy I was like to bust.”

The guitar, unfortunately, was a sorry sight, not even just one string left, and I didn’t even know how to tune it. “I’ll just put it in a store where you could buy strings.” Damaged though it was, Jim begged his pears to wherever he went. In the course of his year or so of playing, he had visited a pipe-line construction camp. Naturally, the cookhouse was a primary target. “I got a break there. The cook could play guitar, himself. He sent away to Sears and Roebuck for a set of strings. Then he put them on and taught me some chords.”

Jim could “make a little music” when he started school in Carthage, Texas. By the time he had reached high school, Jim had organized some of the boys into a band which was good enough to be paid a few dollars on an occasional dance date. But his ambition had changed. He wanted to be a baseball player.

When Jim’s game record won him an athletic scholarship to the University of Texas, at Austin, he planned to be an athletic coach. “I took a few speech courses to try and make me better with a crowd because they were fun.” But big-league scouts took notice of his baseball skill. The St. Louis Cardinals signed him up and Jim was faired from then on as a Negro. Jim had calculated on being brought into the Cardinal lineup soon. Then the accident happened. “I slipped and injured the sciatic nerve in my leg. I couldn’t run anymore. I knew I was finished with baseball and with coaching, too. But I didn’t want to postpone our wedding.”

To solve his dilemma, Jim hunted up a friend who managed Station KGRI at Henderson, Texas, and asked for a job. He worked there five years, learning his trade as an announcer and entertainer. During this period, he also organized a dance band which was successful. Helping with the business details, Jim recalls how he tried to develop a distinctive style: “We played Western swing music along with the regular tunes like pops. We had two fiddles, a horn and a sax. One I played bass, not because I liked it, but because I had to have a job.”

During this nomadic time, there were dances too, where his band was well or too often. Restless, impatient, Jim hunted for the real opportunity which would offer a good life he wanted to give his wife and himself. “It came in an unexpected fashion. They were driving through Texas on Highway 80 when they came to a crossroad. Dallas was in one direction, Shreveport, Louisiana, in the other, and Jim and his wife and their hopes were thin. They stopped to ponder which way to go.

Jim said, “Mary, let’s flip a coin and let the Lord decide. The flip said Shreveport, and as it turned out, Jim was on his way. He landed on KWKH and soon was emceeing that country-and-Western extravaganza, The Louisiana Hayride.

It was a showcase for Jim, and one who saw and heard him as a producer of his present show and also one of the producers of Grand Ole Opry at Nashville. He invited Jim to join that cast. ‘That was a real day for me,’ says Jim. ‘October 22, 1955. I’ll always remember it.’

The lure of Nashville and the Opry is strong. Variety, the show-business newspaper, calls the city “Tin Pan Valley,” country-and-Western performers call the Opry “The Barn at the End of the Line.” One of the line—just as high as you can go.” Fans of the show find it a vacation. When they want to take a trip, they order tickets months ahead or go see in person the stars who they consider, not entertainers, but old friends.

The Opry has a glamour of nostalgia, as if one were paying a visit to a simpler, more beautiful time, a time that was the Ryman Auditorium, located in what is now Nashville’s wholesale district, an area which is deserted and forbidding after dark. The red brick structure itself is certainly one of the nation’s most beautiful buildings and has been used in America today. Of War-Between-the-States vintage, it was built originally as a gospel tabernacle and still has pews rather than theater seats. It was last “improved” by the Pasteurization of the “Confederate Balcony” was built to accommodate delegates to a veterans’ convention. On stage, the backdrops, cracked and faded, advertise overalls, chicory coffee, tobacco and hot sausages. The spot lights are blue and green. Every new and then, Nashville erupts with plans to replace it with a new civic center, but such ambitious projects have galvanized the city’s civic pride, and the civic pride at Station WSM. They say frankly, “We’re scared to change a thing. It might ruin the show.”

For the Opry is fun. Fun for the fans when they arrive at the line-up at seven o’clock and often remain until midnight—and fun for many people who sing or fiddle or twang or sing their way through the shows. For the latter, the Opry is part of their history and rivalry. They challenge each other, try to outdo each other, yet at the same time support and admire each other. Everyone, executives, talent and audience is on a first-name basis.

All this suited Jim and Mary just fine. “Makes you want to do the best show you possibly can,” says Jim.
Molly Bee, She’s the Most!

(Continued from page 45)
during the following six or seven years. In a way, Molly’s situation was like that of thousands of other children who lose a parent early in life. In another way, it was quite different, because Molly became the sole provider for her family—her mother, her brother Bobby, then twelve, and her kid brother Joey, seven at the time. And, with Molly’s untimely death, the family was now also the head of the household.

The decision to let Molly take care of the family was not an easy one, but it seemed the most logical solution. Her mother’s work was to find a job to pay the mortgage. The family would have left the children to their own devices all day long, and probably brought in little money. On the other hand, Molly had made a few singing appearances at Army and Air Force bases for which she was paid as much as twenty dollars. If her activities could be expanded, she could earn far more than her mother—who could then devote all her time to the family.

Whatever doubt might have been in their minds was quickly dissolved when Molly’s first record, “I Saw Mama Kissing Santa Claus,” became a hit. Royalties from the song soon paid their family better living than they had ever known.

Molly herself has never forgotten their early hardships. Her father, who eked out a bare living as a truck driver, often was away from his family two, three and four weeks at a time—when he could find work. She still recalls the evening he came home with a load of lumber he had been unable to deliver, and for which, consequently, he had been paid. “Well, if Pa can’t get rid of the lumber,” Mrs. Beachboard tried to joke, “we might have to eat it!”

The relationship between Molly and her mother had always been close. Following

her father’s death, it developed into a harmonious teamwork, as well. Except for accompanying her during personal appearances away from home, Mrs. Beachboard interfered little in Molly’s career. Gradually, however, Molly caught up on my golf, and I’m catching up on my home-cooked meals. Traveling around for six years, I not only have eaten in some of the best restaurants in the world, I’ve also eaten in some of the best. But, believe me, there isn’t a chef anywhere who can compete with Mary. Her country biscuits and chicken are the very best I’ve had.

Happily settled with her Mary, Jim Reeves is coming in “live” from Nashville—and loving every moment of it.

The New York & A.R. assistants, recalls, “Jim is never temperamental, but this time he did two sessions and he still wasn’t satisfied.” Mary was the one who helped straighten things out. They were talking it over during the coffee and when Jim got an idea. He called the studio, called in his musicians, and they went to work.

“We knew it was a hit as soon as we heard it,” McCuen says. “But, strangely, Jim was the last to know when the record took off.”

Jim, by that time, was in Europe, heading a troupe of country-and-Western artists. While back in Victor sent out to camps to give lonesome GIs a touch of home. “They were constantly on the move,” McCuen says, and “letters failed to catch up. Finally, we telephoned Jim to let him know he had his first pop hit.”

Bringing into the popular-music field brought television guest appearances, show tours and, eventually, the new radio programs. He also brought with it some pleasant changes.

They’re building a new house “out in the hills.” Jim says, “To me, the best thing about having this radio show is being with the girls. With the show, I get even more of the responsibilities. Finally, she was head of the household—which came as no surprise to the rest of the family. Molly had always shown commendable patience and an easygoing disposition in cases of emergency.

Her mother remembers one night when Molly was six or seven, and her younger brother, Joey, three, had developed the chicken pox. They were away hauling goods from one city to another. “I completely went to pieces,” Mrs. B. admits. “Without Molly, Joey might have strangled to death.”

While her mother somehow managed to get the car started and out of the garage, Molly comforted her little brother, soothed him, sang, talked—anything to calm him down. She knew instinctively that continued excitement was the fate that they sped through the darkened streets toward the emergency hospital, Molly kept repeating “What would Gene Autry think of you? Would you see your father? What would he think?” Joey listened and relaxed—enough, at least, to live through the attack and recover.

A girl who could save her brother at six who self-sacrificed, faced an audience of nine, who loved her family to the point of putting their well-being before her own desires—as she has done before and since her father’s death, was well equipped to take the present prominent position in country music. But, in spite of her obvious qualifications and the eased financial situation after her recording success—even more so, after she signed with Cliffie Stone and his Home

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Complete guide for... TEENS' BRIDES’ & YOUNG MARRIEDS

TOWN JAMBOREE—it was rarely a picnic.

Just the day-by-day problems of running a house proved more difficult than anticipated by mother or daughter—particularly since neither is mechanically minded. Like the Quakers, Mrs. Beachboard promptly reached for the phone directory to call a repairman.

Molly insisted that they could save his fee by getting phone instructions.

We women have acquired a good deal of skill from watching the “fancy sounds” the heater was making and its lack of heat, he suggested it probably needed a new filter. Then he told her just how to install it.

When Molly turned the heater on again, six hours later, there was a knock, a bang, a minor explosion. Steam, dirt and dust billowed through the vents. Then—silence.

When the hungry repairman showed up, he acknowledged she’d tightened the wrong screw and put the filter in backward. In the end, they paid double what it would have cost them had they known to go to the first place.

Two years ago, shortly after they purchased the first home of their own in the Hollywood Hills, she faced an even bigger dilemma. The price had been brought down because of Tennessee Ernie Ford’s “horse trading” in her behalf—and also because the place needed some redecorating, including repainting the redwood siding.

When the handyman showed up, he praised her for her anger, which he said was cheaper to do it herself, brought ten gallons of paint at a special discount sale.

Except that she ruined a blouse and new levis, her job looked fairly professional when she inadvertently leaned against the freshly painted redwood planter, it promptly crashed to the pavement—because it hadn’t been secured.

“Joey has quite a way of getting what he wants by soft-soaping his older sister.”

And, though Molly knows all the symptoms and indications by now, she still falls for line. A few weeks ago, she plunged down next to her on the couch, while she was watching TV. He put his arm around her shoulder, and gently kissed her on the cheek. “You’re such a program, my little Molly!” she cooed.

“All right, Joey, what is it this time?”

He sounded hurt. “Can’t a brother be nice to his sister once in a while without something like this?”

“Of course,” she said, and looked at TV with her for a few minutes. Then, you know, Molly, it’s awful hard for a fellow like myself to make or take an allowance I’m getting now.”

Molly’s head shot around. “So you can be nice to your big sister even if you don’t want anything—can you? Now listen to me—

But he got the raise.

Although Bobby is two years Molly’s senior, he also has long looked at Molly more as a parent than as a sister—and listens to her “suggestions” accordingly. At this stage, they are still children in each other’s eyes.

When they left the movie, Bobby, so sleepy that he asked Molly’s daughter, “Why don’t you—call me home first? It’s right on the way.”

Not wanting to embarrass him in front of everybody, Molly kept quiet. But, as soon as they got home, she gave him a look, which he did not understand.

Ordinarily, Bobby accepts Molly’s advice without protest. But, on one occasion, he insisted she’d gone too far. In retrospect, Molly has to agree with him.

While Molly doesn’t believe in going steady herself—she once did, for three months, and was bored to death—curiously enough, she decided it would be the last time for Bobby. To hurry matters up, she went so far as to buy a ring for him to give to his best girl—then made the strategic mistake of telling her plans to the pretty brunette. When her family found out, they got mad that he refused to see the girl again.

“But what am I supposed to do with the ring?” Molly wailed.

She did—as a reminder to stop meddling in Bobby’s love affairs!

Most of her “disciplining,” of course, is concentrated on Joey. Her word is often law in the Beachboard household. For the same reason that most fathers get better results than mothers—just because they’re away from home more.

Usually a word of warning or the threat of no allowance will do the trick. Rarely does she have to lose her temper.

When she does, it’s usually the result of some boyish lack of consideration for their mother. Like the afternoon Joey went to the beach with some of his buddies and, without informing his mother, had some hamburgers and went right on to a movie that night. When he finally got there, Mother had gone.

“What’s the idea of letting Mom worry all evening about where you were?” she asked.

“Don’t you Molly—dear me!” this time she mimicked.

Joey thought her anger had blown over the next morning, when she asked him to take his to a basketball game. It had. Joey, who was weak—nothing new, and would have driven him—if it hadn’t been for Molly’s insistence on teaching him a lesson.

At first glance, it might seem astounding that Molly has really been left in charge of the line with letting Molly be the “man in the house.” But Mrs. B. knows where to draw the line. She has really retained the rights of both parents where Molly’s own personal life is concerned.

Mrs. Beachboard insists her daughter be home at a certain hour at night, comments, approves and disapproves of the fellows she dates, keeps track of the money Molly uses and, in general, has become a sort of Molly, “Mom really flipped when I ordered my Thunderbird without discussing it with her. In a way, I couldn’t blame her. I didn’t think she would have gotten it, if I’d anticipated her reaction.”

As a rule, Molly spends very little on herself, while being extremely generous toward her family—from the suits she keeps buying for clothes-conscious Joey, to the dresses for her mother, to the Ford convertible for Bobby to drive to school.

Five years ago, right after she appeared on the Ed Sullivan show in New York, just after the family had been to one of the biggest toy stores in the city. Mrs. Beachboard expected Molly to invest some of her freshly earned money on herself. Instead, she ordered a variety of presents for her brothers.

Ever since, when she’s gone away on a personal—appearance tour, she has brought back a gift for each of them—sometimes costly, other times inexpensive. But all who came home said, “We wish our father had done that when he came back from a trucking trip.”

What will the future hold for Molly? “I’ll get married—some day. But not the type of boy I met at school, and I know I can never marry a fellow who comes to your dressing room and girls, and said, ‘Molly is taken care of financially for the rest of her life,’ she insists.”

She is understood, indeed, like the man of the house.
Always for the Team

(Continued from page 52)

feeling into the "Harbormaster's stories."

His boat, the Blue Chip II, is a thirty- five foot cruiser, semi-enclosed, with twin-screw engine. "The first time I took it out alone," he grins, "I let out the thrusters. I figured the cameramen had a good shot, and it did. But, when I got back, I found the real 'harbormaster' waiting for me. To bawl me out. He explained to me you simply don't speed in the harbor. The wake can cause a lot of damage."

It was early summer when Broadway and Hollywood converged on the neighboring towns of Gloucester and Rockport, Massachusetts. Instead of showing rock shots for a couple of days or weeks and then rushing back to Hollywood to finish in a studio, the actors, directors, cameramen and the rest of the crew dug in for six months. "I consider myself a Holly- wood actor basically," Barry says, "but I like getting away. This has been exciting, for Cape Ann is exciting country. All of our action is shot against a natural back- ground.

"Look at what we have to work with: A church originally built in 1630, only ten years after the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and the camera-backs at Bearskin Neck built in 1600. The Cable House, where some of the crew stayed, was the terminal point for the first transatlantic cable. There was a school built in 1600. Off shore, there is Norman's Woe—immortalized by Longfellow in 'Wreck of the Hesperus.' This territory is loaded with history and tradition."

Monday through Friday, the company was at work from 7:30 A.M. until 7:30 P.M. The pace was punishing, for they were constantly on the move. In one day, they might shoot from a half-dozen differ- ent locations. Abby and Barry worked in the back yard of a fisherman's cottage, on the T-Wharf in Rockport, in the Addi- son Gilbert House in Gloucester. Under those circumstances, it was the position to make life a little easier for everyone involved, and he did just that. His know-how, his experience, his quick-thinking, are very important, on any set. Barry, the guy with the job.

Says Jackie Jackson, who has worked as Barry's stand-in, secretary and dresser for the past five years, "One of the crew was telling me how fond he was of Barry, and how he was close to him. And his constant closeness to Barry is regular. He's part of the crew, if you know what I mean. Some stars stand apart. You don't dare get within six feet of them because they're stars. But it's always open house with Barry, and he's usually got his arm over the guy's shoulder, whether the guy is a truck-driver or director."

Any kid who worked the show quickly developed a friendship with Barry. Evan Elliott, the youngster who had a running part on the show, followed Barry around like a puppy. And there was a local boy, Myron Yorran, cast in one story. He had never acted before, but he had been rubbernecking the company for sever- al days and had made friends with Barry. Barry thought so much of the boy that he wrote a part into the story for him.

Wherever Barry goes, he makes friends with kids. Even when he's shopping for groceries. When he stopped to pick up a steak at a Kwik Mart in Rockport, he got to talking with an eleven-year-old girl and explained that he, too, had a daughter in the fifth grade. Another customer turned and introduced herself as the fifth-grade teacher at the local school. She invited Barry over to talk to her children. "I didn't think she was serious," Barry recalls, "but she was—and then I was in a sweat. What could I tell fifth-graders about acting? But they had plenty of questions. 'Do you know Elvis?' I told them I did. Then, 'What kind of a guy is he?' I told them he was nice and that I liked him. Oh, they had lots of questions. A couple that made me squirm. Barry quickly, then added in the people up here have been just wonderful."

Patrick Barry Sullivan, New York born, was the seventh son of a seventh son. One of Barry's homestates is deceased. The five others are Dan, a Catholic priest; Jerry, a fireman; Neil, a bank; Joe, a businessman; and Denny, an advertising executive with The New York Times. Barry is the only one to escape the drug. He's a youngster except to make the team: "I was in four different prep schools be- cause I couldn't make the football team. Trouble was that I entered younger than my classmates. But by switching from one school to another, I lost enough time so that I finally was operating with my con- temporaries."

In Evander Childs High School in the Bronx, Barry made the varsity and was chosen all-P.S.A. League Quarterback. He went to New York University for a short time. For a couple of years, he played baseball, worked as a doorman at other odd jobs, then decided he needed more education. He got a football scholarship to Temple University and lasted two-and-a-half years—before he once more chose to leave—and then went into a stock company to become an actor.

"I don't like to talk about the past," he says. "Not that I've got anything buried. But what I was then I am not now. I'm not the same person. I've found my first great experience from George Abbott and George S. Kaufman. Kaufman taught me more about the theater than an actor could have given me my first decent play, 'Brother Rat.' And there have been others—Ina Claire, Jane Cowl, Lloyd Nolan, Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck. When you work with a great people, you get an exhilaration.

"Barry's marriage ended in divorce this past June, after more than fifteen years. His wife was Marie Brown, an actress. They have two children, Johnny, fifteen, and Don, ten. Barry has been close to family and home. He's the kind of a guy who made many of the chairs and tables in his own workshop. And, when the house needed a fresh coat of paint, he brushed it on himself. His love for the kids is illustrated in every child he meets.

"The divorce is hard to talk about," says Barry. "It wasn't done easily under my business. But if I've got a great woman I've known ever. She's been the most important person in my life and career. How to explain divorce? In a way, it's the business."

But Barry and his wife are fixed in California and I have had to go away for long periods. In recent years, it was Broadway productions, 'Caine Mutiny,' 'Too Late the Phalarope.' And then a lot of work on location. They survive like this one takes you away from home for months. And, when you're working twelve to fifteen hours a day, and working hard, it makes you terribly nervous and irritable. The ones you are closest to suffer. Yet Marie is still my best friend and critic. During the filming of 'Harbormaster,' I phoned the Coast to make sure she saw the rushes and gave her my love."

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THE FIVE SPELLBINDERS

Five from Detroit, they are, from left to right, Denver Duncan, Sara Jane Tallman, "spokesman" Ken Bridges, Laura Ruthenberg, Charles Cassey.

They've magic for your ears on The Merv Griffin Show

LEND AN EAR to The Spellbinders and you're likely to let them have it for keeps. The group is heard on The Merv Griffin Show, each weekday from 7:15 to 7:55 P.M., over the American Broadcasting Network. "If there's a way to describe what we do, it might be called 'commercial jazz,'" says Kenneth Bridges, who sings bass. "We try to do things that are tasteful." The five youngsters from Detroit have not yet signed with a record company. "They tell us we're 'too good,'" says Ken, "we're not commercial enough." . . . The Spellbinders got started as a group six years ago, when they were all singing over Detroit's Station WJR, with Don Larg's famous 'Make Way for Youth' chorus. Deejay Marty McNeely, under the influence of the movie, 'Spellbound,' named them. Then the three boys and two girls went on the road for a year and a half, building up a polished, professional sound at clubs and hotels. Two years ago, they arrived in New York and were signed for Patti Page's filmed television series. When Perry went on vacation, they sang with Como's TV replacements—Julius La Rosa, Tony Bennett and Patti Page. They sang with Arthur Godfrey's replacements, too, and joined Vie Dameron on-camera this past summer. . . The group sings in harmony and lives that way, too. Between them, they share two apartments—one for the guys, one for the gals—in the same Manhattan building. "When we first came to New York, we were broke," recalls Ken. "We combined all our resources, shared them, a dog and a car. We get along very well, really like brothers and sisters." A democratic group, they have no real leader. "I'm sort of the spokesman," explains Ken, "but I can't say anything without talking it over with the group first." . . . Ken, who started his musical career as a trumpet player, is twenty. Denver Duncan, whose voice has a wide range that is ideal for mixed singing groups, caught the musical bug from his mother. He plays tenor sax, too, and is twenty-three. Charles Cassey, twenty-four, can accompany his baritone voice on the accordion, clarinet and piano. Laura Ruthenberg, twenty-three, is the only engaged member—to a former Spellbinder who's now doing his singing with the U.S. Army chorus. Youngest of the group, eighteen-year-old Sara Jane Tallman is the daughter of two music teachers. . . The Spellbinders do a lot of things together, although the boys don't "date" the girls in the romantic sense of the word. For fun, they like to get together with the Hi-Lo's for a jam session of Bach chorales. To ABN listeners, The Spellbinders are not "too good." They're more—the most!
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

The softness and lustre of hair depends upon the care it receives. One of the Three Breck Shampoos will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, fragrant and lustrous.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo:
- Red for dry hair
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Salem brings a wholly new quality to smoking...Springtime-softness in every puff. Salem refreshes your taste the way a Spring morning refreshes you.

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Smoking was never like this before! You taste that rich tobacco...then, surprise!...there's an unexpected softness that gives smoking new comfort and ease.

★ modern filter, too
Through Salem's pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed, pack after pack, when you buy Salems by the carton.

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ies Love Him!

NINE NEW MEMBERS OF THE LAWRENCE WELK TEAM
BOB CUMMINGS AS POP vs. PLAYBOY
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This budding beauty has a complexion smooth, soft, That Ivory Look! Yours can look that way, too, with a change to regular Ivory care. Remember, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin—and Ivory Soap is mild enough for a baby's skin. It leaves your complexion fresh as Spring with That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap
"Well, Mr. Smart Lawyer... let's see you get out of this!"

There’s no trouble like other people’s troubles. Nothing like getting all wrapped up... and lost in someone else’s problems. Specially when they’re old friends who have been coming by the house for years, keeping a person company while she does the chores. A flick of the radio switch... and they’re in the kitchen visiting with you. Warm, wise, exciting... real people like MA PERKINS... WENDY WARREN... NORA DRAKE... sharing their trials and triumphs... filling those quiet moments of the day when you’re alone... with the fascinating stories of their very real lives. Won’t you invite them into your house soon?

Two golden hours a day... wonderful people share their lives with you on the CBS RADIO NETWORK Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Millions use it... enthuse over it...

wouldn’t dream of using anything else!

Millions know the difference Tampax makes in comfort. For Tampax is completely invisible and unfelt when in place. There aren’t any pads or belts to chafe or bind.

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Join the millions of smart young moderns who use Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Try it this month. Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Millions

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women
movies
on TV

Showing this month

BLACK SWAN, THE (20th): Lusty yarn of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. Ty Power, aide to Henry Morgan (the late Laird Cregar), sees nobly-born Maureen O'Hara as the loveliest of loot.

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE (20th): For more serious adventure, Ty Power moves to 17th-century Spain and to Mexico with the army of Cortez (Cesar Romero). Jean Peters is a lively, handsome heroine.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT ( Warners): Intrigues of Spain's modern-time civil war explode excitingly in London. Charles Boyer braves danger gallantly, but Lauren Bacall's miscast as an English girl.


FUGITIVE, THE (RKO): Impressive drama of religion under a Latin American dictatorship. As a hunted priest, Henry Fonda finds that Dolores Del Rio and others cling to their faith. Pedro Armendariz plays a ruthless police boss.

JOHNNY APOLLO (M-G-M): Slambang thriller stars Ty Power as a college boy who sets about making his fortune in gangland, falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, inamorata of racket leader Lloyd Nolan.

LUCKY PARTNERS (RKO): Pleasant farce pairs Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers, as Greenwich Villagers who win a sweepstakes bonanza. Jack Carson and Spring Byington also contribute chuckles.


OKLAHOMA KID, THE (Warners): Jimmy Cagney plays it light as a good-hearted bandit of the old West, defying Humphrey Bogart's well-organized villains. Rosemary Lane's the girl.


PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick): In a delicate fantasy, painter Joseph Cotten falls in love with Jennifer Jones, slowly realizing she's a ghost. Ethel Barrymore's a kindly art dealer.

RACKET, THE (RKO): Tough crook picture matches two rugged adversaries: Robert Ryan, as a brutal big shot; Robert Mitchum, as an honest cop. Lizabeth Scott and Robert Hutton supply romance.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS (20th): Engaging musical of World War II days spotlights performers who gained greater fame later: Perry Como, Phil Silvers, Vivian Blaine. Carmen Miranda's in on the plot, about a strange inheritance.

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Brush away bad breath? Impossible! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs by the millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Nothing—absolutely nothing—stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way. Reach for Listerine and gargle it full-strength, morning and night!

Reach for Listerine
...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath
Flash Items: Jane Russell will be first of Hollywood's sexy stars to come on TV with regular series. Films now in preparation for next season... TV's first glamour queen, Faye Emerson, momentarily expected to marry Jack Walker, New York City business man... Barbara Eden, co-star of How to Marry A Millionaire, has discovered Cochise (Michael Ansara).... CBS Radio will have a two-hour spectacular in April. Sponsor is rug-maker... Note that Godfrey's daughter, 15-year-old Patty, recovering nicely from car collision. Note, also, that Patty was a passenger in car... Lovely new album is Lawrence Welk's "The World's Finest Music," on Coral Label. The band is augmented by 52 strings and features such romantic items as "Clair de Lune," "Moon Love," etc... Troubles at NBC: Bob Hope committed to three more hour-shows this season but one of sponsors objects to time available, so they're deadlocked... Jan Miner proud, and with reason. About to debut in first Broadway show, "Obbligato." As star, she will characterize a spinster under shadow of family... Tab Hunter so thrilled about playing Hans Brinker in the NBC-TV spec, "Silver Skates," on February 9 that he secretly dashed into New York City early. No one will have to sub for Tab's skating routines.

Anna Maria & Sal: Two great kids are hard at work preparing CBS-TV's spec, "Aladdin." And they are having fun. Sal Mineo, who plays title role, says, "I've seen Ann in films so many times I've always felt as if I knew her. She's my type—pretty, sweet and not too concerned with herself." And Anna Maria Alberghetti, who gets top billing as the princess, is, as Sal has said, warm and sweet. At twenty, she is five-four, a marmalade blonde with dark brown eyes. She has been singing professionally since the age of six, and notes ruefully that too many producers still think of her as a baby. A great singing star, she has appeared, also, as an actress on such shows as Climax!, Matinee Theater, etc. But she doesn't think career and marriage mix. "If I fell in love, I would quit show business permanently. It is much more important to be a successful wife than a star. I couldn't work at both. I'm a perfectionist in the business and that takes too much time."... Sal, at 18, isn't even thinking of marriage. A wonderful guy, it is good news to report that he has recovered from his eye operation, although it meant putting off his college entrance another year. Right after the TV show, he goes to Hollywood to make two pictures; one is "The Gene Krupa Story," in which he plays the title role. Then he comes back to New York City. Says Sal, "Hollywood's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there." The "Aladdin" spec falls on February 21. With book by S. J. Perelman and new music by Cole Porter, it promises to be one of the very high spots of this season's TV.

TV Bulletins: Hal March bought himself a home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, but, unfortunately, is entitled only to a summer vacation... Arlene Francis and Charles Collingwood are part-owners of a race horse—and it hasn't been running so good... Pat Boone bought himself a piece of a Kentucky colt and contributed the name, "April's Love."... Pat's brother Nick Todd dating Marian McKnight, Miss America of 1957, but she's at U.C.L.A. and he's at Columbia, and...
When Evelyn Rudie visited New York, her pranks at the Plaza Hotel recalled her TV role as "Eloise."

Fairy tales come true—to life—on TV, "Aladdin" will star Anna Maria Alberghetti, Cyril Ritchord, Sal Mineo...

there's no plane fast enough to make it a steady thing... Dody Goodman making only three appearances weekly on Jack Paar's show, but it's not so bad. Her weekly salary upped from $820 to $900... Sir Winston's daughter, Sarah, has been contracted to appear once a month for the next six on Matinee Theater. Male viewpoints: Singer Tommy Leonetti dates willowy models; Raymond Burr (Perry Mason) prefers the Natalie Wood type and why not? If you've been missing the hijinks of Joan Davis, let it be known that she is making a new TV comedy series, Joan Of Arkansas. She plays the first woman to be selected for a flight to the moon... Hugh O'Brian, who has gained a rep as a hard-headed business man, has an unpublicized soft streak. During tours, he spends hours of his time in children's wards and orphanages. In Manhattan recently, Hugh spotted a ten-year-old chasing his cab. Hugh stopped. The kid shyly expressed his admiration. Hugh promptly invited the boy to spend the day with him, including lunch at "21." In the late afternoon, when the boy lamented that no one would believe he had actually been with Wyatt Earp, Hugh took the boy all the way home and went up to meet his parents. Maybe Hugh's not so hard.

(Continued on page 7)
AROUND THE TOWN

Arle Haeberle of WCCO-TV

shines amid the glitter of celebrities—
home-grown or just visiting

products," says WCCO-TV's Arle Haeberle, "are a lot like children. They often need special development to bring them out." The charming hostess of the Twin Cities' Around The Town program should know whereof she speaks. She is a good mother, figuratively and actually. In the latter sense, she brought up a son, Lou, now 25 and a student at Harvard Law School. As a "commercial" mom, Arle develops her product—children—who, as a sponsor knows, can be problem—children, as well. Probably because whatever Arle does has such a compelling honesty and persuasiveness about it, viewers tend to think of her as a mother and homemaker first and as a television personality second. ... Brain-child for Arle is her program. Around The Town ran for several years on WCCO Radio. Then, in 1949, the year of the big switch to the channels, Arle and her show plunged right in without a moment's hesitation. Five days a week, from 4 to 4:30, Arle invites viewers to amble along with her, see a budget-wise way of preparing leftover veal, a "fun" new cookie-cutter, the performance of a talented local youngster. ... The itinerary complete, Arle brings the world to her viewers' living rooms. Movie stars, authors, stage people, notables in every field, if they're in Minneapolis or St. Paul, they're on Arle's show. ... In the course of interest-gathering, Arle takes a longer "walk," sometimes. Last year, when restrictions on tourist travel were relaxed by Iron Curtain governments, Arle led the first women's delegation to the U.S.S.R. On the agenda were visits to the agricultural exhibition, the Kremlin, Moscow University (where they talked to students and professors) and to the huge G.U.M. department store for impromptu chats with the management, clerks and customers. ... Arle began her career as an actress at the Chautauqua summer festivals and went into radio soon afterward. BTV (Before Television), she was Women's Director for WCCO. Arle has won scores of honors, including the AFTRA-AD Club designation as "outstanding woman performer in Twin City TV." Organizations make a constant demand on Arle as a speaker while, as a letter-writer, Arle makes constant demands on herself. She keeps up a steady correspondence with 7,500 radio and TV friends—all Around The Town.
What's New
from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)

Bachelor Actor: The backstage interview was interrupted several times by such diverse personalities as Boris Karloff and Lee Meriwether, who came to the dressing room to pay their compliments to actor Theo Bikel. Tall, husky, handsome Bikel is one of TV's and Broadway's exciting finds. Just this past month, he co-starred in the huge TV production of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Nightly, he has been performing in the Broadway drama, "The Rope Dancers," which also stars former TV comedian Art Carney. Viennese-born Bikel has been in the country only three years. "The great thing about the United States for an actor is the instantaneous recognition. A year ago, I appeared on U.S. Steel Hour with Ann Sheridan. Because my performance was well received, my fee on future shows doubled." Theo does not cramp about TV scripts. "I find TV challenging. The only time I turn down a script, it will be because of type-casting." He remembers only one bad experience with a TV director. "Just as we went on the air, I felt a tug on my trousers. There was the director crawling on the floor, whispering, 'Cut the first six lines.' That was wrong. A man shouldn't lose faith in his show just as it goes on." Theo can currently be seen in the new movie, "Enemy Below," and this month makes a one-man concert tour of the Midwest, Southwest and California. He is an exceptional folk-singer (listen to his Elektra album, "An Actor's Holiday"), and was given a month's leave of absence from the Broadway show to make the tour. A bachelor, he admires American women. "Their only fault is their men. American men are either too (Continued on page 9)

No matter how active you are all day...New Mum stops odor without irritation

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing, or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum will stop odor right through the day and evening. It's so gentle for normal skin you can use it right after shaving. Mum gives you the kind of protection you can't get from any other leading deodorant. It works a different way!

Contains no aluminum salts
Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor...contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's own hexachlorophene that destroys odor and odor-causing bacteria. Try Mum!

MUM® contains M-3...stops odor 24 hours a day

(Continued from page 6)

Only fault of American women, says Vienna's Theo Bikel, is their men.
Your Home is Your Business

As Mrs. Page, she's WJR's homemaking expert—as Mrs. Agnes May, she practices what she broadcasts.

Silver tea service, from an English estate, was found at New York auction.

A housewife, says Agnes May, is an executive. To Mrs. May—alias Mrs. Page of Detroit's Station WJR—the business of running a home is every bit as important, and complicated, as any commercial business enterprise. As Mrs. Page, she's adviser to these "businesswomen," each Monday through Saturday, at 9:15 A.M., when WJR's 50,000-watt voice carries her homemaking help over an area that includes four states and also southwestern Ontario. . . . Mrs. Page, or Agnes May, has been in radio for twenty-two years and has been WJR's Home Economics Director for the past twelve-and-a-half years. She's wife to Alfred L. May, vice-president of the Byrnes-McCaffrey, Inc. insurance company, mother-in-law to a Chrysler Corporation engineer, and proud-as-a-peacock grandmother to two. On or off the air, her heart dwells on the home. . . . The time Mrs. May spends on the care and maintenance of her spacious Detroit apartment, or the menus she plans for her husband and their frequent guests, supply many of the problems—and their solutions—which "Mrs. Page" eventually discusses on the air. In the line of duty, Mrs. May attends antique shows, auctions and many other affairs involving women's activities. But Mrs. May, an enthusiastic collector of antique china, silver, glass and furniture, makes many a private purchase while she's covering these professional assignments. . . . Mrs. May is fascinated by all manner of decorating. She makes her own hats and occasionally concocts a hand-sewn dress, too. But it's floor and wall space and the problem of how to fill them that really set Mrs. May aglow. She's decorated two suburban homes of her own and her present apartment, and she makes a standing offer to all her friends to decorate their homes. She makes no charge, profits in esthetic satisfaction only. . . . The May apartment itself has a modified, French Provencal motif, supplemented by antiques from all over the world. The result is a semi-formal appearance and the kind of comfort a man can bask in after a hard day at work. . . . Mrs. May has still another interest—thoroughbred horses—and horse shows are perhaps the only events she attends purely as a spectator. At all other times, Agnes May keeps an alert eye open for anything that might interest her fellow "businesswomen." Then, Mrs. Page tells 'em about it.

Credenza is late-Victorian and displays Italian lamp, German figurines and Louis XVI hinged box.
What’s New from Coast to Coast  
(Continued from page 7)

flippant or too austere. They either treat women like nothing or put them on a pedestal. Either extreme is bad. It ruins a marriage."

By Land and By Air: David Nelson teasing his paternal grandparents, who live in New Jersey, that he may just parachute in one day. A rugged sportsman, Dave is considering high-jumping for recreation. Rick, on the other hand, prefers the good earth and has just switched from sport cars to motorcycles. . . . Quote from Don McNeill on TV: "It's too much work. I'll never do another variety format again, although I might go for a panel show." . . . Another great Don, Ameche by name, is very hopeful about emceeing a new TV musical quiz . . . There’s a Cinderella story behind the new rock 'n' roll hit, "Hey, Schoolgirl." Two sixteen-year-olds, Tom Graphe and Jerry Linds of Forest Hills High School, Long Island, N.Y., decided to spend five bucks to have their song privately recorded. A record exec overheard and, on the spot, signed them up to do it on the Big Record label, and so-a hit was born. . . . This has been a great year for Louis Armstrong on TV, and it may be even greater. An exciting idea in the works is to star the great man of jazz in a spec of his own based on his fabulous Decca album, "Satchmo. A Musical Autobiography of Louis Armstrong," in which Louis recreates in narrative and music the story of his career. The album, well worth the two years of production, succeeds where many musical specs have failed, for it sustains the mood in telling the story of the world’s greatest jazz man. . . . And, speaking of music, Patti Page turned down a guest appearance on one of TV’s oldest and top-rated shows because she thinks so little of the program’s orchestra . . . Good sign of radio’s comeback: An increasing number of requests for studio tickets.

Very Special Guy: Pat Conway, sheriff of Tombstone Territory, is a very unusual actor type. He’s just as shy as he is nice. A reporter’s pencil or a photographer’s camera gets him flustered. Pat is 26, stands six-two. With his six-shooters, he weighs 195; without them, 185. His eyes are blue or green, depending on the light. His father, the late Jack Conway, was a famous director. "I still have trouble getting acting roles in movies. They insist I’m too young. They still call me a little boy in my little angel outfit on the way to do a school play." Now he plays a hard law man in Tombstone, although he is the only sheriff in all of TV to tote a shotgun. "That’s realism," he says. "Sheriffs really carried shotguns in those days, as a riot gun. How else could they break up a mob fight?" Pat lives alone. "I have (Continued on page 11)"

### CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

**PAT FERRER, Graduate '57, Westhampton Beach High School, L. I., N. Y.**

Meet popular Patricia Ferrer and some of her lively friends. Pat took top honors in high school in home economics . . . she’s a beauty contest winner, too. Pat loves music, dancing, swimming, dramatics. She works as a receptionist in a busy office. When you’re meeting people as often as Pat, you simply can’t let pimples keep you from looking your best . . .

*Read what Pat did: “I had more than my share of blemishes and blackheads and tried everything from egg whites to prescriptions, without results. One of my girl friends suggested Clearasil. I tried it and it did wonders. I thank Clearasil for the clear, smooth skin I have today.”*

*East Moriches, Long Island, N. Y.*

### MILLIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE PROVED . . .

### SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

**‘STARVES’ PIMPLES**

Skin-Colored . . . hides pimples while it works! Clearasil can help you, too, gain clear skin and a more appealing personality.

**Why Clearasil Works Fast:** Clearasil’s ‘keratolytic’ action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And Clearasil ‘starves’ pimples, helps remove excess oil that ‘feeds’ pimples.

**Proved by Skin Specialists!** In tests on over 500 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil (Lotion or Tube). In Tube, 69c and 98c. Long-lasting Lotion in handy squeeze bottle only $1.25 (noref.tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.

**Would your experience help others?**

You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped and them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. AJ, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** For 2 weeks’ supply of Clearasil send name, address and 15c to Box 269-BW (for Tube) or Box 269-BX (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 3/31/58.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)
ELMER'S TUNES

... plus that inimitable Childress charm spread the good word over KARD-TV

Kind landlord and cartful of food once kept Elmer from tossing in the sponge.

On the move at all hours, Elmer really enjoys quiet time with June and "troupers" Debra, 4, and Pam, 8.

Versatility's equation: E.C. was a gospel singer, announcer, emcee and performer on a KARD-TV Western hour, now boss man of his own shows.

GIVE THIS MAN a microphone, face him with the little red light of the television camera and, whatever the occasion, he'll turn out a top-notch show. Elmer Childress is of that rare species—the all-around performer. And a handsome one, at that! Elmer's current show on Wichita's KARD-TV, Organ Music And Hymns, features the Wichita favorite on piano and vocals, Shirley Rule at the organ, and leading gospel quartets as guests. The "live" weekday offering, seen at 12:45 P.M., has soared in popularity, while Elmer's Saturday-ayem Junior Auction is tops with the younger crowd. A quartet singer since the age of twelve, Elmer was born to an Arkansas farm family. As a teenager, he sang throughout the Midwest and, for a time, was billed at the Cocoanut Grove. Elmer met his lovely wife June when they sang on the same program in Missouri, some nine years ago. Money was scarce for the young entertainers (it was to get even scarcer), but they were much in love and dauntless, and married within three months. A few years later, Elmer was singing (for love and a supper) with a gospel quartet in California; their fifteen-month-old daughter, Pamela, was in the hospital following an auto accident; and the rent was three months overdue. Just when Elmer and June were awaiting the landlord's dun, they discovered him struggling up the stairs with a whole cartful of groceries to raise their spirits—and nutrition level. . . . Elmer continued with his singing and soon landed a radio job. At KARD-TV, the versatile young announcer now does two shows of his own, plus spot commercials throughout the day and evening. . . . Elmer's schedule gets a bit hectic at times, but daughter Pamie, like the real trouper she is, understands his problems perfectly. One Saturday morning, her dad's teen-age assistant on Junior Auction called up to say she couldn't make it that day. Pamie, now eight and a regular viewer of the show, assured him she knew all the business and could do it. She did, and so well that Elmer now hires her to help out on appropriate commercials. . . . In return, Elmer instructs Pam in piano. Three-year-old Debra is the baseball fan in the family. She watches the games on TV with her dad when Pam and Mom have shopping to do. The Childresses are raising a fine family. Elmer's career, meanwhile, has reached its majority—by the giant steps of an important talent.
I was afraid of my shadow

...now I am the most popular woman in town

Are you shy ... timid ... afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book, entitled Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book, contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are completely familiar with the rules of good manners you immediately lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

Win New Respect

Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. Take less than five minutes a day. Read one chapter in this helpful etiquette book in your spare time. In a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired. Gone will be all your doubts and fears. You will be living in a new, wonderful world. You will never fear your own shadow again!

Go Places—With Good Manners

Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-full of the type of information you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

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December 21 was the happiest day of 1957, at this gala wedding in Pasadena's Oneonta Congregational Church! Left to right, Lois Linkletter and son Jack, bride Barbara ("Bobbie") and mother, Mrs. Hughes—with TV-radio star Art Linkletter in strong supporting role as "father of the groom."
Bobbie's attendants (l. to r.): Sharon Linkletter, Jean Odmark, Ann Jorgenson, Dawn Linkletter, sister Jacqueline Hughes—and ring-bearer Diane Linkletter.

Both mothers helped Bobbie dress in gown she herself designed from French Chantilly lace which Lois Linkletter had brought back from trip to Hong Kong.

Officiating: Dr. James Peterson—the professor for their "Family and Marriage" class at U.C.L.A.

Jack got real help from best man, best friend Dick Davis! Admittedly nervous, Jack most regretted time away from Bobbie—"longest day we ever spent apart!"

With vows exchanged, however, Jack and his beloved Bobbie could look forward, from now on, to a whole lifetime together—truly, "till death us do part."

Kiss of eternal devotion had heartfelt meaning (though Jack had trouble with Bobbie's veil).

Now for the reception! Church wedding director, Mrs. Gentry, lent helping hand to newlyweds.
and so they were Married...

(Continued)

Reception was held at Oneonta Church, with music provided by Muzzy Marcellino and his band from Art Linkletter's House Party. Guests were: Bob Cummings, Charles Correll of Amos 'N' Andy, producer John Guedel, 500 others!

Devoted family man, Art was more than happy to welcome Bobbie to the ever-growing Linkletter clan. Big day's almost over, but bright future lies ahead.

Cutting the cake was climax of the gay celebration. (Bobbie's "something old" was antique pearl earring of her mother's. "New"—a shiny penny in her shoe.)
Departure: "Aloha" from best-man Davis. Jack and Bobbie spent first days of honeymoon at Hana Ranch on Isle of Maui, last days at Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu—with stop, in between, at Cocoanut Island.

View from apartment in Hollywood Hills looks wonderful to new Mr. and Mrs. Linkletter. Bobbie plans to teach physical education at Beverly Hills High, while Jack completes Telecommunications course at U.S.C.

How and Why
ANACIN® gives more complete relief from
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES
better than aspirin... even with buffering action

Because aspirin contains only one pain reliever......

Add buffering action and you still have only one

But ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms nerves—leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. In this way, Anacin gives you more complete relief than you get from aspirin, even with buffering... and Anacin does not upset the stomach.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN
INITIALS ON THE Q.T.

Could you write something about E. G. Marshall, who's in many TV dramas?

Mrs. M. G., Springfield, Mass.

TV-award winner E. G. Marshall is right in the middle of one of the busiest years in his career. Recent screen credits include “Man on Fire,” “Twelve Angry Men,” and “Bachelor Party.” Viewers know Marshall best for expert performances in a raft of TV dramas (“about 348” at last count). . . . But heavy schedules in three mediums (Marshall is a Broadway regular, too) only whet the theatrical appetite. This summer, the versatile actor plans to start a new theater up in the vacation country of New England. Marshall (who, by the way, won’t tell anyone what the initials “E.G.” stand for) says he got his first experience as a repertory player with the touring Robert Breen group. He points to his starring role in “The Iceman Cometh” as the most memorable, and credits the fact to the late Eugene O’Neill’s careful and inspired direction. . . . When in New York, Marshall is an apartment dweller. But, at least once a month, he and wife Emy and their beagle, “Rusty,” hire themselves off to Vermont. The man of the house says he hauls boulders and pulls up stumps for a while and then . . . “I sit up in a tree and watch the deer browse.” Explaining his devotion to the great outdoors, Marshall points to his small-town upbringing. He’s from Owatonna, Minnesota—and they don’t come much smaller than that.

ACTING ON THE CUFF

Please give me some information on Wayde Preston, star of ABC-TV’s Colt .45.

J.K.B., Black Creek, Wis.

The starring role in the projected series was going begging until Wayde Preston, a man from Laramie, appeared on the testing screen. The 27-year-old Korean vet had never acted before, but the test showed real promise. Since he’d been brought up on a ranch, he could ride and shoot straight. More important, Wayde Preston looked the part of Chris Colt. With a natural Western drawl, he sounded the part, too . . . Born in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, Wayde moved with his family to Laramie, Wyoming, where his dad taught school. Wayde learned bass fiddle and, during student days at University of Wyoming, earned tuition with his small jazz combo . . . Handsome Wayde admits he had acting “in the back of my mind.” So, as a result of a chance meeting with a Hollywood agent. Wayde decided to study seriously. In return for acting lessons, Wayde was supposed to teach Carol Ohmart swimming and riding. They kept to the original contract, but got married, too. In California, Wayde worked in electronics till last July, when he passed the test for Colt .45. Says he, “I'm right proud the Warner outfit put their brand on me.”

MOPPET TO MISS

Would you please write about Patty McCormack, seen often on Playhouse 90?

H.D.F., Salt Lake City, Utah

Pre-teen Patty McCormack is growing up. Being twelve only partly explains the new state-of-mind. In recent castings, the blond, blue-eyed actress has played girls her own age—and loved it! She puts it this way: “In Mama, I was a moppet. Ingeborg was the youngest child in the family. ‘The Bad Seed’ was still a child’s part. Rhoda thought like a little girl. But ‘Toby Green’ (in ‘Child of Trouble’)—a Playhouse 90 production—had the courage to walk straight into the heart of a prison riot. She was only in her teens,” explains Patty, “but I think she was an adult.” . . . A model at four, Patty was an actress at eight. She was being tutored to correct a slight speech defect, when her teacher discovered her ability and recommended her for a new play, “Touchstone.” That was Patty’s touchstone to TV. . . . In the recent past, Patty has loved both dolls and baseball, and often competed with the neighborhood boys on sandlots near her Long Island home. She attends Mace School in Manhattan and hopes to be “a really good actress in the future.”

CALLING ALL FANS

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV Radio Mirror.

1958 “Miss America” Fan Club (Marilyn Van Derbur), c/o Stephen Batson, Rt. 4, Lanier Heights Road, Macon, Ga.

Robert Horton International Fan Club, c/o Miss Pat McFarland, 804 Kemps Ave., Appleton, Wis.

Rick Nelson Fan Club, c/o Sharon Rautenberg, Pres., 1738 N. Lynhurst Drive, Speedway City, Ind.

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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
Fear and distrust forgotten, Virginia Mayo looks tenderly on Clint Walker.

Young Peter Brown relies on James Garner's leadership as a clash nears.

Darby's Rangers
WARNERS
Off with the Western togs of Maverick, on with the battle outfit of modern times—and James Garner steps out in his first important movie lead. Garner's striking appearance and firm presence lend themselves well to the real-life role of Col. Darby, organizer of the hard-hitting Ranger unit that distinguished itself in North Africa and Italy. Fine character actor of many TV dramas, Jack Warden is cast as the stalwart noncon who is the officer's friend. Woman trouble, as well as combat, worries the young soldiers under Garner's command; but he remains dedicated to victory and his men's welfare as he faces death with them.

Fort Dobbs
WARNERS
No change of scene for husky Clint Walker of TV's Cheyenne—his theater-screen stardom keeps him out in the wide open spaces. Fleeing a murder charge through territory ravaged by Comanches, Clint protects Virginia Mayo and her little son, Richard Eyer, though Virginia suspects that Clint has killed her husband. Brian Keith, a familiar figure in action tales on your home screen, plays a sinister part in this fast-moving Western.

Sing Boy Sing
20TH, CINEMASCOPE
Movie version of "The Singin' Idol," the TV play that shot Tommy Sands to fame, this vigorous music-drama gives Tommy a lucky Hollywood launching. He's at ease as the back-country singer who forgets Grandpa John McIntyre's religious teachings when success comes too fast. Edmund O'Brien gives expert assistance as the promoter who handles the boy's skyrocketing career, and Lilli Gentile plays Tommy's girl.

The Missouri Traveler
BUENA VISTA, TECHNIRAMA
In a homespun tale licensed by comedy that will please the small fry, young Brandon de Wilde (the likable kid of "Shane") shows growing stature. As a self-reliant orphan on his own in a country town of about 1910, the lad is befriended by newspaper owner Gary Merrill (a TV regular). Lee Marvin, usually a movie bad guy, but a television good guy in M Squad, here has a chance to play it both ways, as a tough farmer.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters
Old Yeller (Buena Vista, Technicolor): Disney-produced, it's one of the screen's best boy-and-dog stories. Tommy Kirk is fine as older son of Fess Parker and Dorothy McGuire, pioneer Texas farm couple.

The Seven Hills of Rome (M-G-M; Technirama, Technicolor): Gay feast of music, shot in Italy, casts Mario Lanza as an American singer seeking a new start.

The Deep Six (Warners, Warnercolor): Stirring sea-action yarn of War II stars Alan Ladd, with strong assists from Bill Bendix, Keenan Wynn, James Whitmore.

By JANET GRAVES
First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength

PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN.
"Top hair" needs this softer wave...and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.

ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas...now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last! A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year Pin-it

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle
Peter's warm, gay romance is both modern and traditional—in the most up-to-date Thin Man tradition

By FREDDA BALLING

NOW AND THEN, a player is fortunate enough to meet up with a role that fits him as faithfully as his own shadow. Peter Lawford, meet Nick Charles of The Thin Man! The role of Nick is a particularly demanding one, because it requires the player to display—simultaneously—sophisticated charm, egghead astuteness, and casually cool cast-iron courage. When this part was offered to Peter Lawford (he didn't seek it), he colored with delight and a surprise which revealed his honest humility. He hadn't recognized "himself."

Pete Lawford, personally, is the sort of man you'd like to have for a friend—provided you are male. If you're female, your reaction to the Lawford charm would be more breathless than breezy—which brings up the fact that Pete is married.

That fact still astonishes a good many people. No one in Hollywood expected Pete to marry until he had to be pushed to the altar in a wheelchair. A list of the beautiful girls he dated in the past would read like a roster of upper-bracket members of both the Screen Actors Guild and the Social Register. Yet, through premieres and cotillions, barbecues and the Opera Ball, Pete never appeared to be impressed.

Why should he be? As the son of General Sir Sidney Lawford (who had served three kings and been knighted for his services to the crown), Peter had lived in the glamour capitals of the world before he ever came to Hollywood. Actually, he would have preferred to live on

Continued
Bachelor Pete was eligible—and elusive. So was Pat. Neither was easily impressed. In fact, Pat flew almost halfway 'round the world before she decided to fly back to him and say “yes”!

Today, they have a lovely beach home at Santa Monica, where warmth of sun and roar of surf are much nearer than memories of Pat’s trip to Russia—or Pete’s ill-fated flight to Mexico.

Peter Lawford is Nick Charles in The Thin Man, NBC-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate Dental Cream, Palmolive Soap, other products.

Married Life with LAWFORD

(Continued)

the Riviera, had it not been for his film career. To Peter, Hollywood provided a means of earning a living, but it was not a way of life. Hollywood beauties were charming social companions, but...

And then he met the girl in the least likely place on earth: The Republican National Convention in San Francisco in 1952. He had gone, an ardent Republican, as an observer. She had gone, an ardent Democrat, as an observer. What they observed, mainly, was each other.

They were introduced by mutual friends and Pete thought: She looks like a good sort. Bet she plays tennis and swims. She was tall, slender, freckled, blithely casual. She had the clear-eyed look and forthright poise of “the typical American girl.” Peter had never met anyone quite like her: She disdained to flirt, refrained from the coquettish badinage to which Pete had grown accustomed. What she wanted to talk about was politics; she was profoundly interested in the state of the world and the future of the U.S.

She was, he concluded, sincere, intelligent, polished. And a little mischievous. Her name was Pat Kennedy, and she belonged to a family that is celebrated for its service to America.

Like Mardi Gras in New Orleans, or New Year’s Eve in Times Square, a big political convention can catch up two people amid the crowds, fling...
them together briefly, part them for an hour, reunite them for two. In such a telescoping of time, friends can become blood brothers, and casual acquaintances may become kissin' cousins. It didn't go quite that far for Pat and Peter. But, when they met on Fifth Avenue in New York, five months later, it was old home week.

After the first delighted greeting, each drew back and summoned a long breath of reorientation. Pete said that he had come East to appear on the Milton Berle show, and Pat said she was visiting with friends. She was flying to Miami for Christmas, then she and two of her brothers were to set out on a trip around the world.

How about luncheon the next day, Peter wanted to know. They could discuss the world—the one Pat was about to give her personal attention. "I'd enjoy that, but afterward I'd like to attend the McCarthy hearings," she said. "I think what is going on may be permanently important."

Pete decided that he had been right in the first place: This was no ordinary girl.

When they met in Miami during the Christmas holidays, Pete was more than ever convinced he had found uranium. Pat proved to be that rare gem, an excellent tennis player who could give a man a good game without beating him. She swam like a dolphin by day. (Continued on page 80)
What's the Future of RADIO?

Arthur Godfrey hits straight from the shoulder in an outspoken appraisal of radio broadcasting

By MARTIN COHEN

A few years ago, radio suffered an acute case of teletvisis. Radio executives took to their beds and pulled blankets over their heads. Now some of these men are back on their feet and flexing their muscles. Are they just kidding themselves? Can radio make a comeback? Or will it degenerate into a third-rate squawk-box?

Arthur Godfrey was asked to discuss these questions because, in the opinion of many, he knows more about radio than any other man. In twenty-nine years in the medium, Godfrey has worked at independent stations, network stations and network headquarters. Today, as a performer, his voice is better known to the nation than that of any other man. But, in the past, Godfrey has served radio as an engineer, entertainer, announcer, program director and station manager. In those years, he has contributed much toward a healthy understanding of the medium.

Himself a thoughtful man, Dave Garaway expressed this recently, when Godfrey was a spectator at the auto races in Tampa, Florida. The very tall man in very big spectacles came up to the box, tapped Arthur's shoulder, and said, "I'm Dave Garaway, Arthur. I wanted to introduce myself and say thanks. I was sitting around with some of the fellows the other night, talking radio, and we decided that you were the guy who made it possible for people like me to work."

Garaway has a good memory. Back about 1931—the same year Godfrey was smashed up in a car accident—radio was pretty frightful. Announcer sounded as though they had marbles in their mouths and rocks in their heads. They were vocal mechanics who mouthed stereotyped continuity. Godfrey, lying "in traction" in the hospital, listened and realized it was all wrong. He came to the conclusion that radio was an intimate medium—as intimate as a telephone conversation between friends. When he came back to the air, he threw away the paper words, the holier-than-thou diction and the false enthusiasm. He was the first, and he proved that his concept of radio was right.

Today, thanks to Godfrey, there are hundreds of honest personalities, the Garaway and the lesser known, who can work in radio and TV and be themselves. Today, Godfrey's popularity is greater than ever. But, today, radio isn't the healthy specimen it once was. Why? Where is it headed? In the following question-and-answer session, Godfrey gives the answers.

Has your concept of radio changed since the time when you lay in the hospital?
No. Of course, radio is effective when you're listening in on a symphony or ball game. But I still think it's most effective when understood as a medium in which one person is talking to another.

You have said that radio was your first love. Is that still true?
That's correct. I like radio because it gives me the opportunity to speak intimately, to be on intimate terms with you wherever you are—in the kitchen, the tub, the machine shop or the automobile. Parenthetically speaking, the automobile audience isn't to be sneezed at. It's in the millions. And radio is the only way to reach that audience.

Has radio suffered because of bad programming, or because of the competition from television?
I think it's the combination. Man wants to see, if he can, and so turns on television. But the very, very important thing is the selling impact of television. You know those little "cowcatchers" that run for twenty seconds in front of a show? Well, I know of one man who made his shampoo number—one in the country with that kind of advertising alone, "Impact selling" on TV is terrific, and you don't need a personality to present effective TV advertising. On the other hand, impact selling on radio without a personality has seldom been successful. There have been exceptions. The Pepsi-Cola jingle was one, but that hasn't happened often.

So, in answer to the question, there are three reasons radio has suffered: First, there is television itself—people want to see. Second, advertisers saw the terrific selling results in television and that's where they transferred the big names, with three or four exceptions. Third, radio threw in the towel—they had done little for long years, and I don't think they're doing much now to hold their audiences or get proper results for sponsors.

Where does responsibility lie for bad programming in radio?
The answer is in two places. First, the network and/or individual station brass, as the case may be, and second, the advertisers themselves, who too often take complete control of program content away from the station or network involved. Radio is still possessed of the same bad habits and false ideas which took over early in the history of commercial broad- (Continued on page 75)
Always alert for well-trained talent, maestro Lawrence Welk adds to his Champagne Music Makers—with “finds” from eight states and Canada!

By MAURINE REMENIH

If the Lawrence Welk band looks bigger than ever, it's no optical illusion! In recent months, nine new members have been added to the Champagne Music Makers—bringing the total to 33 (37, counting the Lennon Sisters). All nine have that all-American flavor which has marked the Welk organization from the beginning. There's a jazz clarinetist from New Orleans, a symphony-orchestra violinist from Oklahoma, a saxophone player from Massachusetts. In spite of such diverse backgrounds, Welk chose so wisely that—within days of joining the band—each felt so at home he might have been working with Welk for years. Alvan Ashby, the tall, rangy baritone from Evansville, Indiana, was first a guest on Top Tunes And New
Men on the Welk Team

Talent, Welk's Monday-night show over ABC-TV, more than a year ago. At that time, Welk expressed a desire to keep him on as a regular, but didn't have a spot for him. Instead, he suggested that Alvan check with the Welk office "in a year or so."

"With anybody else but Mr. Welk saying that to me," Alvan laughs, "I'd have taken it as a polite brush-off. But I knew he meant it." When Alvan came out to California on a visit last summer, he did check with the Welk office, and was hired immediately.

Alvan comes from a musical family. His dad, Clifton Ashby, has been with the Southern Gas and Electric Company for thirty years. With Mrs. Ashby, he saw to it that his five youngsters were exposed to plenty of music as they grew up. They went to Sunday school at the Evangelical and Reformed Church, sang in the choir, and participated in family musical sessions. Alvan's brother Vernon, who still lives in Evansville, has been active for years with a barbershop quartet which sings at many community affairs in the area and has appeared at national conventions of barbershop harmonizers. His other brother, Clifton, lives in Washington, Indiana, and is more familiarly known as Trooper "Corky" Ashby, a member of the state police. Alvan's sisters are Mrs. Bertha Mae Fox of Evansville, and Mrs. Mary Williams of Lynnville, Indiana.

After graduation from high school, Alvan got not one but two jobs. During regular daytime hours, he worked
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Nine New Men on the Welk Team

(Continued)

with the Servel Gas Refrigeration Company in Evansville. Early morning found him on his own hour-long radio program, over local station WGBF. It was that program which really was responsible for his getting a spot with Welk. Mrs. Pat Roper, program director of WGBF, and Alvan's accompanist, sent Welk a record of Alvan's voice, which won him that initial guest appearance.

It seems there are quite a few uncles, aunts and cousins in the Ashby clan. Last fall, when the Welk band stopped off in Evansville while on a cross-country tour, there were about 2,000 people waiting to meet them at the airport. One of the band members remarked (Continued on page 82)

*The Lawrence Welk Show*, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent*, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, by Dodge and Plymouth. Welk's also heard on American Broadcasting Network; see local papers.
Lawrence Welk—with Ed Sobel, producer of his two big hour-long shows on ABC-TV—believes the public is entitled to nothing less than the best. He chooses his men so wisely that both music and makers seem to have grown up together, in one harmonious family.

Left, Billy Wright from Oklahoma City—who can play either symphonic violin or country-style fiddle. That’s Russ Klein again, in striped shirt.

Youngest newcomer—and a bachelor—is tenor Maurice Pearson, 24, who was born in Montreal, Canada, and attended high school in Vancouver.

Baritone Alvon Ashby hails from Evansville, Indiana. Irish tenor Joe Feeney is from Grand Island, Nebraska. Now both sing for Welk.
Frequent guest is Betty Johnson, seen here 'twixt talent coordinator Tom O'Malley and star Jack Paar.

Talent for TONIGHT

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Let's say you're young, you're good-looking, your friends think you can sing. Perhaps you've even cut a record on a local label. You know all about the other kids who have sung their way swiftly from the pogo-stick to pink-Cadillac class of transportation. With a little luck, it might happen to you. . . . Should you go to New York (or Hollywood)? Should you leave home, make the big break, pit your youth and eagerness against rival veterans' know-how?

The only one who can answer those questions is the aspiring performer who asks them of himself. He must find the answer in his own talent, his own training, his own heart, his own courage. But one of the best advisers to help you judge whether you are ready to try it is Tom O'Malley, talent coordinator for the Jack Paar show. He has become an authority, because Tonight, on NBC-TV, is the big magnet this season. "It seems as though all the kids who have strummed a guitar or sung at home beg, borrow or earn the train fare to New York and head right for my office," says Tom.

The Tonight show holds a special appeal to hopefuls. It has launched many young performers. Tonight itself has emerged from an underdog status and climbed to high ratings with a formula (Continued on page 66)
If you’re a young hopeful, ready to try your wings, these practical pointers from Jack Paar and his staff are “required reading” for success.

**Smash hit:** Carol Burnett and her night-club ditty, “I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles.”

**Interview:** Singer Louise Hoff with O’Malley. Applicants should have own song arrangements, bring accompanist.

**Audition:** O’Malley listens to Dear Sheldon with Dean’s manager, Helen Keane, and accompanist Jack Olsen.

**Returnee:** Jack welcomes guest singer Trish Dwelley. Problem was never “professionalism”—too much previous experience—but an “amateur” lack of other preparation.

**Regulars:** Dody Goodman and Hugh Downs. The announcer for *Tonight* laughs at the thought that even the most expert makeup man can improve on Dody’s impish charm!
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON
SECOND GENERATION CHARMERS

Who ever heard of a Crosby who couldn’t sing? Bing’s youngest son, Lindsay, is no exception—he just has exceptional talent. But feminine fans who’ve flipped for Lin may take exception to his career plans!

The names are familiar but the talent is all their own, and each has his special appeal for the opposite sex

By ELSA MOLINA

RECENTLY, Hollywood has developed a new crop of matinee idols whose fathers achieved stardom long before them: Dave and Rick Nelson, Lindsay Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Jr., Ronnie Burns, Pat Wayne, and Tony Perkins. For jobs, these second-generation charmers are soaring on their own talents and don’t have to depend on their well-known dads—Ozzie Nelson, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, George Burns, John Wayne, and the late Osgood Perkins.

They range in age from mid-teens to twenties. Each has exhibited a great deal of promise in the early stages of their respective careers, but each is an individual in his own right—so much so, not all are convinced that show business is indeed their future. There’s just one thing they all have in common: Whatever their ages, they like girls!

Lindsay Crosby, youngest of Bing’s brood, is five-feet-nine, a blue-eyed dreamboat with a strong mellow voice and his dad’s easygoing personality. On leave from California’s Fort Ord, where he enlisted a year ago, Lin displayed his pipes on CBS-TV’s big Edsel show last October. He thrilled teenagers with his looks, and his voice reminded oldsters of Bing about thirty years ago.

The national consensus: Lindsay Crosby could have a big singing career if he wanted one. There is only one rub. Lindsay doesn’t go for the show-business bit. It’s okay for any-
Already well established on *The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show*, Ronnie Burns doesn't need to butter up Dad for a show-biz break. In fact, he'd rather dance attendance on the girls—and he'd rather date a secretary than a starlet.

one else in the family, but Bing's youngest prefers business administration. Considering Bing's financial reputation and the conglomerate of interests arrayed under the Crosby Enterprises banner, Lin will have plenty to administer.

Since Lindsay's quite mature for his eighteen years, and also especially close to his dad, he will doubtless be able to do anything he wants when he leaves the Army and returns to college. Bing realizes Lindsay is both intellectually and emotionally mature, capable of knowing his own mind. Since Bing himself was a law student, he's sure to look fondly on Lin's choice of business administration for a career.

Lin is smart enough to know he's too young to marry, has been heard saying philosophically, "A husband should be able to provide for a family before he takes on responsibilities." He is looking forward to marriage—in the future.

Recently, he has been driving to Hollywood from Fort Ord for visits home and weekend dates. Asked if he has a one-and-only, he says, "Well, they all think they are number-one. I guess a real gentleman would want the girl he's with to feel that she is uppermost in his mind." Lin once saw a good deal of Nancy Sinatra, Frank's teen-age daughter. Someday there may be a romance there.

Like all the Crosbys, Lin is shy with strangers, but natural, unostentatious and full of life with his friends. Big interests are golf and cars. And, of course, singing is a family habit. Bing's own dad used to sit in the living room with his four

**Continued**
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON
(Continued)

Ad libs between two Sinatras, during rehearsals for Frank, Jr.'s debut on his father's TV show, proved how much alike father and son can be. But, quips the piano-playing Junior, "You'll never catch me pushing those mikes around."

boys—Bing, Larry, Everett and Bob—quintetting the pop songs of the day. And, at Christmas, Grandfather Crosby and his boys went caroling from house to house.

From the time Lin was old enough to walk, Bing repeated this ritual, Beverly Hills fashion. The boys—including Lin—loved it. With such a solid sense of music in his background, singing may yet play a large part in this Crosby's career.

At twenty-two, Ronnie Burns is six-feet-one, has a swimmer's broad shoulders, is as easygoing and comfortable as a cashmere sweater. He never gets exercised about his "art" and doesn't think of himself as an "actor." On the other hand, he is never tense in front of the camera, and acts as easily as he breathes. Ronnie Burns comes across, on George's and Gracie's big CBS-TV show, just like Ronnie Burns.

Though he had only a small part in "Bernardine," the one movie he has made so far, he received a tremendous amount of fan mail. At this stage of his career, Ronnie doesn't want to specialize in either comedy or drama, would like to try his hand at as many roles as possible. For one filmed TV series, he recently played a killer—quite contrary to his own cheerful personality.

One of the things about Ronnie that makes him different is his eyes. The way he uses them, that is! Feminine letters indicate that he uses

Son of matinee idol Osgood Perkins, Anthony's finding fame on stage and films which may surpass his father's.
Ozzie Nelson can take real pride in sons Rick and Dave, who add so much to TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*. Now Rick is also a top singer on records, Dave a rave actor in movies.

Pat Wayne is another true "chip off the old block." A mighty chip and a mighty block—father is John Wayne!

them to good advantage, though Ronnie himself swears that—whatever it is he does with his eyes— he's completely unaware of doing it. Ronnie doesn't go steady with any girl, prefers not to date starlets, would rather take out a secretary or "someone I can talk to." While he has been very serious about some of his brief romances, he feels it's too early to consider marriage. His attitude toward girls is just like his attitude toward acting—low pressure. But, he says, when the right girl comes along, he'll know her.

Youngest of the second-generation glamour boys is black-eyed Frank Sinatra, Jr., who's a real chip off the old (Continued on page 78)

The *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, with David and Rick Nelson, is seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M., as sponsored by Eastman Kodak. The *George Burns And Gracie Allen Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8 P.M., for General Mills and Carnation Co. The *Frank Sinatra Show*, on ABC-TV, Fri., 9 P.M., for Chesterfield Cigarettes and Bulova Watch Co. (EST)
Mary Jane's "quiet" hobby is an interest in Indian art, such as this rare, historic basket. More actively, she loves to paint and repair—in ultra-casual clothes and Indian moccasins.

Husband Guy Sorel is also an excellent actor. Born in France, he helps Mary Jane study the language. He can really cook, too—when the incomparable Camille allows him near the stove!

This Is Nora Drake

By FRANCES KISH

Nora Drake, first assistant to the eminent psychiatrist who heads the Mental Hygiene Clinic of Page Memorial Hospital, is a nurse whose warmth of heart and humanity of soul go far beyond even the exacting requirements of her profession. That's why it was so difficult to find the right personality, the right "voice" for Nora, when the actress who had played her on CBS Radio for many years had to relinquish the role last fall. More than a hundred other actresses were auditioned before the list was gradually narrowed down to one: Mary Jane Higby . . . the one woman who could perfectly project this humanitarian woman, this interesting and exciting personality, to the millions who admire and love her.

Recently, Mary Jane was talking about this woman she has become. Her short-cropped blond curls danced as she moved about the room. Her hazel-green eyes were wide with enthusiasm. Her medium height seemed to stretch a little taller, as if better to carry off the crisp trimness of a nurse's uniform. Her own quiet dignity, under which you sense unplumbed depths of energy (Continued on page 84)

Mary Jane Higby stars in This Is Nora Drake, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 1 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
Like the gallant, understanding nurse she portrays on the air,
Mary Jane Higby always puts first things first—in both mind and heart
To millions of viewers, he is TV's gayest Lothario. To the "one and only" Mary and their five offspring, he's the most devoted of husbands and fathers.

Baby Anthony Bob, one year old, feels equally secure cradled in Bob's and Mary's arms—or carried in pseudo-Japanese style on mommy's back! Other youngsters clad in souvenirs from Bob's recent trip to the Orient are Robert Richard, 12, and—front, left to right—Laurel Ann, 3; Mary Melinda, almost 10; Sharon Patricia, 6½.

By NANCY ANDERSON

Bob Cummings, professional wolf, says goodnight. The rest of the party is staying on to catch the floor show, to have another drink and to swap sophisticated banter (at which Cummings himself is a master). But not handsome Bob. A glance at his watch has told him it's nine o'clock, and Cummings heads for home. On the television screen, he's made a career of night life. In reality, he seldom goes out but turns in almost as early as his five young children. His wolfish activities are limited to the work-day only. Free-handed, fast-living Bob Collins of The Bob Cummings Show is, off screen, an exponent of spartan living.

Suave Bob, who planned and plays the breezy Collins

continued
One facet of Bob Cummings’ show does carry over into his private life—they’re all “camera bugs”!

Busy as Bob’s schedule is, he always finds time to play with his children and their little friends—getting tied up in chess with neighbor Maggie Wellman, or in Scout knots with son Robert Richard.

role, is really a domesticated fellow who retires early, gets up at 6:30 A.M., spends sober evenings studying lines, and gives his children “about fifty cents each” allowance. “But,” he fondly admits, “they usually wangle more out of me. What children don’t know how to get around their dads? I know mine don’t suffer for want of anything.”

Cummings’ rigid self-discipline has arisen through necessity, not preference. Actually, there’s a lot of wolfish Bob Collins deep in his creator’s heart (“and in any man’s,” Cummings twinkles), but the Collins character is kept in check by a demanding work schedule and by devotion to a gorgeous wife and youngsters.

Cummings’ spacious hilltop home in fashionable Beverly Hills reflects some of the complexities of Bob’s personality as well as his excellent taste. The airy, colorful living room, with its soft green carpeting, rich green and coral couches, and vivid oil paintings, is a sophisticated blend of contemporary and Oriental decor. It’s the perfect room for its owner in his playboy Collins role.

On the other hand, warm, dignified wood-tones of the library, as well as the subdued elegance of the entrance hall, reflect Bob Cummings, successful businessman, who has become friend of statesmen, industrialists, and even kings. A clutter of toys in the garage, playground equipment on the back lawn, and a sign in the drive, “Watch for children playing,” are the tokens of Cummings, the doting father, who delights in discussing “our five children whom we adore.”

Bob Cummings is a man of many facets, often in conflict with himself. As a father, he’s thrilled by un-
Carving rewards of success for his happy brood, Bob feels his series has been a good idea for everyone. Audiences know what "playboy Collins" is missing. Pop Cummings isn't missing anything!

mistakable "ham" tendencies in his brood. "What do the kids think of the show?" he beams. "They love it. They even work on it whenever I can use them, and there's nothing they like better than going to a preview. They have a little act they do for the audience."

Television previews, though less publicized than movie previews, serve somewhat the same purpose. Shows put on film are run through for a live audience, and producers, directors and cast mark the reactions. (In addition, the engineers record a laugh-track then, which becomes part of the show, as the honest reaction of a live audience.) But, before the film starts rolling, stars of the show are introduced and exchange a few pleasantries with the crowd. It's during this "warm-up" that the young Cumminses perform.

With obvious pride, Bob describes the act: "The master of ceremonies comes out, of course, and welcomes the audience. Then he calls for Bob Cummings, and my oldest son goes down front. 'I don't mean you,' the announcer will say. 'I mean the (Continued on page 79)"

The Bob Cummings Show is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Winston Cigarettes and Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.
Made for the Part

The role of Timmy's mother in the Lassie show delights
Cloris Leachman—for reasons delightfully personal!

by EUNICE FIELD

At long last, the two worlds of Cloris Leachman have merged as one. It happened the day she was given the TV role of Ruth Martin—which the eldest of her three boys describes jubilantly as "Lassie's mama." And, for this miracle of casting, Cloris insists: "The dog must take the bow!" As with many other actresses, it had seemed to Cloris that the two great currents of her life—as a performer and as a homemaker—mostly ran in diverging courses. Now and then, they flowed in parallel lines, (Continued on page 70)

Cloris Leachman is seen in Lassie, CBS-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Campbell Soup Co.

Lassie shows solid approval of her new TV "family"—Cloris Leachman and Jon Shepodd as the series' Ruth and Paul Martin.

At home, Cloris's own pooch, Gaby, watches family sport—"rassling." Adam, 4, and Brian 2, are the exponents here. But Cloris and husband George Englund also match friendly holds with all sons—except baby!

Cloris likes to do own housework, but expert care of children's nurse Julia Harris (holding young George Howe Englund) makes it possible for Iowa-born actress to combine home and career as she always dreamed.
Talent isn't even a word yet to Gabriel Vicente Ferrer, born just last August. But the heritage is there. Papa Jose (right) is an award-winning actor and director of both stage and screen. Mama Rosemary is many times a star—in movies, on television and radio, and numerous Columbia Record hits.

By DORA ALBERT

Over in a corner of the spacious den of the Rosemary Clooney-Jose Ferrer home in Beverly Hills, Jose was showing Gail Stone, Rosemary's twelve-year-old sister, a rope trick he had just learned. (Gail is the clever young actress who plays one of the "twins" on The Eve Arden Show.) In the center, a TV set was tuned to a musical program, to which Rosemary was listening dreamily. In another corner, Rosemary's brother Nick (whom you'll soon be seeing in M-G-M's "Handle With Care" and also in a small part in "Bay the Moon") was reading a Civil War story. In the nursery—formerly Jose's art gallery—Gabriel, born last August and thus the youngest child in the household, was sleeping contentedly. In the kitchen, Marla, just a year older than Gabriel, was watching with big, interested eyes as the servants cleaned up after dinner. In a bedroom upstairs, Rosemary's mother was quietly putting Miguel, who will be three in February, to sleep.

The family circle surrounding Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer is rich in enduring love, as well as almost overwhelming talent.

Rosie's younger sister and brother are headed for stardom, too. Both have appeared on The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney, over NBC-TV. Gail has featured role in The Eve Arden Show. Nick's made two M-G-M films, including "Handle With Care."
Little Maria, not yet two, has just one accomplishment, so far—an "imitation" of Rocky Marciano. But three-year-old Miguel (pictured with Rosie and Jose aboard the Mauretania) proved himself quite a mimic when he accompanied his parents to England last year.

Rosie's among the best, right up there with such all-time greats as Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby (right). Husband Jose calls her "a very conscious, scrupulous and conscientious artist"—and adds, "a warm, loving person who runs her household with smooth intelligence."

This was a typical evening in a wonderful household, where love flows into every nook and corner, touching all members and visitors with its magic. Rosemary's warmth has helped transform an old Spanish house into a home that overflows with people and their affection, a home where talent grows by the bushel.

Jose has been hailed by critics and by members of the motion picture industry as a genius. He has starred in and directed five films, the latest of which, "Bay the Moon," he is directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The picture is reported by the Hollywood grapevine to be one of his greatest. Jose has already won one Oscar for his work in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and an Oscar nomination for his acting in "Moulin Rouge."

Rosemary we all know and love. She has been called "Hollywood's favorite songbird." With the voice of a thrush, she has won several gold records (each representing a disc that sold fabulously well), enchanted movie audiences—and those at home, too, with The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney on NBC-TV, and The Ford Road Show starring her on CBS Radio.

Nick, her younger brother, who lives with his mother in an apartment four blocks from Rosemary's house, was in the Army special services in Germany. From about 11 P.M. to 2 A.M. every day, he played popular records and talked over AFN to entertain war-weary men and women abroad. They listened eagerly, and Nick built up a terrific following in England and the British Isles.

When he returned to the United States, he visited his grandmother in Kentucky, then Rosemary and Jose. Impressed by Nick's personality and appearance, Jose asked if he might be interested in an acting career. It turned out that Nick had played in dramas
over AFN, and was interested. Jose introduced him to casting directors, one of whom cast him in "Handle With Care."

"Did Jose indicate that he'd like the casting director to hire Nick?" I asked Rosemary, as we sat in the pleasant, quiet Naples Restaurant on Vine Street in Hollywood. Rosie, ignoring all the rich foods urged on her by the waitress, was dillydallying with a cup of tea. She looked trim and extremely smart in a cocoa-colored suit, with one simple ornament—a gold-colored peacock, similar to the NBC color TV trademark.

"Nick got the job on his own," said Rosie. "Jose never indicated in any way that he wanted the casting director to favor Nick. If he had, Nick would never know whether he got a start on his own in the movies or owed it all to Joe." It was after Nick had proved he could act, in "Handle With Care," that Jose selected him for "Bay the Moon."

Gail is another talented member of the household. Now twelve, Gail started to (Continued on page 72)
The story of a crack athlete who appears each week on your TV screen as a man with a limp

By KATHLEEN POST

Last summer, Gunsmoke's Chester was given a royal welcome on "Dennis Weaver Day" in his old home town of Joplin, Mo. Then, in December, his family and friends—from many states, as well as Missouri—gathered at Dennis’s home in California, the day after they'd all surprised him on This Is Your Life.

Gunsmoke: Chester is right behind Marshal Dillon (Jim Arness), as Letty (Catherine McLeod) grieves for a stricken homesteader (played by Don Keefer).

They are about to drink a toast to Billy Dennis Weaver. By Hollywood standards, it is a strange party. Although Dennis is an actor, his house is unpretentious and homey; so are the guests. It is the sort of party one would expect to see in Joplin, Missouri. As a matter of fact, some of the folks are originally from Joplin. They are the family and friends whose faith inspired the young actor through years of struggle and sacrifice. They are gathered now about the brick fireplace to drink his health and wish him well. They are proud that he has scored so fine a

Dennis Weaver is Chester in Gunsmoke, seen on CBS-TV, Sat.
If winter comes, can Miami be far behind? So said radio’s favorite nuts—and took along their wives and a bagful of tricks. Result: Some inspired hot air out of the Southland.

Ray: “From atop the Belmar Hotel in Miami, Florida, Bob and Ray take pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company, with Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding.” Bob: “Today, the first portion of our show is brought to you by Bark-quick . . . the easy dog-biscuit mix. Ladies, tonight when your dog comes home tired and irritable after a hard day of chasing automobiles and biting mailmen, spruce up his spirits with a plateful of steaming, melt-in-your-mouth Bark-quick dog biscuits.”

This piece of dialogue, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, is typical of the special funnybone quality of Bob and Ray—the team of ad-lib comics who have been tickling the radio audience of NBC’s weekend Monitor program since March, 1956. . . . Teamed first at Boston’s Station WHDH in 1946, Bob and Ray immediately won a devoted group of fans among those who would love to own (at a laughably low price) a brain-surgery kit, a build-it-yourself hydrogen bomb (so you can be the first to rule the world), or some chocolate wobblies (slightly melted, left-over Easter eggs going for a song). . . . During a happy two-week working vacation, their wives accompanied Bob and Ray to Florida, from which sunny retreat they commune with the nationwide B. & R. Club, or The People Who Would Not Be Without Bob and Ray.
Bob and Ray’s SURPLUS WAREHOUSE

Deliciously demented items of all kinds are in stock for their public. Here are just five of the more famous “offers”

Unmatched Cracked Dishes Set. Offer: 2,436 sets of dinnerware at $1.98. Some sets contain 46 pieces, some 42½ pieces. Mixed colors: Yellow, pink-magenta, mottled-green plates—red, white and blue cups. Every piece is not whole, some have perceptible cracks, some a clean break. Every break has the seal of approval.

Bob and Ray Chocolates. Have you ever opened a box of candy and pawed through it to find your favorite pieces? Buy Bob and Ray "pre-thumbed" chocolates. All cream chocolates are squashed down so you may see the exact center. On bottom layer, a new "candy discovery" of Bob and Ray’s: Chocolate Covered Oysters.

Would you like a big sweater with your initial on it to keep you snuggy? Can be worn inside or out, front or back. Your name must begin with an O—or our legal department will change it to O. Tell us whether you have a V or turtle neck, and how long.

Do-it-yourself Home Counterfeit Set. Make money at home—preferably in basement—and keep sharp eye out for the Feds. Dry thoroughly—if possible, by hanging near the furnace. Let’s face it: In any case, this money you make will turn out to be "hot."

50
Bob and Ray Mustache Cups. Exactly 334 in stock. Also mustache cups with attached bicycle clips for men with handlebar mustaches. Be the first man in your neighborhood since 1903 to have his own mustache cup! A dry mustache never freezes.

Bob and Ray star on Monitor (as heard on NBC Radio—Fri., 8:30 to 9:55 P.M.; Sat., 8 A.M. to midnight; Sun., 10:30 A.M. to midnight—EST)
Michael Ansara wins all hearts, as "Broken Arrow" proves to be a Cupid's dart for feminine viewers.
On TV, Michael is Cochise, the inscrutable Apache chief of Broken Arrow. Off TV, he's known to friends (such as golfing partner Betty White, Date With The Angels star) as "Mike"—but still a man of moods, both grave and gay.

Michael shows his mother the headdress given him when he was made an honorary chief of the Seven Indian Nations—the first non-Indian ever elected, because of his contribution to greater understanding between red man and white.

Above, with sister Rose, brother-in-law Neil Bowers and their children, Michael, 7, and Michelle, 5. Below, with mother and father. He lives in a bachelor apartment, not far from both families, spends many a weekend with them.
the accent is Italian
... when Darlene Zito of Galen Drake's show cooks these delicious dishes for her own special "Beau," Les Brush

At home, Darlene prepares the hearty kind of food men really go for. Husband Les and bachelor "Beau" Phil both agree that her Stuffed Peppers are "superlativi."

HERE's one bride who didn't have to learn to cook those special dishes for her husband after they were married! Darlene Zito learned in childhood the culinary secrets of her Italian ancestry. Her music-loving parents also saw to it that she had an early chance to develop her precocious talents and, at the age of four, Darlene made her radio debut on Station WDRC in her native Hartford, Conn. She's been singing and dancing ever since... as a World's Fair contest winner, in plush New York night clubs and—most successfully of all—as the feminine fourth of Three Beaus and a Peep, heard on CBS Radio's Galen Drake Show. Last year, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired Darlene wed one of the "Beaus," Les Brush, and they had a heavenly honeymoon in South America. Two of their favorite at-home recipes are given here, with Darlene's veramente Italiana marinara sauce.

Three Beaus and a Peep sing on CBS Radio's Galen Drake Show, as heard Sat., from 10:05 to 11 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Galen Drake spotlights the singing of "Three Beaus and a Peep"—who are, from left to right, Phil Scott, Jim Leyden, Les Brush and Darlene Zito (Mrs. Brush).

ITALIAN STUFFED PEPPERS

Makes 12 servings.
Combine in large bowl:
1 (10-oz.) container fine, dry bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon crushed oregano
few sprigs parsley, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
2 tablespoons ketchup
1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets, undrained, finely cut
1-1½ cups water or tomato juice
Add more liquid, if necessary, to make filling soft.
Wash well:
12 green peppers, medium size
Cut a slice from stem end. Remove seeds and white part of pepper. (If desired, place in boiling salted water and cook 5-8 minutes or until almost tender. Drain.) Fill with stuffing. Place in lightly greased deep baking dish. Cover with Marinara Sauce. Sprinkle lightly with oregano. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour. Baste with sauce occasionally.

MARIAR SAUCE

Heat in saucepan:
¾ cup olive oil
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
Cook until lightly brown. Add:
1 (2-pound) can Italian peeled tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Simmer for 15 minutes. Add:
½ cup water
Simmer 15 minutes longer.

VEAL AND MUSHROOMS

Makes 4 servings.
Cut into serving pieces and season:
1 pound veal cutlet
Heat in a heavy skillet:
2 tablespoons butter or salad oil
1 clove garlic, cut in half
3-4 bay leaves
Brown pieces of veal well on both sides.
Add:
1 (3 or 4 oz.) can sliced mushrooms, undrained
1 lemon, sliced
Cover and simmer gently 15-20 minutes or until meat is tender. Remove garlic and bay leaf. Serve at once, a lemon slice on each portion.
JUST FOR LAUGHS, Phil Silvers used to introduce him:

"And here's our love interest, Private Doberman, played by Maurice Gosfield." It got a laugh from the studio audience then. But, as sometimes happens, fiction has become fact, a jest has become truth. Maury Gosfield, as Doberman, is the biggest valentine to hit the country in years. Gals find him irresistible. In public restaurants, young women plant kisses on his dome as he chomps on chopped liver. Mature females usually wait till he gets a mouthful of mashed potatoes, and then tweak his cheeks. Teenagers, who like to splash in his soup, find Maury a kind of blend of Elvis Presley, Tab Hunter and Charles Laughton.

Off TV, Maury Gosfield is not Pfc. Duane Doberman—not exactly. True, he has the same blue eyes, brown hair and sexy cheeks. He is the same five-feet-five—vertically or horizontally. But, on TV, he plays a meek, dumb GI. Off TV, he is himself—good-humored, intelligent and self-assured. On TV, he is sloppy. Off, he is well-groomed and dapper, in tasteful, tailor-made clothes. ("I've got to have my clothes made, for I'm a size-46 beachball. If I walk into a ready-made store, the fitter runs away and hides until I leave."

Doberman has a special kind of warmth, and this does carry over into the private life of Maurice Gosfield. The doglike devotion and affection Doberman gives Bilko has the honest ring of a man who has either lived among dogs, gone to the dogs, or owned dogs. Maury belongs to the last-named group.

"I'm a great one for pets," (Continued on page 68)
As Phil Silvers' sidekick or as Maurice Gosfield, the ladies love him—and vice versa. But Maury's still looking for the one-and-only

Maury prides himself on his bachelor cooking. Lucky recipients of Gosfield hospitality include actress Russell Lee (striped dress), Bernie Fein (Gomez on Silvers' show) and Bernie's wife, Kay.

No mighty Indian chief is Pfc. Doberman—but Sergeant Bilko (star Phil Silvers) can talk him into anything on TV's "You'll Never Get Rich." Maury is just as loyal and lovable in private life, but not half so gullible. He has a mind and wit of his own.

The Phil Silvers Show, "You'll Never Get Rich," is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes and The Procter & Gamble Co.
Nightly brushing, frequent shampoos, oil treatments, creme rinse, polish Marian's fair hair.

She mixes her own colors—starts with coral lipstick, then adds a red-blue or an orange.

Marian sprays cologne all over—"a dab behind each ear isn't enough for me," says this beauty.

To erase frown wrinkles, Marian presses on squares of adhesive tape before an important party.

Marian Russell, who plays Shari on CBS Radio’s *Romance Of Helen Trent*, has an exciting voice, developed by singing, ballet (for breath control) and reading Shakespeare aloud (for fun). But here’s a girl who should be seen, not just heard. With a size-nine figure, and eyes that can turn topaz, green or blue, Marian works at how-to-be-even-prettier. Take fragrance—Marian does, in generous quantities. "I don't believe in a dab behind each ear," she says. "I like an aura around me." She sprays on cologne, rubs some on fingers and palms, accents pulse spots with perfume.

Marian shampoos her blond hair often—every other day when she has a TV job, twice a week otherwise. She avoids dryness with a shampoo creme treatment or follows shampoo with creme rinse, to make her thick hair easier to comb. Currently she is wearing her own version of a hairstyle she saw in a French painting at a museum.

