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IN DAYTIME

ADIO GREATS

• Meet Little

ette Funicello

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• JOHNSON

“dreamed”

a storm!

Tommy Sands

TOMMY SANDS AND THE DATE DEPARTMENT!

BUD COLLYER

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ROSEMARY RICE

25¢
Breck Hair Set Mist

A NEW, SLENDER CONTAINER FOR THE FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE

Breck Hair Set Mist, a fragrant spray, is available in an attractive new container. This slender package is easy to use and economical to purchase.

Breck Hair Set Mist is gentle as nature's mist, yet its delicate touch holds your hair softly in place for hours. A damp comb renews your waves without respraying.

Breck Hair Set Mist provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls, too.

Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to the touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

Beautiful Hair

New 8 ounce size $1.65; 4½ ounce $1.25; 11 ounce $2.00. Plus tax Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
More grown-ups and growing-ups depend on Mum than on any other deodorant.

New Mum Cream stops odor...without irritation

So safe for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily or right after shaving or a hot bath—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream is so gentle and safe for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please, as often as you please.

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.

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. When a deodorant is so effective—yet so safe—Isn't it the deodorant for you? Get new Mum Cream today.

MUM® stops odor 24 hours a day with M-3
(bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)
Nothing to stop you from rushing headlong into a clear, fresh pool, a mountain spring, a briny surf! When it's time-of-the-month, you can still keep cool! You can swim wearing Tampax—the internal sanitary protection that really protects while it keeps your secret safe!

Doctor-invented Tampax® is invisible and unfelt when in place. You can wear it under the sleekest bathing suit—and no one will ever know! You can dive, swim, be a living mermaid—and Tampax won't absorb a drop of water!

Any time, anywhere, Tampax is the coolest, nicest, most comfortable sanitary protection you can wear. No belts, pins or pads to chafe and bind. Nothing to bulge or show. Nothing to cause odor.

Take off for a breezy beach at a moment's notice! Say "goodbye" to "problem days" with Tampax! It's easy to change... simple to dispose of... convenient to carry. Why, as much as a whole month's supply tucks away in your purse! 5 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super. Wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

**FEATURES IN FULL COLOR**

Stars in the Daytime—Your CBS Radio Favorites..........................24
Faith Had the Answer (Bill Lundigan)..........................28
Sing and Be Happy (Betty Johnson)..........................32

**YOUR LOCAL STATION**

A Weekend With Monitor (NBC)..........................4
Of Many Words (WBC, CBS, CBS-TV)..........................12
Inside New York (CBS-TV, WCBS)..........................14
Come Into My Kitchen (WFMJ, WFMJ-TV)..........................15
Deejay on the Keys (WTCN)..........................58
The Personal Touch (KQOL-TV, KHPL-TV)..........................59
The Record Players: No Pumpkins, Please..........................60

**YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES**

TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies..........................6
Information Booth.............................................13
Movies on TV.............................................16
Vote for Your Favorites (monthly Gold Medal ballot)..........................63
Beauty: Under the Sun (Toni Campbell)..........................57
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions)..........................81
New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns)..........................84

Cover portrait of Tommy Sands by Paul W. Bailey, courtesy of NBC

**BUY YOUR AUGUST ISSUE EARLY**

ON SALE JULY 5
Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll stay sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs... Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath by far is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly... by millions.

Toothpaste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Toothpaste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no toothpaste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than toothpaste.

Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.
a weekend with MONITOR

TWO YEARS AGO this June, an electronic "bleep" introduced Monitor to America. NBC's weekend radio service, it was a new and flexible concept that offered something of everything and for everybody. There are music, news and sports, big names and brief skits, visits to night clubs and jaunts around the world. It has Dave Garroway to be at "peace" with the world, Henry Morgan to satirize it, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding to poke fun at it, an army of on-the-go "communicators" to report on it—and recently welcomed Fibber McGee and Molly to be at home with it. With all of this, it's also the longest program on the air. Monitor warms up Friday from 8 to 10 P.M., then settles down for a siege from 8 A.M. to midnight, Saturday and Sunday.

Man of Today, Dave Garroway is the Sunday evening "communicator," a low-pressure host who's at peace with everybody on the Monitor globe.

Here's Henry Morgan with Miss Monitor (Tedi Thurman), Melody Girl Lorna Lynn.

Monitor's idea paid off, cashed in on "counterfeiting" by Bob (right) and Ray.
Glamour: Fitzgerald Smith party-hops to interview two blondes, Monique Van Vooren and Jayne Mansfield.

Travel: George Folster, NBC correspondent in Tokyo, visits the famous Ginza shopping district for an on-the-spot report.

Exclusive: Dick Jennings flew to and from Paris for first interview with Ingrid Bergman on her U.S. visit.

Sports: Monitor’s a winner in the coverage of champions. In Arizona, there’s a run-for-the-money named for the program.

Stars: Toes of the “Nose,” Jimmy Durante, were heard coast to coast.


Sounds: Helen Hall listens to the Duffy Square pigeons in New York’s midtown.
PERIODIC PAIN

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

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept B-77, Box 280, New York 16, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Harmony doesn't always prevail between political advisers Paul Douglas and Darren McGavin and mayor Bob, who loves Vera Miles more than his career.

**TV favorites on your theater screen**

**Beau James**

**PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR**

On TV, Bob Hope usually sticks to his familiar stint as the brash but likeable clown. Now, on the theater screens, he steps into the guise of Jimmy Walker, New York mayor who symbolized the spirit of the Jazz Age, when a peppy personality seemed more important than private morality or political integrity. Pulling no punches, Bob makes the colorful mayor a pitifully human and very endearing character. Playing respectively wife and girl friend, Alexis Smith and Vera Miles give strength to the roles of the women in Bob's life. Among his business pals, tough Paul Douglas and high-minded Darren McGavin are nicely contrasted. To bring an era back to life, movie veteran Walter Catlett is seen as Al Smith, while Jimmy Durante and George Jessel cheerfully portray their own younger selves.

**The Lonely Man**

**PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION**

Winner of the "best acting" Emmy for his work in the TV play "Requiem for a Heavyweight," Jack Palance now draws a strong movie role in an unusual Western. Circumstances have brought him a reputation as a killer, yet he returns to his home town—and to the grown son who bitterly hates him. This part offers equally rich opportunity for TV grad Anthony Perkins. Also with TV experience, Elaine Aiken makes a promising film debut as the sensible, courageous girl loved by both father and son. Here's all the action and gunplay you expect of a good horse opera, but there's also a bonus, in the picture's serious treatment of complex relationships between human beings.

**The Buster Keaton Story**

**PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION**

Like Bob Hope, Donald O'Connor is currently dropping his own familiar personality to take on the mannerisms of another celebrity. Usually adept at mugging, Don goes deadpan to play the sober-faced comic of silent-film days. As the vaudeville-bred Keaton, Don breaks into movies, scores a hit as a slapstick star, but has trouble with dames and the bottle. On the romantic side, it takes him a while to realize that the loyal love of working
By JANET GRAVES

girl Ann Blyth is worth more than the flamboyant charms of glamour doll Rhonda Fleming.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

This Could Be the Night (M-G-M; CinemaScope): Sparkling romantic comedy tosses schoolteacher Jean Simmons into the rakish night-club world, where she's pursued by young Anthony Franciosa and guarded by boss Paul Douglas. Dashes of song and dance add merriment.

12 Angry Men (U.A.): Based on a TV play, this vigorous, thought-provoking film pits Henry Fonda against eleven fellow jurors, all swayed by personal feelings in their fight over a murder-trial verdict. Fine character portrayals plus the excitement of a whodunit.

The Bachelor Party (U.A.): Also drawn from a TV drama (by Paddy Chayefsky, author of "Marty"), this close-up of ordinary New Yorkers is notable for its frankness and sympathetic acting. A night on the town reveals the domestic problems of Don Murray and his office pals, married or not.

New sunshine yellow shampoo
puts sunny sparkle in hair!

leaves hair silkier...
softer... easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic conditioning touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really different shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29¢, 59¢, $1.

Re-enacting a Keaton scene, Donald O'Connor nobly plays heroic mariner.
Squeeze Gently: Sonny James's most expensive item on the road is his long distance phone calls to his best gal in Dallas. TV execs eating their hearts out trying to lure Cary Grant into television. Como still refuses to let Person To Person come into his home, so resistant is Perry to exposing his family. Percy Faith takes a July vacation into Canada, land of his birth. An actor, big radio and TV serial star, involved in a real off-stage drama as he and his wife try to hold on to adopted child. Lovely Frances Wyatt, who came out of the chorus to solo on Firestone last month, adds her soprano to a great fun album, "Here Comes the Showboat," presented by Epic with "thrills and surprises for all the family." When Tic Tac Dough adds a night-time stanza, Jack Barry will step aside for another emcee. He's tired. Edie Adams, whom you'll be seeing a lot of on TV this summer, is spreading at the lowest extremes. Her feet are getting bigger from dashing about barefoot in the Broadway production of "Li'l Abner."

Secret Sweethearts: In spite of denials, our Elvis is quite serious about his little gal back in Memphis. But his brain-trust share the same golden jitters that is scaring the ten-percent out of most managers of bachelor stars. They are convinced that teen-age females account for as much as 75 percent of their success and they fear that sudden marriage or announcement of a serious romance will murder their appeal. Hipsters in the recording biz trace Eddie Fisher's drop in popularity to the day he married Debbie. Prior to the wedding, his recordings sold in the millions. The exception, of course, is Pat Boone, with a wife and three kids. The only explanation for this is that Pat came into the business with the family. Anyway, right or wrong, our young glamorous males are in a sweat because most of them are truly in love and ready for marriage. About the only young singer who hasn't a secret sweetheart is handsome Tommy Sands, but he's so shy and sincere that he'll probably get picked off first.

Lotsa Gossip: Pretty Polly Bergen and husband Freddie Fields hoping to adopt a child this summer. Whispers that the Pat Boones may multiply again. Pat and Shirley make no secret of the fact that they would love to have a little boy. Snoopy Lanson may wind up at ABC. The Bishop Sheen wants to quit his TV show. Why? Tell the kids Rin Tím Tím has been renewed for two more years of adventures.

Shelter for the Stars: Nanette Fabray, visiting Manhattan, noted that she and new groom, Ranald MacDougall, have bought a tract of shore land at Newport Beach, just an hour's ride from Hollywood studios. They will build a home to their own specifications. Since Rannie is a writer and needs quiet, and since Nan is a singer and breaks quiet, they have decided to build their workrooms at opposite ends of the house. Rosemary Prinz, lovely Penny of As The World Turns, has moved into her new ranch house in Nyack, N.Y. Pit, pit Hal and Candy March. They gave up parties and weekend invitations to house-hunt this past year. They were out looking in rain, snow and sleet. Finally, up in Westchester, they found just the house. Fell in love with it. And it was for sale. The sale was ready to go through, when illness struck the home of the owner. Now the deal has been postponed indefinitely. "But, with the new baby, we've just got to get out of the apartment," Hal says. "With Candy, the two kids, the baby, the maid and little bit of space I take up, there's hardly room to move. We'll just have to rent a house." And speaking of temporary shelter, Scott Forbes (Jim Bowie) reports being a bit shaken.
Western star Scott Forbes, who's often joined on Jim Bowie by his wife, Jeanne Moody, came East to find the wildest—a bedroom-full of Presley pix.

during his Manhattan stopover. Scott and his actress-wife Jeanne Moody stayed with Jeanne's sister and her family. Jeanne's niece, thirteen-year-old Diane, gave up her bedroom to the Forbes. Scott says, "It was the strangest feeling, waking in Diane's bedroom. The walls are covered with Presley pictures."

B-I-Bickey-Bi, Go, Man, Go: Capitol's gold-record holder, Gene Vincent, who rocks like Elvis uster, kind of surprised Manhattan girdles. They expected him to be as wild as his compositions ("B-I-Bickey-Bi, Bo-Bo-Go," "Be-Bop-A-Lula"), but Gene turned out to be softspoken and reticent. The Virginian came into the city still favoring his bad leg, broken when he drove his motorcycle into a tree. Norfolk doctors want him to give up the two-wheeler, but it's his special fun. Medics couldn't even keep him in bed long enough to heal the break properly. Twice he got up to rock against their orders. . . . Please note that a Columbia University psychiatrist describes rock 'n' roll as a "contagious epidemic of dancy fury" that could possibly sweep the country, ending in world chaos—except that it's not crazy, just a craze, he hopes, he hopes. . . . And Columbia U.'s most famous teacher and newly-wed, Charlie Van Doren, goes on a $50,000 annual retainer with NBC as educational advisor. The fee is ten times what he makes teaching.

Call Out the Head Doctors: We've mentioned before that the TV networks will be barking sixshooters like mad next season. A whole posse of adult shoot-em-ups are in the works. That's only part of it. There'll also be an onslaught of crime. Martin Kane, Perry Mason and a slew of sleuths come on en masse. But that's not all. (Continued on page 79)
New wife for Danny Thomas—on TV, that is—is pretty Marjorie Lord.

Groucho insists he won't eat Bob Cobb's hat—the Brown Derby.

Wise investments mean Welk and Myron Floren earn champagne.

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 8
Girls, girls, girls get in the act with Eddie Fisher at the Tropicana in Las Vegas. Eloine Dunn (seen in center) will go on Eddie's TV show in the fall.

Dad on the M-G-M set of "Man on Fire," asking if he and some friends could visit. Bing said "Sure," calling one of his assistants to look after Linny and his pals. When Lin hit town he called all of his old buddies to say hello—and when he arrived on the set, he was dragging twenty-five of them along with him. Imagine the consternation on Bing's face when he saw the commissary lunch tag signed by his assistant: "Twenty-six lunches, Lindsay and friends...."

Banjo-Eyes' Birthday: "I'm 26 years older than Jack Benny," says Eddie Cantor with a laugh. On April 22, Eddie and his wife Ida drew their first Social Security check—$323.40. The usually confidential information was released by Eddie to publicize the insurance benefits of Social Security for all men over age 65 (62, for women). Cantor, who celebrated his 65th birthday last January with an hour-long television show, says, "My Social Security, and yours, too, is just like any other insurance policy... it pays off, and believe me," says Banjo-Eyes, "I intend to collect!"

Did You Know: That when Jack Webb was in high school, he wrote poetry... that Mercedes McCambridge always wanted to be a newspaper reporter... that George Brent breeds race horses... that Edgar Bergen's hobby is antique autos?

Postal Present: The Lennon Sisters' Venice, California mailman, Jack Arter, is their best buddy. The Lenons grew up with Jack, who has delivered their mail for the last thirteen years, whistling while he did it. But during the past few months, their fans had sent so many letters and packages that poor Jack could barely stagger up the front steps, and was too out of wind to whistle. So the girls invested in a present for him—the largest mailbox they could find—and, to save Jack steps, they planted it next to the sidewalk. Thank you, Jack is once again whistling.

Who's Breaking Records? Pat Boone's "Why, Baby, Why?" over the million mark. Pat has just bought $100,000 worth of real estate in Brentwood and Palm Springs. Tab Hunter started taking singing lessons when he was 16. It didn't pay off until recently, when his two records, "Young Love" and "99 Ways," skyrocketed across the radio and TV airways, bringing Tab a quarter-of-a-million... Breaking records of a different sort, Climax!, on CBS-TV, has just been signed through 1960; and Matinee Theater, brain-child of producer Albert McCleery, has been set through 1958 on NBC-TV... Tommy Sands' (Continued on page 75)
If he has a hobby, Bergen says, it would be sleuthing out literary facts and fallacies.

He rides a motorcycle, or falls back on a bike—"figuratively," he insists.

Address Bergen Evans in Chicago, the world of words, realm of ideas.

"Teacher's dirty looks" don't bother Bergen Evans' students—as long as they laugh at his jokes. Which isn't hard. The jokes are funny. The wit was so lively, in fact, that it bounded the Northwestern University English professor into a coast-to-coast class. Evans is still at work taking the pain out of grammar and the bugaboos out of book learning. On radio, there is the man, the mind and the microphone combining to deliver provocative "spoken" essays on Of Many Things. Ranging from the nature of humor, happiness or Hemingway to the new suburbia or the old Machiavelli, it is heard on the Westinehouse Broadcasting stations (WBZ-WBZA in Boston-Springfield, KYW in Philadelphia, KDKA in Pittsburgh, WOWO in Fort Wayne, KEX in Portland, WIND in Chicago) and on New York City's Station WNYC.... Bergen joins authors, lecturers and raconteurs on The Last Word, seen Sunday at 3:30 P.M. on CBS-TV and heard Saturday at 6:30 P.M. on CBS Radio. The subject is usage and grammar, and, with Evans to keep the arguments brewing, it's a stimulating libation. Behind the scenes, Bergen's the man behind the questions on $64,000 Question and Challenge. ... Born near Dayton, Ohio, Evans spent his boyhood in England, where his doctor-father was in the consular service. The elder Dr. Evans likes to tell of how young Bergen would rumble in the London streetcars until somebody asked him what he was mumbling about. "Kipling," Bergen would answer, then climb on the seat to declaim the rest of the piece. ... Author of "The Natural History of Nonsense," "The Spoor of Spooks," and a new "Dictionary of American Usage," Bergen recalls that his initial broadcasting adventure was unimpressive. When the dean heard his audition record for a University radio program, he suggested politely that Evans take a course in remedial speech. But you can't keep an ebullient man down. In 1949, Bergen joined the panel of Majority Rules, then really made his mark on Down You Go. "When I first went on the air, speech students would approach me and tell me I had glottal stop and such things," Bergen recounts. "When the show succeeded, it was too bitter a blow for them." ... Bergen met his wife Jean when she, a Vassar grad, was taking some extension courses—not Bergen's—at Northwestern. They live with their two sons—Derek, 13, and Scott, 11—in suburban Northfield. Professes the professor, "The besetting sin of my life is to have a joke. It can be dangerous." It can also be fun.

Too happy for hobbies, says Bergen, "I find my satisfaction in my work"—and with his wife Jean and sons Derek and Scott.
Eugene Joseph Carey, known to TV audiences as Lt. Michael Rhodes of the 77th Bengal Lancers, was always very happy with his own given name, or, at least, with the seemingly contraction “Gene.” But his studio, Warner Bros., was adamant and, in 1950, Gene Carey was rechristened, albeit sans ceremony, Phil Carey, and launched on “Operation Pacific,” replete with new moniker and new career. After that, the sailing was smooth. Phil remembers that stars can be very helpful to a young actor. “Working with a Wayne or a Cooper as I did those first few years, you find out they’re nice to you if you’re nice to work with. Those pros like to help, but they don’t like to put up with nonsense when they’re working.” ... Born in Hackensack in 1925 (July 15th, to be exact), Phil served in the Marines for three years of World War II, planned to attend Notre Dame on his G.I. allotment. Instead, while awaiting admission there, he was lured by a friend to Miami U., where he was so successful in college dramatic productions that he decided to chance the field. “I’ve never regretted it,” declares Phil. And he never regretted Miami U., either, for it was there he met art student Maureen Peppler. Married in 1949, they now have three children: Linda, almost 7, Jeffrey, almost 6, and Lisa Ann, just over one. They live in a ranch house in Sherman Oaks, California, and Phil yearns for a fun-running life, some day. . . With a capacity for work matched only by his enthusiasm, Phil Carey is a polished performer, self-aware and ambitious. He has great hopes for the Lancers, but loves movies, too, is currently in “Wicked As They Come” and “Shadow on the Window.”