Marian’s make-up palette is pastel: Creamy ivory powder, a coral shade of creme rouge, light brown pencil and mascara, a dash of green eye shadow. "I pat on liquid base the way you put on greasepaint, to spread it very thin. I never powder my upper lids—the natural color and a moist, unpowdery look is younger. If I feel too powdered, I press a damp tissue all over my face to lift off the excess."

She goes over her basic coral lipstick with blue-red lipstick when she’s wearing a blue or pink outfit. With yellow and rust clothes, she brushes orange over the coral.

Marian and her actor-writer husband have a real-estate business on the side and just started a new venture: A beauty parlor in Brooklyn. "I just like everything about beauty," explains Marian.
All Hail, Cochise!

(Continued from page 52)

His first marriage, at nineteen, lasted twelve years. His second, which lasted eight, "I've been a bachelor for two years and I'm enjoying it. Most of my life it seems I've been married. And yet I think there's a real frustration in my life to live now that I can't find the right girl."

Michael Ansara talks honestly about himself. Through the years, he has done much soul-searching. "When I think back to my childhood—up to the age of ten—I think of that period as being the happiest of my life. We weren't rich, by any means. But, at that age, life seemed to be without worry. You were either poor or well-off. My parents worked hard. They did well in New Hampshire. They trucked produce, but worked day and night.

"We lived about two miles outside of Lebanon, a town of seven thousand. It was kind of a 'Huckleberry Finn' existence. I had friends and we built rafts. Full rafts. We even ventured into the woods. In the winter, there was skiing and skating. I have a sister two years older. She wasn't in our crowd. But, when I think back, I realize that it was she who more or less brought me up."

With the Depression, this happy life came to a bitter end when Michael was eleven. His family was hit hard. An uncle in Los Angeles wrote that he wanted to see the ten-year-old boy there. "We'd lost our home, our trucks," Michael recalls. "My parents packed what they could in a little old 29 Erskine, and we set out across the country like the people in 'Grapes of Wrath.' When we got to Los Angeles, we found things were just as rough there except that the weather was better all year round."

"We lived in a tent. When you don't have any money and you're living in a New Hampshire winter, with the snow and blizzards, in can be plenty rough."

On the east side of Los Angeles, Michael found the city hard, indifferent, unfriendly. His father, a carpenter, couldn't find work of any kind. He paid at ten dollars a week. Most of the kids had some kind of a bicycle, but any kind of a bicycle was out of the question for Michael. He couldn't make friends. His only companions were the boys who had there. "I used to take off by myself," he remembers. "I often played hookey in Barnsdall Park. I knew all the corners and shrubbery you could hide behind. I'd lie down with my hands behind my head and think. I was depressed by things happening around me and became more inward, deeply involved in my own thinking."

"My parents were very religious. Over a period of time, I thought I was an agnostic, even an atheist. Then I became deeply religious, before tapering off into a moderate religious feeling. I was terrified shy in those years. I wasn't long anyone. For long periods, I had no friends and this depressed me. I got more introspective. I was so shy that I actually couldn't stand up in class to read. I was too shy to be a moody guy, I seem to be attracted to the opposite of myself, to extraversion and light."

"At John Marshall High School, he played left end on the varsity team. He did a little amateur boxing. That was the extent of his social life. He saw little of his parents for they were busy working hard."

"It couldn't be helped," he explained. "Lots of people were poor in those days, but it didn't seem that any we knew were quite as bad off as we were. I had just one pair of trousers. But I suppose what a kid misses most is having his mother and father at home. Maybe then I wouldn't have been so introverted. I would have learned to get along with others from the beginning. Not that I blame them. It just couldn't be helped."

Michael smiles, as he adds, "No, I wasn't a juvenile delinquent. I think about that today, because there's so much talk about delinquency. The boys I ran around with, they included my brother and another kid. As teenagers, we were street fighters. We'd wander the streets until we ran into another gang of kids and ask, 'You want to fight?' They'd say, 'Sure.' He told you that he doesn't dwell on the poverty and violence of his teens, but he does think in perspective. "Why did I go out into the street and fight? Well, as a boy, you do live for the moment. I was quiet, shy. I couldn't make friends. I didn't like being different. It made me miserable. So I went along with the gang."

"I think that much more different. I never did enjoy it, and I don't think they did, either."

"Why did we do it? I think out of boredom—and that's part of the answer to that question. We didn't have anything to do. Their lives are empty. No one has time for them after they get out of school. There should be activities organized for them. Boxing, sports, even a draft in school. Dancing, for the girls. It would put something into their lives, give them something to live for."

Michael's first marriage came at nineteen. He was eighteen. "We were caught up in the fever of war. I hadn't dated many girls my own age. She was seventeen and she was beautiful. We had a lot of fun until we were married, and then it was very different. We fought all the time. We were physically attracted. We weren't in love."

With the war, Michael's parents, like many others, lived hard. "They had never wanted anything but good for their son and encouraged him to enroll at Los Angeles City College. He was more or less talked into a pre-medical course by relatives who were doctors. He studied hard and made good grades, but his personality problem overwhelmed him. He asked himself how could he be a doctor and what would he be doing?"

"I avoided people so much that it gave me a sense of guilt because I couldn't get along. Somehow, I got the idea that acting might give me poise. I talked it over with my mother."

"I began to study in the Pasadena Playhouse and found acting was something I liked. And it slowly helped me get over my shyness. Of course, on the stage you forget your shyness and loneliness, and you do meet people."

"I was twenty-four when he married again. I was touring in 'Macbeth' and she was Lady Macbeth. She liked me from the very beginning and fell in love. I was slow, as usual, in warming up. But then I discovered that I was a man in love."

There were obstacles and—being an actor—there wasn't much money. But we married, and had a good marriage for eight years. She was a good mother, and I believe that's the secret of my success in life."

"We had a happy family. She, too, took her career seriously and things were just beginning to break for her. She wasn't quite ready. We couldn't compromise on this."

Now, after two years of being a bachelor, he admits that he will likely marry another actress. "First, being in the busines, I associate mostly with actresses. It's not that I think they are more attractive physically than other girls. Physical attraction is important to me, doesn't mean great beauty. But it is their personalities, their gaiety and animation. The dark side of me needs this. But, with it, I want intelligence. I love a woman who is young—-very young—-sometimes just physical attraction. But love, to me, is understanding. An understanding of each other and each other's problems. And a real respect, a deep respect."

Today, Michael lives in a bachelor apartment in the Los Feliz section of Hollywood. He has had the thought of living with a woman in a small room in black and brown. Most of the furniture is comfortable, heavy modern. "My sofa, a nine-footer, is what I started out with, and I doubt if I'll ever change it. Some of the pieces are semi-Oriental. He has a beautiful Chinese teakwood table and handsome marble coffee table. On one wall is a huge charcoal drawing of a wind-blown mountain with a bare skeleton tree."

"The pieces I own, and the kind of people I am, I like to talk about things that interest me," he admits. "The business, naturally, and philosophy and current events and history. But I'm not oblivious to a woman with whom I live. I do like for stoney hats or those 'bag' dresses. I like simple, straightforward clothes."

"Sometimes, friends come over to his apartment. He has a hi-fi set and a collection of semi-classical music and a little jazz. Sometimes the girls cook. "That's nice. I can't cook a thing. For breakfast, I have just a hardboiled egg, juice and a vitamin pill. I don't like to be exposed of my cooking. But I like good food. Steak and potatoes come first, and then foreign dishes."

"He dates many girls. Some as young as seventeen. "At that age, there is freshness and a bit of innocence. There is some understanding but that doesn't bother me, because it's youth. Potentially, they're very fine human beings. Regardless of their age, I have to generalize about women. So often, I find one who is physically attractive, but not mentally. Or vice versa. At times, there seem to be gaps in our conversation. It's an emotional, intangible thing."

"Sometimes, I want so badly to express myself to a girl and I can't, because she's too materialistic, too specific. This is something that depresses me."

"He smiles and says, "I have to put this in my diary. These things just happen to me."

"He wants to marry again and soon. "I'd like a family. Three children, I'd like a wife who will help with the sewing and the cooking. Although I like to get out to fish or play tennis or just drive, I like a home, too. A place where you can relax and read or listen to music. I'd like a wife who believes in the brotherhood of man. It would be great if she were a good cook, but I don't see a wife necessarily doing all the housework. It depends on what you can afford. And, while I'm attracted to lightness and gaiety, she must have the understanding that comes with real love. If I fall in love, it will be at least with someone who fits into that pattern."
Man on the go from dawn to dusk—but KYW listeners know Bud Wendell as their daring . . .

Mister P.M.

Offer Bud Wendell a risk and he'll take it. To the busiest man in Northern Ohio, success in one field is a dare—to try something else. He just refuses to call it a career . . . As Cleveland's "Mr. Inside," Bud is host of Program PM, heard seven nights a week, from 8 to 10, over Station KYW. He is president of his own advertising agency, Bud Wendell Enterprises. He's a public-relations expert specializing in ticklish local situations and is also a fund-raiser, currently soliciting help for the organization he founded in Cleveland, Teens Against Diabetes. To top it off, he runs a printing shop. After all, shrugs Bud, there are twenty-four hours in each day . . . Actually, Bud's biggest risk—"the biggest opportunity," is the way he'd phrase it—came when KYW invited him aboard Westinghouse Broadcasting Company's new night-time venture, Program PM. In June of 1957, when the new program started, it wasn't exactly fashionable to be in night-time radio. But Bud saw the show as the perfect outlet for someone like himself, someone with varied talents and widespread interests . . . He was right. KYW's Radio "after dark" put up an SRO sign for sponsors in just three months and Bud himself became one of the most talked-about people in the area. What they were saying was favor-
Bud's career soared and new house for young Wendy and Warren and wife Jean went up, too—with nary a mike boom in sight.

... Bud's in-depth treatment of what goes on behind the scenes in Cleveland adds a new dimension to the night airwaves. On his "Expose" features, Bud asks impertinent and hard-hitting questions that have brought to light such injustices as the portrait photography studio racket or examples of discrimination in the city. Wherever he goes, Bud takes his midget tape recorder with him, getting off-the-cuff interviews of show people and statesmen and, in one instance, an on-the-job dissertation from a skyscraper window washer. ... Bud has a way of acquiring labels. Before he became the city's answer to Mike Wallace, he'd been known as the "Henry Morgan of Cleveland." He and his wife Jean had completely equipped their home with microphones, booms and soundproofing and were running a daytime radio show from there. Bud and Jean first met through their respective fathers, who'd been good friends at Harvard. Jean gathered news, weather and sports reports for their show, made coffee and sandwiches for the guests who popped in, and kept Wendy, 10, and Warren, 8, from blunting out too many of the family secrets over the air. When the Wendell house burned to the ground a year ago, the program still kept going on a makeshift basis for a while. Now the white frame Colonial house is being rebuilt, but the broadcasting apparatus is conspicuously missing. Bud is no longer "at home," he's on the go. ... For a fact, that's the way it's always been with Bud. Taking his name from the one his mother used in the Ziegfeld Follies—Bunny Wendell—he's been on the air since age thirteen. In the Army, Bud lectured on radio and learned the sound effects and gimmicks he first put to civilian use on Wendell's War Works, an eerie but elevating program. For a while after that, Bud stepped behind the scenes as a script writer for Anything Goes, a Cleveland comedy show which was the launching site for such stars as Jack Paar and Peggy King. Then it was back to being a comic deejay, representing Cleveland on the network ABC's Of Music and getting himself nominated to the "15 top disc jockeys in the United States." ... By 1952, Bud was ready for a new career. He abandoned radio to join a coffee firm in Chicago. The firm had 68 routes and Bud was given the 68th, the newest and the worst. He soon turned it into the number-one route in the city. Having mastered the role of salesman, Bud took a deep breath and returned to radio. Bud Wendell At Home accomplished his second rise to fame, Program PM his third. Now, he's sky-high.
Two for Talk
Carol Duvall and Alex Dillingham have words—on just about everything—over WOOD-TV and Radio

Like a new pair of shoes, says Alex Dillingham of the new show. Partner Carol Duvall admits to "gripping like crazy" sometimes, but loves every minute of it. Within three weeks recently, Duvall and Dillingham, the Grand Rapids duo, had oiled all the squeaks in the televised Carol And Alex Show and buffed the natural cordovan shine to a high luster. But, like an old pair of shoes, the show is comfortable. Programmed five mornings a week over Station WOOD, from 10 to 10:30, Carol and Alex feature news, surveys, music, figure exercises—in the Duvall department—and cooking, which is Dillingham's delight. . . . After soloing on the airwaves for several years—Carol on the long-running Jiffy Carnival and Alex in announcing and news—the pair joined talents four years ago for Calling On Carol, heard daily over WOOD at 12:15. On the new schedule, they part professional company in the afternoon. Alex delivers Standard News Roundup, weekdays at 6:05 P.M., and Carol, except for Fridays, when she does a five-minute commercial, goes home to look after her husband and two boys and "think about skiing." . . . Carol remembers being cast as a butterfly in a kindergarten play and guesses the glitter on the lavender wings would explain her love for the entertainment world. She gave dramatic readings during college days at Michigan State and, at war's end, married her high-school sweetheart. While Carl Duvall went to college on his GI Bill, Carol took care of their two boys, Jack, who is now 9, and Michael, 7—with nary a thought that she'd soon be on TV with a kiddie show evolved from an intermission-act. . . . Very blase about TV and radio work are Peter Dillingham, 12, and his sister Pamela, 10. According to their dad, Alex, they see it as a handy way to make spending money, "like shoveling snow or mowing lawns." Alex, a Michigan State man and Grand Rapids native, met his wife Bunny in a college production of "Stage Door." To pay for his schooling, he took on announcer chores for the University station, WKAR. After a year at the American University at Blarritz, Alex became an instructor in radio at the Lansing campus. He, too, "thinks about skating," three seasons of the year. Then, come winter, he skis. Year round, Carol and Alex wear well on their shows—old and new!
Dennis Weaver of "Gunsmoke"

(Dennis (or "Rupe," the name given him by college chums) not only has two
sound legs—he has been and is a first-rate
athlete. In Gunsmoke, Chester looks
almost insignificant beside the formidable
six-foot-six Jim Arness. The real-life Den-
nis is himself a six-footer, agile and mus-
cular. Chester is shy and naive almost to
the point of seeming ineffectual; Dennis
has the smiling but determined vigor of
a man able and willing to shoulder re-
ponsibility or accept leadership in time of
crisis.

The acting career of Dennis Weaver goes
back to an oak tree in the yard of his
family's home in Joplin. Wearing nothing
but a pair of swimtrunks, Dennis played
his first role as a junior Tarzan, pounding
his chest, swinging from limb to limb. He
liked Westerns, too. After a Saturday-
morning show at the old Rex Theater, he
would strap on his toy guns and blaze away
like Buck Jones. As his mother describes it:
"All that bang-banging, yelling and
groaning—you'd have thought a dozen kids
were out there. But it was just Dennis,
playing this part and that one. He liked
the villains best. Got so he could die real
fancy."

His father, Walter Weaver, who stifled
a yearning to go on the stage himself and
worked as an electrician for thirty-eight
years to support his family, makes a
trenchant comment: "Quite a few fellows
play for sports and end up actors—for
instance, John Wayne, Buster Crabbe,
Johnny Weissmuller. But our boy, he was
sort of runty to start with and he set out
to become an athlete so he could break
into acting. He always had one eye on
the mirror, making faces ...

Dennis himself has said of his childhood
that "it was a conglomeration of adventure." And
his oldest sister Geraldine—now Mrs. D.
Bell of Shreveport, Louisiana—has
explained: 'That's because Mama and Dad
didn't let us see too much of the other side.
Dad worked right through the Depression,
but things were still pretty sad for people
all around us. And every so often, Mama
would pile us all into the old 1929 DeSoto
and we'd cross the country to visit her
folks in California. We'd usually stop
for a visit at Grandpa Marion Weaver's
farm in Oklahoma. Dad used to say we
were a bunch of gypsies too. He figured
Mama was right in trying to show us
the country and the adventure of making
our own way as we went.

Her brother Howard, three years older
than Dennis (and less gullible if you
put it, "a builder from Boulder—Colorado, that
is") and Mary Ann, the baby of the family
(now Mrs. William J. Stilitz of Tyler,
Texas), can also remember adventures.
Like the time they ran short of funds on
one of their trips to California. Mama
Weaver had always budgeted very care-
fully but they had developed engine
trouble on the way and only one day away
from their destination, they had just
enough money for gas.

Dennis, the big eater of the group, tried
not to complain, but he kept putting his
stomach significantly. Mama had finally
taken pity. "I'll whip up some delicious
sandwiches," she promised. Everybody
brightened, especially Dennis. Alas, the
sandwiches were only made of cold and
sprinkled with sugar. "Dennis's imagination
sure came in handy," pert-faced Mary Ann
giggles. "He kept saying, 'Mmm, delicious
ham and cheese,' and he'd smack his lips
like it really was good."

On these trips the entire family worked.

1. Lanza Turner  
2. Betty Grable  
3. Ava Gardner  
4. Alan Ladd  
5. Tyrone Power  
6. Gregory Peck  
7. Esther Williams  
8. Elizabeth Taylor  
9. Cornel Wilde  
10. Frank Sinatra  
11. Rory Calboun  
12. Peter Lawford  
13. Bob Mitchum  
14. Burt Lancaster  
15. Bing Crosby  
16. Don Ameche  
17. June Allyson  
18. Ann Blyth  
19. Roy Rogers  
20. Buster Keaton  
21. Diana Lynn  
22. Doris Day  
23. Montgomery Clift  
24. Richard Widmark  
25. Perry Como  
26. Bill Holden  
27. Gordon MacRae  
28. Ann Blyth  
29. Jeanne Crain  
30. John Wayne  
31. Audie Murphy  
32. John Leigh  
33. Farley Granger  
34. John Derek  
35. Guy Madison  
36. Mario Lanza  
37. Scott Brady  
38. Vladimir Varnay  
39. Shelley Winters  
40. Richard Todd  
41. Dean Martin  
42. Jerry Lewis  
43. Susan Hayward  
44. Terry Moore

121. Tony Curtis  
122. Gail Davis  
123. Piper Laurie  
124. Debbie Reynolds  
125. Jeff Chandler  
126. Rock Hudson  
127. Stewart Granger  
128. Debra Paget  
129. Dale Robertson  
130. Marilyn Monroe  
131. Leslie Caron  
132. Pier Angeli  
133. Millicent Varney  
134. Marlon Brando  
135. Alan Ladd  
136. Jet Peiper  
137. Robert Wagner  
138. Russ Tamblyn  
139. Jeff Hunter  
140. Margs and Grower  
141. Rita Gam  
142. Clifton Hale  
143. Jack Webb  
144. Richard Egan  
145. Jeff Richards  
146. Pat Crowley  
147. Robert Taylor  
148. Jean Simmons  
149. Audrey Hepburn  
150. George Nader  
151. Ann Soher  
152. Eddie Fisher  
153. Libra  
154. Bobby Darin  
155. Grace Kelly  
156. James Dean  
157. Shelley Winters  
158. Kim Novak

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223. Shirley Jones  
224. Elvis Presley  
225. Vic Temple  
226. Victoria Shaw  
227. Tony Perkins  
228. Clet Walker  
229. Pat Boone  
230. Paul Newman  
231. Don Murray  
232. Don Cherry  
233. Pat Wayne  
234. Carroll Baker  
235. Anita Ekberg  
236. Corey Allen  
237. Dana Wynter  
238. Judy Busch  
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Once, while Dennis was playing the Kansas City businessman whose daughter aspires to marry into the family of The Late George Apley, the athletes gleefully piled into the front row and tried to stare "flush" out of them. The movie was excellently acted, but only too well. Dennis, essaying his first cigar in the interests of realism, went completely blank before that row of grinning, braying smokers. He had to laugh, but "I stood there, without a line in my head, puffing on that cigar and getting sicker by the second," sorrowfully reminisces the young actor whose performance has since won him national acclaim.

Dennis was graduated as an honor student, Dennis wanted to return to Joplin with his family, but as a newly married first baby. She wouldn't hear of it. At her insistence he went to the Olympic Games decathlon tryouts. It was June, 1948, and a former classmate, Lon Chapman, got in touch with him the night before the tryouts. "I've fixed up an audition for you," Lon chortled. It was June, but it might as well have been April, because they walked through the streets, planning what Dennis would do at his audition, it began to rain. It poured. But, unheeding, the starry-eyed actors walked and talked until two o'clock in the morning. It was a jolly Dennis paid for. Although he placed sixth among the thirty entries and did beat Bob Mathias in the 5000-meter run, he failed to achieve his ambition of qualifying the United States in the Olympics. His disappointment was short-lived. The following day he got a dearer wish: He was accepted by the Actors' Studio. Within three years, two of graduates who have reached stardom.

For two years, he applied himself to the studio's training. Those were two awful and magnificent years of suffering, struggle, and growth. He began to manage to support himself with odd jobs—taking the census, selling magazines and lingerie. He allowed himself thirty cents a day for food.

Lenny had a room with him. "We lived mostly on cabbage," Dennis still remembers. "I will always like—it after it saved me from starving."

On the way out Actors' Studio Dennis sent for Gerry, who had been "sweating it out in Joplin" with their son. Rick. Dennis hadn't as yet seen the boy, who was then fourteen months old. He got no chance to see him then. When they remarried, they rented a furnished room in the Bronx. Things grew so bad that he wrote his mother, "I'm at the end of my rope. She wired back money and a message: 'Tie a knot in your tie and go home.' He did.

He came home one day to find Gerry and the boy in bed with their clothes on. It was freezing. In a fury, he rushed out, cut a window in the landlord's door, and started a fire in the room. The fire place didn't work and the room got so smoky they had to open the windows and bear up even more intense cold. Winter in New York.

Then Shelley Winters, who had spotted Dennis at Actors' Studio, talked Universal-International into giving him a movie contract. There was one big "if." He had to ride a horse in a movie. "I'll ride it," he confessed. "Even a donkey, if you want me."

Misdfortune struck again when his second boy, Robbie, only a month old, came down with spinal meningitis and was not dreaming about," she asked. She was rather startled when he replied, "The stage—acting.

In that moment, the young wife showed her mettle. "I'm all for it," she said calmly. "What's more, I'll do everything in my power to help you. It was a pledge she fully redeemed.

Dennis had won a track—football scholarship at Oklahoma University before going into service. The school still wanted him. With that, and the ninety-dollar-a-month allotment on the G.I. Bill, they rented a basement apartment near the college and Dennis settled down to major in drama. Gerry helped keep the wolf from the door by typing the theses of graduate students. It was a time of hardship for both of them. But, whenever Dennis suggested leaving school and getting a job that would support her, Gerry resolutely rejected the idea.

Under the tutelage of Oklahoma's famed coach, John "Jake" Jacobs, Dennis became a remarkable track star, leading his team to a Big Six Championship in the two-mile run, setting several records in jumping events, and climaxing his efforts by winning the Colorado Relays Seapthom Championship.

Shuffling, as it were, between athletics and dramatics, Dennis now acquired the nickname of "Rupe", which his wife and former college friends still use. It happened when some of his fellow athletes, wishing to rib him about his acting, began calling him "Rupe" after the drama professor Rupell Jones.

Mama had a theory: "There's nothing more wonderful than the feeling you're making your own way. And even God worked six days out of seven. A person not only has a right to work, he has a duty to." So the family route to tomatoes, strawberries—anything in season. Dennis was admittedly the best picker, but he ended up eating half of what he picked.

Mama was extremely independent. She stood up for herself and for her pickers when she saw them being shortchanged. One time she didn't like the treatment given the pickers of strawberries, so she just picked them herself. Dennis left the straw—boss a piece of her mind, and drove off. They were almost twenty miles away and she was still fuming—when Howard discovered that two-year-old Mama, who had left him in the Navy, they hurried back to find her sitting in the middle of a strawberry patch, her little face and hands smeared with juice.

On their last trip Dennis was seven. The family stayed with his sister Gerry, who had recently married and was living in Mantika. Here George Hogroff, long—time mailman in that community, entered the boy's life. He was to prove a strong and helpful influence. Dennis had begun to take dancing lessons, and George bought him a slab of four—by eight—plywood to practice his steps on. It was a kindness the boy never forgot. Meanwhile, George, an expert woodworker, began teaching the boy his hobby. One day, while correcting his use of the lathe, George gave Dennis a bit of never—before—used gum. Dennis gave up a specially—designed and finished tobacco humidor, George said, "Don't brag how good you might be—just show 'em."

When he went back to Joplin, Dennis made a lasting decision. He didn't want to be a dancer, musician or woodworker. They were fine as hobbies. But, for a lifetime, he wanted to act. Spurred by his new dancing—dancing dance classes, and local plays, Dennis went in for drama at school. Then came disappointment.

He had been given a part in the junior class play, but the principal called him in and said, "Sorry, lad—your grades are too low."

The boy returned home, morose and gloomy. His mother's eyes snapped. "You boy, she brought him up short, "Stop looking for sympathy. There is nothing you want if you buckle down and study." Dennis took her advice. He had never thought of himself as "a brain," but he studied hard and wound up the year as a junior class president—with a part in the senior class play.

At about the same time, he also turned back to a childhood plan. He would become a musician and use the springboard for an acting career. This he accomplished. He became a varsity football player and set a number of track and field records that have remained unbroken to this day. As a result he was awarded a 400—acre tobacco farm scholarship to Joplin Junior College. It was also then that he met the woman he has called "the most important event in my life," a reddish—blond Gerdy, his wife and the mother of his beloved Ricky, 9, and Rob, 5.

Dennis was eighteen and had gone to a Y.M.C.A. dance. As he now sheepishly acknowledged, he was "in a bit of a fix"—drinking about the dance floor in a skirt that, while full, nevertheless revealed red skating pants and "the nearest pair of pants."
given much chance to live. It might, Dennis realized, be too long a wait between acting jobs, so he immediately put his career aside and thought only of his family. He took a job as delivery man for a floral shop, working overtime whenever he could, for the extra money. Robbie pulled through, and today shows no trace of the illness. But it strengthened an old interest of Dennis's in sick, poor, unhappy or handicapped people.

Just as his bad luck had come all at once, so now his good luck began to blossom. Bill Warren, his director in "Seven Angry Men," had been assigned to do a television series. He asked Dennis to read the first script, and the sense of unease he had grown accustomed to as the Gusmane, an "old Western" which was to start a new trend in that field. As he read the script, Dennis was seized by a conviction that the role of Chester, Marshall Dillon's sidekick, was made to order for him. He tested for it twice and was awarded the part.

Dennis was the first of the four principals to be signed. James Arness, the star, and Amanda Blake and Milburn Stone—who play the saloon hostess and "Doc," respectively—were all signed afterward. The series was an immediate hit, with Dennis drawing a large share of the critical acclaim.

He also began to receive a huge fan mail, to answer which he has devoted much time and effort. Of the letters that began "Dear Chester" was one from a polio victim, Chester Roginsky. The letter went on to say, "My name is also Chester and I limp like you. It makes me feel braver to see how you get along fine."

Dennis sat down at once and wrote to this boy in Youngstown, Ohio, offering encouragement, advising him to practice swimming and telling him he could overcome his handicap. With these letters, the boy's improvement began—and, the night This Is Your Life presented Dennis's story, young Chester related how he had won swimming events in a meet held a few days before.

Now it is the day after that memorable telecast, and the party at Dennis's home is almost over. The house—which only a few moments ago had been bawling with laughter, jokes and reminiscing—has fallen silent. The guests are raising their glasses. Fred Gill, a former drama student who roomed with Dennis at the Little
tos movie, begins the toast: "Here's to our boy Dennis. He ran fast and he ran far—but, the farther he runs, the closer he gets to his hearts..."
Talent for Tonight

(Continued from page 28) which is revolutionary in this day of expensive, complicated presentations—a formula which might well be described as

"Poverty and Paar"

The "poverty" must be interpreted in TV terms. Tonight is not a high-budget show. On the air, Paar once explained, "We don't have any stars, but he'll tell them what we have." This, in general, means "scale," the minimum agreed upon in a contract with the performers' union, AFTRA. For a three-times-a-week artist, "scale" now is $500—a far drop from the dazzling digits which top stars command on some programs.

He makes that budget produce the most in enjoyment for the listener, Paar sets a wise aim: "There's nothing more fun than a party in some one's home where the guests are witty and maybe there's a pleasant song or two." To achieve this atmosphere, he ruled off rock 'n' roll and far-out jazz; he banned gimmicks and "New York family jokes" which would seem pointless beyond the Hudson River. He concentrated interest on the performers—rather than the theater—prior to his advent, rivalled the cast. No Times Square show-offs, no kids under eighteen, no leather-jacket gangos, no camera hogs, he specifies.

On stage, he set a leisurely pace, designed to give each performer a chance to show his best. They say in the trade, "If you think everything you know will get you good treatment, good musical backing, a good audience." The combination has attracted big names who would not ordinarily work for the price he is able to pay. But even these who have betrayed TV, it has given young performers a showcase.

It has also made Tonight's biggest sleeper-robbber in the business. Home viewers, sharing his sense of discovery, hate to snap the switch of their sets until sign-off; bookers watch it to find new acts; TV reporters monitor the show because it makes performers feel better about their final effort from a problem show to a top-rater. When we opened last June, we owed money for the scenery. This week, we signed a million dollars' worth of businesses.

Paar's do-onto-others talent policy has been shaped by his own vicissitudes. As he says of his career, "I've been let out more times than Gleason's pants."

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, May 1, 1918, he was scrambling through home-town radio jobs when the United States Army intervened. He acted as a fireman. Popping him into Special Services, they gave him the South Pacific for a stage. The Japs frequently provided the sound effects, but the JIs supplied the laughs. Enlisted in the Army, he made a name war going on with the brass Wit was his weapon, and stuffed shirts his target.

Back home again, he chucked up credits. He handled his costume and his nag on NBC's "Revolutionary," was an announcer on NBC's "Take It Or Leave It;" entered TV in 1952 with Up To Paar; made a couple of non-headlined early Marilyn Monroe movies; wrestled with a war record; then, a sort of auto-biography, Tom finished doing Paar, he added a take-off of the limp comedian himself. What he understood was that Tom, following a difference of opinion with a certain publisher, had once filled in a dull spot by doing a night-club act of his own.

A happier story concerns the young man who stated frankly that he wanted an audition because he was broke. He had also been offered a Las Vegas booking with a nearby Western legitimate theater. What was skeptical, Tom listened—and found himself applauding. "He broke me up, he was so funny," That was Shelley Berkeley, now, Diamond Steve Allen grabbed him. He had agreed to come back to us, but we didn't hold him. It's not our job to make anyone work for $320 when he has a chance to shoot $5,000.

The staff also wishes that new singers would not stop trying to ape established vocalists. Says one of the girls who sometimes sits in on auditions, "If anyone walks 'Ain't Misbehavin' or "Red Hot Mamma" at me again, that person had better get ready to duck the nearest heavy object."

Freshness, originality, preparation, pay. One of the staff's favorite success stories concerns Carol Burnett, a young star who was graduated from U.C.L.A. three years ago, came to New York, worked through a series of industrial shows and TV bits up to a night club act. The folks that discovered her was a song, written for her by Ken Welch, who broke the astounding title, "I Made a Fool Of Myself Over John Foster Dullas." Says Tom, "It's a good song. We thought it was a little too hip for the Jack Paar program, but we liked it so well we took a chance."

The reaction was sharp. "The phones sure rang," says O'Malley. "Some people were crazy about it. Others got sore. The final word came from Dullas himself. We were informed through the State Department that Mr. Dullas had missed hearing it. Could it be that we parted ways again? Of course, we were glad to. Carol also cut a private record and sent it to him. Mr. Dullas thought it was great. It was on "The Ed Sullivan Show.""

She was on The Ed Sullivan Show the following Sunday, she was held over at the Blue Angel, and she was booked into the General Motors Anniversary show.

Danny Scholl's story was even more dramatic. Cincinnati-born Danny had found good roles in Broadway musicals when he came out of the Army in 1946. He was unable to book some time with a winter stock. "I just missed making it big," he says. "I never did get a recording contract. They had the idea that Broadway 'legit' voices didn't sell. If you don't hit automation in this town, the agents want nothing to do with you. I couldn't get a show."

Collecting his unemployment insurance, he started some new show business. His mother, a widow, had a small farm near Cincinnati. She could use his help. "The only reason I auditioned was because the appointment was made. I had the job before I happened. Danny sang, "No Man Is an Island." As he explains, "It's a song of faith. As I was singing, it came over me that I wished my dad could have heard it. He was killed in an auto accident a year ago. I never had a chance to prove to him that I could do what he believed I could do. I tried to tell him that Jack had called me over to talk to him, but broke up and went broke up, too. Then, when he asked me to sing it again at the close of the show, that was the greatest. It's made a new life for me."

The new future included representation by a major talent agency (the vice-president just happened to be in the audience), night-club engagements, and a recording contract. Danny Scholl's is his way. He is a singer who was "ready."

The problem of someone who gets the big break before she is prepared to cope with it is underscored by the Trish Dwell-ley, another example of someone who was Trish drew national attention. Many viewers thought she vanished from the Tonight show because it was soon discovered that what she had was an extraordinary professional experience than she first admitted.

Quite the opposite was true—the plain truth was that her naive cost too much. Counting on experience being the most important factor, the staff was appalled when they overlooked the way she tangled with
certain reporters. They might have been patient, too, with her refusal to arrange for the stage coaching they thought she needed.

But the fact that she had neither wardrobe nor musical arrangements made her much too expensive. Those necessities had to be provided. Orchestral arrangements cost upward from one hundred and fifty dollars for a single song. Six songs a week cost nine hundred—a sum greater than the girl’s salary. When the bookkeepers added it up, the budget was the dictator. Trish Dwelley spent a period of seasoning and preparation before being invited to return to the program.

If aspiring kids had greater knowledge of such cold financial facts involved in entering show business, it would save many a heartache, Tom believes. “So many kids don’t realize that a performer must make a capital investment.” He ticks off the necessities: “First of all, any one going on the program must be a member in good standing of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.” (Initiation fee is somewhat over $100.) “A singer should have arrangements ready on from eight to ten songs. Wardrobe is important. A boy needs a couple of good suits and some sports jackets that are interesting, but not so wild that they’ll look like test patterns when the camera hits them.”

The young women on Paar’s staff, analyzing a girl’s wardrobe requirement, conclude that she needs three or four cocktail-type dresses and at least one full-length evening gown. Chiffon and taffeta are good. They should be simple, pretty and pale. Black and white are out. So are sequin sheath—they’re more suitable for night clubs. A dress should never detract attention from the voice.

For the young performer debating whether to go to New York, Tom reviews the conditions which exist today: “Unless you have some contact established, it’s a long gamble and perhaps not even a necessary one. This used to be the main chance. You had to be here to be seen. That’s no longer true. Recording companies, talent agencies, TV shows have scouts watching local stations, local night-club acts. A kid should first get experience near home.

“If you’ve got something, someone is likely to hear about you. But when they do, watch out. Be skeptical. Find out who they are, what they are. There are sound deals in this business who bleed a kid for everything a family owns, and then aren’t able to get bookings. We know who those people are, and no hiring talent will deal with them. Anyone who tells a kid that show business is a bed of roses ought to be shot.”

For young people who aim at the Jack Paar show, Tom sums up: “This isn’t amateur night. You’ve got to have something distinctive to give.”

For those few who have, the search goes on. They audition twenty to forty performers and choose one only. Each night Tom makes the rounds of the small New York night clubs, looking for likely candidates. Each day, he listens to recordings or holds live auditions. Nothing pleases Paar and his staff so much as to watch an act gain in stature and develop. Often Tom follows a performer for months, from club to club, before even revealing he is in the audience. When someone is ready to be booked, Tom’s as happy as the performer. New talent is the life blood of Jack Paar’s Tonight. And, with Jack’s understanding presentation of this talent, new stars will rise.

The $500-First-Prize-Winner is Virginia Midgett of Snead’s Ferry, N. C. Future awards may include royalties from movies, sheet music, records, radio and television broadcasts.

Johnny Green, member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, is currently at work composing the music for “My True Romance.” Mr. Green, composer of the original score for MGM’s “Raintree County,” and three-time winner of the Academy Award, is the composer of such popular hits as “Body and Soul,” “I Cover the Waterfront” and “I’m Yours.”

The runners-up in the “My True Romance” Song Contest—each receiving $25—are:

Rick Pearson.
Parish, N. Y.

Mrs. Nan Terrell Reed.
New Haven, Conn.

Miss Willie Garrett.
Montgomery, Ala.

Miss Corinne Navells.
Glendale, Cal.

Be the first to see the lyrics of the song that may be destined to sweep the country as America’s No. 1 song hit.
A Valentine for Doberman

(Continued from page 56)

he explains. "I had a pet skunk in the Army. Called him Corporal Stinky. He was just a little peckerhead. He used to adsorbed and frustrated. He used to drink the soldiers' beer—and, one day, he got tipsy and fell out of the third-floor window.

Maury has owned three dogs, at one time. The first was honestly a Doberman pinscher. Maury had to get rid of him. It seems that a policeman was giving chase to a cat-burglar in Maury's apartment building. Maury's dog joined the chase—and caught and bit the policeman.

There were a couple of other dogs after him," Maury recalls, "but I've decided it's not fair to animals to live in the city. The last one I had was a toy collie. The superintendent of the building had a kid who walked him for a quarter a week. The kid was so thrilled to have the job, since his father wouldn't let him have a dog of his own. The kid would take the dog to the park and they would run around and bite each other. They were equal in their suffering and they were happy. But, today, it's hard to find a kid who'll bite a dog for a quarter a week, and I'm out most of the time. Anyway, I don't think the city's a place for pets.

It's obvious that dumb Doberman and sophisticated Gosfield have little in common, and it follows that the character Doberman is not accidental. Maury is a creative actor, in every respect. He created the role of Doberman as he has many others. Maury got his basic training in stock and a couple of years of Shakespearean repertory. He has a dozen Broadway roles, a half-dozen movie parts, and some eight thousand radio stints to his credit. He has played in all dialects, done both comedy and drama, both romantic leads and thugs. On radio, he recalls, "I was usually the gangster least likely to succeed. I was always shot in the first fifteen minutes.

Maury has been acting professionally since his middle teens, but he was inoculated with a love for the theater years before that. The oldest of four children, he was born at the New York address which today is home to the Plaza Hotel. He was one of Manhattan's prominent restaurants. His father, now deceased, was a successful designer and stylist of women's clothing, who worked for Bergdorf Goodman and Hattie Carnegie. In his own shop, he designed clothes for such stars of the day as Mary Garden.

"I owe my love of the theater to Dad," says Maury, "and to stepmother. My father died when I was eight, the family moved to Philadelphia—then, in his early teens, moved on to Evanston, Illinois. There he was to get his initiation into real theater, but not acting. He was sent to a dramatic school. He was kicked out. "I was kind of a rebel, I guess," he says. "They said I had to like mathematics and I said that I didn't. "Well, I proved my point. I got the lowest marks in an algebra exam—so far as I know—in the history of the United States. Five points for showing up, four for signing the examination papers.

He thought he wanted to be a commercial pilot and enrolled in a flying school at fifteen. He got one hundred and twenty hours of instruction before he ran out of money, or rather, the school graduated him. He was kicked out. "I was kind of a rebel, I guess," he says. "They said I had to like mathematics and I said that I didn't. "Well, I proved my point. I got the lowest marks in an algebra exam—so far as I know—in the history of the United States. Five points for showing up, four for signing the examination papers.

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It was Guy Kibbee who straightened me out," Maury recalls, "after I got one of the leads strictly by chance. A top Hollywood actor was to play the part of the Japanese valet, but didn't show up on the day of the show. I went on in his place that night. I wasn't quite seventeen and the newspapers made a hero of me. It was a shock to me when they all showed up to see me. I was standing there, looking up at it and thinking you know what, when I got a big boot in the pants.

"It was Guy Kibbee, and he had said, 'Look, the only reason you're here is because a very talented man happens to be sick.' He beat the swelling out of my head and then turned around and kicked my butt. I think that got the ball rolling. It wasn't long afterwards I told my father I wanted to be an actor and he told me to go to it.

In 1935, Maury thumbed his way to New York. Three weeks after he arrived, he had his first job in a Broadway play. "That first play was called 'The Body Beautiful.' It was the playlouzy. It opened on Halloween and closed the following day. Arlene Francis was in that one, too." Maury winces as he remembers. "In one season, I was in five Broadway shows and every one was a flop. Variety made a joke of it, saying that Maury Gosfield was playing stock on Broadway.

Maury got into radio when Gertrude Berg saw him on the stage and asked him to read for the part of Sammy in her network serial, The Goldbergs. She decided Maury lacked experience for the role, but gave him a part on Maury as a minor part. "I think I was Melvin. I can't remember for sure, but it was that experience which got me interested in radio. It was hard to believe that money could come so easily. I walked into the theater for so little. Anyway, I went after radio work and, over the years, I've been on eight thousand programs.

Just for the record, not all of Maury's television was on the airwaves. On the stage, he worked in "Darkness at Noon," The Petrified Forest, "Three Men on a Horse," "Room Service." During his first season as a television actor, he got a dramatic role in the successful off-Broadway production of "A Stone for Danny Fisher."

Maury has also played in such movies as "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town," "Kiss of Death," and "Naked City."

In March of 1942, Maury took a leave of absence from the theater. "I was in the Army for three years, ten months and two days. When I got out, they asked me if I wouldn't like to re-enlist and I blacked out—well, almost. But, to be perfectly frank about it, I had a ball in the service. I wound up overseas with the Army, and the officers knew the show they realized that I wasn't the heroic type. I never fired a shot. I was editor of the division's paper in the special service unit and ended up a technical sergeant."

Out of service in 1946, Maury returned to radio in a big way with a featured part for The Theater Guild On The Air, which led him on to a five-year hitch on Henry Morgan's network program. Maury also acted on TV during its pioneer days, but his job on You'll Never Get Rich was his first running part in a television serial. Not that he was hired to play a featured role. Actually, he showed up at the studio to be just one more GI in a pilot film in the series. Maury had one comedy bit and, the way he played it, it was memorable.

He was then a GI named Mulrooney, and one of his buddies (played by Jack Healy) said, "Don't feel so bad. Maybe the Army's using you in the show for a reason. You know cousins kiss."

I was a pilot, Maury's doleful, negative expression as he shook his head and scratched his belly turned the laugh into an explosion. Afterwards, a man walked up to him and said, "That was as funny a bit as I've ever seen."

When he walked away, Maury asked who the man was. He turned out to be an officer from Fort Knox. Within two weeks, he was the head of television at CBS.

Nat Hiken, then producer and writer of the show, recognized Maury's talent immediately. He asked Maury to make no other commitments, got assurance that he would be a regular in the series. The show has maintained a high rating, and Maury Gosfield has become to Silvers what Carney was to Gleason and what Red Skelton has been to Sid Caesar.

"We're all proud of the show," Maury says. "We all work hard and get along well. In the studio, it's all business. But sometimes, they're just playing the boys in the cast—Harvey Lembeck, Al Melvin, Mickey Freeman, Bernie Fein, Herbie Faye, Jack Healy. We go out together socially, visit, and sometimes they bring their kids around for a party.

Maury likes to entertain. A gourmet himself, he is a good amateur chef. He gets enthusiastic about some of his dishes. One of his dishes is steak stuffed with onion and herbs."

"This is a good meal, but simple. You take a dozen fresh-shocked oysters

PREVIEW "SAMPLER" FOR APRIL

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April issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale March 6
Maury works in an efficiency kitchen, kind of a big square hole in the wall of his living room. He doesn't cook often, and usually the kitchen is closed off by good-looking louvered doors. They are of pine-stained natural walnut—all the wood used in Maury's furnishings is walnut. These include boomerang-shaped desk chairs, and end tables. Maury has a sectional sofa covered with fabric of charcoal-gray shot with gold. The wall behind the desk has ceiling-to-floor drapes. It is a two-room bachelor apartment and the bedroom is as handsomely furnished as the living room.

Incidentally, outside the apartment, the corridors and elevators and lobby are almost as decorative as Maury's apartment—because eighty percent of the tenants in his building are fashion models. Many of these are Maury's friends. "Some are dating friends," he admits. "But, usually, I date girls in show business. You know, a successful, hard-working model is up quite early and to bed before midnight. Actors just begin to talk to each other after midnight. So I usually date girls in show business. We have something to talk about. I like feminine girls who can listen, as well as talk, you know." In the summer, Maury moves out of Manhattan—for three summers, he had a house on Fire Island. When summer is over, he spends his leisure time with friends, visiting leading art galleries, or tuning in to hi-fi. Photography is really his only hobby, although he tried painting recently. "When I was twenty, I took a sketching class. I fell in love with an art teacher model and my only excuse to see her was to take the class. "Last summer, I decided to paint again and I bought about eighty-five bucks' worth of brushes and oils and canvases and the rest of it. I got myself out on a sand dune to do a seascape. Along comes a little girl about eight years old, with a ponytail, and she opens up a broken old box of water colors and goes to work on the scene. Well, when I compared what she was getting with what I had, I pitched my canvas into the sea."

But photography is something he works at. He has hundreds of shots taken at shows and on the beach and in the homes of his friends. The tops of the chests in his bedroom are loaded with developing trays and film and an enlarging gadget. Maury says, " Comes a wife, and this stuff has to go. Can't have both this photographic equipment and a wife in the same bedroom. They'd get crowded."

Maury doesn't pretend that the life of a bachelor is all bright. "I don't have a bad life. There's no dearth of dates. I get out two or three times a week. But then there are many nights I come home with just a couple of newspapers under my arm. And what do I come home to? A hi-fi set, an enlarger. Not as nice a wife and kids. Well, sooner or later, the right girl's going to happen to me."

"Talking about it reminds me of the day before Phil Silvers eloped with Evelyn Patrick. No one knew he was going to get married. He sat down beside me during a rehearsal break and said, 'Maurice, you're just about the only one in the cast who isn't married!' And I said, 'What about you? You're single!' So he says, 'That's subject to change.' Next day, over the radio, I heard he eloped. Well, I'm subject to change, too!"
Cloris is a devoted mother and a fine homemaker. While she has the help of Julia Harris, an excellent children's nurse for over two years, she manages the house herself. In a general way, she believes in the adage, "Whatever you want well done, do yourself."

Typical is the following scene of Cloris at home. A reporter, arriving at the door of the two-storey house in West Los Angeles, is met by George's Grandfather English, the butler. He tells the man about his arrival. Then along in years, "George is in New York on business—he's directing the Harry Belafonte picture, you know. And Cloris is underprivileged—effectively, a h tangled with the boys. When George is home, he takes on one of them and I take on the other. I believe in giving them immedi- cloris is underprivileged, an effect- eveling his adage, "Whatever you want well done, do yourself."

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and be able to take straight talk, too. Otherwise, no friendship."

She has no great love for “large social-duty parties” and is likely to be late to them. On the other hand, she will fuss for hours over a special dish to please an intimate group of three or four when she is the hostess.

It is not unusual for an actress to cry, “This part was made for me!” Cloris feels just the other way around: “The moment I heard that the part of Ruth Martin was open in the Lassie show, I knew I had been made for that part!” She points to her last big part on Broadway, which saw her “practically co-starring with a poodle.”

The pooch, an English sheepdog, was named Patchworks Peggy.

When Peggy's owner gave her a birthday party, with steak and cake, the Eng- lund's Doberman, Gaby, attended, too—and she had to be restrained from becoming the life of the party. “Actually,” Cloris giggles, “George bought a Doberman home because he’d always wanted a dog that was aloof and mysterious. Gaby turned out to be anything but that!”

Just before Adam was born, Cloris was advised to get rid of Gaby. Dogs are jealous of babies, she was told. So, with many a sigh, mother-in-law Mabel Albertson worked up an ad to be placed in the papers, describing all of Gaby’s good points, among them “friendly, endearing, intelligent and well-mannered.” Reading the ad, Cloris exclaimed, “Why, how can we give her away when she has all those wonderful traits?”

On reaching home from the hospital, Cloris laid the infant between Gaby's front paws. Baby blinked at dog, dog at baby. It was a close friendship; children and the pooch are now inseparable.

Jon Provost, the young star of Lassie, and Cloris’s son Adam not only look alike. They have many tastes in common. As a group, they almost always win first prize in the local contest. And little Brian often pesters his mom to “go visit Timmy”—the Eng- lund boys all call Jon by his TV name—and play.

Acting the role of Ruth Martin has made me more, than ever, there’s nothing I want more than a home in the country,” Cloris beams. “George’s father was a famous screenwriter, and he’d had a great influence on his son’s entertainment life since he was a child. George and I still love the theater, TV and the movies, but we like the quiet life with a view—not just for the boys’ sake, but for our own peace of mind.”

In this she is supported stoutly by her mother-in-law, who points out: “While some people say Cloris threw away a great career to concentrate on being a wife and mother, I think it’s two packages in one.”

A dramatic insight into this truth was given recently during a filming of a segment of the show, as Cloris and Lassie stood near their home looking out across the fields for little Jon. At once, Cloris’s eyes filled with tears and she had to be excused for a moment. In her own words, this is what had happened:

“I was suddenly whirled back to my childhood . . . when I’d walk along the roads outside of Des Moines and a neighbor's dog would run up to greet me . . .

and I’d have those pleasant dreams of the years to come under a clear, bright sky. And then I thought, At this moment, I feel as if all the hopes and dreams of my youth have come to pass. Actress, wife, mother—all have come together. How lucky I am, how blessed by good fortune, to be so at peace with my family, my career and myself. I could play this role forever.”

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The Ring Around Rosie

(Continued from page 45)

in the Ferrer-Clooney household about four years ago. Previously, she'd been living with her mother, singer— Nah, who is Rosie, is a singer. In fact, Rosie and Betty started as a sister singing team when they were eight and five, respectively. They made their first professional appearance, harmonizing on a Radio Station WLW, Cincinnati, singing with a hillibilly band. Later, they pursued separate careers as singers.

For their part, Rosie and Betty had to go on a road tour, she thought it might be best to send their younger sister Gail to boarding school.

"At the time, I'd been married to Joe for about six months," said Rosie, her blue eyes very soft, as though she were caressing a lovely memory. "Joe said, 'It would be a shame to send a little girl of eight to school, when the child is happy in her home."

"Gail had to know the other girl's speech and react appropriately," Jose told me. "It is harder to stay alive in a scene without material, without lines. This is a much higher level of acting."

"Would you have hired her if she hadn't been Rosemary's sister?" I asked.

"I certainly would have," said Jose. "Nobody gets a job with me because he or she is a friend or relative."

Gail's name didn't even appear on the cast sheet. But reviews praised the girl who giggled, and audiences sent in letters and cards congratulating the child. The two of her brothers who asked was Eve Ardren. And, when Eve found out, she promptly engaged Gail's services for her own program.

Many children, when they worked at regular show business, asked her to regale them with stories of Rosie, "promptly take over a household—but not Gail. She is professional, but she is not the usual professional child. She works at her job, but she does it quietly. When no time—no phoning. She rehearse her lines quietly upstream herself, or sometimes with one of us cueing her."

"Without being a professional child, she has tremendous poise and charm. It is fascinating for me to see the combination of small child and glamorous pre-teener in Gail. Last Halloween eve, she had a chance to be both. When she went trick-or-treating, she wore skunk suits with tails, and stripes on the back. In that skunk suit, Gail was completely the little girl dressed up for Hallowe'en.

"How can so much talent exist in one family, much of it under one roof, without the roof caving in? With Rosie, who treats you alter a couple of meetings like a friend instead of as an inquisitive interviewer, you can be frank. I asked her, point blank, how such talented individuals could get along with each other without temperament."

"Actors' temperaments are over-rated," said Rosie. "Personally, I think there is no temperament like that of a harassed housewife—goodness knows, many here."

"You must have your temper, Stickey! When two children start to cry at once, the washing machine goes on the blink, or the drying machine won't work, then the peacefulness why shouldn't she get temperamental?"

"But you might have all that to contend with, in addition to your professional work," I reminded Rosie.

"I have, and I help," she replied. She rapped on the wooden table for good luck as she said, "We have a maid who's been with us for seven years, and won't need for the child in her home. The housewife doesn't have adequate help, I think her problems are much more upsetting than when something goes wrong at work."

After lunch at the M-G-M commissary, Jose told me, "There is almost no temperament in our house. When I'm working, I'm high-strung, but I seldom lose my temper or shout or talk in a loud voice."

"Are you sure about that?" I asked.

"I'm sure, and I make sure of it when I'm not working. I work out of our private lives. I study where I work—between the takes at the studio. When I'm directing, I spend so much time with the writer at the studio that I know all his lines. But I don't have to go over my lines at home."

Home for Jose is a place for peace, love, harmony, and not work. When the gates of the studio close behind him, he walks into his bedroom, or the theater, into his kitchen. He has a hundred exciting interests, many of which Rosie shares. He's fascinated by his wife, her family, their children.

"They were the first married, those who didn't, they acknowledged it. It can be a charming but lightweight girl like Rosie hold a genius like Mr. Ferrer?"

"They didn't know our Rosie. Jose does. "It infuriates me," he said, "when people think they know her. If you see me as if I were an intelligent and Rosemary a barefoot girl from the hills of Kentucky, born with a velvet throat. Rosemary is an intelligent girl with a wide range of interests. She is very well-read. She possesses and has her great sense of humor attracted me. By some divine accident, we're both human beings."

"Rosemary is a singer, and a darned good one. She didn't get that way by accident. It's a nice and comfortable theory that someone who is able to sing as well as Rosemary does it by accident. Nobody gets that way by accident. She worked and worked and worked to develop her voice."

"I couldn't agree with you more, " I said. "They're married for a house, and they moved in a house, and they moved in a house, and they moved in a house."

"Rosemary and Jose used to laugh about the astonishment with which the world greeted their marriage. Now Jose added three. "This is the first time I've seen her in her upper story than most of her critics. This girl is not only a warm, loving person, but runs her household with smooth intelligence. She is a grownup, not one run at by a calendar."

"So great is the love and warmth that flows protectively and sensibly over the Ferrer-Clooney household that it melts all problems down to size. Half of this great warmth comes from Rosie; the other half comes from Joe's wood's surprise—from Jose."

The household may be filled with talent, but there's no competition or jealousy among the talented ones. Once, Rosie and Jose started to learn chess at about the same time. They played games, and each close friend of both of them, and a master of the game, helped both of them. For ten days, they discussed chess strategy.

One day, Jose had a chessboard. "Please show me the way the pieces move," Gail asked. Rosie. After about fifteen minutes, Gail said, "Why don't we play a game now?"

"It's not a game you can play after fifteen minutes' instruction. You don't just learn the principles of the game in one brief lesson and then sit right down and play. You'll need more instruction."

"I think I understand what you've explained," said Gail, "so let's play a game."

They sat down to play. Rosie was sure she had the advantage. At first, it looked as if she was right. I'll finish her up quickly, thought Rosie. This is something you're not supposed to try to do in chess. Rosie laughs now, as she recalls, "She beat me to within an inch of my life. By then, she beat me! After that, I virtually gave up chess. Today Gail plays a very good game, often against Jose."

Gail is an integral part of the household, always around the Ferrer-Clooney house. Though she idolizes him. Some mornings, Jose and Rosie and Gail all wake up at the crack of dawn, gulp down some orange juice then go horseback riding. When they're through, they stop at some truckers' paradise for breakfast.

Rosie is full of praise for Gail's prowess at horseback riding and everything else. "Gail doesn't like to jump, but she's very good. She was third prize in her age group at a recent horse show."

Much as she loves her immediate family, the Ferrer-CloONEY world is Jose. Though they've been married for four years, when she talks about him she talks like a bride. "If I live to be 180," she told me, "we'll never be able to spend enough time together."

"That's why I'm starting to commute from Hollywood to New York. Joe is going to direct a musical version of The Captain's Paradise on Broadway. Within twenty-four hours after he left, he called me twice from New York. As for me, when I woke up in the morning, I started missing him from the instant. When I read the morning newspapers, there were four items I would have shown to Jose, that we would have chuckled over together. I cut them out and mailed them to him."

"From now on, I'm going to leave Hollywood in the morning, so my show is up and stay with Joe until Sunday night. Then I'll fly back to Hollywood so I can start rehearsing Monday morning."

"We're married in the real marriage is respect for the other person's time, talent, and wishes. "There's never been any question about my going to a party when Joe has an early call. To me, the salesmanship negotiations there. For me, to get his sleep. On the other hand, since I have to wake up very early on Thursday morning and have a full day on Thursday, Joe won't accept any invitation for Wednesday nights in Hollywood."

"But why?" I asked. "Why can't you go to a party with a girl friend, when Joe has an early call? Why can't he go to the
fights with a male friend, when you have to get up early?"  

"Because," Rosie said patiently, "we enjoy being together so much, I wouldn't want to deprive myself of Joe's company. There just aren't enough hours in the day for us to spend together.

Both of them enjoy watching fights. Miguel, their three-year-old, also likes to watch fights on TV. It looks as though he, too, will have a bushel of talent. From the time he was one and a-half old, he used to challenge his daddy to "pretend" fights. Then the wonderful, dignified Academy Award actor would topple over under the soft rain of his baby boy's blows. Miguel would start counting over him—

one, two, three!

Miguel's a born mimic. When Jose made a picture abroad, Miguel accompanied his mother and dad to London, Berlin, and Paris. In England, the family met Arthur Howard. Miguel was fascinated by the actor's long, serious face, and soon began imitating him. Whenever Jose says, "Let's see your English today," he gives an almost perfect imitation of Arthur Howard.

Recently, when Rosie and Jose were having breakfast in bed, Miguel came into their room and said, "I'd like you to meet my little girl friend, Sylvia." He lifted Sylvia—who is as imaginary a character as the rabbit Harvey—and put her on the bed.

"What color is her hair?" asked Jose.  

"Blond," said Miguel.

"How tall is she?" asked Rosie.

He lifted his hand about eighteen inches over the bed.

"I think I'll go back to Nana," he said next. ("Nana" is Rosie's mother.) He left, closing the door behind him. A minute later he was back.

"I forgot Sylvia," he said. "Come on, Sylvia." He lifted the imaginary child gently, then quietly closed the door.

"You might think Miguel was nuts," said Jose, "but he's the healthiest minded, most complete extrovert you ever met. However, he has quite an imagination. He loves fantasy. Once, when he was playing ball, I pretended to be the ball, and asked him not to bounce me so hard, because it hurt. For the next fifteen minutes, he carried on a long conversation with the ball, inquiring tenderly, each time he bounced it, if it was feeling all right.

"I gave him a candied apple recently," said Rosemary. "He said it looked like a bell. I pretended I could hear it ringing, and he said he could hear it, too."

Some parents break into a panic when their youngsters show active imagination. They find it hard to distinguish between lying and pretending. But, in a tender, talented family like this one, there's no confusion. Imagination and talent are encouraged, not discouraged.

However, if any of the children really misbehave, Rosie feels it's proper to spank their tender bottoms. At such times, Rosie's mother looks on with silent disapproval. Later on, she "abends" the child's misbehavior. In return, when Rosie is tempted to criticize her mother for being overprotective, Jose says, "But Rosie, and goes into a strong defense of his mother—in-law.

It's a family joke that "Nana," like most grandparents, thinks the children are perfect. "We tease her a bit about this," Rosie smiled, "but Joe will never let the teasing go too far."

"Maybe it's because he, too, thinks the children are perfect," I suggested.

"Perhaps," said Rosie. "But, mostly, it's because he's so gallant, almost Old World in his attitude toward older people. He feels that we should never be the least bit unkind toward them. He never criticizes my family, and won't let me say a word against any of them, ever."

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42nd Y.}
Jose has tremendous respect for Rosie's talent, and is very much interested in music himself. When Jose was at college, he led his own band. Around the house, Jose does more singing than Rosie. He's the one who sings in the showers. You rarely hear Rosie singing around the house, except when she's singing one of the children to sleep. Miguel likes songs like "Bushel and a Peck," or "Pop Goes the Weasel." Maria likes bright songs, too.

So far, the only sign of talent Maria has exhibited is doing her Rocky Marciano trick. Her dad says, "Maria, do your Rocky Marciano," she sniffs with her nose as though taking a difficult breath.

When asked if she would like her children to go into show business, Rosie said, "I think parents ought to expose their children to lots of different things, rather than just one. I don't think it's fair to narrow down their world to one profession their parents want. Lots of parents try to live their children's lives for them."

Though Jose sometimes accuses Rosemary of being too protective a parent, he occasionally outdoes her in this respect.

"Jose would like to foam-rubber the house to protect the children," Rosie smiled. "If he's playing tennis and Miguel starts to run toward the terrace, Joe seems to have eyes in the back of his head with which to observe Miguel. He says to Miguel, 'Slow down when you get toward the steps.' When Maria started walking, Joe told me, 'There is something with wheels and a bar that will not tilt. You've got to find it for Maria.' I went to about a dozen stores, before I found it.

"Because of the length of time we were away from home traveling, Miguel got a little confused about the time, and now wakes up each morning between 2 A.M. and 5 A.M. Joe got into the habit of listening to Miguel's faint noises when he wakes up, and of going in to reassure him.

"At least three times on the way to the airport to New York, Joe said to me, 'You'll have to listen to Miguel. The moment he awakens and asks for me, please go into his room and reassure him.' Of course, Rosie does. But she says, "Isn't it funny that Joe should say that maybe I'm overprotective of the children?"

Since Jose and Rosemary understand and respect each other's talents so much, is there any possibility that he himself might ever become a steady fixture on TV, perhaps in a husband-and-wife show?

"Never," said Jose. "I'm terrified of TV. Steady work on TV would scare me to death. It might be professional suicide. When you're on TV, everybody gets to know you too well. The mystery that should surround an actor is gone. TV swallows up, chews up, spits out its performers. The TV public has been fickle with some of its greatest one-time favorites."

What about Rosemary? Is Jose afraid of what TV might do to her?

"No," he said. "That's different. She's a great singer, photogenic, attractive. I know she will not only survive, but become greater than ever. But I'm not young, attractive, or an outstanding singer. I have no faith in my ability to survive a steady TV series. I would never dare undertake one."

In every other medium, Jose shines brilliantly. So does Rosemary. And in every medium of entertainment they've tried so far, so do Betty, Gail, and Nick.

Last Thanksgiving Day, The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney also featured Gail and Nick and Betty—who flew in from Miami for the program. (Betty is married, too, and a very happy and devoted mother.) This was truly a Clooney family holiday. But, for the entire Ferrer-Clooney family, every day's a holiday, a feast of mutual admiration and deepest affection—and respect for one another.
What's the Future of Radio? (Continued from page 22)
casting. Except in a few scattered instances, the almighty dollar is still king and is consumed by the same greedy philosophy.

In years past, radio did a really fine job, for instance, in educating the great mass of people to good music, occasionally even good drama and literature. Symphonic orchestra presentations, vocal and instrumental concerts by recognized virtuosos were broadcast in the “good old days,” and not “icky.” Nevertheless, by sticking to their guns, the networks, and even certain independent stations, occasionally backed by alert and enlightened listeners, were in teaching a grateful, if unimposing, percentage of the American people a real appreciation of the finer things in entertainment. I can remember in the early days of my career I couldn’t recognize some of our great composers’ names when we pronounced them correctly. Except for Tosti’s “Goodbye”—and maybe a tale or two from the “Vienna Woods”—few people outside the cultural centers knew what we were talking about.

My point is that radio (and television, too, for that matter) could well use that kind of record of accomplishments as a pattern and as proof-positive that American audiences, like their brethren all over the world, have an instinctive and genuine love for gourmet entertainment. “Integrity” is the word I like to use.

By that, do you mean that radio and television should present nothing but serious music, drama and literature?

Of course, I wouldn’t deny you such thing. An harmonica player can have as much integrity as a violinist. There is a vast difference between a violin virtuoso and a fiddler, however, and it is my contention that radio should never present anything less than a good fiddler.

In other words, I think radio—like television, like big-league baseball, like professional football and so many other things—is big business. And, like any big business worthy of the name, it should have unimpeachable integrity.

There are some well-known brand names in America which are as staunch and true and dependable as the word “sterling” stamped on silver. One knows, if he is a man of integrity, that a gift purchased in one of the really reliable stores—that whatever the cost—it is exactly as it is represented to be. I don’t think this is the place to pin any bouquets on anybody in particular, but I’m sure you know what I mean.

Radio ought to be like that. Television, too, for that matter, but radio especially, because radio is the only medium. One can listen to the radio even while making the most intimate “toilette.” A radio set is a close, true friend—or, at least, it ought to be. If radio station management and network management did not think they would never put anything on the air that is not the truth, and the absolute truth as God helps us to know the truth.

The engineers do a good job—all stations put out a fine signal, and frequency control is positive. Microphones are of the best quality obtainable anywhere in the world. It is not therefore surprising to find them used by these microphones, a record to be played, a note sung, or a chord played that falls beneath a certain standard of quality.

Beginning with the announcers who open the stations in the mornings, the microphones should be addressed as though they were very close, warm personal friends. No one should ever address “millions of people of the radio audience.” Everyone should remember that, if there is a radio receiver anywhere in the room where the radio is blaring, it’s ten to one they are listening to each other and not the radio, except in very rare instances.

Moreover, radio stations, no commercial “plugs” as they are called, should be delivered by anyone merely reading from a script. Whoever does the actual “selling” should wholeheartedly believe in and be beginning as “Audience” and he must capture and hold the attention of that person and convince him of his sincerity if he’s going to do his sponsors any good.

This is not something that can be done by an amateur. It must be done by a man well-known by his audience.

The spieler, the station and the network must have achieved a flawless reputation for honesty. No amount of money, or lack of it, should ever have any influence.

There has nothing to do with likes and dislikes and trends and fads and that sort of thing. Just because a man is honest and trustworthy on the air doesn’t mean that everybody’s going to like him. (That’s bad enough, of course. A man’s word is good or it isn’t. That little lad born in the manger in Bethlehem had His enemies, and still does.) But that’s no reason why a man should ever try to sell on the air that isn’t honestly on the level. People either like or dislike you, for one reason or another, but you can fix it so that they can only say, “I don’t like him especially, but he speaks only truth.”

Everybody in radio ought to be like that. Every record we play on the air should be good music. Radio stations ought to stay away from the trash’s being spun on the turntables these days, as if it were the plague. Too many disc jockeys are working for the song-pluggers, and the recording companies, and the so-called “artists,” and they attract a rabid, morbid type of listener who has so little to do (and so much less common-sense) that he spends his time telephoning “toasters,” for example, who tell him how to do something on the air that is “plugs,” and he becomes misguided souls who think they have a big audience. They can’t sell eight dollars’ worth of peanuts in a five-cent bag. They do their sponsors absolutely no good and they do their profession and the radio stations involved great harm.

Radio, I pray, must have the courage to stay away from the trash, to be both the best music and other entertainment, and nothing but the truth in news and advertising.

On controversial issues, radio should present both sides of course. But, in that regard, I do not think it is necessary to present both sides of everything. A speaker on a talk show, or a newsman, should be encouraged to present a certain authority based on acknowledged trustworthiness. He should have both sides presented simultaneously, should carefully explain to the audience who these people are, what they represent and what question is up for discussion, and carefully draw out of each speaker the opposing views.

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summing up the program with, “And there you have it: The question we have been discussing is such-and-such. Mr. X thinks thus, and Mr. Y thinks so, and each has, I think, clearly stated his reasons. I trust that this has been of some help to you in forming your own opinion. This is your friend, Joe Blow, of the such-and-such network. We are at your service, and good night.”

You know how it’s done now: “The Slobbovian Broadcasting System is pleased to present another in its series of talks on such a matter.” Tonight we present Professor Stableboy of Greenwich Lib- eries Academy, who will speak to you on ‘Should Horses Be Banned From the City Streets?’ Dr. Stableboy

Then, the good professor goes on for a thousand and a half minutes, and anyone who tunes in late hasn’t the slightest idea what it is or what it’s all about. But he probably hears something that intrigues him for the moment and impresses him, then the announcer says, “You have just heard Professor Stableboy in another of a series . . . blah, blah, blah. Tuned in again, next week, same time, same station.”

Mind you, I don’t mean that radio networks or stations ought to get involved in any way—because, under the present rule, we just can’t afford to take sides. It’s poor business. What I do mean is that each network and each radio station should be regarded as a close, personal friend of each listener, and should be respected as such. I mean I’d like to be able to tune in and hear that the personali- ty, Richard Hotchcliffe—whom I don’t particularly like (because his “A” is too broad, or he rolls his “R,” or he has a nasal twang, or something), but whose word is just as good as his bond—has Senator Skagbag there in the studio. I want to have him tell me that the sena- tor is there tonight to talk about some matter in which I, as a taxpayer, have an interest.

I want to hear Hotchcliffe talk to this man and bring out very carefully all the senator’s arguments in favor of his point of view. I don’t want him to argue with the senator, but I want him to make sure that I, the listener, completely under- stand the senator’s position. I want Hotchcliffe to assume that I’ll understand it when he understands it. And at the end of the discussion, I would like Hotchcliffe to reiterate. I’d like him to restate the proposition and tell me in a few words what the senator said. I’m not the least bit interested in what he, Hotchcliffe, thinks about it; I just want to know what the senator said, and that will help make me up my own mind.

A good politician should be barred from the air, or that anyone with a story to tell of public interest should be denied the facilities, but I want the radio network and the radio station to do everything they can to explain to the audience what’s going on, who’s talking, and what he’s talking about. And, when the speech is over, I want the man whose voice I know now to come back to me again who that was I was listening to and what he was talking about. I don’t want him to tell me what he thinks the man said—because he can’t help but editorialize, but I want to be able, if I am sufficiently interested, to write for a copy of the speech so I can make up my own mind.

I’d like to see radio stations restrict vocalists to people with acceptable sing- ing voices. I don’t mean that every per- former must be a coloratura, or a tenor, or a contralto, or a bass baritone; but I do mean every voice on the air should be as good or better and on pitch and, above all, professional.

That also applies to instrumentalists. I would like to see an end to this era of mediocrity. I’d like to see people have such respect for singers, and soloists, and musicians, and toastmasters, that I would never again hear any ordinary listener say, “Shucks, I can do better than that!” Every singer, every instrumentalist should be so beautifully trained, so professional in his performance, as to be an inspiration and create in others the desire to study and work toward the same kind of perfection. People get awfully tired of the jacked-up stuff they’re getting, but they will come back again and again to something that’s good. And now’s the time to build shows with taste and solid personalities.

Do you think that there are still men on the air who don’t belong there?

Yes, sir. But I think they are poor, mis- guided souls. These are the men who change their personalities the instant they get to the microphone. Why do they do this? The greatest compliment I get from people who meet me for the first time, is when they say, “You sound ex- actly the way you do on radio.”

The man on radio must be himself. No one at the station should ask a human being to do one thing that isn’t honest.

“Nothing but the best” urges Arthur Godfrey. “. . . nothing but the truth.”

No one should do the selling of a product except the man who is completely sold on it himself. People should take great pride in their integrity.

Can radio compete with television?

No, and it shouldn’t try. Should the radio man boast, “I can produce programs just as bad as television shows?” Wouldn’t that be foolish when there are so many people who want something good? There are millions who are not sitting in front of television, and there is a way to attract them and give them pleasure.

Do you think some of the TV audience has been drifting back to radio?

This past year for CBS Radio has been its best in a long time. I don’t know whether it’s a general trend. All I know is that, personally, I watch TV very little. Why? Well, let’s put it this way: In the past, I can remember laughing hour after hour week after week—for years—at Amos ‘N’ Andy on radio. I never missed with laughter at Barons Munchausen. And there was Jack Benny. I rarely missed him. (Of course, he’s still there and greater than ever.) There was Fred Allen, in the beginning, with “Allen’s Alley.” Wonderful. But in television—for me, there are two: Jackie Gleason and Lucy, whatever their names are.

With a few rare exceptions, the top TV programs, as Fred Allen used to say, deal in mediocrity. So you look at TV night after night and ask yourself, you get through, you ask yourself, “What a waste of time.” I think that’s why we quit. We know we’re much better off with a good book, conversation, even a game of cards, than we are sitting there, just watching TV, perhaps tuned to good music. Once in a while, a man comes on who knows what he’s talking about and we sit up and listen.

You were talking about the great en- tertainment in past years on radio with such shows as Fred Allen and the others. Can radio build that kind of program again?

I doubt it. Unfortunately, there’s a problem with dialect. Remember “Allen’s Alley”? There were characters with Jew- ish, Italian and Irish accents. And re- member the other shows? Most of the funniest parts of programs were in World War II, people have become aw- fully touchy. I know that if I dare do any dialect on the air—except Cockney, which Americans don’t laugh at, anyway—I get something. I certainly don’t do any persecution. So is it possible to have programs as successful as the original Amos ‘N’ Andy and the others back?

I doubt it. In my opinion, it is impossible for people who have a show a day or a day or a day or a day, without the use of dialect.

Then, in your opinion, is it impossible for radio to make a comeback at night? Is it impossible for radio to enjoy the tremendous night-time audiences it once had? No. To take away the big ratings of television? No. But radio can be a very profitable source of income for sta- tions. If they are able to attract the same percentage of those who listen to me buy what I have to sell. If radio in general begins to think this way and finds an au- dience, then I’d say, as a listener, it’s like what it hears—it can run an attractive business to the complete satisfaction of the adver- tiser.

Can network radio come back?

It’s hard to say. And, in fact, CBS Radio has had a good year and it looks as if they’ll have an even better one this year. Networks have a great advantage in pro- gramming. Only the networks can service the stars with their great names in the entertainment business. Only networks can get top authorities for panel discussions. Only the networks have “live” coverage for national and inter- national news; and only the networks have the ace commentators. For example, where is a local station going to get an Edward Murrow? Record him and mail out the lecture on tape or record it and put it out the next day. That’s no good. All local stations have had programs recording music, because they have been concerned only with making money.

Let’s say you gave up your Wednesday- night television show. Have you soared on television?

No. You see, the Wednesday-night pro- gram was supposed to be like my other shows. That was supposed to be the show, but it developed into
something else. It turned out to be a retinue of singers, dancers, costumers, designers and so forth. I just went along with the producers until I got fed up. It was too much work for what it was.

But let’s get back to trying to do television, especially when the show isn’t being broadcast on radio at the same time. When it’s pure TV, there’s so much you can do just with the expression on your face—uttering a phrase or two makes you deadly. My problem with the morning shows, since they are simulcast, is that I’m not completely relaxed. There is the TV audience, and the radio audience, so there is the radio audience which can’t—so that I’m always inhibited. I don’t like it. In my opinion, radio is one thing and television another. The truism should never meet them.

If you gave up the Wednesday-night show because it was too much work, why did you just recently take on an additional radio series? Well, the idea for the Ford Road Shows in the afternoon originated long before I decided to give up the television program—in a conference with Arthur Bull Hayes, who is now President of CBS Radio and a long-time personal pal of mine. In my humble opinion, he knows more about network and local station radio than any other man I’ve ever met. For saying so, for I think some of the things he knows about radio I taught him. (To explain that: A long time ago, Art and I took over the key station of CBS, which is now the Mutual Network and accepted as such by CBS because they had to have a “key station.” Together, Art and I turned it into one of the network’s-most profitable stations. One day he sold him some ideas and he taught me management. I think I taught him more radio than he taught me management—but only for the reason that I’m stupid and will believe anything a man says is a manager. But, as for Art, he’s terrific.)

Anyway, we were having a long talk, as we often do, and I said to him, “Art, why have you forgotten that there’s only one way to sell radio? The way we did it in the beginning. Give people a personality they can depend on, in whom they have faith. Not necessarily a performer. He is one, true, but a man with only has intelligence and integrity, you’ll have an audience. Give this man to the people every day. That’s the way we did it in the beginning. Now we’re fighting for lives, so let’s do it the way we started.”

Then I said, “Why don’t you go to a big automobile outfit? Ford. Sell them a radio show. They will sell it at the show, and there will be a sale around-the-clock. Put men on those shows who are to be depended on. If you do that, you will come up with sales results Ford can trace to radio. They will be satisfied, because we will come along and take advantage of the same kind of thing.” So he said, “Will you help?” I said, “Sure.”

Just about the same time I gave up the Wednesday show, Art came around and said, “Ford likes the idea. They want you.” Well, I refused to go on around-the-clock. I said that there were a lot of men who would like to do that. But I thought, besides, it would ruin a good thing. People would be asking, “Who is this guy Godfrey to tell us all day long?”

But I liked the idea of working for Ford and doing my show for them. It’s from 5:05 to 5:30, Monday through Friday. I’m alone at the microphone. There’s just me and the guy driving an automobile and show, and the one back-seat driver he’s got with him.

What general conclusions do you draw from your own experiences in radio? I guess some of you may be interested in some of the things that have happened to me.

First, I will tell you that I was in the Coast Guard Saturday nights, I performed on radio—and for free. This was on an itty-bitty station, WFBR in Baltimore. I was devoted to that station. In one year, I worked up from performer to program announcer, full-time announcer, chief announcer, program director to station manager. We had great pride in that station. On the air, we proclaimed it “the official radio voice of the city of Baltimore”—and we were more no official than WOKO in Kokomo. But, because the governor used our microphone once a week, we claimed the title. I worked hard and loved every minute of the time being on the air. I wrote continuity, sent out bills and went out and collected them. I was making exactly eighty dollars a week.

Now there was a radio columnist, Betty Snyder, on The Baltimore Sun. Betty and her husband now own a paper in Frederick, Maryland, but Betty was the first to put me in a radio column. When they met, we became great friends. She used to tell me I had to move up to a network if I wanted to get anywhere. I argued with her. I’d say, “Sure, I’m working for a little station—but it’s a good one.” And I fought for it. But still, you looked up at those guys at the network, you tipped your hat to them. Then Betty got me an audition at WRC, the NBC outlet in Washington. They met me at fifty dollars a week. It was less money, but now I was up there. I began to meet senators, vice-presidents, cabinet officers. I had printed cards that read, “Arthur Godfrey, NBC announcer, and I gave them to anyone who would take them.

In 1954, I quit NBC. As it happened, I quit the network’s most cherished radio show. I had to find work. I was never going back to radio. Well, Harry Butcher—who was later to become Ike’s naval aide—came out to the field three days in a row and finally talked me into coming over to WJZ, the CBS station in Washington. I came back, not as a staff announcer, but as an independent performer with a three-hour morning show. For the first time, I had to build my own career. Then I met Walter Winchell. When he heard that I was making seventy-five dollars a week for a program that brought in between $100,000 and $150,000 a year, he told me it was nuts.

I asked, “What do I do about it?” He said, “You go back and put your feet on the boss’s desk and spit on the floor.” So something like that, I got the raise. Now, the network should have never allowed me to get away with it, but I was bringing in so much money from sponsored shows, that they say that was bad. And I very soon realized it was bad, and I went out to work for the organization, as well as for myself. I did all kinds of special-event shows—from airfields, from presidential conventions, from state funerals, from the morgue (on reckless driving). And all for free. I did them because of my pride in the organization.

Do you see the point I’m making: When television came along, who cried the blues first? The radio network executives, they weren’t concerned with good programming, but with the idea that they couldn’t compete with television. There was no pride left. Then the little stations began to sound off. Their noise was based on sales—not pride in programming.

Well, I think the radio audience has come to realize this and is fed up with what it’s getting. But I think listeners will rebel and say they’re fed up with the kind of programs that come from integrity and pride in the medium. Radio’s future simply depends on the people who make it.
Like Father, Like Son

(Continued from page 33)

block, though not yet fifteen. Preparing for his debut on Dad’s show over ABC-TV, pianist junior, Jr.—who is to accompany his father in one of the latter’s all-time hits—got his final instructions.

“You don’t have to take off on this number,” Sinatra, Sr. admonished. “Just play it a little easier and don’t nature up.”

“You want me to hold back?”

“Yes,” said Senior. “Remember you’re the accompanist. Don’t crowd me, just give me the best. That’s all you have to do.”

Said Junior, succinctly, “I could phone that in.”

No temperament,” quipped Senior, “Be like his father, reasonable at all times.”

Such ad libs capture their real-life relationship. They’re very much alike. True, you’d have to go a long way to become a 1932 with Spencer Tracy I’d have to knocked around show business most of your life, been up and down, loved and lost—and, through it all, kept that special courage which makes a champion. Sinatra, Jr. is one of these, but he’s his father’s son. It’s quite a heritage.

Though young Frank has taken piano lessons since he was five, he’s nonchalant about his ability. Asked if he thinks he’d like to make a career of piano-playing, he retorts, “You’ll never catch me pushing those miles around.” Nevertheless, he was curious about everything on his father’s set. He may yet turn out to be a producer.

So—in spite of the fact that Frankie, Jr. says, “None of this jazz for me”—Frankie, Sr. takes it with a grain of salt and a wink of the eye. Father obviously thinks son has a bit of the old ham, too.

At twenty-five, Anthony Perkins is six-feet-two, slender, dark-eyed and intense. Though his father, Broadway matinée idol Osgood Perkins, died when Tony was five, Tony has been exposed to show business all his life. He learned to read from his father’s clippings.

Such beginnings explain why Tony is a dedicated actor. The theater is his profession, his hobby, his life. He’s interested in anything that has to do with theater arts. He’s talked to playwrights and has composed some songs, the merits of which are yet to be judged. He has in mind making his own singing arrangements, writing his own lyrics, and possibly accompanying himself on the piano.

Tony can best be described as “boycifully bashful,” a quality he also projects when he sings. He doesn’t have a trained voice, but it has personality. His first record, the title song from “Friendly Persuasion,” sold more than a million copies. Now with RCA Victor, he recently released “First Romance” and “Moonlight Swim.” And Tony looks that cheerful and easy-going. Actually, he’s full of nervous energy, has to be constantly on the go. He can’t stand or sit still for more than a few seconds—even then, he’s tapping his foot or wriggling his hands. His only sport is Tennis, with a capital T. He loves it, will play at the drop of a racquet. Frequently, he can be found slamming a tennis ball against a sound stage, to keep in practice.

But, about eleven o’clock at night, Tony falls apart, drops into bed and sleeps as though he’d been hit on the head with a mallet. He’s up in the morning as though he’d been shot out of a cannon. Tony loves to see the new day.

Tony began his Hollywood acting career in 1950, here he’s shown with Jean Simmons in “The Actress.” Nothing happened, and he went back East. He made his first big splash on Broadway when he stepped into the John Kerr role in “Tea and Sympathy,” which played for a year with Joan Fontaine. Next come the lead role in the TV series “The Thin Man,” the role which brought him back to Father’s first hit. By last December, he had to his credit four un-released pictures, worth millions of dollars, in which he had starring roles—“The Thin Man,” “This Angry Age,” with Sylvana Mangano; “The Matchmaker,” with Shirley Booth and Shirley MacLain; “Desire Under the Elms,” with Sophia Loren—and a brand-new smash, “Plymouth,” on Broadway, in “Look Homeward, Angel.”

Tony says nothing about marriage. He feels it wouldn’t be fair to either his wife or his career, if he were to marry now. Yet he described himself as “completely available,” and has dated Gary Cooper’s daughter Maria, Sylvana Mangano’s sister Nettie, and girls with whom he’s worked—Elly Beay, from “Angel.” Among the most exciting, wanbon he ever met.

Six-feet-one and lithie, seventeen-year old Rick Nelson is the tallest (though youngest) member of his famous family. He’s been performing since he was eight, when he first appeared on his parents’ radio show. When The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet came to TV in 1953, Rick came along, too. Then, last April, he rocketed to fame with his own series, “Tin Angel.”

Rick has been exposed to show business all his life. He learned to read from his father’s clippings.

Normally shy and retiring, Rick’s personality changes when he sings. Once the music begins, his handsome face lights up like a xubbox. Rick’s teen-age audience really likes his performance tours. Good-looking, with a shock of brown hair and blue eyes, he’s the living expression of what every youthful fan dreams.

Fan mail from Rick’s feminine admirers comes in by the thousands, and the Nelson office hired four girls to help him answer it. His parents, Ozzie and Harriet, have encouraged him by giving him every possible break, featuring his singing on half of their TV shows this season. Rick’s recent discs, “BeBop, Baby,” and “Have I Told You Lately That I Love You,” have already achieved hit status. And his popularity has increased with release of his new Imperial album, “Ricky.”

Besides singing, Rick has another interest, acting. Having a movie, he then wheels his special cut-down Plymouth convertible into the nearest drive-in for a hamburger and Coke.

Rick’s older brother David—five-feet-eleven inches—is a likely the wealthiest of Hollywood’s second-generation glamour boys. Just turned twenty-one, Dave came into his majority last year. By January 1, $250,000 the courts had stashed away for his nine-year career on radio and TV.

Though blond, blue-eyed Dave is shy in company, at first, when you get to know him, you find he is well-read, verbal, facile, and talks knowingly on his major interests—acting, football, his imported Porsche, his new motorcycle—and girls.

Dave has developed a hot interest in motorcycle hill-climbing competition. Any day you find him on the studio lot, chances are he’s on a motorcycle. The motorcycle doesn’t have lights, isn’t for night riding. “I’m not with that,” says Dave. “It’s strictly a competition machine. More than anything, Dave’s all-consuming goal is to be a top movie actor. When he goes to movies at least once a week, has become what his mother describes as our family motion-picture reviewer.” If Dave comes out with a major motion picture, “you’ve got to see, all the Nelsons see it.

His own performances can be best described as belonging to the natural school of acting. “Be natural, be yourself,” his father tells him. Dave was given his first major motion-picture dramatic role in “Peyton Place,” his reviews were excellent—so it looks as though listening to Ozzie’s advice has paid off for Dave.

“Cute” seems an inadequate word for John Wayne’s eighteen-year-old son Pat six-feet-two, hundred and eighty-five pounds—and still growing. But that’s how his fathen describes him. His career began with small roles in “Mister Roberts” and “The Long Grey Line,” then on to a featured part in “The Searchers.” Elected last year as “Hollywood’s Star of Tomorrow” poll, he was too shy to go to the party for his award. But his fans were right; Pat’s now starring in “The New Land.”

Pat signed contract with C. V. Whitney Productions on a picture-a-year basis, with the stipulation set down by his father that all filming must be done during summer vacations. Big John Wayne insists that his son finish his education. Not a freshman at Loyola University, Pat is a straight-A student, but never brags about it. He was a three-year letterman in highschool football—when pressed for details, he says only, “Yeah, I play a little bit.”

Honesty and loyalty are Pat’s strongest character traits, drilled into him by his dad, and his acting reflects that honesty. For a boy who’s said of himself that he doesn’t act, he’s just his honest self in front of the camera. Though his dad has never told him how to act, he does the same way.

Even in terms of the greatest interests, Pat is much like his father. They are both excellent bridge and poker players, and Pat’s a terror at gin rummy because he can remember every card played—a helpful talent in learning lines, too, his dad proudly points out. Both John and Pat play chess, as well.

Like his dad, Pat is a real practical joker, he has a droll sense of humor but won’t instigate a gag unless one has been pulled on him—then look out! He is an avid movie-goer, but doesn’t care for science fiction or horror, however, he loves monster films. Movies and dancing are his favorite dates. For a big boy, Pat’s extremely graceful on the dance floor, though he has never taken a lesson.

Like his dad, Pat drives his own car, a 1956 Plymouth station wagon which his father helped him buy out of his 1956 earnings. Pat wanted a station wagon, instead of a convertible. Also, Pat’s girlfriend, and other teenagers in the neighborhood have long double-dated, triple-dated and quadruple-dated Pat is the bus driver for the gang.

No steady girls, so far, for any of these sons. After all, with so many crammed into one family, they’re going to keep Pat’s advice until after all, their parents found their mates and these young men undoubtedly will. After all, Hollywood can sit back and “make book” on a third generation of charmers.
Pop vs. Playboy

(Continued from page 39)

star of the family, the head of the house, the acto-
ress who puts the ‘rest.’ My son says, ‘Oh, you mean Melinda,’
and then Melinda comes forward. Well, that goes on until all the children are in
front of the audience, and then they begin to react, and then they say: ‘You want
our father, they chorus.

You want Bob Cummings, star of this show, who is the greatest, most handsome
actor, most popular of all the young girls. When they see the man, they go for all those
drives on Mulholland Drive, he never does anything but kiss the girl—although I
can’t believe it myself. But that’s Bob Collins... a nice person, really... a rather
typical example of human nature.

When we began to plan this show, Cummings continues, ‘we looked over the
televiser. We were too good to be true. Television viewes are too adult and too intelligent to get that kind of entertainment all the time.

People are a lot smarter than many pro-
ducers and sponsors think. They decided
creaters with human failings—
visible to himself— who can tell true
stories and remote to innocent small
schemes to get what they want. Everybody schemes,
even my children. Every one of mine—
and every one of everybody else’s—knows
how to get around Mom and Dad on occasion.

Grownups, too, Bob adds with a smile:
‘When Margaret, my sister on the show,
wants a new washing machine, she
nag Bob about it for a while, and then
maybe, she’ll blackmail him—just a little!’ Such tactics, Cummings believes, are prac
ticed in the average home. Does Mrs. Cummings
insists? ‘You bet she does,... says her amazing husband.

The Cummings children have five tele-
vision sets at their disposal, most of them
gifts their father has received after her
personal appearances. Thus, each child
can watch his or her favorite show with
out arguments. But one set always serves
when Father’s on the screen.

What effect might Father, as the skirt-
chasers Bob Collins, have upon impres
sionable young minds? ‘Like I said be
fore,’ Bob chuckles, ‘they show’s good.
Can you imagine what will happen when
my daughters grow up and go out on
dates? They’ll know every plot by the
evening begins. A designing fellow
won’t chance. And I hope my sons
watch Bob Collins and remember that
physical attraction doesn’t mean a life
long romance. There’s more to real love
than the perfectly natural attraction of a pretty
woman.

‘Marriage is a very serious thing. It’s
difficult for two people to get along in a
casual relationship. And, in a successful
marriage, as entertaining, as numerical
and as practical as to each other.’ Cummings becomes quietly
thoughtful. ‘When you consider,’ he says, ‘how many husbands and wives can’t get
along together, it’s no wonder the nations
are being married.’

As for that dapper, delightful rascal, Bob
Collins, Cummings admits that he was
developed from real life. A prominent Holly-
wood photographer, it was inspiration,
says Bob, ‘is a really fabulous
lady. He always drives a sports car.
His clothes are perfect for every occasion.
He’s out every night, in the smartest
places always, with unbelievably beau
tiful girls... different ones every night.

But this paragon had to be touched up
for television. For example, the plane
which Bob Collins owns and flies in the

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There arose in her a feeling of extreme
helplessness. She was faced with some
thing that she could not understand—and
yet MUST if happiness was to last. His
cries—it was real, and it wasn’t real. To
see a strong man cry—burdened by a

distress that she felt she could not relieve.

I THANKED GOD FOR THIS MARRIAGE-SAVING BOOK

was what she wrote one day. It was only
what thousands of women have said in
different words. It is what thousands more
have thought, and felt, but never ex
pressed. And there were other occasions,
too, when the book was a lifesaver—par
cularly that time when she thought they
could never have a child. And the time
when she thought she was losing her hus
band to someone else.

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Married Life With Lawford

(Continued from page 21)

and danced like a breeze by night. She looked equally well in sportswear and evening gowns. She was not impressed by Peter Lawford’s status as a motion picture star (she had danced and swum with dukes and ears). And, with the same mental maturity, she refused to take herself seriously.

How does a man pay court to a girl like that? Well, in the best Thin Man tradition, he says he is returning to Los Angeles after Christmas and, if she goes through with it, he will have his way. (Technicalities be induced to buy her a hamburger—pro¬
vided she would play him a set of tennis first. The hamburger might even turn into a date.)

As it turned out, the January weather in Los Angeles proved to be superb. So did the tennis and the steaks. And the dancing. However, a girl who has a global ticket in one pocket and a passport in the other is scarcely in the mood to listen to the words of a young man standing tall in the moonlight, regarding her with an expression of love and means of marriage.

In one of the most protrated double¬
takes in history, Pat Kennedy boarbd a

plane at Los Angeles’ International Air¬
port, flew to Honolulu, changed planes, flew to Tokyo, then shook her head to clarify thought. After explaining her liaison relationship to her brothers, Pat flew back to Honolulu, back to Los Angeles, told Peter “yes,” flew to New York—and there becomes Mrs. Peter Lawford, on April 24th.

After an Hawaiian honeymoon, the Law¬
fordse settled to the lifetime series of emo¬
tional discoveries called marriage. One of Pat’s first realizations was that she had married the wrong Charles—oh, resource¬
ful, unpredictable, sometimes frolicsome but always well-organized.

Everything Pete did was done with a purpose. He didn’t wear his shoes handmade in New York (because of his unusually narrow feet), then he spent his leisure days in Japanese scuffs and his studio days (until his director protested) in a pair of black velvet house¬

slippers.

He regarded himself as an accredited member of the air age and never, for a moment, regarded the means of transportation between Los Angeles and New York. Yet, he usually came within
twenty seconds of missing his flight. "There must be a psychological reason," Pat mused.

"Darned right, dear," said Peter, and told her about his aircraft accident.

He had been en route to Mexico City. Fed up with the plane by a coterie of con-vivial souls, Peter had taken a sedative and had gone immediately to sleep. He had been awakened by the stewardess, who announced that they had landed in Mexico, D. F. Did Mr. Lawford care to shave on the plane or after he reached his hotel?

"Right now, thank you," he said, feeling great and leaping into the aisle with the vigor of the pure in heart. He strode to the forward comfort compartment of the plane, found it "Occupado," leaned against the bulkhead, and visualized that—in air as smooth as a satin ribbon—he had lost his sense of balance. Blacking out, he fell across one of the forward seats, cutting a gash beneath his right eye.

Somewhat later, a doctor used four stitches to close the wound, observing that the blow, if sustained an inch higher, could have cost Peter his starboard sight—or his life.

Nearly every woman hopes for her man to reveal an occasional streak of sentimentality. None more, perhaps, than the woman of Nick, has been known by TV viewers to fish for spoken evidence of husbandly approval. Pat Lawford, spouse of Pete, has never had to resort to loverskilling to check her domestic batting-average.

The Lawfords had been married only a few months when Peter came home one afternoon looking mildly important and carrying a large square box under his arm. "For you," he said casually, dropping it on the sofa. "No special occasion. Just...you." Unboxed and untied, the contents proved to be a sports outfit—capris, shirt, flats and kerchiefs, all in Pat's size, all from one of Pat's favorite shops.

When Christopher, the Lawford scion, was born, his mother received a pair of diamond earrings from Christopher's ex-static father. When Sydney (named for her Grandfather Lawford) was born, there was a gold mesh purse for Pat from Peter. The November morning, after the Lawfords had been married seven months, Peter said idly, "I'm about to have three weeks free. Wouldn't it be great to spend the time in Honolulu?"

"It would," smiled Pat, smiling into her husband's eyes, a memory of their Hawaiian honeymoon. "Of course, it's so close to Christmas, and there are so many things to do..."

"True," said Pete. That seemed to close the matter—except that, three days later, he tossed airline tickets into Pat's lap with the announcement, "We leave tomorrow at midnight. Reservations at the Hahkuluani are made...."

Peter's memory is phenomenal. He is one of the quickest studies in the theatri-cal profession, and his list of memorized telephone numbers would fill the directory for a town the size of, say, Pearla. His memory also covers the addresses of most of the homes of his friends, scattered as they are over the face of the globe. But, now and then—admirable trait in a hus-band—he slips.

The Lawfords set out for a dinner party one night, and the last thing Pat asked Peter before closing the door was, "Do you have the address?" Pete, slightly embarrased because he had been slow dressing, and so had caused them to be a little late, replied grandly that he didn't need the address. He knew exactly where he was going and how to get there.

But, as all mumm-blogging addresses under his breath and cursing the constantly changing face of Los Angeles, Pete refrained from com-menting on the relaxed confidence of the wife who permits a man to alter course at his discretion without having to worry about such masculine preoccupations as "saving face."

Pete stopped at the next filling station, called home and asked the maid to look up the address (unlisted in the telephone directory) and was able to say comfortably, "I'm only off a block. I know I'm right around here somewhere. What threw me off was that new house on the corner. Changes the appearance of the entire area."

Pleased as Nora Charles herself, Pat agreed, with a perfectly straight face, "Things are confusing at night, too. Landmarks look different."

Sometimes, however, the prankishness that is an essential part of the personality of both Nick Charles and Peter Lawford causes the wife of each to entertain baseball-hat implausibilities.

When Pat returned to New York, after a six-week junket with her sisters to Russia ("We were nervous the entire time we followed our rooms—" rooms were searched"), she was met at Idlewild Air-port by Pete, who had flown East for the reunion.

Once established in their suite at the hotel, Pete said apologetically, "These are the best accommodations I could get on the spur of the moment."


"One serious problem is that baby next door," Pete frowned. "It cried all night and it was still setting up a merry howl when I left for the airport. I think we should complain."

Pat said she didn't think she would mind a little crying. The sound of a baby would be music to her ears, because she had had six homiesick for Christopher (then six months old).

"I still think I should take action," Pete said. "You're tired and should have rest."

Striding to the communicating door, he unlocked it, opened it, and marched into the adjoining room as if he owned the hotel, while Pat protested wildly in the background.

Picking up a crying infant, Peter returned to Pat—who was standing at the back of a white-clad nurse who (Pat was convinced) was about to break into screams for the police.

Then suddenly, she recognized her own son in his father's arms. "Oh, you!" she said to Pete, but the glorious surprise of holding Christopher close dissipated any other emotion she might have been inclined to express. "You're wonderful," she told her grinning spouse.

It was a typical Thin Man facade: a little sentimental, a little funny, and altogether satisfying.

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**TV RADIO MIRROR**

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81
Nine New Men on the Welk Team

(Continued from page 26)
that Alvan must certainly have a lot of friends. "No," wisecracked young Lawrence Welk, "he's just got a big family!"

One of the few bachelors in the band is new member Art Depew, trumpeter. Art was married only a short time when he discovered that his father's duties as a minister in the Christian Church took the family traveling to various towns as Art was growing up. Art's parents are now stationed at a mission in Japan. Art also suggested that he had made a recording of Joe's voice to Welk, and this resulted in Joe's being signed to the Champagne Music Makers.

Clown among the new recruits is Pete Fountain, clarinetist from New Orleans, Louisiana. Pete has lost few for the fact that Welk is a very determined man. Pete had spotted Pete, described him as "one of the outstanding jazz clarinet players in the world," and Pete's records for the Champagne Music Makers needed him. In spite of the fact that Pete's roots were in New Orleans, where he'd just bought a home for his wife, Pete's sister, Mrs. Dolores Matherne, still lives in the home town.

Pete's friend and Immanuel Alexandra of the New Orleans Symphony, and at Johnny Wigg's State Band school Saturday of music. He went to McDonough Public School 28, and was a Warren Easton High School in New Orleans, where he played with a group called the Junior Dixieland band, which won a Horace Heitl talent contest and went on tour. A few months before Pete joined Phil Zito's Dixieland band, and had been while with that group that he met Beverly Lang, whom he married two years later. In 1930, Pete helped organize the Basin Street Six, but he had two spots for four years. All the while, Pete had been blithely turning down offers to go with big-name bands—among them Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw. He formed his own combo, Pete Fountain and His Three Coins, and later went with the Dukes of Dixieland to play for seven months in Chicago. "That cured me of wanting to go to New York," Pete said.

Back in New Orleans, he developed his exciting instrumental technique by following the pace of the late Irving Fazola, one of Pete's favorite bands, the Bobcats. Another of the Bobcats, Eddie Miller, is a neighbor of Pete's in North Hollywood, where the Fountains have settled with their youngsters, Darah Ann, 3; Kevin, 2; and Jeffery, 1. 

Jimmy Henderson, trombonist, probably started his musical training earlier than most of the Champagne Music Makers. He began playing the trombone when he was...
six. How could a six-year-old reach all the positions on that instrument? Jimmy answers that simply by saying he couldn't—but he did manage to make it to the fourth position by using his bare feet! He confesses that he happened to pick trombone because someone had given the instrument to his older brother, and young Jimmy was determined he'd learn, too.

Back in Wichita Falls, Texas, where Jimmy was born and reared, his father, George T. Henderson, has been city clerk for twenty-seven years. Jimmy's mother has taught piano for years, still has fifty or sixty pupils. It was she who taught Jimmy piano, insisted that he take violin lessons for six years, and encouraged him in his trombone study. The family still lives at 1816 Elizabeth Street in Wichita Falls.

At the age of twelve, having learned well from his instructor, Tom McCarty, Jimmy was a concert trombonist with the Wichita Falls Symphony Orchestra. At thirteen, he had his musician's union card. In high school, Jimmy formed his own dance band. After graduation, he attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, in Ohio, and played with the symphony orchestra in that city.

Later, he played in the hands of Hal McIntyre, Tommy Dorsey, and the Dorsey Brothers. But the wandering life of a dance-band musician was not for Jimmy, and he vowed that, when his oldest child was of school age, he'd settle in one spot. That spot turned out to be Encino, California, where Jimmy now lives with his wife and their daughters, Jennie Lee, 8, and Julia Ann, 4. Mrs. Henderson, the former Shirley Carter, used to sing in Wichita Falls; now she sings in the neighborhood Baptist Church choir.

Back when Russ Klein was eleven, he fell in love with the saxophone, his parents agreed to give him lessons in some musical instrument. He recalls that his dad, doing well in business, was most indulgent, and that Russ made rapid transition from his first nickel-plated sax, to a silver sax, and then on to a dazzlingly glittering gold-plated one which he had his own hands in the making. Russ commuted from his home in Worcester, Massachusetts, to Boston, a distance of forty-two miles, for his lessons with Bill DeWey—but it was a labor of love.

Out of high school, he joined the Casa Loma band, then under the direction of Hank Beragini. During the war, Russ served with an air-sea rescue bomber crew of the Army Air Corps. It was while he was with this group that he met his wife, Nelle, then a WASP pilot. They now live in Los Angeles with Russ's son by a former marriage. Son Lanny is seventeen.

Russ spent more than eleven years with the Fredy Martin band, was with the staff orchestra of Los Angeles Station KLAC, played with David Rose's orchestra, and then with the Cocoanut Grove house band. For five years, he did free-lancing in television and movie studio orchestras. Finally, when Lawrence Welk beckoned, the offer was too attractive to be resisted.

Youngest of the new members of the band is Maurice Pearson, tenor, who also came the greatest distance to join the Champagne Music Makers. Born in Montreal, Canada, twenty-four years ago, Maurice attended grammar school in that city and in New Westminster, then moved with his family to Vancouver, where he went to John Oliver High. All through high school Maurice participated in amateur productions, but it was only four years ago that he took up singing with any serious intent. He studied with William Morton, one of Canada's foremost tenors. His voice showed such improvement that Maurice's father, Roy Pearson, who is in the display advertising department of the Vancouver Daily Province, had some recordings made. The elder Pearson is an avid Welk fan. After watching the Monday program one week, Pop Pearson impulsively sent one of Maurice's records to Mr. Welk. All Lawrence Welk needed was one playing of that record.

Maurice made his first appearance with the Champagne Music Makers, in a guest spot, on the night of his birthday. After that initial audition, which failed to impress Mr. Welk's original opinion of Maurice's talent, the young Canadian returned to his job in Vancouver. But only for the short time it took for Mr. Welk to get the proper permits through the Bureau of Immigration to allow Maurice to return to Los Angeles to work. Maurice, a bachelor, has a tiny apartment near the Welk office, and sings with the band at the Aragon Ballroom on weekends.

Another new trombonist with the Welk band is Kenny Tribble, a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Kenny went to Bay View High and to Milwaukee State Teachers College, and then on tour with the

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This Is Nora Drake
(Continued from page 34)
and strength, was even more apparent as her voice took on some of the quick sureness of Nora’s speech, mingled with the warmth of her seventeen years.

“In my childhood, I had a cousin Lil- lian Walsh, who had taken up nursing,” said Mary Jane. “I thought then, as I do now, that the nurse’s uniform is a symbol of a woman who takes her work seriously. Whether one is sick in body and spirit, Lillian was a wonderful woman. Through her, I learned to respect all who do similar work.”

This has been her career—nursing, and this makes her extremely interesting to me. She has studied the human heart, as well as the human body. She has learned much about psychology and psychiatry, and therefore was, as a trained and in- formed assistant—not merely as one who tends to help but does not know how.

“Nora looks for motives, but she is in no sense a professional ‘meddler’ who probes into others’ lives,” Dr. Welk said. Those in trouble often seek her out and confide in her. She inspires confidence because she is level-headed and honest . . . both with herself, as well as with others.”

Mary Jane paused a moment, then resumed thoughtfully: “I know with what regret Joan Tompkins, who was Nora for so long, has left the stage. But Nora is the nurse’s uniform,” she poignantly put it, to go to California and join her husband, Karl Swenson, who has been acting on the West Coast for some time. I, too, have given up parts that meant a great deal to me, in order to remain near my husband, Guy Sorel, who is also an actor. Guy, in turn, has sacrificed good roles in plays that were going on the road because I was not free to go with him. When you have a good marriage you cherish it, and put it first.” About this, Mary Jane is positive.

Guy Sorel, well-known on stage, screen, radio, and television, was in New York, playing in the Broadway stage mystery-thriller, “Monique,” at the time his wife put on Nora’s uniform. Guy and Mary Jane had been separated part of the previous summer while he was doing summer stock in Boston, and there have been many separations over the years between him and her—singer in the Hollywood network show less than three years ago. Now their roster has swollen to thirty-three. With the addition of these nine talented and likeable fellows, Lawrence Welk’s world of music has more bubbles and effervescence than ever!
home and find his wife dressed up one day, looking gay and pretty! Forgetting that, unlike Ethel, I lived in a small city apartment, walked a dog on city streets. Forgetting that I am not the type Ethel is, a woman of five with 12 children but still distinguished," Mary Jane smiled ruefully.

"When I got home and told Guy how close I had come to trailing clouds of rich fabric, he laughed and said, "You would have stayed dressed up only fifteen. You would look at a wall you decided needed washing down, or a radiator that needed a paint touch-up, and that would be the end of such hands.

So far as the ordinary routine of house-keeping is concerned, Mary Jane is very willing to give that over to their competent Camille, who has been working for Guy's family once he was an infant and now takes care of them both. Camille, a Frenchwoman, is a fine cook and Guy cooks well, while Mary Jane admits that she prefersJessica wallpaper then pots and pans. "However, if Camille is away and Guy does the cooking, he leaves the pots and dishes for me to clean up. Naturally, being a man.

Later, color as she goes, Mary Jane might not dress up conservatively if it were not for her husband's influence. So she lets her joy in color spill over into the apartment, a medley of turquoise and gold, lace and brocade. The living room walls are turquoise, with accents of the other tones in furnishings and fabrics. Bedroom walls are a lovely, soft, terra cotta shade. Here the background is that of a stage, because the walls are old theatrical playbills and prints—some of the gifts of Virginia Payne, CBS Radio's Ma Perkins, who brought them back from a trip in Europe. "To get the exact terra cotta we wanted, Guy broke open an earthen flower pot and showed it to the painter, asking that it be just a shade lighter," Mary Jane explained.

"The bedroom—my own little Room, because the things that won't fit into the other rooms are crowded into it. But, as you can see, it reflects our interest in the American Indian, especially the Indians of Arizona, where my sister, brother-in-law, and mother live. "My brother-in-law was Indian agent at Flagstaff, and we have all come to know and love the Indians. This brilliantly colored blanket, used during the winter months, was woven for Rita by an old Indian woman who noticed her shivering in the sudden chill of evening and immediately began weaving her beautiful new shawl. How it came to find its way to our wall is a secret—the secret being that I fell in love with it!"

Mary Jane's interest in studying French stems from her family. Her family comes from France. With his fluent speech, his mother's impeccable French—and the fact that Camille is a native Frenchwoman, too—there seemed no choice but to learn something of the language. I speak my own more familiar English, Mary Jane reads for a national organization called Recordings for the Blind, which is very close to her heart.

"These are the people who are trying to help themselves, these blind students for whom we volunteers work," she pointed out. Usually, a student requires a specific book or book to be recorded for use in his work toward a degree, and in all this is very small, but it couldn't be more rewarding.

Looking back to her own beginnings in that theater, she points out that Mary Jane Higby was destined to do the kind of work that has culminated in her becoming Nora Drake. Her actor father carried her on stage when she was an infant. Before she was five, there was a child's part in his stock company and Mary Jane got it: "No one else was available, I was right there, I was rehearsed and I went on. All my parts have come to me like that."

Films were next for the talented girl. But that film production company was on location down on the border of lower California, right after an earthquake had struck. The results were to be another one in the animal earth, the heat that made every bit of metal blistering to the touch, and the hot tempers and overwrought nerves of the cast. Mary Jane was the most poised of them all, but the assignment for Today was the little girl.

During her high-school days, Wilbur Higby was playing stock in San Francisco. Once again, Mary Jane was approached with a part, and, once again, got the job. Orange is a rare color, and has been a radio actress ever since, except for a few stock-company appearances.

"Contrary to the idea most people have about radio," Mary Jane says now, "it is a craft, and I had to learn it from the ground up, as all actors must eventually. I didn't always want to follow its exacting requirements. When I was still a young actress, my father said, 'You were so down during rehearsal today.' 'I didn't feel very up,' I told him. 'My dear,' was his answer, 'this has nothing to do with the work you are doing. 'We do not just play a character like Lady Babbie in 'The Little Minister.' On that day, someone you love may be very ill. Someone may have died. Babbie laughs all through the play, and the Indians laugh, and you will have to laugh. How you personally feel does not matter. Not when you are rehearsing and not before an audience."

Mary Jane has often thought what good actors she would have been if she weren't forced into radio. It is there are times when all people must give performances, seeming to feel up when they really feel down. This is particularly true of a nurse, who must learn to control her emotions, to communicate strength and warmth. Such a nurse as Nora Drake.

Something happened not long ago that made Mary Jane feel she had fitted quite easily and naturally into this role of Nora. When Nora was being34, and Steventon was in The Romance Of Helen Trent on CBS Radio, she went to a gymnasium for a workout and steam bath after a busy day at the studio. They were in adjoining showers, calling back and forth over the noise of the running water, not realizing how their voices carried to others in the room. When they were dressed and ready to leave, a woman stopped them.

"You are Helen Trent," she said to Julie, adding some complimentary things about her performances. "And you are Nora Drake," she said to Mary Jane. You could Crom's new eye make-up, followed Nora closely for years, and you are exactly like her.

Pleased with her recognition, the woman went on her way. Just as pleased, Mary Jane thought. How to make a home and slacks and moccasins and splash paint around, as Mrs. Guy Sorel... and to think about how Nora Drake would feel when she lived next day's episode.
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movies
on TV

Showing this month

AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER (RKO): Touching domestic drama. When writer Victor Mature and wife Jean Simmons decide on divorce, regretful friends recall the couple's courtship and marriage.

BERLIN EXPRESS (RKO): Vigorous melodrama of Europe just after World War II. Set mostly on a Germany-bound train, the action involves American Robert Ryan, German scientist Paul Lukas and secretary Merle Oberon.

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO): Memorable acting by Katharine Hepburn and the late John Barrymore. As his daughter, she finds her happiness threatened by his fight with mental illness.

BOOMERANG (20th): Solid, excellently presented, fact-based. State's attorney Dana Andrews, convinced that Arthur Kennedy has been wrongly convicted of murder, campaigns to see justice done. Jane Wyatt is Dana's wife: Lee J. Cobb, police chief.

CLAUDIA (20th): Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young make an engaging pair as whimsical, childish wife and understanding husband, with Reginald Gardiner as a dashing neighbor. The fatal illness of her mother (Ina Claire) forces Dorothy to grow up.

I AM A FUGITIVE (Warners): Paul Muni gives one of his finest performances in the true story of a man who escapes a Southern chain gang and builds a new life, only to face a return to captivity.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (RKO): In a pleasingly sentimental fantasy, James Stewart is a "failure" who considers suicide, but is shown the value of his life. With Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore.

MOON IS DOWN, THE (20th): Strong, thoughtful close-up of Norway under Nazi occupation. Cedric Hardwicke is an intelligent yet ruthless German officer; Henry Travers, the quietly courageous mayor.

MORE THE MERRIER, THE (Columbia): Delightful comedy about Washington during the wartime shortage of housing and men. Government girl Jean Arthur rents part of her apartment to spirited old Charles Coburn, who takes in Joel McCrea as tenant.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE (20th): Handsome, lively Western of old Tombstone, with Wyatt Earp (Henry Fonda) and Doc Holliday (Victor Mature) confronting outlaws. Linda Darnell's a dance-hall gal.

ROYAL SCANDAL, A (20th): Saucy, sexy comedy casts Tallulah Bankhead as Russia's lusty Catherine the Great, ever young officer William Eythe. Vincent Price makes a suave French ambassador.

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME (RKO): Model husband on TV. Robert Young effectively goes wrong in a well-made thriller. Rita Johnson is his rich, neglected wife; Susan Hayward, his luscious girl-friend.

VIGIL IN THE NIGHT (RKO): Serious study of the nursing profession shows that Carole Lombard could handle drama as well as farce. A dedicated nurse, she's loved by doctor Brian Aherne.

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Here is why you can not brush away bad breath! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis) and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength every morning, every night.

Reach for Listerine...
...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath
Crosby Day at Pebble Beach

Playing of the 17th Annual Bing Crosby Golf Tournament was enlivened by the presence of Mrs. Bing. Here they are!

Kathy brings fashion, Bing the music to 17th Annual Crosby Golf Tournament.

Lindsay and Dennis Crosby watch "amateurs" tee off with golf pros.

For "live" TV debut, Kathy Grant Crosby is made-up by Bud Sweeney.

Famed stars crowded the greens, but autograph fans wanted Kathy.

Producer Cecil Barker checks song and sport scores with the Crosbys.
Joining host Bing is John Daly, who flew from New York to emcee show—all of whose proceeds went to charities.

Women's angle on sports turns out to be fashion's curves. Breezes whipped less fitted costumes than "Miss Gold's."

Bing introduces "Straight Down the Middle," the Jimmy Van Heusen-Sammy Cahn song entry. Buddy Cole is at piano.

Only *maidenform* makes

Nice to come home to? Heady as wine? Dangerous? American Beauty? Willing to gamble? Apple of his eye? Woman of mystery? Which are you?

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**ETUDE MINOR®** Dream of abundance? Cups padded with foam rubber, then tic-tac-toe stitched, make wishing so... so shapely! From **3.00**

And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!
Deborah Jean is a family man—and in a big way. From left to right, his home-grown fan club are Gail, Claudia, Deana, Gina (perched on mom Jeanne’s lap), Ricci and Dina.

By BUD GOODE

Radio Mirror’s last story on Mike, he said he’d like to marry again, and added, “I will probably marry an actress.” And Barbara, in an interview with the three lovelies of How To Marry, Etc., was the only one who found actors eligible. Lori Nelson and Merry Anders turned up their pretty noses, but Barbara went so far as to admit, “I’ve met a couple of actors that I like.”

Home before dark: Jack Linkletter, living with his new bride, Bobbie, in an apartment below the Sunset Strip, has found himself confused going home at night. Unconsciously, he has driven to his parents’ Holmby Hills home, where he lived all of his 20 years. Meanwhile, back at the apartment, Jack has found the home cooking delicious, “especially the fancy breakfasts,” says he, “pancakes, eggs and sausages wrapped in bacon. Only thing wrong with it, I’m trying to reduce!”

New York, New York, it’s a wonderful town to California-bred singer Alan Copeland. Your Hit Parade execs are hoping to build a show around Alan soonest. Looks like a long time before Copeland sings “California, Here I Come.”

Alice Lon excited over the news that oil has been discovered on the land adjoining her parents’ Texas property. Alice has promised the Welk band a celebration trip to Texas if the oil gushes in. And Lawrence has teased Alice by saying, “How would you like to buy the band—every Texas oilman should have one.”

Has success turned Jim Garner’s head? Not a bit. He doesn’t eat at swank Chasen’s or Romanoff’s—but when Jim and his family dine out they go to Studio City’s little family-style DuPar’s Restaurant. Last year, when Jim and his wife Lois were married, Jim’s agent, Red Hershon, was best man. Recently, Jim returned the favor when he became best man at the El Rancho Vegas for Red’s marriage to Esther Roberts, long-time secretary to Darryl F. Zanuck.
Three generations get into the act as son and dad (Danny) join Jerry Lewis.

Cheyenne’s Clint Walker—who scoots off here with young Valerie and wife Lucille—yearns for a change of scene.

Casting: Molly Bee will be doing a Frank Sinatra show... Peter Mama-
kos goes to a running role as “Fuentes” in Zorro. . . Pat Conway and his grandfather, Francis X. Bushman, will share roles in a future Tombstone Te-
rritory. . . . Look for Tommy Sands to star in a Playhouse 90. . . Bill Ben-
dix’s daughter, Lorraine, will have a regular role on Life Of Riley.

Look for Thin Man format to change to a Dragnet type of documentary. Audiences apparently like theircorpse
dead, not laughing.

Night Owl Walter Winchell can be seen most every 7 A.M. on his Motion Picture Center set—even when he isn’t shooting. Newspapersman Winchell has found TV production fascinating enough
to get him out of bed at 6 A.M., the time he’s used to turning in.

Horse laugh: Dinah Shore’s husband, George Montgomery, bought a horse
due to the kids to become friendly with

(Continued on page 79)
Change of Perspective

I would like to know something about Mark Rydell, who plays Jeff Baker on As The World Turns. D.C., Kailua, Hawaii

Mark Rydell is that rare actor who can really make the keyboard "sound" when a role calls for it. A Juilliard-trained pianist, New York-born Mark was playing the well-known jazz clubs, a few years back, when he suddenly realized that what he really wanted out of life was to act. As he explains it, "I hadn't started training early enough to hope I might be concert material, so all I could see ahead of me were those endless nights in smoke-filled rooms. It wasn't a very pretty perspective." . . . Mark went to the Neighborhood Playhouse, where he was taken in tow by Sanford Meisner. Before long, he was getting good reviews for his performance on Broadway in "Seagulls Over Sorrento" and for the film, "Crime in the Streets." He's also been in the off-Broadway hit, "Clerambard," and has an important running part as Jeff Baker in As The World Turns. . . . When there's time, Mark joins Meisner's Shakespeare Workshop, would love to do the classics professionally someday. At home in his large apartment overlooking the East River, bachelor Mark reads a great deal, has a special fondness for Thomas Wolfe.

An Actor's Life

Could you tell me something about Rex Thompson, who played the Prince on Show Of The Month's "Prince and the Pauper"? R.K., Pasadena, Cal.

An accomplished actor at fourteen, handsome Rex Thompson makes plans for the future like any other teenager. On reaching his majority at 21, Rex wants to be . . . an actor! The New York-born boy began acting at seven. He hadn't been trained for the stage, but his actor dad, on his own intuition and the suggestion of a friend, took Rex to read for the producer of a projected Broadway musical. Rex ran away with the part of a runaway and, what's more, he's been steadily employed ever since. . . . He played the British boy in both Broadway and movie versions of "The King and I" and was Ty Power's son in "The Edy Duchin Story." On TV, the youngster has played more dramatic roles than many a stage veteran—some 300 to date. They've ranged from the killer of his aunt on Dangerous to "David Copperfield" to the principal in "Great Expectations," for which he won the Yale University award as "outstanding juvenile actor." . . . Rex is unimpressed by all the awards that come his way. He lives with his parents and younger sister Victoria, 5, in New York, and goes to the Professional Children's School. For extras, Rex goes out for baseball and photography.

"Out of Character"

Would you please give me some information on Jo Van Fleet, who's seen on numerous TV dramas? S.U., Springfield, Ill.

Academy Award winner Jo Van Fleet has been doing character parts since college days in Stockton, California. Jo explains that character parts are a greater challenge and simply "more fun." . . . Jo is now acclaimed as a foremost "method" actress. She was first encouraged by DeMarcus Brown at the College of the Pacific. He suggested she go East and try her luck on Broadway, but warned, "Don't count on getting to the top with less than
ten years' experience.” Jo gave herself three years in which to get at least a toe-
hold on the boards or else quit and use her teaching certificate. Enrolling at Neighbor-
hood Playhouse on a scholarship, she studied with Sanford Meisner and soon got her first “pro” experience in the road company of “Uncle Harry.” . . . Within the prescribed decade, Jo had become one of Broadway's most heralded actresses, alternating her stage work with TV dramas. After winning both the Donaldson and the Antoinette Perry awards for her acting in “A Trip to Bountiful,” Jo was tapped by Elia Kazan for the role of James Dean's mother in “East of Eden,” for which she won her Oscar. She com-
pleted four more films and is now being seen on Broadway in the adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's “Look Homeward, Angel.” . . . Married to dancer William Bales and mother of a nine-year-old son, Michael, Jo does a lot of commuting—between New York, Hollywood and Bennington College in Vermont, where Bill heads the Dance Department. “Out of character.” Jo is a trim, good-looking blonde with a quick smile and forthright manner.

No Angry Young Man

Could you please give me some information about Ben Gazzara, who appeared on Playhouse 90?

D.K., Hingham, Mass.

It happens that Ben Gazzara is neither an “angry young man,” a “Strange One,”
or a “Trouble Maker”—despite his usual roles. He is a young actor of talent who
works hard at his craft and enters into no “deals” with producers that don't include
such amenities, for example, as script approval. Ben says he has too much respect
for the movies and TV to take just “anything that comes along.” Among the ex-
cellent things he's done are the Playhouse 90 production of “The Trouble Makers,”
under John Frankenheimer's direction, and “The Strange One,” the movie version
of the stage play, “End As A Man.” . . . Born Biagio Gazzara, twenty-seven years ago,
Ben was brought up in a tenement on New York’s East Side. An actor at eleven
for the Madison Square Boys’ Club. Ben says he thought of this lapse from an
admittedly tough existence as “more of a joke than anything else.” Much later, after
Ben had settled down to night classes at City College, he could recognize acting
as the only career that would ever hold his interest. Having heard about the Drama
Workshop at the New School, Ben applied, auditioned and got a scholarship, all in one
day. Later on, at Actors' Studio, he worked on “End As A Man,” which found a backer,
went into production and had a Broadway run of four months. Ben was a hit, but he
turned down a whole drawerful of tempting offers for work on two more Broadway
“shockers,” “Hatful of Rain” and “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.” . . . Five-foot-eleven and
165 pounds, Ben has black hair, hazel eyes, and a distinctive voice—described once as
“a sort of cross between a purr and a growl”—which contrasts interestingly with a
bright temperament. When in New York, Ben lives in a four-floor walk-up on the
West Side, wants to save enough money to go to Europe where he, quote, “had a
hall last summer.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to
dress given—not to TV Radio Mirror.
Official Basil Rathbone Fan Club, Doris
deyasler, 1267 State, Bowling Green, Ky.
Patti's Partners (Patti Page), Rosemary
Cahill, 119 East Main St., Macedon, N. Y.
Elvis Presley Fan Club, Irene Moodt.
336 East Walnut Ave., Painesville, Ohio.

Nomad, Junior-Grade

Would you please tell me something about Neil Wolfe? He co-stars as “Clint”
on the Mickey Mouse Club series, “Clint and Mac.”

J.R.D., Wynnewood, Pa.

Young Neil Wolfe is a self-reliant sort,
and that's a good thing! Periodically
during his sixteen years, Neil has had to do
without his parents. His dad is Colonel
Yale Wolfe, who's seen service in practi-
cally every corner of the world. Neil has
often gone along with the rest of the
family. Sometimes, though, he has had to
stay behind with relatives or in boarding
schools . . . But the latest separation can't
be laid at the Army's door. The family
was together in London when Neil was
added to the Disney roster for the Mickey
Mouse Club series, “Clint and Mac.” Then
his dad was transferred Stateside. That's
when Neil decided to stay in London and
do the Clint role . . . Neil makes friends
(Continued on page 81)
Sputterin' Sputniks: The big coup of next season, if a certain network swings it, will be securing services of Rosalind Russell for a TV spectacular. Until this moment, the behind-scenes maneuvering has been highly secret. Former Miss America, Lee Meriwether, Garroway's ex-girl Friday turned TV actress, to marry actor Frank Aletter in June. Jerry Lee Lewis has some seventy sport jackets. At least once a week he buys a new one. High dramatic event of this month when Julie Harris makes rare TV appearance on Hallmark playhouse, March 24. She plays a deeply religious woman whose faith is shaken by death of brother and sweetheart during Irish rebellion. In New York City, Sinatra's sponsor has requested that Frankie keep music at the maximum and dramatic shows to the minimum on his TV stanza. Extra special is the Slender Sender's new Capitol Album, "Come Fly With Me," a lyrical jaunt around the globe, with musical backing by Billy May. After a year's separation, Jack Barry and his wife no closer to reconciliation. Pat Boone tags the item as false that wife Shirley will record on her own. The news was criticized by some who figured she was about to ride in on his coat tails. Actually, Pat is against the idea and so is Shirley. Although she has a good voice and experience (she's Red Foley's daughter), Shirley is kept quite busy at home with the kids, and confines her warbling to duets with Pat. Note, however, a happy melodic reunion on March 8, when Shirley Jones guest with Pat. ... U. S. Steel Hour positively won't move to Hollywood. Studio One's transfer to the Coast hasn't been exactly a happy one. A Los Angeles columnist, so disgusted with quality of the Hollywood productions, headlined his pieces, "Studio One, Go Home!"

Star Bright: Judy Lewis, daughter of Loretta Young and producer Tom Lewis, landed her first firm acting contract after nearly a year of hard scratching about Manhattan. On NBC-TV's new Kitty Foyle show, she plays Molly Sharp, Kitty's roommate. Judy is five-six, a light brunette with green eyes and a happy resemblance to her famed mother. Says Judy, "I came down to New York right after Easter last year. Mother thought that I should be on my own. I had worked on production on her show for two years, but my secret ambition was to act." The only money she brought with her was what she'd saved from earnings. To make sav-
ings stretch, she bunked in with girl friends and took odd jobs. Judy notes, "I don't say it hurts to be Loretta Young's daughter. It's wonderful to meet someone who says, 'I know your mother and love her.' Yet I still have to stand on my own feet. I don't get a job unless they think I can do it." It took her five months to land her first acting bit—a walk-on as a secretary for Kraft Theater. Then she did a commercial and a couple of little things on daytime serials. In the fall, her agent asked her to read for a Broadway show. He said, "They're looking for the Jayne Mansfield type." Judy said, "Who, me?" He said, "Go down, anyway." She got the part but the show folded out of town. She went to work in a publicity office, taking time off occasionally to read for new parts. "I was back in California for the holidays when the call came through from New York. What a wonderful Christmas gift," Her mother was pleased. Her advice, "Go ahead and act your heart out." Judy is completely enamored of her mother. "She gets prettier and prettier every day. She's unbelievable. I was away almost a year and got home to find her just as bouncy and young as ever. Some people think she must be sixty-nine. Actually, she is forty-five." Judy con-

cludes, "I used to ask mother, 'How can you enjoy acting, getting up at six-thirty in the morning?' Now that I'm doing it, I love it, too."

**Quick Licks:** CBS-TV's Love Of Life to half-hour, as Hotel Cosmopolitan collapses from low ratings. ... Another victim, early April, Court Of Last Resort. ... Scott Island star Barry Sullivan very attentive to ex-Miss Sweden, Gita Hall, model and actress, who's now using screen name Gita Hemingway. ... Everly Brothers' new National Fan Club address: Box 216, Planetarium Station, New York 24, N. Y. ... Hal March, who has three slippery slipped discs, doesn't chase off to the hospital anymore when he needs traction. He's installed traction equipment in his bedroom so he can suffer with all the comforts of home. ... Hi-fi for low-guys: Decca has a dandy album for kids with twelve of the Lone Ranger's stories. ... Another fine disc for youngsters is Bing Crosby's "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," a Golden Record LP with excellent, original music. ... Liberace headed back for TV, but live. ... Phyl and Dot, the unmarried McGuire Sisters, complain they have time for no more (Continued on page 88)
STARS
in His Eyes

A real “fan,” Bob McBride is pleased as popcorn to be hosting the movies on CKLW-TV

For Bob, every Sunday’s an opening night as he hosts films that are making their first appearance on the home screens.

Horse operas may be a long and dusty ride from Stratford-on-Avon, but Bob McBride views it with equanimity. “Shakespeare’s work may have been of a higher level than that of the average movie,” Bob admits, “but, comparatively, he reached a very limited audience. Movies on TV reach the mass and not only entertain them, but increasingly help each of us to appreciate better drama.”

Bob is host at the first-run-on-TV of M-G-M movies on Command Performance, seen Sunday, from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M., over Station CKLW-TV in Detroit. And Bob didn’t have to be “commanded” or even asked twice. He’s always been a movie fan. He’s enthusiastic over what he terms “the very real contribution of TV and movies in bringing good drama to millions of Americans.” Aside from that, Bob thinks movies are fun, and he passes along this mood as he introduces the films and makes his intermission comments on the actors and the action...

Robert J. McBride, Jr. claims he doesn’t come from “a show-business family,” although his mother, Zita Newell, was a featured vocalist for many years on WLS-Chicago and also was a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Bob, having been graduated from a Washington, D.C. high school, majored in Political Science at Cornell University, then did graduate work at George Washington, American and Tulane Universities. In 1948, he was Washington correspondent for some forty leading radio stations across the country, preparing news scripts for local announcers. Then, to audition a program idea, Bob recorded a sample script. After a series of flattering comments on his voice, Bob was emboldened to apply for a new position, as news editor of a Washington station. He was promptly hired. In recent years, Bob has switched from newscasting and commentating to master-of-ceremonies work...

All of this adds up to quite a career and, since Bob never did like math, it added up to romance, too. In trigonometry class at Cornell, Bob enlisted the aid of the pretty coed seated next to him. Cindy and Bob were married three years later, and the most important furnishing in their ranch home in suburban Bloomfield is a painting by Cindy’s mother, Christine Martin, a well-known New York artist. The McBrides have two daughters, Susan Lynn, who’s nine, and Carol Ann, whose arrival seven years ago at Easter won her the nickname, “Bunny.” They like movies, too.
Conflict between Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman nears a finale.

To impress Doris and show up Gig Young, Clark turns to he-man talk.

**TV RADIO MIRROR**

**goes to the movies**

**TV favorites on your theater screen**

By JANET GRAVES

**The Long, Hot Summer**
**20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR**

In a striking movie based on a story by William Faulkner, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman make vivid on film the romantic emotions they felt in real life while they worked together. The excellent cast includes other players also well-known on the air waves: Orson Welles, as Joanne’s domineering father; Anthony Franciosa, as her shiftless brother, Paul, a stranger newly arrived in the Southern town where this family lives, affects all three of them with his vitality.

**Teacher’s Pet**
**PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION**

Except for one gay interlude when Doris Day mimics Mamie Van Doren’s rendition of a rock ‘n’ roll number, the singing star sticks to straight comedy here. She teams with Clark Gable in a bright, intelligently written romp about a tough newspaperman and a lady instructor in journalism. With little schooling himself, Clark sneers at her profession, considering it useless. And he’s sure he can defeat Prof Gig Young, his supposed rival in a campaign to win Doris’s affections.

**Saddle the Wind**
**M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR**

Julie London, too, steps out of the musical field, though this unusual Western does cast her as a singer, the beloved of John Cassavetes. With the same intensity he shows in TV dramas, John portrays a boy whose hot temper and ready gun worry older brother Robert Taylor. Bob has had his fill of gunplay and wants to be a peaceable rancher. But the situation is loaded with violence that finally explodes.

**At Your Neighborhood Theaters**

**Darby’s Rangers** (Warners): James Garner doffs the Western togs of Maverick to take the real-life role of Col. Darby, who headed a hard-hitting Ranger unit during World War II in North Africa and Italy.

**Fort Dobbs** (Warners): No change of scene for Clint Walker of Cheyenne. Fleeing a murder charge through Comanche territory, Clint protects Virginia Mayo and tries to outwit Brian Keith’s machinations.

**Sing Boy Sing** (20th, CinemaScope): Vigorous film version of the TV music-drama that shot Tommy Sands to fame. He’s at ease as the back-country singer whose life is altered as success comes too fast. Edmund O’Brien’s liss shrewd manager.

**The Missouri Traveler** (Buena Vista, Technicolor): In a homespun tale livened by comedy, Brandon de Wilde’s a sturdy orphan befriended by newspaper owner Gary Merrill and rugged farmer Lee Marvin (of TV’s M Squad).
RHYTHM ON THE ROCKS

By JOSH BRADY

IT ALL BEGAN in a small town in Iowa . . . Wall Lake, they call it. According to Andy Williams, it was a town of, for its size, many churches. So many, in fact, that the congregations were pretty well divided into small groups. And, at Andy’s church, when it was decided they needed a choir, it was impossible to draw from the congregation. There wouldn’t have been anybody left to sing to.

But Andy’s mother and dad found the solution in a choir consisting of the Williams family. There were four sons, you know. And I guess that was the start of the Williams Brothers quartet.

As early as age seven, Andy Williams made his radio debut on a Des Moines station. And, from then on, it was a series of radio appearances that took the Williams Brothers pretty much around the country. This was climax ed with the unforgettable, sophisticated team of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers.

In recent years, Andy’s folks moved to the San Fernando Valley and this is now home to Andy—who, by the way, is still single. And I might add, girls, that he is not immune, just biding his time. Age? I’d guess the middle-twenties and I’d be close. He has dark hair, a medium build and blue eyes.

Ironically, Andy’s big break came through an audition that he wasn’t eager to take. While he was in New York, a few years back, a friend advised Andy that a guy by the name of Steve Allen was going to start a late-night TV show out of New York and wanted Andy to audition for a singing spot on it.

Well, Andy was anxious to go back to the West Coast—home, you know. And, anyhow, about that stage of the game, who was this guy Steve Allen? Thanks to the persistent friend who sensed this would become a pretty big, coast-to-coast show, Andy took the audition—and you know the rest. Andy was on the Tonight show from its inception until Steve Allen left it, and Andy skyrocketed to national fame along with Steverino.

Through the recording genius of Archie Bleyer of the Cadence label, Andy came up with some top sellers in the record field. His first big one was “Canadian Sunset.” Then there were “Baby Doll,” “Lips of Wine,” and the biggest of all, “I Like Your Kind of Love.”

Two of the other Williams boys also are still in the business. Don has a vocal group on the West Coast, and Dick—whom you’ll recall from his Tennessee Ernie appearances—records for Decca and is on the night-club circuit. Andy’s one sister is married and is in charge of his fan club. (And, in case you are interested, the address is Jane Daniels at P.O. Box 3223, North Hollywood, California.)

G.A.C. has Andy’s contract and he’s pretty busy lately with his TV appearances. But Andy’s big kicks come from the college dates. He says they’re a great, appreciative, responsive audience. Last fall, he sang with Les Brown at the University of Wisconsin Homecoming. Some 13,000 students were present. Now this writer deduces that half of that 13,000 must have been coeds. And Andy being single—well, I wonder if that isn’t part of the reason he loves these college dates.

Hobbies? Andy loves to play tennis, works out at the New York Athletic Club, and is quite an art collector! One complete wall of his New York apartment is nothing but paintings. French impressionists and contemporary Italians are his favorites. And Andy can flip over a frame! He says he’s gone so far as to have a picture-less frame hung on his wall, and he has a basement full of frames.

At this writing, Andy is concentrating on his latest single record, “Are You Sincere?” making the rounds visiting deejays. However, being successful in the singles-record field isn’t enough for Andy. He’s going after the album-buying audience in a big way. His album, “Andy Williams Sings Rodgers and Hammerstein,” is just out and is loaded with some real old favorites.

Andy says this type of singing comes easy, due to his background. It’s the rock ‘n’ roll that he had to adapt himself to. In fact, Andy says it takes almost a dual personality to sing both—and, after listening to his latest album, you might be inclined to think there are two Andy’s. But there’s only one. However, there is enough sincerity in this gentleman—who was raised as a salt-of-the-earth Midwesterner, where the corn grows tall—to make up for two.

On Chicago’s WBBM, Josh Brady emcees “live” music Mon.-Fri., 7:30-8:30 A.M., teams with Eloise, Mon.-Fri., at 10:30 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., and hosts record programs on Sat., from 7:30 to 8 P.M. and 11 to 12:30 P.M., and Sun., from 9:05 to noon.
"No, doctor... loneliness doesn't show up on an X-ray"

If the lady seems rather forthright in her criticism, it's because the doctor... Doctor Malone... is an old friend. He has long made a practice of sharing the everyday triumphs and tragedies of the medical profession with her. A flick of the radio switch brings Dr. Malone into her living room... and, of course, the doctor is not alone in this act of companionship. Such warm, inspiring, stimulating people as Ma Perkins... Wendy Warren... Nora Drake... would also like to visit with you in the quiet hours of the day as you go about your chores. You'll find them very real... their problems very much like those you might be called upon to face... their courage and understanding often a source of inspiration in your own life. Ask them in soon.

Two golden hours a day... wonderful people share their lives with you on the CBS RADIO NETWORK

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time
the Miracle of the Lennon Sisters

Faith made their family strong, in harmony through darkest times. And faith—and harmony—led four little singers to fame with Lawrence Welk

By SARA HAMILTON

Mealtimes, Bill Lennon summons his children in order of age: "Diane—Peggy—Kathy—Janet—Danny—Pat—Bill—Mimi—Joey. It's the same song my mother sang," he laughs, "but with different lyrics!" Oldest of his own "lyrics" is Diane, 18; youngest is baby Joey, in Mrs. Lennon's arms.

Every Monday and Saturday evening, in countless homes across America, TV dials are turned and a picture fades in on the Champagne Music of Lawrence Welk's orchestra. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," the maestro announces in affectionate tones, "the lovely little Lennon Sisters."

What follows is one of the miracles of show business—and an insoluble enigma to the Madison Avenue master-minds of the television world. . . . Four girls—blond Diane, 18; brunette Peggy, 16; brown-haired Kathy, 14; and little Janet, 11—open their

Continued
Religion and music are both strong, natural forces in the daily life of maestro Lawrence Welk and his four young songbirds. Left to right here, the Lennon Sisters are Peggy, 16; Janet, 11; Diane, 18; and Kathy, 14.

Singing comes just as instinctively to the Lennon Sisters as the desire to play the accordion came to Welk himself, when he was a farmboy back in the Dakotas. They've always loved to sing—particularly, in harmony.

Above, Bill and daughter Peggy show baby Joey his "birthday angel"—there's one for each little Lennon, all born in different months! Below, Janet teaches herself to play the family organ, as Kathy watches.
Easter and Christmas have deep meaning for the devout Lennons. Even the youngest—Mimi, 2, and Joey—share Peggy's and Diane's joy in the glowing stories of the Nativity and the Resurrection.

Kathy shows how they all help each other. Above, she's been tending Joey for their mother (who's called "Sis" because she looks as young as her own daughters). Right, she's best friend and severest critic for Janet, busy writing a school composition.

mouths and give out with homegrown melodies delivered with unaffected verve. Naive and unspoiled, they simply stand there and sing. And listeners, up to their ears in cowboys, crime stories, sophistication and smouldering "new method" actors, pause to listen... and to wonder, perhaps, at the indefinable something that comes across from these four youngsters. A something that arrests attention and revives nostalgic memories of other times and other places... when the center of one's life was home—and the mainstay of one's existence, the family in that home.

In that respect, the Lennon Sisters are unique. Though singing professionally, by way of television, they are neither in nor of show business by temperament. They know no stars, make no theatrical contacts outside the small circle of Lawrence Welk's band, and know nothing of fame, fortune or Hollywood glamour.

"I've watched a lot of stars come up in this business," an executive told us, "from Perry Como to Patti Page. I've watched them change from uncertain beginners to sleek professionals in voice, in style, in manner, in person. But, in the two years I've followed this group of young girls called the Lennon Sisters, I've never been able to detect one small step away from their first natural reactions.

"They just stand there, week after week—sweet-faced girls—and sing, eyes glowing, heads bobbing exactly as if they were second on the bill at the high-school show. It's wonderful. And even more amazing (Continued on page 83)"
With three girls in their teens, the phone is always busy. Peggy has receivership at the moment, but Kathy's next in line (unless a call for Diane beats her to it).

Mimi couldn't keep out of the chocolate on a freshly-frosted cake, so Kathy does the job over, while Peggy shows Mimi how to get her extra licks—out of the bowl.

Diane helps Lillie May Smiley prepare family dinner. The Lennons consume an average of 91 quarts of milk a week, 28 loaves of bread—other edibles in proportion!

Father Bill not only rehearses his girls for the Welk shows, but teaches all his children little songs. Janet and Danny watch as Mimi learns an old favorite of Dad's.
Help Your Husband Live Longer
A score of wise, wifely cues from a Garry Moore Show "Brainstorm"—husband-tested on the star himself!

Despite Garry's and Durward Kirby's on-air smiles, there's tension in all work—and tension is the mortal enemy of man.

By ELIZABETH BALL

Not so long ago, on his CBS-TV daytime show, Garry Moore held a Brainstorming session on the timely topic, "What Wives Can Do to Help Their Husbands Live Longer." And the mail poured in! Most of it was from wives who couldn't have agreed more with the "how to" suggestions—171 of them in twenty minutes!—contributed by the Brainstorming panel. But many a man also wrote that, if wives really took these tips, today's husbands would probably live to be modern Methuselahs. To quote one plaintive male: "The idea, for instance, of sneaking a love note into your husband's pocket in the morning—what a pick-up that would be!"

There were a very few slightly less ecstatic letters from wives who expressed annoyance with "the general attitude toward the question." As one lady explained, "I consider my husband as an equal and not as a pet Pomeranian to be packed in cotton wool. Furthermore, most of the suggestions seemed to be: 'Never let him get older than six!' For heaven's sake, what can you do with a six-year-old man?" Still and all, we women don't want to have to do without sixty-year-old men, either—as many widows are obliged to do, according to statistics. So what, short of coddling him into infantilism, should a loving wife do to help her husband live longer? (Continued on page 76)

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, Mon. thru Thurs., 10 to 10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. Garry also stars on I've Got A Secret, on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes. (All times are EST)
An intimate story of the Allen family, written especially for everybody who loves babies—and isn't that everybody?

By GLADYS HALL

Though only four months old this March 16, William Christopher Allen has already brought such joy to his family that only a poet (such as his proud father, Steve Allen) or a dedicated mother (such as lovely Jayne Meadows) could find words glowing enough to describe it. A happiness so great that young Billy—christened William for Steve's father and Christopher because, Jayne twinkle, "his mother loves the name!"—seemed aware of it himself, almost from the moment he weighed in at the hospital, a husky eight-and-a-half pounds. Even that first week, his dark blue eyes were so alert that the (Continued on page 86)

Rejoicing in Billy's birth, Steve and Jayne Meadows Allen discovered that a whole world shared their happiness. Family, friends, fans, associates on The Steve Allen Show and I've Got A Secret—all joined in the chorus of congratulations. No telling yet whether William Christopher will take up show business, but he's already getting plenty of music from dad!
Will Army Service Make or
Break PRESLEY as a Performer?

Fame began for Elvis in Memphis, with first discs released by Sam Phillips (above), of Sun Records.

Fortune followed, as his parents, deejay Dewey Phillips and Elvis rejoiced over million-sold discs.

Fan mail poured in, requests for command performances—but not yet any greetings from Uncle Sam.

Next came TV. His appearance on late Dorsey Brothers' show caused riots—in person and in the press.

Fervor of fans, on p. o. fours, called for police protection—and movie-makers took note of Elvis.

Even as he arrived in Hollywood—fall, '56—he expected draft notice. (It come in Dec., 1957.)

The fantastic career of Elvis is to be interrupted, just when the singer was growing in stature as a movie actor.

Will fickle teenagers drop him flat?

Or will added maturity on his return gain him a new, bigger audience?

By KATHLEEN POST

PROPHECY FOR 1960: Elvis Presley will come out of the Army shorn of his locks but with his crown still firmly set on his head. This is not an easy prophecy to make. While military service has helped a number of entertainers, such as Eddie Fisher and Vic Damone, it has been the kiss of death for many others. The shadows of Bill Lawrence and Dick Contino must no doubt haunt the thoughts these days of the greatest teen-age idol of them all.

What does Elvis himself say?

On his first day in Hollywood, in September, 1956, young Presley told me, "I'll probably be drafted soon. Well, why shouldn't I be? I'm a normal, healthy and able American." More than a year later, on the day he received his draft notice, Elvis said quietly and in a

Continued
Will Army Service Make or Break PRESLEY as a Performer?

(Continued)

Elvis at 20th Century-Fox with producer David Weisbart, Colonel Tom Parker, cousin Gene Smith.

First film, for 20th, was "Love Me Tender." Dialogue director Ben Wright coached spoken word.

Money talked, too. Initial paycheck from studio told Elvis good news—of security for his family.

Capt. Leonard Glick gave Elvis Army physical exam Jan. 4, 1957. He said "Okay"—and so did Elvis.

Induction, however, was still more than a year away—actual date unknown. When it came, would it mean the end of the kind of adulation which marked "Elvis Presley Day" in Tupelo, Miss., where the fabulous singer was born?

tone entirely devoid of vanity, "I'm kinda proud. Daddy told me to be a good soldier. That I aim to do. The future? It'll have to take care of itself for a couple of years..."

These are brave words. It has been said, however, that if Elvis were to ask Bill Lawrence—who got the call seven years ago—he would not feel quite so brave. Bill's career, up to Army service, had been meteoric. He won a Talent Scouts contest in September, 1948, and was taken on as a regular with Arthur Godfrey And His Friends. His popularity, for a while, exceeded his wildest hopes. Night-club dates and recordings came swiftly. Fame and fortune seemed assured. Then, in 1951, Bill marched away to serve his country. Two years later, the dark-haired singer marched home to find Julius La Rosa, a Navy veteran, anchored in his spot. Time had marched on. Bill Lawrence's experience was limited. He lacked a shrewd manager. His bankroll was frighteningly slim. Bill has found the going rough ever since.

Could this happen to Elvis? Not likely.

The Memphis rock 'n' roller has had the advantage of experience in every phase of show business. Even two years away from mikes (Continued on page 64)
Love interest in earlier movie, M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock," was talented Judy Tyler—whose life was ended in a tragic car crash.

Elvis smiles as he says goodbye—for a while—to "the home that music built" for him in Memphis.

Fan club presidents proved devotion at preview of Presley's "Loving You," Hal Wallis production for Paramount. Leaving such fame behind, Elvis gives his own reasons why it's "the other fellows who make the biggest sacrifices."

RCA Victor executives (such as Steve Sholes, left) hope Elvis can still record when "on leave."
For Steve Dunne there's no superstitious fear of that fateful number. Too many good things have happened to him on the 13th—including being born and Truth Or Consequences
LUCKY NUMBER 13

H ANDSOME Steve Dunne, the new night-time emcee on the Ralph Edwards NBC-TV Truth Or Consequences show, stepped off the New York to Hollywood plane one night last December, with very little idea of what motion picture or TV show he'd be doing next.

Though a cake-and-crumble existence is a Hollywood occupational hazard, there are still a few brave Hollywoodians who thrive on the insecurity. Steve Dunne is one. "Fat and lazy is one thing I don't want to be," he says in defense of the life of the free-lance actor. "When you get soft," he continues, "too sure of yourself, that's when your world explodes in your face. Competition keeps you sharp."

Steve has always been willing to meet life as an adventure. His motto is: "Do the best you can with what you have and leave the rest to luck." But luck comes last, for he's not superstitious—though he admits to thinking there is some magic in the two words, (Continued on page 85)

Truth Or Consequences, emceed by Steve Dunne, is seen on NBC-TV, Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST—West Coast, Wed., 7 P.M. PST—for Bayer Aspirin, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, others. (Daytime version, emceed by Bob Barker, is seen on NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 11:30 A.M. EST).
She Started a Heat Wave

The temperature rises on Monitor when Georgia’s Tedi Thurman lends her sultry voice to the weather

By BETTY ETTER

"Missy" moy rule the Pork Avenue roost which Tedi shares with on ex-Follies stor—but the girls' two telephones don’t ring constantly just for the poodle!

AND WE'LL NEED a little Italian parsley.” The words were matter-of-fact, those of any girl ordering groceries. But the voice, even without benefit of microphone or the special emphasis she reserves for the public, was a caress. A caress that made the grocer search out his choicest vegetables—just as Texas millionaires, catching the invitation in her tones through their loudspeakers, take pen in hand to propose marriage. Tedi Thurman herself, the lithe red-haired (Continued on page 62)

Monitor is heard on NBC Radio—Fri., 8:00 to 9:55 P.M., Sat., 8:15 A.M-midnight; Sun., 10:30 A.M.-midnight—EST. Tedi occasionally appears on The Jack Paar Show, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, between 11:15 P.M. and 1 A.M. EST (check local papers).

Radio's Miss Monitor first dazzled TV, in person, on Tonight—now called The Jack Paar Show, in honor of its stor (seen below, fronting a typical line-up).

Tedi's seductive drawl fits cozily among the varied accents heard regularly on Monitor: Reading from the left—Frank Gallop, "Melody Girl" (Lorna Lynn), Dave Garroway, "Miss Monitor" (Tedi), and Ben Grauer.

She isn't "the girl next door," either on or off the air. Tedi's born to wear sheath styles—but more high-fashion than "sexy."
Wayward winds lured Gisele MacKenzie to fame beyond imagining... and wayward winds still bring new visions

By EUNICE FIELD

SHE was the kind of sturdy little dreamer everybody loves to fool. Even her father, dignified and scholarly doctor of Winnipeg, once sent her to a neighbor for “a cup of fresh steam.” One day, she was pressing her bit of nose against the window. “What makes the wind turn?” she wondered aloud. Her sister Huguette broke into a giggle. “Oh, Gisele, you’re so funny!” And Mama La Fleche chuckled, too. “There’s a string that turns the wind, my little treasure—and, if you run out and search, maybe you’ll find it.”

The little dreamer has grown up. She has stormed the heights of show business. Rated one of the most brilliant singing stars in television, she has also shown an engaging gift for comedy that enhances her career. Successful, popular, with a quaint style of beauty all her own, she seems almost a symbol of distinction and contentment. Yet, somewhere deep inside Gisele MacKenzie, that gullible little dreamer is still searching—still seeking “the string that turns the wind”...
One of the key figures in Gisele's career has been Bob Shuttleworth—who heard her sing for servicemen during war, gave her her first "pop" job, became her manager.

is a charming puzzle. A girl, molded by the traditions of her family and people, rebels against them . . . and yet tries desperately to cling to them, after all.

The La Fleche family (MacKenzie was her paternal grandmother's name, which she took to avoid being billed as Gisele La Fleche—"the perfect name for a stripteaser") are a close-knit group in the French-Canadian manner. They keep in touch with one another. When the singing star comes home for a visit, there is a merry-go-round of calls among the uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces and in-laws. Spending Christmas Eve together is a family custom that Gisele goes to great trouble to observe. It is the occasion when Mama bakes a fancy chicken pie with wine, mushrooms and peas. This is a favorite dish of Gisele's and has become a La Fleche tradition, too.

Spending summer vacations at St. Laurette on Lake Manitoba is another custom. The family has a cottage there and, about a year ago, Dr. La Fleche, remarking on the growth of the resort area, said, "I hope someone we know buys the lot next to us." Gisele, home for a few days, clapped her hands. "How about me?" Immediately, her cottage became a family project. The men built it and the women did the furnishing, their most recent offering being a pair of handsome barrel chairs. Gisele will be unable to see the place until the summer of 1958, because of schedules for her NBC-TV show and guest appearances. On her last trip to Canada, during the Christmas holidays, her cottage was isolated by twelve feet of snow and (Continued on page 59)

The Gisele MacKenzie Show is seen on NBC-TV, Saturday, from 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, under the alternating sponsorship of Scott Paper Company and Schick, Incorporated.

"Mam'selle" in 1953, on French-Canadian visit. Below, today's star of all America, with Jack Benny, who urged her on to fame, and Ralph Edwards of This Is Your Life.

Doctor father and former concert-star mother no longer regret that Gisele gave up classical music. She's "making people happy—a precious talent."
Gisele still dreams, still wonders what's "out there" beyond the wind. But she also lives each present shining moment to the full—her big show on NBC-TV, her homes (both rented) in California and New York, her two long-haired dachshunds (with their appropriately "long-haired" names).
THE SPIRIT OF ADAM

Kennedy of The Californians has a pioneer's heart, the soul of an artist—and a versatility all his own

By FREDDA BALLING

Adam Kennedy, star of NBC-TV's The Californians, is six-feet-three, weighs 190 pounds, has light sorrel hair, eyes as blue as a prairie sky, and the casual manner of a man at ease in his environment—or anyone's environment. He was born on a farm near Lafayette, Indiana, the son of a Swedish mother and an Irish father. The Nordic blood is explicit in his square jawline, his height, and his tranquility. The Irish blood manifests itself in thick black eyelashes, a swift sense of humor, and an uncompromising independence of spirit.

Like any Hoosier, he is proud of his Indiana-farm background. "About the best thing that can happen to a youngster is to grow up on a farm—at least for the first seven years of his life, as I did. It gives one a sense of basic values, a feeling for the seasons, and a hard knowledge of what it takes to bring a crop to market. It inculcates a love and an understanding of animals."

Adam, who talks easily and well with the Irish ability to conjure up a full scene with a few words and a gesture, tells of his own childhood pet, a lamb named Sambo. As time went by, the lamb became a heavy-footed, broad-beamed ram. Though his spirit remained lean and swift, he could no longer roam at will. Inevitably, Sambo was left outside gates through which he couldn't squeeze, beyond fences he couldn't leap. "In the telling," says Adam, "it's just a barnyard incident of minor importance—except that the situation determined me to (Continued on page 82)
What's Wrong with Being Married?

"Experts" say it's the kiss of death to young singers. Jimmie Rodgers says it's not only sweeter than wine but responsible for his success!

"Honeycomb" was Jimmie's first big hit. Now, it's also the name of the poodle in wife Colleen's arms.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Marriage, say the glib guys around the music business, is sudden death for the beginning singer who seeks to become a star: "The kids who buy the records want their boy singers romantic and eligible." Songs, too, have reflected the trend: "You gotta get 'teen-age' or 'school' into the title if you want a hit," the self-elected experts advise. Yet one new singer has just kicked all this advice into a cocked hat and produced several of the biggest hits of the past year. Jimmie Rodgers not only is married, he scored his hits with songs which tell of happy marriage. Moreover, he says he'd probably still be singing with a home-town barber shop quartet if it hadn't been for his wife! They've been married just (Continued on page 71)
Jimsey might have been a dancer, but was "lazy" about developing her early talent. Now, she'd love to do musical comedy, seriously practices singing as her mother listens.

Acting has always been the big thing, of course—even during teen-age retirement. With her career again in full swing, Jimsey and Mrs. Somers look forward to busy days.
Her career began with stardom, as child in the first TV drama, NBC's "The Miracle of Alsace Lorraine."

Stage beckoned next, with varied roles in such Broadway productions as "Violet," with Harvey Stephens.

Top stars like Ralph Bellamy were her "fathers" on radio, where she played many parts—until her teens.

COMEBACK—at 21

A star at 7, a "has-been" at 13,
Jimsey Somers has good reason to
be grateful to radio's Dr. Gentry

By FRANCES KISH

In 1943, Jimsey Somers—a seven-year-old actress with perky black pigtails, big blue-green eyes and an utterly beguiling smile—made her debut as the star of NBC's first dramatized television production. A Christmas play called "The Miracle of Alsace Lorraine," it performed a few unexpected miracles itself. The audience response was terrific for those early days of television. It was repeated a number of times, and it started the little girl on an exciting series of experiences that sometimes seemed too thrilling to be happening . . . (Continued on page 69)

Jimsey Somers is heard in The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry, produced and directed by Himan Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST.

Today—after youthful tragedy and time out for school—Jimsey is poised and ready for a new, more mature success, studying her role as Carol in The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry.

Here her distinguished "mother" is Madeleine Carroll, as Dr. Ann Gentry herself. Paul McGrath—as family friend—is a former "father" of Jimsey's from earlier radio days.
The seven Corcoran children are best described as terrific, spectacular a

Providence, says Mrs. Corcoran. "Don't tell me there's no such thing." It was at work, she insists, when Donna won the first role in the family, in "Angels in the Outfield." Here, in rear row, Noreen, 14; Donna, now 16; Dad William H.; and Bill, Jr., 18. In front, Kevin, 8; Hugh, 10; Kerry, 5; Mom; and Brian, 6.
Proving Shirley was hypnotized, Professor Spurney got her to eat an onion—as though it were an apple!

Under hypnosis, she was told in advance that she'd like Bob. Kissing his hand was part of the proof.

Dates were their own idea, however—though program paid for such choices as opera opening and dinner at Lucey's.

By MAURINE REMENIH

UNIVAC, the mechanical-brain miracle of the twentieth century, has a few old-fashioned Cupid's arrows tucked away 'midst the millions of punched cards in its filing cabinets. And it appears that Univac's arrows—with an assist from Art Linkletter and the People Are Funny television show—have hit their mark.

Shirley Saunders and Bob Kardell made their fifth appearance together on People Are Funny on December 27, and walked off with $20,000 in prize money. What was even more exciting to them was the fact that they took the hint from Univac, and fell in love. After their very first encounter on the show, they started dating. After their third appearance, they became engaged. They have promised a "spring wedding" to family and friends, and it's entirely possible that Art Linkletter will be best man (Continued on page 73)

People Are Funny is seen on NBC-TV, Saturday, at 7:30 P.M., and heard on NBC Radio, Wednesday, at 8:05 P.M. Art Linkletter's House Party is seen on CBS-TV, Mon.-Fri., at 2:30 P.M., and heard on CBS Radio, Mon.-Fri., at 3 P.M. (All times EST)

Biggest test, of course, was meeting the folks. But smiles of their families—Lloyd Kardell (behind piano), Mrs. and Mr. John Saunders, and Mrs. Kardell (at right)—bespoke parental approval during holiday get-together.
CBS Radio's ace Man Around The House gives you a capsule round-up on the questions listeners most frequently ask

By ROGER C. WHITMAN

Y
ear in and year out, characteristic plagues strike the long-suffering do-it-yourselfer around the house, almost as regularly as the onset of clothes moths and the income tax. Here are the answers to the questions most often received from my listeners.

1. When the weather warms up, why do the water pipes in the basement start to sweat and drip and form puddles on the basement floor?

Condensation is the villain. Warm, humid air strikes the cold pipe, condenses into water. Cover the pipes with asbestos pipe covering, or insulating tape. It wraps around the pipe, insulating it from the warm air. A perfectly good home-made method is to wrap burlap (even newspapers) around the pipe, securing with wire.

2. What can I do to keep table and bureau drawers from sticking?

Warm, moist air penetrates the fibres of the unfinished wood in the slides of the drawers (usually, only the front of a drawer is varnished or painted). The wood swells, causing the drawers to stick. Cover the slides of the drawers with paraffin. It will help them slide easily. Even better, give all the drawer surfaces, and the places where they slide, too, a coat of shellac to seal out moisture.

3. Why does one of my closets have a musty odor?

It's located over a crawl space. Nothing is preventing dampness from working upward through the floor of the closet and settling there. Closet doors are usually kept closed and there's no circulation of air. Cover the underside of the floor over the crawl space with batts of insulation which also has a vapor-proof barrier of aluminum foil. This will stop rising dampness from working through the floor. If you also cover the ground with sheets of polyethylene plastic sheeting, it will keep dampness from working out of the ground.

4. What can I do about ants crawling on the floor, in summer, especially?

I've found that spreading a liquid self-polishing wax (called Freewax) over the floors, door sills, and window sills and porch takes care of the problem. This wax, which dries in 20 minutes after spreading, not only gives a nice gloss, but contains an insecticide which kills any little crawler. I'd like to add that this Freewax is government-tested, and does not contain enough concentration of insecticide to harm children or pets.

5. My young son, aged four, got hold of a crayon and drew designs on my nice wallpaper. How can I remove it?

The cure is to cover the crayon marks with a thick paste made of powdered whitening or other absorbent powder and cigarette-lighter fluid, and let it dry. The lighter fluid acts like a solvent to loosen the greasy crayon from the wallpaper, and the powdered whitening serves as a blotter to draw it out. When the paste is dry, brush it off with a soft brush. Sometimes, it will be necessary to repeat this treatment.

6. A cigarette apparently fell unnoticed off an ash tray and burned its entire length on the top of a table. How can the charring be removed?

This requires careful manipulation of a small, sharp knife blade—even a razor blade. All the charring must be carefully scraped away. If you reach bare wood before the charring is removed, then you paint the same
Household Problems

Color stain on the wood to match the rest. When the stain has dried, you painstakingly apply one thin coat of varnish after another (using a small artist's brush) until you build the level of the repair up to the level of the rest of the table top. Between the coats of varnish, when each has dried, you should lightly sandpaper before putting on the next one. When the repaired place is level again, give the whole table top a good polishing, and you'll never know the accident occurred.

7. A glass left a white ring on a varnished table. Is there any way to remove this mark?

This requires considerable time and patience, plus a few drops of camphorated oil or turpentine, and a small piece of felt. Saturate a small piece of felt with the oil and gently rub over the stain, following the grain of the wood as much as possible. If the stain is stubborn, a little fine abrasive, such as powdered rottenstone, or even some cigar ash, can be added to help things along. Main thing is, don't rub too hard, and don't run out of patience.

8. How can I fix a small leak in a pipe?

A temporary patch can be made with friction tape. Or you can clamp a small piece of garden hose tightly over the leak. For a permanent repair, use plastic steel (Devcon). When mixed with the special catalyst which comes with it, this pulverized steel-in-plastic will mend just about anything, and hardens actually into steel itself. Since it's unaffected by water, you can apply it to any leak, even though there's water dripping out.

9. How can I take the shakiness out of an antique chair? The rungs have become loosened in their holes in the chair legs.

Scrape off all the old glue you can... both from the ends of the rungs and inside the holes. Then put new glue in the rung hole and over the rung end. Then take a small piece of old nylon stocking and push it in the rung hole with the end of the rung, which will make the joint even tighter. When the glue dries, trim off the excess nylon with a razor blade. While the glue is setting, brace the rungs in the holes by tightly-wrapped cord or furniture clamps.

10. How can I keep my windows from steaming up, from the time we turn on the furnace in the fall and through the rest of the heating season?

This is one of the penalties of modern efficient insulating. Warm, damp air trapped within the house can't escape through cracks. The warm house air lands on cold window panes and walls and condenses. Result: Steamy windows. Best answer is thorough ventilation whenever possible, use of de-humidifiers, opening bathroom windows after hot showers, installing of kitchen and laundry ventilating fans.

All these problems, as somewhat sketchily outlined above, are among the commonest which beset home owners—judging by your letters to Man Around The House. There are many, many others among the dilemmas facing everyone who has to cope with keeping his own castle in order. But don't be discouraged, fellow home owners! You're in a boat shared by millions of others. And, to the best of our abilities, Dan Peterson and I will try to help you keep things shipshape "around the house."

also has a vapor-proof barrier of aluminum foil. This is usually stripped away. If you reach bare wood before the charring is removed, then you paint the same
Peskiest Household Problems

By ROGER C. WHITMAN

Practical advice from a practical man with a workshop—

and full know-how for using it.

Lucky Mrs. Whitman can count on his repairs—close to cellar, metal or wood.

Scrape off all the old glue you can . . . both from the ends of the rungs and inside the holes. Then put new glue in the rung hole and over the rung end. Turn a small piece of old nylon stocking and push it in the rung hole with the end of the rung, which will make the joint even tighter. When the glue dries, trim off the excess nylon with a razor blade. While the glue is setting, brace the rungs in the holes by tightly-wrapped cord or furniture clamps.

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For Helen O'Connell, it's business as usual, and even more prettiness than usual—while she awaits the birth of her baby.

Below, a last-minute touch-up before the show. At right, Helen relaxes in tapered slacks, yellow felt top.

For an evening out, a paisley blue-green duster tops emerald green silk-satin "Empire" waistline dress.

Helen and Garroway on Today. She chooses maternity clothes with an "early-morning TV look" in mind.

Pretty Enough for Two

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Lovely Helen O'Connell, always delectable to look at, added a plus to her prettiness while she awaited the birth of her fourth child. Seen daily as Dave Gar- roway's "girl Friday" on Today (NBC-TV), Helen worked until the last possible moment, and looked more and more enchanting as the months rolled by. "How do you do it?" we asked. Said Helen: "If you can just be a little extra-fussy it helps, because your figure isn't at its best." When we photographed her in the second half of her pregnancy, Helen had gained only 2½ pounds—"I gain most during the final weeks," she said. She never eats between meals, follows doctor's diet advice, walks a great deal, stays as active as ever. For Today, she is due at the studio between 5 and 6 A.M.—a schedule that hardly encourages excess pounds, even if Helen were so inclined. She is generally in bed around 8:30 P.M., as soon as her three daughters (nine, ten and thirteen years old) are tucked in. It's lights out by 10 o'clock. After each pregnancy, she does the prescribed exercises faithfully, returns almost immediately to her normal figure. She prefers two-piece maternity styles—"at least you look slim from the hips down." Always meticulous about skin care, Helen is even more so while she's "waiting." To offset the drying effect of TV make-up, she cream-cleanses, applies moisture lotion at bedtime, uses mild skin freshener occasionally. After showering, she smooths hand and body lotion on arms and legs, which tend to be particularly dry, finishes with a refreshing spray of lily-of-the-valley cologne or some other delicate scent. "Blondes somehow do better with light fragrance" is her scent-iment. In make-up, she chooses colorless cream base, and face powder to match her fair skin tone. Lipstick is clear, light red, worn with the same shade of polish. She applies a top sealer coat at home several times a week between professional mani- cures to protect polish. "I always feel so good during my pregnancies," she sparkles. "Just before a baby, I have the yen to clean everything, do closets and drawers, re-decorate the whole house—I want everything perfect." And perfection is what she manages to achieve in all these things, as well as in her standards of personal beauty—standards that are pretty enough for two.
And Dick Clark provides it, with music, on American Bandstand—because he knows other wonderful things about teenagers, too.

By MARTIN COHEN

Russia may have its sputniks, but ABC-TV has the American Bandstand, featuring such unusual do-it-yourself choreography as the stroll, calypso, chicken, Panama, the slop and the bop. In a few months, this program has blasted into the rare atmosphere reserved only for top-rated shows. "What's
Records are Dick's hobby. He has about 15,000, has been collecting since his early teens, is now very high on hi-fi.

Barbara was his high-school sweetheart—but they put aside dreams of marriage until both of them had finished college.

Married in June, 1952, the young Clarks' proudest possession is their son, Dickie, born in January, 1957. They knew hard times, early in their marriage—but, says Barbara, "Dick promised he would make it up to me, and he did!"

Dick Clark emcees American Bandstand, as seen on ABC-TV, Monday through Friday, 3 to 3:30 P.M. and 4 to 5 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. (See local papers for time of Saturday-night telecast of American Bandstand, on ABC-TV.)
our secret formula?” echoes Dick Clark, space pilot of ABC’s fast-spinning satellite. “I don’t know. We use recorded music. Anyone can get records. There’s a lot of unhearsed dancing by teenagers, and that’s no secret. So there’s just me, about forty records and a hundred and fifty kids doing what comes naturally. That’s all.”

Ratings indicate the show is the hottest thing in daytime programming, but there are other signs, too. In one Pennsylvania town, the police suddenly realized their teenagers had vanished in late afternoons. Worried, they finally began a house-to-house search, only to discover the kids were at home watching Bandstand. In Texas, a station dared to drop the show—but, within a week, audience pressure brought it back.

The mail comes in by the ton (for one dance contest, there were almost a million votes). By bus and train, teenagers travel into Philadelphia, where the show originates on weekdays (Saturday evenings, it comes from New York). A rather sophisticated nineteen-year-old, Sal Mineo, pictures himself as an enthusiastic fan. “My sister and I pick up new steps watching the show,” he says. “Dick Clark has become the Pied Piper of the teen-age set.”

Richard Clark, although twenty-eight, could pass for a teenager himself. He’s five-nine and weighs one-fifty-five. He’s very handsome, with brown eyes, brown hair and boyish features. He smiles easily and seems easygoing, but his looks are deceiving. He’s really (Continued on next page)
a rather serious guy. His friends tell you this. So does his wife, Barbara. And Dick himself shows it in the way he re-
acts to criticism of teenagers.

"Why do they pick on the kids?" he asks. "You see a newspaper and it screams, 'Teenager Smashes Car.' Now, when an adult gets into trouble, does the paper read, 'Middle-Ager In Car Wreck'? It doesn't. So, as a result of those 'teen-
age headlines,' we forget that ninety-eight percent of the kids are okay. I think
that's a better percentage than you'd find for the adult population."

Dick Clark lives in a duplex apartment, in Philadelphia, with his wife and baby. He works so hard—some eighty hours a week—that he and his wife have been
out to see just one movie in the past year. He is neat, intelligent and forth-
rightly honest. If all the P.T.A. committees in the country were to look for a
man fit to work with youngsters, they couldn't find one who better exemplifies
the virtues of American life. Yet Dick is not so old that he cannot identify with
teenagers and their ideas and problems.

"It wasn't always smooth sailing when I was a teenager," he recalls. "When I went into high school, I was self-conscious and frightened. I was a skinny, gawky
kid. For the first year-and-a-half, I literally crept around the school."

Dick was born November 30, 1929, in Bronxville, New York. He was raised in
Mount Vernon, where he attended public schools. "When I was a kid, we lived in a six-storey apartment building on an old estate. There were about thirty
acres of wilderness around us, and this was just fine for boys. We had our tree
shacks and games in the woods. We had the convenience of apartment living and the benefits of country life. Dad was in the cosmetic business in New York, and
he always said we were living there 'tem-
porarily.' It was 'temporary' for twenty-
six years."

There were only two children in the family. Dick's brother, Bradley, was five
years his senior and greatly influenced Dick's early life. "We were quite differ-
ent. He was quiet, a big guy and very athletic. Brad was a wonderful individual.

When I got into high school, I tried to
follow his interest in sports. I went out
for track, swimming and football. I was too small for football. I weighed a hun-
dred and thirty-three pounds and made
about the ninth team. I was so far down
the line that when they passed out uni-
forms all I got was an old helmet."

Dick was going nowhere fast and feel-
ing miserable. It was a family tragedy
that put him on his feet. During Dick's
sophomore year, his brother, then a
fighter pilot, was killed on a voluntary
mission over the Battle of the Bulge. Says
Dick, "I can't begin to tell you how the
family suffered, and I suddenly realized
that my problems were mighty insignifi-
cant. I saw that it wasn't right to live
the way I'd been going on. I began to
open up more. I made friends. I began
to enjoy people and the things around me."

He made the swimming team. He ex-
celed in dramatics and became presi-
dent of the dramatic society. The school,
as a whole, so took to the new Dick Clark
that he was elected president of the stu-
dent body at A. B. Davis High School in
Mt. Vernon.

"If I ever amount to anything," says
Dick, "much of the credit goes to my
parents. They are wonderful. So far
back as I can remember, they gave me
a sense of responsibility by showing con-
fidence in me. There was an incident
when I was twelve that started it. I
asked my mother for a dime to buy an
ice-cream stick. She told me to get it
out of her purse, but I took an extra dime

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for a friend." Dick smiles and continues.

"Somehow, she found out and let me know, but she didn't raise the roof. To the contrary, she said that, in the future, there would be money in the drawer and I was to take the money to the bank the way it went through high school. In college, they gave me a checking account. Because of their confidence, I never abused my privilege. As a matter of fact, I worked hard. I was a Brush salesman, a hash-slinger and at other odd jobs to help pay for extras."

The girl Dick married, Barbara Mallory, was his high-school sweetheart. When they first dated and she was fourteen and Dick was fifteen, Barbara, a lovely gal with blue eyes and brown hair, recalls that the early years of their romance were wonderful. The ideal couple was going together for about ten months. I was a sophomore and Dick was a junior. Well, there were parental objections to our going steady. Bob and I had a long, serious talk about the advantages and disadvantages of not dating others, so we broke up. That was an evening in May and, after he went home, I had a wonderful cry. I cried for seven days. We didn't date again until October, when Dick invited me to the circus at Madison Square Garden. After that, we gave in to the inevitable and began going together.

It was five years later that they married. Neither ever considered getting married until they finished school. Dick stresses this because, so often now, teen-agers come to him and ask advice about quitting school. "Even after I graduated from Syracuse University," Dick says, "we put off our marriage for another year. Then, we found we all had to get married, that a man must have a job and a little savings before he gets married. And Bobbie had another year to go before she got her degree."

Barbara says, "My father died when I was a youngster, and Mother had to work. I knew it was important that a woman be qualified to hold a job, in case of an emergency, or just to help out her husband. And, during the first two years of their marriage, Barbara taught second-grade in Philadelphia."

They were married June 29, 1952, in Salisbury, Maryland, where Barbara's mother makes her home. Dick was then working in Philadelphia and couldn't get away to make any of the arrangements. Barbara and her parents made all the preparations for the honeymoon. "He promised he would make it up to me, and he did. About a year-and-a-half later, he took me on a second honeymoon to New Orleans. And, when my baby was born, he surprised me with a second wedding ring."

They have been happily married almost six years, but there are things about having a radio show, a marriage, and children which make marital life a little difficult. Most of these years, Dick has had to work nights. Even now, though Bandstand is only a weekday afternoon, Dick is making personal appearances on Saturday, of course, he is in New York with the evening version of Bandstand. On most days, he sleeps to the last minute before he leaves the house at 5 a.m. He seldom gets home before midnight.

"Usually," says Barbara, "he wakes me, when he comes in, to ask if I've let the dog out. With the dog, a dachshund named "Lady," due to their smallness, the Lee Romo's, their baby, Dickie, was born January 9, 1957. They live comfortably in a three-bedroom apartment in Drexel Hills, a suburb of Philadelphia. Their living room is furnished with modern furniture, and has a large dining room in American colonial. The carpeting and much of the upholstering is in various shades of gray. Barbara calls the walls "battleship gray."

"Now let me explain that," Dick says. "I had left the choice of wall colors to Barbara. I should have known better. I remember, just before we were married, she once wrote me a romantic-type letter in which she referred to my wonderful blue eyes. The sentiment was very nice-except that my eyes are blue-grey, and I hear particular liked jazz, if it is not too progressive. He has been collecting records since he was in his early teens."

"I've had about six hundred 78s that were really collectors' items. But Bobbie did the moving and, when I got into the new apartment at two in the morning, the first thing I changed was my stereo. They aren't meant to be there."

Barbara remembers: "He woke me and I had to explain that I'd left them behind. Well, Dick hadn't played them in years, so I thought he didn't have them. You understand that Dick is a 'saver.' For example, we have a six-year collection of old Life magazines. His grandfather has ten or fifteen preceding years. He's been keeping for him."

At home, Dick is a very informal guy. He relishes wearing slacks and a sports shirt, because most of the time he must be in a tie and dress shirt. "When we go out as a couple," I hear from him: "I guess this means I have to get dressed up," but Sundays Dick relaxes. He gives Barbara a break by getting up with Dick. Says Dick, "We have three kids, but I can't say much yet, but he's an expert at ripping books and magazines. Don't get me wrong. He's a good baby. I just think he takes after Bobbie and resents my saving things.

Dick has two hobbies besides his record collection. He likes to garden and he likes to cook. In spring, he is out in the back yard with a spade. He has planted a garden for the first time. "During the war," he explains, "Dad and I had a victory garden. That got me on the green-thumb kick. And sometimes he must satisfy a subconscious urge to cook. I'm in the habit of a cook. But last summer, I turned out some good bread. It was a hot night with nothing to do, and I saw this recipe in a magazine. I had to try it. We have two loaves in the refrigerator."

When I got started, I found that it took a couple of hours for the bread to rise. Well, it was about one-thirty in the morning that I had two leaves baked, but I was a happy housewife."

"The bread was good—what I tasted of it. I don't know why I do this cooking bit, although it does seem to be some kind of a tradition with the men in my family. They've got one or two of these baking holidays to help. I think they just get in the way."

This is kidding, for Dick doesn't belittle his father. His father, Winfield E. Clark, is president of WRUN in New York state. Dick says, "I think you told me that Dad was in the cosmetic business most of his life. He went into radio when he was being phased out of the industry."

"I've made up my mind that I wanted to be in radio when I was a kid. It was about the time my parents took me to a studio to see Dick. When I got to Syracuse University, I auditioned for the campus station. During high school, I used to make estimations of a radio announcer and so I didn't do it. I mentioned it at the audition and got the job. During summers, Dad let me work in the mail room at his station. At college, I worked in a brokerage firm. When I was graduated, I spent a year at WKTW in Utica, before I went to Philadelphia. I've been with WFIL since 1952."

"Every show, but Bandstand fits him like a glove. His great interest in music is important—and so is his sensitivity. As he says, "I learned from being self-conscious and so I'm not afraid to talk to people around who have the same feeling."

Many of the teenagers on Bandstand are club members. They know Dick well. Their attitude toward Dick is a healthy one, because he didn't go to getting school because her mother complained so about her grades. That was not lightly passed off. Dick and producer Tony Mammarella took the girl and gave her a considerable amount of time going deeply into the matter. The girl continued at school, brought up her grades, and everyone was happy.

"I'm sure teenagers are a problem to both you and me, but I had more problems," Dick says. "I was a problem to mine. There are those times when you know you've failed them. My grades in high school were barely high enough to get me into Yale, where Dad wanted me to go. My first year in Syracuse, I had excellent grades and knew that I could have done better in my first year if I had to do it for myself."

"And there are other ways we disappoint our parents. I remember the time I had the family car until three or four in the morning. I wasn't getting into any kind of trouble. I just didn't feel like driving alone a long way home. Well, when I got back, I found my parents both waiting at the door. All they said was, 'Have you lived to see your daughter grow?' I knew from their faces how much I worried them. It seemed to me that I'd disillusioned them in that I didn't have the foresight to call them.

Dick is grateful that Bandstand gives so much pleasure to teenagers. "These are the kids' best years. Pretty soon they will be on jobs and tied up with family responsibilities. These are their days of freedom, and they should be able to play and be happy, it would be to live as fully as possible, but just remember that those around you, friends and parents, are sensitive, too, and nothing should be gained at their expense."

A revealing fact about Bandstand's Trendex rating is that it indicates half of the many millions watching the show are adults. "We are proud to have adults on our show," Dick says, "but, even more, it means that the adult population is beginning to see for itself that the music and dancing of teenagers is good, or at least they are fundamentals about rock 'n roll being immoral did the country a disservice. I know these kids intimately. Most of them are already thinking about the job they are going to have. They want to work until the 'right guy' comes along, and then have a family. These kids are just as straight and honest as any generation. It is a privilege to work with our teen-age population. Why spoil their fun?"
Dream Girl From Canada

(Continued from page 36)

plans to take her there had to be abandoned. She was busy with rehearsals, when the good doctor christened the cornerstone with a bottle of ginger ale.

Of all her family's traditions, perhaps the most striking is music. It is the one in which she was most thoroughly steeped—and, ironically, it is the one against which she finally rebelled, shattering a family dream hallowed by many years. Mama La Fleche is the former Marietta Manseau, a professional singer and pianist—although she retired after marriage, she has been the official organist for Winnipeg's Sacred Heart Catholic Church for some twenty-two years. Papa Le Fleche is an adept violinist and enjoys dropping his scalpel for an hour of relaxation with the bow.