No Nonsense

The World History class at Massey Hill High School has found programs like NBC-TV’s Bengal Lancers very helpful. Could we have some information on Phil Carey, who is Lt. Rhodes on that program?

J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.

Phil Carey

Let MILES® NERVINE help him relax and be “fun-to-be-with” again

You’re lucky if your husband is pushing hard for success. Occasionally, though, such a man finds it hard to calm down and relax—nervous tension “bottles up” his best disposition. Then, see how gently, yet effectively MILES NERVINE can help your man feel tranquil and serene . . . be “fun-to-be-with” again!

So many modern men and women also use MILES NERVINE when they’re too restless to sleep at night. MILES NERVINE relaxes you and lets you sleep—naturally. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Buy it at any drugstore—in effervescent tablets or liquid.

Soothe nerves . . .
feel calm and tranquil with

MILES® NERVINE

At any drugstore...
No Prescription Needed!

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind
Inside New York

Bill Leonard’s beat is a city with as many stories as it has people.

When an apartment, even a duplex, is “home,” a window is the “garden.”

“I’m as good at cooking,” says Bill, “as I’m bad at gardening.”

Ham radio’s a passion. Bill’s been to 100 countries by radio, 65 in person.

New York is too big for a formula—and so is a show about New York. Taking it from there, Bill Leonard tells tales on the tall city in Eye On New York, seen on the CBS-TV network each Saturday at 2 P.M. EDT, and on This Is New York, heard on New York’s Station WCBS, Monday to Friday from 10 to 11 P.M. Earnest and outspoken, with a warm smile and a shock of prematurely iron-gray hair, Bill makes only one restriction. “I cover what interests me,” he says. “Who is so wise that they can guess ‘what the public wants’? I figure people are not so very different.” Bill may delve into the city’s history or reflect on the future, as he did when Joe Louis was to meet Ezzard Charles. Bill boxed each of them to foretell the outcome.

Bill talks to men in the public eye and men in the street. His series on West Side slums and on graft in the housing department led to improvements in both areas. “People said we shouldn’t show this,” Bill says of his series on the mentally retarded at Wassau. “But we did and the world seemed to survive and maybe learn something.” Bill makes Monday-morning headlines when, each Sunday at 11:05 A.M., he’s moderator on the Let’s Find Out panel on WCBS... Born in New York, Bill stayed for only three weeks. Then he moved to Orange, New Jersey, and, at age twelve, to Westport, Connecticut. “I’m the only guy who ever came from Westport,” he grins. The early passion of his life, and still a ruling one, was “ham” radio. He does the Amateur Radio Program for the Voice of America, and holds the world’s record for a single operator, having made 842 contacts in 96 hours... It was Budd Schulberg, then editor of the Dartmouth College paper, who first got Bill interested in journalism. Bill succeeded Budd as editor, and, after graduation, went into the newspaper business. Then came his own radio production company and work in the radio department of an advertising agency. He began This Is New York on December 31, 1945, when he changed from Lieutenant Commander in the Navy to civilian... Bill’s love affair with New York isn’t a blind one. He could live and be happy elsewhere—although he isn’t over-anxious to try. “Everybody who wants to amount to anything is trying to get to New York,” he grins, “and everybody else is trying to get out!”
**COME INTO MY KITCHEN**

To Marjorie Mariner, sharing recipes over WFMJ-TV is just like visiting over the back fence.

**Assistant** "My Margaret" Hertok shares Marjorie's love of cooking—be it muffins or more exotic fare.

At home, Marjorie tends to her mending, Janis to her homework, Minola to training Irish setter Chet to "sit." Janis likes to cook, too, perks up dishwashing with phone.

**M Y ONLY AMBITION,**" says Marjorie Mariner, "was to get married." And Marjorie's career as a wife and mother has always come first. That she's a television star, too, on Station WFMJ-TV in Youngstown, Ohio, is the icing atop her cake. "It's wonderful when a gal can cook and talk and get paid for it," she laughs. . . . On Kitchen Corner, seen each weekday from 1:15 to 1:45 P.M., she encourages a love for cooking and an awareness of better food habits for better health. "And sharing of recipes," says Marjorie, "is just like visiting over the back fence." Each day, her "visit" is different. Monday, it's seasonal cooking ideas; Tuesday's the day for club ideas; Thursday, for special diets. On Wednesday and Friday, she invites a guest homemaker to prepare her favorite recipe. Marjorie is also heard daily on WFMJ Radio at 8:45 A.M., when she joins Bob Jolly, Bob Locke and Kathryn Leskosky on the Coffee Ayn panel. . . . Marjorie's home has always been in Youngstown and her earliest recollection of public appearances are times her mother, who wrote poems, lifted her over the rostrum at church to "speak" them. Her interest in cooking started early, too, and she baked her first cake when she was just seven. She studied home economics and nutrition at Ohio State and taught school for five years. "Then I married the first love I ever had," says Marjorie. "We had not dated for years and then we met again after college and fell madly in love again, this time for keeps." And so she married Minola Mariner, a civil engineer in construction work. They have a son, Joseph, who's a sophomore at Ohio Northern University, where he's preparing to be a lawyer. Daughter Janis, a senior at high school, wants to study journalism. The Mariners' home is a remodeled farmhouse with ten acres of land and three dogs. "Do they ever love what's left over of my cooking," laughs Marjorie. . . . Her broadcasting career began when Marjorie was asked to judge some recipes in a contest on radio. This led to a daily, five-minute show. "When TV started," she says, "it seemed natural to do a cooking show." While teaching nutrition classes for the American Red Cross, she received what she considers her greatest compliment. "Please send Marjorie," the women requested. "She's not too smart and we can understand her and how she loves to cook—just like us." Marjorie thinks that's just fine.
ENDS DULL DRY "THIRSTY" HAIR

How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.

What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair—make it oily—

Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmering satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery®

THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

$1.25 and $1.89 both plus tax

movies on TV

showing this month

BERLIN CORRESPONDENT (RKO): Mild World War II thriller casts Dana Andrews as an American newsmen who makes like Superman in Nazi Germany, foiling the Gestapo, rescuing sweetie Virginia Gilmore.

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.

BORN TO KILL (RKO): Determined to live on tough crime story. Murderer Laurence Tierney snare himself a rich, innocent wife, with the aid of equally hardboiled Claire Trevor. Good acting, sordid plot.

DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE (Columbia): Pleasantly dizzly comedy plants bachelor Ray Milland and lady bachelor Loretta Young in the same apartment. For business reasons, they have to pretend they're married. You guess what happens.

FOREVER AMBER (20th): As an adventures in 17th-century England, Linda Darnell collects a variety of men, including George Sanders, as King Charles II. But she can't capture her true love, seafaring Cornel Wilde.

FURY AT FURNACE CREEK (20th): Good, solid Western. Gambler Vic Mature and Army officer Glenn Langan plot in different ways to save their dead father's good name. Coleen Gray is Vic's girl.

GALLANT JOURNEY (Columbia): As a little-known pioneer of aviation, Glenn Ford does glider flights in the 1890's, beating the Wright brothers into the air. Janet Blair is his loyal wife.

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

IN NAME ONLY (RKO): Strong, adult treatment of a marital triangle. Cary Grant is the well-meaning, suburban New York husband; Kay Francis, his selfish wife; the late Carole Lombard, a young widow who truly loves him.

LODGER, THE (20th): The classic true story of London's Jack the Ripper gets an elegant film translation. The late Laird Cregar plays the mad killer: Merle Oberon, a potential victim; George Sanders, a Scotland Yard man.


TALL IN THE SADDLE (RKO): Vigorous horse opera with a lively love interest. Fighting for his inheritance, aided by pal Gabby Hayes, John Wayne has time for romance with rancher Ella Raines.
COOL NEW LOOK...

"Coral Ice"

NEW CRYSTAL-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

It glitters... it dazzles... it crackles with excitement! It’s the new, all-the-rage color by Cutex... an electric spark of coral, flashed with a potent touch of pink. Breathtaking the way “Coral Ice” lights up your spring and summer fashions! Bewitching the way it brings out the secret fire in you! And wait till he sees you with this “real cool” look! So tempting — it’s tingling!

“Coral Ice” Swimsuit by Cole of California.

YOU’LL LOVE creamy, lasting Cutex Lipstick... and the matching nail polish (both regular and iridescent Pearl) that wears longest of all!
Ahoy, My Mate!

Our neighbors at Hampstead Heath, a residential area just outside of London, half expect Bob to come home every night armed with cutlass and fierce scowl. Instead, a tall, respectably dressed young man strolls sedately up our walk to be greeted with shouts of affection from our two little girls, Deborah, aged three, and Penelope, who is two.

The wholly unwarlike gentleman is my husband, Robert Shaw. In the starring role of Dan Tempest in the CBS-TV series, The Buccaneers, he captains the crew of the pirate galleon, Sultana. He swings from the rigging, knife in teeth, and generally operates in the midst of ferocious violence. But always, he fights for a good cause, the brave prototype of a seafaring Robin Hood.

Bob and I first met when both of us were touring with the Old Vic company. I played fiery ingenues and he called me his “red-haired vixen”... Bob actually enjoys writing as much as acting, and one of his plays, “Off the Mainland,” was produced recently in London. Brought up in Truro, very near the Cornish port of Falmouth where most of the scenes for The Buccaneers are filmed, Bob finds it quite natural to spend most of his working days on a ship’s deck. As for me, I plan to return to the stage when our girls are older. Meanwhile, I’m quite content to be both wife to Robert Shaw, a mild-mannered and devoted husband and father, and mate to Dan Tempest, a bold buccaneer. Either way, I hope he never makes me walk the plank. He better not!
As buccaneer Dan Tempest, he's swashbuckling; as my husband, Robert Shaw, just s'wonderful!

By JENNIFER BOURKE SHAW

Perhaps I shouldn't reveal this, but Bob concocts dishes I'm sure no pirate ever ate—much less cooked!

And what brave buccaneer ever batted at cricket or lavished the loving care Bob does on our Rolls Royce?

As Dan Tempest, Bob spends most of his working days aboard the Sultana. He grew up near by the port where it's docked.

Robert Shaw stars in The Buccaneers, seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, for Sylvania Electric Products.
your golden hour... your own special time...
when you alone can know the wonder
of a warm SweetHeart bath

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart Bath. The quiet luxury
of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores.
How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart's own
special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart's blossom-light
fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part
of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.

now "glamorapped" in new gleaming foil

because SweetHeart adores you so!
Lawrence Welk extended a welcoming hand—and a contract with his band—just as Jack’s Navy duty ended.

True to the best land-locked Hoosier traditions, Jack joined the Navy—to conquer the world on the Welk shows

By MAURINE REMENIH

Not many sailors make an overnight switch from Navy anonymity to the center of a TV spotlight. Julius La Rosa did it, some years ago. And now comes Jack Imel, new marimba player and dancer with the Lawrence Welk organization, on both the Top Tunes And New Talent show on Monday nights, and the “Champagne Music” hour on Saturday evenings.

Jack signed a contract with the Welk organization last January 9—two days before the official termination of his stretch in the Navy. It was a wonderful break for Jack Imel. But the deal was hardly one-sided—the Welk organization got, in Jack, a man who has been preparing for twenty years for just the type of spot...
which their big Monday and Saturday shows give him.

When you learn that Jack is only in his mid-twenties now, it doesn't take advanced mathematics to figure he was practically born a musician. That's what his mother thought, back in Portland, Indiana, when she watched her only child, as the four-year-old danced to the tunes coming in on the radio. She sent him off to dancing school, and saw to it that he took piano lessons. Then, when Jack was about fifteen, his mother went to a movie one night, and saw a young boy playing a marimba. "That would be a good instrument for Jack to try," she decided—and ordered one for him the very next day.

That instrument has become as much a part of Jack as his good right arm. He claims he'd as soon lose one as the other. The marimba carried him through high school, directed his course in the Navy, and now has enabled him to hit a spot where he can assure his family of a more-than-comfortable living. If he pats the "vibes" (as he calls it) with an almost-personal affection, it's understandable.

Taking lessons on the marimba wasn't the easiest thing to do there in Portland, which had a population of 10,000. There wasn't any teacher in town. There was, however, a marimba instructor in Richmond, some fifty miles away. So a compromise was effected. Both the instructor and Jack drove to Marion, a town half-way between. There, at the home of a girl who was also studying marimba, Jack got his lessons.

He was an apt pupil, and in no time was playing for school and club programs in Portland. Dorothy Durbin, who had a booking agency in near-by Fort Wayne (and who also started that other Hoosier, Herb Shriner, on his way), got Jack some dates at lodge meetings and conventions in near-by towns.

Jack's bookings became so heavy, in his last years at high school, that it became slightly complicated, just fitting them in with his school work. His folks would pick him up after school, and they'd drive—usually some

Above, Jack shows son Greg his Navy "Oscars" and photo from first appearance on Welk shows in 1957. Below, he shows daughter Debbie "how high is up."

Norma and Jack were childhood sweethearts back in Portland, Indiana, where both played in the school band. They were wed in 1951, when Jack was just 19.
"Navy wife" Norma followed where Jack's duty led. Greg was born at Great Lakes Naval Hospital in 1953, Debbie was born in San Diego two years later.

fifty miles—to play at some Elks or Eagles lodge meeting. Then, late at night, after the show was over, the Imels would head back for Portland. There was one longer trip, when Jack made it back to Portland just in time for his first class in the morning! In all, Pop Imel drove the family car about 100,000 miles, during Jack's years in high school, just chauffeuring his offspring around to his various appearances.

Jack realizes now that this was about the best "basic training" any performer could get. At an early age, he was trained, through these club dates, to be at ease in front of an audience, and to be in control of himself and his instrument.

Which is not to say that all those youthful public appearances went smoothly, and without incident. There was one horrible night when he was scheduled to play for the Eagles Lodge in Richmond. He was given a big-buildup type of introduction, and walked onstage toward his waiting marimba. Only then did he discover he'd left his hammers at home! And, in case you haven't noticed, one just doesn't play a marimba without hammers—those implements which look (Continued on page 66)
Colorful as their voices: Left to right—Teri Keane, Claire Niesen, Sandy Becker, Florence Freeman, and Claudia Morgan.

Exclusive!

FIRST COLOR PHOTOGRAPH EVER
TAKEN OF THE BELOVED, TALENTED
STARS OF ALL TEN CBS RADIO
DAYTIME DRAMATIC "SMASH HITS"

No theater on Broadway, not all Times Square itself, could boast the fabulously long-run hits represented by these smiling stars—who hold the same devoted audiences, day after day, while adding new generations of listeners.

The average run of these current CBS Radio daytime dramas is about eighteen years. The two youngest celebrate their tenth anniversary this year. The two oldest were premiered back in 1933, and their more than 6,000 scripts (apiece!) are approximately the equivalent of 350 full-length stage plays.
For even the most successful Broadway hit, the curtain must go down each night. But daytime dramas grow and develop through the years, telling "what happened next" to characters the audiences now know and love. That's the secret of this hit-drama success story: Well-written scripts about lives as real to us as our own—superbly acted by people as warm and true as our next-door neighbors.

The ten stars pictured here are best known for the lives they live each day, over the magic microphone: Teri Keane as The Second Mrs. Burton; Claire Niesen as Mary Noble, Backstage Wife; Sandy Becker as Young Dr. Malone; Florence Freeman in the title role of Wendy Warren And The News; Claudia Morgan as Carolyn Nelson in The Right To Happiness.

And, above: Virginia Payne—Ma Perkins herself; Julie Stevens in the title role of The Romance Of Helen Trent; Don MacLaughlin as Dr. Jim Brent in The Road Of Life; Joan Tompkins—This Is Nora Drake, in person; Vivian Smolen as Our Gal Sunday.

They're wonderful people in their own right, too, as even thumbnail sketches of their lives will prove!

See Next Page →
Stars in the daytime, your CBS radio favorites

Colorful as their voices. Left to right—Ten Keane, Claire Niesen, Sandy Becker, Florence Freeman, and Claudia Morgan.

Exclusive!

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They're wonderful people in their own right, too, as even thumbnail sketches of their lives will prove.
more than eight years, but she's been the Backstage Wife of matinee-idol Larry Noble (James Meighan) even longer—ever since the drama moved from Chicago to New York, in 1945. Claire herself had moved to Manhattan from her native Phoenix, Arizona, when she was 8. She danced professionally during vacations, still did so well scholastically that she was valedictorian at her high-school graduation. Acting was always her first love, and she got her start in a Shakespearean series on a local New York station. Reversing the usual procedure, Claire won her first Broadway role as a result of TV appearances. She's still very much a back on Long Island—with Ruth, son Curtis, older daughter Joyce and younger daughter Annele. Florence Freeman, who created the title role in Wendy Warren And The News, has the talent and training to be a good journalist. But teaching is the only career which ever side-tracked her from acting. A native New Yorker, Florence gave her first recitation in kindergarten, won a dramatics medal in high school—then earned A.B. and M.A. degrees at Wells College and Columbia U. She was teaching in Pearl River, N.Y., when friends dared her to try radio. She auditioned for a New York station in early morning, was

**Teri Keane**  
Claire Niesen  
Sandy Becker  
Florence Freeman  
Claudia Morgan

**S** inging has vied with acting as a possible career for Teri Keane. She was born in New York City, where her mother—a leading coloratura from Budapest's Royal Opera House—enrolled her at the Professional Children's School, thinking it was for the offspring of busy show people, rather than actual child performers. Teri's talents were soon discovered, and she made her stage debut at 9—by 19, she'd appeared in two Broadway plays and three musicals. She also got an early start in radio, where she's best known today as Terry in The Second Mrs. Burton—a role she took over just this year—and as Jocelyn in The Road Of Life. Not so much taller than her own six-year-old daughter Sharon, Teri has won dancing contests, been a featured singer at swank night clubs, and still takes vocal lessons. ... Claire Niesen has been married to popular actor Melville Ruick for wife offstage, however, designs most of her own chic wardrobe, enjoys needlework—and gourmet—husband Mel swears by (not at) her cooking. ... Sandy Becker's father wanted him to be a doctor, but Sandy didn't achieve that status until he took over as Young Dr. Malone on March 21, 1949—the day before his own son was born. Radio lured Sandy from pre-medical studies at N.Y.U. in his teens. Before that, he'd dabbed in puppeteering and dramatics at school in Elmhurst, on New York's Long Island. Sandy made his mike debut at a near-by station, was an experienced announcer by the time he pursued his calling to Charlotte, N.C. There, he spotted his future wife—and recognized her at first sight, though pretty Ruth Venable took a bit more persuading. They met in June, eloped in July, had a church wedding in August. Now, in his mid-30's, Sandy shares a lovely home—so successful they kept her working until after midnight. Since then, radio has claimed all her time—except for her home and community activities in near-by New Jersey. Married to a clergyman, Florence has two daughters, Judith and Deana, now in college, and a seven-year-old son, Leonard. ... Claudia Morgan—who has starred as Carol-lyn in The Right To Happiness for all but four of its eighteen years—was born crown princess of a theatrical royal family. The birthplace was New York but, by the time Claudia was 6, she'd visited every state of the union with her touring parents. By 16, she'd played leading lady to her own father, the late Ralph Morgan, on Broadway, but returned to private school after the summer work-vacation. Following graduation, she got good parts in other plays "on her own"—including the last drama ever directed by

**Stars in the daytime—your CBS radio favorites**
David Belasco. Since then, she's been in many a stage hit (her featured role in Shaw's "The Apple Cart," last season, was her thirty-ninth on Broadway), has been seen in most of the leading summer theaters and top TV playhouses. She's done some movies and a lot of radio—where working hours adjust better to those of her husband, Kenneth Loane, who's in real estate. . . Virginia Payne has never missed a performance, though she's been Ma Perkins ever since the drama began in 1933—in Cincinnati, Virginia's own birthplace. She was only a slip of a girl then, but she had a big rich voice. All her family were doctors or scientists, but her mother, a talented amateur musician, taught her bits of poetry as soon as she could talk. Virginia made her radio debut on WLW, while still a student. A star pupil at Schuster-Martin School of Drama, she also earned an A.B. and M.A. from Cincinnati U. She studied music at the Chicago Conservatory, has been active in dramatic groups wherever she lived, still does off-Broadway and summer plays. Now living in New York, Virginia spent Ma Perkins' vacation last year doing a job Ma could heartily enjoy—supervising the building of a seaside cottage in Maine. . . Julie Stevens wouldn't desert The Romance Of Helen Trent for anything—except the birth of her babies. The first one, Nancy, was born in 1931. The second, Sarah, was born last November. "Subbing" for Julie during maternity leave was Virginia Clark, the original Helen (the drama being in Chicago in 1933, but Julie's been star since it moved to New York in 1944). Julie was born Harriet Foote in St. Louis, where she made her stage and radio debuts. She toured to the Coast with a Shakespearean troupe, landed a lead at Pasadena Playhouse—and a contract in films. She's done both movies and plays, but is happiest at a Manhattan mike, just thirty miles from home, husband and children. Julie became Mrs. Charles Underhill (he was then a Navy officer, is now a public-relations exec) the same year she became Helen Trent. . . Don MacLaughlin was a doctor's son, back in Webster, Iowa, always been a fine-arts family—grandparents were composers and painters, her father and mother were professional singers, and the latter coached amateur theatricals after they retired to the suburbs. Born in New York, reared in nearby Mount Vernon, Joan spent summer vacations from school working with the Mount Kisco Westchester Playhouse, has since done Broadway dramas and toured as understudy to Katharine Hepburn. Joan's husband, Karl Swenson, is a well-known actor on the airwaves, but they've seldom appeared in the same stories. The first—and perhaps still the only—time they were cast as a

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Heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday afternoons: Wendy Warren And The News, at 12 noon; Backstage Wife, 12:15; The Romance Of Helen Trent, 12:30; Our Gal Sunday, 12:45; This Is Nora Drake, 1; Ma Perkins, 1:15; Young Dr. Malone, 1:30; The Road Of Life, 1:45; The Right To Happiness, 2; The Second Mrs. Burton, 2:15. (All times given here are EDT)
Unshaken belief brought Bill Lundigan through darkest hours to brightest dawn

By DORA ALBERT

The sister at the receiving desk of the Salvatore de Mundi Hospital in Rome took one look at the pale, thin American woman who had arrived with her husband, the tall, lanky, good-looking American, and her heart was moved to pity. How pretty this one must have been before she became so ill, she thought. How sad that the professors had to send her here to die. (She always thought of doctors as professors.) "We'll send you to your room in a wheelchair," she said gently.