Their children are all musical, and so are the grandchildren. In addition to the piano, Gisele's younger brother Jacques plays the flute, while Georges alternates between cello and bass fiddle. Hugette, three years older than Gisele, and Janine, three years younger, are both accomplished pianists.

But of the immediate La Fleche family, only Gisele and Georges—an announcer on a Montreal TV station—have gone into show business. Hugette returns to Winnipeg for occasional concerts and plays a recognizable tune by ear. She got to be so clever at this that Hugette, who was already studying piano, would answer all requests by saying, "Ask my little sister—she can play all the songs." Gisele also vocalized at the drop of a hat and at the top of her lungs. She sang less noisily (and it is to be hoped more reverently) at the 8:30 Mass in the Sacred Heart school.

From the very start, however, there was a tacit understanding between Papa and Mama Le Fleche that Trésor ("Treasure") would focus her talents on the violin. Who knows, Papa would muse—perhaps, with God's grace, one would be a place with the great ones of the concert stage.

They might have been less enchanted with this vision, had they realized that their Trésor often seemed bored with her exercises. She had begun taking lessons at the age of eight, and her teacher, Mrs. Florence Gouladin, gave glowing reports of progress and of the child's perfect pitch. But, all too often, Giselle drifted from the music stand to the window, looking and listening wistfully. Outside, she could hear children at their play ... and the wind turned and turned restlessly, beckoning her out into the world ...

Had the family not been absorbed in classical and folk music, they might have guessed that their little prodigy was more interested in being a reporter than an entertainer. A 4-year-old in a school pageant. She never had to be asked. She was always out on the floor at parties, reciting, singing, dancing and playing until she had to be restrained. She was just a toddler when she and sister Hugette was to appear in a school pageant. The family, of course, turned out en masse. Sucking lustily at a milk bottle, little Gisele trudled her sister out upon the stage, fell into a basket, and literally broke

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and, in the seeking, you will find many unexpected things. She went out to investigate. It was a home for crippled children. During the next six years of study, seldom a day passed that she failed to pop in on the kiddies—not to play the violin—but to sing, dance and cut funny capers.

However she may have felt, the Conservatory was pleased with her. Kathleen Parlow, her teacher, 'wasn't renounced in her own right, predicted a brilliant career for her if she gave all of herself to the mastery of the instrument.'

Gisele was fifteen now and almost at her full height of five-foot-six. A child-friend fancy for clothes was paying off; she looked mature and chic. Young men, and sometimes older men, began to give her some attention, and she was flattered, and frightened, too. "But," she is quick to add, twinkling, "don't get the idea I wasn't susceptible! I was at prayers with Mrs. Parlow in St. Basil's Church when a tall, handsome lad came in. I took off my hat and fell off the prayer board. Mrs. Parlow thought I fainted."

At school she found a substitute for her father exclaimed: "Qui taurait cru Allez au Conservatoire, cher Trésor? (Who'd have believed it?)On the Conservatory, dear Treasure!" Mama touched her eyes with a handkerchief: "Imagine, our little girl a thousand miles away in Toronto—at the Royal Conservatory of Music—studying to become a great violinist." And, at the station, a last few words of counsel from both: "Make your confession regularly and do not abandon our old customs for newfangled ways. Goodbye, happy little Gisele. . . ."

Her room at the Conservatory faced a brick wall—the better to fight distractions. No using things through the window. She placed the beautiful Ceruti under her chin. It was three thousand dollars worth of violin that had taken her family years of scrimping to afford. Sadly she played "Lauda Natalis," a melody so intimately linked with family and home. For months, she refused to unpack her trunk: "I wanted to be ready in case anyone came to fetch me."

She was sawing away with fierce intensity one day, glaring at the brick wall beyond her window. A thought struck her. What was behind that wall? She wanted to get to the bottom of this. She had to know. What had her father said? Seek

Oddly enough, she does not regret the lost hours of childhood. "I take my philosophy from my father," she meditates. "Once told me that all life is a compromise. Everything extra you get is a plus you didn't expect. Happiness comes from wanting what you get, not merely getting what you want. Papa also told me, 'No time to laugh at folks who go looking for the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. They may not find the gold, but they will probably discover other things of value as they search. It's a philosophy I come naturally, I guess.' Her voice is somber, as she admits, "It's the deepest sorrow of my life that I haven't always wanted the things he wanted for me."

At one time, in her formative years, she yearned to be a doctor just like him. He was her hero. Rain or storm, he answered the call of the sick. Several times, she coaxed him into letting her come along. She stood over her stricken and injured hands. She stood at her music stand and dreamed of the thrilling operations she would perform.

Then all at once, she was eleven. She was very romantic now. She devoured novels. The magic of words transported her into exotic lands. She would memorize her finger exercises quickly, then pull moans. "Although he never came—"

Suddenly, Gisele was fourteen, and her father in Godfrey Ridout, her teacher of harmony, her friend. Everything came to her all at once. She could play a suite of music and fall over the edge of joy and happiness. "I found myself playing it over and over again."

Out in the broad world, a war was raging. Gisele surged with patriotism. "I wanted to do my part—if only I could have fought in the front lines! But I was just a girl."

Gisele went to church and clung to her credo that in the search may be found unsuspected answers. She found one. Entertainers were needed. Gisele was invited to play the violin in Toronto. After that, she played all over Canada. She was also invited to play at Army and Navy canteens—but, sensing the need of her audiences for light distractions, she put the violin aside in favor of the voice.

She had a naturally smooth, vibrant contralto that did wows for a pop tune, and her audiences responded eagerly. In 1915, she played at the Toronto Naval Battering for newfangled ways. She was Bob Shuttleworth, who was forty. Gisele had to fight a rebellion against the La Fleche dream of having a famous virtuoso in the family.

A year after their meeting, Gisele heard that Bob was managing a dance band. She proposed to Gil's old partner, violin virtuoso Godfrey Ridout, who remembered her. "Listen," he said, "a gal fiddler has only one place to go—Spitalny's band. I'll hire you, but only as a side-stick."

Fateful of the pain she might cause her family, Gisele went back to the Conservatory. All her loyalties demanded that she stick to the violin; all the tug of her heart was the tug of her body. She was off to the crossroads. She decided to give pop singing a try and see where it would lead her. By day, she struggled with the intricacies of a sonata. By night, she parted the audience with tunes.

Backed by Shuttleworth's band, she would close her eyes "to blot out the accusing faces of my family that seemed to glare at me from all sides." She was striking in her own right, that reeked of her way. She was also tempted. Her letters home were a mixture of evasions and almost frantic expressions of love. "It was strange, how the more I drifted away from them, the more they loved me and wanted them to love me." If only they didn't expect so much of her! If only they wouldn't think she was betraying them.

A turning point was bound to come. Suddenly it did. Gisele went shopping—and returned to find her lovely violin stolen. Then came the worst ordeal of her life. She had to tell her parents and tell them. They rallied behind her once and offered to raise the money for another instrument. Her tongue heavy with the awful word, she mustered her courage and gasped, "No."

The rebellion was complete. Nudged on by Bob, she auditioned for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. For the next four years, she was featured on various radio programs such as "Northwest Miss Lamplight, The Girl Next Door." Bob became her personal manager. Reviewers started calling her "Canada's First Lady of Song."

Gisele had a taste of her new life. She made appearances with Edgar Bergen and Morton Downey. The Andrews Sisters were leaving Bob Crosby's Club 15 show, and he was seeking a replacement. Gisele landed the job and, in 1931, became the､ "an excited and exciting part of this popular American variety show. During the next year-and-a-half, she also co-starred.
Then came another big break. Bob Crossby took his Club 15 to Las Vegas to play an engagement at the Sahara Hotel. Jack Benny dropped in to catch the act. Gisele was singing up a storm, and Benny sat spellbound. He had come as a friendly gesture to Bob. Instead, he had stumbled on a new performer of the first magnitude. "Once again," says Gisele, "the adage of 'Seek and ye shall find' came true—with me on the receiving end." Benny asked her to do a stint with him at the Curran Theater in San Francisco—where, among other didos, they worked up a comical violin duet that rocked their audience with glee.

It was Benny who learned that Your Hit Parade was looking for a singer. He put Gisele on his last show of the season and the strategy worked. The spot on Hit Parade was hers and, for the next four years, she was a standout, even among such gifted entertainers as Dorothy Collins, Snooky Lanson, and Russell Arms. She was now very much of the great world, and the wind was carrying her along. She made guest appearances with Benny; she accompanied herself at the piano and sang an assortment of tunes from nostalgic French-Canadian Habitants chansons to Tin Pan Alley's latest rhythm pieces. She found time to wax a number of weekly programs on which she was "the whole shebang ... singer, pianist, announcer and deejay."

These waxes were airmailed to Toronto, and there launched over the Dominion's kilocycles. A letter arrived from the family. It said simply, "You are making people happy. That's a precious talent. Be proud of it as we are of you." A terrible burden seemed to fall away. Gisele sat down "and bawled like a baby."

The past winter has seen Gisele at the crest of her success. Her first "very own big-league TV show" won rave reviews and a huge following that claims she is the equal of Dinah Shore, Patti Page and Rosemary Clooney. She has also leaped into another category. Coached by Jack Benny, the executive producer of her show, she has learned how to throw away a line that ticks or to pause and wait for the instant of maximum suspense before delivering a punch line that rolls them in the aisles.

On October 23, 1957, This Is Your Life presented her story. Ever her good friend and counselor, Jack Benny escorted her to NBC-TV's Burbank studio on the pretext of introducing her to the sponsors of her show. At the entrance, they were halted by two Canadian Mounites who, according to plan, snatched her from the protesting comedian and whisked her into the studio, which had been staged as a replica of the La Fleche living room. Once more, to the strains of "Le Fiacre," Gisele found herself at home.

There in the old accustomed places sat her father, mother, sisters, brothers—her family! The emotional impact on the bewildered girl was clearly visible to millions of viewers. "How I survived that shock I'll never know," she admits. "I may have strayed from the fold, but my heart is tied to them as if on a rubber band. The farther I go, the tighter is their hold on me. I suppose I'm a dreadful contradiction."

There is nothing dreadful about lively and lovable Gisele, but a contradiction she most certainly is. Surrounded by attractive admirers, men who have been drawn to her from all walks of life, she has remained unmarried—and as she cheerfully puts it, "un-engaged." Easily moved to the verge of tears by affectionate memories of home, she lives in a rented house on a hill overlooking Hollywood. A witty, sparkling and companionable girl, her dearest playmates and confidants are two long-haired dachshunds, Wolfgang and Brunnhilde—significantly, the names are long-haired, too. Her hobbies are equally contradictory: Cooking and perfumes. Much as she loves fiction, she will toss aside the latest novel for the latest cookbook. She loves to blend three or four known perfumes to get an original scent. "People miles away can find my place in the dark just by deep breathing."

Credulous and generous to a fault, she has shown the hard horse sense to protect herself with a personal manager, a business manager, a top agency (Music Corporation of America) and a boss (Benny) whose miserliness may be only a gimmick for garnering laughs but whose business brain has never been questioned in real life. A violinist of genuine flair, she candidly confesses, "I go to no concerts. I never practice the violin. And I feel no loss at having given it up." An avid movie and TV fan—"I'll watch anything that flickers"—she is fondest of simple fairytales.

At a sophisticated party in New York some time ago, her hostess caught her off by herself staring out of a window at the arresting tapestry of lights along the city's skyline. "Gisele, dear, when are you going to settle down, marry, start a little family ... ?"

"When, I can't say. But I'm looking." Her hostess brushed this aside, "I shouldn't think you'd have far to look."

"But I like to look. You never know what you'll find."

"And are you looking for it now—out there?" the lady scoffed.

Gisele MacKenzie, suave, mature, radiant with achievement, pressed her nose against the glass. "Yes," she smiled enigmatically. "Out there—always ... "

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She Started a Heat Wave

(Continued from page 32)

beauty of Monitor who has parlayed the usually commonplace weather reports into a burgeoning career with her sultry, come-hither voice, couldn't be more surprised. "Down home," she draws, "I talked like everyone else. And when she arrived in New York a few years ago from her native Georgia, she took such a ribbing because of her Southern accent she quit for voice lessons to rid herself, once and for all, of the sound of a Chi town's that kept creeping into her talk.

What came out, and comes out now over the airwaves, is a warm, intimate voice which sounds like a 1958 version of Mae West's celebrated "Come up and see me sometime."

And when Tedi interlards the day's temperatures with such bits of philosophy as Girls, if you get cold feet, you have any fun—she advises her listeners that it's going to be "a very, very dry weekend and I'll start as soon as the olives arrive"—the results are both hilari-ous and zestful.

Tedi laughs about her network sex appeal, thinks it's all gay and fun. But she's serious about it, too. So serious that—since June, 1955, when she went on the air with the NBC network from the weekend, come rain, snow or laryngitis. A cold, she says, just makes her voice huskier—and sexier.

For two years, "Miss Monitor," as NBC publicity people jokingly refer to her, has won over a voice. The face that had made her a Vogue cover-girl and the figure that had made her a successful fashion model were hidden behind a microphone. But last July, when Jack Webb asked her to star in Tonight, Tedi became a weather girl on TV, too, and now can often be seen, sequined sheath and all, doling out the temperatures on the new voice, already so familiar on radio.

It's a funny thing. In radio and television, where the well-scrubbed girl-next-door, the wholesome wife and mother are thus far unexcelled, Tedi has found success by the simple method of peddling her appeal. In real life, she's none of these things, either. Unmarried, she is the girl-next-door only to the people who happen to live in apartment buildings who know her, nor the elevator operators, the door- men, or the messengers who trudge in with flowers practically every day, have ever seen her done up in a little gingham frock, with off camera and camera. And she's just the girl for whom the sheath was invented. Tall (she's five-foot-seven-plus without the high heels she always wears) and a sleek 120 pounds, she's more the high-fashion model in appearance than the Mansfield type. For personal appearances, she wears "de-set blue eyes, but not too fully low—I haven't got the equipment for it." (She measures 34-24-35 in the vital areas.)

Though she looks as non-domestic as she sounds sexy, she cooks, and likes to "though not all the time". She doesn't eat meals a day," she adds honestly. She gets her own breakfast (secretly a taxing chore, since it consists only of coffee and fruit juice and can be talked into whirring up dinner now and then for a favored swain. A bouillabaisse ("really, it's more of an Italian fish dish, with tomato sauce and wine") is her specialty, and she also admits to turning out a tasty spaghetti.

"I must have had an Italian grandmother somewhere back," says this product of the Old South.

But by no stretch of the imagination could "Miss Monitor" be tagged as the domestic type. Neither is she a shining example of the theory that years of hard work and struggle are essential to success. American sty. Tedi slid into radio and television as easily as she sli- thered into one of her sequined sheaths, and with just as devastating results.

Born on the right side of the tracks, or what passes for tracks in Midville, Georgia—population 900-plus—Tedi wanted to study painting, and she didn't have to scrub floors, work at the local drive-in, or even baby-sit, to finance her studies. Her father, owner of the local Ford agency and president of the local bank, was an easy touch for the youngest of his four children.

Once out of high school, Tedi had no trouble selling him and her mother on the idea of sending her to the Atlanta Art Institute. From there, she went on to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., to continue her studies.

It was there, when fellow students began to show more interest in her as a model than her instructors did in her painting, that Tedi decided to shed her paint-smeared frock and see what else the big world had to offer.

"I wanted to come to New York," she says, "and I figured being a model was the quickest way to earn some money.

So, with Daddy shaking his head in dism ay and disapproval, Miss Theodora Thurman arrived in New York, registered at the Conover agency, where her name was promptly shortened to its present Tedi—and within six weeks was posing for color pictures, one of which landed on the cover of Vogue.

Tedi did find herself a fashion model, with her regular features, her height, and her slender-ness ("I weighed 107 or 108 then, no matter what I ate."). And her rust-red hair and blue eyes made her a natural for color pictures.

And then she tossed it all in the ashcan and took off for Paris. ("I don't know—I just wanted to see the place," she explains in her breathless way.) She had planned to stay two months, but she loved Paris and, naturally, vice versa. With her cus-tomary good luck—and her Vogue con-tacts—she began work almost immediately, posing in Dior's creations in the most fashionable settings in Paris. "I was there six months," she says, "and I worked almost every day.

A fashion model learns many things.

Never as interested in clothes as many models, Tedi learned that for her, with her spectacular hair, conservative styles are best. Her personal wardrobe is made up almost entirely of simple sheaths in monotones—grays, blacks, whites, beiges, and lots of blue.

She looked, in 1955, on her return from Paris, as a French girl who had produced a New York's East Side—well dressed, well groomed, poised. But when she opened her mouth, everyone laughed. Neither was the fashion world a voice coach, to learn to speak Yankee.

And, because Miss Franck is a drama as well as a voice coach, Tedi found herself learning something about acting—though, up to that time, she had never given a thought to a career in show business. Tedi had been studying seriously for several months, and had advanced to the point where she could say "O.K., when Miss Franck—who has a finger in many facets of the entertainment world—heard that Columbia Pictures was looking for a "new face."

A screen test later, Tedi was offered the part, and though she turned it down, she was hooked.

"That was three or four years ago," she says, "and I began going around to TV studios looking for work—any kind of work. I used to walk in and say, "I'm a Frontiers Of Faith film, television, in which she played Helen of Troy. There was a promotion film for Today, "I was trying anything," she explains, "and then this Monitor thing came along. I thought it might last a few weeks."

With this, what seems a new and fresh career was opening up for her.

Neither had the show's executive producer, Al Casstaff, nor Mike Zeumer, who had noticed her on the Today promotion assignment, been forewarned. Amused, it turned out that the new sound in weather, with Tedi's Southern voice cooing each degree-Fahrenheit, was one of the most popular features of the show. Fan mail to Tedi's entrance into show business. They and Tedi hastily stopped her voice lessons, lest she lose her now-preciuous accent.

Since she added the Tonight assignment last summer, and listeners began getting a look, the show has spread even further. She's called upon by NBC for all sorts of official and semi-official chores. She's raised the temperature of nation's earring and anniversary celebrations. She flew to Hollywood last spring to film a trailer for the Dean Martin movie, "10,000 Bedrooms."

She is constantly being offered commercials—and just as frequently being imitated. She is working on recordings, has an album of songs and talk on the way. The voice and delivery of Tedi Thurman are so distinctive that no one knows as those of Jack Webb in Dragnet.

Meanwhile, back at the plantation, the rest of the closely-knit Thurmans are gradually recovering from the shock of Tedi's entrance into show business. They still wonder what made her do it, but her mother admits there are certain advantages: "Well, I know you weren't sick,"
she will write, after hearing Tedi's voice on Monitor: "even if we haven't heard from you this week."

Her two brothers, both in business with Thurman Père, and their wives are regular listeners, and up in Monticello, Georgia, where her grandfather was a judge and where her married sister now lives, the show has a steady audience, too. Add her six (seven, any day now) young nieces and nephews, assorted uncles, aunts, cousins and more distant kin, and Monitor gets a built-in boost, rating-wise.

In New York, it's pretty much a dream life that Tedi is living these days. She works only three days a week—perhaps two and a half would be more accurate—including her appearances on Tonight. On Saturdays and Sundays, she puts in some fourteen hours a day on Monitor, though much of this time is spent waiting around.

The rest of Tedi's time is her own. She's free to sleep late, shop, putter around the apartment, answer her fan mail, and carry on an active social life through, as she says, working weekends handiaps her socially: "In summer, everyone else can go away. In winter, that's when all the parties are."

Life is seldom dull, however, in the comfortable four-room apartment on Park Avenue, where she lives with Peggy Fears, ex-Follies star and ex-Broadway producer. Their well-furnished, furnished comfortably. Waiting to be hung is a Tedi Thurman original—a sketch of Peggy. "I don't have much time for painting now," says Tedi apologetically.

In the kitchen, by apartment-house standards, there is Annabelle, who comes in daily to clean and cook.

And all over is Missy, Peggy's gray poodle, who turns up her well-bred nose at all but the choicest guests. "We used to have a penthouse," says Tedi, "but Missy didn't like it, so we moved down nearer the street."

The telephones ring constantly in the two bedrooms in the top floor of the six-story building business and out. Almost nightly, she has a dinner date—not all with the same man, though a brain surgeon is her current favorite. "I met a psychiatrist last summer, but I was afraid all the time that he was reading my mind. I figure a brain surgeon can't do anything short of cutting a hole in my head."

And, of course, there are the long-distance admirers. Most of the mail is from men, but there's some from women and children, too. Many of the letters are from home-town boosters who want their cities mentioned in Tedi's rundown of weather conditions—or, who don't ("Please don't ever say we're having cloudy weather.")

Obviously, some people do take Tedi's weather reports seriously, though so off-beat it's her problem that sometimes that, when she began appearing on Tonight, Jack Paar made a great point of the fact that they were real, accurate reports. And a great many people probably wouldn't or would like to. Most of the people who write her ask for pictures, and these Tedi dispatches personally, just as she answers the letters which have any genuine question—short of a love proposal.

It's not that Tedi's adverse to marrying. She doesn't even have terribly rigid qualifications for a husband. "Intelligence" is the first thing she mentions when asked what qualities she wants in a spouse. But... she thinks it would be nice to know the guy, too, and it's doubtful if an acquaintance by postcard, or even Western Union, will work. Right now, though she's reached her late twenties, she's in no hurry. She's having too much fun enjoying her new fame as the heat wave of the airwaves.

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69. Steve Cochran
70. Richard Burton
71. Julius La Rosa
72. Lucille Ball
73. Jack Webb
74. Bob Hope
75. Richard Egan
76. Jeff Richards
77. Pat Crowley
78. Robert Taylor
79. Jean Simmons
80. Audrey Hepburn
81. Gale Storm
82. George Nader
83. Ann Sothern
84. Eddie Fisher
85. Liberace
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125. Gale Storm
126. George Nader
127. Ann Sothern
128. Eddie Fisher
129. Liberace
130. Bob Francis
131. Grace Kelly
132. James Dean
133. Sheree North
134. Kim Novak
Will Army Service Make or Break Elvis Presley as a Performer?

The studio had been good to him, and Elvis had a heavy sense of responsibility toward everyone connected with the film. He asked for the deferment, and the draft board granted it promptly and with sympathy, for Elvis had not got no bad publicity. People understood.

In contrast with this concern for the studio, Elvis has shown little worry over the financial losses he himself will sustain while in service. It adds up to a fabulous figure. He will lose over half-a-million dollars in 1958, from movie deals alone. He was committed to 20th Century-Fox for a picture at $200,000, and an MGM film would have given him $250,000 plus fifty percent of the profits.

What will he lose in the way of personal appearances and other career promotions, Diskin and Parker dare not venture a guess. Ray Anthony had offered Elvis a flat $500,000 for a month of one-night stands with the band, only five days prior to the agreement. Elvis had been availing $10,000, after taxes, for each single personal appearance. Probably no entertainer in history has given up more money to enter the service of his country.

Yet he was not alone. In spite of these losses, Elvis will emerge as a mighty rich civilian. Under his contract with RCA Victor, he will receive $1,000 a week for the next ten years, even if he never records again. And if there be no record or no, Elvis has not thrown his money around foolishly. His dad, who handles his financial affairs, has socked a large part of his earnings into Government bonds which he keeps in uniform. Unlike Lawrence and Contino, Elvis will have a massive bankroll working for him when he hits the comeback trail.

Answering one of his fans who showed him with tearful wails about the future, Elvis said, "Think a second about all the other fellows. They make the biggest sacrifices, and what they give up or lose is all they've got. The worst that could happen to me is that I'll have to live off my savings for a while when I get back. No, quit wailing. America gave me more than I can ever pay back, but I'm going to sure enough have a try at it."

Still looking at the optimistic side, there are those who feel—Ray Anthony, Vic Damone and Charlie Albright, among others. Eddie has no hesitation in saying, "I never sang so much, or loved it as well, since I left the service. Sometimes I did twenty-four numbers a day, and my hands have been washed, and my voice and contacts have been with fans, and with other entertainers. In the Army, he will meet the widest variety of personality and character, and he will not have the wisdom of Parker and Diskin to go before him like a shield."

Elvis will have to face all sorts of experiences head-on and make his own on-the-spot decisions. He will either be successful or a failure. But he has got no bad publicity. People understood.

While Elvis knows this, he will go no further than voicing a hopeful "I wouldn't even take a long guess on what the Army might do for my career . . . but, either wouldn't happen. I may be different about serving. We're hoping, natch, that it turns out like it did for Eddie or Vic Damone. If it turns out the other way, well, nobody's going to hear me complain."

RCA Victor hopes that Elvis will be allowed to tour next summer in service of Bob Yorke, the firm's West Coast manager, pointed out that after the release of "Don't!" and its flip side, "I Beg of You," there was little of Pres-ley recordings. Aside from the eleven waxings of the tunes from "King Creole," there is nothing left.

"If Elvis can manage weekend passes to any one of the four recording centers that the company has (Los Angeles, Chicago, New York), we'll be able to cut sides while he's in service," said Yorke hopefully. "After all, both Fisher and Damone did it."

Dick did finally serve his full term as a GI. His service concluded, he has been trying, in the past two years, to regain his former high orbit in show business. That he has not been conspicuously successful may be seen from his filing of a voluntary bankruptcy petition. It lists his debts at $31,983 and limits his assets to the accord- tion and a few personal belongings. So sad a fate is not likely for Elvis. Though he did ask for a temporary deferment, even the most raucous members of the anti-brigade admitted it was done at Paramount's expense. Elvis had already announced his pride and pleasure in being called up, when the studio moved into the scene. A pre-production investment of over $350,000 would go down the drain unless Elvis, for whom the picture had been tailored, could star.

Not only that, but more than one hundred people would be thrown out of work until a new star could be found and the script rewritten to fit this replacement. "I can tell you this," Tom Diskin informed me. "Those in close contact with the boy know that he will be passed through while making up his mind. Asking for deferment was perhaps the hardest thing Elvis has ever had to do."

It's a Landslide!

The votes have been counted, the gold medals are being engraved for America's favorite TV-radio programs and personalities.

Your ballots elected them in every field—now meet the Award winners, in colorful pictures and exclusive stories, in the

May issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale April 3

(Continued from page 28) and sound-stages would hardly rust those agilipe drain or drain the voltage from that flexible voice. Elvis has recorded dozens of songs, ranging from novelties such as "I Want a Buddy Ballad" to "I Made Me Tender," to spirituals on the order of "Peace in the Valley." Where Lawrence has never appeared in a film, Elvis just finished starring in his fourth—"King Creole," for Hal Wallis, to be released by Paramount Pictures—and each has nudged him a notch higher in the public esteem. He is secure in the knowledge that he has two of the shrewdest managers in the history of entertainment, Colonel Tom Parker and Tom Diskin, watching hawk-eyed over his interests in his absence. They will maintain and try to expand his enormous fan-club service, while he's G-I-ing it. Publicity pictures of Elvis in uniform will probably replace the old ones on Young America's walls. And there is always the chance that he will be re- stored by the Army into singing choirs for the benefit of soldiers and patriotic functions.

But, moan the alarmists, look at according Dick. Contino. Contino, after a request a deferment from his draft board. Adverse comment resulted. It is said that the request may have influenced his professional popularity. What about Elvis? He has never had a draft card to begin with. In case parallel? Let us examine Contino's situation. Contino never expressed any desire to go into service. Elvis has. Contino was surrounded by predators and distractions. He was supporting a number of relatives. Whether because of these responsibilities or not, the fact is that Contino tried for military exemption. Public opinion was not ready to swing.

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It Just Comes Naturally

TV's "most Western Western"—that's what Tris Coffin and
equel Henderson call "26 Men"

Praise from a man who'd been one of the "26" meant
more to Vera and Tris Coffin than critical acclaim.

Lois has a trio of acting Hendersons to
cheer for—Kelo and young Eric and Lars.

Visiting New York's WABC-TV, Tris and Kelo saw Roller Derby.

Turn around, said the old timer, a weatherbeaten chap
who'd ridden with the Arizona Rangers when, only
fifty years ago, they patrolled the West's last frontier.
Tris Coffin obediently turned. "By God," the veteran
shouted, "I'd have thought you really were old Tom
Rynning." A grin lit up under Tris's silver-grey
mustache. All the effort they'd put into research through
old newspapers and government files had paid off. 26
Men, the ABC Film Syndication series in which he plays
Captain Tom Rynning, looked authentic even to a man
who'd actually been one of the twenty-six men—never
more and often less—who brought law and order to the
Arizona territory... Kelo Henderson, who co-stars as
Ranger Clint Travis, has another theory as to why the
series is so popular. "We're the most Western Western on
TV," he explains. Almost everybody working on it
was born and/or raised in the West. Producer Russell
Hayden is a Californian who's best remembered for his
role as "Lucky" in the "Hopalong Cassidy" films. Tris
was born in Mammoth, Utah. Kelo was born on a ranch
in Pueblo, Colorado... A veteran of more than 300
films—both "Westerns" and "Easterns"—Tris started
early. Son of an actress and relative of the famous poet
of the same name, Tris was nine when he debuted by
filling in for an ailing juvenile in a road company star-
ing Ethel Barrymore. His adult career included radio
announcing in Boston and Chicago, before movie com-
panies invited him back West. With homes in both
Santa Monica and Phoenix, Tris and his wife Vera
Duke, a former fashion model, have been adopted by
two cats, Titus Andronicus and Mike. They recently
acquired a buckskin colt, who was seen in 26 Men as the
Rangers' mascot, "Mr. 27." ... Kelo was ranching in
California and, he grins, "acting was the furthest thing
from my mind." One day, he visited a friend who
worked at Republic studios. Friend introduced him to
a casting director who introduced him to an agent who
introduced him to a contract. Kelo studied with a drama
coach for six months, went on his first interview—and
was signed as Ranger Travis. Kelo has always taught
his two sons trick riding and shooting. Eric, 8, who's
been on the Red Skelton show, has been tagged "Amere-
ca's youngest gunman." Lars, 9, plays "Jamie" in "Sad-
Here, the coincidence is curious, for Tris was first
brought to Hollywood because of his resemblance to
Taylor. Tris stayed and starred, just as Kelo and his
boys are planning to do. To them it just comes naturally.
For frank answers to probing questions, there are rewards. Jack surrounds Jimmy Durante with Chez Paree Adorables.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Jack Eigen is highly flattered. These days, radio and television may be knee-deep in interviews-in-depth. But Jack was there first, and his "hot seat," whereon have perched 'most everybody worth a headline, is now practically an antique.

Jack Eigen arrived in Chicago in 1951, bringing with him a ready-made reputation as radio's "original night-club deejay." The epithet referred to the show he began in 1947, from the lounge of New York City's Copacabana. The shelter he found in the Windy City was at the Chez Paree, where Jack broadcasts his program over Station WMAQ, six nights a week, from 11:15 to 1:30 A.M. The radio program is picked up in some 39 states and Canada, and Jack is a television regular in Chicago, too, with a Saturday-night colorcast over WNBQ.

Although Jack pulls no punches, celebrities never have to be coaxed onto his programs. They're anxious to trade words with him, although this may not be
Jack Eigen's questions
on WMAQ and WNBQ are socko—but
celebrities take it on the chin

Jack's hobby haven is the kitchen of the Eigens' Chicago
apartment. An amateur chef, his specialty is exotic salads.

At four, Jacqueline has proclaimed plans to follow Jack
and Dorothy into show business. At home, a clue to their
mood is in the name of their Bedlington terrier—"Happy."

line already has announced her show-business inten-
tions and attends modeling school.

Jack Eigen has his eccentricities. He's superstitious
and will knock on wood or throw salt over his shoulder
at the hint of a provocation. Nor has Jack ever flown.
Says he, "I've never been in that much of a hurry that
I've had to fly, and besides," he adds, "even pigeons
who have flown all their lives crash into walls." Another
Eigen specialty is a wardrobe that even he calls "flashy."
Color-set owners have a chance to test every color in
the spectrum when Jack's on-camera in a sports coat.

Occasionally referred to as a disc jockey, Jack spins
few records. Most of the two-and-a-quarter hours of the
Chez Paree show each night are given over to inter-
views and chatter. When, a few years ago, Chicago was
g engulfed in a heavy blizzard, there was no one in the
Chez Paree lounge. But Jack needed no musical inter-
ludes. With just his engineer to talk to, he never ran
out of words. After all, Lake Michigan doesn't run out
of water, does it?
College mates, Merry and Bill Ettinger decided quickly that children were their favorite people.

Nancy—with Bill, "Danger" and "Tinker Bell"—resembles Merry. The twins, below, look like dad.

There's room—and fun—for everybody as Merry and Bill Ettinger raise the roof on KOLN-TV

Neither Hilton nor Statler has ever built a hotel quite like the one Merry and Bill Ettinger preside over at Station KOLN-TV in Lincoln, Nebraska. Its doors are open every Saturday at noon, when imagination peoples the Holiday Hotel. Children are the hosts' favorite people and, from the pre-school to the soda-fountain set, they look in—and learn. "We train as we entertain," is the Ettingers' theory. . . . Each week, there's a talent search among all age groups and a jam session for the pre- and early teens. Slinky, the puppet detective, solves a mystery with the help of his Private Eye Club. John Churchill, the floor manager at KOLN-TV, is on hand in the guise of Peppo the Great, the strongest man in Lincoln-land, or as Hubert, the clumsy clown. One of the favorite features is "Doodle Scroodles," pictures—with appropriate stories—which Mr. Bill creates from a line drawn by one of the children.

. . . The Ettingers have been devoted to the younger set ever since they first met at Iowa State College. "Merry" was then Avis Easton, a Child Development major from Lohrville, Iowa. From Glen Ellyn, Illinois, Bill was working for a degree in Education. With so many common interests, they became a professional, and private, team.

. . . At home, there are children, too. Nancy, who's seven, looks like Merry. The one-year-old twins, Jimmy and Jolie, resemble Bill—"chubby and bald," he explains. Merry favors contemporary furniture, while Bill likes such contemporary dances as the rhumba and cha-cha. The twins love TV. They make a dive for the set, each grabs a dial, and they tune in for outer space. . . . Even with a home and three children to manage, Merry is Bill's partner in a number of activities aside from their TV show. They are the owners and directors of a retail children's store, of the Harmony House and Merry Manor nursery schools, and of a dancing school. . . . How do just two people manage to accomplish so much? "It's easy," says Bill. "All you need is a pretty and efficient wife, plus a staff of eighteen top-notch people who have one thing in mind: Serving parents who care." "That," explains Merry, "is the slogan for all our activities." At Holiday Hotel, they more than live up to it—with no reservations and no room for doubt.
Comeback—at 21
(Continued from page 43)

although there were frustrations along the way, and, once, near-tragedy.

By 1949, grown up to thirteen, Jimsey was a veteran of radio and TV and, among
many other roles, was in a children's radio series called Let's Pretend, which readers of TV Radio Mirror voted their favorite
children's program. The award was an
ounced in the April 1949 issue, illustrated with a color photograph of Jimsey, still pigtailed and smiling happily.

Jimsey was born Jocelyn Gay Somers in New York City on July 4, 1936. She was such a smiling, happy baby that the family nicknamed her "Smiling Jim," which soon got shortened to "Jimsey." Jimsey seems to fit the five-foot-two, ninety-nine-pound lass with the laughing
eyes, and the name sticks.

When Jimsey did The Miracle of Al-sace Lorraine at the age of seven (with a
French accent, more or less!), no one thought any big career was involved. An
agent felt she would be good for the part, she got it, and she did so well that other things just happened as a result. She
became one of the small angels in the original Broadway production of "Carousel" starring John Raitt and Jan Clayton.

"I didn't have much to do but bounded around and danced a little. In those days,
I was supposed to be somewhat of a dancing prodigy, but this proves that even a
so-called prodigy cannot be lazy about developing a talent—(I was)."

She was in a number of plays. With Walter Huston in "Apple of His Eye," in
which Tom Ewell played her father and Mary Wickes her mother. In radio and
television, with so many famous actors playing her "father" that she can remember only some of them: Charles Boyer,
John Forsythe, Robert Mitchum, John Newland, Frederick March, Don Ameche,
David Niven, Cornel Wilde. And famous "mothers," such as Helen Hayes and Ingrid
Bergman.

"Jimsey had a heart in those days as big as a hotel," says her petite mother, Doris Somers. "She loved all the people she worked with and she had the usual childish crushes on the movie stars. She still thinks people have a lot of goodness."

Jimsey had to cling close to that belief, the tragic summer when she was thirteen, and during the dark months following. All
one week, she had been rehearsing for a play. "Mr. Linc, The Whiskers," in which she was to star. On the weekend, her
mother decided that a hard-working girl ought to get out to the country and have a few days of fun and fresh air. A care-
free Jimsey was on her bike, riding around the neighborhood, when a ten-ton truck suddenly came out of a driveway.

"All day long," she recalls, "my mother had to look at that bright red truck which had run me down—parked in front of the
house—while the doctors were deciding how seriously I was hurt. It must have been the most horrible sight to her. I had
no idea I had a fractured skull and con-
cussion, and kept insisting I was going on the show. I got quite hysterical about it. When I told him it would have to be in the hospital and he said at least three weeks, I couldn't believe it.

"Now, of course, I know how very lucky I was to have survived such an experience. But when, a day or two later, I was assigned to the doctor's verdict, I didn't let myself think about the accident. Mother was making a decision to keep me away from acting for a while and to have me concentrated on school and living the life of an ordinary schoolgirl. I couldn't understand that at first. I had loved being an actress and I adored all those people who were always so wonderful to me."

At the fashionable Brearley School in New York, professional acting during school years was frowned upon. But the drama teacher, Mildred Dunnock, well known on stage, screen, radio and television, Miss Dunnock frequently appeared on Theater Guild. I was allowed to do that one program occasionally. Mostly, Jimsey settled down to being interested in the schoolgirl's routine of books, boys and dates... except that she kept telling me this was wrong, that someday she would be a professional actress again... after she had graduated from Brearley.

Her first return to television was completely non-professional. Igor Cassini had a show on which he presented five of the prettiest New York debutantes, and Jimsey was one of them. Before she was eighteen, her pigtails now changed to a well-groomed mass of waving hair, worn in a long bob, but the blue-green eyes alive with the same sparkling smile. And her father remained as a character on a program that had never before been on television! Of course, I hadn't been, for five years, and no one even knew it was part of my past. On the show. Breaking News."

Later, she was named "Miss Canned Corn," appearing on Dave Garroway's show. It wasn't quite as ridiculous as it appeared—she helped the government move some surplus corn, performing a patriotic service and having a lot of fun at the same time. Garroway discovered she was near-sighted and, to ease her, made her read the whole long script from cue cards. This excited the illusion of myopia, and I enjoyed it. (For the benefit of other near-sighted girls, she likes to point out that myopia makes a girl look more intelligent, as Peter Pan is taken for a boy, and this is very flattering—especially if the person happens to be male.)

Then John Newland, who had played her father on a show before her accident, recommended her to one of his directors on Robert Montgomery Presents. She did the usual reading for the part, got it, played a home-town sweetheart. It was exciting being in a professional dramatic role as an adult. It was just wonderful to be accepted at last as a mature actress.

Somewhere during this period, she went back to being a hobby-sorcer for one evening, on The Perry Como Show. Richard Egan was Perry's guest and Jimsey was supposed to be getting his autograph and igniting songs for Perry's name and squeezing over Richard's eyelid. She was a little outraged at this staging, but made what for her was a supreme sacrifice. She put her hair up in a curling thing using a flat iron instead of going back to pigtails.

Offers of dramatic parts began to come more frequently. Running roles in daytime dramas. She played a maid in Edge Of Night, fending off the oceanographer's advances... a long way from being somebody's small daughter, and from portraying a Bobby-soxer! In fact, Leon Janney, who played the employer, was one of Jimsey's ex-fathers from earlier days.

The chance to become Carol Gentry came shortly before the show went on the air. Leila Watanabe had been a big turning-point for Jimsey. "It has given me the confidence I needed as an actress making a comeback. It is such a beautiful part. Carol Gentry is a college girl, the most intelligent young person I have ever done. Each time my mother listens to the show, she tells me afterward how true to life the stories are. She enjoys the stories between Madeleine Carroll and me, because, in the script we re-live just about everything I have lived through with my own mother. The growing pains, the youthfulpromptings."

"Our producer-director is Hi Brown, who is just wonderful, and everyone in the cast is so good. Madeleine Carroll is so lovely. She recommended some ways such a lady Jackie Grimes plays my brother. In real life, I have no brothers, but my sister Patricia is quite beautiful and talented, and as blond as am I."

There had been some heartaches attached to being a child actress... including one which made a wound so deep that it is just now beginning to heal. Jimsey was still very little, doing a stage show in Baltimore in which she played a child who had a tantrum all through the first act. It was a difficult thing for her to do and she was still on stage after a choreographer had been confronted by an interviewer from an important newspaper: "I suppose my usual easy flow of words was gone and I was a great deal more quiet than usual and too silent for it, to have been talking so much."

I was probably making up. I suppose I also thought any adult would understand how I felt. But, next morning the paper came out with a big headline on a three-column story: 'Offstage and On She Is a Brat!' When my mother and I got into a taxi, the driver turned around and asked, "Hey, isn't that the brat?" It was awful. Now, I can paste the clipping in my scrapbook... but I never could before."

When Jimsey was only seven, a famous magazine photographer was sent to photograph her... It was a kind of gift to her, dampened to make it curlier and stream around her face and shoulders. "He wanted me to be a pint-size Camille and I can hear him yet, wailing, 'It's no use. She hasn't suffered!' I thought I had suffered as much as the usual seven-year-old, but he didn't want to go on with the photographing. It was very amusing, even to a child. But most writers and photographers have been very kind to me."

With her mother and sister, Jimsey lives in an apartment on New York's East Side. It is all feminine and lovely, and the most charming of apartments. It is one long living room, furnished like a second living room-dining room, with only one wall holding the usual kitchen paraphernalia. The room is painted charcoal gray, scrolled in white on the lower wall. There is a baroque top, and around it are four gold chairs with cushioned seats. A narrow black breakfast table is decorated with red cabbages and blue and yellow roses. There slide two little red leather benches. There are paintings on the wall, in white antiqued frames. There's also a small fancy side table, holding a decorative lamp.

As an adult now, looking back upon her twenty-one years, Jimsey feels they have been well balanced. She wouldn't give up being an actress for all the money in the world. But she still has a chance to live that other life... that she saw both sides and was happy with both. The school life and the friends of her formal school days; the girls she met and invited to. The dates with boys who belong to that life, and the dates with boys who belong to her in show business.

"Mother says I still talk as if I was only fourteen, but marriage is a different matter. Jimsey is in the same boat. "I have had a chance to be a brat, although she certainly is in no hurry to have me marry. All my contemporaries are either engaged or married, and I suppose myself, if it weren't for my wanting to continue acting. I suspect I might marry an acting partner. For all my talk about not wanting to, and for all the things I have been told about a conflict between a formal, striking career and people who are pursuing acting careers, I must admit that I have always liked a certain sweetness in a person, in a man as well as in girls, and I still look for that."

The other ways include voice lessons from Vera Murray Covert, who has taught many stars. Jimsey sang on the stage as a child, now wants to sing again. She enjoys to ride, gets too little opportunity to do it. In her free time, she is a kind of floating, almost a free afternoon is having lunch with a couple of her friends and ending up in a movie, rather than prowling through shopping centers.

You wonder why she hasn't made a movie herself, discover she did make one when she was a little girl, "Portrait of Jenny": "I played Jenny as a small child, I think the picture is lousy. In her movie, the star was the Jones, the star would play herself as a child. So that dreadful thing that all actors have nightmares about happened to me."

In the one room floor, my part completely scissored out. And I'd made the scenes with Ethel Barrymore! I loved it so much I would have done it for nothing."

I did not tell anyone that. I still can't believe I am getting paid for something that is so much fun. Hard work, yes. Plenty of hard work. With the insecurity every actor feels. But I'm a child actress, so I got over that. But such a party always! Such a delightfully topsy-turvy world."

"The most fun of all, of course, has been being an actress and an actress in adult parts. It has been a long time from 'The Miracle of Alcse Lorraine' to The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry."

A long time from a child-actress to a human being. Jimsey Somers is twenty-one. That's the youthful saga of Jimsey Somers.
What's Wrong With Being Married?

(Continued from page 41)

a short time, but already they have known tragedy and triumph, fun and frustration...

It started in Camas, Washington, a pleasant town of 5,000 population, located near Portland, Oregon, and not far from Vancouver, Washington. There, James Rodgers was born September 18, 1933, the second son of Archie and Mary Elizabeth Rodgers. Both parents worked in the Crown Zellerbach paper mill, his father as a machinist, his mother as an operator in the bag factory.

They are a happy family. “Almost every weekend,” says Jimmie, “we’d all go camping at Government Springs. My mother is as much at home cooking over an open fire in front of a tent as she is in her own kitchen.” His father and his older brother, Archie, Jr., taught him to hunt, fish and be self-reliant. “I got to that age where I thought I knew it all and took a short cut through Lost Creek Canyon. The rocks were so slippery I fell backward into the falls. I had a devil of a time getting myself out of there and catching up with them. I had to fish the rest of the day soaking wet.”

There was music, too, in their comfortable big white house. “My mother taught me to play piano. I’ve sung with choirs and choruses as long as I can remember.” Jimmie had a perfect ear for music and an unusually high soprano voice which changed late—a fact which precipitated the next chapter in Jimmie’s life.

“At Vancouver Clark college,” he recalls, “I wanted to major in music, but I was right in the middle of that voice change when I ran into one of those teachers who said that, no matter what I did, I’d never be a singer.” He rolls all the frustration of that period into a tight little sentence. “I just wasn’t getting along.”

Friends of draft age were going into service. Jimmie quit school, enlisted in the Air Force. The time was March, 1952. Both the family hunting and the family music proved important in his military career. His skill with firearms brought an assignment to Armament Training School at Lowry Air Force Base at Denver and a transfer to James Connolly base, Waco, Texas, where, for eleven months, he was an instructor before being sent to Korea.

There, the lad who had said, “I’ll never sing again,” changed his mind. “I met this GI slogging through the mud with a guitar strapped to his back. He was being rotated home and couldn’t take it with him. I paid him ten dollars for it.” Jimmie taught himself to play. “I just tune the guitar to an E chord, lay my fingers across the strings, and chord with my thumb. The method I use even today would startle a guy like Chet Atkins and make a classicist like Segovia head for the hills.”

Beginner though he was, it sounded good in the desolate reaches of Korea. “We didn’t get much entertainment up where we were. When a couple of pals of mine, Arthur Casey and Bob Crosleys, found out I could sing, they practically turned into my managers. They would promise I’d be in some spot and see to it I got there.” His repertoire was limited, but he found he had a whole set of new music teachers. “I’d sing all the songs I knew. Then the guys would sit around and think of songs they’d sung back home and I’d try to learn them.”

There was moaning at the base when Jimmie gave his precious guitar to a Korean houseboy and was sent back to Sewart Air Force base, near Nashville, Tennessee. The fact that Nashville is the country-and-Western music capital of the nation had nothing to do with the assignment: “That was strictly Army. I had put in for West Coast duty, so naturally they sent me as far away from home as I could get.”

For seven months Jimmie didn’t sing. He did listen to records. I tried to find folk songs. I liked Burl Ives’ ‘Blue Tail Fly’ best. I like any song that tells a story.” Loneliness has ever been the bane of the ballad singer. “I was just walking around in town one day when I saw this guitar in a book-shop window. I didn’t quite know why I did it, but I went in and paid twenty-five dollars for it.”

It lay unused under his bunk. “The guys usually would have their record-players going. I didn’t want to interfere,” Again, a friend learned his secret. Staff Sgt. Herbert L. Brown and Jimmie often worked together on the firing range. “Out there alone, we’d be busy repairing and, absent-mindedly, I’d start to sing.” Brown also found out about the guitar. “After that, when we were in the office, we’d lock the door during noon hour and I’d sound off. A civilian employee, Mr. Adams, would sit in. They were the ones who pushed me into this big Air Force talent contest.”

Jimmie sang “Jezebel” and won. He placed second in the finals at Langley Air Force base in Virginia, and joined the package show which for four months toured Air Force bases. The experience gave Jimmie both show-business seasoning and great encouragement, “I realized that people would understand those friends, wanted to hear me.” The long-remembered denunciation by the college music teacher began to fade away. “I thought again that maybe I could sing.”

In January, 1954, Jimmie married Colleen A. Rooney, a loving schoolteacher and fellow student at Camas High School. The couple honeymooned in a little club called The Unique. When the entertainer took a break, I asked if I could borrow his guitar. I sang ‘Fly’. He said, ‘Sure!’” He had a day-time, night job. The owners, Bob and Bobbie Green, paid him ten dollars to sing an hour of folk songs. It was a welcome addition to his $100-a-month Air Force pay. But he found that music was even more important. Jimmie spent Sundays at their home. It was the Greens who found his song, “Honeycomb,” for him. They had a hit with it.

Jimmie decided to go it on his own. He sang country-and-Western style. He still played the guitar. He paid it over into folk-style.”

His discharge, in March, 1956, brought a let-down feeling. “It was great to be back with my folks, but I wanted to sing, and no one except my parents and my brother seemed to think it was important. I spent two months, knocking my brains out, trying to get a booking. Each night, I’d go to some place that had a band and offer to sing for free.”

The break came at The Sand Bar at Seaside, Oregon, where a hillbilly band was on stand. “There was a piano, but no one to play it. It was killing me, so I went up to the fellows and thought it would be ‘unprofessional’ to let me try, but finally agreed to let me do one number. They hired me, and I worked with them for three months before I struck out on my own. Of course, everyone said I’d never make it, but I had a special reason of my own. I knew I just had to.”

Jimmie’s “special reason” was a tall, beautiful blonde named Colleen McClellan, who was plus as her name and saga of a series of events as any young man ever faced.

When Jimmie had left for Korea, Colleen was a young, adolescent with a streamer of blond hair, and blue eyes too big for her heart-shaped face. Like Jimmie’s parents, her father had worked in the paper mill. Her mother ran a dry-cleaning store. Colleen, when she finished Camas High School, went to work as a dentist’s assistant and spent her Sundays as a volunteer worker at the Veterans’ Hospital.

The volunteer work produced unexpected opportunity. War hero and screen star Audie Murphy, doing a show at the hospital, met her and recommended her for a screen test. Universal-International brought her to Hollywood, coached her for seven months in dancing, riding, modeling. She had small parts in Jose Ferrer’s “The Great Man,” in Rock Hudson’s “Written on the Wind,” and a larger one in Mickey Rooney’s “Francis and the Haunted House.” Her role in an Eddy Arnold musical short had been so brief that Jimmie, seeing the film, in Nashville, hadn’t even recognized her.

But studio officials had seen her promise and, as part of her training, sent her back to Camas on what Jimmie calls a “complimentary flight.” She had a chance to say thank-you to all the people at home who had helped her.

Her arrival was duly noted in print and on the radio. Noting it, Jimmie decided he needed to have a jacket cleaned. Luck was with him. Colleen happened to be at

Colleen and Jimmie have shared everything from ‘a pizza and a bottle of wine’ to pleasant hours answering fan mail.
her mother's store. Jimmie was quick to ask if she had the evening free. He called the store and the girl refused to give a record.

He told her about the Air Force. She told him about Hollywood. "We had so much to talk about we just drove and drove and drove. We drove away and we phoned our folks to say we'd be late getting home. We didn't want them to worry about accidents."

Perhaps it was a premonition. The next time Colleen took Jimmie back home to handi-
gements, phoned, Colleen's younger brother answered with a curt, "She isn't here."

A bit deflated, Jimmie, together with his guitar, went over to see his cousin, Bob Rodgers. "Then she phoned. She had just heard the news. Colleen had been in an auto accident and was in the hospital in Long View. No one knew how she was hurt.

The accident was similar to the one which killed James Dean. A driver, trying to see a sign on a foggy night had pulled his car directly across the road. Rodgers' car had been hit head-on. Thrown against the dashboard, her face was smashed and she suffered spinal and in-
ternal injuries. Surgical operations continued more than a year.

Frightened, discouraged, disfigured, Colleen shunned the public which so re-
cently had acclaimed her beauty. Jimmie was determined to win her back and he went to four persons she seemed to see. With master understate-
ment, he dismisses the part he played in her recovery: "I'd try to cheer her up. I'd talk to her. I'd try to talk to her in places where we had hunted and fished."

Alredy he was in love. "It was sure a funny courtship. I held the fact she had to wear a mask. I didn't even consider it."

He talked of his dreams and her dreams for a better future and work to make it happen. His first booking as a single was a test of courage as well as talent. "It was the Elks, in Washington. There was a mistake. They thought it was a band. They wanted music to dance to. I begged them to let me try to play it."

For five hours a night, he held the stage alone. "I played things like 'Greenesleves' and 'Danny Boy' to a rock 'n roll beat."

The strings of the guitar tore his hands. He had trouble concealing the blood from the cash customers. He still carries scars from that engagement.

In the summer of 1956, he had a brief flurry of success, appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Televi-
sions and the "Toast of the Town" in New York did not open its doors. He returned to Camas, glad for a booking at the Fort Cafe in Vancouver. He played a total of seventeen weeks . . . for people we never met. I burst after each show and burst at the possibility of all the things we could do together after the show. My love, and some of the fervor which Jimmie later put into the lines of his first hit, "Honeycomb," had its origin then.

"Colleen was wonderful," he says. "She never complained. She could make a celebration out of a pizza pie and a bottle of wine. And, when I didn't have clothes to wear on a club date, she solved the problem by making a blouse out of her hosiery and the necklaces.

One small defeat was also a victory. Colleen applied for a modeling job and was turned down. "They thought she was too pretty . . . people would look at her in lieu of me and I wasn't supposed to be showing. After all the plastic surgery, that made us feel good. But I didn't want her to try to work. It was too soon after another major operation."

But finally it had to be done. When I had to go into the service, I couldn't let the failure of that New York trip live me."

He had no idea that he already was the subject of one of the hottest stories of the record industry. Roulette was trying to find Jimmie Rodgers. He had arrived at their offices just as the time the new company was getting underway. Artists-
manager Luigi Creatore had had to shoulder aside carpenters, electricians, movers, to see him. When, a few days later, they were reuniting with Jimmie for the recording session, Jimmi-
he vanished.

It was three months before they caught up with him. When, by long distance, they asked him to come to New York, he refused. He said, "Screw you. I'm too broke."

An advance of three hundred dollars took care of that problem. A

booking on the Arthur Godfrey show promised to provide some more ready cash. Colleen and Jimmie were on their way to New York. "But, right from the start, we just got in tangles," says Jimmie.

They had no idea how much gear they had booked for their cross-country trip, nor how long it would take them. When our car broke down until they were able to park the car at a waterfront garage and take a taxi to the hotel. A street was being tarred, they couldn't enter. The taxi was empty. Jimmie, after a few minutes, had a 
driver from away the entrance, right at the corner of Times Square.

Leaving Colleen to guard their possessions, Jimmie regis-
tered and left for the shop. At the desk, the latter looked at the distance— and announced, "No sir, boss, I ain't going down there. People would laugh at me. You carry it yourself."

Their departure was equally troublesome. "We discovered we had twenty-
cents to last us two days," says Jimmie. "We went to bed. We couldn't sleep. But, we shopped for a while. We had gone into an art store and bought a couple of those numbered canvasses they have for amateurs. We sat all night and put them to pain. Lucky for us, my check for the Godfrey show was ready a day early. I had to walk across town to get it."

Only the recording session went right. Jimmie had to see it to the end. There had been a rush through a pressing of the record, made a test release and, in the phrase of the music business, "it broke wide open. We went to see Roulette executive Joe Kolsky in Chicago.

"That's a trip I'll never forget," says Jimmie. "I decided to take Colleen home to Camas and we took off in an awful storm. A tornado tore up the road just ahead of us, and I never drove through such wind, rain and hail."

Chicago held the final tribulation. Jim-

mnie was "in love" in my good graces. The hotel clerk who tried to phone Mr. Kolsky reported he wasn't in. I didn't dare register. I sat in the lobby until two A.M., checking every half-hour. Then there was a knock on the door. It was Mr. Kolsky. I insisted on a detailed itinerary for the Rodgers trip back. When they reached Palisade, Nebraska, where they visited Colleen's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McC-

l warned the new singer. "Roulette has just duplicated. His album, "Jimmie Rodgers, has had the fastest sale of any Roulette album. He has been on electronic televi-

sion shows, appeared in theaters and clubs. But every time, every one turned out to give Jimmie and Col-

leen a triumphal welcome. Twentieth Century-Fox recently signed him to sing the songs."

It has been an adventure to pale the events recounted in any true-love ballad which Jimmie has ever sung. But the happy ending is there, too, the "good life" promised in "Honeycomb," and we're saving the singer for it. The one thing that will make everything perfect for us. We're looking toward the time we can have a family."
Two on a Match
(Continued from page 49)
when the wedding takes place in the
spring. It's somewhat doubtful if Univac
will be able to attend—but that mighty
monster will be in everyone's thoughts.

Acquiring a wife was the furthest
thing from Bob Kardell's mind when he
answered an ad placed in Los Angeles papers
by the People Are Funny organization
about three years ago. He was an enthuiastic
fan of the show, figured it would
be a lark to appear on it, and showed up
at the office of Guedel Productions,
producers of the show, to fill out an
application form. How could he guess how
interesting the experience would be.

Whatever it was Bob might have
expected from a People Are Funny
appearance, he had ample opportunity to forget
the whole business. After filling out that
first questionnaire, he heard nothing from the
Guedel office for more than two years. Then,
last autumn, Bob was called to the
office and asked if he'd like to meet a lovely
young lady Univac had picked out as
being particularly suited to his tastes.

Being a good red-blooded young man, the
prospect of meeting a good-looking girl
was highly acceptable, and Bob agreed.

Meanwhile, an hour's drive away across
the city, in suburban North Hollywood,
real-estate saleslady Shirley Saunders had
read another ad put in the papers by the
Guedel organization. "I never wanted for
dates," Shirley laughs. "That wasn't the
reason I answered the Univac ad. I just
thought it might be fun."

Shirley first appeared on People Are
Funny almost a year ago. But Univac
goodly guessed that night—the man it picked
for her was far from her personal tastes.
She shrugged the experience off, good
sport that she is, and thought little more
about it. Some months later, a member
of the Guedel organization phoned and asked
if she'd like another try. Good-naturedly,
she agreed. But, remembering how the first
show had turned out, she went into the second in a highly skeptical
frame of mind.

The People Are Funny gang had anticipated
this probability. So they introduced a new element into Shirley's second
appearance. Post-hypnotic suggestion. They
secured the cooperation of Richard Spurney,
director of the Western Institute of
Hypnastics, and philosophy professor
Alma McCarthy of Loyola University.
Both Art Linkletter and Professor Spurney
were concerned that they not allow the post-hypnotic suggestion to play
as big a role in Shirley's experience.

When it turned out, she
appearance, the show, would receive
only the post-hypnotic suggestion that she
would find Bob's voice "extremely
attractive" when he phoned later in the
week asking for a date.

Thus started the "romance in a trance"
as Linkletter called it in the early
stages. Shirley was hypnotized, and
Professor Spurney, by a call, she
would receive at 9 P.M. the following
Wednesday from a young man, a complete
stranger to her, would prove "strangely
attractive" to her. Then, to prove to the
audience that she was truly hypnotized,
he handed her a vial of aromatic spirits of ammonia—telling her it was lilac perfume.
She inhaled deeply, and murmured ap-
provingly of the "level trance." (The same
vial, handed down to a spectator in the
audience, induced a violent spell of snorts
and coughs with the first sniff.)

Shirley was snapped out of her
hypnotic trance, and that portion of the show was
over. She remembered nothing of
what had been said to her while she was

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• Dean Stockwell • Jeff Hunter • Shirley
MacLaine • Hugh O'Brian • Susan Strasberg
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While still under hypnosis, Shirley was told that she would be taken into the studio audience and introduced to three young men. One of them would be the studio audience. She was told to eat the onion. Upon recognizing this, Professor Spurney told her, she would immediately kiss Bob. Then Shirley was brought back to full consciousness.

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went along to look at houses with
them, and became intrigued by the realestate business. But she knew there was
more to it than just showing a prospective
purchaser through an attractive house, so
she enrolled in evening classes at the adult
school held in North Hollywood High.
Thus she was able to pass her examination
ley

for a license in real-estate sales.

For the

two-and-a-half years, Shirley has
houses, big and little, for a firm
operating in the San Fernando vaUey.
The Saunders family lives in a pleasant
ranch-style home in a quiet neighborhood
past
sold

in North Hollywood. Mr. Saunders is a
chief inspector in electronics at a big aircraft plant, and Mrs. Saiinders is a trafBc
inspector with Pacific Telephone and Tele-

graph Co. Shirley has a younger sister,
Karen, 14, who has had almost as big a
thrill out of the whole Univac adventure
as has Shirley.
Bob Kardell was bom in St. Louis,
Missouri, where his family lived until he
was nine years old. He attended Mark
Twain grammar school there, then the
family
a

moved

to Dallas, Texas,

where Bob

Auburn grammar school
year before still another move took

went

for

to Mt.

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KardeUs

to

the

San Francisco. In the Bay

Bob attended

Presidio Jiinior High,
George Washington High, and the University of California at Berkeley for two
years. For a while, he took a job with the
National Carloading Corporation, the firm
his father serves as a vice-president
Then, in 1952, Bob was called into the
Army. For eleven months, he was stationed at Camp Luis Obispo, then later
transferred to Camp Gordon, Georgia, with
the Signal Corps. Out of the service and
back in Los Angeles, where his parents
city.

had moved while he was

in uniform.

Bob

decided that his father's trucking business
was not for him. He started looking around

something else, ended up at Pacific
Telephone and Telegraph company, where,
for more than two years now, he has been
in the long-distance sales department (and
where he never had the remotest opportunity of meeting Shirley's mother, among
all
the
company's thousands of emfor

ployees).

He has been making his home in a
bachelor apartment not far from his sishome. That way, he's able to spend
a lot of time with Mary Louise and her
husband, their young son and baby daughter.
(Bob's parents were transferred to
Detroit last year.)
ter's

If

Shirley and

Bob needed anything

—

perfume it's his favorite, too. And
then he gave her a huge parcel, which
turned out to be that wonderfully corny
routine of a box within a box within a
box, etcetera the innermost box held a
gorgeous diamond ring. When Shirley protested that Bob had already given her one
engagement ring, he explained patiently
that the first one "wasn't good enough."
Liking Bob's folks so much, and having
them Like her, convinced Shirley that any
possible final obstacle to their marriage
had melted away. The elder Kardells, eager
not to miss any of the excitement, hinted
that it might be nice if the knot were tied
before their hohday visit ended. But Shirley and Bob stuck to their plan for a spring
wedding, and promised to give Bob's folks
ample notice, so they could return to Los
Angeles for the ceremony.
Somebody once said, "The course of true
love never runs smooth." But that was be-

—

true

began getting a helpful
assist from that twentieth- century Cupid
known as Univac, on Art Linkletter's
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love

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to

prove theirs was the "real thing," the holidays did it.
There was a merry, mad
Christmas Eve party at the Ennis home.
Bob gave Shirley a big bottle of her favorite

OPPORTUNITIES

LIPS SORE?

High Sc hool Co urse
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No one seems better qualified to answer the question than a husband who is—after eighteen years of marriage (and as many years on the air)—in the pink of condition, happy of heart, and one of the most important, successful and beloved personalities in his highly competitive field. A man, moreover, who was a contributing Brainstormer on his own panel. Why not ask Garry Moore himself to tell us what, precisely, his wife does to help him live longer—and like it.

Taking his ease in the swan-backed rocking chair he uses in his office, the better to relax between shows, rehearsals and conferences, Garry remarked with a twinkle that rocking—which hurls the brain as well as the body—is one way of living longer that the Brainstormers had overlooked. Then, his expression sobering, “It’s no news that we’re living in a fairly tense world, and anything that tends to reduce tension, however slightly, adds to life expectancy.

“Actually, the primary question is not what wives can do to help their husbands live longer, but Why do men die sooner? I think it’s from the effects of the strain of the job. Fear of the competition. Fear, too, of the combustible world in which we live. People nowadays go about frightened. Fear induces tension. And tension can kill.

“Although steeplejacks and circus aerialists and those who play similarly precarious trades may well disagree, television is one of the more intense ways of making a living. And, appearances to the contrary,” Garry said, “I am tense. I tense up every time that little red light in the studio warns us that we are about to go on the air. I never face a microphone on my morning show, or on T’ee Got A Secret, but what my stomach muscles contract. I’m not an actor, but, if I really appear as relaxed on television as I’m told I do, that is acting! My wife says I remind her of a duck—very calm and placid on the surface and paddling like mad underneath.

“Many of us today are like ducks. Too many of us. Clearly, then, to relieve tension is what wives can do—indeed, must do, if they want their husbands to live longer. As to ways and means of relieving tension, I leave on my desk an edited list of the suggestions contributed by the members of our Brainstorming panel, and I doubt that wives can do better than follow some of them, as my wife does—in fact, has always done.

“Sneak a love note into his pocket in the morning, for instance, was one of the ideas I contributed, but it was prompted by the fact that my wife has done this. Not every morning, mind you, but it does happen now and then. And, when it does, I appreciate it very much. To put your hand in your pocket during a crowded day and find a love note from your wife, it’s a release from tension!

“Say ‘I love you’ with a big kiss in the morning. That, my dear Watson, is fairly elementary!

“Give your husband a long farewell kiss in the morning. That I get!

“Write ‘I love you’ on the mirror in lipstick. This my wife did on one occasion. Just one. How did I react? I was very pleased. If she did it every day, however, I’d think she was besotted! None of these things can you do too often. Their value is in their novelty.

“As novelties, they have their own value, for relationships can get pedestrian, if you allow them to. A husband knows that his wife is going to be there when he gets home. He knows that her husband is going to come home on the six-fifteen train. And so they tend, as time passes, not to be as thrilled about each other as once they were. These little things, such as the note in the pocket, keep love alive.

“Flatter him—compliment him on his appearance, his thoughtfulness—once a day. I go along with this, except that I don’t believe in flattery as such. Flattery implies a lack of sincerity. Nor do I think you can put things like paying compliments on a schedule. Off schedule, though, I think it’s nice to write a note like that to your wife. ‘I am very lucky, I married a real good girl!’ And sometimes, somewhere, anywhere, Nell will look at me and see the look in my eyes, without benefit of words, that she is thinking she’s kind of lucky, too. But not if you follow me, once a day. Here, the value is in the spontaneity with which the compliment is paid, the act of thoughtfulness tendered.

“Let your husband out alone one night a week. My wife has to!” Garry laughed. “I’ve got a secret, Wednesday nights. After the show, it’s too late to go home, so the east and the production staff and I go around the corner to a neighborhood cafe, have a few laughs, unwind—after which I spend the night in town.

Get him to dress in a more youthful way. When he looks younger, he will act younger. This is something my wife is not obliged to ‘get’ me to do,” he grinned.

“For there’s no doubt that, of my own free will and volition, I dress younger than my forty-two years. The bow ties you know. The sports jackets. The crew cut. Whether dressing younger makes your wife appreciate you more, I’m not so bright a light. But it does make you feel younger. And the younger you feel and act, the longer you’re likely to live.

Have something interesting and amusing for him when he comes home at night, even if you have to look it up in a book. This, for my wife, is doing what comes naturally. She always has something of interest to say at the dinner table, perhaps something she has read, or something about someone she met in a supermarket. Furthermore, you can’t fail to have something interesting or amusing to talk about if you sit down to two hours of television at your living room, both of them actively engaged in a couple of dozen of enterprises. But, no fooling, having something bright and interesting to talk about is definitely recommended procedure. A man who has been out all day, exchanging ideas with people, would find a wife with nothing pretty dull going. Boredom is in no man’s definition of tension.

“Never have an argument after nine P.M. Now, this is another of those things you can’t schedule. As a means of living longer, it’s highly therapeutic. But let’s be realistic. Temperatures don’t rise by the clock.

“Don’t complain verbally, put all your complaints in writing, keep a ‘neg sheet.’ But, if ever she loses her mind and does, I will be at said sheet when it’s presented to me!

“If you don’t like the way something is going, don’t gripe about it—either verbally or by doing something about it, if you can. If you can’t, you just must realize that no one is perfect that there are going to be things you don’t like about people and you have to measure the things you’re gonna do like that, by the things they do to you. If a disgruntled husband or wife would simply think, ‘This is the way he (or she) is’—and let it go at that—a considerable amount of unnecessary tension would be saved, both husband and wife would live longer.

“Feed your husband a good breakfast in the morning, with a cheery smile. This my wife does. Garry smiled contentedly. ‘She does indeed! Every morning, I will suddenly look at my wife and say aloud, I am very lucky, I married a real good girl!’ And sometimes, somewhere, anywhere, Nell will look at me and see the look in my eyes, without benefit of words, that she is thinking she’s kind of lucky, too.

“Make sure that his vacation when the time comes—and not at home. During the summer, I have six weeks off and usually my vacation is broken up in this equable fashion: Three of the six weeks, Nell and I cruise around on our boat. The other three weeks, Nell and I spend in some small hotel, in some isolated spot—a very relaxing deal, sort of ‘world forgetting, by the world forgot.’

“Don’t squabble about his vacation when the time comes—and not at home. During the summer, I have six weeks off and usually my vacation is broken up in this equable fashion: Three of the six weeks, Nell and I cruise around on our boat. The other three weeks, Nell and I spend in some small hotel, in some isolated spot—a very relaxing deal, sort of ‘world forgetting, by the world forgot.’

“Don’t ask your husband’s allowance as he gets older. This suggestion, as proposed by one of our Brainstormers, was kindly meant, no doubt. But I gravely doubt,” said Garry, “that a husband has done this and his wife would ever get any older. Nor do I believe that a wife should be put on allow-
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ACROSS

DOWN

By MARION WEAVER

Answers to puzzle are on page 82

walking, get out more. Well, I have a puppy—a Springer spaniel named Sam. Not, however, for therapeutic reasons. Just for the love of him.

"Do his shopping for him, so as to eliminate the nasty little errands he may not like to do. My wife must certainly eliminate the 'nasty little errands,' since I am never obliged to run them. She does the marketing, all of it. She shops for the boys, although—now that Mason is seventeen and Garry, Jr., fourteen—they have their own ideas about what they want and where to find it.

"She also buys all my bow ties for me. And, frequently, in a sports shop, she'll see a sweater she knows I'll like, or a sports jacket, and get it for me. If I am going to send a present to a friend, however, or flowers," said Garry with a show of pride, "I do my own shopping. If I didn't care, some of the personal feeling would go out of it. And I shop for my wife now and then, too—buy her a dress, on my own, or see something I think she'd like in a shop window and send or take it home.

"Generally speaking, however, I must admit I'm not much help around the house. I can't cook. I can't repair the plumbing. I'm all thumbs with a hammer and nails. I lack the 'green thumb' when it comes to making the garden grow. I don't like to go out and mow the lawn. I'd rather go into town, do an extra show and get the money to pay someone to do the jobs that I—to understand the matter—am no good at. It's one way of helping myself to live longer, and to like it.

"Helping her husband to live longer shouldn't, in fact, be entirely up to the wife. There is such a thing as a wife treating her husband like a not-very-bright child, and that's pretty silly. Husbands should have some know-how themselves. In winter time, for instance, I have been known to go to bed at seven P.M. on a Friday night and not get up again, except for meals, until Monday morning. With a pile of books on my bed table and a TV set within eye range, I hibernate.

"I think that everything in life is habit," Garry summed up. "I think happiness is a habit. And to acquire the habit of happiness is definitely a way of helping yourself to live quite a bit longer. Basically, I think I'm pretty happy. I have my moments when I begin to 'dog it,' get into the slumps—then habit, which is the strongest thing in the world, takes over and the sun comes out again.

"How to acquire the habit of happiness? Don't push too much, don't want too much, as we've already said. Don't grieve. Don't be one of those 'little murderers.' The fellow who comes up and kills you with a bullet is electrocuted or put away for life. The 'little murderer' who kills with small unkindnesses—a row with a salesgirl in a store, the lack of civility to a waiter or a cabdriver, even the pat on the back withheld from someone who needed it—isn't punished by the law. But all the thoughtlessnesses kill you a little bit. All the unkindnesses wound your pride of self. This doesn't make for happiness.

"I once knew a man who conceived the idea of asking everyone he knew to send three 'thank-you-grams' each day—to someone, let's say, who had written something nice about you, someone who said an encouraging word when you needed it most, anyone to whom you have reason to be grateful. Looking for people to thank, instead of for people to gripe about, is a way of acquiring the habit of happiness—perhaps as sure a way as any.

"These are the means, at any rate, by which my wife helps me," Garry smiled, "and I help myself to live longer. And do you know? I have a hunch I may be going to make it!"
animals at an early age. Had to put the horse somewhere, of course, so he had to find a barn; and a barn needed an acre of land, at least. The friendly horse ended up as a 26-acre investment in Chatsworth. Cost: $75,000.

Sentimental Frank Sinatra celebrated a birthday while working on the "Kings Go Forth" set. Nobody in the crew tipped Frankie Boy to the surprise party planned for him until the end of the day. Then, at 6 P.M., the set fell apart as dozens of signs suddenly appeared advertising "Happy Birthday." Frankie's Joint" and "Big Party Inside." The party started sanely enough, but then a toy water gun appeared and a water fight ensued with Frank in the lead. Dave White, Frankie's stand-in, poured a quart of ink into a painter's spray gun to retaliate and the party took off from there. Wow!

After-hours wife: Recently, Jan Sterling made a Suspicion with her husband, Paul Douglas. Says Jan, "This was the first and last time we will work together. Can you imagine," she continues, "any other husband having his own wife for a secretary? That's the feeling I had while doing the show. Since Paul is a bigger name than I am, I was constantly being treated as a wife, not a star. And the crew was scared of him, not me. I must say I didn't enjoy the experience at all. I couldn't wait to get him home."

Home sweet home: Betty Furness and her eleven-year-old daughter have moved into TV producer Harriet Parsons' Benedict Canyon house. Studio One's favorite salesgirl is enjoying California's most beautiful winter in years and is thankful her daughter hasn't had to unpack her galoshes or earmuffs... John Forsythe has taken the Jo Stafford-Paul Weston Bel-Air home. . . And Guy Williams and wife, expecting in May, are looking for a 40-foot ketch to summer on.


Vacationing: Art and Lois Linkletter to the Caribbean—Port au Prince and Virgin Islands—for two weeks. Art's book, "Children Say The Darndest Things," published by Prentice-Hall, is number two non-fiction best-seller for the year. Says Art, "The kids gave it to me, so I'm giving it back to the kids." The royalties go into his children's trust fund.

Big Clint Walker, independent and strong-willed, stalked off Warners' Cheyenne set one day recently. Reason? He's tired of playing TV's Cheyenne and wants to do some movies. King-sized Walker's biggest movie to date is "The Ten Commandments"... as one of Pharaoh's bodyguards.

Did you know that Ann Jeffreys, star of Love That Jug, wishes she were a dress designer? . . . Art Baker has had naturally silver hair since he was twenty-one? . . . Cary Grant's reappearance in old movies on TV have doubled his fan mail? . . . Adam Kennedy designs greeting cards for business, not pleasure? . . . Asta, Thin Man's dog, is insured with the Animal Insurance Co. of America for $5,000.

The heart of Hollywood: The Thalians, an organization of young Hollywood people, under direction of this year's president, Debbie Reynolds, announced that $50,000 was raised at their Annual Ball for emotionally disturbed children. The Thalians are especially grateful for the encouragement and help from shoemaker Harry Karl, and this year made him their first honorary member. . . The heart of Hollywood remembered: Some years ago, Frankie Laine and his pianist-accompanist, the late Carl Fisher, heard about Helen Macy, a young girl hospitalized with spleenic anemia. Hoping to raise her spirits, they visited her hospital bedside. While there, the two men helped promote enough blood, which, doctors said, saved her life. Twelve years later, Frank received an invitation to Helen's wedding. "The happiest invitation I've ever received," said Frank. The song he dedicated to Helen that night? "I Believe." That's Hollywood for you—and the folks who remember it.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST
(Continued from page 9)

At surprise party for Sinatra: Nat Cole, Dean Martin, Art Linkletter.

Maverick's Jim Garner returns favor as best man for Red Hershons.
705—Graceful swan is really a handy 7½-inch pocket to hold a face-cloth. Finish towel with edging to match. Crochet directions in mercerized string. For smaller towels, use No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7079—Easy embroidery for kitchen towels, curtains, cloths. Use for quick-to-make gifts. Six motifs 5 x 7 inches; color suggestions, directions. 25¢

622—Let these lordly peacocks display their vivid colors on your favorite linens. Easy, fascinating embroidery. Transfer of 8 peacocks 5x6½ to 6x11¼ inches. 25¢

7373—Stunning chair-set in your favorite pineapple design. Crochet directions for chair-back 12½x16 inches; arm-rest 8x12 inches. Use for buffet, too. 25¢

7019—Takes only a day to make each of these dainty little doilies. Crochet directions for 9-inch round, 9-inch square and 9½x14 oval doily in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7126—Cool pinafore for hot summer days. Make it of huck; trim with gay huck weaving. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, directions for pinafore, chart for weaving. 25¢

7133—Each block is a star in two shades of one color—perfect for those scraps you've been saving. Chart, directions, pattern of 3 patches. Yardages for single, double beds. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlework Catalogue.
Twin Tones—Jim and John Cunningham—are doubles in looks and in talent.

easily, loves the new life of filming, doesn’t mind his somewhat nomadic existence. One thing bothers him: “The Disney studios wanted to know my home town,” he con- fides. “But what could I answer? I was born in New York City, but have lived in Fort Bliss, Fort Leavenworth, West Point, Norfolk, Virginia, D. C., and now Lon- don.” Neil thought it over and then: “I’ve decided to settle for Arlington,” he bright- ened. “At least we’ve got a house there.”

What’s in an Age?

In the January issue of TV Radio Min- nor, you stated that Jerry Lee Lewis was born in 1935. But, when he came to Cleve- land to appear on Bill Randle’s show, Jerry Lee gave his age as 21. Which age is correct?

L.R., Cleveland, Ohio

In the story on Jerry Lee, we listed his birth date as September 29, 1935. You’re right, L.R.! That makes him 22 years old, as of now. However, he was making his first deejay rounds during the summer of 1957 and so, at the time of the Bill Randle appearance, was probably still 21. Right again, thee, we, and Jerry Lee!

Talent Twosome

Please print some information on The Twin Tones. B.P., Stevensville, Va.

Identical in looks—and talent, too—Jim and John Cunningham cashed in on both by indulging in a typical teen-age pastime. They went shopping for records in a neighborhood store near their home in Hicksville, Long Island. It happened that Ed Heller, A&R man for RCA Victor, sighted them and was so struck by their good looks that he inquired if they had voices to match. In a matter of weeks, the twins—now The Twin Tones—had a con- tract and their first recording session. . . . Just seventeen now, the boys were taught tap-dancing by their mother when they were eight. Both play in their high-school band—Jim on trombone and John on guitar—and both play piano. They wrote their own first record hits, “Jo-Ann” and “My Dear.” But before any song goes to wax, it’s submitted to popular referendum. Jim and John call on all the teenagers in the neighborhood for their comments, criticisms and final judgment. . . .

Danny Boy

I would like to know about Danny Rich- ards, Jr., whom I’ve seen on many TV programs. K.H., San Francisco, Calif.

He’ll be sixteen on April 3, but Danny Richards, Jr., is an old timer in show business. His father, now a Hollywood actor’s agent, is himself a second-generation vaudeville performer. At age three, Danny toddled on stage in his father’s footsteps, debuting in a take-off of New York’s late Mayor LaGuardia. . . . With a flair for mimicry and a rare, retentive memory, Danny needed only parental coaching to add the professional polish. By the time he was six, he was ready to debut on TV on Milton Berle’s show. Since then, Danny has appeared with most of the top comics, including Eddie Cantor. with whom he signed a year’s contract in 1953. He’s also appeared with Ann Sothern and Joan Caulfield in their television series. He was a regular cast member, as Willie Toops, with Fibber McGee and Molly and played his first dramatic role on the radio version of Dragonet. He’s made eight movies and was June Havoc’s nephew on Willy. On TV, the boy who was born in a trunk in Philadelphia has also been seen on most of the series and playhouses.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Minor. 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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.

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The Spirit of Adam

(Continued from page 39)

find out what I was, and to run with my own kind.

At that time there was, apparently, no indication that Adam himself might be unique, a member of a species able to adapt to a life of infinite variety. He went through high school, doing such things — playing football (end), basketball (forward), and running the hundred-yard dash in slightly less than ten seconds. Secretly, he wrote poetry. Openly, he started a career by copying cartoons to the school paper. Some of his best ideas occurred to him as, working for a packing house after school hours and on Saturdays, he hauled sides of beef around town on the handlebars of his bicycle.

He also made plans. He intended to go to college and, someday, to study art in Europe. On the face of things, a farm boy who cherished such intentions—in the depths of the Depression years—might have been considered unrealistic. However, Kennedy was a super-realist, with the powerful weapon of conviction. Expressing the belief today, he says, "You can have anything you want and you can do anything you want, provided you know what you want, and you are willing to work without giving up. Dreams do come true, but not at once. Not instantly."

The first hurdle, naturally, was getting into college. A scholarship, he concluded, was a turn that trick. Investigation revealed that a bloc of ten art scholarships were available, and that these were coveted by some four hundred students scattered throughout the U.S. Sifting was accomplished by a series of competitive examinations.

Kennedy wound up at De Paul University with one of the scholarships (valid for three years), and only a few minor financial problems, such as stretching scholarship funds over tuition, room, board, books, and campus activities. If you know of an honest way to earn cash while maintaining a B-plus average, rest assured he has already made use of it.

When his first scholarship lapsed, he entered a second competition and won a Journalism scholarship to carry him through his senior year. By that time, he was selling cartoons to Esquire and Coronet. He was editor of the college year book, he worked on "The Boulder," he was president of his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, and he was president of his honorary journalism society, Sigma Delta Chi.

Having been graduated cum laude and having excelled at all the lively arts while in college, Kennedy naturally joined an advertising agency. It never occurred to him that big, good-looking, articulate men with a knack at the drawing board usually end as actors (a theorem well proved by John and Lionel Barrymore and Gary Cooper). Although Adam had dabbled in college drama and had served as baritone, tunemist, and lyricist for a college quartet known favorably as "The Dream Weavers," he had no secret vision of himself as a performer. What he was in mind was art study in Europe, and what he intended was to accumulate enough capital to make that possible.

He enrolled at the Grant Agency in Chicago in September. Six months later, he had become an account executive. At the end of a year, he was the assistant chairman of a Grant brainstorming group dubbed the Central Creative Committee. Between sessions, Adam worked on many top accounts, and also—although he hopes to keep this knowledge from his son as long as possible—was active in creating and staging the firm's commercial.

At the end of three years, Adam strode into the president's office one morning, and asked to resign. Mr. Grant wanted to know what for. He pointed out that Adam was doing well, his future was rosy, he had an authentic talent for the advertising business—and was entitled to a raise in salary. Why should Adam give up a position he had worked toward all those years?

Adam, vaguely remembering the theme of a long-ago motion picture entitled "Holiday," answered that he wanted to paint while he was a young man and would be permitted a young man's right to experiment, to find himself.

At that particular time in history, The Friends Service Committee was forwarding cattle to distressed European nations to help to rebuild war-ravaged farm economies. Each twelve cows had to be nursemaid during the ocean voyage. Adam, planning his departure from the business world and seeking the best possible deal for an itinerant painter, was offered a cow-jockey job on the Edam of the Holland-America Line. Quickly, he accepted.

It took thirteen days to cross the Atlantic, and as the freighter neared Antwerp, a thoroughly cowed Adam Kennedy swore never to drink another glass of milk, never to spread another pat of butter, never to spoon another mound of ice cream.

And a fellow bovine valet were standing

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 76

ACROSS

1. Elections 27. Vi
7. G.M. 29. Is
10. P.M. 30. Igor
11. Amt 31. V
12. Ira 35. Sell
14. Sande 37. Oh
15. Other 38. I'm
20. Oman 41. V. N.
21. Name 44. Bob
23. Dr. 46. Burro
25. Ho 47. Anger

DOWN

11. Angel 32. A. L.
15. Aim 40. Lu
17. Elm 42. No
20. Odds 43. Lo
22. Sow 44. Be
24. Rum 45. O.R.

Back in Paris, after a travel-poster sum-
The Miracle of the Lennon Sisters

(Continued from page 20)

When you realize they still have no special key, read no music, play no instrument, employ no arranger, use no vocal coach. It's the most nature of songwriters, singing their hearts out to a listening world. These kids have something.

What they have, of course, is harmony—not only in song, but in heart. A harmony born of the Lennon home, in family and each other. A visit to the Lennon home in the "unfashionable" suburb of Venice—actually, a continuation of Culver City—reveals this truth. The large, old-fashioned frame house, on its corner lot, is a replica of thousands of such homes in town all over America. And, the instant one steps inside, one knows, it is not just a house, but a home. A real home.

From upstairs, the sound of small boys' voices mingles with the hum of vacuum cleaner in the dining room. The tantalizing aroma of roast lamb seeps in from the kitchen. A baby coos contentedly in its playpen. A three-year-old girl attempts to "fly," for no apparent reason... and the tiny black-eyed woman in her red kitchen apron, who has greeted us at the door, is ready with apologies.

"It's been one of those days," Mrs. Lennon smiles, her black curls bobbing. But, right off, you know this young and pretty mother of the four Lennon Sisters isn't really disturbed. For "one of those days" at the Lennon home is one of those days in every happy home where children play, where parents can laugh, and happiness is a twenty-four-hour habit.

With guests arriving within the hour for dinner—and a downpour of rain imprisoning the four smaller children indoors—the instant one steps inside, one knows, it is not just a house, but a home. A real home.

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They found these gifts in faith—or, rather, in the love that had filled a boy, Mrs. Lennon (herself a convert), an underlying force among them, but never thought of nor dreamt of as a prop, a showcase or a thing apart.

To this end have a ‘visit’ to their nearby parish church, usually alone, as naturally as some teenagers trek to the local ice-cream parlor. There is nothing goody-goody about it, and I knew he missed having a son. The night Danny was born, I’d been given an anesthetic of some sort and, awakening in the middle of the night, I rang for the nurse. ‘Did I have another girl? I asked.’ Mrs. Lennon,’ she answered.

‘I couldn’t believe it. I lay there, hoping she was right. Finally, I rang again. ‘I told her I knew the nurse recalled, you had a boy. Now go back to sleep.’"

Today, there are four boys in the Lennon family—Dennis, 8; Pat, 6; Billie, 3; and little Joey, not quite a year old.

Now, when the Lennons were married, Bill gave up singing as a quartet member—with his three brothers—to accept something more stable. He joined an aviation Aircraft worker at thirty-eight dollars a week, and managed, even when the family began to grow. When war broke out, Mr. Lennon was raised to the job of supervisor, but the four children—two girls and two boys—were too much. Bill Lennon finally collapsed.

‘It was a desperate, but never a hopeless situation,’ Mrs. Lennon says. ‘Just when we needed it most, Bill found something special at hand—to sing at a wedding or referee a wresting match, perhaps—and God provided.”

A job as a deejay in a sporting goods shop was found, and when Mr. and Mrs. Lennon called the opportunity came up to deliver Pepsi-Cola cases to various stores in the city. Bill grabbed it — and later he exchanged it for a milkman’s route that grew into a weekly $35 job for the Edgemont Dairy Farms.

Then with the established success of the four older girls, it was decided that Bill should give up his job to become their full-time manager. “I simply couldn’t leave my smaller children at home to be with the girls,” Mrs. Lennon says, “so Bill took the job.”

Today, Mr. Lennon, a handsome young man in his early forties, arranges the girls’ schedules, drives them to and from rehearsals and broadcasts, on all errands connected with the girls’ appearances. He panies his girls on all tours—their own personal appearances and those with the band—which, incidentally, to a man, assume a proprietary air with the girls, fussing and looking after them as their very own.

After the school homework is completed, rehearsals are held in the trailer, permanently parked in the Lennon backyard, with Mr. Lennon presiding. A choice of songs is made from records the girls have listened to, with each one free to make her own suggestion—or, on occasion, special songs made by the show’s producer, Ed Sobel.

There is a song—สมบูTV RADIOMAY AWARDS ISSUEat your newsstand April 3

The songs finally decided upon, the girls listen to the melody from a record-player while Diane passes around typed copies of songs, and the three older children, with pitchpipe to strike the note, and the girls sing with no accompanying instrument or music whatsoever. Suggestions for arrangements are made by the girls, and the girls themselves decide which songs they wish to do. Mr. Lennon or any of the girls, including Janet. A line that suits Diane’s clear voice, or one that’s within Peggy’s or Kathy’s range, is just naturally given to them, while such a certain freshness of cuteness goes to Janet.

After an hour or two of rehearsals, a tape recording is made and sent to the band. And, ever the showman, after a final rehearsal is held with the girls and the band together. On Saturday and Monday, the show goes on . . . and a new week with new songs lies ahead.

Mr. Lennon told the Lennons that the girls take to vocalizing as lambs to green pastures. “Both Mr. Lennon and I sang to them as babies,” Mrs. Lennon says, “and they’d sing right back, rocking along. Forrest Mims, the down-home singer, said when the discovery was made that five-year-old Kathy could actually harmonize, the excitement began.

And when they heard their three-part harmony, the Lennons telephoned their friends, who gathered round to hear Diane, then 8 1/2, Peggy, 7, and little Kathy. Then, when Janet was old enough to stand still, she joined in, singing at church, school functions and school plays. The Lennon Sisters were on their way.

There had been some talk of a radio or television program, but Janet was playing. ‘Oh, no, the girls will only sing with Lawrence Welk. We’ll wait for that,” Today, she laughs, “I had no idea why I said that. I had never seen Mr. Welk, except maybe on his show, and then he never met him. And yet, I somehow just knew.”