With a fleeting gasp of strength, the woman protested, "I can walk." Her husband sat there dazed, as if the world were coming to an end. He didn't seem to know what words there were to say. (Continued on page 72)

There's humor, too, in the Lundigan home. Bill and Rena had many a laugh together, before they seriously contemplated matrimony. Today, they teach Stacey to enjoy the here and now.

Three who have much to be thankful for—Bill, for one, can never fully express his gratitude for having his lovely wife, Rena, and a healthy, happy Stacey to hold close to his heart.
Always tiny and shy—but so talented, too—Annette Funicello has become a Disney star at the age of fourteen!

By GORDON BUDGE

A FEW YEARS AGO, the rustic two-bedroom house on Ben Street in North Hollywood, California, was known in the neighborhood simply as “the Funicello place.” Then, thanks to Joe and Virginia’s brood of three—Annette, Joey and Mike—it became known as “the fun place.” Brown-eyed, curly-black-haired Annette, who danced and sang all (Continued on page 64)

At 6, she could beat the drum for everyone. Then her parents noticed that Annette had too much rhythm.

At 10, she considered herself a “second mother” to younger brother Joey and their baby brother Mike.

At 12, she danced the “Swan Lake” ballet—and set pointed toe on the path which led to Disney stardom.
Letters delight her, and so do the sweet-scented gifts from fans who know that perfumes are her hobby.

Annette, Daddy Joe (who's always called her "Dolly"), Joey, mama Virginia and Mike were all slightly delirious about Daddy's birthday-gift convertible—but it was Mike who almost lost his head, first time they put the top down!

The phone doesn't really turn her life upside down—she sees her best friends at the studio all day long.
Sing and be Happy

Betty Johnson knows hard work but also knows how to lift a tired heart—including her own

By MARTIN COHEN

I hate to wear shoes,” says Betty Johnson. “I can’t wait until I’m a star so I can do what I want. Now, some of my friends say that I embarrass them—that I’m sweet but corny. But I just like to be myself.” Betty Johnson has no intention of walking down Madison Avenue in bare feet. But, on the other hand, she doesn’t like to be told what to do. She doesn’t want to be made into something other than what she is. Charlie Grean, Betty’s fiance and manager, remembers that, about three years ago—when his office first began to represent Betty—they talked about sophisticating her with a new hairdo, a new nose, and renaming her to “Kim Something.” Betty listened to the ideas and finally said, “I want to be Betty Johnson and keep my own face. This is what God gave me and I just want to be me.”

Betty is a five-two blondeshell with beautiful blue-green eyes that sputter like a fuse. She has (Continued on page 61)
THE MAN in the uninhibited sport shirt got out of his convertible and looked up and down Sharp Avenue, casing the neighborhood for faces he’d known. He turned into the walk of an old-fashioned white frame house, whistling while he awaited the opening of a door which had opened for him many times...

As Margaret Carroll laughingly described it later, “I had on an old house coat. I was down on my knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor, when the bell rang. I went to the door—and there stood Bing.”

“Hello, Margaret, what’s new?” he said, picking up, in typical fashion, where he’d left off some fifteen years before. He’d just dropped by, he said. And added, “I wanted to see the old neighborhood.”

Sure, and Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.—whose sentimental heart belies the bland blue eyes and the casual, wig-wagging left foot that accompanies him whenever he sings—had come calling on the street where he’d lived. Sharp Avenue, in “northside” Spokane...

The leprechauns had taken very good care of him since that day he’d rattled down the street in an old wreck of a Ford with Al Rinker—Hollywood or bust! The day the neighbors waved Kate Crosby’s son goodbye and Godspeed—and speculated that he was really straining the luck of the Irish, if Bing thought that car would ever make it. It was stripped of everything—except the heart to get him there...

Yet all that luck had been his. And more. His was the voice of the people, and his the Americana success

Continued

Three of Washington’s seven Crosby boys, in 1933: Bob, Bing, and Everett (low man on the totem pole) —who can’t sing, but has his Irish wits about him.

Angelic, Bing looked as a Gonzaga High School grad—but the Fathers had another word!

War time: Bing entertained at Camp Pendleton and found brother Bob in the Marines.
Here, on Sharp Avenue, are memories which will always spell “home” for Bing and Bob

Proud moment—when Bob’s mother and father came visiting him during rehearsals of Bob’s early radio show, Club 15.

Now living in the old Crosby home in Spokane, Mrs. Margaret Higgins watches “the boys” on her TV set.

The Sharp Avenue neighborhood is filled with Crosby memories. Here’s Bob, at 2, with his Easter basket.

White now, the Crosby home was once brown—but always bright with music and laughter of frequent “clambakes.”

For the boys, Gonzaga University was favorite playground in runabout days, “alma mater” in later years.

“St. Al’s”—St. Aloysius Church—was “soul mother” for young and old of most families in community.

For the girls, it was Holy Names Academy—with a big orchard in back which youthful Crosbys often raided.
the Crosby Clan from Spokane

By MAXINE ARNOLD

The man in the uninhibited sport shirt got out of his convertible and looked up and down Sharp Avenue, caressing the neighborhood for faces he’d known. He turned into the walk of an old-fashioned white frame house, whistling while he awaited the opening of a door which had opened for him many times.

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In 1928, Sharp Avenue was thrilled by news of Bing's rising fame, as he toured with Whiteman. Above, "Rhythm Boys" Al Rinker (left), Bing, and Harry Barris (right).

Later, neighbors followed the success story of Bob's own band. Gil Rodin—playing sax in those days—is now producer of the Award-winning Bob Crosby Show, on CBS-TV.

Home in triumph—sister Catherine, Mother, Dad, his brother Edward J. Crosby and brother Larry were there as Bing received honorary degree from Gonzaga in '46.

saga of all time. Many of those along Sharp Avenue liked to think of the Crosbys as their own neighborhood Cinderella story: "The way it all happened—so suddenly . . . and the way they took it—so beautifully." Even the skeptics took heart from the fact that, however unlikely, it can happen here.

Here—two doors down from the Carrolls', in an old two-storey gabled house with a wide front porch—was where the whole story began. Here Bing's future was molded, man and star.

Here, too, was fostered the sense of family—the Irish wit and warmth—that was to make Bob Crosby at home in the living room of all the millions who watch his daily show on CBS-TV. For it was here, in this large, old-fashioned frame house, that George Robert Crosby made his own first "personal appearance."

The neighbors all agreed Bob was a pretty baby. The Bradleys' daughter, Gladys, who lived next door, thought him "the most beautiful baby ever born." She was always asking Mrs. Crosby's permission to take him over home with her. At that time, Gladys Bradley was studying the violin, and—though Bob Crosby was to rise to fame, later on, directing a Dixieland band—at the age of two months, he used to listen to her practicing on the violin and laugh and coo. . . . (Continued on page 86)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Rehearsals were on the beach. Rocky Graziano guested on show, Florence Chadwick kibitzed. Jerry's guard was down as Rocky jawed him for splinters. Paul was alert for tips from Florence.

Parrot perched on a wooden limb. Then a voice from nowhere left her speechless.

Jerry didn't mind being the low man on this totem pole.

Stone camel at Sahara Motel was fun. So were Miami's lady motorcycle cops.

Florida was fun, and Jerry Mahoney had a chance to meet the palm branch of his family tree. But, for Dorothy and Paul Winchell, two weeks was long enough to be away from their family—Stacy, 3, Stephanie, 10.
the Girl Tommy Marries...
Can you get a picture of the future
Mrs. Sands—comparing the favorite dates of this dynamic young singer?

By EUNICE FIELD

A young man’s mind—what a springtime world it is, where romantic daydreams shoot up faster than field flowers! And Tommy Sands, little more than nineteen, is no exception. He, too, has already done quite a lot of long wish-thinking on the subject of girls, romance and even marriage.

And why not? It’s a subject he hasn’t been able to avoid since he reached his middle teens and played the lead in a high-school version (a very free version) of Irving Berlin’s “Annie Get Your Gun.” In that musical play, he sang the well-known ballad, “The Girl That I Marry.” This is a song Tommy has been called upon to sing many times since. Yet, when the big question is put to him, he flashes the mischievous grin that has captivated a coast-to-coast audience and says crisply, “I love that song, but only as a song. The girl it describes is exactly the kind of girl I’ve never dreamed of marrying.”

In the wake of his sensational hit on Kraft Television Theater’s “The Singin’ Idol,” and with his recording of “Teen Age Crush” hurdling the million mark, Tommy Sands has won the esteem of a multitude of fans for keeping his head, his balance and his grasp on values that few men are able to grasp until they are fully matured. He shows this same pattern in the sensible way he tackles that most intimate of wish-thoughts—the girl, or type of girl, that he sees as his wife, helpmate, mistress of the hearth and home, and mother of the children he hopes to have someday.

“Listen,” he says, “I was reading about a young actor. He said he’d love to get a girl like his mother. That’s great—” and now the grin forms again and a twinkle

Continued —

Molly Bee—of Tennessee Ernie Ford show—his date for this year’s Oscar presentation (facing page). And Mrs. Grace Sands (below), his mother—and all-time best gal!
the Girl Tommy Marries...
(Continued)

Hollywood party, junior style: Sunlit lawn for setting, ice cream for refreshments—and a serious discussion of youthful problems for Molly Bee, Kathy Nolan and Tommy.

lights the depth of his steady dark eyes—"I love my mother, too. I wouldn't change her for anything. She's definitely what I want in a mother. I'm happy to say she's an original. I mean she's herself at all times. And there isn't a bit of the fake or copycat in her make-up. But that's just the point. That's exactly what I want in a wife. Above anything else, I want to see that quality of being herself. I feel uncomfortable with girls who mimic actresses they admire, or strut around like some model they saw on TV.

"I prefer the types who aren't afraid to make a few rules of their own. I don't think I'd ever be happy with a carbon copy, no matter how beautiful or attractive she might be. How does Shakespeare put it? Be true to yourself and then you can't be false to any man. . . . That pretty much sums it up for me."

Tommy may not agree that "The Girl That I Marry" must "wear satins and laces," but there is one phrase in Irving Berlin's song which does strike home: "I'm a sucker for perfume," Tommy admits. "A gal 'smelling of cologne' gets me all fuzzed up." But, he adds, "I'm not picky when it comes to clothes. I'd admire the real-life Annie for wearing the clothes that suit her style. I think she'd look ridiculous in satins and frills and bows. On the other hand, some girls look awful in blue jeans. To me, the best-dressed girl is the one who looks comfortable in what she's wearing—and that goes for sweater and skirt or gown and mink stole.

"Another thing," he points out, "it's not the color of her clothes or the fact that she's a blonde, redhead or brunette that counts with me. I've walked down streets where one type or another came by and, if I liked a particular girl, this is what I'd be thinking, Boy, I bet that one's a real sweet date. It just doesn't occur to me to think, What a blonde, or What a redhead!

"Sometimes it's the smart, easy way she carries herself. Sometimes it's her voice, which ripples like a guitar. Sometimes it's the clothes, not because of the cut or color, but because they go so fine with the girl. I was eating in Frascati's on Sunset Boulevard the other day. A woman in a simple black dress came through the door and every man's eyes, including mine, jumped up to get a look. She was the most striking woman in the place. "A friend of mine," he smiles, "told me he flips over the tall, high-fashion type. I said to him, 'But that's just physical!' He jabbed me on the chin and joked, 'What else?' Then he went into the details. She had to have such and such measurements, (Continued on page 78)
Parlor tricks, garden variety: Below, Tommy shows Molly he's a balanced young man. Left to right, in background: Joe Maggio, Kathy, Judy Nichols, Ken Miller, Ken Fredricks and Judy Boutin.

Ice cream for "Cindy," who really laps it up! Then, clean-up time for Molly and Tommy—"just good friends"—after the other guests have gone.
lights the depth of his steady dark eyes—"I love my mother, too. I wouldn't change her for anything. She's definitely what I want in a mother. I'm happy to say she's an original. I mean she's herself at all times. And there isn't a bit of the fake or copycat in her make-up. But that's just the point. That's exactly what I want in a wife. Above anything else, I want to see that quality of being herself. I feel uncomfortable with girls who mimic actresses they admire, or strut around like some model they saw on TV.

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FAMILIES are FUN

For Bud Collyer, that includes his contestants on Beat The Clock and To Tell The Truth, as well as his wife and youngsters at home

By MARY TEMPLE

After years of asking questions and posing problems on a variety of TV and radio audience-participation programs (presently, To Tell The Truth and Beat The Clock, over CBS-TV), Bud Collyer still thinks people are exciting, interesting, wonderful. Good winners, and just as good losers. Willing to try their hardest in competition, but able to laugh at themselves and their failures. Rich in their sense of fun and capacity for enjoyment.

It is this sense of fun, this enjoyment of things, (Continued on page 80)

Bud Collyer emcees Beat The Clock, CBS-TV, Fri., 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Hazel Bishop, Inc. — and To Tell The Truth, CBS-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, for Pharmaceuticals, Inc. (Geritol)
To the Collyers, "teenagers" are really "young adults"—Mike, Cynthia and Pat prove they are right. Pat's a gifted pianist, but concentrates primarily on getting a well-rounded education at college . . . Cynthia plans on special art training, after finishing high school . . . Mike's young heart is already set on a career in aero-dynamics. They can always count on warm encouragement from Bud and Marian.
Mr. and Mrs. is the name: Rosemary and Jack Merrell wed just four weeks after they met—"My family thought he was wonderful. So did I!"

Rosemary Rice's personality blends many lives . . .
as actress . . . as physician's daughter, in
Young Dr. Malone . . . and as Jack Merrell's bride

By FRANCES KISH

A blue-eyed blonde with honey-smooth hair—and a glowing "brunette" kind of personality—is a happy young New Jersey housewife who loves her home, loves to keep it polished up, loves to cook. She is also an eighteen-year-old named Jill, daughter of Young Dr. Malone, the beloved physician. For years, too, she has been Mama's elder daughter, Katrin, now grown up to an early widowhood.

This business of being three people hasn't been one bit upsetting to Rosemary, but interesting—and fun. She's enjoyed being all three. As Jill, that modern miss, she was at one time rebellious and

Continued

Homemaking—every waking minute. "Rosie" waters plants as Jack reads before bedtime.
Welcome! "I love our house so much that I make a tour every morning before I leave," Rosemary admits. She plays drama, Jack plays golf. He hasn't tackled the airwaves, but she'd like to keep up with him on the fairways.

The old-timers had a wheel for it, but a modern housewife still finds a husband's strong arms handy for winding yarn.
at odds with Dr. Malone's second wife, Tracey, but now a warm understanding and friendship exists between them. As Katrin, she had a happy childhood in San Francisco, married, and lost her husband during World War I—the time period recently covered in Mama.

As Rosemary Rice Merrell—married to management consultant Jack Merrell since July 3, 1954—she is the sum of these two other personalities added to her own. Young and gay and enthusiastic, like Jill. Gentle, sympathetic, and mature beyond her years, like Katrin. Honest, direct, frank, poised. In short, the sum of all the things that life has taught Rosemary Rice.

"Rosie," as everyone now calls her (though her family called her "Roses" and she likes that better, if there must be a nickname), can thank her acting career for bringing romance and love into her life. An old school friend and her husband have always been enthusiastic fans of Rosemary's, listening and watching whenever they could. The husband kept saying that he knew someone who would like Rosemary—and whom he was sure Rosemary would like—but he hadn't seen the man for a while and maybe he'd married in the meantime. Rosemary didn't think much about the whole thing, anyhow. She had a lot of beaus, and no one had ever "arranged" anything for her that had turned out to be romance. So she laughed it off.

One day, the friends asked Rosemary for dinner at the country club and also invited the man—who was not married, had never particularly noticed Rosie on television or listened to her on radio, but now decided he must have been missing something rather special. "Jack doesn't like me to tell this, because it might sound a little foolish," Rosemary confesses, "but we both fell in love that fast and were married (Continued on page 70)
Above, at the snack bar, Rosemary fills the "orders" of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Whelan, little Carol Pfister and Linda Whelan. Rosie and Jack built three "fun rooms" in basement.

Ping-pong club meets downstairs, too, as the Merrells take on the Whelans for a game, with Barbara Ann Whelan as referee. There's a third basement room for barbecues, but in fine weather they prefer eating outdoors—left to right, Cal Wenke, Barbara Ann, the Whelans, the Merrells, and Linda.
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Rosemary Rice is Jill Malone in Young Dr. Malone, heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 1:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

All the things you are

(Continued)
**HILLBILLY HERO**

Off-beat role in "A Face in the Crowd" finds Andy in jail—where Patricia Neal discovers his talent.

Pat, a roving radio reporter, gives Andy a boost toward fame—and a power which he misuses.