It was little surprise then, to Mrs. Lennon, at the turn of fate when Diane—then a junior at Santa Monica High, and later to be graduated with her class. And no surprise when, after a date with Diane, Lawrence delivered her to the Elks Club to join her sisters in a singing engagement. Young Welk, who had been a regular at Mrs. Lennon’s, promptly reported the ability of the Lennon Sisters to his father—who, in turn, paid no attention, despite his son’s insinuation.

It was still no surprise to Mrs. Lennon when Welk, Jr. later telephoned her excitedly to bring the girls over. His dad, confined to his room with a cold, had been listening to the Welk show. Mr. Welk, Sr., invited the girls to perform on a special show for the Cardinal and to join his own TV Christmas show. Since and recently signed new contracts approved by the courts, that will keep them regular performers on the Welk show for some time to come.

Fame, Hollywood knows it, is as foreign to the girls as caviar to the Congo. They express no desire for material possessions, their own cars, or even an allowance. Their work as performers is never discussed. They are “just a family.” Mr. Lennon complimented Janet on her appearance before the school class. Janet rushed home in tears. Before all those people, she wept. “They think I’m different or something.”

They dress more simply than the average teenager, in plain blouses and skirts. And, while the studio looks after their wardrobe and camera makeup, the girls must provide their own clothes. This problem the girls solved themselves right off, by soliciting neighborhood stores. Only Henshey’s Department store, in nearby Santa Monica, suggested they did what they were doing. Mrs. Lennon was sure they would be too happy to dress the Lennon Sisters, but they remain faithful to Henshey’s.

The three older girls date, but seldom accept their calls. They usually arrive in bunches on a Sunday afternoon to play football out back with Mr. Lennon or look at television in the living room—and, in all of them, music.

To the Lennon girls, their own home is the center of their universe, made so by the love and wisdom of their parents. “I have no patience with parents who raise their children on television,” Mrs. Lennon says. “Tell your child,” she says, “tell them the story of Creation. ‘God made man in his own image. God made you in his image. Do what I think is right, according to His word, and your children seldom question my decisions. Common sense and plenty of love are the greatest assets any child can have.“I knew that when we raised our children because I gave mine all the love I had in my heart.”

Which is probably why, when the four girls radiate their happiness in some out-of-doors affair, the TV camera, a troubled world pauses to listen—catching a message of faith, family love, happiness and contentment.
Steve Dunne's Lucky Number 13

(Continued from page 31)

"Hard Work." At least, they've magic for him.

Steve couldn't very well supersitize any of the more or less famous critics. "Why? The show returned to night-time TV on Friday, December 13," Steve points out. "I was born January 13, 1918. Producer Ralph Edwards was born June 13, 1918. Roland Edwards, the 38-year-old son of the former for the evening show were signed for thirteen weeks. People were saying we'd surely have bad luck."

Everybody shopped for Steve's bad luck—he'd no sooner walked into his living room from the airport that day, early last December, than Ralph Edwards called.

"How would you like to do the emcee chores for a new night-time version of Truth Or Consequences?" he asked.

"Love it," said Steve, thinking it would be months before the show began.

"Good," said Ralph, "we begin next week."

A second phone call came from Steve's old employers, the Cigarillo manufacturers, who wanted him to do three new filmed commercials for Cigarillos from the Lux people asking him about some added announcing chores on the Rosemary Clooney show. A fourth call was from director Mervyn LeRoy, who wanted Steve to come down to Hollywood. He was meeting with Jean Simmons and Dan O'Herlihy in the big new M-G-M picture, "Home Before Dark." To top off all this good fortune, the next day Steve was sent a manuscript from producer Albert McCleery ofMatinee Theater. In all honesty to Mr. McCleery, for whom Steve had worked many times before, he had to turn down the script. He's not cut out for a small role in a heaving and televising camera. We knew we couldn't beat that combination.

Steve's selection for Truth Or Consequences happened so fast that Steve didn't have time to write his days as a Massachusetts to tell him to watch the first show. The Dunne family is as Irish as stew and sentimental from the word go. "In spite of the fact that Steve and his dad are separated by 5,000 miles, they are as close as two heartbeats. Steve no sooner came on the air with the first show than a neighbor rang his dad's phone to advince what they had just seen."

Steve's father ran across the street to his own brother's TV set to see the last twenty-five minutes of the show. Later, Steve's uncle wrote to him to say that when Steve called home and said "Goodnight, Dad," his father stood up saying in his best Irish brogue, "Sure, and it's a good night to you."

Then Francis Michael Dunne in Northampton, Massachusetts and one of six children, Steve has always known the meaning of hard work. His mother died when Steve was five, and Steve remembers that his father had a difficult time handling his young family. "But we were close-knit family," says Steve, and "Dad liked to take us kids to the movies en masse. No matter whether it was a comedy or a drama, we'd all come out crying."

Steve has worked all his life. At thirteen, he spent Sundays soda-cleaning empty beer barrels in the basement of a nearby tavern. Later, he worked his way through the University of Alabama with a series of odd jobs, living on banana sandwiches which his roommate said were filling. "I can remember going two days on one envelope," he recalls. "Can't face a banana today.

After a number of varied jobs (typist for an electric company at $19.25 per week; secretarial work for Department of Entomology at $22.00 per week), Steve started at the University of Alabama as part-time assistant to Dr. Ronald Ramsdale, head of the Psychology Department. Steve secured scholarship funds for Steve in return for work as a typist for the University.

Then, one day, Steve started a radio commentary on the life which changed his whole life. The owner of the local radio station, WJJD, in Tuscaloosa heard him, thought he had a nice voice, and hired him as an announcer at $5.00 per week plus the clothes he could wear from a local sponsor.

Steve and his wife Vivian, whom he calls 'Nin,' were married two years after Steve graduated from the University of Mass. "I couldn't dance step one," says Steve, "but a friend of mine dragged me off to the dance where I was introduced to Nin. She was wonderful—no matter in any misty department, the dance floor, she covered up for me."

Two years later, Steve came home from school to a staff announcer's job at Station WACO, Waco, Texas, and Nin was married. "I liked to, I married a girl with money," he laughters. "Two days before our wedding, Nin won a $1,000 doorprize at a church bazaar."

The Dunnes moved on to the station where Steve later joined Station WOR, and in 1942, Steve, Jr., was born. Very shortly thereafter, Steve branched out into dramatic radio acting. Steve's dark good looks, glasses, black tie, and Irish blue eyes were soon spotted by Hollywood talent scouts, and when Steve, Jr., was two years old, the family moved from New Jersey to Los Angeles—Steve's first 

"Doll Face" with Perry Como. Steve laughs, "You can now see it on TV."

A daughter (Christine, born in 1946), and a score of motion pictures later found on it, and also a hat with the autograph of the Cleveland Indians. "They are still hanging on his wall," says Steve. "He used to charge the kids a dime apiece to look

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at them, wouldn’t think of using them in a game."

"Steve, in the way, is now six feet tall. "Steve will probably stop growing somewhere around six feet-four inches," says Steve proudly. Then he grouses, "We can’t get in the boys’ department anymore—for the privilege of walking across the aisles, and for the one pair of shoes, it now costs me seven dollars more." But Steve Junior’s long reach is an asset. Last season he was voted All-Star catcher from the Los Angeles Little League area. "He goes to the Pony League next," says his dad proudly, "and could be he’ll sign with the Los Angeles Dodgers sometime in 1960."

This father’s love for the children comes up frequently in the Dunne household. Both Steve and Vivian are interested in helping the children in any line of work they might find interesting, including show business.

"We bought the kids a tape recorder for Christmas," says Steve, "to let them hear themselves talk. Chris, who is taking piano lessons, loves to listen to his own piano playing. It’s better psychology to let the tape recorder point out her mistakes than to have Mother or Dad offer advice."

As for careers, the kids don’t know what they want to be. Steve says he was in the professions one week, show business the next. He came in from bowling the other day and with a great deal of spirit, used the tape recorder to give us an exact account of his bowling match. He has an announcer’s deep voice and handles himself with assurance.

I suggested to him that he might want to think of announcing as a career. He shrugged his shoulders as if to say, ‘Who needs it?’ I said, ‘Don’t be so blase—you know, Dad started as an announcer.’ "Yeah," he said, 'but it’s too insecure.' "Thinking of the ten cents per hour he charged his playmates for a peek at that autographed baseball, he said, ‘I’ll think about it one day out of every so often, I think I might easily end up as Secretary of the Treasury.’"

The Dunnes live in a modest Cape Cod house in Hollywood. Steve reports that it’s "as very much like a train—we’ve kept adding on.” Thinking of the children first, he points out that the streets are flat so they can ride their bikes and the neighbors think it’s a wonderful place for them to grow in.

Recently the Dunnes have added onto the house a new kitchen—family room with built-in barbecue, fireplace, paneled walls and a built-in refrigerator which," says Steve proudly, "I helped design.

The new kitchen is now the busiest room in the house. It is the room Steve heads for when he comes in from work, where he makes his favorite peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He left the room for their homework there. And, as a family, the Dunnes chat around the table about teen-age problems, or play Monopoly or Scrabble."

A Dunne back yard features a small swimming pool—"I like to feel both sides when I swim," says Steve. There is also a rose garden which Steve and the once-a-week gardener pamper. Also an orange tree bearing two nearly ripe oranges which Steve is watching jealously.

Inside the house is Early American comfort. The living room has a large fireplace, which Steve and his brother Jim faced with used brick on a summer afternoon. Proud of his prowess as a bricklayer, Steve took ten hours to design, and then adds with a shrug of the shoulders, "If we could do it, guess anybody else could, too.

It’s their hope to move into a large house in the future. They love the quiet home life and the joy of their family. They are not night clubbers, prefer a few close friends at home. Weekends and holidays, the family will alternately visit Vivian’s or Steve’s folks, or have a place over to their house. They also frequently visit Steve’s brother Jim, who is married to Ninn’s sister Dorothy.

"I’ve been seeing, says Vivian, “and though she’s been in Hollywood for years, she’ll say, ‘Let’s go somewhere we can see some movie stars.’ When I point to Steve she gives me an ‘Oh, really!’ look and says, ‘isn’t my daughter married to a movie star.’"

But after the years of hard work, Steve is content. With his family around him, Steve is happy with the twenty years he’s spent in the business. "When I see my first movie now, playing on TV," he laughs, "I begin to think I really have arrived!"

"Arrived" is the word. And millions of un-named, un-numbered viewers of the evening Truth Or Consequences trust the next thirteen weeks will stretch to thirteen years. Knock wood!

(Jayne and Steve Introduce Young William Christopher

...nursed wondered what such a tiny baby could be thinking. "They warned us," Jayne laughs with affectionate pride, "that our son would always be a jump ahead of us!" The expression in Billy’s eyes is exactly like his father’s, and so is his clean-cut sensitive mouth. He has his mother’s fair skin and red-gold hair—but his coloring is entirely quite made up its mind whether to be Mark or Allye.

All in all, master William Christopher Allen is exactly the baby his parents always wanted, his mother’s fondest dream come true. "He’s showing me the first time," says Jayne, "I took one look and thought: I knew he would look like this. This is the face I’ve visualized all my life. How uncanny, how strange, I thought, but how wonderful!"

I should send me just what I dreamed of..."

"The face Steve wanted, too, whether he visualized it or not. As I was coming out of the anesthetic, the first thing I saw was a brown-eyed, brown-haired baby of the size of one of the plasma thing through which they were giving me a blood transfusion. In the familiar plaid jacket was Steve—and the first thing I heard was his saying, a long way away, was Steve’s voice saying, ‘We have a little boy, Jaynie-bird.’ And then my voice whispering, ‘Have you seen him?’ And Steve answering—not in a whispering voice—and right away, of course, just now. And I never saw a more beautiful baby. As I stood there looking at him through the glass window, all I could think was: That boy has the cutest thing in my mind.

‘It’s strange, too,’ Jayne observes, "that Billy should have come to us a year, almost to the day, after the loss of our first baby—a loss so highly sorrowful which gives a special meaning to our present happiness. Ever since Steve and I were married, my dream has been of the baby I wanted so much to have—and, in the depression following the loss of our first baby, feared I might never have. A dream Steve shared, and neither of us could care less whether it be boy or girl.

"During both of my pregnancies, however, members of the family and our friends—even acquaintances who know Steve already has three sons—kept telling me, ‘Jayne, you must hold a good thought for that one, baby, and do everything to make it healthy and strong.’ And during this pregnancy, Jayne smiles, ‘everyone practically decided for me that, come November, I would have a little girl. Of course, it occurred to me that the first baby, I suppose I’ll be hoping for a daughter. On the other hand, I’d reflect, he understands boys and loves them—he couldn’t love anyone more than he loves those three boys of his—so I concluded that either sex would be equally welcome.

"And oh, I was so right! The week before the baby came, Steve kept teasing me, ‘Hurry up and go to the hospital. I want to be with you when you give birth.’ As soon as I heard him say it, you would have realized that ‘some fat little thing’ was the only imperative, whether boy or girl. It was the same weight, it was the same look than when I was oblied by going to the hospital and Steve—doing the pacing-the-floor, expectant-father bit—was duly informed that he had a son, he said, ‘What do you know? Got a pregnancy!’ And burst out laughing.

"It’s all been so happy, right from the beginning,” says Jayne. “I never had a day of morning sickness. I never had a girdle on, from one end of the nine months until the baby was born, not a single one. We were so right, hence no need of support. I wasn’t on any special diet, didn’t need one. In fact, I’m slimmer now than I was before my pregnancy.

"As we do every year, we had Steve’s boys with us last summer, and rented a large house on the water. And, although I didn’t play football with them this year, I did go swimming and sailing and fishing. In the evenings, we’d sit around and play games and records. But, mostly, we talked—and mostly about the new little brother or sister the boys were soon to have. We wanted them to feel they were sharing the experience of the baby’s coming to us. We wanted them to feel—we are a family.

"When autumn came and finally it was time for me to go to the hospital, it’s an understatement to say that I was happy. I had another baby on the way. I knew there me there would have to be a Caesarean. I just wanted to have my baby as safely as possible. And labor had stopped. Even if it had been possible to induce it again—and it wasn’t—we knew a baby would be born. The lived—the cord was wound twice around his neck.

"Yes, I suppose it was a bit rugged,” Jayne shrugs, then adds in a singling voice, ‘But the baby and I both look healthy and beautiful. And, almost as soon as his birth was announced, we realized the truth of the saying, ‘Everybody loves a baby!’ ”

"Almost everyone, I was going to say,” Steve adds, "but I imagine the thousands of them, that one week I was in the hospital—and at least a hundred telegrams. All the mothers who were in the hospital sent cards. And a Chinese mother sent me a Chinese announce the birth of a baby.

"My sister Audrey flew up from Washington, D.C., where she lives, to see her nephew. She was quite a heroine of sorts. When she came she declared that Billy looked exactly like me as a baby. We sent Steve’s mother a picture of him, and she declared that he looked exactly like Steve when he was three months old. The way the baby looks,” Jayne laughs, “depends on whose family is looking at him!
"And there were literally hundreds of gifts. Lovely handmade booties and bibs for twins, Notions in the form of white wool robes—for fans. Everybody in Steve's outfit sent beautiful presents. And everybody on Secret, too. Garry and his wife Nell, Faye Emerson, Bill and Ann Cullen, Henry Morgan, Tod McDonald and Mark Goodson—the producers of I've Got A Secret. Gifts, too, of course, from the new Aunt Audrey and such close friends as Arlene Frances and others.

"Just one week before Billy was born," Jayne recalls with a chuckle, "Arlene celebrated Jayne Meadows Day on her morning show over NBC-TV, and there I was, getting home, bigger and bigger. I was all alone, not even a railway in sight! During the week after Billy was born, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Jack Paar, Garry Moore and, of course, Steve Allen men- tioned me in their show. And Henry Morgan to crack: 'William Christopher has the highest Tredex of any baby on television.'

"Henry also informed us, rather painstakingly, that he was going to service anywhere around town. Call up for groceries,' he said, 'and, before you can say pound-of-butter, they're asking you, 'What's Jayne Meadows' baby like? In other words, what are we going to hold up while the waiters get the lowdown on the Allen baby.' Audrey told us of somewhat similar experiences. Instead of 'Hi, Alice!'—we have been greeted ever since her first appearance on The Jackie Gleason Show—everybody was hailing her with 'Hi, Aunt Audrey, how's the baby?'

"I was trying to be very un-theatrical about the way we raise our son," Jayne says, "so it's just as well that he was totally unconscious of the limelight in which he was bathed, those first weeks after his appearance in this world.'

"Exactly one week after Billy's birth (which took place November 16 at 10:25 A.M.), Jayne brought him home from the hospital. I had not stayed two-and-a-half weeks,' she remembers, "but I had to get home. I had to be with my baby. Having brought him to me at the hospital, I felt I had to get him back to home, because I wanted to—was not enough.

"I came home on a Saturday, and that night Steve flew out to California to be with the boys, so there wouldn't be any one at home to play with him. I knew that he didn't want to be without his father, but I went ahead. I wanted to get him home to his mother. Steve, or, Steve, Jr., and David—who are, respectively, thirteen, ten, and seven—would know that he was there.

"Nothing is definite, as yet," Jayne adds, "it's still in the early days of his life. But, from now on, we just may move to California. Steve wants to be near the boys. He also wants not to have the baby when he wakes up in the night. He said, 'Steve, you and I, Jim, and David and I want to be together.'

"To us, what Billy is to be when he grows up," Jayne muses, "first of all, we want him to be happy within himself and, after that, anything his heart desires. No one has given us up. It is sort of, when he posed for magazine pictures a week ago, he probably be able to do better. He said, 'I'm going to be a star.' Jayne quotes fondly. "She thinks perhaps he'll be the man who will go to the moon. When she said that, I was reminded of my childhood dream: 'I want to go to the Planetarium.' Other men may take you to night clubs, 'but I take you to the moon.' And so he did.

"We've been so happy, and now we're happier than ever, ever. I never thought that the boys and I could love each other more—but, because of the baby, we do," says Jayne Meadows Allen.
What's New on the East Coast

Baby made three Feddersons who've gotten into The Millionaire's act.

(Continued from page 13) than two or three dates a month. Phyl asks, "So how can you catch a man?"

... Big tears being shed for Eve Arden's show that sinks end of this month. Just didn't catch on. But she has firm contract with CBS and should be back again with something new.

Dr. Livingston, Jr., I Presume: A handsome, six-foot-two bachelor scores twice this month on ABC-TV's Bold Journey. Quentin Keynes, adventurer, narrates two exciting episodes from his travels on March 3 and again on March 24. There will be a third in late spring, which sets some kind of record for a man in his mid-twenties. Quent says, "My father calls me the grey sheep of the family because my three brothers have stability. They are, respectively, a doctor, banker and scientist." His father is a noted British surgeon and literary critic. "Dad established some kind of record. In one week at Yale University, he lectured on the thymus gland and poetry." Quent, himself, quit school at sixteen. "This shocks people," he says. "They think I should be a scientist. But I travel out of curiosity and bring back pictures of what interests me." No matter how unscientific, he has had several spreads in the National Geographic and was once flown from New York City to Scotland to show a twenty-minute film to anthropologists. He does lectures and TV to gain money for more explorations. This summer he will travel the Zambezi River. On women, he says, "I'm afraid marriage would tie me down. A woman would have to put up with a lot on these expeditions. She'd not necessarily have to be brawny, but she couldn't be the willowy model type. You see, I've got a bad back and she'd have to carry her own bags."

Stop & Go: One of those heartbreakers who stars in a TV Western is hanging with his producer. The star wants to marry in June and producer fears those letters from female fans may stop. ... Walt Disney's TV earnings for last year: Simply $8,810,571 and no cents. ... Pint-sized beauty Tina Robin, who won $30,000 on quiz, Hold That Note, now booming in own right as singer. She got big hand on Sullivan show last month. She's been promised a guest shot with Pat Boone this spring and Jerry Lewis caught her on his Muscular Dystrophy telethon and booked her for his next show. ... June Lockhart, who has had such great success on TV dramas this season, has filed suit for divorce. Husband's a medic. ... Arlene Francis certainly not happy about demise of her morning show, but with strain brought on from heavy schedule and her broken leg, the chore was not easy. NBC now setting up an evening package for her of the audience-participation type. ... Something that we always knew: Statistics on the quiz Do You Trust Your Wife? indicate wives are right more often than husbands. To date, the gals have scored 82 percent correctly while guys were only 58 percent right.

Luckily Lovely: Behind the scenes of The Millionaire series there is a cute story. The lovely brunet who has had silent-bits and walk-ons in every show is Tido Fedderson, wife of the producer. Tido says, "It was Don's idea that I show my face in the pilot film for good luck, and now I've been on one hundred and eleven shows." She has come on as a nurse, prostitute, model, saleslady and nun. "The time I played a nun, I left the show for a luncheon date with Don. I was in costume and, not thinking, I got into my pink Thunderbird and lit a cigarette. I stopped traffic until I suddenly realized what it was all about. Imagine, a nun smoking and driving a Thunderbird!"

Tido and Don have been married 27 years, have five children, from age 19 years down to age eight months. (The youngest was type-cast as a baby in one show.) Tido, mostly a housewife, puts in just one day a week at the studio. She gets $21.43 for a walk-on, but if someone talks to her or there is special business, she gets $59 for a silent bit. "I've never cashed a check. Instead, I set up a separate bank account. My very first. On the second anniversary of Millionaire, I drew a big chunk out to buy Don a watch." Tido, never a professional actress, gets a lot of criticism from her stage-struck children. "You never know how to explain from them. The day I was made up as a prostitute, I worked late and went home in costume, hair fuzzed up and a beauty mark on my cheek. My five-year-old asked, 'What do you think you're dressed up like?' I asked, 'What do you think?' He said, 'I don't know but it's not like a lady.'"

Cool Cookies: Jack Paar doing fabulously but, inversely, he gets more for a guest shot than he draws weekly on his late-night show. ... Ed Sullivan will fly in James Carroll, Lord Mayor of Dublin, for his special St. Patrick's Day program on March 16. ... For love of money you couldn't get Godfrey to make a personal appearance, but he comes for free if he can speak on national defense. ... That model Tommy Leonetti's dating, identified as Robbi Palmer, former Miss Ohio. ... Patti Page has plans for the summer. She will make a movie, playing a straight dramatic role. ... Terry O'Sullivan is back, by popular demand, in his role as Arthur Tate on Search For Tomorrow. ... This month in Baltimore, Westinghouse is conducting its second annual Conference on Local Public Service Programming. Out of last year's efforts came the fine educational feature, Adventures In Numbers And Space, and the Westinghouse stations in Boston and Baltimore together obtained the first U.S. motion pictures of Sputnik. ... Beautifully trim Bonnie Prudden, slimming expert on Today, actually has daughters thirteen and eighteen. Next to Garroway, Bonnie gets most mail on show. ... Incidental intelligence: In England, the Bilko series is a tremendous hit, but $64,000 Question flopped out.

The Great Truce: Perhaps the most startling news about "Oscar Night," March 26, is that the sponsor was asked not to come. Movie people will pick up the entire half-million tab. In fact, they've spent $23,000 buying up local station-break time, all for the sake of purity. One of the advantages to Hollywood producer Jerry Wald, who will produce the TV show, is that stars like Gable and Danny Kaye—who have refused to appear on prior telecasts because of the commercialization—will show up this year. The entire NBC-TV network will carry the program and for one night the movie and TV industry's declare a truce. In fact, local film theaters will urge moviegoers to stay home that night and watch TV, believe it or not.
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"Top hair" needs this softer wave...and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.

ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas...now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

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Wonderful new soft waves that last and last! New Pin-it. A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix

It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year Pin-it

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle
All through your active day...

new MUM® stops odor without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you’ve ever worried about your deodorant failing... or about under- arm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can’t possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

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When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn’t it the deodorant for you?
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What in the world was holding me back, I'll never know! But I was forever putting off my decision to change to Tampax—never quite ready to try it, yet secretly envying anyone who did!

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movies
on TV

Showing this month


BERLIN CORRESPONDENT (RKO): Mild World War II thriller casts Dana Andrews as an American newsman who makes like Superman in Nazi Germany, foiling the Gestapo, rescuing sweetie Virginia Gilmore.


DARK CORNER, THE (RKO): Tough, smartly made mystery. Private eye Mark Stevens finds himself framed for murder. Lucille Ball is Mark's hip, loving secretary; Bill Bendix, his shadow. Clifton Webb hires Mark to trail a faithless wife.

HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE (Warner): You've heard Jack Benny's wry comments on this comedy of his. See for yourself, as he dreams he's an angel, assigned to blow the Last Trump, dooming the earth. Alexis Smith plays opposite.

INTERMEZZO (U.A.): Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicit love is brief but lyrical.

JANE EYRE (20th): Elegantly moody version of the classic novel, with Orson Welles as the strange master of the household where shy Joan Fontaine reports for governess, Peggy Ann Garner and Margaret O'Brien, then children, score.

NIGHT IN CASABLANCA, A (U.A.): Choice Marx Brothers gags brighten a wild romp in wartime North Africa. Hotel-man Groucho battles Nazi spies; Chico runs a taxi service; Harpo's a valet.

ROMEO AND JULIET (U.A.): Splendid film version of Shakespeare's great love story. Susan Shentall makes a fresh and youthful Juliet, with Laurence Harvey as her beloved, member of the clan that's feuding with hers in old Verona.

SAHARA (Columbia): Vigorous war-action story. Humphrey Bogart and other crewmen of an American tank pick up Allied soldiers and two Axis prisoners. The motley group fights desert thirst as Nazi troops come closer. With J. Carrol Naish.

SINBAD THE SAILOR (RKO): Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., swashbuckles gaily as the "Arabian Nights" adventurer, hunting treasure also coveted by lush Maureen O'Hara and a flock of fancy-dress bad guys.

TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE (RKO): Handsome comedy-drama of mid-19th Century days casts Edward Arnold as financier Jim Fisk; Frances Farmer, the show girl he loves; Gary Grant, the man she loves.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (Columbia): Happy, warm-hearted Oscar winner. Lionel Barrymore heads a wonderfully wacky family that includes Spring Byington and Jean Arthur, who yearns for conservatively raised James Stewart.

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4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Here is why you can not brush away bad breath! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Simply gargle Listerine full-strength every morning, every night, every time you brush your teeth.

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Rockin' & Feedin': Expect announcement shortly that Garry Moore will do a night-time variety show next fall on CBS. . . Similar deal for Jack Paar cooking over at the other network. In meantime, Jack's biggest headache seems to be helping his ad-libbing guests to keep it clean. . . Vincent Sardi figures he may as well close up his famous restaurant Saturday evenings. The overflow from the Dick Clark show has jammed 44th Street so that customers can't get in. In the studio itself, it's a mad ball. There are nine policemen and seventeen ushers to keep control. Every one of the ushers has been asked for a transfer, not for a Saturday goes by that they don't rush down to the locker room for aspirin and bandages. Which is one way of observing that Dick Clark is one of the hottest young men in TV today. . . Gracie Allen definitely retiring from TV, which busts up the famed comedy team. . . Pat Conway says that when he marries it will probably be a Japanese gal. Explains Pat, "They're more submissive." . . Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin shook hands and made up, but still too cool to even think of the idea of working together again. . . Big success on New York City's WABD is TV version of Bingo, so you can be expecting same soon in other cities. . . Dinah's hubby, George Montgomery, signed by NBC to star in Western series, Cinamron City, a fall entry. . . A little gal with big eyes, after meeting Guy Madison, told her father, "I wish he came in different sizes."

Taylor-Made Maid: Fabulous gal is June Taylor, Patti Page's choreographer. Eighteen years ago she had a $2,500 weekly contract as a dancer, then she collapsed with tuberculosis. She regained her health but never strength enough to dance again, and so turned to choreography. She became famous for her work on the Gleason show. This season she has worked with Patti Page. (Says June, "Patti is not a dancer but she's naturally graceful and she has such lovely shoulders and back.") June is also Kathryn Murray's personal choreographer. ("Kathryn will not take lessons from husband Arthur and that's that.") For years, thousands of ambitious dancers wrote June asking for advice. June says, "Finally, I decided to open a school of my own." Last year, the June Taylor School of Dance became a reality. Not only did youngsters come, but also actors and singers such as Nina Foch, Dorothy Collins, Jill Corey, Tommy Leonetti, Teresa Brewer. "It's so important that a singer be able to handle himself gracefully in front of a camera," June says. "Take Tommy Leonetti. Never misses his weekly session. If TV rehearsal keeps him away one day, he comes on the next." For June, the real thrill is in working with youngsters, in making their talents match their aspirations. Sometimes her job goes a little further. There was the letter she had from a mother in Virginia who reported her daughter had left home six weeks earlier for a dancing career. The mother had not heard from the girl and was frantic. But she reasoned that her daughter would certainly try to audition for June Taylor, and she was right. The mother wrote June and June wrote back that the girl had auditioned, although she hadn't qualified. And June notes, "I got a promise from the girl that she would, in the future, keep in touch with her home."

Love & Stuff: Phyllis Kirk (Mrs. Thin Man) is bending straws with comedian Mort Sahl. . . Polly Bergen is renewed to June but Gisele Mackenzie's show got the heave-ho. No
Caesar's off to conquer England "live," Pol Carl Reiner has royalties, too—on his novel.

Reiner, Caesar's aide, has just had published his first novel, titled "Enter Laughing."

Wrapping It Up: CBS trying to entice Eve Arden into a TV version of "My Sister Eileen." For the moment, however, she will do nothing but enjoy spring fever. When he Garry Moore Show closes shop, Denise Lin begins a nation-wide night-club tour.

Rick Nelson, who once stood on telephone books to read his lines, is now taller than poppa, mamma and brother David. Jack Benny has already had his show renewed for next year. Makes fifteenth year of sponsorship by American Tobacco Company. Red Buttons stars in "Hansel and Gretel" on April 27.

Long-distance Romance: Judy Lewis (Loretta Young's daughter) in N.Y.C. and Joe Tinney, a Ziv producer, in Hollywood. A medal to Mrs. Jack Narz. Alone, she drove their four youngsters cross-country in a station wagon in mid-winter. Ed Wynn making TV pilot film, "My Old Man," in which he plays a grandfather. In meantime, Ed says he would like to do a TV Western. Patrice Munsel refuses to be photographed in the kitchen. Says, "Why? I'm never there." A high-fashion gal, she lives in a 50-room house which she shares with husband, two children and a fabulous wardrobe. "I have my hands full with the house and family and television, so why kid about cooking, which I don't do?" Her two youngers, ages of four and two, are named Heidi and Rhett, but Rhett's nickname is Cokie, which caused a small explosion in the Midwest when his name was misprinted as "Cookie." Wrote in a former Munsel fan, "I will never listen, watch or read about you again. Any mother who calls a boy 'Cookie' should be shot.

For the stork's fourth visit, Shirley and Pat Boone were ready with a boy's name. But the bundle was pink and the name is Laura.

blues for Gisele, though, not after manager Bob Shuttleworth changed the Mam'selle to Mrs. on February 24, in a surprise wedding at Las Vegas.

Caesar and Imogene Coca go to London for two months this summer to do their comedy over BBC. Says Imogene, "I spent five days in London once and loved it, so I'd go back again for nothing." That sack dress Dorothy Collins is wearing serves double-duty. She and hubby Raymond Scott are expecting again. No psychiatrist has ever explained how broken homes affect dogs, but Rudd Weatherwax, owner and trainer of Lassie, is being sued for divorce by the missus. On April 17, Teresa Brewer guests with Pat Boone, which should make for cute dialogue on babies. Both have become parents for the fourth time in January, and each has four daughters. Because Pat had been certain he would get a boy this time, he and wife Shirley were unprepared with a girl's name. Took them four days to decide on Laura. They had been ready to name their first male Michael. Odd thing is that Teresa named her fourth daughter Michele.

Seasick on TV: A season ago, Paul Burke starred in Noah's Ark, the Jack Webb production. That foundered last spring due to low ratings. This season, Paul had a secondary role on Scott Island, serving as Barry Sullivan's sidekick. Now Scott Island has been inundated and Paul Burke returns to NBC-TV on May 18th—starring again in re-runs of Noah's Ark.

The Art of Linkletter: One of the best ad-lib men in TV, Art Linkletter admits, "The only thing I'm not prepared for are the eccentrics." He recalls the time he was interviewing a child and a woman jumped up on the stage and said, "You're ruining this child's life." Momentarily confused, Art led her off camera. Backstage, she explained she wasn't the child's mother and was only concerned because "Art has hypnotized me so that I can't make a lot of money!" Art's worst experience was early in his career, when he was doing a man-on-the-street interview at the Dallas Fair in 1936. "It was raining and the only man we could find was drunk—and we didn't know that until I started to talk to him. I said, 'What is your name, sir?' and he said, 'What the hell do you want to know for?' I said, 'Watch your language, we're on the air.' He said, 'Okay, ask me any damned thing you like.' I said, 'You've got to stop swearing.' He says, 'Oh, so you don't like me, and took a swing at me." Art recalls, "What could I do? I gave the mike to the engineer and escorted our man-on-the-street to an alley."

$$$ & Ermine: Panelist Kitty Carlisle treated herself to a couple of special little items: A terrycloth bathrobe lined with ermine and a trenchcoat lined with mink. Whenever it's wet, Kitty is unquestionably the world's best-dressed woman. Danny Kaye turned down a flat $100,000 fee for a TV appearance. Speaking of money, Dinah Shore paid a half-million for her new home. And they thought there might be audience animosity if it were known how much Victor Borge got for his annual TV spec. Now it can be told. It was a cool quarter of a million dollars. The quiz-whiz Charles Van Doren will be parents about June. While Dave Garroway calls his new baby Junior, the tot is actually named David Cunningham Garroway VIII. Tommy Sands, though ever respectful to his mother, is, nevertheless, setting up his own bachelor diggings.

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All show business salutes Red Skelton for bringing laughter to a world where even a smile can be a blessing

By MAXINE ARNOLD

The redhead lay in stillness and shadow, in a world far removed from sight of smiles or sound of laughter... the smiles that had warmed him, the laughter that had fed Red Skelton from childhood and made him forget—almost—the hunger and cold into which he was born. Let others want to set the world on fire. The kid from Vincennes, Indiana, only asked to see it smile— to feel it hum.

His clown-father had died before he was born, and "Mur," his mother, had struggled just to keep her Irish brood alive. But young Richard had known the odds were on his side: He was going to follow in his father's footsteps, be an even bigger clown. As he grew older, he knew the reason why: To make laughter was why he was born. Red Skelton believed with all his heart that was what "the Boss Man" had put him here. His one worry, his one fear, had always been whether he could do the job expected of him.

Now, Red was the king of clowns. He'd climbed the ladder on laughs—from the sawdust of a circus to medicine shows, to burlesque and vaudeville, to movies and TV. Screwing his rubbery face into any shape to win a smile. Taking thousands of falls, rewarded by the happy faces he saw when he picked himself up. Any stage was sacred—if laughter were there. Laughter... to him, the sweetest music this side of paradise.

Now, across America, telecasts told a shocked nation the news: Red Skelton lay near death. His daughter, Valentina, had gone into her father's bedroom and found him stricken on the floor. His wife, Georgia, had summoned help. His physician had pronounced him near death from a cardiac-asthmatic attack. Red had been rushed, unconscious, from the Skeltons' twenty-seven-room hilltop mansion in Bel-Air to St. John's Hospital... there, he was fighting it out.

His public was shocked. It couldn't be true. A clown never dies. Soon, across America, the people poured out their hearts in print, in letters and wires. Sending him strength in their hope and affection for him. And lo, the greats of comedy led all the rest. From Hollywood and Las Vegas, from Broadway and Miami, from across the seas, comedians—many of whom had shared Red's climb to fame in earlier days—sent wires and called. Paying homage to the clown of clowns.

They can tell you, the men who've made a lifelong business of creating laughter, what made Red Skelton today's greatest television clown. You start with class... as the beloved Jimmy Durante phrased it, "Even if I didn't know Red, I would hafta say this. If anybody asks who's the greatest clown in the business—well, then, you'd hafta say Skelton." Says Ed Wynn, who pioneered television comedy coast-to-coast, "He's our greatest living 'oral' clown. He's a great pantomimist, this man. Chaplin, who's a great pantomimist, was orally very bad. He never made a good talking picture. But Red can talk—and pantomime, too."

"What can I say about Red that could add to his stature as a clown?" asks Danny Thomas. "I think he's one of the greatest who ever lived, no question about it. His great, great inherent desire is to make his fellowmen happy. Red's a dedicated man, dedicated to the art of making people laugh." Mickey Rooney agrees, saying: "A lot of people make people laugh for various reasons, but Red actually makes them laugh because he enjoys it, enjoys watching it, hearing it."

Red, the dedicated clown who can't wait to get out on that stage and make the happy music. "That's the secret," Durante says. "Red really loves it. Once you get out there—well, I suppose we're all alike. Sometimes you go out with the worst material, but you make the best of it—and try to better it. You love it out there, and you can't wait to get out there."

To stay "out there," to be invited weekly into millions of homes by people of every age and avocation, that makes a comedian, too. "Red's had that background," Bob Hope emphasizes. "I think it's very important in our business. There's so much you have to know about selling a show. You not only have to edit it and help write it, but be able to sell it. It takes a lot of background and experience to handle that." Bob, who came to television from tabloid burlesque, vaudeville, radio, musical comedy and motion pictures, points out: "Red's had this experience, too."

These two men met, prophetically enough, in a bank. Bob was doing radio and musical comedy, playing in the Ziegfeld Follies on Broadway—and one day I met Red at the bank in New York's Paramount Building." Hope was standing in line, when Red came up and surprised him with: "Boy! Am I glad to see you—you're my idol!" As Bob recalls, "Red was doing all right himself—he must have been. He was in the bank!"

Ed Wynn remembers a night when he was starring on Broadway and Red came backstage to see him: "He asked for an autographed picture—which is still in his home now. Red was packing them in then, on the stage at the Palace. He was a terrific hit."

For all his own success, Red was the devoted fan of the Hopes, Durantes and Wynns—of any who had the special magic to spread cheer. To him, those who made laughter were God's chosen people—to make life less cold and hungry. That night backstage, he reminded Wynn of another meeting, years before, when the Broadway comedian had brought laughter to him. . .

There had been little laughter in the old white house in Vincennes, after Red's father died. As Red has said, "My earliest recollections are of my mother desperately trying to keep four kids fed." (Continued on page 9)
Freddie the Freeloader—alias Red Skelton, who won our very first poll, in radio, back in 1947.
Vaulting Success

Would you please write something about Robert Culp, who plays Hoby Gillman in CBS-TV's Trackdown?
J.K., Green Bay, Wis.

He was a regular Tarzan as a small boy in Berkeley, California, but when he was chosen to play the Hoby Gillman role in Trackdown, Robert Culp had to relearn all his athletic skills. The reason? It's a six-year story. Bob was a drama major and track star at University of Washington when he won a national intercollegiate prize for "most promising young actor."

In New York to try his luck, he studied and made the rounds of producers' offices, days, worked nights at the Chase Manhattan Bank. Not a sedentary life, to be sure, but one unsuited to heavy workouts at pole-vaulting or riding. The young actor soon made his mark in several off-Broadway productions—"A Clearing in the Wood" with Kim Stanley, "He Who Gets Slapped" and "Diary of a Scoundrel"—and in television dramas for U.S. Steel Hour, Alcoa and Zane Grey Theater.

When he got the chance to do Trackdown, Bob made sure he allowed two weeks beforehand to brush up his riding.

. . . Twenty-eight this coming August, Robert stands six-foot-one and weighs 180 pounds. He's an accomplished guitarist, and he would like to learn to play the saxophone or sing, his favorite songs are those by Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby. He is also an accomplished cook, and makes his producer uneasy with his motorcycling.

Trouper at Three

I'd like to see a photo and some information on Carole Bennett, who sang on ABN's Herb "Oscar" Anderson Show.
A. J. E., Lincoln, Ill.

For song, an impromptu "Loch Lomond"—for "stage," standing room on a Lexington Avenue bus—for audience, the passengers whose bus fare was their admission. Three-year-old Carole Bennett, "star" of the show, was costumed to fit the weather: Long scar! leggins, mittens and cap. Having determined her career, she had just gone out "on the road" to get some experience. . . . A few years later, Carole elected some formal instruction. She started piano and voice lessons, studied at Manhattan's High School of Performing Arts, even took up trombone, only to sell it—with some relief—after six months, for summer camp money. Next came a summer of musical comedy, and a year at Ohio's Antioch College.

Back in New York, manager Ray Shaw arranged for her to go on Talent Scouts. The eighteen-year-old broke the applause meter, she was such a hit, and went on to do seven straight weeks on Chance Of A Lifetime. . . . Carole's work schedule is demanding, but the ambitious miss runs a close race scholastically, too, with singer Pat Boone. She finds time for a full schedule of courses at Hunter College, a weekly acting class with Uta Hagen and disc-cutting for Hilton.

Tea and Criminology

Please write something about Donald Gray, who plays Mark Saber on Saber Of London.
M. F., Logan, Iowa

The handsome British war hero found himself in a bit of a predicament: Out of a job, bouned off the B. B. C.—his voice had too much sex appeal. Home Program listeners of the husband variety had complained one after another how the announcer's voice was "stealing my wife's affections." For the first time in broadcasting history, a matinee idol was banished for being electronically seductive.

Donald Gray was born some 43 years ago on his father's ostrich farm in South Africa. Like Mark Saber, he was educated at Cambridge, but he joined a repertory company after taking his degree. With the outbreak of war in 1939, Don volunteered and worked his way up the ranks to major. While leading an advance in the Battle of Normandy, he was badly wounded. His left arm was amputated, but Don was determined to resume his career. He went back to repertory and West End productions. From there, it was British television for dramatic roles, the ill-fated announcing chores and, finally, the Saber series, which were made to order for a man like Don—strong and active, but with an intellectual side as well. A former Olympic boxer, Don is still an eager sportsman. He plays tennis, swims, rides, hunts and, for the Saber role, became expert in judo. With his wife and two-year-old daughter, he lives near Ascot on the Thames in a traditional country-cottage type home. complete with thatched roof and fireplace. TV production schedules bring what they are, the actor finds he must study most weekends, but he's sociable about it: He invites the Saber Of London cast out to his place to rehearse, chat and drink tea.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV Radio Mirror.

Polly Bergen Fan Club (Brooklyn chapter), c/o N. Tranchina, 2229 West 8th St., Brooklyn 23, N. Y.

Official David Janssen Fan Club, c/o Joan Wise, 1996 W. 3rd St., Cleveland, O.

Mark Rydell Fan Club, c/o Lynn Matsumow, 11 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 203 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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
KING OF CLOWNS

(Continued from page 6)

Before he was ten, he was earning two dollars a week for his song, "The Song of the Solitary Man," which he sang on street corners. By the time he was 12, he was performing at various places, and the Army and Navy Department bought his services for concerts.

But the Army did not appreciate his talent, and he was sent back to school. He worked his way through college by singing and playing the piano. After graduation, he went to work for a movie studio, but he was fired because he was not the type of performer they were looking for.

Then he joined the circus, where he performed his act of clowning. He was a great success, and he soon became one of the most popular clowns in the world. He was named "King of the Clowns," and he became famous for his ability to make people laugh.

Ed Wynn was a natural born performer. He had a gift for making people laugh, and he used it to his advantage throughout his career. He appeared in many movies, on television, and on stage. He was a true showman, and he will be missed by all who knew him.
FAVORITE RADIO ONCE-A-WEEK DRAMA

_Indictment_ has both authenticity and warmth, in dealing with human beings in search of justice. Cast for typical script includes—from left to right—Ruby Dee, William Redfield, Frederick O'Neal, Rosemary Rice, Nat Polen.

_The office of the District Attorney in New York is quiet on Sunday afternoon, but up on East Fifty-Second Street, in CBS Radio's Studio 23, the cause of justice is being served via Indictment, the weekly radio series which presents cases like those in the D. A.'s files. Each week, distinguished-looking actor Nat Polen, a few threads of gray in his rust-red hair, becomes Ed McCormick, assistant district attorney on the show, and investigates the case of a man or woman accused of homicide, arson, dope-peddling, or some lesser crime. The suspect is interrogated, the evidence heard, a decision made—just as it all happens in real life. “It rings true.” This is the verdict handed down by lawyers who make a practice of listening to the program. It should, for it is the brain-child of Eleazar Lipsky, for four years an assistant district attorney of New York County and now a practicing lawyer. Other listeners may not notice or care about the legal perfection of the program, but they recognize its authenticity and the excitement and timeliness of the case it presents. From the thousands of stories Lipsky has at his fingertips are chosen those of widest appeal and greatest timeliness—and no punches are pulled in their presentation.

A case dealing with juvenile delinquency, complete with a gang “rumble,” was presented in two parts last summer, when the subject was making headlines in newspapers all over the nation. And the touchy topic of race relations went out over the airwaves under the title of “The Shield of the Innocent” early this year, to almost unanimous acclaim.

“We made a great point of having white actors play the roles of white men, and Negro actors portray their race on that show,” says producer Nathan Kroll, “but one of the few criticisms we received was from a doctor who complained that all the Negro characters seemed to be the voice of the same man.” (Continued on page 72)

_Indictment_ is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:05 P.M. EST, as produced by Nathan Kroll and directed by Paul Roberts, with scripts by Allan Sloane based on the experience of Eleazar Lipsky, former Assistant District Attorney of New York County.
FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

Mel has broadcast more Rose Bowls, more All-Star games, more World Series than any other man. Above, with Don Larsen, who pitched no-hit Series game.

AS THE COMIC says when the joke goes flat, "I don't have to do this for a living." For exuberant Mel Allen, nothing goes flat—and that includes his sponsor's product. But should he ever want to, Mel could always switch-hit from sportscasting to law. He has the degree, although he's never used it. And a listen to the tall and amiable "voice of the Yankees" indicates that that volume of Blackstone will continue to gather dust. "Calling the plays while sipping beer and smoking cigarettes—and at $150,000 a year . . ." Mel grins, "who could ask for anything more?"

Mel is one of that very rare species, a happy and perfectly contented man. "Know what I want to be doing twenty years from now?" he asks. "Exactly what I'm doing now, I want to be broadcasting Yankee ball games." Of course, each fall, there comes that moment when the Yankees have wound up their nineteenth World Series and there is just no more baseball in immediate view. But then there are the Rose Bowls . . . the Movietone newsreels, of which Mel has done his 1,700th . . . the banquet circuits whereon he can talk about baseball . . . and, before you can say, "going, going, gone," it's time for spring training.

Alabama-born, Mel took his first step toward sportscasting when he entered the University of Alabama at the age of fifteen. The baseball coach told the six-footer he was "too skinny"; the drama coach told him he'd do just fine. Mel broadcast college sports for the local radio station and, by the time he was graduated, CBS was as interested in him as was the Bar Association. The legal training turned out helpful in his sports career. "Law teaches you to analyze a situation," he explains. "Law is a science of rules. Similarly, a sport is a game of rules. With both, you have to know the rules—and stick by them."

Mel has been accused of being not quite an impartial judge when it comes to the Yankees. "Sure, I'm partisan," Mel says. "But I'm certainly not prejudiced. When an opposing player makes a sensational play, I call it that way." But, having broadcast Yankee games since 1939, Mel's "one-man Yankee knothole gang" is duly accredited. And the excitement of being part of the team, the vicarious thrill that is even stronger with Mel than most fans, has more than made up for the strike-out call by that college coach. "In a way," Mel grins, "I get to play all nine positions, right up here in my broadcasting booth."

Mel Allen is "The Voice of the Yankees" on the Home of Champions Network, (WPIX and WMGM in New York), for Ballantine Beer and Ale, Winston Cigarettes, Camel Cigarettes.
ALMOST A DECADE has now passed since Sandy Becker became Young Dr. Malone on CBS Radio. They have been exciting and interesting years for Sandy and for listeners to the program. For Jerry Malone, on the air, they have been a period of great adventures, of trials and triumphs—the revealing personal story of a physician's private and professional life.

Along with this man he portrays, Sandy, too, has been maturing and growing. His work has broadened until it now includes, in addition to the dramatic CBS Radio role, a number of high-rated television programs. Like Dr. Malone himself, Sandy is an extremely busy man these days, still never quite convinced that he is doing enough or achieving enough.

Last year, the Ninth Annual American Academy of General Practice Scientific Assembly called particular attention of its member physicians to the Young Dr. Malone program for “informing radio listeners of the importance of the family doctor in American life.” And for showing “a consistent interest in the general practitioner as an important bulwark in modern medicine.” It was a considerable tribute.

Credit for the show’s enormous popularity, year after year, must be given to its producer-director Ira Ashley, to a fine cast, to David Lesan who writes the program, to organist Milton Kaye who provides the music that has become an integral part of the story. And to Sandy Becker, who brings the title role to life with such sensitivity and understanding.

Sandy thinks of this man as the idealist we would all like to be. Of him he says: “Dr. Malone, through the years I have known him, has (Continued on page 69)
As the famous torch-singer, Polly Bergen sang the blues with Sylvia Sidney and Hoagy Carmichael in "Helen Morgan." Happy ending for Polly: A TV show of her own.

Heavies turn into heroes and comics go straight as Playhouse 90 puts stars in a new light

An hour-and-a-half of drama each week comes pretty close to a Broadway opening night every seven days. In Hollywood, Martin Manulis accomplished the feat with the Award-winning television offering called Playhouse 90. And producer Manulis, having gone this far "off-Broadway," went even further offbeat in his casting. Well-known names basked in a new light and actors in a rut climbed out. . . Some of the results had to be seen to be believed. Who would have thought, for example, that teenagers would ever hiss at Tab Hunter? But hiss they did, when Tab played an arch-villain in "Forbidden Area." In another unforgettable performance, Ed Wynn "retired" from comedy to debut as a dramatic actor in "Requiem for a Heavyweight." And, in other turnabouts, Eddie Cantor and Red Skelton played it straight in "Sizeman and Son" and "The Big Slide" . . . Laraine Day turned villainess to Boris Karloff's good guy in "Rendezvous in Black" . . ., and Zsa Zsa Gabor was a seventy-year-old matron in "The Greer Case." The future? Playhouse 90 promises more of the same—only more so. The only guarantee is excellence.

Playhouse 90 is seen on CBS-TV, Thursday, from 9:30 to 11:00 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Bristol-Myers Co., the American Gas Association, Marlboro Cigarettes, Kimberly-Clark (for Kleenex), and Allstate Insurance.

In "The Violent Heart," directed by John Frankenheimer, Dana Wynter and Ben Gazzara starred as lovers.

No type-casting. That's the rule that had Eddie Cantor playing the tragic father in "Sizeman and Son."

With his wife, Hope Lange, Don Murray was seen in his own story of displaced persons, "For I Have Loved Strangers."

Turn the Other Profile

Fight game was the theme for Ed Wynn's dramatic debut, in "Requiem for a Heavyweight." With him were Jack Palance, in a rare sympathetic role, Ed's son Keenan Wynn (right).
FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR
A row of awards for Doug Edwards, who urges TV news without "gimmicks" and bans film-for-film's-sake.

When news breaks fast and hot,
Doug Edwards gets there first—and keeps the coolest

THE WALK from his offices in the Grand Central Building to the studio desk facing the CBS cameras has been carefully paced off by Douglas Edwards. It takes three and a half minutes. With exactly that amount of time to spare, Doug heads for his daily news program. On the way, he'll pass VIPs and page boys—all on the run. "I guess I'm the only one who walks," grins Doug. And in a walk, Doug wins—for his fifth Gold Medal.

Behind the calculated step is a philosophy. Though the news may be frantic, Oklahoma's Doug tries to keep calm—on the surface, at least. "If I've been running, that's the way I'll look on TV," he explains. A pioneer TV newsmen, on-camera since 1946, Doug recalls a hard-and-fast rule that no news interview could run longer than three minutes. Doug protested, and his point of view now prevails. "People like the longer interviews," says Doug. "People like people—and that's what TV is."

According to a recent survey, more people get the news from Doug Edwards than from any other source, be it a TV or radio program, a newspaper or magazine. The impressive total for Doug is an unduplicated audience of 34 million people. "People have said that TV can't cover the news," Doug notes. "This isn't so and that's why I'm proud of the big rating. It proves my point. News is news whether it's in smoke signals or on TV. You can't be fully informed through TV alone or radio alone or newspapers alone. But I think my program gives a good general idea of what's going on."

As satisfying as the official rating was a more unorthodox one. All unknown to Doug, host and narrator of Armstrong Circle Theater, the program's sound was switched off when a guest on a program about flying saucers departed from the script. "It's a CBS policy," Doug explained later. "You stick to the script or the entire show's timing is thrown off." But of the flood of letters, and of the phone calls that backed up switchboards in CBS cities for forty-five minutes, Doug adds, "That was the greatest 'rating' you could ask for."

Douglas Edwards With The News is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, at 6:15 and 7:15 P.M. EST (check local papers for time in your area), under multiple sponsorship. Doug is host and narrator on Armstrong Circle Theater, CBS-TV, alternate Wednesdays, at 10 P.M. EST.
SEARCH FOR THE RAINBOW

You may never find it, but,
as Lowell Thomas has always known,
it’s the search that counts

Raised in the mountains, Thomas likes high places—and adventure.

Skiing keeps me young, grins Thomas. With Lowell Junior, he held national father-and-son ski title.

It’s not the finding of the Fountain of Youth that
keeps you young. It’s the searching for it. Lowell Thomas learned this early. His teachers
were the Colorado gold miners who filled him with
tales of their adventures in faraway places. “Gold
miners are a special breed of men,” says Thomas.
“They never stoop to search for baser metals.
They start out looking for the pot of gold and end up
searching for the rainbow.” . . . Thomas’s own
search keeps him, at age sixty-six, one of the
“Youngest” men you will ever meet. His newscasts,
delivered with vigor and authority, have been heard
for twenty-nine years in the same time spot. His
new television series, High Adventure, sends him
traveling at a pace that wears out many of his
chronologically younger companions. His Quaker
Hill estate in Pawling, New York—encompassing
1,000 acres, a 32-room house, two lakes, its own
ski hill and golf course—is proof that Lowell Thomas
has struck it rich. Proof, too, is the sixth TV Radio
Mirror medal—of gold—he wins this year. . . . A
“History of Man” fireplace symbolizes Thomas’s
lifetime of adventures, in which the discoveries of
Lawrence of Arabia and of the real-life Shangri-La
in Lhasa, Tibet, are only two. “Mrs. Thomas refused
to have the fireplace in the house,” Thomas grins.
“She hates any room that has a remote resemblance
to a museum.” So the fireplace, consisting of 220
removable blocks of concrete, was set up in what
is now a clubhouse for his neighbors. About half
of the blocks have been replaced with stones
depicting the history of mankind. Lowell Thomas, Jr.,
an independent producer and an explorer, too,
contributed a stone from the spot on Mount Ararat
where Noah’s Ark is supposed to have landed. . . .
Thomas, who has to be coaxed to look backwards,
recalls that all his life he has led three parallel
existences. He’s been involved with news since the
age of eleven; in the entertainment world since he was
seven and his surgeon-father coached him in elocu-
tion; and he’s been involved with motion pictures—
from newsreels to standard features to his development
of Cinerama—for thirty years. “I consider myself a
troubadour,” says Lowell Thomas, “or, if you like,
a raconteur of the day-by-day adventures of mankind.
Whatever else news is, it is always an adventure.”

FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

Lowell Thomas’s “History of Man” fireplace tells of past and
present—leaves space for the future. Carved figure is Mayan.

Lowell Thomas And The News is heard on CBS Radio, Mon.-Fri.,
at 6:15 P.M. EST, for UMS-Delco Battery. High Adventure With
Lowell Thomas will be seen Sat., April 19, on CBS-TV, for the
United Motors System and the Delco-Remy Div. of General Motors.
An old man speaks to a child . . . and time stops! Partnered in the magical friendship—the one gentled with years, the other, with new sight—they read each other's thoughts letter-perfect, in an instant. . . . Captain Kangaroo first leaped within camera range two-and-a-half years ago. Now, if that sounds like pretty peppy stepping for an "old man" . . . well, it wasn't really. The "old" Captain is young Bob Keeshan, whose concept it was to stage a morning children's show devoid of all unnecessary noise, slapstick, harangue and horror. Instead, there'd be lots of elbow-room for Mr. Green Jeans and the animals of Treasure House Farm, for puppets and a ballerina. There'd be time for Grandfather Clock's poems and Captain's stories. But especially there'd be time for Captain to talk to that early-morning child who watches from his living room— all attention, all response—time to anticipate his every question ("What? The name of that funny little animal? Why, it's a honeybear—from South America!), to explain to him why it is that every day can't be sunny, but how to have fun, anyway, indoors. . . . Like Topsy, Bob Keeshan "just grewed" into the amiable and substantial type exactly right for a grandfatherly Captain. New York-born Bob was out of the Marine Corps and working as a page at NBC when another Bob (Howdy Doody's Bob Smith) plunked him into a clown suit and pushed him onstage to become the first Clarabelle. After five years of clowning days and studying nights at Fordham University, Keeshan began to think in terms of his own children's show. Corny the Clown and Tinker the Toy-maker were spiritual antecedents of the CBS-TV award-winning Captain Kangaroo. . . . Bob believes a good warm grandfather is a wonderful thing. "They have to be something of the parental," he admits, "but they aren't required to do so much of the disciplining." Bob's wife Jeanne suggests that, at home, "Captain" has to be less "indulgent granddad" and more "suburban dad" to three growing children—Michael, 6, Laurie, 4, and Maeve, 3. They all watch Captain, but only Michael fully realizes who's performing. "He knows so much about the entertainment business," says father Bob, "it scares me a little." The Captain laughs long and low: "Careers . . . that's more a father's problem, wouldn't you say? But I'll have the time to give a hand, when the time comes."

**FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM**

Young man Bob Keeshan (in mufti) shies away from kudos for award-winning Kangaroo.

Bunny's up on carrots—international children, with Captain, on S.S. America—but pocket bear just snoozes.
TWELVE THOUSAND
and SOME NIGHTS

Just as Amos 'N' Andy square away thirty years before the mikes, Music Hall brings back a new award

Once the whole shebang, now "Andy" and "Amos" are directed by Clif Howell, produced by Sam Pierce.

SHE HAD IT MADE! With a run of a thousand nights and an audience of one, how could Scheherazade miss? Early radio was different. An entertainer could, with the greatest of ease, flop in one night or triumph—as Amos 'N' Andy did—in twelve thousand. When Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll first aired their concept of comedy back in March of 1928, they had such misgivings about the future that they refused, for three months, to sign an office lease. By that time, of course, the show was in the vanguard of the CBS push to network the nation. In a typical chicken-or-egg situation, no one can say for certain whether the phenomenal production of radio sets during the 30's was the cause or the effect of the beloved evening family show. But theater managers will remember how America stayed home from the movies till Amos 'N' Andy had adjourned for the day at the Lodge hall. . . . Over the years, the duo, between them, created no less than 190 characters, each with a distinctive voice and personality and a veritable slew of colloquialisms. Expressions like "check and double-check" and "hold de phone" may not be condoned by the American speech purists but they are, sure as shootin', hallowed by usage. Needless to say, Gosden and Correll have perfect attendance records at the Lodge. If one got a cold, the routine was to grab the script and turn it into an epidemic.

. . . Nowadays, the award-winning Music Hall spins along at the same easygoing pace as of old. The nightly presentation carries a running story of life at the Lodge, the finest in recorded music and top-flight guest entertainers. Yet, a half-dozen years ago, rumor had it that the team which started in Durham, North Carolina, in 1920, had decided to retire. The men who had once played six nights per week, 52 weeks per year, for 9 years without a vacation, found themselves overwhelmed with protests. They reconsidered: "Sure, we'll take it easy one of these days," explains Gosden, who'll be 59 in May, "but it'll probably kill us." And Correll, 68, chuckles that Andy chuckle of his: "Quitting now would be just too much of an effort." . . . It's no effort to guess it'll be a long day before Amos 'n' Andy cash in that raincheck on retirement.

Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05-7:30 P.M. EST, and Sat., 12:05-12:30 P.M.—under multiple sponsorship.
Country Authentic —
MISS MINNIE PEARL

Opry-lovers' favorite diva
is "country"
through and through—and
right proud to be that!

Three slickers: Dinah on "bass,"
Minnie, Nanette Fabray "fiddlin'."

Where rhythms are country, these showmen know the
score by heart: Red Foley, Minnie, Rad Brasfield.

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

Fans vote Gold Medal for Minnie,
now heading for more of same on TV.

IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, the only thing that seemed to change
about Opry's Minnie Pearl was the price tag on her hat.
It says $2.98 these days—"just to keep up with the cost o' livin'!
" The fact is, Minnie "keeps up" with everything. . . .
Well-fed on a diet of hominy, Miss Minnie wouldn't go
grubbin' after city-culture for anything. Why should she?
Country fashions have scooped Paree more than once.
"Chemise?" queried country Minnie to city Jack on a recent
Jack Paar Show. "Why, we been wearin' these here
flour sacks down Nashville way fur generations." Miss
Minnie—tall and slender—looked elegant in her "flour sack."
. . . Youngest daughter of a prominent lumber merchant
in Centerville, Tennessee, "Minnie" was born Sarah Ophelia
Colley and went to school at Nashville's fashionable
Ward-Belmont. But before she was finished, she was
started—on a career in dramatics. Trying very hard to be a
serious actress, Ophelia toured all over the South giving
dramatic readings and helping to coach the local talent in
their own productions. But the rich and uninhibited
humor of the country South sang out strong in the actress,
and "Minnie Pearl"—composite of all the wonderful, warm,
hardworking types Ophelia had known—was in the
making. . . . These days, the Gossip of Grinder's Switch is,
as ever, powerful busy trying to catch a man. But, some eight
years ago, Ophelia pulled a switch on her, up and
married Henry Cannon. "Took me two months to land
him," she avers, meaning just that. For Henry is a flyer,
former owner of a private airline in Nashville and now
"troupe-transport" for the whole Opry gang when
they're off on tour. Minnie's put in a fair amount of air-
 mileage on her own lately: Tart as a jug of elder on big
network shows like Tennessee Ernie's and Dinah Shore's,
and altogether up to Paar on the late-evening variety,
she's been proving a couple of things about her wonderful
showmanship. It's changeable, chameleon-various along
its surface—and "country" to the core. Witness the
night Jack Paar took Genevieve aside to explain about
Southern accents and such. The French chanteuse ex-
claimed, "Oh, does Minnie have an accent?" But the
joke's partly on the charmingly-accented Genevieve, for
Minnie Pearl didn't lose her "accent"—not on a bet!
She's just added a few to her repertoire.

Grand Ole Opry (WSM, Nashville) is heard nationally on Monitor, NBC Radio, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Prince Albert. Minnie also guest-stars on The Jack Paar Show, as seen on NBC-TV. M-F, 11:15 P.M. to 1 A.M. EST.
THE CASE OF THE LEGAL EYE

Even Perry Mason couldn't prove Raymond Burr innocent—of impersonating a lawyer

Jury's verdict was also for detective Paul Drake, played by William Hopper, secretary Della Street, alias Barbara Hale.

FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM
Raymond Burr was on trial, as readers matched his portrayal against impressions left by fifty-five novels.

Witnesses were District Attorney Hamilton Berger (William Talman) and Lt. Arthur Tragg (Ray Collins).

Perry Mason is seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Purex Corp., Ltd., Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., Bristol-Myers Company.
Happy as QUEENS

Jack Bailey calls for audience applause to determine who will be Queen For A Day, on the program which this year wins its sixth straight award on radio, its first on TV. Each candidate has full opportunity to state her wish, illustrating it with pictures or other appropriate objects. For the winner, it’s always a dream come true—plus lasting benefits which carry through a lifetime.

By ELSA MOLINA

Would you like to be Queen for a Day?” and “I crown you Queen for a Day!” are two sentences separated by a thousand heartbeats. Of the eight hundred or so hopeful women who daily crowd Frank Sennes’ Hollywood Moulin Rouge, with their wishes in their eyes, only twenty-one are selected as potential Queens; of these, five become candidates; then—a long prayer after Jack Bailey’s opening line—comes the dreamed-of moment when, for one of these, his “crowning” sentence brings this prayer to life.

Since 1945 about thirty-five hundred women have become Queen For A Day. None will forget the moment when (with tears in the eyes of most) they accept Jack’s bouquet of American Beauty roses. But this moment is short-lived. A day or two later, the shock has worn off, and the Queens come back down to earth again... almost. A great deal has been written about the feeling of being “the Queen.” But what of the days to follow? The happy fact—and all ex-Queens will vouch for it—is that, once you have been Queen, your life never again is quite the same.

Mrs. Sheldon Elmore, for example, came to Queen For A Day with the prayer that the program find her twelve-year-old son, Sheldon, (Continued on page 82)
Studio audience gathers in Hollywood's Moulin Rouge theater-restaurant well before air time to help Jack interview potential "Queens," select five candidates.

Recent "Teen Queen," Diane Ryan, 13, asked only gifts for her brother and dad. She got all these and teen-age heaven, too—including private phone, hi-fi player, records, soft-drink bar and popcorn machine! Right, Jack at home with his own royal consort, Corol.
Mutual's Bill Stern, an eight-time winner, finds it the greatest assignment of them all.

No quarantine for Patty: Dad's got time for lessons and "free" reading.

On the lam at noonday? Not a chance. Bill's and Harriet's evening is at noon, by the Mutual clock.

**THE HOME BEAT**

**FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER**

Up before dawn with Bill are suburb-bound "Christmas" (black) and "Pixie."

Broadcasting is a world of a thousand pressures—some slight, some great, but all real. Bill Stern has held top honors in radio and TV sports programming for twenty-five years. For almost the same number of years, he's done the honors as husband and family man. In his case, the terrific conflict of time and interest was resolved, a couple of years ago. Bill Stern was temporarily but forcibly retired by his doctor... What brings on a breakdown? "There's just no one cause," Bill's convinced. "The steady pressures, the excitement of the play-by-plays, maybe the constant being on the move..." Whatever the "cause," the result was that Bill and his wife Harriet savored the enforced change. They went abroad. Bill relearned the secrets of taking it easy, putting things back in perspective. Then, late last summer, a refreshed and happy man returned to his work—a full schedule at Mutual designed to take full advantage of his extraordinary knowledge, experience, and flair for the human-interest side of sports. Bill is up mornings at 4:30. Out to his car, chased by two miniature poodles—at-large and a couple of hounds, Bill's onto the suburban maze of highways and into the quiet heart of the city in a matter of minutes. A country man, Bill dresses country-casual for those early radio reports. But the elevator-man at the Mutual building near Times Square claims Bill's "the best-dressed man around" at 5:30 A.M. Bill prepares and delivers his news and comment and is ready to start home by noon... The sports world is youthful. Nobody is more aware of this than Bill. Comparing the generations, Bill recalls that, to his, sports "was our world," whereas "kids today have much wider interests." But the ideals of sportsmanship apply to so many things. "If a kid has those," Bill believes, "that's the important thing." As for the three junior Sterns—Pete, 17, and a Yale freshman next fall, plans to be an actor; Mary, 13, pianist and horsewoman of merit, is quite taken with Sal Mineo at the moment; eight-year-old Patty, her dad feels sure, "will be an actress." Whatever they decide, Bill plans to do everything he can to help and encourage. Worry, however, is not on the agenda. On the job or at home, Bill Stern has learned how to take it easy.
Lucille is a mite dubious, but Desi knows the music man’s not fooling: Howard’s set to jockey this tune to top place.

Case-in-point Howard can be his charming self even on four hours’ sleep, as he proves with rhythm singer La Verne Baker.

ASK THE CITIZEN, “What’s a deejay?” and he’ll take the nearest tangent, tell you at length about the 45-foot yacht moored in a Lake Michigan basin. It bugs him that Mr. Howard Miller, Chicago citizen, top national deejay and happy owner of the cruiser “Disc Jockey,” doesn’t have time for a cruise. ... The man whose name has become synonymous with popular-music programming in radio and TV is pressed for time. In his Midwest “land of the midnight sun”—with days dawning at 5:30 and seldom dimming before 1 or 2 A.M.—Howard emcees his award-winning Howard Miller Show, fulfills night-club engagements, looks into his bulging portfolio of business affairs and, most important of all, makes appearances—hundreds per year—before high-school groups and teen centers. ... Ask the teenager. If they had to hire one, the youth of our country couldn’t find a better public-relations counsel than Howard Miller. Ever since the war, he’s been living up to a personal vow—keeping in touch with teenagers, getting to know them and their attitudes toward parents and school and future. As a young Naval officer, he had experienced one particularly bad amphibious landing. The toll of enlisted men was high, and Howard promised himself he would sell the world on the contribution of youth to their country. Howard’s reasoning is sound. “Our future is in their hands, so why not give the kids the support and encouragement they need to grow up to the big job they’ll inherit?” ... Ask the CBS network men. Howard, they’ll remember, was a station owner before the war, but he had to start in at the bottom when he returned to civvies. A long pull ... and then he “clicked” with that natural easygoing manner familiar in millions of homes. As an interviewer, Howard favors the offbeat approach, but he has the ability and charm to put his guest completely at ease. As a weather forecaster, he scoops even the Explorer in the uncanny way he has of predicting the clouds and sunshine months in advance ... What’s a deejay? Ask the nation. By national consensus, it’s the man on mike for The Howard Miller Show.

DEFINITION OF A DEEJAY

Howard Miller predicts both tunes and weather—and takes a sounding on youth.

FAVORITE RADIO RECORD PROGRAM

The Howard Miller Show is strong as the man at the turntable—in this case, very strong indeed.
I dreamed I made an impression in my maidenform* bra!

Lights, camera, action—I'm the center of attraction in my new Twice-Over** Long-Line bra! Here's terrific Twice-Over styling with airy elastic cut criss-cross under the arms—and double-stitched circles on the broadcloth cups. Now it's yours in a long version that makes you seem sizes slimmer! Hurry! Try Twice-Over Long-Line by Maidenform! A, B, C and D cups. Full and ¾ lengths, from 5.95

And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

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TV-5-58N
TV • RADIO REPORT

Most singers eat sparingly or not at all before a performance, but tenor Frank Parker is an exception. He prefers singing on a full stomach. Frank explained this predilection during a recent performance on The Woolworth Hour. It seems that way back when he was a struggling unknown, he found himself in a restaurant without any money. This was doubly embarrassing because he had just finished a hearty meal. He asked the proprietor whether he would settle for a song. The deal was clinched, and Frank Parker then and there made his professional debut!

Jolie Gabor, having an informal chat with Art Ford, major domo of Dumont's Art Ford's Greenwich Village Party wearily admitted: "When un is rich, un's husbands are always asking the $64,000 question... 'Loan me $64,000!'

Paul Pepe
After a decade of cross-questioning the country, in the only nationwide poll of listeners and viewers, one thing could be prophesied about TV Radio Mirror's Eleventh Annual Awards: The results were bound to be unpredictable—and revealing. A veteran program might outdistance the pack, perhaps for the first time in all its years on the air. A newcomer might triumph, after just a few months on the networks. Whatever happened was sure to be a clear index of the public's taste.

This was obviously the year of Westerns on TV—with stars and programs outdrawing their rivals by only a split second. It was also the year of music everywhere—with songfests gathering all the Gold Medals for "best on the air," new or old. And it was the year of the emcees—with the closest contests of all being waged among the varied categories with "name" hosts.

There's probably no one who's had more influence on the average American's taste in music today than Mitch Miller—head of Columbia Records' Popular Division. But Mitch is also a witty and erudite man with friends in every field, and his presentation of these luminaries on the air—in song, scene and interview—again wins him your radio evening emcee award. This is his second consecutive Gold Medal, though The Mitch Miller Show is only in its third season on CBS Radio.

By contrast, Don McNeill and Breakfast Club—heard weekdays on the American Broadcasting Network—began collecting your awards back in 1948! Don's present one, as radio daytime emcee, not only adds to an impressive total, but will also make a
shining souvenir when McNeill’s morning hour celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary in June.

In drama, your ballots proved pioneering really pays, whether the idea was new just last year, or is now well-tested by time. When Carlton E. Morse launched One Man’s Family on April 29, 1932, his theme and format were revolutionary: The development of family character, individually and collectively, as revealed in day-by-day events. Long an evening feature on NBC Radio, Morse’s drama has won many previous honors. Now it wins its first daytime Gold Medal, having moved into the network’s great afternoon line-up just last year. A

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA
One Man’s Family, created by Carlton E. Morse in 1932, has grown and grown on NBC Radio. Now, the Barbours, their in-laws and descendants include: Front row—Ross Farnsworth and Joan (played by Vic Perrin and Mary Lou Harrington), Mother and Father Barbour (Mary Adams, J. Anthony Smythe), Sharon and Mary Lou (Susan Odin, Merry McGovern); standing—Nicholas Lacey, Claudia, Penelope (Ben Wright, Barbra Fuller, Anne Whitfield), Daniel Murray (Ken Peters), "Pinky" Murray (George Pirrone), Greta Stefanson (Sharon Douglas), Jack and Betty (Page Gilman and Virginia Gregg), "Uncle" Paul (Russell Thorson), and "Cousin" Consider Martin (Marvin Miller).
FAVORITE TV MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES
George de Witt has just the right charm (and authority) to put contestants at ease on Name That Tune, Harry Salter's tantalizing music-game seen Tuesday evenings over CBS-TV.

BEST NEW STAR ON RADIO
In the middle of his first season on CBS Radio, readers are showing Missouri-born Rusty Draper that they really like him—and his songfest heard early on weekday nights.

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM
Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life is not only heard on NBC Radio, but seen on NBC-TV. Both quizmaster and quiz have won more annual awards in this field than any rivals.

FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR
As both performer and personality (and now a recording star, too), Hugh O'Brian adds to the exciting Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp, Tuesday-night hero on ABC-TV.
FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM
Sunday afternoon’s Suspense is CBS Radio’s 16-year classic. William N. Robson produces and directs, Agnes Moorehead is frequent star in such spellbinders as “Sorry, Wrong Number.”

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA
John Conte hosts the daily hour-long NBC Matinee Theater, sometimes acts, too (as seen above in an early “hit” with Jeff Donnell and Jackie Coogan).

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

fine salute to a fine veteran, which can still boast three Family members who created their roles in the first broadcast—J. Anthony Smythe as Henry Barbour, Bernice Berwin as daughter Hazel, Page Gilman as son Jack.

The corresponding TV award goes to NBC Matinee Theater, which has now won medals in both years it has been eligible. It was October 31, 1955, when this unique series began presenting complete one-hour plays on weekday afternoons. Under the guiding genius of Albert McCleery, this NBC-TV daytime theater has continued to offer productions of night-time caliber—predominantly “live” and in color—with John Conte as host and casts comprising great names from stage and screen, as well as from television and radio.

Pioneers also triumphed among the drama programs seen or heard once a week. First to present hour-and-a-half plays on a regular weekly basis, Playhouse 90—now in its second season on CBS—gets your vote as best TV evening drama. In the radio category, your choice is Indictment, the powerful human-interest series broadcast on Sundays by CBS Radio.

In the mystery-adventure class, Suspense—another member of CBS Radio’s dynamic Sunday play line-up—wins still another award to add to the many it has amassed in almost sixteen years of dominating its field. On (Continued on page 83)
FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER • FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

What-a-man Linkletter: With this year's Gold Medals, Art has won more than a dozen annual awards, thanks to such night-time successes as _People Are Funny_ (on both NBC-TV and Radio) and such top daily jamborees as _House Party_ (on both CBS-TV and Radio). All this—and a best-selling book too!
Family man at home. Pat really appreciates his responsibilities, since that certain car ride with wife Shirley, daughters Cherry, Linda and Debbie. (A fourth baby girl joined them just two months ago. "Now I have my own Lennon Sisters," he grins.)

Pat Boone, boy with a golden voice, welcomes the shining future with a man's confidence and new maturity

By BETTY ETTER

College boy at Columbia University. He's also a TV, record and film star—and businessman, too!

Pat Boone was driving his family to church. "Traffic was heavy in both directions and moving at a good clip," he says, "when all of a sudden a taxi going the opposite way pulled out of line—to avoid a bump or something—and headed straight for us. I was afraid to put on the brakes suddenly, because of the children. All I could do was try to find an open space and wrench the car into it... It was then, I guess, (Continued on page 80)

The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom, ABC-TV, Thurs., at 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America.
Pat seems almost as youthful as daughter Cherry, appearing on his Cherry Showroom. But he’s rapidly becoming a “pro” on TV, keeping up with such stars as Dinah Shore.
"The most truly talented girl singer I know," writes Ticker Freeman, in story at right. Voters agree—Dinah repeats last year's triumph, adds to the awards she began winning in our first poll.
THERE'S ONLY ONE

Dinah

I ought to know about our Miss Shore! I've been her accompanist and musical adviser for sixteen wonderful—and revealing—years

By TICKER FREEMAN
as told to Jerry Asher

It's A FAST-MOVING WORLD. Time doesn't permit, or the occasion isn't conducive to displaying feelings and expressing thoughts that well up inside of you when touched by a particular person—particularly such a special person as Dinah Shore! After sixteen years of constant association with Dinah, as her accompanist and musical adviser, I still feel frustrated. Every time she steps before the NBC-TV cameras, I have the same intense reaction. There's that hushed moment of silence, that split-second of being suspended in space, before you hear the announcer's voice: "And here she is—Miss Dinah Shore!"

Dinah stands there under the mike. Her face is serene, her eyes shine, and the (Continued on page 70)

The Dinah Shore Chevy Show is seen over NBC-TV, on Sundays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.

Proud moment for me, standing next to Ralph Edwards as he paid Dinah the tribute she deserves, on This Is Your Life.

Busy as she is, Dinah's an ideal homemaker, too—and George Montgomery, her ideal mate.

With Missy, 10, and little Jody, the Montgomeries make the happiest family I've seen.
FAVORITE TV MUSIC PROGRAM

Smiles are more than a symbol of Lawrence Welk's effervescent "Champagne Music," for his group is much more than a band—it's a family, united in security and happiness. Accordionist Myron Floren (left) and songbird Alice Lon are only two of many who can vouch for Lawrence's generosity and help.
Champagne for the Millions

Lawrence Welk's music, his great success on TV, come from a heart whose "bigness" is reflected by his band

Lawrence and wife Fern knew lean days, before well-earned prosperity, but always thought of others first.

By BUD GOODE

Lawrence Welk stepped off the Kansas City bandstand during the short intermission, and with hands stuffed in pockets (a habit when he's thinking) walked over to flutist Orie Amodeo. The year was 1945, and this was only the third date the band had played that month. Lawrence was fifteen pounds leaner than he is now, for times were hard—which explained the rather worried look on his usually smiling face. He was almost sure he knew what Orie was going to say.

Orie had a face longer than Lawrence's. "What's wrong, Orie?" Lawrence asked. "Where's the old grin?" Orie kicked at an imaginary matchstick on the polished dance floor, mumbled an excuse—he didn't want to hurt Lawrence's feelings.

"Come on, now, Orie," encouraged Lawrence, "you can tell me. Believe me, if there is anything in the world I can do to help ..."

"Well, Lawrence," Orie began, "I hate to say this, because I know how hard you're working to pay the boys in the band all they're worth. But, frankly, with the baby coming and all—well, I'm not making enough money. Unless (Continued on page 72)
Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have been TV's most beloved "couple" for several years—and they began by winning our first such radio award, back when child actors were playing the parts of their two small sons. Now, everybody knows Rick (left) and Dave Nelson (right)—in person, on TV, movies and records.
Pick an age, stick with it, and live accordingly: This is Harriet Hilliard Nelson's recipe for staying young, and on her it looks good. The age she picked was twenty-eight—a time when, in her opinion, she looked, felt and was her best. Her measurements then were 34-25-37 and her weight 119. Today, her only departure from those figures is in weight; she tips the scales at five pounds more. The radiant sweetness that brought her quickly to stardom is still very much with her, and there are people who think she has found Ponce de Leon's legendary fountain of youth.

"Ponce de Leon," says Harriet firmly, "was simply 'poco loco' in the head. You don't have to travel halfway around the world to find youth." As she sees it, youth is a kind of "climate of the mind" where you can find perpetual springtime. "The trouble with some of the people I meet," she points out, "is that they haven't the sense (Continued on page 89)."

Harriet and Ozzie aren't trying to fool people about their age — "not with a six-foot son who's ready to vote and a seventeen-year-old coming up fast!" Actually, though, Rick and Dave help them keep that "mental climate" turned always toward springtime.

Phones may mean business to their busy parents but, to Dave and Rick, Mr. Bell's invention is a purely social delight—and a social necessity.
JOHN LARKIN, who is Mike Karr in the CBS-TV daytime drama, The Edge Of Night, was shopping in a New York department store when two smartly-dressed women stopped him. "Oh, you're Mr. Larkin and you're not on the program today," said one, relief in her voice. "Now we won't feel so cheated about missing the show while we finish our errands." The other exclaimed, "We don't like to miss the show ever, but we won't feel quite so bad if you're not on!"

Larkin, a handsome six-footer with a purposeful stride, is not a man easily overlooked in any crowd. There is a set to his jaw, a strength in the gray-blue eyes and in the firm lines of his mouth, that makes people take notice. But, after years of being well known in radio—and unrecognized away from the studios—he finds this kind of personal recognition rather pleasant.

"It's the end of the anonymity of radio for me," he said recently. "When I played Perry Mason on radio for almost nine years—and I don't know how many other leading parts—no one knew me except as a voice. Now I am in the audience's homes practically every day. They know exactly how I look and they (Continued on page 84)
For Love of MIKE KARR

It's no wonder John Larkin enjoys playing such a dynamic role—in the dynamic drama, The Edge Of Night

John immerses himself in the part which now wins him his first Gold Medal on TV—with the same intensity and talent which have already won him three previous awards for radio roles.

The Edge Of Night presents a close-knit family on the set, as on TV: Teal Ames as Sara Karr, John as Mike Karr, Peggy Allenby as Mrs. Lane, Sara's mother, and Don Hastings as brother Jack. It all adds up to fine performances—and instant recognition for Larkin, everywhere he goes.

As energetic as Mike Karr himself, John has many interests—from frequent gym workouts, to voice lessons. He once thought of being a singer, would still like to do a musical play.
More and More of Garry
That’s what the fans cry for, as the host of I’ve Got A Secret and The Garry Moore Show unveils startling plans for the future

By DORIS BUKER

ANYONE who has watched and listened to Garry Moore for any length of time knows that this is a soft-spoken, soft-mannered man with a granite determination to do what seems right under any and all circumstances. The daytime Garry Moore Show and the Wednesday-evening I’ve Got A Secret are programs he has loved, bearing his special stamp of good taste, good fun, good conversation. And also bearing out his own belief that American audiences are intelligent, and no one should talk down to them.

When, a few months ago, Garry announced that he was giving up his high-rated, award- (Continued on page 84)
Modest Perry Como thanks the public for “allowing” him to put on the kind of hour-long show he loves to do!

By FRANCES KISH

Como show may look casual and easygoing, but don’t let that fool you. It is put together with precision and meticulous care, and the guiding force is Perry, about whom the words “relaxed” and “nice” are used so frequently that he is getting a little tired of them.

If by “nice,” people mean he has a way of getting exactly what he believes to be right, but goes about it pleasantly, then the word fits. If by “relaxed,”

The Perry Como Show is seen over NBC-TV, Saturday, at 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Kimberly-Clark, Noxzema Chemical Co., Radio Corp. of America, Whirlpool, Sunbeam, American Dairy Association, and Knomark.

The Como Show is staged with care, but Perry’s informality is real: Above, at rehearsal. Below—with Naval Air Cadet Choir from Pensacola—answering after-show request to sing "Happy Birthday" to member of studio audience.

Former barber Como gets a haircut from Rudy Montero, Warwick Hotel.
Como and music director Mitchell Ayres eye monitor to see how show's going. As Mitch says, "It's good to have a job you enjoy"—because they know how to do it!

Napping? No, watching TV—one of Perry's favorite recreations in his leisure time. Wife Roselle says he likes all types of shows, so long as they're good.

All are "pros"—choreographer Louis Da Pron (above), director Grey Lockwood (below, center) are tops in their field, have been with show from the start.

Candid shot proves Roselle makes other calls besides "gag" ones indicated in the script! Actually, the Comos keep their private life quite separate from his work.

BEST PROGRAM ON TELEVISION
Arthur Godfrey Time is on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11 A.M.—CBS-TV, 11 to 11:30 A.M.—for multiple sponsorship. The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey is on CBS Radio, M-F, 5:05 to 5:30 P.M. Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney, Edward R. Murrow With The News and World News Roundup are also sponsored by Ford Div. of Ford Motor Co. on CBS Radio (see local papers). Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. (All EST)
That Old Golden Magic

Arthur Godfrey Time, the Road Shows, the McGuire Sisters—all prove again that there's literally no man like the great redheaded showman

By MARTIN COHEN

NEXT YEAR Arthur Godfrey will observe his thirtieth anniversary in radio. This in itself is a fantastic record—few performers have survived a fraction of those years. In this time, Arthur has won countless awards and, this year, again leads all winners in the total Gold Medals for his programs and performers. The way each was won emphasizes his contributions to radio: As both performer and showman, he made Arthur Godfrey Time best on the air, as well as favorite in its own daytime-variety category. His showcasing of talent once more brought recognition to the McGuire Sisters as favorite singers. Choice of The Ford Road Shows as the best new program on radio proves he's still preeminent as a creator of programs, for Arthur not only participates in the (Continued on page 87)
Quizzing the Master—HAL MARCH
Tough queries—but Hal doesn’t dodge.

His honest answers reveal much about

The $64,000 Question—and himself!

By GREGORY MERWIN

It’s odd that the American audience can feel greater personal affection for a TV quizmaster than it has for its star comedians or actors or singers. People who ask questions—teachers, police, reporters, tax men—have seldom been considered endearing. Yet it goes without question that one of America’s favorite men is Hal March, and it’s no passing fancy—for, this June, he observes his third anniversary as quizmaster on The $64,000 Question.

Hal is on the level. His anxiety when a contestant is in the isolation booth is as sincere as that of the audience. That he is neither phony nor coy is evident in the way he has answered such questions as: "Did you ever think less of a contestant for quitting? Do you think greed accounts for the success of your show? Have there been contestants for whom you felt no sympathy? Could you qualify as a contestant?" As Hal answers these and other questions, you get an insight into what makes Hal a great performer—and the program itself, a four-time prize-winner. (Continued on page 81)

The $64,000 Question, with Hal March as master of ceremonies, is seen on CBS-TV, Tuesday, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.
"Like Frosting on a Cake"

Loretta Young is grateful for her awards—as the something-extra added to a life and work she loves

By DORA ALBERT

When Loretta Young heard that, for the fifth straight year, the readers of TV Radio Mirror had voted her their favorite dramatic actress on television, she said, "God love them! I hope I'll always deserve their loyalty. I'm very grateful for it and I say, again, exactly what I said when I got my second Emmy: 'Isn't it wonderful to be in a business like ours? Where you can do the work you love—and win "prizes" for it besides?'

She brushed back her always gleaming hair with her hand, and she smiled her famous, contagious smile. (Continued on page 76)

Modest about her own medals, she roots for due recognition of those who work with her. She was thrilled when Norbert Brodine (above with assistant cameraman Al Baerthlein) won an "Emmy" for his cinematographic direction on The Loretta Young Show.

Favorite TV Dramatic Actress

First prize, Loretta Young Lewis! To the lovely star (seen above with her husband, Tom Lewis), those were delicious words, the evening of a certain big party—but the party itself (like her work) was the real cake!

Work is fun, wherever Loretta is. At left, she shares a joke with director John Newland. At right, young Richard Eyer finds acting child's-play with Loretta and director Richard Morris. Her secret? "The joy of doing one's job as well as possible."

The Loretta Young Show is seen over NBC-TV, Sundays, at 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Camay, and Gleem.
Marshal Matt Dillon blazed.

When not keeping the peace in Dodge City, Conrad likes the quiet life at home with his wife June—good books and music, good huntin' and fishin'.

If you had lived in Dodge City in the 1870's, Matt Dillon—the fictional Marshal of CBS Radio and TV's Gunsmoke—would have been just the sort of man you would like to have for a friend. The same holds for his sidekick, Chester, and his special pals, Kitty and Doc. They are down-to-earth, good and honest people.

That one word "honest" is, to a great extent, responsible for the success of Gunsmoke on both radio and TV. It best describes the stories, characters and detailed historical background which go to make up the show.

Norman Macdonnell and John Meston, Gunsmoke's producer and writer, are the two men who created the format and guided the show to its success (the TV version has topped the Nielsen ratings since June, 1957), and the show is a fair reflection of their own characters: Producer Macdonnell is a straightforward, clear-thinking young man of forty-two, born in Pasadena and raised in the West, with a passion for pure-bred quarter horses. He joined the CBS Radio network as a page, rose to assistant producer in two years, ultimately commanded such network properties as Suspense, Escape, and Philip Marlowe.

Writer John Meston's checkered career began in Colorado some forty-three years ago and grasshopped through Dartmouth ('35) to the Left Bank in Paris, school-teaching in Cuba, range-riding in Colorado, and ultimately, the job as Network Editor for CBS Radio in Hollywood.

It was here that Meston and Macdonnell met. After working together (Continued on page 86)

Regular members of the great cast which helped Gunsmoke win the TV award: Milburn Stone as "Doc," Dennis Weaver as Chester, Amanda Blake as Kitty, James Arness as Marshal Dillon. They're dressed up for a wedding, but not Kitty's and Matt's—his law-enforcement problems leave no time for marriage.
the BIG, BIG RECORD

Patti is "big business" now. Rehearsals involve not only accompanist Rocky Cole, drummer Sol Gubin—but producer Jack Philbin, director Jerome Shaw, manager Jack Rael—plus top show-biz guest stars!