Fun between takes—for Jeff Best (with the guitar), Harry Stradling, director Elia Kazan, Andy and Pat.

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**Andy Griffith can never be just “a face in the crowd.” It’s right on the records that everyone’s got time for Andy, his songs and his sayings**

By FREDDA BALLING

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At first sight, Andy Griffith would appear to be constituted like a good gelatine dessert—all one color and clear. Investigation, however, will disclose that his personality pattern is one of shades and shadows, that his flavor is various, and that contradiction is probably his most obvious component.

He looks like an ex-blocking back, yet he has never played football—though he did try basketball, without inspiring the rules committee to raise the hoop or diminish its circumference. . . . He (Continued on page 68)

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Now it’s the Hollywood Hills for Andy and his Barbara—the "Bobby" whose name once confused him!

Sea dream: "Always wanted a boat," says Andy. "Finally got one—an eighteen-foot dinghy."

Above, Barbara and Andy at home. Facing page, Barbara visits Andy and Pat Neal on Warner Bros. lot.
MY 13 YEARS WITH JERRY

Lucky, heart-filling years!—though being married to a comedian isn’t always a laughing matter

Joining Jerry on tour, I try to make a home for him, whether in backstage dressing rooms or hotels. On the recent New York stay, we even had baby Scotty with us.
By PATTI LEWIS

NEXT October, Jerry and I will have been married thirteen years. There have been times, I'll admit, when it has seemed much, much longer than a mere baker's dozen. But most of the time, when I think back, my reaction is, “Could it have been only thirteen years ago?” When you're happy, time goes fast.

But, having been happy during those thirteen years doesn't mean I've led a tranquil, peaceful, well-ordered existence. Far from it. In fact, most of the time it's been pretty frantic. But happy-frantic and funny-frantic, and only rarely, now and then, has it been sad-frantic or mad-frantic.

There have been times, for instance, when I've been up in the air. Quite literally, that is. I've logged more flying time than Jerry has, in the last thirteen years. There are moments now and then, after I get on a plane, when I have to stop and think whether I'm headed for New (Continued on page 76)

The Jerry Lewis Show, seen on NBC-TV, Saturday, June 8, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, is being telecast in color and black-and-white.

At New York's Essex House, we had an apartment with a tiny kitchen. Jerry had his favorite after-show snacks—and Scotty had his favorite toys with him (below, right).

Back in the Pacific Palisades, we can relax and Behave Like People. Our boys, left to right, are Gary—who looks so much like Jerry; Ronnie—the "brain"; Scotty—the baby.
British tour began in London's Dominion Theater, as 3,000 fans shouted: "We want Bill!"—and then the curtain rose on Haley, his guitar, and His Comets.

William Haley and Mrs. Haley—as listed by dignified Cunard Line—looked forward to a sunny though brief vacation on board the Queen Elizabeth, sailing for England.

the ROCK ROLLS

It was three cheers and a skyrocket for Bill Haley and His Comets as they spread the happy beat abroad

By HELEN BOLSTAD

A ustrali an s exclaimed, "Fantabulous!" A London newspaper bannered, "All Haley Let Loose!" It was fun to watch the young people of the world prove the prophets of doom all wrong. When rock 'n' roll first burst on the scene as the freshest—and most controversial—music in thirty-five years, these prophets thundered that it was the drum-beat of delinquency. None of them foresaw that, this year, it would turn into one of America's most potent goodwill-builders—a means of communication and a bond of unity between teenagers of many lands.

Suitably, the first to carry it abroad were Bill Haley and His Comets, the little crew from Chester, Pennsylvania, who had also been the first to define the happy big beat in the United States. During the first seventy-two days of 1957, they whizzed across 42,638 miles. They were on three (Continued on page 82)
Nature's own typhoons and earthquakes couldn't top The Comets' welcome at the dock in Southampton (above) or on special train to London (below, left).

Above, at London's Waterloo Station, Sylvia Wakefield, 17, and Diane Thompson, 15, proudly displayed hand-lettered jeans they'd spent all the night embroidering.
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When she believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself

It isn’t just that Ma understands, even when you don’t say right out what’s troubling you. She helps too. Not by telling you what to do. More by seeing the good in you when you can hardly see it yourself. Like Esther Hunter said to Fay the other day, “Why, when Ma believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself.” Everybody in town feels that way about Ma Perkins. You would too if you met her. And you can meet her. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear MA PERKINS on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Under the Sun

BETWEEN Sunbonnet Sue, who never shows the sun her face, and Lila Lobstertint, who doesn’t know when to come in out of those burning rays, there’s a happy medium in under-the-sun beauty care. TV actress Toni Campbell, who’s as smart as she’s pretty, makes the bright summer air a friend of her good looks. The first essential for Toni’s young skin, as for any skin-under-the-sun, is an invisible parasol—a suntan lotion or cream to slather on before sunning and re-apply every two hours and after each swim, with special care at ankles, knees, thighs, shoulders, nose, forehead. Long sun-sessions dry even well-protected skin, so Toni times her sunbaths, then moves into the shade, or creates her own oasis under a big hat and long-sleeved shirt. Before sunning, she massages hair cream into scalp and hair, treats nails and cuticle of fingers and toes with nail oil, pats cream around her eyes to prevent “crinkles.” Sunglasses, part of her program, belong in every bag of summer tricks—have lenses ground to prescription if your own sight keeps you from spotting a tall, bronzed lifeguard at twenty paces. Toni wears soft, non-drying lipstick and light pink polish, uses hair-spray for neatness. In her sun-kit she carries skin lotion, cotton balls, and fresh-scented spray cologne. She shampoos hair as soon as possible after swimming, to remove salt and chlorine, restores luster with creme rinse or hairdressings, quick-sets with hair-spray. Toni’s careful of her posture, too, and her tips can help every girl who owns a bathing suit—tuck your sitting-spot way under, pull tummy in flat, don’t collapse on your hips. Sit up, not down, like the lady you are and the sun-beauty you can be.

Special beachtime good-grooming rules protect Toni Campbell’s young beauty through a month of sun-days

By HARRIET SEGMAN
DEEJAY ON THE KEYS

Sandy Singer, WTCN's piano and platter man, answered a very special request

Talk and a turntable are standard equipment for a deejay. To this, Sandy Singer adds eighty-eight keys and bills himself as "the Northwest's only piano-playing disc jockey." The Sandy Singer Show is heard on Station WTCN in Minneapolis-St. Paul each weekday from noon to 12:30, from 2 to 5 P.M. and from 6:15 to 7 P.M. It's back again on Saturday from 8 A.M. to noon and may soon be visible on WTCN-TV. Between the platters and the patter, Sandy wanders over to his ever-ready Steinway to introduce records with a flourish of the keys or, sometimes, to play right along with them. Or Sandy may join in with a chorus on the organ as well. On records, the music multiplies and Sandy has produced discs with up to six pianos, à la Les Paul. . . . "I never tire of the letters and phone calls and requests," says Sandy. "I love my job and everything about it." Actually, Sandy pays perhaps more attention to requests than most deejays—and well he might. While launching his deejay career on a Peoria station, he met Eleanor Drizin at a party. Three days later, Sandy received a letter from her asking him to play the record, "I Want To Be Loved." Taking the request literally, Sandy phoned for a date, and the duo of music lovers have been happily married now for six years. . . . From Peoria, Sandy went to Augusta, Georgia, where he served both Uncle Sam and the listeners to Station WBBQ. Thence to KCRG in Cedar Rapids and, in 1956, to WTCN. Sandy and Eleanor share a modern apartment in South Minneapolis, near Lake Calhoun, with Po Po, a parakeet they've trained to recite the station call letters. Tickings and chimings come from the many unusual clocks the Singers are collecting for that future home-of-their-own. Bowling, swimming, golf, horseback riding and flying are Sandy's hobbies. But Eleanor refuses to fly with him until she learns how herself, because, as Sandy explains, "she wants to be a back-seat flyer." . . . If Sandy ever decides to fly home, it'll be to Chicago, where his mother was a vocalist for CBS and where Sandy began his piano lessons at age five. A year later, he'd narrowed his choice for the future down to either doctoring or radio. By the time he was eleven, radio had won out and Sandy was a pro on radio and TV. He's been music to Midwestern ears ever since.

It takes such lovely stars as Lu Ann Simms and Peggy King to lure Sandy away from "Simo," his talking piano.

Sandy answered a record request from Eleanor. Now, he's speech teacher to Po Po—and kitchen apprentice.
THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Moe Milliken's easygoing approach as weatherman or talent emcee turns KHOL and KHPL viewers into friends

The open secret to success in television is to remember that you're a guest in somebody's living room—and not a speaker from the rostrum at Madison Square Garden. It's a "secret" nobody ever had to whisper to Marlyn "Moe" Milliken. He knew it instinctively and practices it for two television areas, that of KHOL-TV in Kearney, Nebraska, and its "satellite," KHPL-TV in Haynes Center. Though he speaks to thousands of people each day, Moe's is a relaxed and genial intimacy of talking to a gathering of just a few friends. . . .

"When you gonna get us some rain, Moe?" But, drought or deluge, his viewers prove their loyalty each year in the annual Labor Day weather-guessing contest. Last fall, 6,323 viewers competed. Sunday evenings at 8:30, Moe is at the helm of Talent Show, with five contestants competing for prizes and for the eventual six-week finals and elimination programs. Each weekday evening at 5, he becomes Cousin Moe and joins Uncle Jerry Granger in caworting with puppets Ozzie, Mr. Scratch and Hoiman the hippopotamus on Little Rascals. Add to this his chores as production manager of KHOL-TV and here is a busy man, indeed, carrying a lot of responsibility for someone who's just twenty-five years old. . . .

Growing up in Napanee, a small community within the KHOL-TV area, he acquired his present nickname of Moe while in high school—but he's not saying how. Still, it stuck with him through the University of Nebraska and Kearney State Teachers College, where the program director of KGW spotted Moe in a radio speech class and launched him on a broadcasting career. . . . Moe and his wife Jean met while both were at college. Friends say their sons look like Moe, but he insists that Larry, 3, and Stevie, 2, take after their mother. Moe and the boys are "outdoor men," and, on Moe's days off, they like to take camping trips. Moe couldn't be happier at Larry's early choice of a career as a football and basketball player. Stevie, who hasn't yet made up his mind about the future, was born shortly after Moe joined KHOL-TV. Even after so brief a time, viewers celebrated the event with 1,500 letters and gifts, including a number of pink, baby-girl items. Asked about these unused feminine garments, Moe just grins and says "We're saving them for possible future use."
THE RECORD PLAYERS

Each month, four of your favorite disc jockeys alternate this space with views and interviews. This spin around, it's Josh Brady of WBBM in Chicago

NO PUMPKINS, PLEASE

By JOSH BRADY

It was one of those April days when a guy longed for a little conversation, and I guess we all have our favorite haunts where we can count on running into a good listener, if nothing else. Anyhow, this particular day, the roof fell in.

I'm about halfway through my second cup of coffee when I am joined by the writing team of Jack Fulton and Lois Steel, composers of such gems as "Until," "If You Were Eatin' a Drema," "War," and "Ivory Tower." After inquiring why they look a little tired, I ask when they are coming up with another hit. I get an immediate answer to both questions in one breath. Up late last night with Cathy Carr, dicising their latest composing effort "Speak for Yourself, John"... And they are quick to add that it looks like another "Ivory Tower"... And, if I stick around, Cathy will be dropping by any minute. So I say, sez I, "Don't nobody move"—the customary Brady byline when something is cooking. I had asked a leading question, and composers, song pluggers, distributors, publishers and record companies love them. About them we are visited by as likeable a guy as you'll find, singing star Dick Noel, who also records on the Fraternity label with Cathy. And right on his heels is publisher's representative Al Beilin—who reaches for the glass bowl full of sugar lumps, throws it over his right shoulder with his right hand and catches it behind his back with his left. Some day he'll miss, and I want to be there.

It is then that we move to the big round table, and in walks our Cinderella girl, Cathy Carr. If I were allowed two words to describe her I would say sweet and petite. But she's more than that. Pretty, too... blond hair, a twinkle in her eyes and I guess she'd probably wear a small-size glass slipper.

With a little quizzing on my part, the Cathy Carr story began to unfold. Cathy calls the Bronx, New York, home. It was there that this little Cinderella graduated from high school and started a singing career that began with the little bands, and some of the big ones, including Sammy Kaye. She had a couple of record releases, but nothing seemed to happen. She signed with G.A.C. and was booked into clubs and began to get the real feel of what the audience wanted her to do. Cathy styled her singing accordingly. Indeed, she became a real song stylist, as opposed to the out-and-out commercial bandstand songstress.

And how did she come to the attention of Harry Carlson, president of Fraternity Records, who launched her on her real recording career and to whom she is so grateful? Well, it was Harry's friend, Frank Hanshaw, who discovered Cathy at a club in Detroit and sent her to Cincinnati to hear Fraternity's offer. Oh, yes, there were record releases with Fraternity that did very little to set our Cinderella's carriage in motion. But then it came, in early '56... a song that was to project Cathy to heights far exceeding that of the Alabaster Tower she was to sing about—that "Ivory Tower."

I was very close to that song from the day the composers—Jack Fulton and Lois Steel—first played the demonstration record for me. I saw record companies turn them down time after time, because they felt the song just didn't have it. But the keen ears of Harry Carlson perked up when he heard it, and he said, "This is for Cathy."

You know the rest... the song went right up the ladder on the Hit Parade. It became Number One in Canada and Australia and Cathy was on her way. If you took the top dozen records of 1956, you would find Cathy Carr's "Ivory Tower" among them. The months to follow saw Cathy on The Perry Como Show, The Lawrence Welk Show and The Cross Canada Hit Parade, among others.

About this time, Cathy sipped some of her coffee and reached into her purse for some airline tickets to double-check her time of departure. When I asked where she was going, she said, in excited tones, "Didn't you know, Josh... I'm going on a tour with Stan Kenton, Guy Mitchell and Lionel Hampton and we're leaving for Australia this afternoon."

And as she left, you couldn't help but say to yourself: I do hope her latest, "Speak for Yourself, John," is another "Ivory Tower." She deserves it. I'm sure the hands of time will move slowly toward the hour of midnight for our little, modern-day Cinderella, Cathy Carr.

Josh Brady is heard on WBBM on weekdays at 8:45 A.M. and at 11:15 A.M. and on Saturday and Sunday from 9:30 A.M. to noon.
Sing and Be Happy

(Continued from page 33)

lovely lips, too, and through these lips passes one of the finest voices of the day. During the past season, this voice made her a frequent guest on such top network shows as Ed Sullivan's and George Gobel's. For two years, it kept her on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, and she could have stayed on forever. When Betty sings a love song, her voice breeze right up the nape of your neck. On a rhythm number, she belts wide and handsome. And yet she isn't a pop singer by choice. I "never wanted to be an entertainer or pop singer," Betty says. "My ambition, right up to the time I was nineteen, was to sing religious music. But down South, where I lived, when a woman can't travel and sing by herself. On my first trip to New York as a soloist, I auditioned with hymns for six weeks. No one even threw me a bone."

But pretty, pert Betty is no softie. She is used to handicaps, road-blocks, insufficient funds and plain bad luck. She wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth and nothing has been presented to her on a silver platter. As young as she is—twenty-five, this past March—her career has been as colorful as an entertainer's twice her age, for Betty began singing when she was four years old.

In those days, dressed in a gingham dress and white stockings, she sang with her family, The Johnson Singers, at churches, evangelical meetings, weddings, funerals, country fairs and fish fries and barbecues. The Johnsons were poor tenant farmers who sang for the love of singing. When the crops were in, Jesse Deverin Johnson hitched his homemade trailer to a tired model-A Ford and the family traveled and sang.

"We worked for nothing," Betty says frankly, "but I never felt poor, because Daddy never asked for anything. We might be hundreds of miles from home, and it was obvious that we had no money. We would be there to sing at an evangelical meeting and the preacher would collect money so that we could get home. He would usually put the money in an envelope before he gave it to Daddy. We knew Daddy would save the envelope for an emergency. And nearly every time, just as he got the envelope out to buy something we simply had to have—like gasoline or a loaf of bread—something would happen. We'd stop at a gas station and start to sing, and someone would donate the gas and someone else would invite us in for dinner. Poor people know how to take care of one another. And so we'd get home with the envelope unopened. At home, we'd have a big ceremony before we mailed back the money, although sometimes we had to borrow a few cents for postage stamps."

Betty was born on a farm near Cat Square, North Carolina. Cat Square was more of a general store than a town. She grew up in another area known as Possum Walk and later went to high school at Paws Creek. "We didn't have a home of our own," she says. "As sharecroppers, we moved from one farm to another and we lived in log cabins. And Daddy really loved real log cabins. There was usually only one big room on the ground. This was kitchen and living room, as well as bedroom for my parents. The kids slept in the room overhead, kind of an attic, and we got up there by ladder. But the cabin was our castle and Mother kept it as neat as the most beautiful mansion."

Betty's mother is a petite, pretty woman and Betty resembles her. Betty has no sisters. Her father and three brothers are

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STREET

CITY, STATE
all tall, handsome men. Her older brother Ken, a graduate of Duke University's Divinity School, is a minister at the First Baptist Church in Ashboro, North Carolina. Betty's twin brothers, Jimmy and Bobby, are students at Chapel Hill. Betty herself, who is continuing her academic studies by extension at Northwestern University, is on the radio in New York City. She attends Queens College at Charlotte, North Carolina.

"I don't know how we did those things," she said recently. "Daddy said we did. We've got to forget about going to college. We have no money. He loved us and wanted us to have the best, but he told us the literal truth. We had no money. We came and stayed with you two weeks a year. That's all. Of course, we worked hard. I had as many as five jobs at a time, and it was worth it, I loved the school."

Betty's constant companions, until she went to college, were her three brothers and their male friends. With them she swam, caught rats, rode horses. She was a rough-and-tumble tomboy. "I had to be. If I ever complained to my parents about what the boys did to me, I wouldn't have had anyone to play with. I remember how they taught me to swim. They just pitched me into a pond and it was sink or swim. And then one day I went down to a saddle. The horse took off through some trees and I was nearly broken in half by low limbs." When Betty went to college, she says, she and her family made good grades, although she had a hard time keeping her mind on her studies. "It wasn't that I was thinking about boys. To the contrary, I had been so starved for female companionship that I didn't even stop talking and listening to my new friends. It was just wonderful to hear girl-talk."

Betty always sang. Even while in college, she was on two radio programs out of Charlotte. One program was her own and the other was with the Family. Until 1935, when she retired, she did a weekly work feature on the program, Carolina Calling, originating from Station WBT in Charlotte. "But radio or evangelical meetings," Betty, "it was all the same. All fun. From college I went as a family to prayer meetings. We sang until midnight or into the early morning. It wasn't work. Work was picking coffee during the day and often we were all in the field together. For that, we were paid. But we sang because people wanted to hear us, and it's wonderful being able to sing. I'd love you for what you're doing and the happiness it gives them. We never thought of ourselves as entertainers."