Big Record calls for frequent costume changes. Ernie Adler takes care of her coiffure, Joseph Fretwell III selects her "best-dressed" wardrobe, dresser Irene Mendez is one of the many Patti counts among long-time friends and co-workers.
CBS-TV's mammoth showcase stars a songbird—Patti Page—who has already sold 36 million discs all her own

By ELLEN CRANE

The stage at CBS Studio 50 teems with activity. Cameramen dolly in and out, up and down. A man in a flaming red shirt arranges his cue cards. Members of the orchestra tune up their instruments. Dancers and singers and guest stars, some of them unrecognizable in their rehearsal clothes, stand by awaiting their cues. On the runway extending out over the orchestra, a choral group is gathered, heads together, humming softly. Technicians and scene shifters step carefully over and around a sprawl of cables and equipment.

It is Tuesday afternoon in New York, and The Big Record is beginning its first on-camera rehearsal. Leaning against the piano, talking quietly to her long-time accom- (Continued on page 88)

Off the Record, Patti wishes for more time with her husband, Charles O'Curran, the noted dance director.

BEST NEW PROGRAM ON TELEVISION

The Big Record, starring Patti Page, is seen over CBS-TV, on Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Oldsmobile Div. of General Motors.
The Rewards of RADIO

Robert Q. Lewis finds them special indeed—especially, for developing exciting new comic or music talents

By MARY TEMPLE

NEW TALENT has always seemed very important to me," Robert Q. Lewis said, tilting back in his chair precariously, as he grew more and more excited about this business of giving a break to young talent. "Half the fun of my own career has come from discovering new personalities with a flair for comedy, or fresh new voices, or new acts. Many people who have been with me on various shows have gone far. Gosh, it's satisfying!"

Robert Q. is a restless young man himself, many-talented, ambitious, immensely hard-working. But so much more relaxed about it all, since he left television on a regular basis, to return to radio some two years ago. "Everything moves along a little easier now," he said. "It's a change in viewpoint you get from doing radio." A change he enjoys. (Continued on page 75)
Bob’s justifiably proud of his guests but even prouder of such “regulars” as (left to right) announcer Lee Vines, producer Hurdle, musical director Ray Bloch, singers Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson. Proud, too of the many newcomers he’s discovered and showcased over the years. He’s a great believer in exploring fresh ideas: “It’s good for us and good for our listeners.”

Sound sets the scene, and sound-effects man Jack Amrhein (right) knows that Hurdle and Lewis will have plenty of assignments for him.

Bloch and his musicians may register some antic emotions, as Bob lends his voice to a comedy number, but they have the highest regard for his show-business savvy. So have listeners (and viewers)—who have now voted no less than eight awards to Lewis and his programs!
Successful programming for The Steve Allen Show begins with the home team: Steve himself, bearded musical director Skitch Henderson, and those famed "Men on the Street," Don Knotts, Louis Nye, Tom Poston.
Talent
IS A TEMPTRESS

Learn to do everything you can—then,
like versatile Steve Allen,
you'll find everything you do is fun!

By TOM PETERS

Steve Allen says, "No, it isn't work. It's basically fun
that I get paid for. I don't seem to ever do much that
I don't enjoy doing, or that I don't do for selfish reasons
—which is saying the same thing in two different ways.
Since I was a child, I played piano and acted in school
plays and wrote poems and compositions. Now that the
world is willing to pay me for these things, I still go on
doing them. But I would, even if I were not profession-
ally engaged in the activities." Now, Steve Allen's fun
is NBC's good luck. In the two or three years before
Steve took over NBC-TV's Sunday eight-to-nine slot,
ratings for this hour had gone underground. Few people
would have known or cared if NBC-TV had gone off the
air for sixty minutes. On June 24, 1956, Steve took over
and viewers came back in increasingly strong numbers.
During the past season, Steve and Ed Sullivan have
been playing seesaw with the top ratings. Ed isn't whim-
pering; he's never backed (Continued on page 78)
They All Go for GRIFFIN

Talk about Merv: "He takes the tension out of a show because he knows his business," says producer Bunny Coughlin (below, left). "You can't help relaxing," adds comedienne Julann Wright (at right).

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Merv Griffin's cast talks behind his back. The young bachelor singing star, who provoked such response from the audience that American Broadcasting Network more than doubled his air time, also draws comment from the sharp-minded studio crew which works with him every day. . . . "He's a master ad-libber with a clock in his head," says producer Alfred "Bunny" Coughlin. "He's a good musician. He takes the tension out of a show because he knows his business." . . . Says production assistant Paula Hack: "This is the most unselfish performer I've ever seen. If time runs short, he'll skip one of his own numbers to (Continued on page 74)

The Merv Griffin Show is broadcast over American Broadcasting Network, Monday through Friday, from 1 to 2:55 P.M. (all time zones—but check local papers for starting time in your area).

TV RADIO MIRROR
FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER
Merv has a way with people, as well as with a song, and it works in daily life just as it does on radio.

Merv loves to entertain—and be entertained—informally, at his New York apartment overlooking East River. Below, he and Julann are appreciative audience for Buddy Weed, program's orchestra director, and songstress Betty Holt.

Radio suits him to a T: "You can have a life of your own." Julann and all the others think Merv suits radio ideally, too. They'll lead the cheers, as this skyrocketing newcomer gets his Gold Medal.
SO MANY TO THANK!

"Nobody sings alone," says Gisele MacKenzie—and no new star shines more brightly, because of her gratitude

By SYLVIA CONRAD

GISELE MACKENZIE says, "Nobody sings alone. I don't think there is such a thing as a self-made singer. There are always many people behind the scenes who have helped shape a performer's career." Gisele leans back on the davenport in her modern living room, and her vivacious brown eyes turn to a view of the hills from the windows. With her firm, dimpled chin and lips that turn generously upward in a happy smile, she's all gay animation when she talks.

"In my own case," says Gisele, "there have been many who have helped me—among others, my husband, Bob Shuttleworth, who discovered me and has shaped my career . . . Paul Louis of the D'Arcy agency, who liked me (Continued on page 79)

The Gisele MacKenzie Show, NBC-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, has been sponsored this season by Scott Paper Co. and Schick, Inc.
Pace-setting NBC Bandstand is only in its second season, but has captured radio music award for two straight years.

Great staff for great production: Left to right—George Voutsas, who directs daily program every fourth week; Skitch; singer Richard Hayes; Bert and Dorothy; production assistant Patty Tossi; top director Parker Gibbs; and Bob Sadoff, the producer.

"Big Three" are versatile Bert Parks, musical director Skitch Henderson, singer Dorothy Olsen—all well-known to viewers, as well as listeners. Skitch also conducts award-winning Steve Allen Show. Schoolteacher Dot has made hit records since rising to fame as winner on Name That Tune.
When Bert Parks premiered with the Bandstand program on NBC Radio, he felt as if he were really "going home." Radio was where he had started, back in his high-school days, in Atlanta, Georgia. Music had been an integral part of many of the programs on which he had worked ever since. So a show predominantly musical, and on radio—adding up to NBC Bandstand—was exactly to his taste. He was, and still is, having himself a ball.

Not that a fellow with overflowing energies like Bert could altogether forsake television—there have been plans afoot for a new show on the TV channels, which you may be seeing by the time you read this. But there is also no intention of deserting the little box out of which pours so much that people still want to hear, so much that a listener can color and mount with his own imagination, his own "visualized" props and scenery.

Bert's Bandstand gang consists of the bearded Skitch Henderson and his twenty-two man orchestra; singers Dorothy Olsen and Richard Hayes, and special guests to help make merry music—and to help make merry, in general. Parker Gibbs directs, three weeks out of four, and Bob Sadoff is the producer.

Dot Olsen sings, ad-libs, does some commercials, adds a lovely feminine touch—and brings in delectable recipes. Richard Hayes's personality is a good foil for Bert's, and his voice (Continued on page 77)
FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

Last year, The Gale Storm Show, "Oh! Susanna," won your vote as best new program on TV. This year, versatile Gale—singer, dancer, actress, as well as comedienne—gets a Medal all her own.
Everybody wants to get in the act on “Oh! Susanna”—including Gale Storm’s boys and baby daughter.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

PRODUCER Alex Gottlieb looked at Gale Storm sympathetically. “What’s wrong?” he asked. “Nothing,” she said, but not very convincingly. “C’mon. Let’s have it,” he coaxed.

Gale hesitated. “You wouldn’t understand,” she said at last.

“And why not?”

“Because you’re not a mother!”

He couldn’t argue that point. But, wanting a happy cast and crew, he persisted till Gale admitted what was bothering (Continued on page 91)

Fourteen years ago, Julie Stevens became Helen Trent on CBS Radio, only a few months after she had become Mrs. Charles Underhill in real life. Fourteen years filled with the richness of living. With a happy personal life which now includes two small daughters, and an exciting career life as star of The Romance Of Helen Trent.

"Before I married Charles, my career seemed more important than anything else," says Julie. "I had been in Broadway plays—some successful, some not so good—and I had a varied background in radio. I did a couple of Broadway plays after Charles and I were married, but when they didn't turn out to be hits, it didn't seem to matter so much. My life had taken a whole new turn. I had Charles. I had the security of his love."

When Julie was chosen to be Helen Trent and began to play her in June, 1944, it seemed the perfect answer to combining career and marriage. It meant that acting would not interfere with a good home life. She never dreamed, however, that in 1958 she
Julie Stevens has it, in her own life and family—all this, and a glamorous career as Helen, too!

Though Nancy and Sarah are too young to appreciate Helen Trent, they're sure to admire the shiny Gold Medal Mommy won for her fine portrayal of the role.

would be starting a fifteenth year as Helen—as this glamorous costume designer for a great Hollywood studio, who creates an aura of romance wherever she goes.

"These have been good years," says Julie. "Those of us who have been with the show for a long time have become close friends. David Gothard, who is Gil Whitney; Jay Barney, who is Kurt Bonine; Bess McCammon, Helene Dumais and Andree Wallace, who are Agatha, Lydia and Cynthia. All the others in the cast—every one of them—people you would like to know. Some with us longer, some who have joined us recently. Director Dick Leonard, the staff, the crew. All so congenial. We work together well. We have good times."

The Underhills at home are congenial, and they have good times. Nancy Elizabeth, born June 29, 1951, is a small beauty with light brown hair, sky-blue eyes, fascinating smile. Sarah Foote Underhill—the Foote is Julie's family name—born November 13, 1956, has lovely red (Continued on page 82)
"He's right, Judge...the boy needs love, not prison"

Surprising how wrapped up you can get in other people's problems. Surprising how real they can be...these old friends who come to visit with you after lunch, when the children are back in school and the house is empty and still. Just a flick of the radio switch...and they're in the kitchen, keeping you company...sharing their lives with you. Sympathetic, stimulating people who bring you guidance and courage by the way they face their ups and downs. Helen Trent...Young Dr. Malone...The Second Mrs. Burton...these are friends whose devotion and inspiration can enrich your own life immeasurably. Wouldn't you like to invite them to your house soon?

Two golden hours a day...wonderful people share their lives with you on the CBS RADIO NETWORK Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Just What the Doctor Ordered

(Continued from page 12)

become as much of a philosopher as he is a doctor. A friend, a confidant. Trusted and loved. He has learned many lessons, fought out battles within himself. This is always a sign of growth.

"He has qualities that all of us are seeking, no matter who we are. He has faced his own faults and shortcomings and tried to overcome them. And he has been a credit to his profession. I enjoy seeing Young Dr. Malone."

At home, Sandy has watched his three youngsters develop distinct personalities of their own. Joyce Becker, who will be fourteen in August, sometimes appears with her father on The Sandy Becker Show, designed for children, on Station WABD (New York's Channel 5). She has musical talent, plays the piano well. Cur- tus, born the March day after his daddy first became Dr. Malone in 1949, has a scientific and mechanical bent, is his father's shadow whenever Sandy is repairing the car. Annelle, who will be eight in September, has a lovely little-girl's voice, perhaps will become a singer like her mother, Ruth.

Sandy loves all kids—his own, the neighbors', the children he meets in the streets going back and forth to the studios. He loves to talk to them, listens attentively. He's a pushover, too, for animals and birds. Mike Grimaldi brings many small pets to the TV show, from his animal farm on Long Island, and Sandy uses them to instruct and amuse the children. One day, there may be a little red fox, seemingly tame—but Sandy warns that, even when tamed, these little wild animals are "one-man" creatures, only to be approached by their master. He likes to show kids things, not just talk about them, knowing they will remember a picture more than words.

A parakeet, gay in green feathers with bronze tips, is a favorite of the kids. Sandy calls her "Cuckoo"—because that's what she thinks she is, he explains. She flies freely around the place, landing on Sandy's shoulder, on a puppet sitting on Sandy's table, in the big wooden chest where all the puppets live when not performing.

Sandy's a soft touch, too, as he is also a self-taught cartoonist of great talent. He creates the puppets himself, modeling a head expertly while he talks to you, later having it cast and then dressed by a special puppet costume. He works the puppets himself, does some nine or ten different voices. Occasionally, he models one of his little creatures—slyly and delightfully—after someone he knows.

Fielden Farrington, producer of The Sandy Becker Show, thinks of Sandy as a fellow who can do anything. "There is the serious actor side of the man, as shown in his portrayal of Dr. Malone, and the fun-loving creative side. He is one of the most talented performers I know, and extraordinarily loyal and generous."

Besides the pets in the studio, Sandy always has a collection at home. Tanks of tropical fish, many of them rare specimens. Tanko, a German Shepherd dog. And Schatz, who appears on the shows. Schat- zi came to visit the studio with the lady who owned her, struck up such an immediate friendship with Sandy that she was sent to him, a few days later, as a gift. "A cute little mutt," explains Sandy, "describes her, "Black and off-white, with the shortest of legs and whiskers that part in two, like Gabby Hayes' beard. Everyone is in love with her—including me!"

And everyone loves Sandy Becker, as Young Dr. Malone—or as himself.

FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

1. Lana Turner
2. Alan Ladd
3. Esther Williams
4. Elizabeth Taylor
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Rory Calhoun
7. Peter Lawford
8. Burt Lancaster
9. Bing Crosby
10. Dale Evans
11. June Allyson
12. Gene Autry
13. Roy Rogers
14. Doris Day
15. Perry Como
16. Bill Holden
17. Gordon MacRae
18. Ann Blyth
19. John Wayne
20. Audrey Murphy
21. Janet Leigh
22. Farley Granger
23. Guy Madison
24. Mario Lanza
25. Vic Damone
26. Dean Martin
27. Jerry Lewis
28. Jerry Moore
29. Tony Curtis
30. Piper Laurie
31. Debbie Reynolds
32. Jeff Chandler
33. Rock Hudson
34. Debra Paget
35. Dale Robertson
36. Marilyn Monroe
37. Pier Angeli
38. Marlon Brando
39. Tab Hunter
40. Robert Wagner
41. Russ Tamblyn
42. Jeff Hunter
43. Marge and Gower Champion

175. Charlton Heston
176. Julius La Rosa
177. Jack LaRue
178. Robert Taylor
179. Jean Simmons
180. Audrey Hepburn
181. George Nader
182. Ann Sothern
183. Eddie Fisher
184. Grace Kelly
185. James Dean
186. Sheri Martin
187. Kim Novak
188. Eva Marie Saint
189. Natalie Wood
190. Dewey Martin
191. Joan Collins
192. Jayne Mansfield
193. Sal Mineo
194. Shirley Jones
195. Elvis Presley
196. Tony Perkins
197. Clint Walker
198. Pat Boone
199. Paul Newman
200. Don Murray
201. Pat Wayne
202. Carroll Baker
203. Anita Ekberg
204. Gregory Peck
205. Judy Busch
206. Patti Page
207. Lawrence Welk
208. Larry Dean
209. Buddy Merrill
210. Hugh O'Brian
211. Jim Arness
212. Sanford Clark
213. Vera Miles

249. John Saxon
250. Dean Stockwell
251. Diane Jergens
252. Warren Berlinger
253. James MacArthur
254. Nick Adams
255. John Kerr
256. Harry Belafonte
257. Jim Lowe
258. Luana Patten
259. Dennis Hopper
260. Tom Trout
261. Tommy Sands
262. Will Hutchins
263. James Darren
264. Ricky Nelson
265. Faron Young
266. Jerry Lee Lewis
267. Dolores Hart
268. James Garner
269. John Saxon
270. Everly Brothers
271. Erin O'Brien
272. Sandra Dee
273. Lili Gentle
274. Robert Culp
275. Michael Ansara
276. Jack Kelly
277. Darlene Gillespie
278. Annette Funicello
279. David Stollery
280. Tim Considine
281. Nick Todd
282. Johnny Mathis
283. David Nelson
284. Shirley Temple
285. Pat Conway
286. Bob Horton
287. John Payne
288. David Janssen
289. Dick Clark

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inner glow of her warmth and sincerity pervades the studio. Suddenly, you know everything’s going to be all right. You’re released from the headaches and heartaches of piecing together the gigantic jigsaw puzzle which is Dinah. And then, when you’re all but consumed with the urge to rush over to Dinah, throw your arms around her and say: “Thanks for your cooperation and inexhaustible patience during a grueling week of endless rehearsals.”

In other words, you want her to know you believe her to be an exemplary woman and a real professional in every sense of the word. Then you have to go on the air, and everything you feel so keenly has to remain unsaid. Accompanying this story is the hope that these things will be said for me. This I hope with all my heart, because these are the truths, and they should be shared.

The first day I met Dinah, being associated with one who is relentlessly progressive has been a rewarding experience. During the years we’ve worked together, I’ve watched her develop and mature, and she’s turned out to be a genuine star and a genuine star indeed.

It’s not at all surprising that, when we have a free hour or two, Dinah enjoys competition and she’s wise enough to realize that good people on her show only make the show look better. At the moment, I believe it’s safe in saying that Dinah’s big dream is to make another hit record which is hard to get, even for the greatest. The minute she hears another singer has made it, Dinah wants her on the show. She has a fantastic eye for evaluating and appreciating her talent. It’s generally conceded that, for lasting harmony between two creative people, one of them must make constant compromises and concessions. Fortunately for us, Dinah doesn’t apply this rule. In my opinion Dinah is the perfect editor for scripts and songs. When the writers hand her a new script, she can tell in a second if it is right for her. She has the gift of being able to tell that something is right even if it’s not. The only thing that has kept Dinah from having a bigger record in France, after one show, we attended a reception held in a large tent and were introduced to dozens of officers. Dinah laughed and chatted with them and, when we finally left, she remembered every

officer’s name and rank, and addressed each properly.

Unlike many performers, I don’t believe Dinah is flogged by pet superstitions. I do know, however, that before the show, she doesn’t like to have anyone say it’s going to be terrific. She prefers to hear it from someone who really loves Dinah, and what woman doesn’t—and she actually beams when a compliment is well-deserved. Although she is dead-serious about her work, she loves to pull gags and takes it big when we pull them on her.

Dinah has a charming way of not hearing what she doesn’t want to hear, especially from others. I would never swear in front of her, and can’t recall ever hearing her resort to profanity. On second thought: I guess “Aaron Slick from Punkin’ Crick” are the dirtiest words in her vocabulary! (For those who came in late, this flop movie still causes Dinah to blush with embarrassment.)

For one who has climbed to the top rung of the ladder, Dinah is blessed with many gifts. High on the list is her capacity for taking it all in stride. Awards, titles, accolades by the hierarchy of many worlds, have failed to turn her head or confuse her. She takes her experiences, for example, on a recent Monday night in Chicago, when she attended the Republican dinner for the President of the United States.

I placed on from eight to eight-and, when she retired to her dressing room to change her clothes, she received a message from the President and Mrs. Eisenhower. They wanted to meet her and take her to dinner, please wait.

She waited outside surrounded by dozens of Secret Service men. When the President came out and saw her, he rushed over and introduced himself to her. A group of us watching from a respectful distance could hear Dinah saying, “Really? Really? No kidding?” Her face was very red.

At the Chief Executive got into his car, he called back to say that they had watched the previous night’s show and raved about Dinah’s medley with Ethel Merman. “And don’t think this is the first time we’ve always watch you on Sunday night, if we’re home for dinner!”

Our paths crossed originally, back in 1939, when I was working for a music publisher in New York. From New York to Chicago to Cleveland to Cincinnati, it was a real thrill to sing Dinah and make my way through the years.

We rehearsed numbers and prepared a representative group of songs. She sang them, she was good—and—they turned her down. The next day she lost out, but we talked it over and Dinah made a quick decision.

“I think I’ll just go home and finish college,” she said, with no trace of bitterness. I decided that, if Dinah went back to school, I would give them another chance to throw me out!”

Disappointed she was. Beaten she wasn’t. She could have called it quits and retired, but she didn’t. She had decided to get somewhere and that’s for sure! True to her word, Dinah returned the following year. She was still on her own, and started pounding pavements again. I guess I’ll be the first to admit that Dinah’s only friend in New York. Anyway, she came to my office three times a week and we worked things out. I could hardly pay her. The going was rough, but in time, but in retrospect, it all proved
to be a very beneficial “boot camp” for turning her into the polished pro she is today.

"I'm going to Hollywood to make a movie," Dinah announced unexpectedly one day. "Warner Bros. wants me to do a number in 'Thank Your Lucky Stars' and I'll have a new conductor and arranger. Couldn't you just come along to explain things and get me started?"

I still had my job with the publishing house, and there were my wife and son to be considered. Dinah offered to pay all our fares, so we closed up our apartment and I took a six-week leave of absence. I have never signed a contract with Dinah and, in the meantime, sixteen years have gone by. I wonder if this job is permanent?

Last year, when we did ten one-hour shows, the critics and public loved them. NBC was ecstatic with the Trendex rating, which far surpassed their expectations. This year, the week-by-week schedule is tougher and I worried the shows couldn't be as good. She replied: "Then we'll work twice as hard."

And, believe me, we do—Dinah included. Sometimes the writers, staff and crew remain until two A.M. Dinah never leaves until we all leave, and she's back again in the morning for meetings and conferences. On Sunday night, we go off the air at seven P.M. (Pacific Standard Time), then wait around to see the show out here at nine. The next morning, at eleven, Dinah's back to start the following week's show. Despite all this pressure, she still manages to call home throughout the day, she confers with the housekeeper and talks to the children. Of course, Jody is still too young, but Missy is now ten and she gets to come to the Sunday broadcast, where she feels a part of it all.

No story on Dinah Shore could possibly be complete without including the important part played by George Montgomery. They met at the Hollywood Canteen in 1943, while Dinah was entertaining the servicemen. Their romance was climaxed by their marriage on December fifth of the same year.

Dinah came to me a couple of months before the ceremony and asked what I thought about George. "He's a nice fellow," I said, "and I have nothing against him except—if you marry him, you'll make the biggest mistake of your life! He's a Hollywood movie star, and everyone says they're murder to live with. His work is in Hollywood and you lead different lives. I repeat, I think a marriage would be the greatest mistake."

(It was one of the few times I didn't level with Dinah. My real reason was—I thought if she married George she might quit work, and the loss of her talent would have been so great. I couldn't believe it would work out. Well, how wrong can a wise guy be?)

"Our marriage will be right," Dinah said softly, "because I'll make it right."

Each time I see them all together, I think how really right it is. George is a remarkable fellow, he's perfect for Dinah, and I think they are two of the most compatible people I have ever known.

Like I said in the beginning of this story, I welcome this opportunity to express my gratitude and admiration for the most truly talented girl-singer I know. Undoubtedly, my impressions have sounded more exciting if I had pictured Dinah as an offbeat, neurotic, controversial character. I wouldn't and couldn't—because I'd only be doing a great injustice to a wonderful and human being. Perhaps I have sounded like I'm polishing that well-known apple. If such is the case, may it always remain shiny and bright!

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(please print)
of his wife and their three daughters—Wendy Ann, eight; Debra Jane, six; and Donna Woodruff, who celebrated her first birthday on January 29. Living in East Hicksville (on Long Island), the family is at last enjoying the kind of happy family life they had hoped for years. They own their home, although income is still tight, they say. The three daughters are all employed. The only permanent members of the cast, and both have been with the show since it first went on the air in January, 1956. For the other roles, which vary from week to week, actors are recruited from radio, television, and the stage. Jack Arthur—they're both fine actors,” says their producer—are as enthusiastic as one can be about the thought of losing a picture of a segment of big city life,” says Nat. Born and brought up in New York, he should know. A graduate of New York University, he was exposed to acting in his college dramatic club—and hopes never to recover from the “disease.”

This season, Nat has had an especially severe case—so serious that he has almost given up eating and sleeping. For not only is he the star of the weekly Indictment—five days a week, he switches professions to become Dr. Douglas Cassen in the half-hour CBS-TV series As The World Turns. There is also radio's Road Of Life, in which he has a featured role. There is constant study. And there is a little-theater group on Long Island, which is constantly pating Nat for starring roles in such plays as “The Skin of Our Teeth.” A Broadway play (his first) for which he was scheduled last year closed before it hit New York—or he would really be, as he suggests, meeting himself coming home at night just as he leaves in the morning! As it is, he sees much too little, he feels, when he arrives in a city.

Champagne for the Millions

(Continued from page 35) something better happens for us soon, I’m going to have to quit. And I don’t want to.

The problem of finances, Welk knew, weighed heavily on all his men—especially those with families. He was in the same spot himself. Recently, times had been extra hard for all bands, his included. But Welk didn’t think Orie—in the year since Orie had joined the band “family,” Lawrence had come to like his genial personality, and they’d become good friends. Lawrence certainly wanted to know what you leave, he asked, “what will you do?”

“Go back to photography, I guess. Made a living at it before . . . but I hate to think of giving up music.”

Welk thought a moment, then said, “Tell you what we’ll do—the band needs an official photographer. Time we had one, anyway. We’ll supply the cameras and pay for the film, and if you keep your band pay, should be enough to help when the baby arrives . . . ” He said it hopefully.

Welk thought a moment, said, Orie was overwhelmed. He didn’t know, until just recently, that the five-hundred-dollar camera setup came out of Lawrence’s pocket. And Lawrence, at the time, could ill afford it.

But Lawrence considered it an expense. To begin with, he has always been like a father to the boys in the band. If they’ve had problems, they’ve known they could take them to Orie and get a fair hearing, and frequently a helping hand. If they don’t take their problems to him, it’s only because, like Orie, they don’t want to burden him with their small problems, knowing he is burdened with so many big ones.

Lawrence, however, doesn’t feel this way about even their smallest upsets—he just as soon hear about these, too, offering help and advice where he can. Though most will tell you it’s his own big heart, Lawrence claims it’s strictly for the good of the band. He says, “The secret of our success is simple—we’re happy. If the boys aren’t happy, they won’t smile on the bandstand. Then people won’t enjoy music, and we lose friends. Frankly, I’d do anything to keep the boys happy.”

Lawrence will do anything except toot his own horn (no pun intended), and though he did not fare as frequently as he might have wished, he really done much of anything for anyone in the band except give them a little smile now and then. Of course, reassurance itself can be the most important thing in the world to a performer. When Larry Dean came to the band, Lawrence realized that he was too tense and nervous to deliver his best song. So Lawrence invited him out to dinner, gave him a reassuring smile when he went on, and to congratulate him for a good job when he came off. Long before, Larry was known for his natural good humor. limestone to Lawrence sent him off to a special voice coach, because he felt Larry would improve in certain qualities much more rapidly if he had someone who could properly correct his voice. Lawrence had known the voice-coaching gratis, thanks to Mr. Welk.

Much like a father with thirty-two kids, he takes a prideful interest in every one of “his boys.” For example, Joe Feeney, who became a sidekick, waiting on the show, had been given a job with a good but untrained voice. Lawrence spent hours listening to Joe, pointing out the good qualities and also those he felt could use work. Then Lawrence began to invest his own time and money in the development of the individual careers because he knows that practice brings assurance. That’s when they are at their best.

Name the performer and, at one time or another, Welk has given him personal help and attention: Guitarist Buddy Merrill is another example. Lawrence suggested that Myron Florin work along with him on his music theory and harmony—now Buddy is helping Myron with his band.

A father with “his boys,” Lawrence is also the great-grandfather with their children (he’s godfather to Orie’s three). When his and his wife, Fern, visit the Lenor, Simons, they drive in the luxury car Lawrence is on his hands and knees playing cowboy with baby Mimi, or putting on a show with the two older boys, Danny and Pat.

But the one thing which Lawrence is probably proudest of—though you’d never get him to admit it—is the Champagne Club, a combination savings-and-investment program. Lawrence and Myron set up the Club, a few years ago, to help the band members put a little something aside for a rainy day. Long familiar with the funny old song about the man who “pockets road-weary one-night-standers, he vowed he would help his boys save. The wonderful thing about it is that every member has gotten into the habit of saving money periodically. For yearly check. Any “dad” would be proud of this record. The club is now worth $40,000! Keeping a band together, smiling and happy, is very much like keeping a family smiling and happy. It takes a bit of generosity, a little intuition, some interest and encouragement, a mite of wisdom and the loose end of a banker’s purse—in short, a father’s touch. No wonder all the “boys” have their own very special reason to smile thanks to “father of the band.”
King of Clowns
(Continued from page 9)
as a serious dramatic actor. But he'll never
forget Red's reaction when he guested
on Skelton's show after his own comedy
program was cancelled. "Red treated me
with such great respect that it was abso-
lutely embarrassing," Wynn recalls with
emotion. "He treated me as if this was
a great honor to him, that I should ap-
ppear on his show. I didn't feel this way at
all. I was very glad to get the offer. Not
financially—because I didn't need any
money—but for my theatrical life, to keep
me alive in front of the public."
The kinship of laughter runs deep.
Jimmy Durante and Red Skelton are very
good friends. The beloved Schnoz stood
anxiously by, throughout Red's recupera-
tion from that serious asthmatic attack,
waiting for the latest bulletins. But Skel-
ton himself, Jimmy points out, was al-
ready busy making up his own material.
"Red could have a million dollars' wortha
trouble," says Jimmy, "but I have yet
to see the sad part of him—when he's
around other people. Red's always clown-
ing for you, always tryin' to make you
happy."
Danny Thomas speaks affectionately of
Red and his sensitivity: "You know, he
is constantly and forever afraid he's
offending somebody, when he's clowning
for the public. But he could never be
offensive, because he inherently loves
people, and he could never offend them.
"I could go very Lebanese and prophetic
on you now," says Danny, "and quote Kah-
lil Gibran in his book, The Prophet,
stating that the baker would make 'an
unpalatable dough' if he didn't love what
he was doing, the winemaker would make
'a most sour wine' if he didn't love what
he was doing. Red loves what he's doing.
Consequently, it all comes out good.
"I've never seen Red do what I would
call a bad character," says Ed Wynn. "I
like Red as the punchdrunk fighter. I like
him as Freddie the Freeloader. I like
him as—whatever-his-name-is—Kiddie-
hopper. I just like him in whatever he
does."
"More than anything else," Durante sums
it up, "Red's got a lovable personality. And I believe personality's sev-
enty percent of the battle. He's got a
wonderful face. You can feel he's good.
His face, his smile, his sadness, his good-
ness—that's what makes him a wonderful
personality.
"If the people take a likin' to you, if
they like you as a person, that's the great
thing. It doesn't just happen. People don't
day, 'I love the guy,' all of a sudden, you
know. They may like your work. But, to
like you, that takes years and years. That's
like—like Tiffany's buildin' a reputa-
tion..."
While Tiffany's glittering Fifth Avenue
jewelry store may be a long way from
Vincennes, Indiana, it's just as certainly
quality and class which have made Red
Skelton welcome for so long "out there,
front of millions of viewers. Red him-
self, who has asked nothing of life but
to make others as happy as he can. The
crown behind the rubbery face and the
falling frame, Red Skelton... the full
heart of him.
As Red himself once said, in another
way, about comedians and comedy in gen-
eral, "If you've got 'heart'... when
you're walking out there, when you get
in the middle of that stage, before you
open your mouth... the audience feels
they know you. You're an old friend."
Though he wasn't thinking of it, at the
time, that seems to express how the who-
world—including its other great clowns—
will always feel about Skelton himself.
They All Go for Griffin

brought some dogs to The Robert Q. Lewis Show, I put her in my pocket. I thought she'd be just the right size for a New York apartment. Of course, when she grew so much, I had to get another apartment."

Off-mike or on, this Griffin lad is quite a guy. He has built his career on the sudden and unexpected. Mervyn Edward Griffin, Jr., was born July 6, 1939, in San Mateo, California, son of Mervyn Edward and Rita Robinson Griffin. His father was a stockbroker. His mother presided over the big six-room, house on The Peninsula, an opulent area.

There Merv and his sister Barbara (now Mrs. Bill Eyre) grew up living what he calls, "a station-wagon sort of life." He lacked only one thing he wanted. "My father and his brothers were tennis champs, and he announced that no son of his was going to grow up a sissy piano-player."

His mother and her sister, Miss Claudia Robinson, were on Merv's side. "Aunt Claudia was a piano teacher. When she taught me all she could, she sent me on to one of the top teachers. My mother paid for my lessons out of her groceries money. She never said a word to my father."

A neighbor spilled the beans during a surprise party given on Griffin Sr.'s birthday, by gushing, "I did so enjoy hearing young Mervyn at his recital. He played the Grieg concerto just beautifully."

The elder Griffin's voice approached a roar: "What Grieg concerto?" "The piano, one, of course," said the then-intimidated lady.

The father fixed his son with a baleful eye. "If you can play piano, get over there and play it," Merv still regards that as his mother's first piano-player."

A musical career was still far from Merv's plans. After St. Matthew's school, he attended Stanford University and the University of San Francisco. His last year, he also worked half-days at the Crocker bank. One day, he thought radio might be more fun and went to Station KFRC to audition. "They didn't need a piano-player, but they did need a singer. I didn't know the first thing about singing, but I did an imitation of Dick Haymes and got away with it."

Sudden success dazed him. "I was hired on a Thursday for The San Francisco Sketchbook. On the following Monday, they changed the name to The Merv Griffin Show and piped it to all forty-four stations. Financially; it was dazzling. "The bank had paid me forty dollars a week; the station first paid six hundred, then eleven hundred."

Wisely, Merv realized his limitations and studiously avoided all repeat engagements. "Johnny Mathis and Guy Mitchell studied with him, too. We'd all get together to talk about what we wanted to do."

Being serious about singing didn't stop Merv from taking other jobs. "I bought two cars and joined three country clubs."

Conservative, prosperous Mr. Griffin never did understand how his twenty-year-old son could be interested in the other side, after all.

In 1950, he joined Freddy Martin's band and toured with them for three years. In one recording session, Merv scored a million-selling hit with, "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts." With that, he struck out as a single. Three weeks later, he was glad to receive a call from Martin, asking him to rejoin the band in Las Vegas. "The only hope he had of getting work was from parties, and my friends were getting pretty tired of coconuts!"

While dining at a hotel in Las Vegas, opportunity assumed the guise of a small group of people who stopped up to Merv and announced, "We'd like to sign you." As Merv says, "I thought that was pretty young, even for Vegas, but he turned out to be Doris Day's son. She was of course his sister."

"Gossip columnists made quite a thing of Miss Day's bringing in her own leading man. But, as it turned out, Merv never needed her help. After some time in the roles, his best part was playing opposite Kathryn Grayson in the Warner Bros. film, "So This Is Love." Merv remembers with gratitude the way she sometimes went on and on about how ugly he was."

"The only part he needed to play was opposite Mrs. Thomas Bunch, who played his mother-in-law."

As Tom Kennedy's radio career began to convert to CinemaScope, Merv's picture career ended abruptly. He worked with Tallulah Bankhead during her Las Vegas engagement, then headed for New York. "I was lunch in at Uncle Joe's when it arrived, I told the job as summer replacement for Jo Stafford and Jane Froman on CBS-TV."

Later, he added The Robert Q. Lewis Show, a revival of "Finian's Rainbow," and The Merv's Going Places to his list of credits.

Virtually every singer auditioned for the upcoming program when American Broadcating Network announced its live radio policy had changed. The show being as businesslike as his stockbroker father. He collaborated with producers Jerry Bresler and Lynn Duddy to offer a complete package. The expanded program promised forty-eight full hours of ABN's exciting daytime line-up.

Not only the Griffin charm but the wide circle of Griffin acquaintances is responsible. He knows his show better than any top stars who refuse TV shows and interviews at any price come to Merv's microphone just because they want to talk to Merv. If the public wants to listen in, that's all right with him.

That's one of the reasons Merv likes radio. He says, "I'm going to stick with it. You can do five shows a week and still have a life of your own. I don't want to be a real big star. I'd hate to be thumbing over my clippings when I'm eighty—and suddenly realize that I had never had time to live."
The Rewards of Radio

(Continued from page 54)

The weekday-evening Robert Q. Lewis Show, on CBS Radio, is a bright melange of music and variety, with emphasis on laughter and soulful sports. Jack Hurdle is the producer. The Saturday- morning show is produced by Bruno Zirato, Jr.—a rollicking fifty-five minutes of fun and song and ad-libbing, even a rhythm of humor that is more relaxed than the evening program.

"Some of the greatest radio stars have been available to us," says Bob. "People have a chance to enjoy Parker Bell's twang, to hear Kelton and Ralph Bell, Johnny Gibson, Ann Thomas. Many, many special guests, plus our wonderful regulars: Ray Bloch, in charge of the music—with whom I have worked a long time in both TV and radio. Lee Vines, our announcer—just so great. I don't think I could do without him. Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson—whose voices vocalizing can't be beat. It's real family entertainment with something for everybody."

Bob's personality is so well known to most of his listeners, and comes through in the same mien so freely his voice has only to "see" mentally a kind of impish face and humor-filled eyes darting behind horn-rimmed glasses. Five feet, ten inches of quicksilver motion. A demon ad-libber of a man, and a studio audience and effortlessly draw them all into the act.

In the planning stage of any program in which Robert Q. is involved, everybody is encouraged to have ideas and to express them. Bob will be there, in the middle of every huddle, expressing his own ideas.

"The object of all our planning is to keep the proceedings lively, and varied. We can't permit our show to get into a rut in any way. We've got to do something to make that audience feel we are not having fun."

It's his theory that the most loyal of audiences can get a little tired of watching the same performers on TV, but that the same performer can endure much longer in radio if, because of his mien, his look and any costume, he can seem to be sitting too long in one spot. The best thing that happened to be to be off TV for two seasons and give people a chance to re-discover me on radio. I must admit to the fact that I enjoyed it, and I enjoyed being on my own, after being away about six years. The tremendous resurgence of interest in it is very exciting.

Two kinds of freedom he found in radio appeal particularly to him: Artistic freedom. Physical freedom. "By artistic, I mean that I can do anything I want to on the show without worrying about production costs, or anything like that. There are no sets, no costume. Listeners 'dress up' as they feel we should be costumed when we play certain parts. They set the stage with their imaginations. I don't see any thing, set in any locale, and people will believe in them."

"By physical freedom, I mean the flexibility of my time. The shorter working hours required me to find time, that I could sit up late, finishing a book I can't bear to put down, knowing I can sleep a little late in the morning! I used to get to rehearsals practically at the crack of dawn."

More time, for Bob, has meant more leisure to haunt art exhibitions, adding to his collection of the French Impressionist paintings he loves. Buying books, and reading them. Seeing friends. Entertaining more.

The old collections are still stashed around the apartment, but he did have to get rid of some of the totem poles and the horn-rimmed Richard long. The family suave Kelton of Los Angeles 40, California.

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cameras. He has old playbills, fascinating with their listings of great names of the theater. Shaving mugs, cuffed links. Marvelous old recordings that he brings out to entertain guests. Clown paintings and figurines. One thing always seems to be in bad shape and pretty soon he is starting another collection.

"I don't seem so interested in piling up things as I once did, however. Haven't, since I moved into the cooperative apartment, I just haven't used it up. I feel there is a more free way of living than in the old one. The old living room was so elegantly Empire and Regency in decor that I found myself using it only for company. I live in my present living room—because it is planned to live in. Furnished in comfortable Contemporary, you might say. Bright and roomy, easy to enjoy. I have a real sense of the sense what makes an outdoor living room in good weather. Just great for working on a summer day, for entertaining on a warm evening."

radio gave Bob time for so many things he had been waiting to do and never hard to manage. For dramatic roles. (He has done dramatic roles on the stage, is looking forward to some TV dramatic parts.) Selling records (He says, 'I'm the worst singer on radio, and you can print that because it's true, but I love to sing.') Any- one who listens to him already knows that he has a happy way with a song, especially the ones with comic overtones that he likes best.) Dancing lessons. (His fling into night-club work emphasized the need to be proficient in every branch of show business.)

He has done a lot of thinking about the renewed popularity of radio. "A generation that knew and loved it, before television came along, has now come back to radio for some sort of entertainment. The new generation of kids, who were maybe six or eight years old when TV started, knew TV only—and they have now discovered the fine old-time radio. For instance, the portable radio, the portables take people to beaches and to summer places. To the need people have felt for more music in their lives, music to dance by and music just to listen to, there has been a reaction and laughter that won't keep them always in front of their TV screens. TV is wonderful and enormously important and I want to be a part of it always. I never want to be so far away from it. But sometimes it just isn't possible to be watching something as well as listening to it, and that's where radio fills a great need.

If, by the time this reaches print, Robert Q. Lewis is involved more in a TV program, it may be because his TV audiences have been wondering why he doesn't come around more with them. If they are wondering at all, he is doing something right.

One day recently, three of his fans waylaid him. A truck driver slowed his enormous vehicle in the middle of the fogging traffic to yell, "Hi, Bob, when are you going to be on TV, Bob?" A woman shopper grabbed him in a department store, demanded: "Why aren't you back on my set so I can watch you again? You look so good. You are one of the few people that make the same time you came back."

an elderly gentleman waved his cane as he passed Bob on the street. "Miss the old TV show," he said. "Better get yourself another."

This is how Bob feels about a fellow who is still re-discovering the medium that gave him his start, radio. And discovering new people to help keep it great. "We have a few of our old fans left this season," he said. "Lee Venora, a girl with a fine classical soprano voice. A young Italian, Ercole Bertolini, with a fantastically good operatic voice. An usher on our staff, Stan Edwards, whom we have used on the show several times. He sings beautifully.

"The great thing to me is that new talent is always exciting, on radio or on television. Such a satisfying kind of thing whenever or wherever it happens."

"Like Frosting on a Cake"

(Continued from page 49)

"In the beginning of my career, after receiving very generous praise, I read more of the bad than the good. It was quite light—
and bad. It said I wasn't bad, but never would be
—an actress. I forgot all the kind things
I'd read and was utterly heart-broken, inconsolable—over the one harsh notice. I
wanted to run away and hide!

"That's when a very wise man, a pro-
ducer, told me: 'Never work for a critic's opinion—never read your notices—never work to win anything beyond the know-
lings of the people you work for. From the turn of do your best and keep making your best
better all the time. Never do less than that, and you'll get all the best from your job. A bad notice won't hurt you; a good one won't spoil you."

"From that advice I came to believe that one of the greatest mistakes anyone can make is to work for the rewards, awards—
for anything except the joy of doing one's job as well as possible. I believe awards are the frosting on the cake. I love them. They're sweet and wonderful, but they're not the end all."

Loretta's attitude toward awards is con-
sistent. It's been tested and proved. There
was, for instance, the time she was going to attend the annual Bal Masque—a high-
light of the annual social season. Any Duquette created the mask and head- dress she would wear. It was gorgeous and, when he saw it on Loretta, he said,
'You just got to win the first prize.'

Oh, Tony said Loretta. 'I don't
need any prize. It's exquisitely beautiful.
I'm delighted with it. I shall have a won-
erful evening just wearing it.'

The following year, the mask before her mirror, beamed at Tony and said, 'You've created a beautiful mask, Tony. If you set your heart on winning a prize—and fall—you'll lose all the joy of your creating. Please forget the prize, Tony.'

'All right, Loretta,' he said. 'My prize
is your pleasure in the headdress, and
I'm satisfied.'

Loretta knew Tony was going to relax and enjoy the party, Loretta told me. "I did, too."

An hour before midnight the prize-

winners were announced. Winner after winner was announced and, last of all, to
my delighted surprise—and Tony's—we
heard, 'First prize—Loretta Young Lewis!'

The ballroom was packed with people
across the room. Winning the top prize
was the frosting on the cake for Tony and
me. But we hadn't had it at first. We
had a lovely time at the party. That
would have remained a fact if we hadn't
won a thing."

Loretta has accumulated a fantastic
number of awards—nearly three dozen of
the ones with the coveted Oscar and two
Emmys. Only once in her life has she really coveted an award and that was not for herself. She wanted it and was positive it had been earned by her Director of Photography, Norbert Brodine, who pho-
tographs her exclusively in all her TV shows.

Our year Loretta Young won her first
Emmy—1955—both she and Brodine had
been nominated. She didn't even think about winning herself. She was absorbed with wanting Brodine to win. She wanted him to know how much, not only the camerawork, but also the sound recording and the direction, and to do the work she had done for Brodine. She didn't want to lose any Emmy, Brodine, who had
been nominated, won. And that win was one of the best things that ever happened to
Loretta."

The following year, both she and Brodine were again nominated for an Emmy. Nei-
ther won, but she wasn't unhappy.

Last year, the Loretta Young Show
was nominated. The whole party was dissolved in helpless laughter when they discovered that, though there were three Emmy nominees among them, only one of the early emcees, Berton, had got the Tele-
vision Academy ballot. Loretta hadn't voted for himself.

"Not a single vote for Brodine—even among ourselves," giggled the three nomi-
nees."

"But we're having fun!" Loretta said, and it was true."

Their minds weren't on winning. They were the most relaxed and gayest group at the huge gathering.

The awards were announced in front of a huge audience in the tape, so the announcements were televised from an ABC-TV
stage. Loretta sat, happy, laughing and relaxed, slipping one foot in and out of her evening mules.

Her name was called. She had won another
Emmy.

She moved forward swiftly, dropping
one shoe on her way to the dais! In the picture room, she posed for several shots, then said, "I must get back—I can't miss the announcement of the photog-
raphy award. I just must get back."

She got back. She sat quietly. The
name of the winner for best cinematogra-
phy was announced. It was: "Norbert
Brodine! For The Pearl, The Loretta
Young Show!" (In "The Pearl," Loretta
portrayed a South American's wife.)

Loretta, at the instant she heard "Nor-
bert Brodine," was on her feet, jumping
up and down like a fourteen-year-old cheerleader. "Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!"

"What a thrill!" Brodine said. "And
the sound monitors had to get busy at the
dials in the control room. There were
happy tears in her eyes; she was utterly
unseliciousious, and the entire assem-
bly cheered and clapped. It was a
joyous occasion for the whole
company of the always-composed Loretta shouting for joy.

Loretta makes no fuss about her own awards. Others keep track of them for her. Oscar and two Emmys are inconspicuously placed between books in the bookshelves in the Tom Lewises' living room. (Tom, of course, is the brilliant advertising executive to whom Loretta is married.)

Recently, a guest who was a stranger to
Tom and Loretta came with friends of
their to the Lewises home for the first time. He surveyed the beautiful room, noticed three gold Emmy trophies self-concealed among the books.

Turning to the friend with whom he had
come, he asked, "Who's the athlete in the family?"

Yes, awards are fun—"like frosting on a cake."

76
THEY ARE HERE! 1500熱情さることを語ったり、子供たちは彼らの好むような歌を再び聴きたい。それは、 Darling, underrind, and visualise them and visualise the surrounding. But, once they learn to like these personalities they hear and “see,” they are immensely loyal. After more than a year and a half, I know we have less friends, because they have told us so. The response has made us feel very good, and very grateful.” As a matter of fact, NBC Bandstand started out as a simulcast on both TV and radio in the summer of 1956. But, after three months it was decided that the radio audience was losing out on many things that were clear to TV viewers, so it became strictly radio, slanted to a listening audience.

The more relaxed job of emceeing a show on radio, after Bert’s years of high-pressure TV shows, was offset most of last year by the decision of building a new house, at the other end of Greenwich, Connecticut, from the old house. Like all new projects, this one posed problems that no one could possibly foresee. There still are a few! But when the Parkers finally moved in, all was forgiven, because the house is so lovely, so much what they wanted it to be. A big, roomy red-brick and shingle structure, with a sloping red roof, and a view that stretches to Long Island Sound, seven miles away. The architecture is Williamsburg Transitional, and it has the characteristic grillwork seen in homes of the Deep South—combined with all sorts of contemporary innovations, such as electronically controlled doors and a hi-fi installation that fills the whole house with music. A fine challenge to a fellow like Bert, who likes nothing better than to tinker with fix-it projects.

Reparing things, re-hanging a door that sags, building a barbecue, helping the twin boys build things—or rescuing one of Petty’s toy dogs from a tree where a mischievous boy has tossed it—keep a man
Talent is a Temptress

(Continued from page 57)

away from a fight. Steve, on the other hand, has admitted the results were unexpected. When he began the series, he said, "I didn't expect to top Ed's ratings." "What I said at the time," Steve recollects, "was something to the effect that I wasn't going on the air for the purpose of beating Sullivan. I was doing it for the fun of it, and I thinks it's really good that we have the opportunity to entertain people. That is my purpose. Sometimes we beat him in ratings and then I'm surprised, although I knew from the beginning that I could do a better program. I turned the ratings in to the network and they didn't like it. I kept it up, and I think that's the way to do it." He grins and shrugs, "That's the way I feel. Ed has a fine program, and lots of luck to him. He's an excellent newspaperman and a very fine fellow. But if I were a performer and producer—I didn't know how to put on a better program than a newspaperman, I would try to get into some other line of work.

For the past ten years, Steve's philosophy was not made with chips on shoulder. Steve is not a man of violence. On the other hand, he is not meek. His personal surprise, when his ratings have topped Ed, is due to the fact that Sullivan is so well publicized and has won national recognition on Tonight with sophisticated, progressive comedy. There was the question in Steve's mind whether an earlier audience would have the same precise regard for his talents. "I haven't compromised my standards. The program, Sundays, is dictated by my tastes rather than anything conscious. And we do certain jokes that are not sophisticated at all. In fact, one of the people we use quite regularly is Lou Costello—who could not be called one of our sophisticated comedians, but after a while, we started getting them and everyone seems to like him. And we have Martha Raye every few weeks. There are two examples of meat-and-potatoes comedy. On the other hand, not all of our jokes are based on new ideas. But it would be wrong of me, unwise of me, to limit my program to the one kind of comedy that I lean towards."

Steve's work is that occasionally something gets on the show that isn't particularly to his liking. "Once in a while, I make a great exception in relation to music. Something that I wouldn't listen to at home. But it's very, very rare and usually in connection with a big hit record, rock 'n' roll or something. But I don't do it regularly, since our ratings don't depend on it. And in any case, music is something I really kind I like to watch. And I do. We see our programs on film maybe a week or two after they've been on the air, and I enjoy them very much." When asked about being in show business fifteen years, his parents, before him, were vaudeville comedians, Belle Montrose and Billy Allen. His father died when he was two. "I was raised with my mother's family. They had a lot of shows. I was a lily-white, snail-y youth. I attempted me at one time. Offers to do situation comedies for TV, to be filmed in Hollywood. Shows in New York that would leave me absolutely no time with the children."

"Annette and I don't need anything going on around us every single minute, in order to be happy. She takes a lot of the pressures off my shoulders, smooths many a path for me, keeps our lives on an even keel. Our fun is mostly in being with people we sincerely like. "As a family, we like outdoor life. We like to swim, we like a boat. But, while most people have been getting bigger and bigger boats, I am now back to an outboard motorboat. From a thirty-foot cruiser! We didn't need it. The little boat is quite adequate for us, and we have a lot of fun with it."

A chance to play the male lead in the musical stage play, "Candide," during three weeks of summer stock last year, made Bert think it might be fun to do another musical, on Broadway. It's an idea that continues to crop up every once in a while. But probably most of all he likes what he is doing.

"I was always happy in radio and I'm happy now with Bandstand. We have a great bunch of people, all the way through. We have a great deal of fun, a very full day, and good music. The kind of music we like to hear our audiences like to hear."

"This whole thing has been like going back home for me."
So Many to Thank!

(Continued from page 60)

singing and helped me get my first radio job in the United States. Faith on the Coca-Cola hour six years ago... Edgar Bergen, with whom I appeared in an Army show... Bob Crosby, on whose Club 15 radio show I sang... and Jack Benny.

"Jack Benny's advice," she adds, "has been quite wonderful. He once told me: 'Seize the opportunity to learn anything you can. Everyone will be helpful some day, even if it's something as seemingly insignificant as twigging a baton.' I learned many useful things from Jack. He's a great art form and is a great talent. He has been working in Las Vegas. I was exposed to his great sense of timing, and I hope a little of it rubbed off on me.

"Jack taught me, too, that every audience is different, every night. No performer," she said, 'should ever get casual just because he's been appearing in the same place for three weeks. He should remember that there are probably new people in the audience each night. A performer has to be as much as his listeners, as his figure. His voice was almost as thrilling as her voice. The audience responded with loud applause.

Besides her singing, she did a comedy bit. She didn't make the right moves and vegetables. Just give me a light meat and I can fix a mighty fine meal."

Though Gisele has won her greatest fame as a singer, she can also act. She appeared in a couple of Studio One shows, for instance. As a dramatic actress on a General Electric program, "I don't think of singing and acting as two separate things. In my mind they're tied together. On my own show, we sang. Talked, performed. I think it's fun to act."

She works hard. But there's a spring in her step, a lift in her eyes, a note of happiness in her voice. She lives in a state of expectation. She has an optimistic attitude toward everything—and swears she isn't a bit superstitious.

What about that bone idol she carries? It's the intense thing carved from a tiger-shark's tooth. And those close to Gisele have often seen her rub it against her stomach just before she sings.

She laughs. "That was a present given to me by a photographer for a national magazine. He collects charms. I'm not superstitious, but he is. He said, if I rubbed its tummy, it would bring me good luck. I rub it because he asked me to."

There are many reasons, besides her singing and acting, why the American public has taken this Canadian singer to its heart. For one thing, she has the vital, kind of personality to which people just can't help responding. And part of the secret is her amiability. If someone asks her to do anything within reason—whether it's clowning with a violin or playing a home game of bridge—she says: "I'll try." "No singer sings alone," she says. She's referring, of course, to all the people behind the scenes who have helped the singer climb to the top. But behind the man behind the scenes is the great American public. "No singer sings alone," because, when she sings the way Gisele does—with all her heart—our hearts sing with her.
Wonderful Time

(Continued from page 30) that I first realized I was grown up, an adult with adult responsibilities. I had to think about the lives of my family—and I had to take care of myself, too, on their account.”

No wonder Pat felt grown up. In the case of this younger brother of the late Buddy Holly; Eva, the children’s nurse; and their three oldest children, Cherry, Linda and Debbie.

There have been other such moments in Pat Boone’s life, moments when he has become increasingly aware of the burdens he is no longer a carefree youth singing his way through college. But mostly, he says, his growing up has been a gradual process—and there are times even now when he feels like a kid.

“I guess I’m a schizophrenic,” he says, with that gay Boone grin. “Sometimes I feel adult and mature and even a hundred years old, but other times I feel like a kid who has had incredible luck—and I wonder how long it can last.”

One of the times Pat feels his responsibilities as an adult is when he steps off the teleprompter at New York City’s Cooga Mooga Productions (as the company which produces his television show is called). Bareheaded and tieless, in a dark red sport shirt and brown slacks, he looks like almost any other handbook student at Columbia University. But the company, and Pat’s other enterprises, occupy an entire floor in the West Fifty-seventh Street building—offices formerly occupied by his company. Pat and Shirley would hire three hamburgers three a day. “I look around,” says Pat, “and I realize that I can’t say I’m tired of the whole world. Too many people are dependent on me. Too many people would be out of jobs.”

The reception room at Cooga Mooga is businesslike and dignified, but on one door is a gold-trimmed sign which reads “The Cooga Mooga Kid.” The Kid is, of course, twenty-three-year-old Charles Eugene Boone.

Who decided on the name for his company? The boy loves to repeat the expression “Great Cooga Mooga” ever since he first heard a disc jockey use it some years ago. Who thought it would be fun to letter “The Cooga Mooga Kid” on his office door? The college boy who is Pat Boone. But this same boy, who couldn’t resist buying and wearing a jazzy black-and-white-checked cape with a scarlet lining, “just for kicks,” is the young man who makes important decisions when necessary—“although I feel uncomfortable about it,” he admits. Mostly, he says, there’s no boss. “We talk things over and everyone is free.”

Pat’s office is typical of what he calls his “schizophrenia.” Actually, Pat is about as far removed from any mental aberration as he is from bankruptcy. And—while his movie records, his concert records, his personal appearances—that’s further away than Mars.

With its gray walls and carpeting, gray pilfering, draperies, green chairs and gray marble desk, his office is attractive—and dimified. But the clock which runs backward (a gag gift from a friend who knows Pat’s predilection for tardiness), the jar of candy on his desk (he has it sent regularly from California for the staff), and the plastic doll jiggling happily in its high-chair—these are Pat’s thoughts.

From the time he was a twelve-year-old, at home in Nashville, Tennessee, Pat has wanted to do everything, to see everything, and he has packed each day with activity in his desire “not to miss a thing in life.” He still has many of these desires: He’d like to learn to fly a plane; he yearns for no matter how much time he gets his Bachelor’s degree, he’d like to start on his Master’s and his Ph.D. He wants always to keep in top physical condition—one of his greatest disappointments is that he is not able to play football team at Columbia. But he’s been learning, in the last year or two, that even with his enormous vitality he can’t do everything.

“He’s becoming more realistic,” says one of Pat’s Columbia professors, “and he’s earning the good grades necessary for the Ph.D. bit for a long time now. And though he’d love to go to a gym twice a week, he hasn’t made it in a couple of months.” Even the barbells left in his office from the Caesar days are seldom used. Pat is discovering that there are only twenty-four hours in a day, only seven days in a week.

Yet he crams into each day, each week, a tremendous amount of activity. In one week this winter, he took four final examinations at Columbia; prepared a paper for another course; did his own TV show, which required thirty-five hours off-rehearsal; and was a guest on the Como TV show, with the additional hours of rehearsal that entailed. All this and his family and his church, neither of which is ever slightly in favor of any other activity, continued without strain.

Miraculously, he also manages to find time for the thoughtful but time-consuming little gestures which are as natural to him as breathing. When the father of one of his friends was sent for by the FBI, Pat personally ordered a huge basket of fruit sent to the patient, with a cute note in his own hand. Even a Boone autograph is seldom stirred up for personal gain. For the man who delivers the lunches to the rehearsal hall, Pat signed a picture with an appropriate “Happy Tummy.”

For himself, Pat is not extravagant, but he loves a good meal and a two-some for the theater—Pat loves to see a Broadway play when he can wangle free time—is apt to become a party of six or eight. His group of guests at the Dartmouth-Columbia football game last fall eventually totaled sixteen. For the premiere of “April Love” last year, he invited his close friend and mentor, Mack Craig, and his wife, to fly up from Nashville as his guests.

On June 1, his twenty-fourth birthday, Pat will receive his degree from Columbia. But, unlike most of the June graduates, who will be embarking on their careers, Pat’s future is assured. First on the rose-colored agenda will be a third motion picture. (After making just two, he wound up in third place on the box-office poll last year.) With Hollywood beckoning, Pat plans to take his family with him for the duration of shooting, and he has packed each day with activity in his desire “not to miss a thing in life.” He still has many of these desires: He’d like to learn to fly a plane; he yearns for no matter how much time he gets his Bachelor’s degree, he’d like to start on his Master’s and his Ph.D. He wants always to keep in top physical condition—one of his greatest disappointments is that he is not able to play football team at Columbia. But he’s been learning, in the last year or two, that even with his enormous vitality he can’t do everything.

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Next Month

Starlet features on such favorites as Alice Lon, Terry O’Sullivan, Sid Caesar . . . such newcomers as Paul Anka, Kathleen Murray and many others . . . all in the June

TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand May 6

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Quizzing the Master—Hal March

(Continued from page 47)

Hal, there has been a lot of criticism of quiz shows in the daily press recently. They say such shows are based on greed and gimmicks. Do you agree with this?

Greedy? No. The $64,000 Question, in a sense, symbolizes America. A place where streets are paved with gold and anyone may have a chance at picking up some of it. We've had winners who were earning seventy-five dollars a week. We've had foreign-born contestants, who could barely speak English, win fortunes. Because of this, we've had tremendous press coverage abroad.

And gimmicks? No. The purpose of any good dramatic show is to set up an emotional reaction in the audience. Our show has the same ingredients: Drama, tension and occasional comedy. The people are real and involved in a real situation. It's a wonderful, powerful format.

Did you ever have any doubts about the show?

Yes, I had personal doubts. I was terribly nervous the first few months. Remember, I'd had twenty years' experience as a TV and screen actor and as a radio and night-club performer, but then I always knew what I was going to do. I had a script that was a dream. Then, too, at the time, the successful quizmasters had a kind of physical exuberance. I knew I could never handle the job in the same way. I had to do it my own way and just hope that it worked.

You have a reputation for being a naturalized quizmaster. Is there more to your job than being nice to people?

There's a lot more to it—but, if I weren't born with this sort of people, I wouldn't be up there. From the technical viewpoint, I have a time problem. If the audience is intrigued by an interview, I have to make the decision to go on, regardless of the time. A good and successful quizmaster has a kind of instinctive reaction when the audience is getting bored by an interview and cut it off. On the air, I produce the show.

Do you watch other quiz shows?

I'm not a fan of quiz shows. But, if a quiz has something to hold an audience, I'm there. I've watched Twenty-One—particularly when Charles Van Doren was on. But, too often, I find quiz shows redundant. Yet, when they get a great personality, I find it as fascinating as anything else.

Do you think all quiz shows are honest?

I don't know about other quiz shows. I'm sure that ours is honest, for I've had so many indications of it.

Does the setup have to be large?

Not necessarily. Shows have come on in the past few years offering more money than ours, and they have not been successful. And, for many years, a show succeeded with only six-four papers as top prize.

Then why did $64,000 Question increase the top prize to $256,000?

I can see the way. When a dramatic or comedy series learns that a supporting member in the cast has built up great audience interest, he is immediately signed to a long contract. For example, I had the honor of having Mrs. Mabel Rosengarten play opposite me in several episodes of Mr. Justice Valentine on the TV program. Mrs. Rosengarten, who plays Private Doberman on The Phil Silvers Show, has added to the

strength of the star and producer. Our situation is the same. But, with a $64,000 top, we could keep a man on the show only five or six weeks. By doubling the prize, we have doubled the appearances a contestant can make.

How are contestants chosen?

I have nothing to do with this, but it's the most important and difficult job in producing the show. It is the great work done in selecting contestants who accounts for the show's success. The contestant must be someone the audience can identify with, whether he be an extroverted shoe-cobbler or an introverted Danish sea captain. The premise is that you're happy when a friend gets good news, and unhappy when it's bad.

Have there been contestants on the show for whom you haven't felt sympathy?

A few. There have been some who were very humble to begin with, and then suddenly got a little power-crazy when they began to read publicity about themselves. Their personalities changed and interestingly enough, the audience saw it and cooled off almost immediately.

Do you think the big winners are mental freaks?

Of course not. They are intelligent people. Most of them are hobbyists. A hobby, for you or me, might be collecting stamps or water-skiing. These people collect information.

Have you asked questions of contestants that you could answer yourself?

Plenty of them. Particularly in sport categories—and, again, about motion pictures.

Could you qualify as a contestant?

No. I don't have the retentive ability. Also, I don't have the technical data in any category to qualify.

Do you think the questions were too tough?

Sure, but that's part of the entertainment. I'll ask a question that is murderous and, like everyone in the audience, I'll be thinking that he'll never answer this—it's unfair. Yet it is fair—because, for $64,000, you can't ask an easy question.

Have there been contestants whose courage you admired?

I respected Billy Pearson's guts. Billy was flat broke when he came on the show. When he won $32,000, he promised his wife and friends he would split it. Out of that $32,000, he would have kept $25,000 after taxes. But there was the gambler in him. On the show, he spontaneously looked toward his wife and said, 'I'm sorry, kid. I lied to you. I have to go on.' In him, there was the need to go on, and I respected this.

Do you think less of anyone for quitting at $32,000?

Of course not. I understand, and so does the audience. With some contestants, the audience will be hysterical when they decide to go on. Other times, the audience will get sick and you can feel it—because they don't want the contestant to take the chance. I respect this man if he quits. Maybe he's got a wife and three kids. He's making seventy-five dollars a week. Now he's got $32,000 more than he could only get in a lifetime. Honestly, I sometimes feel angry when a contestant in those circumstances decides to go on. On the other hand, I may say good luck. And the audience says he'll go on—and they want him to—in the same way they love a champ. Americans have always loved a champion.

Have you ever regretted taking the quizmaster job?

Not for one moment. I can't think of any time in my career when I've been happier.

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THEERN BOOK OF MARRIAGE

THEERN BOOK OF MARRIAGE
Heaven for Helen Trent

(Continued from page 87)

hair, like some of her Underhill relatives, blue eyes, and the Julie Stevens charm.

To get Sarah started for the day, to get Nancy off to school and Charles off to his job as an executive of United States Steel—and to get herself off to the studio—came an early-morning marathon. “I’m up around six-thirty or six-forty-five. Charles and I take turns in being the first to get up and ready ourselves. Dad, our lovely Charles, Pearl, our wonderful housekeeper who took care of me before I married Charles, gets the baby started and the breakfast going. While Nancy is having her breakfast, I shower and dress, then Charles and I have our breakfast. After Nancy is on the school bus, I take my train to New York and the studio.

If there are no interviews, no urgent errands to run, I get back home as quickly as possible. On certain days, I must be home early, to see that Nancy gets to her ballet class, that she has her music and art lessons, that the children are present with the other mothers when something special is happening at school. In winter, I hurry home to skate and sled and ski with Nancy and, in summer, to swim with her. And to play with little Sarah, who soon will be doing all these things, too.”

Many of the mothers of Nancy’s friends have now become Julie’s friends. “I have something in common with all of them.

We swap recipes and ideas, we talk about our domestic routines, and all the things that interest women, while the children play together.”

“Any social life that includes our husbands is usually reserved for weekends. Only Saturday and Sunday nights, when we can sit down and watch the programs we both enjoy. Ouruna, as well as ours, is practically in the front yard, and there is a nearby lake, where they keep a boat.

The pond has a real sand beach that Charles put in, a wooden pier he built, and a low diving board to which he boated Nancy’s slide, so she can go zooming down into the water. Last year, she won both the swimming and golf tournaments in her age group at the club.

For Julie, the most pleasant day on the knob at the back of the house was on the days of the weather with a pattern of vivid color, and small Sarah finds this enchanting. “I must say that even the poorest looks get the same joyful enthusiasm from her at her age. Everything is so new and so wonderful to a child of her age.”

Julie herself never ceases to wonder at the letters people write her. A nurse tells her that the show keeps her shut-up against more content. A doctor takes time out from his appointments, whenever he can, to relax a little and listen to Helen’s stories. A lawyer wants to know what his college has a good drama department. Salesmen, who use their ears for business, time their calls to Helen Trent.

Julie Stevens never ceases to find all this rather wonderful. And to find it equally wonderful to have husband, home, and children. To find herself a woman with an exciting career—and, much more than that, with everything else for which a woman could wish.

Happy As Queens

(Continued from page 20)

and make her family whole again. Since the boy had been missing for the last five years, this was a happy solution to this wish which seemed.

Mrs. Elmore told emcee Jack Bailey that her son was a good boy—it was this very fact, the parents felt, which had forced having Sheldon to leave home. Large and husky for his age, Sheldon had been out playing tag one day when he accidentally ran into an elderly woman, knocking her down. Some weeks later, she died of natural causes, but the children at school were set to work Sheldon, implying he would soon be on a “wanted” list.

A sensitive boy, Sheldon took their ideal to heart, soon felt he had really caused her death. Not wanting to make trouble for his parents, whom he loved dearly, Sheldon ran away. He joined a traveling carnival where, he pitched hay and helped set up tents. Big, smart, and husky for his age, he wasn’t about to ask any questions of the “kid who worked cheap.” Five months passed and the Elmoers had no word from their son.

Then, in September, 1957, Wanda Klumpner of Los Angeles called out of the blue. She was looking for the photograph studio of her own, for added income to help care for her ailing husband. He had passed away, and the studio now is her means of support.

Both Mrs. Marguerite Weaver of Long Beach, California, and Wanda Klumpner of Los Angeles built careers out of their appearances in radio and TV. Wanda, who was familiar with a photographic studio of her own, offered help in the studio to help care for her ailing husband. He had passed away, and the studio now is her means of support.

Wanda Klumpner’s bakery has been supplying cakes to the Queen show every month now since 1945. “When the public like she received from the show nearly includes every person who walks through the bakery can handle. Every time Jack gives a birthday cake to one of the Queen crew members and plucks ‘the cake from ex-Queen Wanda’s bakery on Western Avenue,’ it seems as though the million people from the TV audience come in the next day to say, ‘We heard your name on the air—say, how about some doughnuts?’ This year, Wanda and her

husband are retiring...too much business.

And there was Florence Morse, a widowed owner of some of the boys of the studio, who offered her own to support. She visited the show last Memorial Day—“Teacher’s Day” on Queen. “I really didn’t want to go,” Mrs. Morse recalls, “but the boys had their heart set on a TV show, so I took them. I had always thought these shows were ‘fixed,’ you know...besides, I simply didn’t think I would be selected—I was too fat and well fed.”

She loaned to her wish for a year’s supply of shoes and haircuts for the three boys, Mrs. Morse was chosen Queen For A Day. Plus other gifts, she won the one thing she thinks changed her entire life: A one-week expense-paid trip to Europe.

“What did I learn on that trip?” she asks. “Namely, that people everywhere in the world basically think the same things. They want the good things in life. They want to know that the children have an education; they want them to have a fair opportunity to earn a living; and they want a home with reasons about the children. Most important, I found the children of every nation are so much alike.

“I was vaguely interested in Europe before I went. But now, as a result of the trip, I see that there is almost everything well for the children of the world, with the idea that they are our only true source of peace. I’m doing my best to share my experiences with my own school children and other teachers. Why, I’ve even become the ‘European’ expert at school.

Like Mesdames Elmore, Weaver and Klumpner, and Dr. Stanley Thompson, schoolteacher Florence Morse has found that the experiences of becoming Queen For A Day is more than a momentary thrill. The happy fact is that, once you’ve been crowned Queen, your life never again is quite the same!”
TV RADIO MIRROR Award Winners, 1957-58

(Continued from page 28)

TV, the corresponding program actually to a
bright newcomer is CBS-TV. Perry
Mason, first sleuth to get a full hour's telecast
each and every week.

In the never-more-hotly-contested
Western field—CBS-TV's The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp
proved he has all the magic of his
historic predecessor, by aiming true to
viewers' hearts for his second Gold Medal
awards as your favorite star. On radio, the
choice again is William Conrad, who created
the role of Marshal Matt Dillon in Gunsmoke.
The latter series, seen and heard in separate
versions on CBS, is actually a duplicate of
his character on favorite Western programs—in both sight and
sound.

Among the dramatic stars, TV citations
goes to Loretta Young (her fifth in a row),
for her own show on NBC-TV, and to
John Larkin (his first on TV, for The
Edge Of Night on CBS, though he's won
three for previous radio roles). Radio
awards go to Sandy Becker (his fourth, all
for Young Dr. Malone on CBS) and to
Julie Stevens (for her starring role in
CBS's Romance Of Helen Trent, a fre-
quent award-winner).

Red Skelton repeats last year's victory
as top TV comedian—and adds the pro-
gram award, too, for his CBS laughest.
Gale Storm (whose CBS-TV show, Oh!
Our Miss Brooks, is also a drama program)
is top TV comedienne this year. The
comic Amos 'n Andy Music Hall
wins again for CBS Radio, and the same
network's Robert Q. Lewis is favorite
comedian on radio and TV—started his winning streak
in 1949, repeats this year with a program
award for most popular radio quiz. Money
really talks at those dials, these days. Also
this year, last year's prices are Hal March
and the phenomenal $64,900 Question, over
CBS-TV, as your choice of quizmaster
and quiz on television.

Voting can be consistent for old favor-
ites, too. It's the sixth consecutive Gold Medal for Mutual's
Queen For A Day, best-loved radio women's program—
plus a brand-new one in the same cate-

gory on TV, for the NBC Queen For A Day—surprisingly, from
Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, of ABC-TV's
Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, for
consistently "winning" ways: Their hus-
band's previous TV award this year is the
ninth since the swept the first radio elections in 1947!

That's the same year Lowell Thomas
and Bill Stern started gathering in your
votes. Once again, Lowell of CBS Radio
is your favorite news commentator, and
Bill—now heard on Mutual—your favorite
sportscaster. On TV, the awards go to

two other frequent winners of these polls:

cross between Mutual and the CBS newsmen,
and Allen, "the Voice of the Yankees"
(and many other sports favorites). New-
comer to the winner's circle, however, is
the children's program titleholder: Captain
Kangaroo, of CBS-TV.

There they are, and we hope your own
favorites placed high in the heavy ballot-
ing for 1957-58. Aside from the stories
and pictures in this issue, there will be
many more on your best-liked programs
and personalities—including all those who
gave the winners a run for their medals
in the year ahead. The stars and shows
are all grateful for your votes. The editors
of TV Radio Mirror also thank you for
this frank and full expression of your
tastes. The success of our nationwide polls,
from the start, stems from the response
which you—the actual listeners and
viewers—so wholeheartedly give them.
For Love of Mike Karr

Born battling for justice and for decent government.

From the beginning of the program, on April 1, 1957, with a 120,000-night team, Mrs. John, made the exciting TV team. All, as Sara, credits John with helping her enormously during the first few months as she was tackling her first big TV dramatic role. He says, "I would signal to me, sometimes only by the merest change of expression, that I was doing fine. It kept up my morale."

"He would signal to me, sometimes only by the merest change of expression, that I was doing fine. It kept up my morale."

Says, "I don't need to do it, but I do it, as long as I'm enjoying the work."

The Larkin—John's great interest, of course, is his work. He finds the characters in the show enormously exciting. "I like a plot with some conflict to it. I like the kind of story that I can play with, but he refuses to teach her, insists she has lessons from a pro."

"It's like trying to teach a writer how to drive a car—she always learns faster, with a demonstration."

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More and More of Garry

(Continued from page 41)

winning daily Garry Moore show and retaining only the evening panel program for the present, the news was therefore a shock. That shining group of varied talents with whom Garry had surrounded himself—Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith—seemed broken up. Why was this happening?

Our readers should be particularly interested because, for several years now, both of Garry’s programs—the one he is giving up and the one he is continuing—have won their vote as favorite shows in the daytime-variety and panel categories. Usually, such an award-winning program as The Garry Moore show is something that happens in the air. It’s when popularity is slipping that shows quietly fade away. Why would there be no cheery fellow—their trademark—stiff brush of a crew-cut and bow tie, often dashingly dotted—to get the audience housewife happily started on her day’s rounds? (And frequently her husband, too, when his business day allows.)

This brings him to his second reason for “dropping” the commercial aspects of the show, seeing to it that no commercial messages intrude there. He has come to feel that too much of the time Garry needed to plan the strictly entertainment portions.

His third reason, the final one, is that—after almost eight consecutive years of TV—Garry doesn’t want to be part of the show or the people on it. I know I’ll never again be privileged to work with a group so full of integrity, industry and love. But I’m just plain old weary. Pooped!

To deal with the weariness, he has made wonderful summer plans. Customarily, the Moores have taken six weeks off in summer. But, this year, they will have themself, and the two boys—Garry, Jr. starting off with them, and Mason being picked up at his school in England—they will travel Europe wherever the spirit moves them. Of course, this is not the summer before, at Point Pinos:

“Will there be long, lovely boating trips in the waters around and about Holland. Garry was boat-minded long before ever he became a Garry Moore. He thinks of boating as a sport that whole family can enjoy, a way to keep them together during vacations, something kids should learn about and learn to enjoy. He’ll keep an old sailboat going a foot is too long, and he doesn’t give two pins whether all the grass is polished down to the last rub. He likes a boat clean, but it’s fine anything.”

Except for the continuing I’ve Got A Secret—with its enormously popular panel consisting of Henry Morgan, Jayne Meadows, Faye Emerson and Bill Cullen—Garry has announced no plans for a new show until January, 1959.”

But CBS-TV is talking about a night-time variety program for Garry to start this fall. “That’s one guy I can watch without thinking of what I am seeing too often,” one of his viewers said recently.

The people who work with him on both shows say things like this: “He’s just one of the sweetest people I’ve ever known. He’s gotten tremendous atmosphere of confidence and trust, with us and with the audience. . . . He is so completely frank about everything. You know his likes and dislikes. You know the things he believes in. That’s so rare in this age of his beliefs.” . . . “He is generous with praise. He gives credit where it’s due.”

So meticulous is Garry about giving this credit where it’s due that he has never given an award to a topflight personal in his show, which is a feature of the TV world. In other words, Garry says, “I’m not going to put my name to something I don’t think is worth it.”
they mean he doesn't scream or throw a tantrum, but builds the show little by little in cooperation with a staff and casts that he trusts well as a singer. He also fits in the sense that he isn't a flamboyant performer, but a quiet-type personality with a smooth, smooth voice and non-violent performance.

The people who work with Perry say they know what he likes and what he expects of them because he tells them. It's as simple as that. "Nothing boils up inside him except the exploding point," one of his associates said.

"If Perry doesn't like the way a thing is being done, he will ask quietly, 'Couldn't we do something else here?' Then we try it another way," Mitchell Ayres, his musical director, scorns the word "casual" as applied to Como. "He is meticulous about the show, about everything he does—his arrangements, his selection of numbers. Nothing is too much work to get the results he wants." And Mitch, adds about himself, "It's good to have a boss that is like this.

The hour-long Perry Como Show began in the fall of 1955, when Perry left the comparatively secure of an established fifteen-minute TV program to rocket into the unexplored big time of the big night show. To nobody's surprise, except perhaps his—because after years of success he is still a modest sort of fellow—the show had a success. But near the end of the third successful season, nobody appreciates this situation more than its star, but he leaves it to others to analyze the reasons.

"I don't think there's anything out," Perry said. "I'm just the guy who is grateful.

There's a theory among his fellow workers that the show is a success because it is always different—and Como is always the same. He never steps out of character. He gives the kind of performance everyone has learned to expect of him.

If the stacks of letters that arrive daily are any indication, this is true. Approximately a thousand of them come in every morning during the show's run. Though some occasionally take a few modest page shots at a guest. Not many, because guests are carefully picked and equally carefully spotlighted to their best advantage, from the biggest to the smallest. Perry seems to be the only younglster getting his first important showing. Como himself seems above reproach.

Letter-writers forward him every clipping they come across in their local papers, fearing he might miss one bit of publicity. This man they write to never gets over the fact that there are these masses of people who are interested in Perry and who ask for a glimpse at him, perhaps a photograph of himself. Perry will answer when he can, as long as it's a good one. So he is interested, at least as long as it is a good show. One of his biggest kicks came during the holidays last Christmas when, for the first time, the BBC in London carried his show. Perry was delighted to learn that people were talking about him. Perry walks on)

Perry's personal preferences in TV viewing are not for any specific type of show, but, of course, he is interested in all the other singers. His wife, Roselle, has been helping with the selection of songs. Perry walks at his own speed, as long as it is a good show. One of his biggest kicks came during the holidays last Christmas when, for the first time, the BBC in London carried his show. Our interest in Perry's television shows is not only in the great number of people who are interested in Perry and who ask for a glimpse at him, perhaps a photograph of himself. Perry will answer when he can, as long as it's a good one. So he is interested, at least as long as it is a good show. One of his biggest kicks came during the holidays last Christmas when, for the first time, the BBC in London carried his show. Perry walked on stage and said, "I'm just the guy who is grateful."

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Gunsmoke!

(Continued from page 51)

briefly, they saw a need for a new type of show—a Western for adults. They thought they could adapt the character they had created and used on several of the anthology shows they had done together. But CBS Radio’s then vice-president, Harry Ackerman (now producing and executive producer of the new series), had given them a new title: “Gunsmoke,” which the network wanted to use. So, in the matter-of-fact manner of their hero, Matt Dillon—who does what he thinks is right—Meston and Macdonnell exclaimed, “‘Jeff Spain’ and called it ‘Gunsmoke.’

To a large extent, Macdonnell’s and Meston’s careers hung on this radio show. But as Macdonnell once said, after a few weeks, the show burst into national prominence with the explosive force of a Gatling gun. The fan mail indicated they had created a new hit show—and a new star, in radio actor Bill Conrad. The interesting thing about this fan mail—which still floods CBS—is that it came from a highly educated section of the population: Doctors, lawyers, and Indian chiefs. (Indian things, those Indians of his because of its ‘honest Western flavor.’)

In both the radio and television versions, producer Macdonnell has a passion for detail. As one writer once observed, “A unique feature of his is his ability to create realistic miniatures of the American West. The crew, for instance, are not content to build in a few backwoods hermitages in a studio, or clap a few hollow stumps into a backyard—however realistic the latter might look. His set builders work with the same kind of care that a master jeweler uses in placing diamonds in a setting. In Macdonnell’s hands, the West is a reality, not a dream. He knows what the real West was like. He has seen it, and he can convey that reality to the audience.”

Bill Conrad—who has been playing Matt Dillon since 1952, when Gunsmoke first rode out on the Western airwaves—is a real Western character actor of great ability, and himself a native person himself. Not all like the poorly-read Matt, Conrad is a first-order Shakespearean student, is easily absorbed by the music of Mozart, has a trained hi-fi sense of binaural sounds. A ruggedly masculine man, with dark hair and a dark mustache, Conrad is also an athlete of exceptional ability. He skis, fishes and hunts with quiet determination.

“The most important thing about Bill,” says Macdonnell, “is not a physical de-
scription or anything you can see on the outside. It’s his character: He’s very much like what John and I imagined Matt Dillon to be—a gruff exterior, but a heart of gold. ‘Much of Matt Dillon’s character grew out of Bill Conrad,’” he continues. “Which points up what a really great actor he is. I was having a lot of fun working with Bill—extremely pleased with a rugged Western marshal. There are times, in fact, that you can’t tell where Matt Dillon begins and Bill Conrad ends off . . . almost can’t tell if they’re separate characters. But suddenly we found ourselves unconsciously writing Matt’s dialogue to fit Bill’s personality.”

To a degree, the same thing happened later to James Arness, who plays the TV version of Matt Dillon. Like Bill Conrad, Jim has undergone a tremendous personal identification with the character.

“In addition,” says producer Macdonnell, “Jim has a personal fondness for that period of American history. He says it was virile and strong and he finds it challenging. I had lunch with him the other day and, when he came in off the Gunsmoke frontier street, he plumped down in the corner and looked down on his big flabby body, the counter and exploded, ‘Man, that was an era. Everything was right on the table. What else?’ Those words describe Matt Dillon and Dodge City in the 70’s,” Macdonnell notes. “Everything was out in the open. There was no subterfuge, no neurosis, no artifices or superficiality. Life was straightforward, before technology and beast. Is it any wonder Jim Arness finds the character to his liking?”

The personalities of the fictional characters on Gunsmoke have a habit of rubbing off on the actors who play them: Pretty red-headed, New York-born Amanda Blake, who plays Kitty in the TV version, knew that the Lone Ranger rodeMan and knew that Jim Arness was going about horses. In fact, she appeared in a dozen Gunsmokes before she rode her first horse. Then, after dismounting, she said, “Great heavens, this is wonderful! I’ve got to learn to ride.”

Another reason that the TV version of Gunsmoke is so successful, according to Macdonnell, is the fact that it had three elements which made for a good show. The first was that the actors were being fairly well delineated. They became well-rounded people, and their speech, attitudes and opinions were well established. When the TV actors were introduced to these lovingly molded charac-
ters, they got to know them in record time, fell into their patterns easily. The fact is that the actors have come to know the individual characters they play a great deal better than their creators, writer Meston and producer Macdonnell. Milburn Stone, who plays “Doc,” on TV, has gotten to know the testy medic like his alter ego; and “Milly,” who has had at least twenty-five years’ acting experience, will refuse to read a line if she hears it “through the ear of the hearer” if he feels it isn’t honestly part of Doc’s character. “I won’t read it! I won’t read it!” he blusters. Doc would never say that.

But, for honesty in the portrayal of a character, all admit that young Dennis Weaver, who plays Chester Proudfoot on TV, and Parley Baer, who plays Chester on radio, are by far the most dedicated actors of the group. Milly Stone—who has trod the boards as a child star, sung in barber-shop quartets, played straight man in variety shows and worked under world-famous director John Ford—will frequent-
ly check with Dennis on his interpretation of a tough scene. Milly, a man with great acting experience, thinks Dennis Weaver is a tremendous acting talent, and the greatest promise he has ever known.

Macdonnell agrees. “Dennis is forever studying,” he says. “He’s even formed his own acting school. Dennis’s whole life is body language—physical, athletic, acting. But acting is by far his first love. He’s so intent on a scene being honest that he’ll throw away his own lines, give them to somebody else—or, if necessary, cut himself. His concentration is enormous.

Gunsmoke is a success for many reasons.

Two of these are Macdonnell and Meston themselves, both honest men, with a love of the West. They are—honest men who believe in a show, and Macdonnell a passionate quarter-horse breeder. Another reason is that three-year shakedown on radio.

“Just the other day,” says Macdonnell, “I was sitting with some friends, at a party—wondering about something to the show—maybe adding a quality somewhere. I know this is a strange thing to say, but we decided there was no new element to add. In the three years we’ve been on radio, we’ve done some 117 scripts on radio, we had pretty well gotten all of the cricks and crangles out of it.”

The most important reason is that both the TV and radio Gunsmoke characters have a “family work” quality. They all get along like boots ‘n’ stirrups. Fifty-five million weekly listeners and viewers agree that they’re the kind of folks you like to have for friends, today—as well as in the 1870’s.
That Old Golden Magic

(Continued from page 45)

series but was the man who originally conceived the idea. Arthur continues to be radio's great man—but what makes him great?
The McGuire Sisters, who have been with him six years, have part of the answer: Chris says, "Arthur doesn't just 'get to' people. He communicates in a much more special way." Phyllis comments, "I've watched Arthur when we're on the air, especially on radio. He knows everything and everyone but the microphone. He treats that microphone like a person—and, I guess, that's exactly what he's thinking of." Doors always open to him. "I'm always marvel to me. I'm always reminded of it, even on the road. I'll walk into a drugstore to buy toothpaste, ask for it by brand name—and the clerk will say to me, "Oh, you want Godfrey's toothpaste?"

If there is a secret to Arthur's success, it is in one word, integrity. Arthur says, "When you get to the mike, you don't change into some other guy. If you want to be honest with what you have to say or sell, you shouldn't be there." So Arthur may come on the air and say, "I feel awful this morning. I was up late talking with a friend. Will I need a mouthwash or will someone please sing for me while I prop my eyes open?" There is never the enforced gaiety other entertainers try to maintain through thick or thin ratings. Arthur is always himself—many—but, when he is worried, you know about it. From the farm recently, he noted, "People have been writing and asking how I feel, and I've been well in the past couple of weeks. Well, I'll tell you." He then talked about spunk and the state of our national defense. He concluded, "I can't go around smiling like I used to in his bit on the air. The other, if you're aware of what's happening.

For Arthur, that microphone is as personal as the telephone when you call a close friend. Whatever has been on his mind during the preceding twenty-four hours comes out. Mrs. Godfrey, down on the Virginia farm, doesn't have to phone Arthur and ask, "What's new?" She knows from her interpretation of Arthur that millions of people know as much about the workings and contents of his mind as they do about their own husbands, wives or neighbors. So is this the secret to Arthur's success—his honesty?

The McGuire Sisters estimate that 75 percent of the audience is Arthur's own. They believe that as though he were himself. Yet could it be that simple, when everyone in the TV-radio industry agrees that frequent exposures of any personality results in audience boredom? Then how can Godfrey go on the air year after year, maintaining his audience?

Arthur, in a recent interview, passed a news clipping across the desk and said, "Take a look at this. I did it for a guest column in the New York Herald Tribune and it explains a lot." The key phrases in the piece were, "The thing I feel impelled to do is to urge people to get more out of life than they are getting. I am more out of life than most people and I am distressed to find that I am one of a comparatively small number. . . . Twenty-six years ago, I discovered that my zest for life and my curiosity about the environment, following a near-fatal motor accident in 1931, furnished inspiration as well as entertainment for my listeners. . . . The time has come that the world knows about the McGuire family. Arthur, the McGuire Sisters—yet they continue in the Godfrey family. Why?

Phyllis, who is often spokesman, says, "It's probably plain working with him. There's nothing pretentious. We never know what he's going to talk about." She goes on, "Of course, that's a small part of it—when, Arthur brought us out of Ohio, we knew nothing about the business. We didn't even know what to do with our hands while we sang. Arthur has taught us the exception. I began to fly when I was a young man and so I have many hours of training and air time. But, for all of the other things I've learned, that's true." So his hobbies include skating, skiing, skin-diving, sailing and hunting. His horsemanship is such that he is one of the best dressage riders in the country. He never saw a plough in his youth, but he's a successful farmer now. His pronouncements on national matters are noted. Congressman George A. Smathers to read into the Congressional Record: "Arthur Godfrey, aside from his obvious talents as an entertainer and master, is also one of the best informed men, either in or out of the Government, on the matter of this government's air power."

Let's remember that Godfrey was not a weak writer who speaks stories at St. Moritz on skis or received a private airplane on his sixteenth birthday. When he was ten, Godfrey's family was so poor that Arthur had to live out. He went to work after school. At the age of fourteen, he left Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, to go out and shift for himself, so that there would be one less mouth to feed. All of his life, he has tried to help during his adult life, at the same time that he has been working for a living. Arthur has never stopped growing with the country. For this reason, he can't go stale.