The Johnsons became nationally famous as soloists in the Chicago Company of Corcovods. It was at one of these sessions that Percy Faith put the bug in Betty's ear about being a soloist. "He came into the studio and talked with us and said, 'Betty, I think you've got something. I just don't think you ever decide to do something about it, call me up.' Well, that was in 1950. Next year, I decided I had to do something for myself. I retired from my newspaper talk, but also looking to sing for part of their income. Well, in 1951, we were touring Veterans' Hospitals and I remember we went to Ashburn in Virginia, when I took a good look at Daddy and Mom. They looked tired. The traveling was getting to be too much for them. I had a long talk with them and said that I was going to do something in a career of my own. I got my way into fame and fortune and then take care of them. They took the practical attitude and told me I'd just knock my brain out and I wasn't. Betty stuck it out for six weeks on forty dollars. She remembers: "I was so miserable and lonely. I took to baby-sitting—and not just for the money, but because I was so homesick and, that way, I'd get into someone's home. And I was always hungry. Once in a while, Percy Faith would take me out and feed me and try to pep me up. I went around auditioning and finding the best deal. I ended up recording a few tunes on the loss of his hat. I gave up and went home. Spring of the following year, I went North again. This time I took Percy's advice and I went to see a girl and tell me if he liked her. So Joe sat a spell with her, and I met him outside the office and he said, 'I like her. She's great. Are you sure she can sing?' I told him yes and he said, 'Well, did you talk to her and told Betty we wanted to sign her?' She said, 'Sure. In a few days.' Then she went out and had us investigated."

The story, "Well," she chuckles, "I knew you had a lot of friends in the business, but I wanted to see if you knew how to work as hard as I did and whether you had talent."

Charlie got to work on Betty's career immediately. She was under contract to Bell Records, and then made three releases for RCA Victor. For Bell, she cut everything from blues to jazz to pop, and it meant a lot of good experience, as well as working with master arranger Sy Oliver. At RCA, she was one of about seventeen years to be sent to Victor to release her from contract. They did, and Charlie got her working with Bally Records. The first record that made any real money for Betty was the disc, "Please." "She came to me then," Charlie recalls, "and asked how much money she'd made on that record after costs. I figured it out for her and said, 'I'm going to buy myself something for the first time.' She went out and bought a diamond solitaire. In the ring band, she inscribed the tune title and her birthday. She explained, 'I'm going to wear this as a girl.'"

Betty is no spendthrift. Neither she nor her brothers have drawn heavily on their parents, and they have always contributed to the family kitty. Even the twins at college did not give more distance from their parents—although the mint coin Betty hasn't bought has helped meet their tuition. During the two years Betty worked with RCA, she and Charlie, in the end, were not extravagant, but she still wasn't extravagant. She had a modest apartment in Chicago's Loop that she decorated herself. "I have a lot of experience in sewing and Betty goes to the limit. I explained, 'When I was a child, I won the state 4-H Club prizes for my string beans and for my own clothes that I made, and for card-playing games. The most important thing I ever bought myself was a portable sewing machine. That was in college, and I've been making my own clothes continuously since then. That's a point of pride. I love that it was a charming place. It was over a coffee shop and you had to walk through the shop to get to my apartment."
from her hands and mine," Betty adds. "The apartment turned out very nice, very charming. Everything was antique or secondhand. I couldn't view it as a point. Furnishings for the whole place cost me only a hundred and fifty dollars."

When Betty moved to New York's Greenwich Village this past spring, she brought along her tremendous collection of classical records and her library on the Civil War. Charlie kids that she's been trying to find a Civil War book in which the South wins. But Betty, explaining it accurately that her interest started in childhood: "I saw many beautiful Southern mansions. We lived in none, but mighty close by in our cabins. It was the old homes that stimulated my interest in the Civil War period."

Being engaged to a man who was usually half a continent distant, Betty had too much time to read. "The trouble with our romance," says Charlie, "was that we were never together more than a few days at a time. Neither of us could see any sense in starting off a marriage with that kind of handicap."

Betty and Charlie had hit it off well from the beginning. "We didn't even think anything personal the whole first year," he says now. "It was strictly business. But we worked so well together. And, the second summer I knew Betty, I invited her out on my boat. Well, she'd never been on a boat before, but again she was just a natural. She pitched right in—cooking, cleaning, sailing. It was obvious that she would make a wonderful first mate. I fell in love and renamed the boat the 'BeeJay.'"

But, once they realized they were in love, their romance got a bit rocky. "Being apart most of the time was terrible," Betty says. "Charlie was in Manhattan. The tension got so bad that, when we did get together, we were always under a strain the first day. The second day was fine. But, on the third, we'd be faced with separating again, and so it was a fight."

Charlie thinks it's just a matter of months before they're married. He knows he has a real find in Betty. "After all, I know enough about the business to know she has a great talent. And, when it comes to domestic virtues, she can't be beat. Even her cooking is great. She makes Southern-fried chicken as good as a Yankee. Her beef Stroganoff is angelic and her apple pie is downright sexy. And the way she does it! When she prepares the whole meal, serves it, eats with you—and has the table cleared off and the dishes washed and dried before you finish your coffee. Never say 'famine' again!"

Betty matches Charlie's enthusiasm when she talks about Charlie, and she notes that even her parents are crazy about him. Her parents still make their home in North Carolina, and today Jesse Johnson has a hundred-acre farm of his own, and a Cadillac instead of a model-A. Jesse Johnson is also a deejay on Station WDIX in Orangeburg and hasn't, by any means, given up singing. The Johnson Family has a standing invitation to appear on Ed Sullivan's show—and that includes Betty. They have a handsome album on the market, issued by Victor, named "Old Time Religion." This, too, includes Betty. Betty has always been close to the family and has particularly depended on her father for comfort and advice. She has always called on him when she's had a hard decision to make—which was the case recently, before quitting Don McNeill's Breakfast Club.

"I've wanted to study acting and dancing for a long time now," Betty explains. "I did work a couple of months on a radio serial, a couple of years back. But, when I decided to leave Chicago, I called Daddy. It had been wonderful experience being with Don McNeill two full years, and he's so great to work with. But I called Daddy about what I wanted to do, and he said, 'Well, Don likes you and you could stay on and it's great security.' So I want to go to New York.' So he said, 'Then do it now, rather than later.'"

Betty notes that her father shares her enthusiasm for Charlie. "What Charlie means to me I can best tell in Daddy's words. It came about after my first appearance on Ed Sullivan's show. That was before Christmas last year. It was a momentous evening for me. Sullivan inspires me—he's like a coach and I'm the team. Well, I thought the show went well and, a few days later, I had a letter from Daddy. He loves Charlie and I wasn't surprised at what he had to say. He told me first that I sounded and looked so good on the Sullivan show. He wrote, 'Sullivan must be a wonderful man to show your talents so well and you must be very fond of him. But remember one man you owe everything to—and that is Charlie Crean, because Charlie had faith in you. He's done the things for you I'd have done if I'd had his talent. You have his faith and love and you're a lucky girl.' And that, Betty concludes, "is hitting the nail on the head."

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**Vote For Your Favorites**

Each year TV Radio Mirror polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling will begin in the July issue and continue until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites win a Gold Medal.

**TV STARS and PROGRAMS**

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<th>Male Singer</th>
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**TV Husband and Wife Team**

Send your votes to TV Radio Mirror Awards, P.O. Box No. 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
day long, drew the kids from blocks around, with her pied-piper personality. The Funcilco lawn was soon the gathering place for the whole neighborhood.

Annette dreamed of becoming a famous dancer and so some day meeting a real movie star. But, in her wildest dreams, she never imagined that her some fifteen admirers would so quickly grow to be fifteen thousand fans spread across the country! Through the marvel of television—and the magic touch of Walt Disney—Annette surprisingly found herself the center of attention. She was a huge star, just a short year later, at the Foreign Press Awards presentation in the Cocoanut Grove, where Mr. Disney and his ABC-TV "Mouskeeteers" were involved.

Annette, the first of her name to be advertised in a four-color ad on the front page of the morning paper (and one of her first fans with whom she still stays in touch), "I have to come in and turn off the lights," says Mrs. Funcilco, "or Annette would be writing all night. There are some letters she will always answer, those from the deaf and mute, ill and injured, and letter writers who she feels need a friend.

She's sensitive to the feelings of others," Mrs. Funcilco adds. "Her brother, Joey, for example, is at that age where he's gotten a little heavy, and is frequently referred to as 'chubby.' But Annette would come to his aid, and saying, 'He's not chubby, he's husky—that's all.'"

On the other hand, Joe, at eleven, is at the age where he doesn't need anybody to fight his battles for him. He's finally a big fellow, and he doesn't want anybody to fight his battles for him. His older sister's stardom on the Mickey Mouse Club. But, on the surface, he is a cynic. His attitude is: Ah, dancing—so what! What did you do for me last season?" To Joey, success is measured by the number of yards you can hit a ball from home plate. Annette's mother and father feel just fine, however, because Joe's attitude helps keep Annette's feet on the ground, though they are quick to reassure her she doesn't need it. And she doesn't.

A more well-adjusted, ten-year-old brother would be hard to find. He happens a steady three-hours-a-day in the Disney Studio school, and is nearly a straight-A student in the following subjects: Algebra, English, Spanish, History, and Social Studies. Her teacher, Mr. Seamon, says, "Annette is aware . . . she's a sharp, a serious student." Annette's favorite subject is English. Why? "Because," she says, "it comes easy to me. I feel as though nouns and pronouns are friends of mine."

Among the Mouskeeteers, Annette's closest friends are, quite naturally, the boys and girls nearest her own age—Doreen Sharon, Bobby, Lonnie, and Tommy. Most of them are in the same class (one teacher to ten pupils). The Mouskeeteers are much like the famed French Musicians. They have great camaraderie. Their idea of a perfect day is not missing a single ride at the fun zone at the Ocean pier, spending the evening roasting marshmallows around the bonfire at the beach, all topped off, for the girls, by a pajama party at one of the girls' homes. At home, Annette is still the typical teenager. Her all-pink bedroom, her favorite room in the new house, is her domain. On the custom-designed dresser, you'll find a soft, plush copy of Photoplay to be an American Girl. Eighty bottles of perfume (gifts to her hobby collection from fans) rest on the dressing table. Behind the door she has the typical teenager's pin-ups: Elvis Presley—"He can really sing . . . he's different!" Tommy Sands—"He's the new Presley . . . isn't he cute?" Pat Boone—"He's married . . ."
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STREET

CITY

STATE

65
like wooden sticks stuck into small balls of yarn.

There was another night when Jack forgot to bring along one of the pegs to his marimba. He’d remembered the hammer that night, however, so—while some stout fellas from the audience held up one end of the marimba—Jack knew how to number the sticks, thought the whole thing was pretty hilarious. Jack recalls that it didn’t seem so funny to him at the time. And it certainly wasn’t amusing to his agent who booked him for the comedy act. His memory improved considerably after that one.

As soon as he was out of high school, Jack’s family started on him to get a college. To Norop Denney, the pert Port-land miss, one year his junior, he’d been courting for five years. He remembers the first time he ever laid eyes on her—as she rode the Ferris wheel at the Clack County Fairgrounds the summer she was thirteen. They had gone to different grammar schools, and so had never met before. Happily, Portland had only one junior high school, and one senior high school, which simplified things considerably. Of course Jack was in the senior high school, and Norma “played at” the drums. (She admits to this now, but she insists that she’d been excepted for concealing her lack of talent from the band director.) There were the usual trips to out-of-town football games, as well as the occasional basketball, baseball, and softball games.

On November 29, 1951, having reached the advanced age of nineteen, Jack was married in the Country Club and for the first time, he was home for a Sunday night. He was a bit rushed, and only decided to go home after the rehearsal of his orchestra. He had been summoned to a Sunday afternoon rehearsal of the orchestra, and had private instruction on the marimba. He’d report at school at eight o’clock each morning, and have classes until 4:30 each afternoon, five days a week. Then—unless it was his turn to stand watch—he’d have his weekends free to join Norma and Greg at their apartment in suburban Anacostia. As it happened, the band was in town in Washington that Jack met Alex Sheftell, who was later to become his manager. A group of Navy musicians were playing a benefit at a suburban Washington restaurant, and several of the guests, heard Jack play and became interested. Sheftell had never managed any talent before, and Jack admits now that he was frankly dubious about Alex’s ability to do all the things he promised. He need not have worried—Alex had a wide acquaintance in show business, and whatever he promised, he delivered.

By the time Jack was brought in by Dennis James’ television show, Chance Of A Lifetime, by a curious coincidence, the man hearing the auditions was Frank Reeves, who had also conducted the Horace Heidt orchestra for three years before Jack appeared there.

Subsequently, Jack appeared on Chance Of A Lifetime on three different occasions. He realized that the Welk show was on his third appearance. Being in the service, he couldn’t accept part of the prize—engagements at the Moulin Rouge and the Latin Quarter. But he could and did accept the ride in a car at night. He also got the $500 cash, and the Bigfoot trophy. On his final appearance, the band guests would have the opportunity to win the Bigfoot trophy. He didn’t accept it, but the Bigfoot trophy is still in his possession. Jack was able to win it three times. He also took home a golden elephant.

On the shows I did when I was still in high school, and even the appearances on the road with Horace Heidt,” he explains, “I had only two or three routines, and never had to bother to create more. But, for those Chance Of A Lifetime auditions, I saw the need to work up ideas which were more than just good—ideas which would win. I d’work five and six hours a day—altogether, I think, 2,000 hours in the three months. When I finally won, I realized I’d improved my act at least eighty percent, and had stimulated my thinking to the degree that ideas came more easily when I needed them. I’d told the others that I’d put in the time, and that jolt, I probably never have got where I am now!”

His training completed, Jack was transferred to San Diego, California, where he was attached to the Admiral’s Cruiser and Destroyer Band. In typical Navy-wife fashion, Norma trailed after him, and they were soon settled in an apartment in San Diego. Their second child, a daugh-ter, Debbie, was born in Balboa Hospital in San Diego.

In March 1955, Jack was first-place winner in an all-Navy talent contest, pitted against acts from all the naval districts in the world. His award was an appearance on Ed Sullivan’s all-Navy television show. Again, Jack had been spotlighted on Sullivan’s show, this time as third-prize winner of the annual Navy talent contest.

As the end of his tour of duty came into sight, Jack was faced with a terrific decision. He had been offered a spot in the Navy Band at Washington, D. C. This would mean that he and Norma would have to leave their home in Oregon. His wife, however, knew that he’d have a comfortable salary, and be eligible to retire, at thirty-eight, on a pension of three hundred dollars a month. He could take this, and the work was right for her. Or he could strike out on his own, and try for something more than just security. Jack decided to take the chance.

He made a try, first, for an audition with the Welk organization. He sent along a record of his marimba work, and was summoned to the Aragon ballroom to do his stuff in person. Of the forty-five entertainers who had been spotlighted in Jack’s Top Tunes and New Talent series, the show’s debut, Jack was the first to impress Welk to the extent that the band-leader was willing to add him to the established troupe.

Today, Lawrence Welk says, “I think Jack Imel is a fine young man and a credit to our orchestra. He’s a hard worker, lends variety to our show, and has unlimited talent.” Those behind the scenes say that Welk is particularly impressed by Jack’s down-to-earth approach to life. Having returned from his tour away from the marimba for ten years, he still practices daily as if he were a newcomer to the instrument. When the band rehearses at the Aragon ballroom on Tuesday nights he’s been known to stop, take his marimba off somewhere, shut the door, and get in some private practice.

Two days before his Navy duty officially ended, Jack was given a party in Washington, D. C. It’s a one-year contract—officially. But it’s a well-known fact that the Welk players have a way of sticking around as long as they are concerned. All of them.

The first Welk show on which Jack appeared created a mild sensation back in Portland, Indiana. Jack has enough relatives in that area to make up a respectable audience, all by themselves. His dad, "Hap" Imel, has a grocery store and meat market on Main Street, just across the
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Hillbilly Hero

(Continued from page 50) manages his framework with the easy grace of an ambling lion—but he maintains that he is poorly coordinated physically. . . . He married a beautiful and talented girl—yet he insists that he has always been "a square one." He's a master of hilarity—guaranteed to roll ticket-purchasers for the Warner Bros. film version of "No Time for Sergeants" with one well-chosen line, enacted for Elia Kazan's "A Face in the Crowd," is as "a guy that everybody said would make me hate myself before the picture was through." The graphic of his career would show a jet trail upward, as a result of his behavior as the Georgia hillbilly who de-moralized the U.S. Armed Forces in "No Time for Sergeants" on Broadway—and he's even formed his own production company, Mantee Productions (named for his home town in North Carolina)—but it's obvious he doesn't consider himself a "square one." He's under contract to Capitol Records—who will release four sides of "A Face in the Crowd" in July—but Andy still cannot think of himself as a plate of "sawdust and cornmeal." I guess, I'll make a record like Imaybe."

(above the spelling is correct. But, as Andy speaks the sentence, it comes out like this: "C-o-a-l-i, y-o-u, l-e-a, m-be-bbe.")

This list of contrasting elements, existing gene by chromosome in the Griffith makeup, could be extended for some distance. It is not only whether long or short haircut would be the same: Andy's essential ingredients make up a fascinating individual.

Born in a North Carolina city with the unlikely name of Mount Airy, Andy managed to get himself through high school undamaged, although he played Sousaphone and slide trombone in the school band. (Not simultaneously.) He also took bass in the school choruses, and dreamed of preparing himself for a career in opera. One method of preparation was to catch repeated on a white sheet in the picture, "A Night at Carnegie Hall," singing the great operatic role of Boris Godunov. That, thought baritone-basso Andrew Griffith,

After high-school days, Andy continued his education at the University of North Carolina, where he majored in music, inevitably encountering such cultural sacred cows as "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," the "Swan Lake" ballet, and "Carmen." Yet, as he became familiar with story and/or music, the clown side of his sin-cere, almost solemn, nature backed him up to take liberties with the classics. Occasionally, he undertook to "explain" one of the stories—in a sorghum accent.

Actually, Andy didn't think much of his laments—"It seemed it ordered others to be a rare talent. In his opinion, it was merely college hijinks. Yet, while he was teaching at Goldsboro High School, Andy went to the theater to be taking the study of drama with Ainslee Pryor, who was a director of the Raleigh Little Theater. Andy told himself he was doing it for the fun of it—his career—but because he felt that any pointers he could pick up from Mr. Pryor would be useful when, as a harried music prof, he found himself serving as referee in an assault upon Gilbert & Sullivan by teenage glee clubs.

Came a day, one spring, when the Chapel Hill Choral was preparing a presentation of Haydn's "The Seasons," and was auditioning singers. Someone asked Andy,

"Have you heard Bobby Edwards sing?" "Now there's a voice!"

Andy thought it over for a moment, then admitted, "I don't know him. I don't know any Bobby Edwards."

"Well, right here's Bobby Edwards," chuckled Andy's informant. "The 'Bobby' is short for 'Barbara,' and she's quite a gal." "What's her voice?" Andy wanted to know. "Oh, I'm trying to be conned in admiration sight unseen and sound unheard. He was told that Barbara's voice was a dramatic soprano, and that she had taken her M.B. degree at the College at Spartanburg, South Carolina.

"From then on it developed like a 1930 movie," admits Andy.

Like this: One afternoon, Andy and Carl Perry (tenor) were loitering around the rehearsal hall when Carl announced be-latedly, "By the way, there goes Bobby Edwards."

All that was to be seen was a pair of shapely underpinnings, taking her own way at the same time in a matching sweater and skirt (trim), and a mass of shining brown hair worn in a long bob. Naturally, Andy remembered the hair. That evening, Andy's ex-wife remembered the voice, as well—probably forever—when he heard her sing in rehearsal a few days later. With all speed—taking into consideration a certain Dixi—deliberation and checking Andy, Barbara Edwards was Bobby Edwards to his guest at a coffee break. This led to other coffee breaks, to dinner, to moonlight conferences, to love. After the summer, Andy, who had spent his summers on Roanoke Island, appearing in Paul Green's "The Lost Colony," traditional presentation of the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonization attempt. In the summertime revue-mime and Barbara Andy signed a teaching contract for the ensuing year. Abruptly, it seemed a fine idea to get married. On a summer's Saturday morning, Andy and Barbara went folk and selected her wedding gown—a rust silk afternoon frock with matching hat, shoes, and gloves. For Andy, they selected the traditional navy blue. Andy was spending off, on Mondays, the ceremony was celebrated at eleven o'clock on the morning of August 22, 1949. There was no problem of church or minister, Andy himself—never having heard the "Ave Maria" on his vibraharp. As Andy recalls it: "You wouldn't expect a vibraharp to be effective—or maybe even ecological—there are never any harps. And the 'Ave Maria' played with greater solemnly. It was the sort of thing you can never forget."

The ensuing three years were both blissful and troubled. Blissful, as the early years of a highly compatible marriage must always be. Troubled, because Andy felt, in the depths of his conscientious soul, Andy began needing the great-teacher and teaching high-school music. "It takes talent to be a good teacher," he says, respect in his tone. "I knew my subject, but that was one half of my passion on my knowl-edge. There were some gifted kids in my classes, and I felt they were entitled to the best possible instruction. Well, I didn't feel I was the best possible instructor."

Day after day, month after month, Andy and Barbara discussed their quandary. At length they hit upon an idea: Why not go into business for themselves, capitalizing on their singing ability? Why not put to use their excellent training, plus Andy's flair for comedy? There was a market: Throughout the South there were civic groups needing an act or two to enliven a social evening. Why not provide it?

They borrowed a thousand dollars, made a four-hundred-dollar down payment on a station wagon, and moved to a house having a room remote enough from neighbors to make rehearsal possible without disturbing them. Together with the capital, they invested in five hundred brochures, on the cover of which appeared the legend: "Unique Entertainment by Barbara and Andy Griffith.

Their first professional appearance was before the Ashboro, North Carolina Rotary Club on October 28, 1952, and consisted of art songs by Barbara, comic monologues by Andy. The take was seventy-five dollars, of which fifteen went to their accompanist.

Favorable word of Griffith-type entertainment spread. Andy's proficiency on the guitar increased and his repertoire of monologues was expanded. In a hillbilly accent that could have been cut out with a razor-blade and pasted on his face, Andy addressed his audiences—much as he had done in college—the highly involved plots of such venerable classics as "Romeo and Juliet," "The Pirate," "The Squirrel," he art of playing football, and "Hamlet."

After some eighteen months of guitar barn-storming, Andy was placed under contract by Capitol Records and waxed under the very novel title of an extended exhibition entitled "What It Was—Was Football." More than eight hundred thousand customers applauded his effort by buying this disc to smooth out his "wrestling." That success ended Andy's trips to homeboy gatherings and started him zooming on the night-club circuit. Such a move was supposed to represent a rump unittest on the ladder, a success, but there were times when Andy was convinced that it was more like being put through the wringer.

He was spotted on the Ed Sullivan Show and Andy, according to Andy, "I was a big How-ee-oo. I laid a real bad egg." Analysis of his failure to win friends and influence applause on the Sullivan show has showed that Andy, perhaps, was the first in the Sullivan studio audience wasn't adequate-ly hip to Shakespeare to appreciate a parody. Or perhaps it was so conservative that it resented the Griffith liberties taken with monotonous of English literature. More reasonable is the suspicion that, when Andy Griffith—a handsome, blue-eyed, toupee-headed hunk of personality—came onto the stage—Andy—perhaps, instead of onto the stage, was expected to render some maple-sugar love song. No one was prepared for a murderously witty parody delivered in a backwoods drawl.

There were other frustrations, other problems. In Birmingham, Alabama, one evening, a porty lady—turned 100-proof sentimental by certain beverages—made horseplay with her fist and announcing in the dialect that Andy was using, "I just wanna tell you . . . I just wanna shay . . . " She took up a position on the steps, and Andy went into a revue of "I've Been Sorry," "In the Pines," to—all, change the subject.

Sometimes the frustrations of show business were funny rather than painful. On one occasion, Andy found himself billed with a stripacte ater. There was the news on the marquee: "9—Beautiful Girls —9."

By that time, Andy had acquired a following of youngsters, some of high-
school age—whose mortal combat with English Lit courses had given Andy hero status because of his jousts with the classics—and some even younger, who merely enjoyed guitar, dialect, and the sense of fun intrinsic in Andy's act.

Andy went to the management, diffidently, and explained that he couldn't appear with strippers. Everybody had to make a living in accordance with his talent and energy, he conceded, but his conscience wouldn't permit him to attract youngsters to entertainment that would not be approved (although possibly indulged in) by their elders. "I was real embarrassed," Andy remembers.

His protests were forwarded to his booking agent, and thereafter Andy has found himself sharing the boards only twice with 15—Beautiful Girls—15. Friends say that nothing is ever lost on Mr. Griffith: In the midst of a trusted and sophisticated group, Andy has been known to provide a quakingly funny travesty of the striptease without removing so much as his sports coat.

When Andy read Mae Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants," he got in touch with Hyman to request permission to incorporate one of the more hilarious passages in his night-club act. Inevitably, this represented one of those happy juxtapositions of player, period, and vehicle. Andy Griffith was the perfect person to bring to life the Georgia hillbilly, and the triple arts of stage, film and TV could well agree that "No Time for Sergeants" was a vehicle perfect for all three.

Oddly enough, Andy seemed to fit into many other garments in addition to khaki. Even before "Sergeants" was launched, an actor named Robert Armstrong listened one night to a lament from Elia Kazan. Where, Mr. Kazan wondered, could he find a big, blond, blustering hillbilly—with sensitivity—to star in a segment from Budd Schulberg's novel, "Faces in a Crowd"? (The story was titled originally "Your Arkansas Traveler," but its film version was to be called "A Face in the Crowd").

"Easy," said Mr. Armstrong. "Andy Griffith could do it."

Which brings us full circle to Andy's first picture, to be followed by "Sergeants," to be followed (everyone believes) by a long and satisfying career in TV, in theater, and on film and records.

The problems will continue, of course. Andy says that any success demands that a man take stock of himself regularly to make sure that he is keeping his basic values. A degree of unvarying normality, he believes, is the basis for all personal happiness. "Keeping basic values and remaining normal will be easy—or at least easier for me than for some—because I'm fundamentally lazy. It takes lots of energy to go completely haywire."

Another safety measure is the fact that Andy enjoys people, mobs of people or minor numbers—it doesn't matter—but only in job context. His working associations are felicitous, his professional personality delightful. But he loathes the social scene. He abhors large parties, benefits, galas. He has to be dragged to premieres, and he leaves as quickly as courtesy will permit. "Barbara has trouble with me," he admits. "You should hear her say, 'Now Andy... ?'

Mr. Griffith's idea of a fine evening is one of reading while a hi-fi set plays suitable music, or one of joining a few friends having a community of interest. Informality and fellowship are probably the keynotes of Andy's social ideal.

A quick check will indicate that this attitude is about par for American husbands. In brief, Andy Griffith is the All-American Boy, Southern Division.
All the Things You Are

(Continued from page 48)

four weeks later! My family thought he was wonderful. So, of course, did I.

It was a lovely wedding. Rosemary's mother had passed on after a long illness, but her mother's sister, Mrs. Percy Johnston, and her uncle offered their house for the wedding—the same house from which Rosemary's mother had been married and where Rosemary was now living. Even the decorations were the same. There was bitter-sweet in the memories, but mostly there was warmth and tenderness to overshadow any sadness.

"Jack and I both love our families," says Rosemary, "and have learned to appreciate them even more since some members have passed on. His folks live only a short drive away and my relatives are not far—my Aunt Belle Johnston, now a widow, my father, my sister and brother. There are several groups of young people in our area, too, and we get together a great deal. With both of us so busy, and with so many people whose companionship we enjoy, the weeks just fly by."

Their ranch house, which sort of ramblers up a hill, was built with seven rooms, but the Merrells have added three extra rooms in the basement. There's a room for barbeque parties, done in knotty pine like the others and decorated in red and yellow, and a long picnic table and benches. A ping-pong room, where they entertain their ping-pong club. A small lounge and bar, with tables and divans along the wall for informal serving, and where guests can watch Jack's collection of many kinds of exotic and beautiful fish swimming about in mammoth and handsome tanks.

The rest of the house is more formal, but still gay and bright with color, and everywhere there are the Oriental touches that satisfy something in Rosemary's soul. (She isn't sure just what it is, but only that she has always loved beautiful art objects from the East and longed to own a few of them.) There are some fine Chinese tapestries and rare bits of ornament, and even the dull gingham and gold pattern of the foyers wallpaper has this Oriental feeling.

The big living room is mostly eighteenth-century traditional, and gracious, with Rosey's baby grand piano—a birthday gift from Jack two years ago—over in one corner. She describes herself as "only a fair musician, who loves to play the piano a little, and also the accordion," but the piano has been a stimulus to continued practice.

The den is filled with Early American antiques, the kitchen is desert pink, the parlor room in chestnut with pink linen and pink wrought-iron furniture. The upstairs are three bedrooms, in such unique and lovely colorings as burnt lemon and aqua. One is Rosey's Valentine Room, so-called because she decorated it in red and white, with little hearts.

"I love our house so much that I make a tour every morning before I leave," she admits. "Our room is different. Each looks beautiful to us, probably because we started without one thing and picked the furnishings, piece by piece, with loving care. Everything has a special meaning for us now."

When you ask Rosemary how she manages to keep a house so spic and span with only the help of a cleaning woman, and do all the cooking, too, she laughs. "I run. All the time. I usually get up at 6:45 and get home just in time to do any marketing necessary and to have dinner on the table by 6:30. Poor Jack—he used to sit before the fire for hours and hours while I learned to assemble a dinner, but now I have learned to plan better. When he is away, I eat with friends, if I'm not too late or too early. I'm a good cook and I do one day a week to myself, but it doesn't always work out that way. I do my housework in bits, a little whenever I have time. We would like to own a dog, but we're away so much and an animal would be terrible. I did have a Siamese cat we called Minute—but cats get lonely, too."

Rosemary has always been a busy little girl, on the spiritual as well as the social, and rose started in high school, in Montclair, New Jersey, where she was born. As a member of a dramatic group, she was singled out by a friend of playwright George S. Kaufman and was soon of note in a teenage role in a Kaufman-produced play called "Franklin Street." Unfortunately, it closed in Washington, D. C., before coming to New York, but now playwright Moss Hart had seen her, and he put her in "Junior Miss." That ran about a year. Then Mr. Kaufman cast her in a play written by Gypsy Rose Lee, "The Nymph," in which Joan Blondell starred. By this time, Rosemary was attending the Professional Children's School in New York, playing in summer stock when she wasn't on Broadway, and had, all told, become a full-fledged professional actress.

Rosemary's mother was never quite sure that acting was a career for any daughter of hers—especially when the play had a run. "But this time the family went along with Rosie's ambitions, and her Aunt Belle encouraged her, believing that young people should have the chance to do what they really wanted to do."

"By 1944, when I opened in 'Dear Ruth' on Broadway," Rosemary recalls, "my mother was so ill that she was in a hospital, and I didn't know where she was in the opening night. She had asked to be brought in an ambulance, and had to be taken back immediately after the performance. I was so proud when I was told she had been there, and I am sure it made her happy. It was the last time she saw me perform, and a little later she passed on. My Aunt Belle was just wonderful. I was playing in 'Dear Ruth.' I was also doing some radio work, and my aunt used to sit in the car and wait for me and whisper me off to the theater in time."

With H. J. Foy's help, and the help of others in her family who loved and believed in her, and the help of many friends she had now made in the theater, Rosemary was able to plan and do her work. She is as honest with herself as she is with others, and she faced the fact that an actress doesn't find much economic security in the legitimate theater. She realized she had to do something else, and she wanted to be sure there would be a place for her to keep on using it, so radio seemed more and more attractive and seized upon a campaign to get known in radio circles.

"Over a period of time I bought many pairs of tickets for 'Dear Ruth,' sending them to producers and directors of radio shows with my compliments, and suggesting they might be interested. I never knew whether my first program, Grand Central Station, was a direct result of my campaign, but I think it was an indirect one. I picked up the camera and used the camera and opportunities did begin to open. I played a Saturday radio show for eight years, 'The Adventures Of Archie Andrews,' which had many dramatic parts on radio, and not for one week since my bold campaign have I ever been out of work. Like other radio performers, I made the step into television—probably more easily than some, because of my stage background."

Although she seemed destined from the first to be the rebellious teenager, Jill, who would learn about success, and family loyalty, it was months after reading for the part before she was finally chosen for Young Dr. Malone. One actress after another was tried, and later rejected, before the character qualities the role demanded. In mind that seemed elusive when they tried to pin them down to any one person. Only Sandy Becker, who is Dr. Jerry Malone himself, and picked Jill from the start.

"You're Jill," he kept saying to her. By the time everyone else was agreeing with him, he just smiled and said, "Didn't I tell you I picked the right one?"

"Radio and television have given me roots," Rosemary says now. "I really grew up on Mama. I loved the show from the first moment, and never dreamed it would have such a success. I was just so proud to be in it. We are like a real family by now."

"As Jill in Young Dr. Malone, I have another family. Sandy Becker has been just delightful to work with. When I wander, who knows, it is Tracey. I love the talk of hospitals and

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medicine. I think I have always been a
little in awe of the medical profession,
and when I was single I was attracted
to young doctors. I did volunteer work in
Roosevelt Hospital in New York and
sometimes I almost wished I had become
a doctor.

Until the time of her marriage, Rose-
mary went to New York University early
mornings before rehearsals and early eve-
nings several times a week. She found
herself learning her lines for the show in
class, and doing her class homework at the
studio. But, in spite of the confusion
of interests, she loved it all, loved to study,
used to be so pleased when "Mama" and
"Papa," as she fondly calls her TV parents,
liked her compositions, or when Sandy
Becker, her "other father," congratulated
her on her marks.

Now, of course, it's her personal life
that comes first, although she can't imag-
ine any life that doesn't include her
work as an actress. "Jack is so willing to
let me be a person," she points out. "An-
individual, and an actress, as well as his
wife. I have always believed it is hard
for anyone out of our profession to marry
someone in it, but Jack makes it easy.
Most men I knew before him showed some
jealousy of my devotion to my work and
the way it took my time. Some men don't
like to have a wife who can earn a fair
amount, believing that this takes away their
own prestige. We haven't built up any
such problems.

"Jack is proud of me, I believe, but not
too proud. He makes it plain that he is
more proud of me as a person than as an
actress, proud that I have the ability to
work hard for what I want. When he gets
a certain twinkle in his eye, I realize that
he thinks I'm getting a little 'upstage' and
I snap right out of it. He's the most well-
adjusted person I know, without a trace of
sham."

They both worry about the state of the
world and what may happen, and they
both realize that each day should be lived
to its fullest. Both have a sense of humor,
both know that everything cannot always
be perfect—so they strive to make it as
perfect as possible, here and now.

"I like getting older, because I get hap-
pier every year," Rosie says. "I have a
husband, a home, and I hope someday to
have children. It's wonderful to have a
career, too—to create, to use what I have
learned during these past years. But I
have also learned how important a per-
sonal life is to a woman."

When Rosemary and Jack were married,
Ralph Nelson (then the director of the
Mama show) and his wife Barbara an-
nounced they had arranged to have all the
whistles in New Jersey blow at the mo-
ment the wedding began. Sure enough,
this minister had just started the ceremony
when suddenly it seemed as if every siren
in the state began to shriek. What the
two had forgotten was that this was Sat-
urday noon, when the air raid sirens
and the warning whistles are always tested.
It almost broke them up!

"Now, when Jack and I hear the sirens
scream, we look at each other and laugh.
'Must be a wedding somewhere,' we say."

The whistles are still blowing, the bells
are still ringing for Rosemary Rice Mer-
rell—the way she hopes they will ring,
joyously, in the future of Young Dr. Ma-
alone's teen-aged daughter Jill.
Faith had the Answer

(Continued from page 29)

"We'll get a wheelchair for you," the sister said firmly to the woman. Poor thing, she thought. She probably doesn't realize how hard she worked. And she's so young—in her twenties. But God must have His own reasons for summoning her.

It was how close to death Mrs. Bill Lundigan was, three years ago. At the time, Bill Lundigan—your host on Shower Of Stars and Climax!, the Chrysler Corporation shows—had only recently completed making a picture, "Terror Ship," in London.

Bill didn't know how close to true terror he and his wife, Rena, were to come in those days at first thought. They had gone to Paris and Rome in a holiday mood. A few signs of illness which Rena showed had disturbed their Paris holiday, but they had hoped it was just a passing thing. Th. in Rome, she had become deathly sick.

Whenever the hospital rules permitted, Bill was by Rena's side. Between visits to bed and bedding, he kept a watchfulness in the chapel of the hospital, praying that God spare Rena, if it was His will.

Rena's blood count was down to 44. According to the doctors, even a blood count of 44, she should have been dead. Somehow, through Bill's faith and her own, and with the help of the greatest of all Physicians, she survived.

In Rome, she gave her consent to the transfusions of blood. The doctors said she needed an operation, but they couldn't operate on her until they got her blood count up to at least 70. To reach that goal, they operated on her in the hospital in Rome. But, when Rena learned that she would have a long convalescence, she implored the doctor to let her go back to Los Angeles for the surgery. Finally, he gave her consent.

"The doctor," Bill told me, "was taking one of the greatest chances a medical man ever took. For going back to the United States meant flying at a height of 22,000 feet to California. If Rena had started again to lose blood on the plane, where could we have gone for help? At 22,000 feet above the ground, how are you going to get to a hospital?"

We were sitting in the living room of the Lundigans' modest but charming Benedict Canyon home, built in simple French Normandy style.

"It was Bill who took the greatest chance," said Rena simply. Her happy, healthy face shone with the light of fulfillment. This is the way a woman looks when her dearest dreams have come true.

Rena's hair was the glossy dark brown of perfect health, and her brown eyes danced impishly. Today, things are a far cry, at the Lundigans', from what they were three years ago.

Let us understand that Bill Lundigan would have been able to endure the anguish of those days, if it had not been for his deep, abiding faith in God. "Faith, as I've said before, is a percentage of the happiness Rena and I have found with each other, and with Stacey." Stacey is the two-year-old bewitching bundle of energy whom Bill and Rena adopted about a year ago. She is some twenty pounds and about thirty-four inches of sheer enchantment, with reddish-blond hair, blue eyes that change in different lights but look very like Bill's, and a temperamental which seems a composite of both Bill's and Rena's.

The little house in Benedict Canyon is filled with the presence of Stacey. There's her photograph over the fireplace, right through the most harrowing experience, and your spirit and courage and sanity will survive. The Lundigans have parlayed faith, love and laughter into true happiness, and the doctors, if they followed the smart little ones who would know was just right for her to wear Stacey might really have come from the Emerald Isle.

Actually, when the Lundigans first beheld her, she looked altogether different. Instead of looking like a rosy-cheeked colleen, she was all eyes and ears, thin and flat-chested. Bill, who was a bald spot in back which might have been caused by hours and days and weeks of lying in a crib, with no close by to pick her up and fondle her. Of course, the child was brought to the agency, but she had been there only a couple of weeks—not nearly long enough for the sisters there to give her the feeling, the sense of belonging.

"I'd always pictured a blue-eyed blonde," Rena admits. "And there was Stacey, with straight darkish hair. She was very appealing, a mystery, a sense of her face. She looked as if she didn't give a hoot."