Some of the things you find Arthur are honoring not the performer but the showman. He can produce a good show, and people in the business know it. During the years that the Wednesday-night hour with the Jack Benny Program, and Leonard and Phil Slivers would come into the theater just to watch rehearsals. His perception is acute. One week the show's theme music was around the world, with a new mood of the performers from a different country. Arthur, as was his custom, came into the studio Wednesday afternoon to see the first full rehearsal. After he had watched the show, he said, "You're broke in, "This is all wrong. You know what you're all doing? You're doing a parody, and that's wrong. We're not kidding about how these different nationalities sing. We want to catch theIchiban beauty of the folk songs as they are sung in their native lands." In a few words, he had righted the ship and put it back on the course.

Arthur, himself, took the Wednesday-night show off the air. He was simply tired of the details, choreography, set problems, rehearsals and gimmicks that went into, and caused the informality of the morning show which were unrehersed. And there is no doubt that Arthur is the master of this kind of program. The McGuire Sisters appreciate this.

The girls you must remember been at the very top of their profession for several years. At night clubs, they draw top pay ($25,000 a week in Las Vegas). They're recording stars (eight big records are in demand on big TV shows). These, as guest stars with Pat Boone, Sinatra, Dinah Shore, Como, Patti Page, Steve Allen). Not since the Andrews Sisters' reign has there been a better pairing of the McGuires—yet they continue in the Godfrey family. Why?

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much, and we still find ourselves learning from him.

The informality of the show may be misleading. Arthur is always sensitive to the audience. Occasionally, a singer may get off-key or lose the orchestra. Arthur stops the number and kids around until the singer has regained his composition. This is part of the wrong thing. Arthur turns the joke on himself and gets the act on. "When we first started on the show," Phyllis McGuire recalls, "we sometimes got carried away with the informality. One morning, Arthur asked naturally, 'How are you guys this morning?' So I said, 'All right, but Chris is losing her hair.' Well, I didn't realize how terrible this would sound. Arthur said, 'It was just a temporary anemic condition. But Arthur turned it into a laugh and got us on with our number. If it had been left to me, I suppose I'd have gone on with all the same.

Phyllis McGuire's sister is the singer, made anyone flounce. He took her personality and squeezed it into the wrong thing. Arthur turns the joke on himself and gets the act on. "When we first started on the show," Phyllis McGuire recalls, "we sometimes got carried away with the informality. One morning, Arthur asked naturally, 'How are you guys this morning?' So I said, 'All right, but Chris is losing her hair.' Well, I didn't realize how terrible this would sound. Arthur said, 'It was just a temporary anemic condition. But Arthur turned it into a laugh and got us on with our number. If it had been left to me, I suppose I'd have gone on with all the same.

The McGuire Sisters are beauties (and Chris has a lovely head of hair). If you've been lucky enough to see their night-club act, you will find it a limitation in comparison to their singing, instrumental performances and songs, you would know instantly the girls are true professionals. Yet, when Arthur brought them out of oblivion, they were awarded an honesty award. Phyllis didn't have drawn $250 a week in a club. They admit this. Their winning of the best girl singers' medal, two years in a row, is a tribute to Arthur's work as a talent scout.

For some reason, Arthur has always been more fashionable than most people recall. During the early years of his career, one of the most popular bands in the States— as big as Lawrence Welk's, today's was Ray Noble's. Godfrey was there, sometimes for the years of the McGuire Sisters. Among other stars and acts he discovered later in his career have been Julius La Rosa, The Marianis, Marilyn Monroe, Janette Davis and Pat Boone.

Aside from public exposure, he has given many of these people an outside education in show business for free. Boone, the McGuire's, Jan Davis, La Rosa and many others got special tutoring in dancing, singing, skating, dramatics—all with Arthur's compliments. He shares his own experiences of the little things. Phyllis says, "For example, we are always learning and recording new songs. It's natural that we should want to try them. The one thing that Arthur has taught us: If we have been away from the show for a few weeks, we know that when we come back we should start with one of our old, familiar numbers. It's the feel at home with us. It makes sense—but it took Arthur to point this out.

The discovery and development of new talent has been one of the great satisfactions of Arthur's life. On the opening day of The Ford Road Shows as the best new radio show of the year, for the whole concept was Arthur's. These Road Shows include Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney in "Know-He Spots." Arthur sometimes got it. If it was significant, that this impressive lineup has been scheduled at a time when network radio is fighting for its life.

It should be noted that Arthur's activities at CBS have not included any kind of supervision over other CBS performers than his own. But recently an old friend of his, Arthur Hull Hayes, was moved up to the presidency of CBS Radio. About two years ago, when the two Arturs were in Godfrey's programs, Arthur Hayes was the new programmer. Arthur Hull Hayes, said, 'Have you forgotten there's only one way to sell radio? The same as we did in the beginning. Give people a personality they can depend on, in that case, to say that to this man every day around the clock.' Arthur suggested trying the idea on Ford. He reasoned that if it worked for Ford, other advertisers would want some of the same. Arthur says, "I should mention that I made a sales record, addressed to the Ford faculty, developing this idea and noting that I'd be pleased to represent Ford's interests.

Some months later, Arthur Hayes came to Godfrey and said, "The Ford people are very happy about the whole idea." Godfrey replied, "How can you get somebody to do it?" Hayes said, "That's what I want." It was then that Arthur said he would limit his participation, in the interest of radio itself. He recalls, that there aren't a lot of people who want to have as much integrity as I. And I thought it would spoil a good thing if I were on morning, afternoon and night.

So it should be particularly gratifying to as many people as possible to tell that he has played a big part in the revitalizing of radio—for it was Arthur who gets credit for revolutionizing radio programming in earlier days. When I went into radio," Arthur replies, "I think he remembers an incident that I could pronounce Tchaikovsky and Khachaturian correctly. If you got the job, you were reading stuff into a microphone that wasn't fit for Lady Le- dux's tea party. When you read a commercial, if anyone was paying attention, they knew for a fact that you didn't know anything about the product and probably didn't care.

During the days he lay in traction while recovering from his car accident, Arthur listened many hours to that kind of radio. He came to the realization that it was all wrong. That's the reason he has tried to change his routine to always face the camera.

Taking its cue from his star, the atmosphere at The Big Record is friendly and relaxed, though businesslike. "I know my telephone friends," Patti explains simply. And she is.

Jack Rael, her manager, has made it his business to see that the Big Record orchestra is strictly out of the top drawer. "We don't want the mike to be a like the one that is not the test. The important thing is the man at the mike. The mike shouldn't be made to say one thing that he doesn't believe in. The word is integrity," With reasoning like that, Arthur should remain Gold Medal Champ as long as he wants to stay on the air.

The Big Big Record

(Continued from page 53)

Panist Rocky Cole is Patti Page, star of the show. Even on a rainy afternoon, with four hundred thousand people watching, it looks smart and well put together. Her head is comb in back simply, with a chiffon pinned on to hold up straggly. She wears a gold and white dress, cinched in the waist, with the tone hundred dollars. Her feet, in fresh yellow-kid flats, tap out the rhythm as Rocky plays.

Does she know, this slim, blue-eyed blonde, who tips the scales at a scant 115 pounds soaking wet, the tone hundred dollars. He stuck zip- pers instead of the big ones, like ratings. For good or bad, Patti admits she keeps her worries bottled up inside her, just as she does her other feelings. Irritation, frustration she must feel some times, but she has yet to raise her voice or flounce off the stage in a burst of temper-

She's a joy to work with, says producer Jack Phillips. "She's a veteran of five years with the Gleason show. She's always on time, always ready when she's called on, a hard worker, and—" the greatest accolade of all—"a real pro."
Forever “Young Marrieds”

(Continued from page 37)

to get out of the rain. Inside, all is damp, drizzly, and cold. The women worry themselves gray over getting gray. Now take this letter—"

She had been sitting in the Nelson bungalow on the General Service lot where The New Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet were being shot, trying to compose a suitable reply to a fan letter. It was from a woman who complained, "I've been watching the show for six years, and from time to time I've been wondering about the secret of Harriet's young looks."

"This woman is apparently looking for some get-young-fast remedy," says Harriet, "some new diet, exercise or vitamin. These are fine in their place, but none are as important as the woman's state of mind, her attitude. She goes on and on about how the work is hard, dull and thankless, and how she has nothing to look forward to but old age and sickness."

Certainly I sympathize with her plight, but her attitude isn't helping her any. The climate of today is so cold and depressing that it's making her bones creak before their time. I suspect that she has too darn much on her hands and nothing to fill the vacuum except mending her wrinkles—and I'll bet that, by the time she gets through with a session of self-pity, she really has grown a few new ones."

On why she keeps twenty-eight as the age to stick to, Harriet explains, "Please don't get any idea that I'm about to try and fool people into thinking that's my age. Not with a six-foot son who's ready to start carrying me down."

"This is what 'being twenty-eight' means to me: It's a mature, active time of life when emotions have begun to simmer down and ideas are starting to get organized. People of that age are usually at the top of their form, with plenty of vigor for responsibilities and patience for details in their work. They look and feel their best—at least I do. So, though I can't say I really feel it's a challenge to stay twenty-eight...

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in spirit. It's an ideal worth shooting for."

Like many students of psychology today, Harriet believes that the body is a great mimic. "If you keep telling yourself you're tired and getting old, the body will live up to that suggestion and everything begins to sag. But tell yourself you're twenty-eight and full of pep, and your spine straightens out and your shoulders go back and you begin to look the part. At least, you feel you do."

Contrary to what most youngsters think, Harriet does not believe that life grows easier with age. "I think of the years I've been married as 'thank goodness.' There was a time when she and Ozzie, faced with the chores and problems of parenthood, would console themselves with the thought that, as the boys grew older, the problems would grow lighter, too. "Happily, it didn't turn out that way," Harriet says now. "Ozzie and I realize that—after twenty-two years of marriage and with our boys nearly full-grown—there are still other things, and the challenges of life are still very much with us. And it would be pretty dull without them. It is wonderful to wake up each morning knowing that we have a busy day ahead. There is just no time for picking faults with ourselves or with the world, when we have so much to do."

Both Ozzie and Harriet agree that "as kids grow, so do problems. We get less, they merely become different." Says Harriet, "You don't have to bathe or dress them, or keep on their heels a hundred times a day. Dave isn't likely to kick a football through the goalposts, or run for a field goal. Rick doesn't forget quite as many things as he once did. But that doesn't mean Ozzie and I can pull the ears in and drift with the tide."

"The other night," Harriet continues, "Dave drove by to discuss an aptitude test he took at U.S.C. Ozzie and I had to use great care in giving our views, because Dave has reached the point where he is sharply critical of mediocre ideas. And it's easy for Rick to let off steam. His bad habits are in the ability to think he's doing a job."

It is this quality of utter womanliness that carries over onto the TV screen and so continues to endear Harriet to millions of American wives and mothers. They watch Harriet's weekly strategies in directing (by gentle hint and suggestion) the destinies of her three men in their comic situations, and they find her a true fully-fledged family member. Her personality—be it as a devoted wife, as a mother, or as a husband and child's companion—grows in the same way as the family of which she is a part. She is just what a good wife and mother must be."

"I think Rick has a solid point there," agrees Joiner. "After a while, me—comment. It's wonderful and rewarding job. I'm not at all anxious to be thought of as Ozzie's business equal. After all, she chuckles, "I wouldn't appreciate it if he were con- sidered the breadwinner as far as me, because he runs his department and I manage mine!"

Being young, according to Harriet Nelson, is not wearing the same styles as your daughter, or clinging to the cute mannerisms of years ago. A young person is a busy person, always busy. "Many of their plans and projects and whose nights are calm, contented and charged with a sense of achievement, of work well done. It's hard to believe that they even have time for music, or French lessons. ("I haven't been to them now," she explains. "Meanwhile it's on my list, and I know one day I'll get to it.")"

Although she can afford a staff of servants, Harriet has only one girl working in her home from one o'clock to nine. Twice a month, a cleaning outfit gives the house a thorough going-over. Each day before leaving for the studio, Harriet does the dishes and the beds.
The one luxury she insists on is having her evening meal prepared when she and Ozzie arrive home. When the boys were young, they had a "live-in" maid, but Harriet abandoned this practice because she felt it took some of the familiar family freedom. Summers, at their beach home in Laguna, Harriet has no help at all.

"I revel in the housework," she admits, "but I cheat a bit on meals. We go in for a lot of prepared foods and barbecues.

Of the opinion that most human beings are born procrastinators—herself definitely included—she says: "There's one thing to do, and something else to do. Then, there's everything to do. As she puts it, "I real-
ized long ago that one reason so much is accomplished in business is because a definite schedule is set up. So—why not do the same in running a house?"

She draws up a list and crosses off each item as it is completed. One day's chores might include taking all the lamps out to be cleaned, or checking all the family shoes for any needed repairs. One item might read, "New window shades bedroom." Another, "Drop batch cookie tins, Mother Hilliard baking." She does not believe "free time." Free time is when her nose is buried in some how-to-do-it manual.

All this is part of a general philosophy she and Ozzie share, and it's what keeps their house and other buildings shining.

"There's a time in life for everything. Right now, we have a very limited social life, what with working days and studying scripts nights. But, in a few years, we'll no doubt have plenty of social time.

Fun-for-All Family

(Continued from page 65)

her. Her daughter Susanna was nine months old, laughing freely.

"Lee and I keep her in our bedroom at night so we can enjoy her a little longer. But, honestly, I feel awful when I leave her behind in the morning. I'm even silly enough to wish I could bring her to the studio."

Barely four weeks later, her wish came true—after Mr. Gottlieb had promptly in-
structed her. Their plans included a part for Susanna in the script!

When Gale had the opportunity to take her new daughter to the set, she was both thrilled and scared. Looking back at those first few exciting days, she says in part: "I've never worked harder in my life. I felt responsible for everyth-
ing that happened on the set!"

She was not exaggerating when she claimed to have had her hands full. First problem to be solved was that of a dressing room. Susanna needed one all by herself—so she could take a nap between scenes.

Susanna behaved amazingly well on the set, far beyond Gale's greatest expectations.

The baby never cried, wasn't afraid of people, fell asleep on cue—in fact, the only problem in handling her was her immense curiosity.

Like the scene in the crib, when she was supposed to gurgle happily at the camera. The instant the overhead lights were turned on, she shot all around to see what was going on. When the micro-
phone was moved close to her to pick up the sounds, her eyes moved right along with the gadget like they were glued to it.

Afraid that this sort of distraction might delay the filming, Gale took it upon her-
self to keep Susanna's interest fixed on the lens. For one scene, when her little daughter was supposed to smile happily as ZaSu Pitts picked her up, Gale was flat on her stomach underneath the camera— making faces at Susanna. Every evening, after work, she insisted on seeing the rushes—to see how well her daughter had come across on the screen. (The end result was so rewarding that Mr. Gottlieb told Gale that he could dispense with her services as soon as Susanna learned to talk!)

Susanna is neither the first nor will she be the last member of the Lee Bonnell- Gale Storm family to be in the movies. It was son Phillip who set the standard three years ago, when Gale was starring in My Little Margie. When he first brought up the idea of any family work at the time, father 
—Gale feared that he might get more at-
tention than was healthy. Rightfully, his father suggested that, if Phillip had been given a proper sense of basic values, there was no reason to fear the exposure would have a detrimental effect on their son. Besides—his mother reasoned—in addi-
tion to the pleasure she would get out of having him with her for a few days, there was another point in favor of letting him appear on the show.

"Just as Lee and I try to share our children's lives to the fullest extent," Gale added, "we also want our family to take part in ours. Naturally, Lee doesn't ask them for advice on specific insurance cases, yet they have a pretty good idea what his business is about all. And I feel, the more they know about what I am doing, the more they will understand about my work—and appreciate why I can't always be on hand to tend hot dogs at the Little League games, as I sometimes do."

Originally, Phillip had wanted to get on the show to make some extra pocket money. Gale and Lee have always given the boys a small regular allowance, then paid them extra for chores they did

Meanwhile, why grumble over it, when so many other compensations lie before us? One thing we're ever grateful for: Working together has cemented our devotion to one another and given us much more time with our boys than the average parents have.

Still on the subject of "picking an age and sticking to it," Harriet relates the following: "Some weeks ago, I bought a gift for the two-year-old. It was a matched pair of Western holsters and guns. I left them on the kitchen table while I went to put my coat in the closet. Rick ambled in, spied the guns, buckled on a belt and began practicing the draw. Just then Ozzie came downstairds and, seeing Rick, became intrigued at once with the other gun. At that moment, Dave stopped by, watched his father and Rick a while, and then proposed a Western duel to see who was the fastest draw. Poor Ozzie had one strike against him: Although he strives mightily to keep his athletic figure—and has succeeded mar-
velously—the belt did not fit around his middle, and he had to hold it up with one hand while he drew with the other. When I came to see the show, I found them all engaged in a free-for-all, holding up each other while Dave was hol-
loring instructions to both.

"They saw me and stopped, looking at each other sort of sheepishly. I said, 'I guess we'll have to teach you the rules of the age, it would be twelve years old.' Where-
upon our seventeen-year-old Rick looked at me thoughtfully and answered, 'Not me, Mom. I'd go along with you and pick 28. That's the age I'd like to stick with, too!'"
around the house. Like special cleaning in their rooms or weeding the yard. (Paul is so enthusiastic about it, they fear they'll step out of the house one morning and not find a blade of grass left in the yard.) One day, the writers told Gale they had a script that called for "Margie" to dress up like a seven-year-old—and then get into all sorts of trouble with some other twelve-year-olds. Remembering her son's pressure, she figured that one of these youngest could be played by Phillip.

He was ecstatic about the idea—till he found out what he had to do. "Gee, Mom, I can't beat you up."

"But it's just not believable," Gale explained. "Besides, you are not really supposed to hurt me. It's like a game."

"I know, Mom. But what will the boys think when they see me beating up my own mother?"

"They'll laugh—I hope!" Gale grinned.

Phillip needed a little more coaxing on the set, a few days later. Instead of grabbing Paul, as he was supposed to do, he touched her so gingerly the director shouted, "No! No! No! Roughhouse with her!"

He finally did—and so convincingly that her mother had several black-and-blue spots to prove it.

Paul and Peter were the next to apply to get on her program. This time it was Peter's idea. "There's no possible way I could be on the show, I could too," he reminded her a half-million times.

"I know, I know," Gale would reply. "But I have no control over the stories."

"It's all right. I'll try."

And so he persisted at every opportunity, till Gale finally answered, "If you can convince Mr. Gottlieb, it's fine with me."

Gale attended a prom since he managed to utter his first solo—had little trouble carrying out his plan. His mother had cautioned him, if he had a chance to talk to the producer, to appear confident he didn't need Gottlieb might fear he'd hold up production.

While visiting his mother on the "Oh! Susanna" set, Paul decided the opportunity was right. He wasn't going to "ask" Mr. Gottlieb in the common phrase, so he went "to discuss" the matter with him.

When he approached Mr. Gottlieb, Paul happened to be wearing his oldest jeans.

"Look at the holes in my trousers," he exclaimed. "They tear just below the right knee. "I really need some money to buy a new pair, don't you think?"

It was said tongue-in-cheek, and Mr. Gottlieb couldn't control a smile, "I would say so," he said seriously. "How do you propose to go about it?"

"I wouldn't mind working in a picture with my mother," Paul said graciously, the added thought not being for their being there. But the fun they had—all of them—it made them more worthwhile.

Somehow, perhaps, husband Lee may appear in one of the episodes. Meanwhile, Mr. Gottlieb comments with a grin, "We are now trying to find a way to get Gale's pole into a script."

Sharing the lives to such an extent had led the Bonnell family to a mutual admiration and understanding of each others' responsibilities. Yet it has by no means eliminated criticism—nor was it always a question of disagreement. This, in fact, criticism of each other provides some of the most intriguing topics of conversation at dinnertime.

One evening, for instance, Paul suddenly burst out. "Mother, you really shouldn't have done it."

Gale looked questioningly at Lee and back at her son. She hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about. "Done what?"

"The show last night," he said indignantly. "The part about the skirt!"

In the scene to which he was referring, Gale had worn a "break-away" skirt which came apart at the waist and was carefully prepared for the "accident," she had worn not just one but two petticoats underneath, and it never occurred to her that anyone would object to it.

"She was wrong, "It was really very thoughtful of you, mother," said Phillip, while Peter—who usually goes along with his brothers' opinions, whatever they are—jealously added, "I would have done it myself."

"But, boys, it was perfectly decent," Gale said, and carefully tried to explain why. However, they insisted they had been teased at school all day long and were terribly embarrassed about it. As a result, Gale never again appeared in a similar scene.

Ordinarily, the boys are more likely to speak up about her performance when their mother's move of it. Invariably, when they are quiet, Gale knows that something is bothering them and that, more likely than not, they just don't want to hurt her feelings.

Both Gale and Lee have always encouraged the boys to express themselves freely on all subjects, not just "Mother's career." They have discussed with them many of the problems of life. When the whole family before those decisions were made—and, when the boys had a serious objection, have taken it into consideration.

Lee and —planned to drive to Estero Beach, about a hundred and fifty miles south of the border...

"It's a wonderful idea!" Paul had exclaimed.

"I think so, too," said Lee.

Phillip remained silent.

"Don't you feel like going?" Gale asked.

"No, I don't!" he insisted. "I have too many things planned for that weekend...

"Well, one thing is sure," said Gale. "Either all of us go, or we all stay here. We couldn't leave Phillip behind by himself.

Phillip didn't mind at all, having his parents change their minds—he enjoyed their company. But when confronted with the choice of having five members of the family plan a vacation to accommodate one—he agreed this wasn't very fair, either. Reluctantly, he gave in.

On the way back from Estero, he turned to Gale just as they had passed the Mexican border. "I'm glad you and Dad talked me into going after all," he admitted. "I had fun."

Phillip was no less as writing to change their minds as another matter. For years, Gale and Lee have attended the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church in Hollywood. When they moved to En- cino, they were reluctant to change their church. But when Phillip had heard there were more convenient to attend services closer by, and so, every Sunday, they drive nearly twelve miles to their old church.

At first, Phillip enjoyed going to Sunday School in Hollywood. But, one day not long ago, he announced that, from then on, he wanted to attend services at the Beverly Christian Church.

"It would be terribly inconvenient for us to go to different services," Gale observed.

"The transportation alone would present a big problem," said Lee, who knew he'd be the one who'd have to play chauffeur.

"I know," Phillip admitted. "That's why I didn't say anything before."

"And what made you change your mind now?"

"My friends. They all go to the Encino Church. None of them goes to Hollywood." His parents admitted he had a point in his favor. They promised to think about it, a matter of politics—and, knowing the Bonnells, everyone's sure they will.

However, just because Gale and Lee listen to their sons' suggestions and arguments, doesn't mean they go in great favor of changing all in the all. "We believe in cooperation," Gale agrees, "but we also believe in discipline. I would no more think of letting anyone run the family than I would dare tell the director what to do on the set."

A typical example arose as a result of a telephone call Gale got from Peter's principal before Christmas vacation. He told her that Peter was privileged to be included to go to camp for one week, an event only offered to boys once every five years, and eagerly anticipated by almost everyone. Of course, Billy were delighted, and the principal was surprised to find Peter had seemed a little reluctant to use up that much of his Christmas holidays staying away from home.

"Just a typical case of the parental," she felt, "it could be such a worthwhile experience that they made the decision for Peter. "All the other children are going. It's a privilege for you to be able to stay, so you might as well go."

Like Lee and Philip—who didn't want to go to Mexico—Peter announced after he came back, he was glad he had gone, too.

As Lee said, "It seems his and Lee's decisions about the boys are influenced by an attempt to instill in them a feeling of responsibility. By all appearances, they have succeeded. Gale herself has benefited from the experience, learning a few new jobs as well.

A few weeks ago, when she came back from a personal-appearance tour with a bad cold and was ordered to bed by the family physician, on their own the boys and at home as many of the home chores as possible.

Without being coaxed, they super-cleaned up their rooms with more than usual care, bombarded their mother with articles in books and newspapers to her bed and all but ran into another in their efforts to please her and look after Susanna.

I have more confidence in the boys. Taking care of Susan, as I would have in any baby-sitter," Gale claims—although she admits that, on one occasion, her confidence was slightly shaken.

One "big night off," she and Lee were attending a party at a neighbor's house, while Phillip promised to look after the family. Since she could see the house from where she was, and, if called, could rush overshadowed the house and see quite a safe place. But she nearly fainted when the hostess suddenly called her to the phone with word that an urgent and anxious Phillip waited on the other end of the line. We heard her convey in the phone, mentally picturing half a dozen horrible things that might have happened—till Phillip informed her that he was calling from another neighbor's to get her to send him back in without being locked out of the house when he walked down the driveway to pick up the paper. But he'd learned his lesson.

Said he, when his parents exclaimed in to one that this wouldn't be a bad gimmick for your TV show, would it, Mom?"

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MIDWEST EDITION
VOL. 50, NO. 1

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ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

Sighs at the Screen Gems lot are for rugged Jeff Richards. In the season's newest oat-eater, Jefferson Drum, he's a newspaper editor.

In a new TV series, Fernando Lamas introduces a new look in private-eyes.

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 6

For the girls Bob Cummings will introduce young Stanley Stenner. Center, something for the boys.

Tommy Sands will stay in Lee Strasberg's special classes until he is accepted by his Actors' Studio. Tommy will be Tennessee Ernie Ford's guest on May 1 and May 8, both shows to originate from New York. He will be back in Hollywood this summer to do his next 20th Century-Fox pic, as yet untitled. . . . When Lawrence Welk made his recent New York appearance, the head of ABC-TV's guest relations department lost his voice repeating, "No, I'm sorry, we have no more tickets." . . . Speaking of lost voices, Maverick's Jim Garner just returned after a five-week layoff with tonsil trouble. Sez Big Jim, "You have to work on TV—six and seven days a week, learning thirteen pages of script each day . . . the average motion picture shoots only two or three pages of script a day at the most." Now Garner does 74 pages in a week. No wonder he lost his voice . . . College grad Art Linkletter's pix will grace the Television Humor section of the Encyclopaedia Britannica's next Book of the Year.

Who's Dating? Bob Horton and Nina Foch at singer Bob Roubian's crazy Crab Cooker restaurant in Balboa. . . . Southern-drawlin' Ty Hungerford sees Northern Lights when he's with Dolores Hart. . . . Tommy Sands flew in to see Molly Bee—then spent an afternoon with Cathy Crosby, listening to records in Phil Harris's Hollywood Boulevard Record Shop. What did they buy? Frank Sinatra's "Songs for Swingin' Lovers." Watta headline that would make. . . . Same day, same place, comedian Red Skelton with wife Georgia and son Richard bought Darlene Gillespie's "Wizard of Oz" album.
... When Pamela Duncan was dating Tombstone Territory's Pat Conway, he was up for the Jack Dempsey bio pic; now she's seen steadily with Steve Cochran—who is being considered for the Dempsey role. What is her pugilistic charm?

On January 29, 1920, the following want ad appeared in the Kansas City Star: "Artist—cartoon and wash drawings. First-class man wanted. Steady. Kansas City Slide Company, 1015 Central." That was the ad that Walt Disney answered. Last week, the ad manager of the Star sent millionaire Walt a bronze plaque of the ad as a lasting memento of his humble beginnings.... Speaking of Disney, his Zorro production, starring Guy Williams, begins filming another 39 the first week of May.

Who's new? Seventeen-year-young Stanley Stenner, the son of Bob Cummings' valet, John Stenner, will make his first appearance on the Cummings show on May 27, in episode called "Bob Digs Rock 'n' Roll." Young Stenner is a standout singer-guitarist—as Cummings says, "the most."

Who's married? Roy Rogers' two older adopted daughters have both wed. Likewise, Broken Arrow's Mike "Co-chise" Ansara married Barbara Eden of How To Marry A Millionaire. How did they meet? TCF press agent Booker McClay played Cupid by asking Mike to pose for publicity pictures with Barbara at an astrologer's party. "Why choose Barbara?" Mike asked. "I can think of a lot of girls I could take...." And Barbara had much the same answer: "Why Mike? I don't know him," she told (Continued on page 69)

All through your active day...

new MUM stops odor without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing, or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum will stop odor right through the day and evening. It's so gentle for normal skin you can use it right after shaving. Mum gives you the kind of protection you can't get from any other leading deodorant. It works a different way!

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's own hexachlorophene that destroys odor and odor-causing bacteria. Try Mum!

MUM contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene) ... stops odor 24 hours a day. Won't damage clothes.
WHAT'S NEW
ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Newlywed Steve Lawrence isn't really singing the budget blues. He and Eydie Gorme are readying summer gags. They'll sub for Steverino.

When Garry Moore winds up his daytime show, there'll be new directions for, from top to bottom, Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Garry himself.

Cool & Far Out: Pat Boone winding up first TV season so strong that he's already renewed for next year, with a hike in pay.... Studio One wobbly.... New York society columns linked Hugh O'Brian with Bette Anderson Campbell of Charleston, S. C. A week later, Hugh was dancing with Linda Jones, a chorus gal from Hallandale, Fla.... Pretty Big Payoff model Marion James going to be a mother.... Hal March contract on $64,000 Question is up in June and, believe it or not, there's question of whether he will be renewed. Hal, on other hand, has gone ahead with plans to shoot pilot film for new comedy series which he hopes to sell for fall programming.... Polly Bergen Show stone cold the end of this month.... Dearheart: No to your question. Maverick's Jack Kelly is not the brother of Princess Grace. Actress Nancy Kelly is his sister.... Jerry Lee Lewis, Presley's heir apparent, to London Palladium this month, replete with black T-shirts, trunksful of sports jackets, and eight pair of white shoes. (Jerry wears nothing but white on his tootsies.).... Ed Sullivan not amused by published rumors to effect he will retire or cut down on appearances next season. Ed says, "First, I've never felt better. Second, there's no place in the world I'd rather be Sunday evenings than in that studio. Third, I think someone at NBC started that rumor. No one will retire me but the public.... Words of wisdom from CBS Radio's Pat Buttram Show: "A man who drives safely while kissing his girl isn't giving the

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 4
kiss all of the attention it deserves.”

Man to Remember: High point of the spring season is the May 9, CBS-TV 90-minute production of “Wuthering Heights.” And what makes it so exciting is the casting of handsome Richard Burton in the role of Heathcliff. Burton has repeatedly turned down TV offers. He has done only two other shows. “Six years ago, I did ‘Anna Christie’ with June Havoc,” he says. “To do a part properly requires hard work and preparation, but for TV you get only two weeks of rehearsal. Why am I doing this? Well, I just couldn’t turn down the chance to play Heathcliff.”

He currently stars on Broadway with Helen Hayes and Susan Strasberg in the comedy hit, “Time Remembered.” He says, “Do I like it? Well, it’s not often you get the chance to work with the first lady of the American theater. I’ve found both Helen and Susan kind and generous.” Burton, a Welshman, was the youngest of thirteen children. His father and brothers are miners. By the time Richard came along they could afford to send one son to Oxford University. He then went into acting and rose rapidly on stage and in movies. One of the world’s finest Shakespearean actors, he holds weekly classes on Broadway in Shakespeare for a star-studded group. He has already been signed to co-star with France Nuyen in “The World of Suzie Wong,” to be directed by Josh Logan next season. Burton is married to actress Sybil Williams and they have an eight-month-old daugh-

ter, Katharine, named after Katharine Hepburn, a longtime friend. Backstage at the Moroso Theater, Richard Burton expressed his opinion on a few things, places and people: New York City? “We love it. If there’s an offer of two jobs and one is in New York, that tips the scales.” Hamburgers? “These we miss most when we’re in Europe. The American drugstore with its short-order cooking wizardry makes up for the lack of pubs.” Baseball? “Saw my first World Series three years ago and haven’t missed one since.” Jayne Mansfield? “She has many advantages.” American music? “I like jazz.” Hollywood? “It’s all right for three months, but I’m a country boy and still prefer big cities.” The American woman? “A dish.” American teenagers? “Ever so slightly too hygienic. I mean they look just too well-scrubbed.”

Kate, Kathy & Kathryn: How far radio has to come back is hard to say, but Kate Smith is fully sponsored and proud of it. . . . By Averback reports from The Real McCloys set that Kathy Nolan smiled appreciatively when shown a dress she was to wear in a new episode. Hy told her, “But in the script you’re supposed to hate it!” “I know,” Kathy said, “but yesterday I bought myself one just like it.” . . . Kathryn Murray has turned down ten offers to do a summer show. Sweetly but firmly, Kathryn says, “We’re not going to be a summer replacement again. Our overall rating for last summer was second only to What’s My Line? Our special hour in December got 53.6 percent of the audience. So I think we’re good enough for the regular season. Besides, I’m getting tired of no summer relief. From April to October, we never get west of Hoboken.” Kathryn’s TV motives are unusual. “I don’t do TV for the money and I’m not an entertainer. I just want people to like me and our dancing studios.” She didn’t know how much she made on last summer’s show and turned to her secretary, “Did I get paid and how much?” The answer came back. “$1,500 per week.” Kathryn said, “The money goes right into a partnership account I have with Arthur. It’s used for our expenses: Rent, gifts for the grandchildren, anything.” Kathryn recalls, “When we were first married, I asked my mother-in-law how much allowance I should ask of Arthur. She said, ‘I don’t believe in an allowance. Whatever belongs to the husband belongs to the wife.’ So we’ve always shared.” Kathryn concludes, “I used to joke about being a summer replacement. I said, ‘Pride goeth with the fall.’ Now I wouldn’t consider going on in the summer unless we’re guaranteed ‘pride continues into the fall.’”

Read-It-Yourself: Tommy Leonetti up for NBC Radio show this fall. . . . Patrice Munsel will have third child about September. . . . McGuire Sisters shooting a pilot film for a comedy series. How about that? . . . Como bought himself a house at Jupiter Isle, Florida, where he has been commuting every (Continued on page 15)
PERIODIC PAIN
Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept B-68, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper)

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL

In dramatic scene, Shirley MacLaine is disappointed by Warren Stevens.

Student Dean Jones involves Joan O'Brien as he hits out at the world.

Marjorie Morningstar
WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR
Natalie Wood is beautiful and effective in the title role; Gene Kelly, though a bit over-age for the part, makes an attractive Noel Airman. But it is the rest of the cast, largely from TV, which makes this one of the best movies of the season. Ed Wynn, particularly, stands out as Natalie's devoted Uncle Samson. Carolyn Jones is impressive as her pushy girlfriend Marsha, and Marty Milner is a pleasant surprise as her long-suffering suitor Wally. The movie follows the plot of the best-selling novel with care.

Paris Holiday
U.A., TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR
TV comic Bob Hope plays TV comic Leslie Hunter in this light-hearted tale of romance and intrigue. Bob starts out simply enough to purchase a script in Paris, but soon finds himself involved in a life-and-death chase through the French countryside. The location shots are fine, but the action is confused. Martha Hyer is on hand as the American Embassy employee Bob loves and periodically loses; Anita Ekberg is the mysterious Zara, busily try-
to the movies

Television first saw Ed Wynn in his new role as a dramatic actor. He continues it as he plays Natalie Wood's devoted Uncle Samson in "Marjorie Morningstar."

God's Little Acre
U.A.
Erskine Caldwell's South, with all its poverty, provides the setting for good acting jobs by Robert Ryan, as the father, and Aldo Ray as an unemployed mill hand. TV and night-club comedian Buddy Hackett is as amusing as ever in the role of the candidate for sheriff, and TV viewers will also recognize Jack Lord, as Ryan's son Buck. In the glamour-girl department is Tina Louise, formerly of Broadway's "Li'l Abner," who makes her movie debut here.

I Married A Woman
M-G-M
Give George Gobel the buxom English beauty, Diana Dors, for a wife, and a shaky job in an advertising agency, and the results provide plenty of laughs for aficionados of Lonesome George. In this, his second movie, the TV star frets about his job while his luscious blond wife frets over his coldness—when she isn't worrying about a name for their about-to-be-first-born. George's boss, Adolphe Menjou, helps bring about a surprise solution.

Hot Spell
PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION
Fat and fortyish Alma Duval (Shirley Booth) tries to recapture the romance of her earlier days while her husband (Anthony Quinn) is busy ogling a young brunette. Both give fine performances, as usual, but it is Shirley MacLaine, known to TV audiences as a comedienne, who is a pleasant surprise in the dramatic role of their daughter.

Handle With Care
M-G-M
This story and its stars are both taken from TV and the transition is a happy one, except that neither Dean Jones nor Joan O'Brien gets a chance to sing. Dean, instead, is cast as a bright young law student whose own feeling of hidden guilt makes him try to strike back at the world. His opportunity comes when his school stages a mock trial which he is able to turn into a real-life investigation of graft. Joan, as his fiancee and fellow student, is hurt when the trial involves her own father.

Color your Hair
and be glamorous so easily... in minutes!

NESTLE COLORINSE
Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Removes dulling soap film. Quickly rinses in—shampoos out! In 12 exciting shades. 29c

NESTLE COLORTINT
Intensifies your natural hair shade or adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 29c
Ring Out Four Alarms

Call out his old friends—
Ed Bonner of KXOK is going like a house on fire

"Cowboy" deejays in "Once Upon a Horse" are Ed (left center), Houston's Paul Berlin, Boston's Bob Clayton (both right center).

Teens and adults alike make up the audience that knows "Monkey" as Ed's trademark-nickname.

With the teens, Ed is informal. He's their friend, just as he's the friend of the many stars who visit him. Here, it's Rosemary Clooney.

Where's the fire? It's the four-alarm success that Ed Bonner found when he moved from hook and ladder to the turning table. Once a smoke-eater, Ed is now a top-rated music personality at Station KXOK in St. Louis. The Ed Bonner Show is heard Monday through Friday, from 3 to 7 P.M., and on Saturday, from 9 A.M. to noon. The friends, both grown-up and growing-up, that Ed has made on these shows found themselves in a national company when the deejay subbed for vacationing Martin Block on network last summer, and then started showing up on movie screens. Ed was seen in "Jamboree," a Warner Bros. film made in New York and released last year, and is also in "Once Upon a Horse," a Universal-International release made in Hollywood.

A down-to-earth lad with winning ways, Ed has a lion's share of
the adult audience in St. Louis. And, through appearances at benefits, record hops, school coronations, football games and the like, he's proved himself the best friend, too, of the city's teenagers. Ed's programs concentrate on the music. Though it's good, the talk is at a minimum.

Born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, Ed went to high school at the other end of the country, in Burbank, California. When he was graduated, he took the Fire Department examinations and emerged with the top marks in his group. But, during his first alarm, Ed slept soundly through the emergency. He was wide-awake for the next one but, on his first time out, Ed fell off the roof of the building he was trying to save. Nothing daunted, he continued to fight fires. To wile away the hours between alarms, though, he decided to study broadcasting, "just for kicks." Or so Ed thought at first.

Though a siren is still the coolest sound he can hear, Ed eventually left the fire department to take a deejay job in Idaho Falls, Idaho. "You think it gets cold in St. Louis!" Ed says. "My teeth chattered so loud up there that the listeners couldn't hear the records." Ed left for warmer climes and a season of pro baseball as a shortstop for a Chicago Cubs' farm team. Then it was back to radio, with Ed working his way East to spend two years at Lynchburg, Virginia. Next stop was Newark, New Jersey, commuting distance to New York City and to meetings with the many top stars who have been visiting Ed at KXOK ever since he arrived in St. Louis in 1951.

Recognized as one of the country's top deejays, Ed is particularly appreciative of his loyal teen-age fans. "When the high-school group likes a record, that's it," he says. "They have more influence on popular music than any other single group in America. They make a record what it is." Cited for his work for practically every worth-while cause in the area, Ed keeps on informal terms with the teenagers. "Call me E.B., or Ed, or anything, but don't call me Mr. Bonner," he tells them. "'Mister' should be reserved for 103-year-old Nobel Prize winners, not a monkey like me." Incidentally, "Monkey" has become both Ed's nickname and trademark.

At home in suburban Kirkwood, Ed is still surrounded by music, from his large personal collection of "jazz, blues, sweet stuff, Dixieland, and dream stuff." Listening, too, are his lovely wife Jean and their two children, Debbie, who's two and a half, and Rick, who is a year younger. Ed Bonner's children, of course, never play with fire.
Even the sack is no longer sad when Mary Morgan of CKLW endows it with her own special flair.
Toujours Genevieve

Please tell me something about the little French singer on The Jack Paar Show.

M. R., Birdsboro, Pa.

Just a few years ago, the Parisienne was chief cook, bottle washer and chanteuse of her own little Left Bank bistro called "Chez Genevieve." The business, unfortunately, was hard put to make ends meet—mostly, it is said, because the generous proprietress couldn't bear to bill her many friends who came to dine. These numbered as many as twenty-eight in one dinner hour. And that was a full house! . . . Across the river and beyond, Genevieve was unknown. Then, one night, a tourist admirer of her bouquet bourguignon decided he liked her vocalizing even better, and offered to become her manager. He brought her to the U.S. and Canada, where she played all the smart supper clubs. She made several LPs for Columbia, toured Mexico and South America. On the airwaves, Genevieve guested on the Tex And Jinx Show, Ed Sullivan's and The Patrice Munsel Show. Of late, her informal musical-and-talk appearances with Jack Paar have established her appeal. . . . Like "Eloise" of Plaza fame, Genevieve, too, stays at that plush place, when in New York. And that's very nice, except for those times she gets a terrific hangover for fresh-cooked vegetables, à la Genevieve. The petite mademoiselle finds it awfully hard to get a bag of bully greens past the very proper doorman at the main entrance.

Cover Hats

Actually, we expected it! Our April cover of the Lennon Sisters wearing those attractive white straw Easter bonnets is bringing in inquiries. The hats were a gift to them from the maker and supplier—Richard Englander Company, 1300 North Industrial Blvd., Dallas 7, Texas.

Calling All Fans

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

Johnny Mathis Fan Club, Sonja Peek, 107-47 159 Street, Jamaica 33, N. Y.
Sid Caesar Fan Club, Madalyn Casper, 510 Second Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
National Mouseteers Fan Club, Coralie Boardman, 2702 Alabama St., La Crescenta, Cal.

Bel Canto Bricklayer

Please tell us something of Tony Dalli, the young singer who appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show.

J. P. H., Keenmore, N. Y.

The teenager kept on singing on the job, and kept on getting the sack. The Italian towns were war-ravaged—construction work couldn't wait while bricklayer Antonio D'Allesandro developed his bel canto. The same thing happened at the oil refinery, at the auto-repair shop and in the grain fields. . . . Between paying jobs, Tony entered athletic meets and made good scores. But there was that one time he came in last in a 10,000-meter race and a friend shouted, "Hey, why don't you take up boxing instead of running?" . . . That was a good friend. Tony found himself a teacher, did odd jobs in return for the lessons and got another construction job for bread. Seventeen when he decided to try his luck in England, he was just six months older when he returned, down on his luck to Italy. A few auditions and two radio shows later, Tony was again on route—this time as a coalminer. Because of a specification in his papers, Tony was to remain in the pits and steelmills around Sheffield, England, for all of three years before he could begin his singing career.

Then, spruced up and with savings to tide him over, the handsome, well-built youngster added a few feathers of experience to his cap. His big break came in London, at the Embassy Club. Frank Sennes heard him and signed him for an indefinite run at Hollywood's Moulin Rouge. Tony's been seen once on Ed Sullivan's, but there'll be many more TV appearances to come for this twenty-four-year-old. Mama mia, the lad's on his way!

Roles 'n' Rolls

Would you give me some information on Bachelor Father John Forsythe?

M. P., Atlantic City, N. J.

Six-feet-one and 170 pounds, John Forsythe, Bachelor Father's "Uncle Bentley," was born in Penns Grove, New Jersey, in 1918. Once having outgrown the usual boyish evaluation of dramatics as "sissy stuff," John admitted he was interested and joined a small Shakespearean touring company, alternating acting with stage-crafting and truck-driving. After a period of sports announcing and an unsuccessful try at radio acting ("I was told I had a good voice but would never be an actor"), John landed a professional spot in Claire Tree Major's children's theater. Back in New York after the tour, Forsythe found parts so scarce that he "took things in hand." He became a waiter at Schrafft's, 43rd and Broadway, along with a "cast" including young Kirk Douglas and John Dall. . . . With his inner man well fortified—the "rolls" were great—John attacked the broadcasting citadels in earnest, and emerged the victor. After his first Broadway break with Jose Ferrer in "Vicki," Warner Bros. signed the young actor. He made two pictures before being inducted into the Air Force . . . 1945 found John in New York once again, where he pioneered in TV drama. "Miracle in the Rain," relates John, "was supposed to run an hour. But we ran on and on, acting away like mad. Then Fred Coe, our director, shouted 'Stop!' Seems the antenna had broken halfway through the first act." . . . On Broadway, John was "Mr. Roberts" and then Lt. Fishy in the long running "Teahouse of the August Moon." . . . Now a Bel Air resident, John likes nothing better than piling the family (wife Julie, son Dall and daughter Page) into the car or the sailboat and just taking off for the weekend. For a quieter pursuit, John paints still-lifes but resists uncompromisingly to have anything to do with the "hust your own thumbnail" set. "The only thing I can 'do myself,'" says John, "is fix up a bad line of dialogue. But that is, after all, my line of business."

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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
This space rotates among Torey Southwick of KMBC, Josh Brady of WBBM, Gordon Eaton of WCCO, and Joe Finan of KYW

THE RECORDED PLAYERS

NO BUSINESS LIKE BIG BUSINESS

By JOE FINAN

The recent Disc Jockey Convention in Kansas City demonstrated dramatically, and for the first time, that the disc jockey is emerging not only as a man who spins records and sells his sponsors' products, but also as a responsible member of the business communities of America. The music business is unique in the commercial world, because of the creative factors involved, but there is a certain similarity to other businesses that cannot be denied. There is the finding of a "product," as in the finding of any singer such as Pat Boone, Paul Anka or Jimmie Rodgers, and the development of that "product" or talent. This requires time, money, and patience. And the investment in some singers before they hit their stride has run into thousands of dollars.

An example of this is a Chicago group, the Mark IV, who spent approximately fifteen years in the business without too much acclaim or financial reward. Because of the exposure given the group by the Cosmic record people here in Cleveland, the group is fast jumping into national prominence. For instance, their earnings prior to their first record, "The Shake," were approximately $550 a week. This, when split among four men and a manager, averages out to about $100 a man. Since the record, the asking price for the group has risen to $1,500 a week. And if their next release, "Beep, Beep," has the same success as the first, they can expect a potential dollar jump of from thirty to sixty percent. Here is the importance in the lives of four performers of one single record that started in Cleveland, was recorded in Chicago, and then distributed from New York.

Over and over again, this has been the story of many of the newer, smaller record companies. The larger companies have become increasingly aware that they must compete with the smaller record companies in the pop singles field.

The pros and cons of this particular subject have been aired many times, with the disc jockeys bearing the brunt of such tirades as the one against "Top 40" that was launched by Mitch Miller at the disc jockey convention. Mitch was protesting the playing and replaying of only the top forty or so best-sellers, many of them the products of the smaller companies. I honestly cannot disagree with Mitch that the Top 40 is negative programming. However, I do defend the right of the disc jockey to promote local talent into national prominence.

The new success of the Mark IV marks the second time in a matter of three months that a singing group has gotten its start in Cleveland, Ohio. This same story is being repeated in cities all over America, whether it be Houston, San Francisco or Seattle. I feel that disc jockeys are performing a definite service to young people who are starting in the business. These newcomers have no opportunity to perform on a music-hall stage of yesteryear, and they must use as an outlet the disc jockey's contacts with the record manufacturers and publishing houses. I think it's a good thing. As to the accusations that disc jockeys are purveying a lot of bad music for personal gain, I find this is a completely unfounded criticism.

The disc jockey, music, news and sports format is here to stay.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST
(Continued from page 7)

other week . . . Although The Big Record is not expected back next fall, Patti Page will be around TV for a while. She has a firm three-year contract with CBS. Incidentally, Presley fans note that it's Patti's husband, Charles O'Curran, who did choreography for Teddy Bear's last picture. . . . Backstage with "The Rope Dancers," at the Henry Miller Theater, Art Carney mumbling that he will be back with Gleason next season. Nothing definite yet on what kind of show Jackie will do, if he does, but there's plenty of smoke. . . . Jayne Mansfield turned down bid to work on Bilko stanza . . . Eydie Gorme took herself a six-week vacation and spent it traveling with hubby Steve Lawrence, who kept working. Good news is that Eydie and Steve take over Sunday-night slot this summer when Steve Allen and wife Jayne Meadows go to Europe. By the by, Steve Lawrence sings with Pat Munsell on May 16. Eydie sits in with Perry on June 7. . . . Pilot film being made of comic-strip character, "Dennis the Menace." Child actor sought for title role must be able to torment parents yet be endearing.

TV in Hi-Fi: Decca has recorded two of ABC's top stars, Woody Woodpecker and The Lone Ranger. Both albums certain to thrill and delight half-pint TV fans. "The Adventures of the Lone Ranger" covers the history of the masked man from the first day he put on the mask. "Woody Woodpecker's Family Album" features the wild, wacky cartoon character in songs that will have your young cats jumping. . . . Right off the "soundtracks" of TV come two exceptionally fine discs. From Ed Murrow's See It Now, Victor offers "The Lady From Philadelphia"—Marlon Anderson, of course, aptly described as the "greatest voice in a hundred years." The "Soundtrack" is Columbia's "Sounds of Jazz." Everyone rated this Seven Lively Arts program as the best musically produced show of the season. The artists, including Basie, Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, Jimmy Giuffre and others, makes this a collector's item. The versatility of CBS-TV's Gale Storm is shown on Dot's new album, "Gale Storm Hits." She ranges from rock 'n' roll to sophisticated ballads. Gale is so professional that all other actresses should listen to this before attempting to put their voices on wax. . . . This month, Victor will release new album by NBC's Dorothy Olsen. Contents of "I Know Where I'm Going" are folksongs. Deejays please note that Dorothy says, "My other releases have all been for children, but this one is for adults."

What's With Moore: When The Garry Moore Show goes off the air in June, the entire gang will be disbanded. At this writing, Ken Carson has no plans. Durward Kirby expects to head his own quiz show. Denise Lorr will turn blonde during the summer to play the role of Adelaide in the national company of "Guys and Dolls." Frank Sims has always had a load of commercial work. Howard Smith continues on CBS staff. Garry, who explained he is worn out with the daytime format in spite of its massive popularity, is preparing to enter night-time TV this fall with a variety hour, and therein lies the rub. Higher-ups insist that his fall entry have an absolutely new identity — no resemblance to the daytime TV show. So not only people mentioned above must go, but also his writers and complete production staff. Busting up the gang is breaking Garry's heart and his close friends, but the die is cast. He has shifted his vacation schedule so that he will be in town July and August to work on the new show. May 16, he makes his last regular appearance on the morning show. May 23, he goes sailing for a week with his chums, then takes off for Europe for a scant four weeks with the family, returning in time to do the final stanza, on June 27, of The Garry Moore Show. In meantime, life goes on, and Garry is telling this story on himself. A garage man arrived at the Westchester home of a Mrs. Morfit to fix a flat. He fixed the tire, then reported a rather juicy item back to his boss. Seems that a man in pajamas looked out the door of Mrs. Morfit's home and the man in pajamas was Garry Moore. The boss explained it was quite proper, for Mrs. Morfit is married to Mr. Moore and Mr. Moore in private life is Mr. Morfit.

No Experience Needed: No one was more surprised than Bob Kennedy when he had a call from Jan Murray offering him the emcee role on the new CBS-TV quiz, Wingo. This is the same Jan Murray who heads NBC-TV's Treasure Hunt. Jan owns both packages and is a non-conformist when it comes (Continued on page 83)

Will this be you...when others are having fun?

Playing "stay-away" when others are literally "in the swim" of summer activity? If that's the kind of summer you want, you might as well cross off just about 15 days from the calendar right now! Why, you'll be losing as much as a vacation's worth of fun—just because of time-of-the-month!

Why should you sit it out when you can enjoy the freedom of Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Imagine how wonderful it is to have done with the belt-pin-pad problem—to be so cool and comfortable you're hardly aware of wearing a protection! Tampax is so easy to insert, change, dispose of—takes only seconds. Odor can't form. There's nothing like the comfort and daintiness of Tampax—particularly on hot, humid days!

There's just no reason to put up with worries and discomforts a month longer! Change to Tampax now—and have fun all summer long! Choose from Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

15
Kitty Foyle tells a familiar story from daily life: It was the sudden heart attack of Pop Foyle (Ralph Dunne) which turned Kitty (Kathleen Murray) from college toward a career—effecting profound changes in the lives of socialite Wyn Strafford (William Redfield) and her niece Debbie (Ginger MacManus), as well.

Actress Kathleen runs through her lines with the morning coffee, cued by her actor-husband Joseph Beruh.

Time out—from both career and homemaking—and a Greenwich Village romp for "Michael," family pet.

Even when they're not acting in plays, the young Beruhs read 'em—in book form—just for pleasure.
By LILLA ANDERSON

A blush and a borrowed hat helped bring television its pretty personification of Kitty Foyle, the NBC-TV daytime drama heroine.

The tension in the audition studio was compounded from the hopes and dreams of more than two hundred of the loveliest young actresses in New York, plus the anxious scrutiny of the staff of Henry Jaffe Enterprises. Months of negotiation had been required to secure the rights to Christopher Morley's famed novel, and more work had been required to turn it into a TV series. Now its fate depended upon finding the right actress to play Kitty, the young woman who steadfastly maintains she must have both career and love in her future. Many persons would influence the final choice, but primary responsibility for casting rested upon two radio and TV veterans, Charles Irving, executive producer, and Hal Cooper, associate producer and director.

Admittedly, they were in the well-known quandary. As Charlie says, "One pretty, talented girl is exciting; two hundred are a hassle. Then, suddenly, she came to life. Kathleen Murray was Kitty . . ."

Shy, sensitive Kathleen Murray is a trifle-over-twenty lass whose natural strawberry-blond hair has been lightened to a honey color, better to suit the cameras. She insists she was the most nervous of all the candidates when she reported for the audition. "I hadn't read the book and I felt guilty about that and unsure of myself. All I knew was that Kitty Foyle was a career girl. A career girl, I thought,
might wear a hat. I never wear one myself, but a friend had given me a hat. It was little and perky and cute, so I put it on.

Charles Irving, however, was more concerned with camera angles than millinery. His first statement was, "Do you mind removing your hat, Miss Murray?"

Flustered, Kathy reached for it. She tangled her hair. Her slender hands fluttered over vanity case and comb. The knowledge that audition minutes are precious added to her confusion and she blushed. It was not, she realized, a charming little flush of color to the cheeks. It was a devastating, instantaneous fever which burned fiery red through her delicate skin.

Back home that night, she mourned, "I blushed as if I were thirteen years old. I'm acting younger, instead of older. I'll never get the part...

Pointing out the phrase to Hal Cooper, she asked, "Is this why you called me?" Hal is also a redhead who, despite his years of acting and producing, retains the same tendency to blush. He grinned. "You should be glad you can blush for real."

More than a flush, however, made Kathy "Kitty." Like Kitty Foyle, Kathleen Murray comes from a family as Irish as St. Patrick's Day. She loves them deeply, and they have cherished, protected and sheltered her. Her only problem with them has been gaining their consent to stand alone. Kathy, for all her soft femininity, also has a mind of her own. When she determined her own course in life, it was somewhat (Continued on page 75)
Kathy's parents, Louis and Mabel Murray, are as Irish as the Foyles themselves. They once disapproved of her going on stage. Now they're glad she's Kitty, and often visit at the Beruhs' Village home, where Dad even lends a helping hand. Kathy and her Joe have two great loves today: Homemaking—and every aspect of show business.
Kathleen Murray is Kitty Foyle, as seen over NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 2:30 to 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Three key men in Kathy's own career: On Kitty Foyle set—executive producer Charles Irving (left) and director Hal Cooper. Strolling in Greenwich Village, at right—husband Joseph Beruh, himself an actor.

White Collar Princess

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Back home that night, she mourned, "I blushed as if I were thirteen years old. I'm acting younger, instead of older. I'll never get the part . . ." But Kathy could have saved her worry. As one of the fifteen called back to make a kinescope test, she was given a script. In it, she found Kitty Foyle speaking a significant line: "I fell into my foolish habit of blushing, I felt it start in my toes and zoom all the way up."

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TALL AND SLIM Bill Lipton, who is Dr. David Malone on CBS Radio’s Young Dr. Malone, describes his size as “five feet, eleven inches—and can’t put on an extra pound.” He has blond hair, deep-set blue eyes, a stubborn chin, and a smile that indicates he isn’t as inflexible as his jawline suggests.

Unlike David Malone—who has come through many difficulties to find himself at last—Bill’s own path has been comparatively level, unhampered by too many obstacles. Following a straight line, according to plan. Except that he never expected to be an actor, but one of those intrepid, all-knowing foreign correspondents, a breed of men of whom he still talks with a certain amount of respectful admiration.

It might be more accurate to say that Bill never expected to remain an actor. He has acted since he was nine years old, but then it was something that was merely more fun than most kids had. Later, it helped him through Columbia College, where he got a B.A. degree—and where he met a (Continued on page 71)
That's not only the great role Bill Lipton plays on Young Dr. Malone . . . at home, he and Joan have a little David all their own

By FRANCES KISH

David knows that radio magic gives Bill more time to spend with him—but couldn't understand his dad playing the son of his own TV idol (Sandy Becker).

For David's sake, the Liptons moved to Connecticut and bought a rambling home with plenty of "outdoors" to play in. They did all remodeling themselves, saved another year for new furnishings.

Young Dr. Malone, written by David Lesan, produced and directed by Ira Ashley, is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 1:30 P.M. EDT.
Emcee George de Witt and I (your humble announcer) often find that what happens to contestants later on is just as dramatic as the way they won.
THAT TUNE family

Suzanne Saalsaa of Wisconsin told George and her Name That Tune partner, Lombardo (right), she was "almost engaged." Then she introduced Bill Ziemer (left)—and got her ring right on the show!

WHEN HARRY SALTER, producer of Name That Tune, and I work out each week at a Manhattan gym, we probably spend as much time talking as exercising. I'm the announcer on the show. And both of us get fascinated with the people who appear as contestants. Harry is likely to say, "What about that new guy from Ohio? Do you think he'll make a good contestant on the show?" Or, "Did George de Witt tell you what happened to Joyce Bulifant?"

Now, who can resist hearing about a pretty girl? Particularly when she is a bubbly teenager who we wished might have won more than the two hundred and fifty dollars she took home from Name That Tune. We need never have worried. Joyce, it turned out, had actually had a wonderful lucky break after she was a contestant. Harry reported, "One of the CBS guys spotted her. He was casting for a dramatic show, so he asked her to try out. And she got the part."

That's the way it goes. Catching up on news of our contestants is like getting a letter from home. They're
For schoolteacher Dorothy Olsen, the *Name That Tune* buzzer sounded a call to fame as a professional singer. For NBC page Doug Wilson, it struck up the wedding march—his winnings made it possible for him and his college sweetheart to "name the day."

Young Eddie Hodges got role in Broadway's "The Music Man," as result of quiz-show appearance. Dubious about stage career for his grandson, Rev. Mr. Sam E. Hodges found the play "just great."

Two winners with quite different plans—lawyer Charles Joelson and teenager Joanie Delaney. Part of the *Name That Tune* family. Since they are, at the beginning, interesting people, interesting things happen to them when events are speeded up by some TV exposure and some unexpected prize money.

To me, the most interesting success story of all is the one which develops each week when master of ceremonies George de Witt steps up to the microphone.

Network television wasn't very old and neither was George, when first we met. My wife, Penny, and I had a little program called *Rumpus Room* over at Du Mont, and I also was doing *Ladies Be Seated* every morning. When *Ladies* was scheduled to originate in Florida for two weeks, *Rumpus Room* had to have a replacement emcee.

George de Witt got the job, and he did it so well they gave him a show of his own. He's seemed sort of like a kid brother ever since. In fact, he reminded (Continued on page 62)
George found it quite a problem to keep seven little sisters faced toward one camera. Their father, Ed Newton, of Massachusetts, had even bigger headaches—which *Name That Tune* winnings helped solve.

Little Bennye Gatteys, 15, was a visitor from Texas—now she’s a promising actress on stage and TV. Her imposing partner was Commander (now Captain) J. L. Abbot.

From Kansas came Trudi Lee to win on *Name That Tune*—and marry her farmer neighbor, Reuben Keil. George gave the bride away, at the church wedding in New York.
The Luck of O'Sullivan

Terry's "search for tomorrow" led to a shining today as heroine Joanne Tate's husband on TV—and actress Jan Miner's husband in private life

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

The Kansas sun was bright, and the young man at the wheel of the tractor narrowed his eyes as he gazed across the fields of wheat. He watched, fascinated, as the slender stalks began to sway rhythmically—like dancers. Why did he think of everything in terms of theater? With a sudden angry thrust, he shoved the machine into gear and moved forward.

"Dad was in the grain business in Kansas City," Terry O'Sullivan recalls those days. "Out of three kids, I was the only boy and he tried to wheedle me into it—used to send me to western Kansas—but the farmer's life was not for me." He smiles. "So here I am, an actor, keeping farmer's hours. When you do a daily television show, such as Search For Tomorrow, which starts rehearsing at eight in the morning, you're in bed with the chickens and up at six. There's got to be a moral in all this somewhere!"

To Terry's loyal fans, the moral is obvious. Early to bed and early to rise has done everything for Terry that Ben Franklin said it would. He gives the viewers full credit for his resumption, last January, of the role of Arthur Tate in Search For Tomorrow, on CBS-TV. "I'd been off the show for two and a half years," he exclaims incredulously, "and they didn't forget me!"

What originally prompted Terry to leave a role which he had played so successfully—and enjoyed so much—for three years? "I can answer that in one word," he replies, frankly. "Money. The actor's eternal problem. Another show offered me more, and I took it. None of us associated with Search For Tomorrow (Continued on page 64)

Search For Tomorrow, produced by Frank Dodge and directed by Dan Levin, is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Joy, Oxydol, and Spic and Span.
Prayers before bedtime: As four little Narzes voice their thanks to God, John and Mary Lou silently count their own blessings—from the very first day they met.

Kentucky, on November 13, 1922. His father, John, Sr., worked on the L & N Railroad. His mother, Nellie, was a typical housewife with three children to care for. Jack was the eldest. There were his sister, Mary Lovett, and his brother, Jim, who today announces on The Betty White Show, using the name of Tom Kennedy.

“When I was a kid,” Jack says, “Louisville was a small town and I was a barefoot boy in overalls. We went into the woods and caught turtles and snakes. We’d go over to the Ohio River to swim or fish for mud-cats. It was a kind of Tom Sawyer existence.”

At the age of ten, his voice went deep, and his neighbors on Thirty-third Street called him “the fog-horn.” Because of his voice, Jack was always cast in the oldest parts in school plays. “I was in all the plays that came along—they were a big thing in a town where there was no real ‘live’ theater. I was a movie fan, too. I always enjoyed Dramatics and I joined the debating club. I guess I had a subconscious desire to be an actor, but I didn’t suspect it. My big ambition, from the age of twelve on, was to fly.”

Out of high school, Jack tried to enlist in the air cadets but was turned down because of his age. He wrote to Canada and asked if he could apply for the R.C.A.F., since the British Empire was already at war with Germany. Again, he was told that he was too young. A week after Pearl (Continued on page 57)
Teenagers show their affection for "Champagne Lady" Lon by asking advice on everything from makeup to marriage. And Alice usually has just the right, warmhearted answer

By MAURINE REMENIH

Alice looks like an older sister, with sons Clint, Larry and Bobby, but is all-maternal in her sympathy for youthful problems—hoping to be as understanding as her own mother, Mrs. Mary Lois Wyche (below, with Alice and Larry). Looking at the situation from both viewpoints, she feels that parents miss a lot when they "brush off" the confidences of their children.

Mail a-plenty for Alice and secretary Betty Ely—including fashion queries prompted by the becoming gowns she wears on TV, with Lawrence Welk (right).

If you were to read her fan mail, without knowing who she was, you might think her to be a hundred years old, with the wisdom of Mrs. Methuselah. Or that she was a graduate in clinical psychology. Or that she conducted an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column, or was the fashion director for a huge department store.

As everyone knows perfectly well, Alice Lon is none of these. As the Champagne Lady, singing with Lawrence Welk’s Music Makers, Alice has smiled her way into millions of hearts during recent years. No (Continued on page 76)

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, for Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk’s Top Tunes And New Talent, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., for Dodge and Plymouth. Welk’s Music Makers are heard on American Broadcasting Network (see local papers for time.)
Two years ago, Tony and Kim Stanley did "Joey" for Goodyear Playhouse. "Joey was a Beat character," he says. He didn't know the term then but found out fast that this generation liked the way he sang their kind of song on TV. Now he's a hit on RCA Victor records.

To be Beat, as I see it, you've got to swing 'way out," actor Anthony Perkins says. "Like Sputnik. You've got to want the freedom of outer space." Twenty-six-year-old Tony—whose television, film and stage appearances have given him a sudden popularity unparalleled in today's entertainment business—was speaking of the new Beat Generation with its cool hipsters in their crazy-man-crazy world. Tony is the son of the late famed actor Osgood Perkins (whose performance as a gang chief in "Scarface" is one of his most memorable screen portraits) and Janet Rane. Tony's acting has been hailed by critics everywhere as "brilliant, superb, extraordinary," He appeals both to teenagers and adults; his manner is that winning. Paramount Pictures recently invested $18,000,000 in Tony Perkins' future with top roles in six of their most important films, including "Desire Under the Elms," in which Tony stars with the fiery Sophia Loren in a passionate New England love story, and "The Matchmaker," a farce in which Tony plays his first comedy role, opposite actress Shirley Booth. Currently, Tony has been (Continued on page 78)
Hal March says, "I had to work very hard to become the kind of person who is able to be happy." Today, with wife Candy, children Melissa, Steven and baby Peter—plus a show like The $64,000 Question—he's glad he learned an early lesson.

Fame? Love? Money? Here are four revealing answers—from Hal March, Arlene Francis, Durward Kirby, Dorothy Kilgallen—which may help to define your own goals in life

By HARRIET MENKEN

Happiness—what does it mean to you? Watching your eager-eyed youngster romping innocently in the sunlight? Sitting at the fireside opposite your beloved, knowing all is serene, all is understood? Standing on a platform, receiving the highest honors, amidst the applause of the multitude? Caring for the needy, sheltering the sorrowing, cheering the perplexed? What does happiness mean to you?

Four famous people were asked this vital, revealing question. Two women: Arlene Francis and Dorothy Kilgallen. Two men: Hal March and Durward Kirby. Here are their replies.

"Happiness is probably the hardest word in the dictionary to define—with the possible exception of love—and probably that's because they're so closely related," says Dorothy Kilgallen, brilliant and quick-witted panelist on What's My Line? "I don't think it's possible to
be happy unless you love someone, or something, and I think the closest we can ever get to ideal happiness is in the combination of loving and being loved. I don’t mean just romantic, boy-girl or husband-wife love. I think all the facets of love contribute to making a happy person—the more facets, the more definite the feeling of happiness. I think it’s wonderful to love your work; I do, and it’s the only answer I have to the question so often asked of me: ‘How on earth do you do all the things you do without seeming tired?’ I enjoy all the work I do, so it doesn’t bother me,” smiles the busy newspaper columnist and TV panelist.

“It’s hard for me to imagine anyone being happy without faith in God and love for God, and a feeling of being loved by God,” she continues. “Loneliness strikes me as one of the greatest enemies of the human creature, but anyone who really (Continued on page 72)
CBS-TV, Mon. thru Fri., 10 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)

*What's My Line?* “I don’t think it’s possible to
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"It's hard for me to imagine anyone being happy without faith in God and love for God, and a feeling of being loved by God," she continues. "Loneliness strikes me as one of the greatest enemies of the human creature, but anyone who really (Continued on page 37)
The matrimonial seas aren’t calm, for 19-year-olds, but Sid “grew up” to chart a happy voyage to home port

By PAUL DENIS

Nautical motif is a feature of the Caesars’ home today—just as it was, at their wedding in 1943, when Sid was in the Coast Guard. To them, marriage is the finest “art” of all, one which must be learned by youthful brides and bridegrooms. "I had some wrong attitudes," Sid admits. "Now I know better."

SID CAESAR married when he was nineteen and earning fifty-four dollars a month as a Seaman Second Class in the U.S. Coast Guard. "We’ll be celebrating our fifteenth anniversary this July seventeenth," he notes, "and believe me, my idea of marriage has changed a lot!"

Of course, Sid has changed a lot, too. The tall, thin lad in white sailor suit who married Florence Levy in a New York chapel, in 1943, is now a family man, with three lovely children. He is also producer of his own TV series; he is a high-powered businessman, as well as a highly creative comedian. More important, he is a mature man.

He admits, "I probably wasn’t mature enough for marriage at nineteen." But he was madly in love with the tall, slender blonde he had met at a Catskill Mountain resort, and she was in (Continued on page 67)

Love and marriage take quite a spoofing from Sid and TV partner Imogene Coca (facing page) on Sid Caesar Invites You. Sid and his wife Florence (above) treat these important subjects with all due respect—and a saving sense of humor, too. They’ll celebrate their fifteenth anniversary in July.
Louise, a former "Miss Oklahoma," now lives in California, and sings on The Rusty Draper Show—whose guitar-twangin' star is strictly from Missouri.

Radio musical: Rusty and Louise get a pointer or two from producer Milt Hoffman, as musical director Roy Chamberlin studies the score for their tuneful nightly session on air.

Louise O'Brien, whose singing on The Rusty Draper Show over CBS Radio brightens the airwaves on weekday evenings, is as pretty an Irish colleen as ever came out of the great state of Oklahoma. Talented she is . . . and charming . . . and, beyond these, she's also a very determined young woman who can't be "beat" by defeat. This do-or-die attitude was given a strenuous build-up during her formative years when—as one of five farm children with two brothers older than herself—she fended for her rights. But the real test came when Louise was eighteen years old. In that year she, along with hundreds of other beautiful American (Continued on page 70)

Little Girl with a Big Voice

Louise O'Brien sings happy swing on The Rusty Draper Show and is also the happy mother of two

By GORDON BUDGE

Louise married her high-school beau, Luther Lane. She was already a singer when daughter Maureen was born, and family moved to the Coast shortly after birth of son Christopher.
“Sez Who!”

How sharp are your ears? This is

Executive producer Bill Cooper signals to start a record spinning. Host Henry Morgan asks, “Who’s that?” Panel—headed here by comedian-author Joey (“Cindy and I”) Adams—takes a witty stab at identifying an elusive voice.

Audio recall is the only skill required of contestants on Sunday evenings, when Sez Who! goes out over CBS Radio to baffle and amuse home listeners. The recorded voices of prominent people of past and present are played for a sharp-eared and sharp-witted panel composed of prominent guest stars, with Henry Morgan as host and moderator. The four panel members guess the identity of the “voice.” Once during the show, the home audience is given a chance to get into the game. The panel’s questions establish a few points about the person. Then the home listener gets his chance to guess the mystery voice’s identity. The first correct answer submitted on a postcard to CBS wins a prize of $25. Small money, compared to the multiple-thousand quiz contests—yet every week 6,000 contestants play the Sez Who! game for the simple fun and amusement they get out of it. Bill Cooper, executive producer of the show, sums up his reaction to why this radio guessing game is so popular when he says, “People like Sez Who! because it’s amusing and entertaining—and that’s the only formula there ever is for a successful show on radio—or on television, for that matter.”

In addition to playing the game as contestants, many of the listeners request the show to feature some celebrity who is a favorite of theirs—and this has led the show’s staff into some interesting byways of research into recorded voices, running back into the very early days of Edison’s record player, when music and voices were put on tubular recordings rather than today’s conventional flat discs. One of the most puzzling of the mystery voices presented on the program was the voice of Thomas Alva Edison himself in an early recording. Other voices which have nearly stumped the intrepid panelists and the home audience were those of Jolie Gabor, Boris Karloff, Jean Harlow, Al Capp and Fiorello La Guardia.

Sometimes, when the voice quality of the mystery recording is deemed so well known as to offer no contest—as in the case of Eddie Cantor—a recording may be speeded up just enough to raise the pitch. Thus Eddie Cantor turned out to sound very much like Shirley Temple, and that’s a switch!
question posed for the home audience of this year’s most amusing radio guessing game

Enrico Caruso proved to be a puzzler for contestants when the show played a rare disc on which the singer rendered “Over There” in English; this was recorded back in 1917 during a British bond drive. Another notable bit was scored on the show when they played a comedy routine which was recorded years ago by the immortals Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, known more widely for their hits on the ball field than in commercial recording of a comic bit.

A silent movie great was represented when Sez Who! listeners puzzled out the identity of the singer of a sentimental ballad of other days—Rudolph Valentino, the Latin lover whose death plunged the feminine half of the world into mourning in 1926. Rudolph, it proved, was “gifted” with a squeaky falsetto which could probably never have survived the advent of talking pictures.

In general, the producers of Sez Who! try, in each of their programs, to challenge contestants with a mixed diet of personality greats. Thus, any given program may find a tasty melange containing—for balance—a political figure, a famous singer of past or present, an actor, and a public figure from some other field. For persons whose voices would not necessarily be known to most listeners, an attempt is made to select a recording of material which, by context, would tend to aid the identification.

An interesting facet of Sez Who! is that the program is completely ad lib—no material is ever prepared in advance. The result is that the natural wit and humor of the day’s panel is played to the hilt—and the show is as much genuine fun for the panel members as for the people who get their chuckles by listening at home.

If you’re looking for an ear-tickling half-hour on Sunday evening, Sez Who! should be your dish. And who knows? You may be the lucky soul who possesses some rare recording—like the voice of Harpo Marx, the silent Marx brother with the straw-hair halo. If you do, the folks at Sez Who! would love to hear from you.

Sez Who!, produced by Frank Cooper Associates in cooperation with CBS Radio, is heard on the network Sun., at 7:30 P.M. EDT.
that's the only formula there ever is for a successful Temple, and that's a switch!
"Sez Who!"

How sharp are your ears? This is the question posed for the home audience of this year’s most amusing radio guessing game

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In general, the producers of Sez Who! try, in each of their programs, to challenge contestants with a mixed diet of personality greats. Thus, any given program may find a tasty melange containing—for balance—a political figure, a famous singer of past or present, an actor, and a comic figure from some other field. For persons whose voices would not necessarily be known to most listeners, an attempt is made to select a recording of material which, by context, would tend to aid the identification.

An interesting facet of Sez Who! is that the program is completely ad lib—no material is ever prepared in advance. The result is that the natural wit and humor of the day’s panel is played to the hilt—and the show is as much genuine fun for the panel members as for the people who get their chuckles by listening at home.

If you’re looking for an ear-tickling half-hour on Sunday evening, Sez Who! should be your dish. And who knows? You may be the lucky soul who possesses some rare recording—like the voice of Harpo Marx, the silent Marx brother with the straw-hair halo. If you do, the folks at Sez Who! would love to hear from you.

Sez Who!, produced by Frank Cooper Associates in cooperation with CBS Radio, is heard on the network Sun., at 7:30 P.M. EDT
Paul Anka:
GOLD DISC KID
He's nobody to laugh at now—this 16-year-old Canadian who can sing up a storm and write his own songs

By HELEN BOLSTAD

FRUSTRATED, furious, and so heartbroken he could scarce choke the sob in his voice, the intense, dark-eyed lad broke away from the men pushing him out of Fats Domino's dressing room in Ottawa Auditorium and announced: "Next time you are on tour, Mr. Domino, I shall be with you—as a headliner."

Considering that this particular pestiferous, hero-worshiping, five-foot, fifteen-year-old fan had three times that day sneaked backstage and had three times been thrown out and ordered to stop bothering his idol, the boy's indignant valedictory sounded so ridiculous that everyone broke up in laughter.

Yet, less than a year later, his prediction was fact. The two actually were on the same Feld-managed tour—and young Paul Anka rated billing equal to Fats Domino's. Within that

Continued
Close family group includes parents Camy and Andrew Anka—who once staged their own youthful "rebellion"—Marion, 14; Paul, 16; and Andy, 7. Camy was born in Syria, native land of Andrew's father, who came to Canada and found prosperity in Gatineau, Quebec.

Anka says: "We always thought it was nice to have a son whom we enjoyed so much. We gave Paul the lessons he wanted, but never pushed him into anything."

Paul’s as understanding with kid brother Andy Junior as Andrew Senior was with Paul himself, who early learned to play both piano and drums.

year, Paul also made close to a million dollars. He wrote a song to extol the charms of his one-time babysitter. He recorded it with throbbing emotion, bemoaning thereby his personal problem in having a crush on a girl who was a full three years older than he. By a final trick of fate, the girl happened to bear the name given to the oldest personification of unattainable beauty—the moon goddess, Diana.

It is a success story so swift and incredible that even a Horatio Alger might have hesitated to present it as fiction. Not even Elvis Presley has equalled the speed of this success in real life.

The start of the story goes back two generations. The first Anka on the North American continent was Paul’s grandfather, an immigrant from Syria who settled in the far-north paper-mill town, Gatineau, Quebec—population 4,000—and became its leading businessman. He had five daughters and seven sons. In the patriarchal manner, he expected his sons to assist him in his many enterprises. He planned that his third son, Andrew, should study law.

But Andrew, at twenty, was in love with Camy Tannis, a dark-eyed, Syrian-born beauty. Andrew Anka married his girl, defied his father, and moved to Ottawa. There, with the aid of a family friend, he bought a luncheonette, the Victoria Sandwich Shop, located across the street from the Parliament buildings. In those first struggling years, the young Ankas lived in rooms back of the shop.

When their first child was born on July 30, 1941, Camy chose the name "Paul." Andrew selected "Albert" as a second name: "My mother’s brother, Albert Deraney, was quite a leader in Damascus. I thought of him when the nurse first showed me the baby. His little fists were striking out like a boxer’s. Somehow, I knew that here
was a boy who would have great strength and spirit."

Andrew Anka prospered. Today he owns The Locanda, one of Ottawa's best restaurants. He also has served his community. His volunteer social work for boys' clubs and on charity drives has earned him the high regard of his fellow citizens.

The family now lives in a large and lovely house on Clearview Avenue in the West End. There are three children. Marion is fourteen and Andy Junior is seven. Their father says, "Sure, they fight as much as any other kids, but they are also close and affectionate. When Andy Junior runs in from play, there's always a hug and a kiss. You'd think, to see him, that the kids had been separated from each other for a couple of weeks."

Almost from infancy, Paul has been an entertainer. He learned to play piano and drums. Always, he has written songs and sung them. He was eleven when he was first paid for entertaining. He recalls, "We were on vacation at Gloucester, (Continued on page 66)
Some Like It Cold

Betty Wragge and Walter Brooke, youthful veterans of radio and TV, were married in 1951. Since then, they have been blessed with two lovely children, Tommy, now two years old, and Tina Lynn, who is four-and-one-half.

Betty, who now has more than 10,000 broadcasts to her credit, started as a child with the daytime drama, Pepper Young's Family, eighteen years ago. This pretty, young mother is noted for many talents besides acting. She sings, she dances and she cooks like an angel, according to Walter. Her guests seem to be in complete agreement, because they angle for return invitations.

Chilled soups are served as beverages in the Brooke menage and Betty has a parcel full of soup tricks that add glamour to her summer soup drinks. She serves them in mugs, Pilsner glasses, punch cups. Recently, before a buffet dinner, she served soup from a frosty cocktail pitcher into champagne glasses!

Walter has his soup fancies, too. Occasionally he prepares breakfast for the household and has discovered that hot soup made with milk satisfies the children, who actually delight in this offbeat early-day fare. Green pea, tomato or chicken-with-rice soups, all have scored as breakfast favorites.

Betty's flair for food has gained her quite a reputation as an imaginative hostess, and she allows handsome credit to her parcel of special tricks with soup, which she here passes along to TV Radio Mirror readers.

Betty is Peggy Trent in Pepper Young's Family, written by Elaine Carrington, directed by Chick Vincent, on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT.
Betty Wragge of Pepper Young's Family offers a cool tip for hot summer—quick, chilled soups for your own family

**SOUP ON THE ROCKS**

Pour the contents of a can of condensed beef broth (never consomme) into an outsized old-fashioned glass filled with ice cubes. It contains less than 30 calories per serving (fine for between-meals sipping, too).

**CUCUMBER-COOL TOMATO-SOUP SHAKE**

Combine a chilled can of condensed tomato soup, a canful of ice-cold milk and a squeeze of lemon juice; beat or shake and pour into glasses. Garnish with cucumber slices. Add crunchy potato chips, piquant olives and pickles and a few dainty sandwiches. It's the perfect anytime-of-day snack for every member of the family, and, if soups are chilled beforehand, takes little or no time to prepare.

**SOUP MIST**

1 can condensed tomato soup
1 can condensed beef broth
2 1/2 cups (about) shaved ice

Blend tomato soup and beef broth. Place shaved ice in six old-fashioned glasses, filling each glass about halfway. Add the soup mixture, stir well, and garnish each with a wedge of lemon or lime. Serves six.

**CREAM OF CHICKEN AND CRAB BISQUE**

2 cans (2 1/2 cups) condensed cream of chicken soup
1 soup can of milk
1/2 cup commercial sour cream
1/2 cup flaked crab meat
Watercress

Combine all ingredients in blender. Blend until mixture is smooth. Chill for two hours. Garnish with additional crab meat and chopped watercress. Serves 4.

For soup mists, shaved ice does the trick!
Sometimes when you're called immortal, it's like being a dead hero. You're sunk in oblivion. But one of baseball's immortals, Bob Feller, is very much alive and very much with us. Daily, Bob spells out play-by-play on Mutual's Game Of The Day. Working in a ball park is no novelty to Bob, but radio is a whole new career for him.

"I'm not setting any precedent," he says. "A lot of other athletes have gone into broadcasting—Rizzuto, Ott, Harmon, Grange, Dizzy Dean. I've noticed this, though. As well as you think you know these men by their athletic records, hearing them on radio gives you a new insight as to what kind of people they really are."

By his athletic record, Feller is considered the greatest pitcher this country has seen in the past twenty years. And if you were to name the all-time greats, it
To Bob Feller, baseball immortal and Mutual broadcaster, “sport” is something bigger than any ball park or any individual achievement.

During the war, Bob served in the Navy (both Atlantic and Pacific)—and wed the former Virginia Winther while on leave, on January 16, 1943.

Bob has always believed in physical fitness. He has a gym in his home, plans to pitch pre-game batting practice before most of his broadcasts.

"Back home" is a large stone house at Gates Mills, Ohio, and Virginia's and Bob's family includes three husky, growing boys. Steve, 12, "runs and throws well." Marty, 10, "is better at football and skating." Bruce, at 7, hasn't decided on his favorite—but they all enjoy sports and outings with their dad.

Formerly key man for the Cleveland Indians, Bob's now key man for the trio who handle play-by-play and vital statistics for Mutual's Game Of The Day. "Rapid Robert" loves rapid transit, pilots his own plane to the ball parks—and can be "back home in time to charcoal a steak for dinner with the family."
Bob grew up in Van Meter, Iowa, practiced on father's farm—and was mighty proud of this first real uniform!

Teammates had plenty of occasions for congratulating Bob Feller during his many years on the mound for the Cleveland Indians. In this case, the dugout is jumping with joy because of major-league record set by Rapid Robert in a 1938 game against the Detroit Tigers—eighteen strikeouts in nine innings!

He was a first-year sensation when he signed with the Indians in 1937—scout Cyril Slapnicka, at left; father William Feller, right. Below, with "Yankee Clipper" Joe Di Maggio—whose bat was a match for Bob's fast ball.

He's Always in There Pitching

(Continued)

would again be Feller along with Mathewson, Johnson and Grove. Feller broke the record for the most one-hit ball games. With Cy Young, he holds the lifetime record for the most no-hit games pitched. He led the shutout parade for three years and tied twice. He holds the record number of strikeouts in any nine-inning game. And there's no question in anyone's mind that he would hold even more records if he hadn't lost four seasons of play during World War II.

But this is the kind of guy he is: Although he was the highest-paid pitcher in the history of baseball, he stuck out his neck for the player making $6,000 a year. As a ballplayer's representative, a thankless job, he went to bat for his teammates in terms of pensions, increased income and rights. Some thought this made him controversial, a guy who was biting the front office that paid him as much as $80,000 in one season. "Why did I do it?" he echoes the question. "Simply because it was something I believed in. Right is right. A man, ballplayer or anyone else, should be able to move around at his own free will and bargain for his services." Feller's personal prestige has been further enhanced by his gentlemanly conduct and his lack of personal greed. When Cleveland held a "Bob Feller Day," Bob ruled out personal gifts and asked that the money be invested in community services. Beyond this, he has been a leader and worker in charitable and community activities.

Today, at the age of thirty-nine, Bob Feller has the physique and stamina of a man half his age. He stands six feet and weighs in at one-eighty-five. His eyes are brown. ("Not so brown as they once were," he notes. "They've faded a little.") His brown hair is ungrayed. He dresses with impeccable neatness. There is nothing slipshod about the man.

"I guess I'm always living up to certain ideals," he says. "I push myself fairly hard but (Continued on page 74)
Family reunion, before Cleveland-Chicago game in 1939, was a proud moment for Mr. and Mrs. William Feller and daughter Marguerite. Gala occasion was marred by accident—but San Bob's team won game.

There was many a "catcher" ready and willing to receive this toss in 1945—but the famed pitcher hung on to the precious papers which placed him on Navy's inactive list and returned him to baseball.

1951: Catcher Jim Hegan and Bob, after Bob's third no-hitter tied record. 1956: Bob retired—but Number 19 is his for keeps.

Bob fought for rights of all players, star or rookie—as in this 1956 Washington confab with attorney J. Norman Lewis (left), Phillies pitcher Robin Roberts (at right) and—standing, left to right—ace major-leaguers Ernie Johnson, Sam White, Ted Kluszewski, Don Mueller, and Sherm Lollar.

Bob Feller is heard, with John MacLean and Gene Elston, on Game Of The Day, broadcast over Mutual network, Monday thru Sunday; check newspapers for time in your area.
Smmt
Glimmers
Bowl
of
cherries:
Raise
arms
as
though
supporting
an
enormous
bowl
of
cherries
(large
picture).
Bend
as
far
as
you
can,
first
to
one
side
then
the
other
(below).
Be
sure
you
feel
a
good
pull
through
waist
and
hips.
Repeat
ten
times,
each
side,
to
start.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

VIRGINIA GIBSON, one of the starred
singers
of
NBC-TV's
Your
Hit
Parade,
dances
as
well
as
she
sings.
She
started
to
study
dancing
at
the
age
of
five,
when
her
family
doctor
suggested
it
as
a
health-building
measure.
Her
professional
debut
was
in
the
dancing
chorus
of
the
St.
Louis
Municipal
Opera.
Still
a
dancing
enthusiast,
she
attends
ballet,
free-style
jazz,
and
modern
dance
classes
regularly,
not
only
for
technical
proficiency
but
also
to
learn
body
freedom,
relaxation,
good
posture
and
control.
Dancing
is
wonderful
for
poise
and
personality,
Virginia
asserts.
"The
more
freedom
your
body
feels,
the
less
tense
you
are
about
whatever
you
have
to
do,
"she
says.
Besides
all
this,
Virginia
Gibson
recommends
dancing
to
every
girl
as
a
marvelous
figure-flatterer.
It
improves
posture
and
contour,
firms
tissue
and
builds
muscle
tone.
On
these
pages,
Virginia
demonstrates
an
exercise
series
she
has
adapted
from
basic
routines
she
does
regularly
in
dance
classes.
If
your
problem
is
overweight
or
underweight,
a
change
in
diet
is
called
for
to
change
your
poundage.
But,
no
matter
what
your
weight,
these
exercises
done
regularly
(with
your
physician's
approval)
will
help
you
feel
and
look
trimmer,
slimmer
and
taller.
Start
them
today—they're
the
best
preparation
ever
for
the
swim-suit
season.
A "Y" for the wise: Sit with legs wide apart. Supporting forehead on arms, try to touch floor with head. Return to starting position, then grasp ankle with hands. Sit up again, then reach for other ankle. Repeat until tired. Trims both midriff and legs.

Over you go: Lie flat on floor, kick one leg across body to touch floor, then reverse. Keep shoulders and arms flat on floor, knees straight. Three times on each side to start, build to ten.

Jack-knife. From prone position, raise body to form a jack-knife angle. Keeping back straight, reach for toes. This fine, all-over stretch and tummy trimmer is a tough one at first and may need practice. Build up to six times.

The scissors: Support hips with hands, legs pointed straight up (top). Without bending knees, try to touch toes to floor behind you, alternating legs, scissors-fashion. Fine for hips, thighs, calves, ankles. Can you manage three each leg to start?
**Lazybones:** Lie on side, legs together. Raise top leg as high as possible without bending knee. Repeat six times to start, then reverse. Build up to 15, each side.

**Leg swing:** Holding back of chair, swing leg freely like a pendulum, forward and back. Keep knee straight. Switch to other leg. Start with 10 complete swings each side, increasing to 20.

**Ladder to the stars:** Relax in crouch position. Slowly climb an invisible ladder, letting body follow arms. Finish by rising on toes and stretching as high as possible. Feel every muscle pull from toes to finger tips. Collapse to first position and repeat 5 times.
Harbor, the Air Force lowered its recruiting age and Jack signed up. He spent five years with the Air Force. In the ferry command for a time, he checked out in thirty-six different types of aircraft. Overseas he was on a 'red corner' flight and flew in any kind of weather. Among his medals are the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with cluster, and several others.