The Lundigans looked at each other. The Mother Superior said, "Why don't you take three or four weeks to forever it over?"

"We don't want time to think it over," said Rena. "That's right," said Bill. For two years, they had been searching for a baby girl. They hadn't wanted an infant, but a child who might sometimes be able to travel with Bill, who covers 125,000 miles a year on his good-will tours for Chrysler Corporation. Bill had sometimes seemed as if they'd never get the baby they wanted. This was the first baby girl old enough to travel with Bill and Rena, on at least some of his expeditions.

"Let's be honest about it," says Rena.

"It wasn't that we had an instantaneous feeling of great love for Stacey. But she was available."

"We didn't take her because she was the loneliest child we'd ever seen, but in spite of it. Bill adds, with that almost painless honesty of his, leaning over backward, so he won't be credited with "noble" motives. "Let's get one thing straight. Nobody was doing anybody any great favor. Least of all, were we doing anybody any other way round. The God bless us by giving her to us."

The Lundigans were not quite sure what to do with their new daughter, named Anastasia, after his grandmother. Anastasia is also a saint's name. Rena, who dislikes nicknames, wanted a name that could often be her, the nickname. She'd always liked the name Stacey. They compromised. The baby was named Anastasia—Stacey, for short.

Stacey thrived on love. With the passing of months, her hair turned lighter, her figure a little fuller, though she's small-boned and will never be chubby. After a trip to Honolulu, her hair even turned curly. This was such a phenomenon that friends have asked Rena what she did to
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OH, MY ACHING BACK

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Bill has never been known to speak much or two about his service with the Marines. When eager-beaver press agents or reporters have asked him to discuss his war adventures, he has politely refused. He feels that he didn't do anything important and should do—and he's not going to do any flag-waving about it.

Most writers about Hollywood claim that Bill was more or less typical American, exactly like your next door neighbor and mine. But the truth goes much deeper than that. The Lundigans have proved themselves extraordinary people, raising themselves above "typical" experience in the way they have faced both tragedy and joy with a valiant, undefeated spirit. Watching Bill over your TV set, then into your living room as the friendly host of Climax! and Shower Of Stars, you are welcoming someone with a much deeper faith—and a brighter sense of humor—than most people have ever developed.

Take, for instance, the Lundigan love story. It might have happened to anyone—but not in just the way that the Lundigans have handled it.

The first time they met, they were introduced by friends at Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles. Rena was sixteen years old and the kind of child, she confesses, "who wore braces on her teeth and no make-up. I was anything but precocious. I had no romantic ideas about movie actors. I'd liked Bill's personality on the screen but I thought he was just another Hollywood actor."

"Thanks for the word actor," Bill grins.

"I didn't really expect him to pay any attention to me," Rena confesses, "but I thought he could have been a little more polite. It seemed to me that he gave me an awfully fast brush-off. At that time I thought he had some warmth on the screen, but not much warmth off it. Frankly, I thought he was conceited.

Bill's memory of that first meeting is very, very vague. However, he was older than Rena, considered himself a mature type, and presumably dismissed her from his mind as a child.

Four years passed before they met again. This time, Rena was no longer the kind of young woman who could be easily dismissed from anyone's mind. The braces were gone, the dark hair grew lustrous. Her blue dress brought out the sparkle of her eyes. She was vivacious, attractive, a challenge to any man.

She wrote to Rena, Virginia, to visit her friends, Leonard Lee, a captain in the Marine Corps, and his wife.

Bill wasn't sit still for any moonlight or rose or soft music, when you discuss his romance, he'll sit for is his masculine admission, "There must have been a pretty vital attraction."

You ask hopefully, "Was it love at second sight?"

Rena laughs. "I don't know whether Bill loved me or not, but he certainly liked my convertible! His car was on the Pacific Coast, and when he was transferred to Quantico to Washington, D. C. by train he was like traveling by train during Civil War days—so slow it was murder. And Bill loved to travel to Washington. So we used my car. We went together for about a month."

During that month, Bill told Rena that she was spoiled. It made no impression then—but now, looking back upon her past life, she admits she had been spoiled. All her life, she'd had her own way. Bill was the first person who didn't let her have it. "It took a lot of years to change me," she admits. "I guess that secretly I liked his masterful ways. Or perhaps I was just stunned. One day he decided he'd drive my car. He didn't ask... he just drove it."

"It was a matrimony brought about by 'mutual antagonism,'" Bill chuckles. Then, more seriously, he adds, "All around us, young people of eighteen or nineteen, caught up in war emotions, were rushing off to get married. I was almost thirty-one. Our feeling for each other was much more serious than just war-emotion excitement.

Perhaps they would have married then and there but Bill had to go overseas on six hours' notice.

"Rena saved my life by writing to me regularly while I was overseas," he says— and behind the flippant words is real emotion.

One of the greatest links with the peaceful world he'd left behind was Rena. No matter whether his letters reached her or not—and usually they didn't—she wrote him regularly, pouring out her thoughts, her emotions, her beliefs, in a way that stirred him with the knowledge that she was the girl for him. Now he knew for sure that, if he survived the war, he would want her to be his wife.

Neither of them remembers the exact time or place of their engagement. But they'll never forget the wedding on August 18, 1945. By this time, Bill was considered a pretty important Hollywood star, and photographers and newspapermen would have loved a tip-off on where and when he was going to get married. Bill wanted none of that Hollywood hoopla. To avoid it, he didn't let her know when he was going to get married at Huntington Beach. No newspaper men were informed; no photographers called in.

"In fact," laughs Rena, "Bill was so determined not to get publicity out of our wedding that he forgot to call in a local photographer, to take a photo for the family album. So we have none of the wedding. My family was unable to come, but looked forward to getting a photo, at least. When they learned we hadn't taken one, they were very disappointed."

Of course, we don't have any photographs taken of Rena on another important occasion—when she wore one of the most beautiful gowns ever designed for her—a dark green ballroom dress with an magnificent train and a big bow of made of an unusual Italian material. This was the gown she wore at the President's Inaugural. Bill selected it from a group of dresses specially made for her by for her by Stacey from me to Rena or from Rena to me," Bill grins.

Rena was with some friends who had to leave early to fly to Detroit. Not wishing to sit alone in the box, she went up to her room, took off the gorgeous gown, sat around in her robe, waiting for Bill. When he finally came upstairs, her eyes were drooping, tears of fatigue sliding down her face. Bill smiled and said, "By the way, darling, how did you look in that dress?"

To this day, he hasn't seen Rena in it. The Lundigans have been devoting their spare time to Stacey that Rena wouldn't dream of wasting precious time parading in the gown for Bill's inspection.

Currently, it's very obvious that the real ruler of the Lundigan household is little Stacey. The real Anastasia may have had difficulty proving she was a member of Russia's royal family, but this picturesque, nine-year-old girl is definitely getting everyone to treat her as a princess.

Practically every day is Christmas at the Lundigan household. At Christmas time, little Stacey is showered with more gifts than a quiz contest contestant. Among last year's gifts were a pink and white tricycle from a close friend of the Lundigans, and a miniature pink-and-white Plymouth convertible. "I'm going to drive, presented by Byron Avery, head of West Coast promotion for Chrysler."

"Sometimes friends ask Rena, "Is Stacey impressed by this?"
"I take her shopping and see can she see her father performing on TV?"

"No," laughs Rena. "She takes it for granted."

The first time Stacey saw Bill on TV, he was away on a trip, and she was feeling disconsolate because she hadn't been permitted to accompany him. She missed him very much. Then, suddenly, she was greeted by the sight of Stacey on the TV screen, as the by sound of his voice. She began hunting everywhere for him, even under the TV set.

Now that Bill was on TV, he was in the room. Hastily, she patted the TV image on the cheek, then hurried over to Bill's lap, and patted his cheek. On the whole, she showed a distinct preference for the fellow on the TV screen, and Clancy has no possible sit on the lap of a TV picture?"

Among Stacey's endearing habits is that of taking dollar bills out of her purse and distributing them to Bill. "How in the world did you train her to do that?" one friend asked Bill admiringly.

Recently, Bill was given a certificate by American Airlines stating that he is an Admiral. Clancy has this, in honor of his many travels by plane for Chrysler. "I really ought to give the certificate to Stacey," he smiles "I think she has traveled much more than I ever have. There's not much doubt about it—Stacey's the Admiral from whom the Lundigans take their orders."
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST
(Continued from page 11)

million-selling record "Teen-Age Crush," being chased up the sales ladder by his newest, "Ring-A-Ding-Ding-A-Ding," which looks like it will set the million-mark sales bell a-ringing, too. On the strength of his new national prominence, Tommy has moved out of the small Hollywood apartment he shared with his mother, Grace, and they have found a new home in Brentwood. . . . Who else is moving? George Montgomery and Dinah Shore, celebrating the first birthday of their new Beverly Hills home, are building a newer place in the hills—so the children will have more children of their own age to play with. . . . And in June, Grouch is moving into his new place in the hills above B.H. . . . And Tic Tac Dough, having found a new night-time home in this country, also found a home in England. The quiz's TV counterpart overseas will be known as Naughts And Crosses.

Music Memos: Lawrence Welk, always a man to encourage saving and thrift among his bandmen, was delighted when announcer Myron Frenon started the Champagne Club's Investment Fund for the band several years ago. Each member contributed a portion of his weekly earnings, and this in turn was invested in the club's behalf. Recently, a special dinner-meeting of the club celebrated its earning of $2,500 on their investment, which then totaled $20,000. Now, that's what we call sweet music. . . . Other dividends in the Welk band: Larry Dean, vocalist, and his wife Alice expect a second baby next November. Larry will celebrate his 21st birthday, a new baby, and a new home all within a few months. . . . Elvis, move over, here comes Ricky—Nelson, that is. Ricky, the youngest son of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, has started on a new career. And, from all reports, he sings a mean song. In fact, Verve Records, with whom he's signed, says Ricky promises to sing up a storm. Says Ricky, "This singing man, this is the life for me!" Maybe we can get Ozzie, Harriet, and David to join in a little four-part harmony. Mom and dad were musical before they were16.

Dinah and George Montgomery want something finer for Missy and Jody.
My 13 Years With Jerry Lewis

(Continued from page 53)

York or Los Angeles. I've made so many round trips I know now to ask for a seat on the right or the left side of the plane, depending on which direction I'm headed, so I avoid sitting in the sun the whole trip. 

I lived a lot of years in a one-room house in the woods, spend the weekend at home with the children—and, on Monday morning, I'm flying again, headed back to Jerry. 

When Jerry's in Las Vegas, I spend all mondays in the air than I do on the ground. I fly home Friday afternoon, pick up the children, and fly back to Las Vegas with them that evening. The five of us would go to a different restaurant every night. 

I always thought it was my job to splash money. May be that I'm there to watch over them. It's a good thing I like flying and the delicious food they always serve. I can sneak in a snooze or catch up on my reading—and I'm soon on the ground again.

This flitting about the country is very exciting, because I get a chance to meet new people. But most importantly, I have the chance to share in Jerry's happiness doing the work he loves so much. Naturally, I love putting around my house in the Pacific Palisades, but the house means nothing to me without my husband. However, when he and the children and I are all together in our beautiful home, then my world is complete!

When Jerry is playing a date in New York, for instance, we take a small apartment at the Essex House. It has a tiny kitchen, and I bought an electric frying pan so we could cook all our meals in the apartment. From the last show, I fix up some scrambled eggs, or Jerry's favorite tomato and cheese sandwiches, and we make like newlyweds all over again. This last time, before I left Jerry and the boys to go mole hill chasing with the children, I cooked up a big caserole of chicken the way he likes it best. I left it in the refrigerator, so that, when he got home, it would be piping hot. I'm sure he enjoyed his after-show snack just as he likes it, even though I wasn't there.

A lot of people have made comments, both in jest and in earnest, about how I shouldn't "mother" Jerry so much. This always makes me smile a little. If folks would just think a bit, they'd realize that, in any successful marriage, the wife does a lot of the work without any thanks. To make ends meet, Jerry and I invested a lot of time and money in the children.

One of the responsibilities of any mother—which is to see that her "offspring" grows self-sufficient and able to meet life head-on by himself. This is not easy, believe me. The fact that Jerry has matured to a man so capable is a source of pride to me. Not that it's all due to my direction—actually, only a very small part is. But the major part is my husband. My children are a source of pride, but I can take credit for the fact that he is a man.

Even more satisfying, I realize this fact, and realizes what part I played in his maturing. His giving me credit, and not taking me for granted, makes it all very, very worth while.
with when Jerry's playing a date somewhere... actually, they're generally quite comfortable, even luxurious. I don't mind sitting backstage in the drafty wings while he does a show—this is a thrill which will never wear thin for me. The only heart-ache for me is having half of me, my children, separated for any length of a continent. And at a time in their lives when every minute away from them means I'm missing some of the fun of watching them grow up, and you have to go too fast as it is, these days, without your missing great chunks of their life, as I must.

But Jerry needs me—and when I do come home, after taking the children for a while, I still feel like half a person, wanting to be where he is. I tell you, it could tear you in two, if you'd let it!

The boys are getting old enough now that they don't have to be gone when he's gone. The last time I flew back to New York to join Jerry, after spending a weekend with the boys, Gary (who's eleven and a-half now) handed me an envelope and said, "I wrote Dad a note. Will you give it to him?" I promised that I would and, since it was sealed, I didn't read it but handed it over to Jerry. Later, he called me over to the desk. I thought poor Dad would weep when he finished reading the note, so painstakingly written in Gary's still unformed scrawl. It was all about how he missed his dad, but how he knew Gary was going to be away from home to make our living. And it wound up: "But no matter how far away you are, somehow I feel you are always near me."

Everyone always comments on Gary's resemblance to Jerry. That resemblance is more than physical—Gary is a terrific ham, "onstage" every chance he gets. He has a wonderful sense of humor, and I'll admit he's clowned his way out of some discipline due him, now and then. Ronnie (now seven) is very different—we like to think he's the 'stubborn' of our trio. In the curious way adopted children often have, of becoming like their adoptive parents, he is beginning to look a little like Jerry, too. And he tries so hard to be the comic, mimicking me and Jerry. We laugh at the proper places, but Jerry always reminds him, "You're going to be the lawyer in the family!"

Now that the boys are growing up, they need Jerry more and more. Boys that age begin to have a fairly low opinion of being dominated by a woman all the time. I suppose they think, in their new maturity, that it's "sissy" to make orders from a woman. Which is not to say that the boys don't mind me, or that they resent me. They mind as well or as badly as the average, I suppose. And it's tough for me when I am the times any small male will resent any grown female issuing edicts. But with Jerry, it's different. Dad can do no wrong—all his decisions are as wise as Solomon's. And, if he says something, that's it! Final period, amen.

Jerry has trained me to the point where I can make decisions for the boys when he's not around. With greatest respect for my husband's opinions, I try to do what I feel he would wish done. But when a problem gets especially tough for me, I simply pick up the phone and talk with both my sons on extensions, and we talk it out as though we were all in the same room. Other times, when Jerry and I are both in New York, it seems as though all he needs to do is phone us, if he gets lonely or wants to ask some important question (such as can he go to the movies on a school night?). At any rate, it all works out beautifully and there are no hard feelings.

I try to toss in as many "substitutes" as I can. This last weekend, for instance, I took Gary and a pal to Disneyland for a merry, mad day. Ronnie was supposed to be in the party, but he carelessly picked up a virus the day before and felt so rocky that, at his own suggestion, he was given a rain-check and stayed behind. The boys had fun, that was obvious. Except I kept thinking how much more fun they might have had if we all could have gone.

Jerry realizes the way he has had to short-change the boys. And he's working toward the time when he can spend the bulk of the year out here, with only occasional engagements at other places.

It isn't easy for him, either, being separated from the boys. Far from it. If anything, I think he misses home more than they do. He feels like a dog, just to have something alive in the apartment when he came home at night. Of course, we already have six dogs, one cat, and assorted other pets, but we decided—right before we really needed that dog! But I understand how Jerry probably did need it... temporarily.

So now, when I go back to New York, I'll have Jerry, and the baby, and the dog to take care of... and you know what? I'll love it. It's fun, watching Jerry with that baby. As everyone knows perfectly well, we were absolutely sure No. 3 would be a girl. But I say now that I think the good Lord had a hand in it. He knew Jerry simply couldn't survive having a girl-baby. Jerry's delicious enough about this boy-baby—and I've heard all about how dads behave with daughters!

Viewers who have never known a comic off-stage probably grow to think of him as a buffoon, with never a care in his head, with a quip and a laugh from breakfast to midnight snack. But from all I can gather, after thirteen years' experience, comedians (at least, my comedian) are probably the most sensitive, the moody, and the most sentimental characters in a business peopled by sensitive, moody, sentimental people. Not just Jerry, Most comedians are like that. And if, like Jerry, they're in the process of proving themselves, of making their name and establishing their reputation—then the sensitivity, the moodiness, and the sentimentality all go double.

I sometimes wonder what it would be like to be married to a man with an even disposition. One who wakes up every morning feeling placid, and relaxed, and rested. One who never goes off into gales of laughter, nor nears the point of hunting out an open window in the Empire State Building. I think about such... and then I decide it would probably be pretty dull, being married to someone like that.

Because, in the last thirteen years, I have crawled up out of the deepest, blackest holes with Jerry, watched him fight his way out of frighteningly depressing moods, had him cry on my shoulder more than once. And I have watched him come off stage positively glowing with happiness, because some warm, wonderful audience loved every clowned moment he was on. I've hit the bottom, at times, during those thirteen years. But, more important, I've had more chances at the top. And I wouldn't trade any one of those thirteen up-and-down years for a lifetime with some placid, smooth-sailing type.

Being married to a comedian may not guarantee 365 days a year full of laughter. But it can guarantee 365 days annually without a dull one in the lot!

Johnny Green

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The Girl Tommy Marries

(Continued from page 42)

have this shade hair and that color eyes—bunk! The only color eyes I don’t care for on a girl is red. That means she’s been crying or dissipating too much. What colors I like are blue—yes, true, blue—beneath. Blue is the color of real beauty. I go for eyes that look straight at you and try to understand what you’re saying. That flirty side long stuff with the fluttering lids—well, that’s for the birds! I’d rather talk to a woman who favors no one type, it is interesting to gaze into the crystal ball and try to see what sort of girl is likely to dominate his future, and my own, for that matter. She has always been closely linked to him at one time or another. Are there any traits they have in common? In what respects are they different? How do they add up when their personalities are crossed to form a composite image? In short, Who is the girl in Tommy’s future?

Lynn Trosper of Greenwood, Louisiana, was only three when she caught the eye of our young hero. Tommy was then four. They took part in a wedding shower and were given the pleasant duty of wheeling in the gifts. It must have touched a chord. The present is micro in comparison. As with all well-wed couples, Tommy went out to earn the wherewithall—"the fanciest collection of mud pies ever seen"—while his bride "poured tea" in regal splendor.

Lynn was his first true love, and he became a standard fixture at the spacious dignified Trosper home, which he still calls "home," in that, what sort of girl is Lynn? She is a blue-eyed brunette, an active and studious type quick to laughter or sympathy, poised but pert. Like her mother, Mrs. Florence Trosper, she threatens to become a homemaker and a community leader devoted to causes that transcend her personal interests. She is equally at home on the highway, sitting room, or at a library. With it all, she has a certain air of breeding and awareness of her prerogatives that stamp her at once as the best type of “young Southern lady.” At nineteen, Lynn entered Centenary College and wants the idea of becoming a teacher. "Whatever I’ll finally do," she says, "I’ll do it with all that’s in me.