"During the war," he says, "I got to California many times and decided that was the place for me. After my discharge, I spent just one week at home, then drove to Los Angeles, opened a flight school there and hired me as an instrument instructor. Well, that was all right for a while, but then I got to thinking of what might happen to me at thirty-five. So I took a course that might happen that would knock me out of work in my thirties, and I wouldn't be prepared for anything else."

A close friend of Jack's was Scoop Conlon, one of Hollywood's top press agents, who observed that Jack had a very pleasant voice and might try radio. Jack says now, "I liked the idea from the very beginning. It's very satisfying. That's why I say I must always have had this subconscious desire to get into the business. Anyway, I found out that ABC had open auditions for dramatic parts every Tuesday, and I went around. Well, the man who heard me took me aside afterwards and said, "Let's face it. You're no dramatic actor, but I think you could be an announcer. You've got a strong enough voice, but not good enough to be a voice teacher can help with that.' So I went out and found a good school."

I was in radio school that Jack met Mary Lou Roemhild, a pretty brownnette, five-four, with big beautiful hazel eyes, who was studying to be a radio engineer. "That has to be explained," says Jack. "We went out together about three or four times, and Don is an old friend of Mary Lou's mother. When Mary Lou got out of high school, Don had suggested she come to his school and earn a first-class radio operator's license—so, he's a lousy female radio engineer in the country, so far as he knew.

Mary Lou had other plans, but Don teased her about how she could never finish a course. She won the dress. But, more important, that's where we met, and we kind of knew we were for each other from the beginning."

One day at school, Jack found the station manager of KKO, a radio station at El Centro, California, auditioning for an announcer. Jack had't completed the courses but he sneaked into the audition and was hired. "The station was in the Imperial Valley," he recalls, "and it's un-bearably hot there, almost like Death Valley. So on off days, I'd drive into Los Angeles and hang out at the Larchmont Yacht Club, and it finally paid off. They were opening a new station in Burbank—KWIR, now known as KBLA. I found Mary Lou auditioning for the station, too, and they hired both of us. Well, I had been dating Mary Lou on my weekly trips into Los Angeles but they really began to see each other often. And, on November 15, 1947, we were married.

Mary Lou continued on at the station for six months—until she announced that Jack was to become a father. Shortly thereafter, Jack moved to KLAC-TV and began to make a name for himself as a play-by-play sportscaster, as well as an announcer. On the national networks, he announced the Ernie Ford and Bob Crosby shows—and, when Crosby or Ford went on vacation, Jack took over as emcee. "But Dotto," Jack emphasizes, "is the first network show I've had of my own. That's why it's so important career-wise. And that was the reason for leaving California."

For Mary Lou, a native Californian, there was no reluctance about uprooting their home for the sake of Jack's career. "She's an unusual gal," says Jack. "You know, she brought those four kids East in a station wagon. Everyone said she was mad to make such a trip with youngsters, but it's nothing for her. She's got a wonderful outlook and is amazing at getting things done. She can handle the kids, the house, the garden and service men without any fuss. Everything flows smoothly and she gets things done. She does everything in the house but the washing and ironing. And she's a fantastic cook. She cooks any style—French, German, Italian. If I bring her a new cookbook as a gift, she's delighted."

Jack himself does some cooking. Most of the time, he makes breakfast while Mary Lou is getting the kids dressed and ready for school. And breakfast is not a simple affair. Johnny likes his eggs dropped in water—just the yolks. Mike takes his scrambled. Karen likes his fried. Little David goes along with Jack and Mary Lou and likes whole eggs dropped in water. "Coffee and pancakes are a cinch," Jack says. "And, between you and me, I think I make better French toast than my wife."

In good weather, Jack likes to broil outdoors. "We are primarily steak-and-salad eaters," he says, "but we'll charcoalk anything—shrimp, corn, tomatoes, liver. I've got a real passion for vegetables, which is funny. When I was a kid, we always had full gardens of tomatoes and bell peppers and lettuce, and I didn't care much for the stuff then. But, when I got overseas, all I hungered for were tomatoes and lettuce with a mayonnaise dressing."

Jack takes Mary Lou out to dinner at least once a week. Otherwise they are at home, watching television while Mary Lou folds the laundry or helps Jack answer fan mail. Although Jack is a golf bug, he saves weekends for the kids. This means sightseeing, swimming or going for a hike into the woods. "I don't like to butt in on the kids. If they're happy playing a game by themselves, I stay out of it. When they come asking for me, I'm available."

They are renting the Larchmont home while they look around for something to buy. The house is a three-storey brick Colonial, with a third-floor bedroom. The owner, who spent some time in the Philippines, has decorated with wrought iron and straw bucket chairs and rattan. Jack explains, "We left our furniture in the house in California for a while. It was shellacked and refurnished in Early American but, frankly, we were getting a little tired of it. Mary Lou and I were very impressed by some of the things we saw in Mexico City. I think someday we'd like to build a house and furnish it with Mexican modern." Jack expects it will be several years before they move back to California. In the interim, he will be back and forth between the two. He has many friends here, among them Bill Cullen. "You know," he says, "Bill is married to my wife's sister. To make explanations easier, we call ourselves brothers. We've got to be friends when I announced Place The Face. He'd come out to our house after a show. One evening he was there when Mary Lou's sister, Ann, came home and they hit it off and eventually were married."

"Bill and Ann have made their home in New York, and they took care of me when I came East ahead of the family. I didn't know him. Later you find out you've been married eleven years and then are separated from your family. Well, you just sit and look at four walls and think you're going nuts. Bill and Ann made it come in with them for a while. They gave me their car to go hunting. Ann took care of my laundry and cleaning. They just wonderful. I don't know what I'd do without them."

Jack's parents are still in Louisville. His sister, Mary Lovett, lives in New Orleans. She is married to Dr. Armand Juley, a successful television announcer on the West Coast. "When Jim went into the business," Jack explains, "it was decided that he would be better off changing his name. There might be better chances for him in the automobile or shampoo and he had a chance to work for a competitor. Advertisers don't like to identify with announcers who have the same name. Well, he's got a few grooves."

"We're very close," Jack continues. "Jim and I can talk to each other and even criticise each other. We really do have a critical, too. Mother doesn't know anything about the technical end of the business, but she's got a mother's eyes for keeping her sons in line. I'll be on the phone with her and she'll say, 'Don't you think Jim is getting a little nasal? You better mention it to him.' Or she'll tell Jim, 'I think Jack is squinting in front of the camera. Maybe you better tell him about it.'"

Jack doesn't take himself seriously and has no pretensions. He does not pretend to be an actor, dancer or singer, although his vocalizing on the Crosby and Ford shows is sold to both the networks and independent companies to suggest that he drop around and cut a few grooves (and he will do so, in the next month or two). "I'd like to do that sometime, although I don't sing ballads. My niche is folk songs in the Ernie Ford style.

"I like television shows in a panel or quiz format. I enjoy Dotto, although I hate to see so many contestants. Anyhow, television has given me a good life and I enjoy myself. There's only one thing makes me really angry and that's the phonies—I mean the kind of a guy who is as sweet as sugar during a program but, the moment that studio light goes off, he turns into a lemon."

Jack Narz is no phony. On or off the air, he is the same nice guy.
As the Chicago Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Steelers romped in the mud at Comiskey Park, Jerry Dunphy sat out the Chicago blizzard in an improvised broadcasting shack atop the stadium roof. "There I sat," he recalls, "trying to see through all that snow. The players were completely splattered with mud, so I couldn't make out any numbers. And the ink on my scorecard was running just as fast as the snow was falling. I played the whole thing by ear." Fortunately, Jerry's "ear" is naturally attuned to sports and his sense of humor and quick thinking have seen him through many a broadcasting crisis. On another occasion, Jerry was doing a sports show when a dog wandered onto the set, "barking up a storm." The floor man yanked off his ear phones, upset Jerry's cue cards in the process, and took off after the dog. Jerry continued his sportscast, trying to ad-lib louder than the canine scene-stealer. The result was a draw, and simply one more proof that, if you take a candid look at sports, there are bound to be some impromptu laughs, too. . . .  On Chicago's Station WBBM-TV, Jerry Dunphy is seen with Sports Slants, each weekday at 10:45 P.M., and on CBS News Special, Saturday at 6 P.M. Each Sunday at 10:30 P.M., he's the suave host of top-notch movies on Prestige Performance. . . . Born in Milwaukee, Jerry attended Chicago's Senn High School, where he was on the football, baseball and track teams. He married a girl he met while serving in the Air Corps, then headed for more education at the University of Wisconsin. When the GI Bill proved too skimpy to support a campus hero, his wife and a couple of kids, Jerry fattened the bankroll with work on local radio stations and newspapers. By the time he was graduated, he had his sportscasting career well in hand. An athletic six-foot-one, with black hair streaked romantically with gray, Jerry returned to Chicago—and WBBM-TV—last May. . . . The Dunphys are at home in a seven-room, tri-level house in suburban Deerfield. The "couple of kids" have grown to four—Jerry, Jr., who's now 12; Karen, 10; Linda, 6; and Tad, 3. Jerry manages lots of time with them, despite a hectic work schedule. There's time too, for tennis, bowling and golf. "Skip the score," laughs Jerry. "Let's just say I like to play golf."
the Ladies Take the Cake

Homemakers, says WWTV's

Cynthia Harlan, there's nobody
in the world like them.

Sewing lesson will come in handy when Cynthia furnishes cardboard doll house—a Party Line project.

It wasn’t long ago that cardboard was the mike she and “Kate Smith” used, as children in Michigan.

Automation, says Cynthia Harlan, is nothing but our old friend “George” of “Let George do it" fame. The alert and pretty young interviewer of WWTV’s half-hour Party Line is, of course, all for “George” doing all he can around the house—but mostly so homemakers can use the time for creative interest-projects of their own choosing. Seen weekdays at 3 (Wednesdays at 3:15) in the Cadillac area, Cynthia’s program consists of interviews with well-known home economists, beauty advisors, government agency experts and a variety of entertainers. Yet Cynthia has found that the shows with most appeal have been those featuring Michigan homemakers with little or no professional training, yet whose creative work is satisfying to themselves and an inspiration to others . . . . Many of the projects discussed are Cynthia’s own ideas, originated and executed on the floor of her bachelor-girl apartment where the decor is often “cluttered” but always congenial . . . . Born in Grosse Ile, Cynthia remembers having played “radio,” as a child, with a cardboard mike. Says she, “I was always ‘second fiddle’ to my sister's ‘Kate Smith.’” As a public-school performer, Cynthia managed to make her presence known in one play by rescuing a small boy in the process of losing his pants. Another time, she became so engrossed in eating the props goodies for the Christmas presentation that she almost forgot her lines. . . . At Northwestern University, Cynthia majored in political science and anthropology. Joining WWTV in ’56, she became an assistant on a telephone quiz show. Her first Party Line was to have been a cooking show, but, at the last minute, the guest chef became ill, and our neophyte had to solo. “We were,” says she, “strictly ad-lib that day.” . . . Cynthia, who’d rather be thought of by her audience as a friend instead of an entertainer, always provides a sympathetic spot on her show for worthwhile volunteer groups in need of TV exposure. A while back, a group of mothers from the Cystic Fibrosis Association appeared on the show. Their hostess and interviewer was quite impressed with the way these women—themselves mothers of afflicted children—maintained good humor through all the grim reality of their fund-raising efforts. Needless to say, the liveliest of automata couldn’t deliver such a message. To Cynthia Harlan, it’s always the ladies who take the cake.
Rugged Jack Pickard is six feet, 180 pounds of outdoor beefcake. Jack stars as Captain "Shank" Adams in Boots And Saddles, the story of the Fifth Cavalry. "Before this, I was known as 'the guy who worked in a million Westerns,' " he grins, "and I don't care if I never work in anything that puts me into a suit and tie." This open-air hombre, now on the payroll of California National Productions, is in love with the West, both the old and the new one. "When I was a kid in Tennessee, a friend of the family's had been out West and told us about it," Jack recalls. "I made up my mind then that I wanted to go to California. To me, the West is a pretty fair representation of the American way of life. It's strong and virile. It's easygoing and it doesn't have the rush of the big Eastern cities." The he-man model for Marine recruiting posters, Jack himself served in the Navy, then got his first important acting break in "The Wake of the Red Witch." Of the many outdoor roles that followed, he's proudest of "The Gunfighter," "Little Big Horn," "Friendly Persuasion" and "Ride a Violent Mile." But, in Boots And Saddles, Jack won himself a role he can truly identify with. "The way I see Shank Adams is as a very honest and a very real person," says Jack. "A guy kinda like myself. When he was growing up, I think he wanted to be a soldier, a good soldier, with just the same yearning that I had about acting. He went to West Point, and he was no MacArthur, just an average student. Then he came out West and he fell in love with the country. He had a great love for his fellow man and was glad of the chance to be in contact with the Indians. I love the shows we do with Indians," Jack continues. "Someday, I'd like to take the time to go through the whole West and sit down with the Indians and talk to them and get to know them as Adams did." Talk is something Jack likes, and something he does well. "I try to be a happy person," he explains. "I like people, like to sit down and talk—over a nice meal is a good way. I consider myself very lucky to have gotten all the things I dreamed of as a kid." Jack was a kid on a farm in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. "I don't know how or why," he says. "Maybe I saw a movie. But ever since I was a kid, the only thing on my mind was to become an actor." Jack had a "natural" voice and made his entry into show business as a teen-age singer of Irish ballads on Nashville's Station WSM. The experience fed his acting ambitions—and his yen to see the California he'd heard so much about. Though Jack's a Westerner now, living in Hollywood with his wife and son, there are some Tennessee things he's brought right along with him. One is corn bread, which he makes himself. "I don't use a prepared mix," he says. "I have the meal sent from Tennessee and I make the corn bread in an iron skillet for the genuine flavor." "Genuine" is the word that counts with Jack Pickard—just as it counts, too, with Captain Shank Adams of Boots And Saddles.
Give Jack Pickard his choice of get-ups and he'll vote for boots and saddles.

Jack's no armchair cowboy, in spite of the relaxed pose above. He keeps in shape, cuts his own firewood between sessions with the script. When it's meal time, Jack can broil his own steak, toss his own salad, make his own "genuine" Tennessee bread.
The "Name That Tune" Family

To find out what happened to that proposed project of Ed Newton’s, I called the chief of police, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stella, over on Staten Island. It’s built, all right, in the big, rambling seventy-five-year-old house which Ed and I have been trying to get for years. When the Newtons appeared on *Name That Tune*, we were forbidden to mention that Rita Newton has that mysterious and incurable affliction, multiple sclerosis. The Newtons have asked friends to make an appeal for sympathy and neither did Harry Saltier, who produces the show. About three months later, Rita Newton became paralyzed. Doctors agreed that she would never walk again. Having long anticipated this would happen, Ed was almost resigned to it and Rita had carefully trained even the smallest of her daughters to do her own part in keeping house.

But again Rita drew on her faith and courage to fight back the crippling. She told the doctors, “I’ll walk again. You’ll see”—and was back on her feet in eight weeks. She was able to eat and sew up an Easter wardrobe for the girls. A new baby is expected about the time this story reaches the newstands. Again, doctors are fearful, but, so far, Rita Newton insists “I’m doing well.”

Such faith is reflected in the happy family. The little girls, inheriting the talent of their grandparents, who once were members of their own family orchestra. They’re not yet professionals, but the time may come when you’ll see them on the air.

Ed Newton, too, has been doing well. The business which he operates in partnership with his brother-in-law has expanded. They now have three trucks and employ nine men. Recently, he bought two horses using his own family financial security to match the emotional security they have always had.

Another good home which *Name That Tune* helped establish is on a farm near Kankans, Wisconsin. Lee came on the show, she was engaged to marry her neighbor farmer, Reuben Keil, but wedding plans were in abeyance. She had four children by a former marriage. He had a big, but very lightly debt to pay off. They weren’t getting any younger. Trudi thought of that when she sent her list of seven tunes to *Name That Tune*. She had been in New York less than two weeks when Reuben followed. They were married at St. Peter’s Lutheran church, with George de Witt giving the bride away. Back in Herington, the farm equipment is paid for now, as is the farm, which he bought with his own family financial security to match the emotional security they have always had.

DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?

Vital questions about life and love are answered on radio’s “My True Story.”

For it presents real-life stories taken right from the files of “True Story” Magazine. You hear how people like your friends, your neighbors, your own family have fought with life’s most difficult emotional problems—and how they have won happiness. Be sure to listen—for the next thrilling episode may answer your most important question.

"MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company

An atom scientist’s wife asks: “Must Our Children Be Born Freaks?” Read this shocking revelation in June TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newstand.
she and her partner, Charles Joelson, named a tune.

Joanie, who is the daughter of Thurston and Nora Delaney of The Bronx, weeps when she’s sad, and weeps twice as much when she’s happy. That’s what led one of our scouts to notice her. She was happy that day. She and her sister had come downtown to get Tab Hunter’s autograph. Lacking money to pay admission to the theater, they went to an afternoon television show, for free. While there, she was asked if she would like to appear on "Name That Tune."

She was just fourteen when she went on. Her share of the $13.000 which she and her partner won is held in trust for her. When she is graduated from Cathedral High School, she’ll get $1,000 a year and the balance when she is twenty-one. She still wants to be a secretary, and she won a scholarship to a business school while on the program.

We’re sort of proud of Joan’s partner, too. Charles Joelson, while at Cornell, wrote songs. “But they were such bad songs,” he told George de Witt, “that I had to become an attorney to defend them.” He needs no defense of that skill. He has just been put in charge of a major crime investigation in New Jersey.

Being a musical program, "Name That Tune" naturally attracts musically talented contestants and it only makes sense to give them a chance to display that talent. Some wonderful things have resulted. Take the case of Dorothy Olsen, now a regular singer on Bert Parks’ "Beadstand. Dorothy was a teacher who first appeared on "Name That Tune" as a substitute contestant. The cards filled out when she attended a program indicated her Norwegian-born husband had once been a whaler. By the time he was called to appear on "Name That Tune," he was out at sea on a fishing boat.

We like schoolteachers, too, and Dorothy, who then taught a third-grade class at a White Plains school, seemed an acceptable substitute.

None of us guessed how great she would be. She was only trying to show us what her third-graders liked, when she sang "The Little White Duck" on the show. It led to an RCA Victor recording contract and a featured spot on NBC’s "Beadstand."

A magazine recently named her, "The most promising radio personality of 1938." Dorothy has also kept up her teaching—she’s on the substitute teaching staff at the day school conducted by Grace Episcopal Church. Days when she’s not on the program, she’s likely to be teaching. "If the time comes when I’m not singing," says Dorothy, "I’ll go back to what I’m really good at—teaching school."

Attending divinity school continues to be a future objective for freckle-faced Eddie Hodges, but right now he has an engagement on Broadway in Meredith Willson’s great musical, "The Music Man"—as a result of his appearance on "Name That Tune."

At our microphone, George de Witt asked Eddie, "Where did you get the red hair?" Eddie promptly replied, "It came with the head." He also belted out some revival songs he had learned back at his grandfather’s church in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. That was enough for Kermit Bloomgarden, producer of "The Music Man." He made an offer, but Eddie wasn’t so sure he wanted to be an actor. First, he had to talk things over with his grandfather.

Recently, we did, too. The Rev. Mr. Sam E. Hodges is a sturdy fundamentalist, seventy-nine years old. For fifty-two years, he has been a preacher, first as a Baptist, and now is the assistant pastor of the First Church Of God in Hattiesburg.

He is on extended leave to visit his son in New York. The Rev. Mr. Hodges said, "I had never seen my grandson before. I had been taught that the theater was—well, vulgar. But I said, ‘I think my spirit is strong enough to withstand any temptation and I reserve the right to see for myself what my grandson does.’ Well, I’ll tell you, it wasn’t anything like what I expected. I don’t know what goes on in some other theaters, but I think ‘The Music Man’ is just great, and Eddie is, too.”

I have a feeling "Name That Tune" may have discovered tomorrow’s Helen Hayes in the person of young Benny Gattey, the fifteen-year-old from Dallas, Texas, who got up to work to visit her parents’ friends, Dr. and Mrs. Nathan Davis, and came to the show with their daughter, Jane Davis. Mrs. Davis, who then worked for CBS, brought Benny to our attention. She played piano, sang for us, won a bit of money on the show—and also won Kermit Bloomgarden’s attention.

He put her into her first Broadway play, as understudy to Susan Strasberg in "The Diary of Anne Frank." She has since been in several Studio One productions, "Look Up And Live" and other programs. She has played in the Texas State Fair shows and has been starred in Margo Jones Theater plays in Dallas. She plays the lead in a filmed documentary, "The American Girl." She won the scholarship offered by the Episcopal Actors Guild and in June will be graduated from the Immanuel Children’s School. I foresee that we’ll have quite a bit of work keeping up with Benny’s list of credits, but we’ll be proud to do so.

Change, achievement, new ventures, are an intrinsic part of "Name That Tune." And that’s why George de Witt, Harry Salter and all of us connected with the show feel a constant inspiration in the work we do and the fine people we meet each week.

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**Tested by doctors...trusted by women.**
The Luck of O'Sullivan

Born in Boston, October 15, 1917, Janice Miner confesses she was a "sort of talented, imaginative child." She had three brothers, Donald, Lindsey and Sheldon, who had the distinction of walking off with all the prizes at the church sock hop—quite a bit, Janice, for such interesting categories as 'The Handsomest Boy,' 'The Fattest Boy,' 'The Boy with the Most Freckles.' Janice's talents were a bit more on the substan-
tial side. She studied piano in Louisville, the Braggtti Sisters, and piano with a Miss Lovejoy. "But I never practiced, darn it," Janice confesses. "So that ended that."

A graduate of the Vesper George Art School, Janice had been so interested in costume design, it was to become a stage designer. She then joined the Brookline Amateurs and found acting more to her liking. Her first professional engagement was at the Cambridge Theater. Next, the Copley Theater in Boston. "We did stock at the Copley," she explains. "I worked it summer and winter for three years."

Jan then came to New York, where she fast became a favorite in both radio and television. The list of shows to her credit is impressive, and seemingly endless. "I remember," says Jan, "when Linda Dale (directed by Arthur Hanna, who gave her her first chance) and went on to include Columbia Workshop, The Second Mrs. Burton, and just about anything I could think of."

As Julie Nixon, of Hilltop House, she became a household name, and she admits she "misses it terribly. Television reviewers have seen her on many, many, many, many, many shows, including Studio One and the Robert Montgomery playhouse. "I did Montgomery's show each summer, for three years. It was like a stock company and loaded with actors."

The fun really all began that afternoon in the first grade, when little seven-year-old Jan Minner made her first stage appearance. In a chorus line, "The sun," she says dreamily. "I can remember the pretty dress my mother put me out of yellow tule. I was kind of fat—my tummy stuck out, and that's how I happened to get the part."

Let it be stated quickly that Jan's measurements today are neat indeed. She is five feet, six inches tall, "with hips that would make a 19th century French chef blush," and she wears a six-foot dress. "It takes three people to get me into it," she says with a grin, "but I wear a size-twelve."

To the question of whether face. "The mortality rate on those dresses is high—and, on the zippers, even worse.

Just for the record, Jan, in her six years on television, has won a New York critics' award, her father Mr. F. Doug Minner, has the Columbus Dispatch and the Cincinnati Post, Jan has a soft spot in her heart for the public servant. "The firemen are my hero," she says matter-of-factly, and her reasons are simple. "As far as I'm concerned, these are the people--the members of your TV performances, dear—that I forgot."

When the doorbell rang, I was amazed to find two firemen, complete with hatchets and an expectant look. Appar-ently, the stove had poured out the kitchen window. Oh, well, I'm learning. Not enough to cook!"

Jan's mother, Ethel Minner, is a painter and a good one. Samples of her art work can be seen in the art gallery in the O'Sullivans' five-room apartment, in the East Forties. The furnishings are modern, ebony and gold. Cherry-colored wood, a black rug, add a dramatic touch.

The O'Sullivans—who "met on a radio show," and were married in 1935—enjoy doing things together, and are past masters of the art of "cooking together," a method of husbandry that pleases the Miss O'Sullivan.

In the country, Terry loves to ride horseback," Jan declares. "He's a trick rider. The trick is he stays on—while I fall off."

"But, seriously, Terry's a good horseman."

As a child in Boston, Jan led a pretty horse-less existence, but her imagination more than made up for it. She and her youngest brother used to straddle the windowsills in Jan's room and pretend they were riding the lone prairie, she clutching the reins with her left hand. Just as they were about to be ambushed by a tribe of black Indians, and Jan's little hand, hanging down, was hanging onto her scalp for dear life, her middle-brother—"the realist"—would saunter into the room and sneer. "Boy, do you look silly. That's not a horse."

"Now that I can look at it objectively," says Jan, "I should have listened to him!"
to business. He has given many breaks to young people and he doesn't even insist you have TV experience. Jan's producer, Bud Granoff, was a publicity man who wanted to be a producer. One of Jan's associate producers is a New York City policeman on leave of absence. He wanted to get into TV and Jan gave him a chance. There was the postman who always had a couple of jokes to try out when he delivered Jan's mail. He is now a staff writer. Dave Brown worked in an ad agency but Jan thought he should be doing bigger things and made him producer of Wingo. And about Bob Kennedy, Jan says, "Some five years ago, I saw Bob doing a children's TV-quiz locally. I thought he was so wonderful that I just filed him away in my head. A couple of months ago, when I phoned him about Wingo, he was working as a production singer at the Latin Quarter and he just couldn't believe that I'd remembered him." Jan's own life has changed radically from that of a top-notch club comedian, which he was for many years. "But my purpose in entertainment is the same," he says. "I think a show should have plenty of fun along with the thrills."

Wrapping It Up: Ed Murrow being discussed as candidate for U.S. Senator from New York on the Democratic and Liberal tickets. Ed himself has always professed no party alignment. . . . Marilyn Monroe can have $100,000, and all in silver dollars, if she'll do a spec on TV next year. . . . Garraway's Wide World, May 11, is "Spring in Europe," a nostalgic trip for them what's been there. . . . Finding glamorous TV games for beauty-queen titles is no cinch these days. Only one to make best-legs division was Barbara Britton. Best facial feature went to Denise Lor for her swimming-pool eyes. Note Abbe Lane got citation for her hair. That's what it said—on my Chihuahua's honor!

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Paul Anka: Gold Disc Kid

(Continued from page 47)

Massachusetts. A friend of my father's, Johnny Karam, has the Gloucester hotel. He asked me to do my imitations. People threw money. I must have got twenty-nine on thirty dollars.

Speaking of Paul's talent, his father says, "We always thought it was nice—nice for us, I mean—to have a son whom we enjoyed so much. We gave him an education. We wanted him to be a lawyer, but we never pushed him into anything. What he wanted to do with his talent was up to him."

Paul never had any doubt what he wanted to do. He was a member of the choir of St. Elijah's Orthodox Church, he was in every program at Connacht grade school and Fisher Park high school. Whenever entertainers played Ottawa, Paul was there, too. He virtually haunted Chaudière Country Club, which is just across the federal bridge from his home.

Vocal groups fascinated him. When The Crew Cuts, The Diamonds or The Four Lads played the club, Paul talked shop, asking them questions about arrangements and technique. To an outsider, he seemed a star-struck fan, but Paul, in his own way, was working on his profession. For a school concert, he enlisted two classmates, Jerry Barbeau and Ray Carrier. They called their vocal group "The Bobby Soxers," says Paul, "After the school show, we were booking. We paid him the cubbyhole in the area. When we weren't entertaining, we were rehearsing. We tried out songs I had written."

It was an exhausting schedule for a high-school freshman. Andrew and Camy Anka worried. Says Paul, "They wanted me to sing, but not until four o'clock in the morning."

His height of greatest triumph brought near-catastrophe. A Rotary Club benefit show was to go on at the club where he had sneaked in so often. Paul says, "An act fell through. His mother wanted to put a cover over. His mother was ill and didn't drive him over. She offered to call a cab, but Paul begged for her car. He'd be careful. He'd be right back. No one would ever know his mother had licensed her. As mother and son went to do with a beloved son, Camy yielded."

It's Andrew Anka's story from there. "That wasn't Paul's night," he says. "As he returned, the motor stalled. He couldn't get it going. The baby carriage Paul had borrowed to push and pull toward an exit. A friend came by and helped him. They had reached a restaurant, and a phone, when the Mounted Police drove up. From a patrol car, they had watched it all."

Their first question was, "Where do you live?"

Said Paul, "I was just going to phone my mother."

Said an officer, "Show me your license."

Said Paul, "I don't have one."

Then came the question Paul dreaded most. His name? Then inevitably, "Are you the one who sings?" Paul trembled, thinking of all his father's work to combat juvenile delinquency.

The police took him home, told his mother of his worry, added, "This isn't right, you know. We've got to make a report."

The following Monday, Judge John Mc-Knight phoned Andrew to ask, "Is this your Paul turning up in juvenile court? But he's such a good boy. What do you think I should do about it?"

Said Andrew, "Give him the works. He has to be taught a lesson which will last until he's sixteen."

The "lesson" when Paul appeared before the court was adjourned. He was allowed to make a lecture such as he had never before heard. He was required to pledge he would never again ask his mother for the car. He was fined three dollars.

From the lowest note he ever sang, the shamedface Paul turned away from the bench, avoiding his father's eyes.

The judge, stepping down, stopped him as he was going out. "Where are you going now?"

"Home, I guess," said Paul.

The judge peed off his black robe. "Well, I'm going to that big fire downtown. Want to black-sing?"

Paul walked out of the courtroom with the judge's and his father's arms across his shoulders.

His first attempt to be a recording star was a complete fiasco. During summer vacation he visited his uncle, actor Maurice Anka, in Hollywood. He also found, through an ad, a recording company where people were very willing to listen to his then-favorite song.

But the record companies all said it because of a book report I had done on 'Prester John,' which was written by our former governor general, John Buchan. The place where it all happened is called 'Blau-Wilde-Berge.' I liked the name, so I wrote a song about it."

The record company cut it, complete with its yard-wide title. Strangely enough, it became a hit. When Paul asked for his royalties, he was given a statement showing he owed the company three hundred dollars. That's when I asked them to release me from my contract.

That experience influenced the family attitude in the greatest crisis the well-ordered Anka household has ever known. Unintentionally, Doug Welk of The Royal Band, asked Paul to go from New York to tell him what an exciting time they were all having playing the big Easter rock 'n roll show at the New York Coliseum. "He's been bitten," said Andrew, "he can't help it."

"Why don't you come down?" Paul said.

Paul had been having some success of his own. He had been featured at a Shrine benefit and he got his first big bundle of fans when his name "Dick Diamond"

Cadden arranged for his appearance on the CBC-TV program, Pick The Stars. With fire in his eyes and music manuscript in his hand, Paul went to his father to say, "I'm going to the Coliseum."

His father's reply was sharp. "Paul, please don't start that all over again. You're licensed. As moshers don't do with a beloved son, Camy yielded."

His father's reply was sharp. "Paul, please don't start that all over again. You're licensed. As moshers don't do the things you want." After closing his restaurant, he arrived home about three o'clock.

"As I passed Paul's room, I could hear him singing. I walked in behind him, and found his brother reading. My wife was sitting on the edge of the bed tapping her foot. I could see she had been crying and I could see she was mad."

Camy Anka had reached the breaking point. "I'm tired of writing pop songs and having his bread broken. My wife was sitting on the edge of the bed tapping her foot. I could see she had been crying and I could see she was mad."

Camy Anka had reached the breaking point. "I'm tired of writing pop songs and having his bread broken. My wife was sitting on the edge of the bed tapping her foot. I could see she had been crying and I could see she was mad."

Camy Anka had reached the breaking point. "Paul, I'll leave you in the morning."

Dumbfounded, Andrew asked, "Why?"

Said Camy, "Because of what you're doing to that boy. You must let him go. Nothing he did was his fault. Don't you think that if he, a seventeen-year-old, go down to that big city, all by himself, and try to make his way around alone through one of the toughest business there ever was?"

Then Camy reminded him, "When you were ready to strike out for yourself, you wore a suit, and a jacket. Where was Paul when just happening earlier with Paul. You sit down and talk to him right now."

Out of that talk came what Paul called, "My ten days and my one hundred dollars. But I've made a record." He specified Paul must return at the end of his school vacation. He also specified that Paul should stay where Doug Welk stayed, eat where he ate, go only when Doug Welk said, and call home every day. Then he said a prayer and walked out.

Paul needed only three days. Doug Welk took him to Don Costa, the artists-and repertory man at ABC Paramount. Cost set up a recording session. "At the minute," says Paul, "I was short a song. Welk gave me 'Dick Roman.' I took half an hour off."

With the shyness of a kid who, not so long ago, was embarrassed when a cowboy kissed the heroine in a Western, Paul said, "I think my world has been kicked around with. And she was older."

His father supplies the details: "Our families are friends. Diana Ayoub was eighteen when the Paul was fifteen. When he was seventeen and she fourteen, she used baby-sit for us."

With Paul's ode to his own Diana, Costa, Welk and the crew at ABC Paramount knew the song didn't fit the recording. Welk suggested Costa called Andrew and asked him to fly to New York to supervise Paul's contract.

"Diana" hit the top of the popular polls and was a number nine for two weeks. Paul himself was so much in demand on TV shows and for personal appearances, he took a year's leave of absence from school. He is also in the Coliseum's latest rock show, and filled a lightning tour of Australia.

He was almost glad when his second release was a bomb. Paul was frankly sorry. "I love it, it's my business, but I can't say that all the time. When I get home, people are going to know it."

His third disc, "You Are My Destiny and I Will Love You," took off. Again booking demands came in from all over the world. Said Paul, "It's starting all over again. I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever get home again."

Vian, who has made tours to Ottawa have been eventful. When he turned sixteen, he too his driving tests. When he qualified, the chief of police, Duncan MacDonnell, personally presented him with his driving license. Paul will not forget that occasion. He informed Paul, "I've cleared up that juvenile court appearance of yours. I took all the records from me file, and put them away. They're hanging in my office."

On November 18, 1957, the kids of Ottawa shared Paul's gold record. It was presented at Ottawa Auditorium, the place where his records had been thrown three times in one day. This time, the mayor greeted him, and Spartan (his Canadian label) joined in the welcome. ABC Paramount gave him a watch, the face of which is inscribed, "Paul, you're fifteen."

What's next for this remarkable sixteen-year-old? Says Paul, "Someday I'm going back to school." Says his father, approvingly, "He's already a man of him. But the moment he says the word, I'll get him out. He's our first-born and we miss him."
Sid Caesar Says: "I Married Young" (Continued from page 39)

with a graduate of Hunter College, she had promised to be a teacher. She was just a saxophone player with big illusions. And he was in the Coast Guard, trying to be shipped out.

didn't seem an appropriate time to talk about marriage. But others were doing so. And Sid and Florence, caught in the grip of young love and war excitement, decided to take the plunge.

"nicking the elephant when we married," says today, "I know I had some wrong ideas about marriage. I used to think marriage was a case of the man going out to work, and the woman staying at home to keep the house, and that couples were supposed to argue, and the man was expected to take the most noise.

But today, he knows differently. "I've never considered it as a job, not even to be, not at least all the time. It's not of the marriage deal. I know, too, the man is supposed to help out in the house. Some men do, but it's not the same for the wives, for fear it means losing their manliness. I used to feel that. But it's clear to me that, when do something for your family, you are aren't being nice to your partner, are you?"

when Sid would come home, tired and tense, filled with unresolved conflicts and career frustrations, would stage marriage counseling table with Florence. But several years psychoanalysis—and the economic secure—of TV brought him—to him a job of good. Now, when he is tired, andIDS and Florence, their marriage was stormy but not heart-wrenching. They had their disagreements, but they never doubted they had tried once and forever.

ich the years, they have mellowed, they've adjusted to each other. Florence realized that, when Sid was annoyed, it wasn't necessarily because she was doing something, but only because was tense about his work and had cared the tensions home with him.

Florence says she now has a greater understanding of Sid's view of problems that they have both adjusted to their milled life. When Sid is working, they're out of mind. Sid is too tired. He refers to last sit around and read and listen to music or the TV. There is more social, more active existence. Then they sometimes take the children up to room, where Sid and Florence first met. Sometimes they stay at home on Long Island. Now, to enough, they both say happy. He has his office and his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, hi...
Marriage taught him, too, that you have to cooperate rather than dominate. "I discovered that there's a big danger in the first five years of marriage. That's when each side, perhaps without being aware of it, is trying to become pilot of the ship of matrimony. This is the critical period when they either build a firm foundation for the marriage or run it forever.

"I wish I had known then, in those early years of marriage, what I know now. If I'd been smarter then, I would have saved myself a lot of sulking and sleeping on the couch and feeling sorry for myself."

He believes that the turning point of his life—and his marriage—came when their second child, a son, was born, on February 18, 1952. "I guess that was when I realized that the time had come for me to let go, to abandon a lot of childish notions, to stop depending on others, to start growing up. Less than two years later, Sid had his own show on TV.

Having spent three years in the Coast Guard, Sid loves the sea. He loves beaches, swimming pools, streams and brooks, and piloting his boat through Long Island Sound. So, when he thinks of love and marriage, he invariably thinks of "matrimonial seas" and "ship of marriage" and "marital storms."

"Love is like a beautiful ship, with sleek lines," he says. "She's nice to look at, but she has to be able to stand a storm. A man must get a ship that has durability. Same thing with a woman. She must have a good heart and good character, so she can take a rough time if a rough time comes her way. But, of course, the man must give either ship or girl something, too. He must not take her out in too many storms. He must protect her, bring her into port safely, give her loving care."

The Caesar family goes out in their skiff during nice weather. Sid studies the new charts of the waters each year before he ventures out. "When you know where the rocks and the undercurrents are, it's not difficult. You study the charts, remember past experiences, avoid trouble. A ship and marriage are the same in this. Just as a ship keeps you afloat, a woman's love keeps a man afloat, and his love keeps her afloat. And when there are children, the voyage is so much more satisfying."

Sid adds, "You can't really talk about marriage without mentioning money. I've changed my mind about that, too. It used to be important to me, as a symbol of success. Now I see it as a means for providing my family with security; that's all."

He can still remember the time he was promoted from fifty-six to sixty-four dollars a month and a Seaman First Class rating. "Did we have fun! We used to go out for a big evening, spending all of five dollars. We went to the finest Broadway shows, in dollar-ten balcony seats."

Now he could retire, if he wishes. But he keeps on working. Sometimes, when he comes home, tired and distressed, Florence asks, "Why do you work so hard?" Sid explains, "Because, when I commit myself to something, I want to do it right . . . perfectly!"

That is when Florence reminds him, "Money isn't everything. We can manage on less. We can do without this, and without that. We can do without a lot of things and be happy . . . and don't you ever forget it."

"In a marriage ceremony," Sid points out, "they say 'for richer and for poorer.' I'm glad Florence reminds me that my career is not life and death. Sometimes I get so involved in my work, I begin to forget . . . and she brings me back to the straight course."

Yes, Sid and Florence married young. But the youthful pilots gained experience and understanding, and the voyage has been more than worthwhile—together.
McClay, but they agreed that fell in love at first glance. Mike’s mother said he visited Barbara every night for months—but had to go home by nine o’clock because they each had six A.M. calls. On a long weekend, he finally popped the question. The astrologer’s party must have been held under their lucky star.

Golf, it’s a dangerous game: Danny Thomas wrenched his back for a second time coming out of a sand trap. He can’t bend over to tie his shoes—and that’s tough, especially when there is sand in ’em... George Gobel was hit on the shins by a driven golf ball and limped for ten days. But Rusty Draper of CBS Radio fame, who virtually lives on the golf course on weekends, finally broke 90. Not bad for nine holes, Rusty.

Pat Boone and wife Shirley move into their old Coldwater Canyon home in July, when they shift to Hollywood to make 25 episodes of "The Newcric." Pat and Shirley want to buy a home in sunny California, but the show has been renewed for New York origin.

Did you know: Jack Benny and Lucille Ball are Beverly Hills neighbors? Lucy’s Desi, Jr., is starting kindergarden at Marymount next semester... Dick Boone has to curl his hair for his "Hope" series. And, shock of the ages, though he hates to admit it, he-man Jim Arness of Gunsmoke dyes his hair dark. It’s a must for towheaded Arness, who would otherwise look bald on camera... Ida Lupino suffers from acrophobia (fear of heights). When she visits New York and receives a room on the second floor, her first act on entering is to move all the furniture against the windows!

Eve Arden and husband Brooks West will motor through Europe this summer. Starting in Madrid, they will end up at the Brussels World’s Fair... Also Fair-bound are Art Linkletter, leaving for Argentina Dec. weeks, and Jan Clayton, who will sing in the Fair’s version of “Carousel.” They hope to get John Raitt for the co-star role with Jan—which, after seventeen years, would pair the two greats from the original Broadway cast... And Harry Morgan is Brussels bound. The very funny Canadian-Canadianish Burt Lancaster show is going to the Fair with his two boys, ten and eleven. Harry quips, “We better see this one—there may never be another.” Very funny, Harry.

Lassie’s Jon Provost will vacation on his parents’ Arkansas farm, proud as a kid with his own new puppy can be. Trainer Rudd Weatherwax, gave Jon one of his best birthday presents... And here’s Hollywood for you: The original cast of Lassie (namely Jan Clayton) invited the new cast of Lassie (Cloris Leachman, Jon Sheppot, et al.) to join her in an old-fashioned “church supper” covered-dish party at her Malibu home. Cast members each brought a covered dish of their own choosing, turned up with two chicken pot pies.
Little Girl With A Big Voice

(Continued from page 41)

...grew accustomed after this coveted prize was to be elected Miss Oklahoma. Louise entered the contest in her home state and ended as runner-up. She tried a second year—again, runner-up. But, encouraged by it, she entered the Triangle Insurance Company, entered the contest locally for the third time—and won! Off she went to Atlantic City as Miss Oklahoma. What happened? She turned up again as runner-up.

Louise laughs about this then-tragic run of events. "I really wasn't too disappointed," she says. "I was pretty proud to be one of the fifteen finalists. And I learned a lesson—if I didn't make a goal in life, the first try, I wouldn't let myself be too discouraged. I decided I'd always try again for anything I really wanted."

This capacity to ignore the negative and put the accent on the positive helped Louise greatly after she came to Hollywood and married her husband Luther Lane and their children. She managed to get some guest spots on TV and radio shows, held a job as a regular cast member of Matinee, a musical-variety show presented an hour and a half a day on KNX, a CBS-owned Los Angeles station. But no regular network opportunity turned up for over two years.

But one day in 1957, Louise's phone rang. The message was from Milt Hoffman and Lucian Davis, producers of The Rusty Draper Show, for whom Louise had done a guest spot on KNX Radio. Would she like to do The Rusty Draper Show? "When?" asked Louise. "Rehearsal at eleven o'clock this morning, show at two this afternoon" was the answer. "I was so excited," Louise says. "I was thirty minutes early for the rehearsal."

Louise was born on a twenty-five-acre farm near Tulsa, Oklahoma. Her father ran the farm but also held an official state job. Louise has two older brothers, Don and Eugene, a younger sister, Mildred, and a younger brother, Ron. "I wouldn't trade my first ten years on that farm for love nor money," she says. "We had to work like a dog. I'll never forget how Mother and Dad and the five of us used to sit around the fire on cold nights in winter, cleaning and shucking home-grown popcorn.

And, in the spring, the air outside smelled wonderful—there were blooming fruit trees all around—apricot, plum and pear. When the cherries ripened, all of us would go out and pick them. After a few hours, we all were stained from head to toe with cherry juice.

Our small farm had everything on it—cattle, horses, beans, corn, the fruit orchard, and a big flower garden. My mother, who died when I was little, always was very proud of my skin. She'd never let me go out in the sun to pick anything, without a veil."

"Living on a farm," Louise said, "you learn a lot in a very natural way about life. You go hungry and you are hungry, but you go full and you are full. That's the way I learned the lesson."

Louise maintains that she was the biggest tomboy in East Tulsa. "I loved and admired my two older brothers," she says with affection. "My admiration was so great that I was always trying to out-roughhouse them. But it didn't work. We played 'king of the bridge' and they always managed to win."

"When I was five I thought I'd outgrown my old tricycle. I tried to give the 'kiddie car' to a neighbor girl but Dad brought it home. Then I hid it in the barn, but Mother found it. So, in desperation, I took the tricycle out into the cornfield and set it afire. This was the fall of the year and everything was dry as tinder. The corn and gruss caught fire and I went down to the office and Dad called the fire department in Tulsa, and they drove the twenty miles to the farm. Oh, it was the biggest thing to happen in East Tulsa in many years!"

When Louise was twelve, she sang in the church choir and loved it. She knew then and there that a career as a singer would someday be for her. The next year she was accepted to an all-girl High School play, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

That year, her father was made warden of the State Penitentiary and the O'Brien family moved to be. There they lived in a one-room country schoolhouse. "I remember the corner drug store sold saltwater taffy with peanut-butter centers which I just loved. They were called Abba Zabbas, and I always wanted to be one of them."

Louise's professional career began while she was still in high school, when she sang on a Saturday-afternoon talent show over KTUL for old-time showman Len Connor. She sang a song for the school talent show but was not accepted at once. She tried out again and, when Connors finally did book her, she earned a steady job which continued until after graduation from high school.

From high school, she went to Tulsa University where she majored in dramatics and voice. She developed what professionals call a 'team voice.' Trained for musical and semi-classical music, "I've learned more from Rusty Draper," she says, "in the year I've been with him, than in all my other years put together. He really 'sings' a man's part—indeed, solo." It was while she was in college that Louise first entered the Miss Oklahoma contest—and failed. When she finally won the Miss America and Miss Atlantic City titles, it was the first time the young lady had been out of the state.

"The Miss America contestants," she remembers, "all had chaperones—we weren't supposed to be seen in the company of a man during the entire affair. But, at the time, my dad was working in Washington, as assistant to an Oklahoma congressman. Since I hadn't seen him in some time, I took off to tour Washington. Senator Robert A. Kerr—who had appointed Father warden when he was governor of Oklahoma—knew I was coming and arranged a surprise luncheon. Believe me, I was never so excited as this being my first trip out of the state of Oklahoma, being a Miss America contestant, and being entertained by two dozen senators and congressmen."

From the Atlantic City contest, she married her high-school beau, Luther Lane. Luther and Louise had been in the same grade school as kids, and had been friends for years. They were engaged in 1952 and distanced themselves from the Southwest and was studying law besides. After the marriage, Louise continued to sing on radio and TV until he first flew, Miss America and later married. Louise's career on radio until seven days before Maureen was born. Luther says "Maybe that accounts for Maureen's voice—not so much on key, but plenty loud A year later, January 1953, their second child, Christopher, was born and Louise had plenty to keep her busy. In June of 1954, Louise and Luther came to California on a combination business-vacation trip. Louise knocked on doors in Hollywood, received a lot of smiles but no work. She didn't give up. After they returned to Oklahoma, she decided the Hollywood thing had got away from her. Louise sold a dog into a television show. After that, Louise made more music and radio shows, but nothing happened. She started looking around for another...still nothing. One day, Muzzy Marcelino, the music director on House Party, called and asked if I wanted to guest on the show. That was my first break."

From the House Party show, Louise went immediately to KCOF as the "Weste- Mer Miss." Someone from Station KCOF had been watching the Linkletter show on which Louise guested and called her for this new job. From then on, Louise did guest spots on any local or network radio or TV show. She sang on the TV shows with Jack McElroy, Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, Tennessee Ernie Ford and George Gobel. She appeared in TV show programs with Alfred Hitchcock and Hess and Hitchcock. In 1954, she went on as a regular member of the local KNX Radio Matinee show. All during this period, she continued voice training with musical ar- rangements, and the work paid off in her present network spot.

Today, Louise lives with her husband and two children in a modest Spanish-style home in Burbank, about fifteen minutes from the CBS-Hollywood studios. "The big production of the day," Louise says, "is not the show—but breakfast! The kids get up about seven, shouting "We're hungry!" And money hangs down two such healthy kids. They are just like I was when I was their age, tomboyish and husky."

The biggest thing in Louise's life today besides her work on The Rusty Draper Show, is her recent signing with Mercury Records. She feels she does best the ballads with good lyrics. Show tunes like songs from The Music Man and "Oklahoma!" are her favorites, and she hopes to have an album on the market soon.

Louise's ultimate goal is to be a star in a Broadway production. She loves live appearances. A recent successful personal appearance in her old hometown, Tulsa, shows she can win and hold one. It's a long jump from a farm near East Tulsa to Broadway. But, with Louise's talent and drive, she probably make it.

Next Month

Cover boy Rick Nelson leads off a personality parade including Dorothy Collins, Pete Fountain, Ernie Ford—and all your favorites from Sullivan to Garroway—in the picture-packed July issue of TV Radio Mirror at your newsstand June 5

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David, My Son

(Continued from page 20)

running five-foot-six brunette named Joan who became Mrs. Bill Lipton on October 15, 1949.

His career started so early because his grandmother thought the small boy had a big talent. A friend who was a radio announcer for a children's program, if he was as smart as Grandma thought he was. He had recently been taken to see "Show Boat," so he rented a baritone solo and did a new version of "I'm Your Captain." When he finished, the man in charge of the audition shoved a piece of paper at Bill and said, "Here, read this."

"If you're an actor, not a singer," he told Bill, with finality. And all this led to a radio career, to becoming a permanent member of the cast of Let's Pretend. Nila Mack's fine radio show for children, and to other parts on other shows. Before long he joined the Navy at seventeen, in World War II. Bill was an airwave veteran.

He was in the Navy for three years, and at that time became a different person, growing up in the Navy. He believed, as far as he was concerned, "I was very lucky," he says now. No one thought of me any longer as a former child actor! Many people didn't think he could be an adult. He came back from college and continue part-time in radio, which became the springboard for his adult career. Things opened up gradually for me on adult shows. I began to get calls for Audition to other shows, and a new show had to be cast quickly. I began to be known all over again.

By the time Bill was twenty-five, his career as an adult actor was firmly established. In 1951, he married Joan. They have three children, who are the apple of one of Joan's friends. A blind date for Joan and Bill. That day, he became quite ill, knew he would have all he could possibly do to get through his work on a CBS Special. "I called Joan to explain why I couldn't keep our date. I was still a student at Columbia and she was a big wheel at Barnard College on the same campus. I was pretty upset about the whole thing. They said she was not only a beautiful girl but also a brain. I don't think she believed that I could be sick and working, too—and I'm not sure she does, to this day.

"Some time later, I stopped to talk to a girl I knew who was with a very lovely looking co-ed. The latter was Joan—and, when I heard her name, I blushed and put on a show. In fact, her sweetness and her beautiful dark eyes and Madonna-like look attracted me immediately. Joan is a writer and wanted to do scripts for the radio station at Columbia. She was looking there, so we began to work together.

Their engagement was precipitated when an old girlfriend of Bill's, from his Navy days, came from out of the blue, got herself an escort so they could make a foursome. They went to a concert in Carnegie Hall. Bill and his former flame sitting in back of Joan and the other fellow. He was supposed to be a friend of mine, but maybe he decided this was his chance to move in. I saw his arm keep slipping around the back of her chair and her head sort of involuntarily leaning toward him. That did it! Afterwards, I told Joan in no uncertain terms how I felt about us.

Walking across New York's crowded Forty-Second Street, at Times Square, some months later, Bill took out his date record suddenly, looked up the dates of shows he was supposed to do and engaged himself for the next show. Joan said, "What's a good day for you to get married?" This was early summer. The following October, there was a wedding.

The son, David, born March 4, 1952, is now a student at the Barnard College and continued part-time in radio.

"Times like this when boys—and girls, too—need every benefit of good training.

At present, their son is an ardent de-votee of radio now. I've heard his programs on Station WABR in New York. When he was told that, in Young Dr. Malone, his own daddy plays Sandy Beck-
ner's grown-up foster-son, David found out "the nicest I've only ever been to a good, and nice restaurant. "If you know Sandy so well, Daddy, why doesn't he come to our house to see me?" he questioned.

It was difficult to produce Sandy out in Connecticut, but where we live," Bill recalls, "just when our David wanted to see him. Sandy's a busy man with a number of shows and with three lively kids of his own. And I don't think to his son believed "I really knew this idol of his until one day Sandy invited him to come on his morning show for children. This convinced him.

When David was three, the Liptons dec-ided he should be scheduled by the Garden of Greenwich, where they bought a house. A many-windowed white Colonial home on a two-acre plot surrounded by an old New England stone fence. They had the house designed and the floors were new, carpeted throughout, then sat back for a year and saved for some new furnishings. Small wonder! Neither had dreamed that a house could eat money so fast.

Joan did the decorating, but they picked out everything together. Golds and browns and saffron tones for the living room, and a lovely Japanese linen wallcovering in natural color. A Regency dining room.

"Joan had to hang a Chinese rice tray on the dining room wall to hide a hole I drilled. It was supposed to be just a little part of the room, but I managed to hammer it in, and Joan finally has to find something larger to cover the hole I drill. In David's room, I was putting up two hurricane lamps and somehow other went right through an electrical light. I didn't think the whole house by experience, and I'm getting smarter about all the time."

David's room is in red, white and blue, two days, carved wood and old gold print, two painted blue. Their bedroom is white and gold. The guest bedroom is what Joan describes as "a sort of cherrie nothing," but is a mingling of blues and greens with a dash of pale yellow. The whole house is still in the process of being "done" and probably will be for some time to come. That makes it fun.

Bill bought a baby tractor, does all the heavy outside work, uses it for the lawn.
What Does Happiness Mean to You?

(Continued from page 37)

believes in God can never be completely lonely, even in moments of sadness, so I'm grateful that I was blessed with faith.

And I've got a great deal of happiness to my husband." Dorothy Malone, Richard Kollmar, theatrical producer and prominent figure in the entertainment world—"I can't take him for granted, because I realize Dick is someone I've always had in the way of character, loyalty and understanding. The knowledge that he's always there with me, all the way, no matter what happens in our lives—and even if I'm wrong—is a priceless gift to my serenity.

"We have three bright, sweet, affectionate children whom we adore. . . but you've asked me what I would choose if I could have only one wish, and I have to say it would be Dick. Over career, children, contributing to humanity . . . everything. It's because of Dick's warm, wise and unselfish nature that I've been able to turn the trick of combining marriage, motherhood and a career, without slighting any one of them. I think if you have just one person in your life upon whom you can lean for love and understanding, you're 'way ahead of the game.'

"Where I live is important to me," Dorothy adds. "Perhaps not essential, but terribly important, in living exactly where I want to live, in Manhattan, in a tiny girl at heart, and a big-city girl. I like the scope and the blessed privacy of metropolitan living. I don't want a lot of friends, necessarily; just a few who speak my language."

"Money, did you say? It isn't everything, of course—it really isn't anything, if it's the only thing you have. But I think it helps no end, and I'm quite willing to work hard to get it. . . . Colors? I have my favorites, as you can see:.. and have had them for a long time that I've decided to move out of the city. David can be with his father so much more, following him around while he does things around the house and the yard, helping him in any way he can.

"You have to see David and Bill together to know how really fine their relationship is. David isn't a child who clings or is dependent, but he does enjoy being with Bill. He has a good family feeling and we think this is important."

Bill felt he didn't really "meet" his son during the summer of David's stay. He saw him only through glass partitions and swore that, once he broke through that glass, there would be no more barriers between them. He had rushed Joan to the hospital at four o'clock in the morning. Then, after what seemed an interminable time in the waiting room for expectant fathers, Bill was told there was no immediate need for him and he went down for a cup of coffee. He came back just in time to be told his baby had been wheeled through and taken to the nursery.

"I didn't know whether I had a son or daughter," Joan said. "David was. . . well, unamenable just in time to be told his baby had been wheeled through and taken to the nursery.

"I didn't know whether I had a son or daughter," Joan said. "David was. . . well, unamenable just in time to be told his baby had been wheeled through and taken to the nursery.

"They said she couldn't be disturbed. I only knew I had missed the whole thing, and was worried about Joan. An hour later, I was told she was sleeping in a hospital room, and the phone rang. I was being called. . . ."

"Our wedding was a happy, nonchalance, That's how I am. Take me or leave me.

"And the same way, Bob said. "I went home. I felt terrible. I hated losing Bob's friendship. I looked in the mirror and said to myself: You—you take, everything, and you have nothing, altogether."

"From that day on, I changed.

"It wasn't easy. It may sound corny, but I determined to try to evaluate myself, to solve a hard problem, because I could learn to give, to be the kind of person who is able to be happy," he says, in a searching way."

"I didn't like myself in the past," asserts the man who could easily be TV's entry in a matinee-idol contest. "I didn't like myself at all. I was all take and no give. . . ."}

At least in Three Oaks, he is perhaps as much happier than he has been for a long time. Perhaps some of Bill Lipton's own happiness is now wearing off on the man he portrays so sensitively
who is able to be happy. But gradually I improved. I became more exposed to life, more perceptive of other people's feelings.

By the time my wife Candy came along, I thought: "Well, I can handle this, I like myself better now; I can give enough to make her happy. In the past I couldn't have done this. Of course, Candy's the perfect girl, physically, mentally, emotionally. And now that I'm the kind of person who is able to be happy, how could I help being happy with her?"

Hal is as sure that his happiness will last as forever, and that the sun will rise every morning. "Candy and I need only each other," he says. "Oh, we're not hermits. We like to see people sometimes, or go to the movies. But our three kids are a great part of our lives and our fun. But all we really need is to be together. These things we have... the huge house in Westchester, the two cars, the two mowers, the hope I will last—we love it. But if it should all blow away tomorrow, we'd still be happy.

"Then, too, there's the happiness of helping people on the show," adds the host of the $64,000 Question. "You're kind enough to remark before that I seemed really interested in those people I query. You asked me if it was an act. It isn't. I'm interested in these contestants... after all, you know, comedy was my business... but it would destroy them. I know just how they feel—frustrated. I was frightened on the show myself and I am very glad I didn't want to help them. And there's quite a bit of happiness in that."

Although Hal may have had to work at being able to accept happiness, Arlene Francies—vivacious panelist of What's My Line?—points out that you cannot achieve happiness by working for it. "You can't work for it, you can't pursue it, you can't search for it," says Arlene. "Happiness can't exist on one thing alone; it's too complex. It has to come as a result of your own play of life. I've always been happy. Shall I tell you why?"

"What I do," she explains, "is live life to its fullest every moment. That's every moment, you understand. It doesn't matter whether it's my son Peter bowling, as I did this afternoon, or just coming in to be interviewed by an old friend, as I'm doing now. Living life to its fullest, every moment—that means happiness to me. Do that, and you can't lose.

"Asked whether climate had any effect on her happiness—as some scientists contend it can—Arlene laughs. "No, I guess not. After all, if the climate were to have four seasons. Weather doesn't affect me. Places might—some places have a tendency to make one sad or even lonely. But these are only tiny spokes in the wheel of happiness.

"City or country living—would that affect my happiness? Well, I'm essentially a city girl, but if I had to live in the country all the year long I'd have to learn to adjust." (Miss Francis and her theatrical-producer husband, Martin Gabel, spend many weekends at their country home in Mount Kisco.)

"Money? Well, once, as you know, I didn't always have all this, and I was happy without it," she says. "I enjoy it all, I admit, but money doesn't really affect my happiness. I gave up acting, my husband being an Armenian portrait photographer. "It never did."

Perhaps this past brings some memories to Arlene, as it is a good idea to give the impression that you can't do something about being happy, even though what I have in mind is very different from pursuing happiness. You seek, I don't believe that destiny entirely shapes our ends. I think we can help ourselves—by staying within the limits of our powers. Browning said, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Well, we can all reach. Let us reach, by all means. But if we are to be happy, we must learn this: We don't all have to have the top star; we can be very happy with the second star, you know."

An entirely different viewpoint is expressed by tall, blond, genial Durward Kirby, known to millions through his many years in The Gerry Moore Show. The six-foot-two-Kentuckian admits cheerfully that he'd never even thought about what happiness meant to him. "I guess I never thought about it, but things just go ahead and meet whatever comes along."

Despite this, Durward has a definite answer to the query, What does happiness mean to you?"

"Health," he states positively. "Health. I don't think we could be very happy without health, and I don't have many aches and pains." Looking as though he could turn up on the cover of a physique-improvement magazine, the cheerful Covington lad next discloses another fundamental reply to what happiness means to him.

"Helping others. That's it. I'm no Rockefeller, you understand," says the "feller" who once studied to be an engineer, "but I've helped people in other ways. I won't tell you about it, but I'm just that being understanding of other people's problems and trying to sympathize with them is happiness of a sort."

In smaller ways, there are several aspects of activity that bring a state of joy for Mr. Kirby: "Two of my favorite pastimes are fishing and messing around in my workshop. Yes, I have a workshop in my home in Connecticut, and we even rent the furniture to produce. My wife has a workshop, too—I guess you'd call it a studio—where she paints. I'm in the basement, she's on the third floor... that's why we get along so well.

"Seriously, though," he continues, "I guess what happiness really means to me is my home. I have such a grand wife and kids—two sons, Randy and Dennis. Maybe it's not new, but I've always given a great home to my happiness state. I had a wonderful childhood. My name, Durward, was my mother took from it. "Question? Dennis, he's my happiest one... I can't remember what novel it was. I'll have to write and ask my mother—the folks live in Florida now."

"What would you wish, if Aladdin could make you a wish?" I had asked. "I said I could have happiness any way I wanted it? You mean without taxes? Well, I guess I'd just go home with my wife and kids. We have a lot of fun together. I don't understand me, we're no bunch of plaster saints. I whine the daylights out of the kids—if they deserve it—though the older one is getting pretty big for me now."

I always like to write to Washington and ask them where the perfect climate and even temperature exist, then I'd settle down there—after traveling, I mean. I'd like to travel a little first."

"What would you wish for Randy and Dennis in the future? How would I know? They'll have to work that out themselves. I wouldn't counsel them to be actors, or engineers, or anything. I'd wish them their own happiness, says Durward Kirby—smiling happily.

Here, on these pages, four answers, all of which can be true, of a man who has found his own. What does happiness mean to you?"

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I wasn't interested in radio work, since I knew it would mean being away from home so much again, but coming back to it was a feeling of being finished with the idea of working hard at it, because I think I can make something out of it. Not only for now but for the future, too.

Bob was never stage-struck but he's had a lot of experience as a public speaker. And, a few years back, he recorded a series of weekly radio programs that were heard nationally. He doesn't feel nervous at the microphone, has always had my first three years in ball. We call it 'rabbit ears.' Means you hear a hostile crowd. Some ballplayers never have it. Some, who have it, never get over it. I didn't have it when I was nine years old, it didn't make any difference to me whether I was in the Yankee stadium or in St. Louis against the Browns. If there had been a hundred thousand people in the Bobnec parade park, I couldn't have cared less, in relating to being able to concentrate on the task at hand.

For many years, Bob Feller has made his home with his pretty wife Virginia and their three petti-five-two with brown hair and blue eyes. When they met in 1940, Bob was a high school star, not a Yankee. But, in 1941, looking back on their happy years in Cleveland, Ohio he was just another name. Bob says, "She didn't know a wild pitch from a wild duck. She thought Babe Ruth was a candy bar. At the time it didn't mean much to me, for I was going out with her roommate, Virginia, although her home was in Waukegan, was in Rollins College in Florida, It was during the spring training of 1941 that we began to date." It was a big game. She made me nervous. "She never did learn to feel at ease in a ball park. Even after we married, she never liked ballplayers and people associated with them. Not even me. Hecklers bothered her. Especially when she heard some fan crack out at me."

Bob's courtship, as well as his career, was interrupted by war. Two days after Hitler invaded Poland, Bob joined the Navy. After training in Norfolk, he went aboard the battleship Alabama as Chief Petty Officer. He was in the Tunny trained gunnery team, the Tunny training team was then shifted to anti-aircraft gunnery and also operated catapults for the three airplanes aboard. In his thirty-four months of service, Bob served in the North Atlantic and the South Pacific.

Bob says, "Losing four seasons of ball-playing at the height of my career was necessary. I regret it, not for the financial loss, but I'd like to have seen if I could have equaled the records of Mathewson, Alexander and Johnson in strike-outs, wins if not no-hitters. It was no other reason than personal curiosity."

He married while he was in service. In January of 1943, his ship was off the Atlantic coast and a U-boat got very close when he was notified that his father had died. He flew home for the funeral. During his leave, on January 16, he and Virginia Winther married. Today, they have three sons ages twelve, twenty, ten, and Bruce, seven.

"You know, I wouldn't raise children in the city. Not if they gave me the finest apartment in the finest house. We'd make it that way." He says, "I was brought up in Van Meter, Iowa, and I think I was privileged to be raised in a farm community. My father had three hundred and sixty acres. We had horses. I was never afraid of a bucking horse, although I was afraid of a big bull. My father was a big bull fan. He had me out throwing ball and was the first to realize my potential in the sport."

Bob played ball in Van Meter High School and also for the American Legion, and later for the University of Iowa. He was one of fifteen or twenty men in a game— that the big-league clubs came after him. A Cleveland scout, Cy Spalnwick, who was to become close to Bob, signed him away to the Detroit Tigers for only sixteen. The Tigers assigned him to their Fargo, North Dakota, club, but Bob was already so hot that Cleveland changed his mind and brought him right into the majors. His most memorable achievement for a youngster. That was prepared, both physically and mentally, is a credit to his mother and father.

Bob has one sister, Marguerite, nine years his junior, who now lives in Des Moines, Iowa, with her husband. Bob was an only son and recalls that he used to talk to his father about various things. Bob's mother-in-law, divorce, are mainly responsible for what I am. My mother was a trained nurse and a school teacher, a very methodical and quiet woman. She was very close to her family. A Mitglied of the Iowa Symphony. She was very intelligent. Dad was an upright man who believed in good, hard work. He hated liars and phonies. You know, Iowa farmers are mainly about themselves and what it's all about, around a man like that. And, in a farm community, everyone knows everyone else and you go straight or else. If I got a licking in school, I got a licking when I got home."

To a certain extent, Bob raises his own children as he was raised. He, too, gives his boys an occasional licking. "I believe the things you tell them, because that's all they have. They'll probably be hearing a lot of things, but it's only about the game and what it's all about, around a man like that. And, in a farm community, everyone knows everyone else and you go straight or else. If I got a licking in school, I got a licking when I got home."

Brice, seven, hasn't yet been assessed as an athlete. All three boys are in a private boys' school. Says Bob, "We had to put them in a private school because they were going to be doing something much. If they'd been in public school, they would have gotten behind in their work."

Bob takes the love of fishing and hunting. "We sometimes get to South Dakota for the hunting season, and I rent a duck blind for their sake in Sandusky, Ohio. We get in there together and shoot and talk. I believe that, if you hunt with your son, you won't have to hunt for him. To me, the outdoors and sports are important in raising a boy. One day I'd like to try fishing for some time, no other reason than personal curiosity."

Virginia likes to travel, although flying isn't always fun. "So we are already making plans for a lot together and it's then that I catch up on my reading," Bob says. "Outside of literature on aviation, I'm not much of a reader—not that I say it's my cup of tea. But I do like to read. Virginia reads everything aloud. Books, newspapers, magazines, everything but the Wall Street Journal."

Bob notes that recently the children's school was thinking up a fuss about their leaving classes for a trip. "That makes it particularly hard on Virginia," Bob explains. "She wants to be with me and with the boys. Of course, there is my mother-in-law or the government to stay with the boys, but it tears at Virginia's heart to leave them at home. I know, if we were away and a long-distance call comes in from home, I can see her tense up for fear it may mean illness or some emergency."

When Bob announced his retirement from baseball this season, the hope was that he would be home often. However, he signed on with Motorola to head their Youth Program and in five months, conducted baseball clinics for kids and young men in ten different states. "But with radio work," Bob says, "it will be easier on the home life. After a game, I can head right back."

Bob likes to fish and hunt. He enjoys doing things that are easy. When he employs a full-time gardener, he still gets a big kick out of getting into denims and getting out with a saw or tractor. He has twenty-nine acres of land with some three hundred fruit trees. "But it's not a farm," Bob says, "and I know farm land. The ground isn't good enough for much more than pop-eyed daisies."

On business days, he is in his Cleveland office where he conducts his insurance business. After work, he may drop by the school and pick up the three boys. One in college, the other in high school and the third in junior high school. Bob plays a lot of hearts and pinochle, besides doing cards. He has a small office in the house where he may retire to bone up on some technical things on aircraft, while Virginia is in her study. She is an excellent painter and one of Bob's proudest possessions is a portrait she made of him during the war. The incredible part of it is that all she had for a model was her memory and one of those tiny pictures of me on a little one-ounce.
White Collar Princess

(Continued from page 18)

like seeing a delicate Dresden figure de
velop the names of the characters.

Her parents are Louis W. and Mabel
Murray. She was born on an August 23
in the two-family house in the Benson
St., Buffalo, N. Y., which was the home
Wherever I go. I find a live interest in
the good of baseball have won him a citation
from the Association. There is no personal
gain in the work. Often it is just a great
headache, trying to get the necessary co-
operation of the clubs, but he is de-
noted to it. Why? He says, "It's a way
I believe in. When a man gets something
out of a way of life, he should put some-
thing back in."

We are concerned with the welfare of
baseball players, both retired and active,
and we try to promote interest in baseball it-
self. There is more interest in baseball,
but it's only in certain areas, like Denver,
Winston-Salem, Buffalo and Toronto,
that they're doing a good commu-
try job. Generally, they have the spiri-
tu..." 

Bob has been concerned during the
current season, he will work out with ball-
 players prior to the broadcast. "I'm one
of those guys who likes to work out in
hot weather. I like golf and I get out with
the boys on weekends."

He is a religious man, a member of
the board of directors of his church. He is
active in community work and functions
of the Ohio League of Dimes. He is still directly
associated with ballplayers as president of the Major
League Baseball Association. This latter
job means a lot to him.

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light. Safe for children's delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today! At
10c, 25c, and department stores.
always dark and often cold. When at last I was able to rent an apartment of my own, I painted every inch of it white."

The story of how Jose Quintero and the other young people around him converted a ramshackle bungalow into a theater and built up a much-respected acting company could make a book as long as "Gone With the Wind" and as funny as "My Sister Eileen." All which was written just a few blocks away.

Describing her part of it, Kathy says, "We were always painting and cleaning and repairing. Our big aim was to improve the place, and I'm not scared every time the fire inspectors came. All of us did everything. To start, I was captain of the john detail. My mother, who had a hard time getting me to clean the bathtub at home, would have been astounded to see the way I scrubbed."

After all their manual labor, they also put shows on the boards. Kathy had her first in which she played Methuselah, and she didn't look out of place. She played a sixty-five-year-old woman. "We split the take. I got three dollars a week."

But she gained experience and a new attitude toward life. "It wasn't so bad to be shy and sensitive when I discovered the others were, too. We worked out our problems together."

A bulletin from the daily newspapers discovered, about that time, that something exciting, stage-wise, was happening down in the Village. They began to review the other Broadway theaters, The Circle gained a reputation for excellence. Its production of "Summer and Smoke" became a hit, made Geraldine Page a star and also brought some attention to Kathy. Offered minor Broadway roles, she turned them down. "I was learning more at The Circle and I wanted to stay with a group I liked to work with."

It was television which brought butter for her bread and, shortly, frosting for her cake. "I was so thrilled to get calls for television. I didn't know, TV does pay rather handsomely."

Her first glimpse of a television studio came when, as publicity for The Circle, she appeared in costume and sang a madrigal on an eight-o'clock soap opera, "Hour." Her first paid part was with Wally Cox on Mr. Peepers. She played his sister's roomate. "He's the nicest ever. He makes you feel like you've been presented to the moon."

She was titled, "To Kate—with a smile, for the smile of the week."

The TV roles also brought a reconciliation at home. "When my dad saw me on our television set, he knew the seating that acting might be respectable after all. He even became a little proud of me. I went home at Christmas and all was forgiven—by the best of friends. Whenever we need something built in our apartment, Dad packs up his tools and comes over to help us. But, more important, both Mother and Dad think my husband and I are a success."

Kathy's husband is Joseph Beruh, a young actor from Pittsburgh who, this season, played in the Broadway success, "Curtains Over Easy." They met at The Circle. They had one date (Joe took Kathy to see "St. Joan"), then paid no attention to each other for a couple of years. While playing in a Philadelphia production of "Legend for Lovers," they formed the habit of going out for coffee after each evening's performance. They talked until all hours, but with the donor and audience at a distance until the show closed. Kathy returned to New York; Joe stayed on to appear in "Ah Wilderness!" Distance did make the heart grow fonder, and so Kathy. "After a week I realized I loved him. They were married at City Hall on May 21, 1957. Kathy says, "I cried all during the ceremony and Joe stood there and laughed at me."

Today they divide their time between two charming old houses on Twelfth Street, in the Village. "We've got two fireplaces, one in the living room, the other in the dining alcove," says Kathy modestly.

"Like most young actors, they've wondered whether it would be wise to furnish it completely, for they have feared that they might need to follow the TV shows in which they're playing roles, and they might have to play a role on NBC Matinee Theater. They regarded it as a scouting trip. They wanted me to do a second show. We planned more moves, or so I thought at the end of the Chicago run of 'Compulsion' so that Joe would be ready to come along, too."

Now Kathy Foyle has given Kathy, the actress, a chance to be Kathy, the home-maker. "I've bought stacks of decorating books and I shop every moment I can spare. We need a new couch, another bedside table."

Kathy has what Kathy Foyle wishes for: A career, and—even more importantly—a husband and a home, too.

Love Letters to Alice

(Continued from page 32)

Mrs. Methuselah, she's only a fraction of a hundred years old. No psychology grad, she's endowed only with an uncommon amount of common sense. No newspaper columnist, no professional fashion consultant—yet the letters continue to pour in, asking Alice for advice on everything from how to get to a party to a certain question about one's choice of color.

Because Alice has become more than just a singer of pretty songs. To those who watch her faithfully each week, she has become a friend, an older, wiser, true personal friend. Most of them live many miles from Los Angeles, and aren't able to visit the Alhambra Ballroom, where the Welk band plays regularly, or the ABC studios, where Alice film her television shows. So they write letters. Hundreds of them every week.

Many of their letters seek advice. Ambitions of young would-be entertainers ask, "How can we succeed, too?" Budding young beauties write for counsel on diet, makeup, and dress. Sensing Alice's capacity for understanding, they write her her heart out.

Alice believes the one query which has popped up most often in her mail, over the past several years, is: "How do I go about making a success as an entertainer?" This is the one she has kept a constant supply of persons busy writing full-length books on the subject, and Alice doesn't pretend to be able to give a definitive answer. All she can do is to write of herself, her own personal experience, and tell what worked for her.

One such question, a year or so ago, read: Style of Alice—for a while. "To what single thing do you attribute your success?" a young fan wrote. At first reaction, it seemed impossible to answer.

She knew that so many things had been combined in getting her where she is today—hard work, luck, timing, the help of friends and acquaintances, and the faithfulness of the fans themselves. So she put the letter aside for a few days. After much thought, Alice decided there was probably one single factor most important to her success—and to the success of any entertainer, or anyone in any line of work. "It seems to me," Alice says, "that liking your work is the most important single thing in becoming a success. If you really and truly love what you're doing, the rest fits in like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle."

"If you love singing as I do, then you don't mind the absolutely endless hours of rehearsal, the physically exhausting schedule, the costume fittings, makeup and hair-style sessions. You welcome, rather than resent, criticism—for, if you love what you're doing, you're also anxious to improve, and improvement comes only after listening to constructive criticism. Above all, if you love your work, it shows in your performance—and the people watching you are influenced by it."

"Do you want to be a Part of the Business? Any individual who loves his or her work is apt to bring more to it than the person who is out for nothing but a weekly paycheck. Extra effort, even extra hours, are not hardships if you love what you're doing. And it's extra effort and extra hours which pay off in success in any line of endeavor."

"It's hardly surprising to learn that many of Alice's fans write to ask advice on what to wear, and how to wear it. Alice's 'pretty-as-a-picture' gowns—always with a full skirt over rully petticoats, never a wrinkle—have become her trademark. She admits an occasional yearning toward a sirenian sheath (she has the figure to do a sheath honestly!), the temptation nobly: 'I'm just not the sheath type!' A point she asks fans to consider for themselves, when they wonder about the suitability of various styles."

"Just as teens ask Alice what to wear, as if asking: 'How old must I be before I may wear a sheath or a tight skirt?' 'My mother claims that sixteen isn't old enough to worry about that. What do you think?' 'I'm thirteen. Don't you think I'm old enough to wear high heels?'"

To each of these queries, Alice tries to give her honest opinion. Wearing sheath gowns, for example, she remarks, "It's not nearly so much a matter of how old you are as how you're built. A straight, slim figure is an absolute must—and chubbiness clothed in a sheath is a pretty sad sight, whether the wearer is thirteen or thirty."

As for strapless gowns, Alice says, "Why spend your whole evening worrying about whether your dress is going to stay put? Why spend the last half of the evening in the temple-boudoirs of maturity and sophistication many teenage girls seem to believe. Some of the best-dressed women in the country have never owned one. It takes just the right face and figure and choice of shoes, hat, and perfect arms, to carry off a strapless gown—otherwise, the picture is comical."

High heels and makeup seem to be the First Important Steps in growing up, according to many of the girls who write to Alice. Here again, Alice points out there can be no hard and fast rule. So much depends on the custom of the community in which the girl lives, and the maturity of the girl herself.

The same goes for high heels. In some localities, high-heeled silver slippers are a tradition for the eighth-grade dance. According to many of the girls who write to Alice, here again, Alice points out there can be no hard and fast rule. So much depends on the custom of the community in which the girl lives, and the maturity of the girl herself.
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But the reason most such letters come to Alice, in the first place, is because the teen-age writers feel they cannot confide in their parents. Letter after letter carries the same woebegone expressions: "Mother doesn't answer," "Father seems to think I'm too young to listen to me." Or, "My folks simply don't understand what it's like to be young these days." Or even, "If I told Father and Mother what's troubling me, I'm afraid they'd throw me out." Of all the letters she receives, those touch Alice most deeply. "It would be impossible, of course—and entirely presumptuous and nosy of me—but the answers I'd like to write would be directed, not to the teenager who wrote me the letter, but to the parents. I'd like to let them know what they're missing, in brushing off the confidence of their children. How they can show their patience, and understanding, to listen to the problems their sons and daughters have.

"I think I know what I'm talking about. From the time I was in kindergarten, my own mother always found time to listen quietly and with interest to my recital of the things that went on at school, at parties, wherever. I just got into the habit of telling her things, because she was a good audience. When I came into my teens, I was still confiding in her, secure and safe in the knowledge that she would be sympathetic and understanding, and would respect my confidences.

"I'm trying to do the same thing with my three boys. I'll admit it isn't always easy to sit patiently and listen to their long, rambling, disconnected tales of what to them was some high adventure. But I figure it will pay off in the future—are they getting in the habit, now, of confiding in me. That's what too many parents have

lost sight of—they're so busy with their own problems and worries they have a responsibility to be interested in what happens to their youngsters."

Happily, not many of those who write to Alice for advice have really tragic problems, most of them want to know how to attract the attention of a certain boy, how to hold the attention of one they've already attracted. "I'm in love with a particular boy who doesn't even know I exist," one girl wrote not long ago. "How on earth do I go about getting him to notice me?"

Alice pointed out several tried-and-true methods. An appeal to the boy's friends, or join some club or group to which the boy belongs, so you'll both be attending the same meetings. Find out if he's interested in sports, or science, and go along there. "Then the boy can't get out of the subject—so you can talk his language."

Then, as a valuable bonus, Alice reminded the writer that the world wouldn't sufficiently come to an end even if she never did manage to get noticed. "Be interested, really interested, in the people you already know," Alice pointed out. "If you're always mooning over some inaccessible boy, you'll miss out on a lot of fun.

Alice believes that young people today miss a lot of fun by starting to go "steady" at such an early age. "Sure, it's wonderful to have the social assurance of a steady boy. If you want to make an escort for the big dance, or the football game. But I honestly believe a girl is cheating herself of half the fun of being a teenager by not dating around. Learning to know different boys, understanding their interests and problems, is a broadening experience, and comes in mighty handy later in life."

Not all the advice about matters of the heart come from girls. Alice gets quite a few letters from the boys, too. "I get tongue-tied whenever I meet a new girl at a party, and always when I'd like most to talk to her," one boy wrote. "What on earth can you talk about with a girl?"

Alice claims this is an easy one, since there are ever so many topics practically guaranteed to get your converses rolling. "Try new rock 'n roll records, try comparing opinions of a teacher, or a movie you both saw. And, though it's not exactly an original topic for conversation, girls always good, safe, and uncontroversial."

Sometimes the fan mail has its lighter moments, Alice recalls. Not long ago, there was a girl who wrote in a somewhat plaintive tone, "I've been going with a boy for several months now. He's really very nice, and I worked hard enough to get him interested in the first place. But now that I've got him, I find out he's not much fun after all. How can I get rid of him, without hurting his feelings?"

"That one was a breeze to answer," Alice laughs. "It's been done so many millions of times by so many millions of girls, for so many hundreds of years, I'm surprised that the girl even had to ask—the knowledge should have come instinctively. I just told her to be 'busy' whenever the boy called for a date. She didn't need to be brusque about it—she could be sorry she wasn't able to go out with him. But, after a few weeks of such treatment, he ought to have lost his interest. She didn't need to hear from her, she sent a brief note, which read simply—"Thanks heaps. It worked!""

"There's one idea my fan mail has given me," Alice chuckles. "If I should ever be afflicted with permanent laryngitis—perish the thought—I'll just put out my shingle: 'Alice Lon, Advice on All Matters.' Of course, I'm not qualified, but no one seems to mind that. It would be a very fascinating way to earn a living!"
Tony Perkins Talks About The Beat Generation

(Continued from page 34)

starring in the Broadway hit play, "Look Homeward, Angel." He walked away with all the reviews. In addition, he has been making television appearances on the Sunday-night variety hours—where he displays another of his talents, singing—and he will continue his TV guest-appearance schedule for the next year. As he begins filming "Green Mansions" with Audrey Hepburn, on location in South America.

Although Tony is not identified with the Beat Generation (he explains his reasons why later), he admits a great fascination with it and a strong attraction to its coolman—cool music. "I didn't know much about the Beat Generation until Jayne Bloom went to the Haight Ashbury district. But I understand it's been around since the war.

They tell me it's a post-war reaction, like the Lost Generation in the Twenties. F. Scott Fitzgerald was the Twenties' spokesman, and everyone called the Lost Generation a wild one because they had all-night parties and danced the Charleston, preched free love and made bathtub gin.

In all ways, the Beat Generation seems similar. Today's Beat Generation spokesman is a guy named Jack Kerouac. I read his book, "On the Road," last year, and I recommend it.

"On the Road" was published by Viking Press in September 1957 and is now in its fifth printing. The Beat Generation's "Bible," the book deals with young people who are trying to break with the side-street bonds of today's society. They dig booze, jazz and sex. However, unlike their forebears of the Twenties and Thirties, they have no desire to make over the world. They want to dig all that they can from "living."

Kerouac, a tall, lean and cool fellow, is more or less the mouthpiece of the Beat scene. Kerouac is considered a Beat Generation, that was a vision we had, John Clellon Holmes and I, and Allen Ginsberg in an even wilder way, in the late forties. Dominated by beatniks, suddenly rising and roaming America, serious, curious, bumbling and hitchhiking everywhere, ragged, beatific, beautiful in an ugly graceful new way, who in their vision of America, was sipping TV dinners, and we had heard the word beat spoken on streetcorners in Times Square and in the Village, in other cities in the downtown city might of postwar America. Beat, meaning up, down and out but full of intense conviction.

"That's what I think it means, worn-out, disillusioned," Tony says. Now, they're trying to tell us that all the Beat kids are a bunch of sad, that they are beatific, that Beat stands for beatitude—and I don't see Beat meaning that at all. To me, that's a lot of nonsense.

"I really believe that barriers set up by the beatniks is that they know these Beat guys hop freight and hitch-hike everywhere for adventure. They live in skid-rows and visit jazz-joints, take occasional jobs as longshoremen or dishwashers, participants in free love. It resembles a latter-day Bohemia, in a way. The characters in Kerouac's book, I've got to admit, haunte..."
ing Beat is responding to the Beat points of view. You don’t have to be a brain to respond.

“I don’t know if being Beat will be a big trend or a passing fancy. It does have a lot of appeal for young people, especially to college kids and kids in their twenties. Some of the Beat spirit has caught on with teenagers, especially in the jazz area.

“Now, that’s where I feel Beat. I’m crazy about some of the Beat jazz artists—the early music of George Shearing, the saxophone playing of Charlie Parker. During the past year I recorded a number of popular songs to which his teen-aged fans have responded in large and dedicated numbers.

Tony, a jazz fan, asks for Beat jazz backings to the song he sings, although he admits there is little, if any, of the Beat jazz form in his singing. “Why? Because a lot of the records made today are intended for the Beatniks, and I don’t dig being Beat. They don’t know the Beat Generation from soccer-ball.”

Tony began his singing career a couple of years ago, while getting the title role in a Goodyear Playhouse drama titled “Joey,” Tony sang a number titled “A Little Love Can Go A Long, Long Way.” “By the way,” Tony adds. “Joey was a Beatnik, you know. A young guy, in his teens, but I’d guess by now he’s hit the road to Beatland.”

After an avalanche of fan mail poured in about Tony’s singing, he cut a number of records. One of them, “Moonlight Swim,” soared to the best-selling top-ten lists. “I guess I was more surprised than anybody, but my voice—well, maybe I’d better give you a description of what it is. When it’s good, at its best, it call it very pleasantly muddy. It’s tough to sing songs that’s more conscious of notes than I am of words. I don’t sing the same way that I act. But I don’t think this is wrong. You see, I’m not a club singer, the kind of singer whose voice drops and dips and interprets like crazy. Joni James is such a singer. She’s great. She’ll sing the guts out of a song on a flip side. She’s got technique and style. Hers is a polished, processed performance. Pajama is a poem, a song in and of itself. For the past few months now, I’ve been studying singing, and it’s rough, believe me. I never studied a note before. I’d been with the Beatniks. But I was a kid—you know, the usual octave exercises and occasional Chopin etudes that were easy on the fingers and sounded good.

“Singing is a very technical business. Have you ever thought of how terribly magnified your diction becomes when you talk or sing with a microphone? Listen to my teeth on your radio set. And the P in Persuasion sounds like a bottle being uncorked. Pov! It’s hard on the ears! And s’s can sound like a windstorm at high speed. Also, don’t overlook breathability. But Tony knows how to control it, he can sound like someone choking when it’s amplified.”

Tony is also studying the piano, finds it very helpful in interpreting the words with “In acting, so much depends on instinct and thought and feeling. But, with the piano, there are very definite technical restrictions. I like to play the real jazz, the jazz that’s almost mathematical. Jazz is the anti-thesis of acting. It has formulas. Acting doesn’t.

“I’ve recently bought a grand piano, a Blutner, only because when you have to practice technical exercises day after day you might as well have them sound as pleasant as possible. But, if I weren’t an actor, I wouldn’t choose my self—playing piano in an intimate night club.”

Tony has been so taken with studying the piano that he set himself the task of writing a number of pieces. One is called “Indian Giver.” He says, “It’s all about the love someone promised to deliver and didn’t. It’s on a single disc, and on the other side is a number called ‘Just Being A Man.’

Besides jazz, Tony expresses a strong interest in rock ‘n’ roll. “I dig it—all the way. I turn my radio on, first thing in the morning, to listen to particularly the love that close harmony. I don’t care for the loud and wild and undisciplined stuff, but I’m nuts about the well-thought-out kind. You know, good rock ‘n’ roll has aclairs and sequences of chords that go all the way back practically to original music.

‘Every chance I get, I listen to it. In the early evening they don’t play the really good stuff. Long about eleven o’clock, it starts getting good and, by midnight, it’s better, especially the radio station that picks up the Palm Cafe in Harlem. By one o’clock, the joint jumps and you can hear them singing the sweetest rock ‘n’ roll you’d ever want to hear. It’s almost too good to listen to. Now, that’s sweet Beat music, and I take to it. So I guess I’ve a part of the Beat Generation, after all.”

Tony, when in New York, lives in a fifty-five-dollar-a-month apartment on the West Side, where the hot water is turned off by evening. A native New Yorker, Tony is a lover of walking, likes to take long hikes alone on early Sunday mornings as the sun begins to rise and the city is quiet. Love of unforsettable activity, he admits, is the cocktail parties. He never attends them. Tony neither drinks nor smokes, spends his time reading, and working on a novel, writing the piano or walking. His favorite author is Thomas Wolfe, from whose novel, ‘Look Homeward, Angel,’ the Broadway hit play in which Tony stars, was adapted.

Tony says he’s a lucky guy. He gets $125,000 a film, and his stage salary runs into four figures per week. But he admits the entertainment world is a strange and lonely one, and sometimes people try to latch on to you for some reason or other. They know you’re in a position to help them perhaps, and they over you like a hound on a scent.

‘That’s why, I guess, I have few friends. I prefer to maintain a distance.”

When asked about marriage, Tony says, “Oh, it’s a long way off. I think I’ll have to get to know myself a little better. But I’m happy. I’m the star of the biggest hit on Broadway, have a seven-year contract with Paramount Pictures. It’s non-exclusively. However, they make pictures, any studio I choose. My next movie, ‘Green Mansions,’ will be for M-G-M.

And I have a recording contract with RCA Victor. I’ve just finished a new album for them, and they want me to record songs from the movies. We wanted to have only title songs, but there aren’t that many which lend themselves to singing. Since ‘Swingin’ on a Star’ and ‘Careless Years’ and a few others. My two favorites are on it are ‘Swingin’ on a Star’ and ‘The More I See You.’

‘All in all, I guess that’s enough to keep me busy. But while you’re kept busy enough, you don’t have that much time to be Beat. Unless, of course, you’re a Beat crusader flying high into outer space. . . . And I guess I’m not that much of a staggard.”

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