An intriguing sidelight was cast on this girl when she was interviewed with regard to her childhood romance. "What do you think of your Tommy now?" she was asked. "My Tommy?" she echoed, puzzled. Lynn broke into a hearty laugh, "Here in Greenwood and Shreveport, we think of him as our Tommy. He’s a credit to all of us. I like to think we have some small share in his career. As for romance, I know I teased him dreadfully as a child—but we’re too much like brother and sister for anything like that."

Tommy, who was also courting Bes Moers, also brown-haired and blue-eyed. Presently completing her education in Houston, she is the daughter of a successful physician, Dr. Arthur Moers, whose wife still enjoys working as receptionist and assistant in her husband’s office. Betty is very likely to follow her mother’s example and seek the satisfaction of work which is in itself fascinating. She path on a blind date while they were juniors at Lamar High School. Light-hearted, witty and deliciously feminine in dress and manner, Betty was spotted by a former classmate as "getting her full portion of wolf whistles when she comes tripping by—but get this straight, they’re respectful wolf whistles!" Her laughter is contagious and seems to combine deep feeling with gayety. Her soft voice promises a relaxed and earnest conversation, and her trim figure reveals the skillful grace of a trained dancer. For Betty has studied modern dance and, in fact, she performs in a show entitled "Merry Christmas," the school musical that starred Tommy Sands.

From her father, Betty has apparently inherited an unusual reserve of energy and will. Once she has explored the facts and drawn a conclusion based on them, she will act and act firmly. It was this quality that decided her against going on with her dating of Tommy. By her own account, she found it hard to adjust to being the girl friend of a young entertainer who had to be "here today and there tomorrow," and who obviously was becoming a target for scores of smitten girls. Their parting was an unforgettable and heartbreaking experience. It points significantly at the words in Tommy’s hit song, "Don’t call it a teen-age crush." To Betty and Tommy, it was far more than that. Talking about it now, Tommy’s face saddens, “You know what’s hit me as the most awful thing about life?” he says, “It’s the way we can get used to most anything. We learn to live with our disappointments and troubles—and, after a while, we even get to believe it all happened for the best. Maybe.

And Betty, with her clear blue eyes and clever laugh? She, too, adds a quiet, “Maybe...” and goes on to explain: “You see, Tommy was lucky in finding himself so early. He knew as a child that he’d stick with it in going in show business. But I’m still searching, groping... I could never be satisfied to be nothing but a tiny part of a husband’s career. I want to be someone—only a woman, to achieve something. Sometimes I long for the things we’d have—cigarette case Tommy gave me when we were going steady. And I wonder—what if he had been a law student or a young newspaperman, instead of a showman always on the go? Would things have turned out differently? But then, if Tommy had been any different, I’d probably not have felt so deeply about him. No, I wouldn’t want to change him or have him change because of me. And I couldn’t be anything but the girl I am, without losing self-respect. So maybe, when all’s said and done, it did happen for the best.”

Like the Trosper, Betty and her family still retain their fondness for Tommy and consider him “one of us.” As Betty put it in an interview, “He’s a very special thing to us. And, whoever she may be, the girl that gets Tommy will get a very rare fellow. He has a heart as great as his talent, and he will do his level best to make his wife and family happy.”

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TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand July 5

So much for the past. What now? Is there any girl at present who might sum up—as Lynn and Betty did in earlier stages—the way his taste is turning? Just what sort of girls does he favor for his dancing and acting? As Tommy says, he favors none. Tommy has had little opportunity to date at all during his year in Hollywood. At first, he was kept "on the jump," making the rounds of producers, agents, and studio offices, only to get his foot in the door. Now, he is being pulled this way and that by people who press him to go on various TV and radio shows, to make personal appearances, to take and autograph pictures, to give more time to his mushrooming fan clubs, to hold more interviews with the press, and so on.

Talking with charm, tact and determination, on any level of society at any time—the kind whose proud husband will always know that people are saying, “That lady is his wife...”
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST
(Continued from page 9)

We are going to be stuffed with fairy tales until they come out of our pink ears. NBC is readying Pinocchio, Pied Piper and Hans Brinker ... CBS will lead off with Aladdin. And Shirley Temple will narrate, probably on NBC-TV, twenty hour-long fairy tales. Cowboys, crime and fairy tales.

Battin' the Breeze: Those delighted with Anne Jeffreys and hubby Bob Sterling in Topper will be delighted to hear they're shooting a new comedy series .... All of the La Rosa buddies distressed by premature loss of baby. .... Plan to stay home night of November 25th. Mary Martin stars in the jubilant "Annie Get Your Gun." .... Isn't Durward Kirby prime to do an audience participation show of his own? .... Wonderful Martha Wright named her newborn "Mike" after her husband's nickname. Hubby is restaurateur George "Mike" Manuche .... Martha Raye enthusiastic about pilot film starring her as Baby Snooks, the character created by Fanny Brice.

About Men Only: Jack Lescoulie wrote himself a Broadway-type play. .... Sam Levenson says, "A joke isn't a joke until they laugh." .... Rumor rife that Gordon MacRae may head a musical variety for Lux next fall in addition to his emcee chores on Video Theater. .... Jimmy Dean, star emcee of CBS-TV Country Style, angry at inference he's chosen his name to cash in on fame of actor James Dean. Jimmy (the live one) was born in Plainfield, Texas, 1928, and christened "Jimmy Dean" and has been singing professionally as such since 1948 .... John Cameron Swayze, also, says it isn't so. He denies using a tie once and discarding it. He's just as thrifty as the next man .... One who admits it "is so" is Lionel Wilson, bachelor actor. Lionel admits that almost at any time he is up to a hundred different voices on the air. On many of those cartoon commercials, Lionel is all of the voices. On toothpaste ads, for example, he is both the villain (Mr. Decoy) and the hero (Mr. Toothpaste). He's both rabbits for a laundry starch and a couple million other things for other commercials. He has starred in several Broadway plays and acted in Valiant Lady, Search For Tomorrow and practically all of the top dramatic shows. On radio, he once did a perfect imitation of Ilona Massey's sultry sex-tones while continuing as the private in the same script. That was on NBC's Top Secret. Lionel, a very eligible bachelor, counts among his close friends Jimmy Kirkwood and Kathy McGuire and Dolores Sutton. He lives alone in a Manhattan apartment, although he was born right across the river in Brooklyn. "I got a lucky start as an actor," he says. "It was my luck that our neighbor in Brooklyn was a professional acting coach. She took me in hand and made my career." In the new CBS-TV Terrytoon series, Tom Terrific, Lionel does every voice you hear, fifty-two in all.

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Annual dedication: Casey Crim Peyton (Casey, Crime Photographer), Bret Morris (The Shadow), Lon Clark (Nick Carter)—re-created roles on Mystery Time, with host Don Dowd.
Families Are Fun

(Continued from page 41)

that is so important to Bud, whether it applies to contestants on his shows, to his own professional life, his family life with his pretty actress-wife, Marian Shoekley, and the Colliver family of sixty-five youngsters, from about fifteen to eighteen, which he teaches every Sunday at the First Presbyterian Church in Greenwich, Connecticut — whatever it is that causes them to serve as Sunday school superintendent.

About contestants, Bud says: "When I see them backstage, before I go on to do the show, or after hour and a half, in between brief time to leave them with one thought. You come here to have fun, I remind them, so enjoy whatever happens.

"It is a pretty easy job to be kind and pleasant to them, that is what effective contestants seem to be good at. You are as good as the people you meet. And you never know when some will try to keep to simple solutions of the problems that come up," says Bud.

"So many people tend to make their problems more complex than they need be," says Bud. "If four of the boys have problems of the same order and the solutions we've had so-called 'teen-age problems' in our home — although the three kids fall into that age group — that we never built up such problems. Not Marian, not I, not the children themselves. We enjoy one another, and every phase of the children's lives has been a challenge to us as a family.

About teenagers in general, Bud says: "I sometimes think it would be a help if we were to drop that word teenage. It has been so over-emphasized, often so adversely, that it is nearer to the truth to talk about the adults, still closer to the simple and direct truths than most of us older adults are. They haven't yet begun to rationalize everything. They are a Sunday school boy a year without telling the students how much I thank them for what they have taught me. I always learn more than I teach.

"Even too much organized teen-age activity seems unnecessary to Bud, believing as he does that kids are happiest when they are doing the things which arise naturally. He makes them feel they are real persons and among their own friends, and which are the outgrowth of their own bent and talents. Equally important," he emphasizes, "they are allowed more in their own parents' activities, to be accepted on a more adult level. It's a time to make the change from the child's dependence on the parent to the parent's need for the friendship of the parent."

Pat, short for Patricia, the eldest of the Colliver children, is nineteen now, ready to begin her junior year at Sweet Briar College, Virginia. Cynthia, 17, is a high-school student. So is Michael Clayton, 15, known to all as "Mike." The name "Clayton" is really Michael's father's first name, too, though a German nut! He had as an infant called him "Brother," which soon became "Bud," and stuck — about the only place he ever sees the more formal name now is on documents, such as his law degree from Fordham Uni-

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I'm not going into competition with Pat."

The children have practically grown up in the fourteen-room house at the top of a hill in Greenwich, Connecticut. It's a replica of a French-Norman farmhouse, complete with a dooryard, and evaded, as part of it is dear to the Collivers. The mere mention of ever giving it up and moving to a smaller place raises cries of anguish. Cynthia threatens to save every cent and buy an old farm and deliberately to marry someone, anyone, with the means to buy it! — if Bud so much as intimates that the place is getting too big for them. The three children of growing up have been happy, and the house and all its memories are woven into that tapes-
try. Secretly, Bud and Marian feel the same. Bud says: "Let's talk of a walk," early on Saturday or Sunday.

"Okay — where to?" Mike asks. "Oh, just around the place, to look at things," his dad answers, and off they go to circle the modest bit of property as if it were a many-acre estate.

"Now that the children are growing up, we have passed the phase of having many pets — dogs and chickens — and the children believe his own words by introducing two French poodles, Jennie and Mark (for Black Market); one alley cat, adopted ever since it was an orphan and is all too thin to be taken from a barbed-wire fence and christened Orbus by Pat (then deep in Latin); two parakeets named Caesar and Pompey; two caged canaries named George and Peeper, with head feathers as unruly as a small boy's hair; that no amount of coaxing and water can tame.

A while back, Bud and a friend were discussing the children, listing their accomplishments. Bud began with "the fact that the kids were growing up fast and wished he could be starting all over again and living through their childhood.

"Don't be silly," the other man said. "After a while, they will be really grown up and get married and have kids of their own, and then you'll have the fun of watching your grandchildren grow up — without any of the responsibilities."

Bud's comment, later, was characteristic.

"He didn't know what I wanted. All the fun — and, with it, all the responsibility."

Perhaps it is because Bud shares responsibilities with his God that he doesn't mind them, or find them burdensome.

"Most parents," he says, "choose the most complex ways to deal with them," he has said. In the Colliver family, problems are treated as such, but approached simply and directly.

When one of the girls faced a difficult school examination and expressed fear about passing it, Marian reminded her to take her fears to God before she went to school. "Ask Father for no special instructions or advice, merely the suggestion that she talk it over and then leave it in God's hands. It seemed perfectly natural for her to think of a plan of work without a recommendation, a plan which came to her casually, at dinner next evening. "Oh, by the way, it worked. I could answer all the questions. I had no trouble remembering."

Pat is back at the Colliver household where no one has ever been self-conscious about asking for or receiving such help.

On the other hand, there are no false pride. Bud is keen to let each player take the place of one's own courage and stamina and hard work, but only to help each one make better use of these qualities. "If your kids can do it, I don't expect anyone else to bet on you," Bud tells his kids and his contestants.

Sounds like pretty practical advice, doesn't it? For contestants, children — and even for parents!
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.
(Continued from page 54)
crossed the two great oceans twice, and entertained more than a million people at seventy-four shows in Australia and Great Britain.

Had they accepted other invitations from European and South American countries, they would have extended their tour, as far as Japan and Lebanon, they would still be going, non-stop. Yet this was no govern-ment-sponsored tour. It cost no country a cent of tax money. As Haley explains, “We sold our tickets, our contracts, our Columbia Pictures, “Rock Around the Clock” and “Don’t Knock the Rock”—together with a total sale of twenty-two million records. The widows and orphans of the men who made their mark in the record business were paid.

They were, of course, Bill Haley, guitar and bass; John Grande, accordion and piano; Billy Williamson, electric guitar; Al Rex, bass; Rudy Pompilli, sax; Fran Beccherella, drums. With them were their manager, James H. Ferguson; his seventy-seven-year-old mother, Charlotte S. Ferguson, who was won a Honolulu vacation: and bandleader Vincent J. Broomall, aged seventeen and known as “Catfish.”

The Comets found out how far their music and films had preceded them when their plane touched down to refuel, a day out of Hawaii. To the American rock ’n’ rollers, the Fiji Islands were a remote and storied spot on the map. But, to natives and to the English colony alike, The Comets were, in an electronic age, old friends.

What a reception they gave them! The path to the main building on the island was lit by torches on ten-foot poles. Sarong-wrapped natives led the way. The English entertained at cocktails. The natives played for hours. Sea breezes and Fish and game were followed by strange but delicious fruits. The climax was a scene which had photo-fan Billy Williamson wishing he could operate two cameras at once, one for the trick. “Man, you should have seen and heard it,” says Billy. “When we went back to our plane, a native band headed the procession, serenading me. There was a beat and a sound for you! Maybe we’ll get a bit of it into a recording of our own some day.”

There was dancing at the airport when they reached Australia. Welcoming The Comets, the fans presented a funny koala bear, a symbol which carries the same good-luck wish in Australia as a shamrock does in Ireland, or a four-leaf clover in the United States. The Comets named it Billy Koala. “We couldn’t guess then how superstitious we were going to be about that charm,” says Haley. “I carried it everywhere, even in my coat pockets when I returned to America first. Before long, we were rubbing it for luck at the start of every trip.”

Luck was all on their side at the big outdoor concerts. The weather was “just about down under,” was mild, the fans enthralled. In most cities, all seats were sold in advance and the box office never opened. The Comets chalked up the biggest attendance record ever achieved in Australia.

New to them as the country was, in one respect The Comets felt they had never left home. “Everyone had things to say about those few show-overs who try to sound like us,” says manager Jim Ferguson. “Such kids as Americans describe as ‘juvenile delin- quents,’ the Australians call ‘Boogie-widgets.’ The British have a phrase, too—‘rock ’n’ roll’—but that’s all that happened.”

Haley says with satisfaction, “I trusted the kids and the kids trusted me. I’ve yet to see a rock ’n’ roll kid who didn’t respect me.”

Possibly, it might be said that there was one “incident.” Jim Ferguson grins as he tells it. “It is the custom there to close every performance by the singing of our country’s anthem. The U.S. goes home—but, in Brisbane, they didn’t. The kids clapped and shouted until The Comets played another encore. People told us that had never happened before.”

It was on their return journey that the old earth and its elements first got into the act, seemingly intent on proving to The Comets that, in rock ’n’ roll, it was still the champ. As friends and families waited to welcome them at New York’s Idlewild Airport, that chill January night, a passenger agent scanned the cloudless sky and stated, “The Comets’ preparations for landing are closed down. We should be, too, right now. I can’t understand what’s happened to that blizzard.”

Photos of the ghoulish kind. They had been through it. When they stepped out onto the landing stage, they were trying to claw. Each wore a vivid South Sea shirt and a palm-frond hat. Bill carried a big dog which started to bark. It wasn’t The Comets usual kind of comedy. Shy “Cuppy” Haley, who had stayed back in the shadows, out of range of his camera, looked too, one wifely look at her Bill, who was trying to pin a grin on a face blank with weariness, and moved forward, arms open. Unaware of popping flashbulbs, they held each other a long time.

As The Comets claimed their baggage, Jim Ferguson muttered a low-voiced ex- planation: “The blizzard wasn’t bad, but it was a lot of beat up by a typhoon over the Pacific.”

The Comets’ home was a flat, Heaven only knows how many thousand feet.

The voyage to England had been planned for three months. They arrived at the Queen Elizabeth’s first-hand report, we were invited to come along, too.

Everyone hit the deck tired. There had been virtually no sleep during the thirty-six hours between the landing of The Comets’ plane at Idlewild and the time set for the Queen to cast off her lines. The weather was right fog and slick pavements. In New York, too, the clouds were down to street level. That “lost” blizzard had sent its harbinger on down.

At the gangplank, they learned they had another problem. Their luggage was on hand—but the second bandboy, who had brought it from Chester, had vanished. He left a note: “I’m too much in love to leave my girl behind.” Too bad, you all. ‘See you later, Alligator.’ They were sailing short-handed.

They also were informed that reporters were waiting for them in the ship’s press room. They hurried up to the sun deck.

In the lobby, the lounging for N.F.L. Monitors, a steward attempted to summon Haley to the purser’s desk. Bill, on micro- phone, waved him off. Photographers were taking pictures when the second steward appeared. He, too, was told, “Just a minute.” The third steward broke right into the reporters’ interview. The ship’s secretary, Bill, he stated, until Mr. Haley reported to his office.

Trailing reporters, photographers, friends and business staff—as the original Haley’s Comet trailed stars—the perplexed Bill took his arm toward the chief official awaited him. Where, he demanded, was Mr. Haley’s passport?

Bill stared at him blankly. “It’s in my overnight case. It never has it. With my ticket.” Harry West, who runs The Comets office in Chester, is the kind of man who usually knows where anything is. This time, he didn’t.

“Good news!” says Haley. “We’ve looked in everything. It isn’t here.”

You must find it,” the official an-nounced. “It is illegal to sail without it. You’ll have to send the ship.”

“But I have it.” I know I have it,” Bill protested. “Maybe I left it in a desk drawer in the library.”

It was a dilemma. The Cunard crew knew, even better than The Comets, how many English youngsters would be hell-bent if Haley were left on shore. The potential money loss, to many people, was great. The emotional loss would be greater. For the men, too, a trip to America meant move Bill’s luggage. Everyone’s face was somber. The champagne, forgotten, went flat in the glasses.

Then Eddie Elsort, representative for General Telephone Corporation, had an inspiration. He phoned the State Department. A deputy director, young enough to remember how disappointed kids can be, cut red tape. He specified that a messenger should bring the Haley passport to Washington. The department would then air-mail it to England—it’s illegal to send an American passport through the mail. Just in time, the Queen Elizabeth’s big whistles blasted the word through that Bill had emergency permission to sail.

Ironically, all that fuss proved unnec-essary. Forty-five minutes later, at lifeboat drill, Bill announced, “I found my passport. Music sent them: After they had worked out their basic big beat, they tried it out by playing for free at one
hundred and eighty-three high schools in the Philadelphia area, watching the reaction. When The Comets took the kids' favorite expression, "Crazy!"—and added it to their football cheer, "Go! Go! Go!" it turned into the "Haley, Man, Crazy!" With that, rock 'n' roll started its sweep of America and was on its way around the world.

Of the trio itself—that long-sought "vacation"—the boys were back. That much-delayed blizzard caught up, and gained an ally from the Gulf Stream. We went through two hurricanes. A stabilizer went out of order. Off the coast of Ireland, one radar set was swept overboard, and the scanner of the other was damaged. It could be that The Comets and their families, stupefied sailors through it all, added a new term to the lingo. Where the crew of the Queen Elizabeth had originally described the ship's antics as "rolling and pitching," they soon were referring cheerfully, "She's a-rocking and rolling today.

Everyone was anxious to arrive in Southampton. It would be pleasant, all agreed, to have their feet on solid land again. As it turned out, solid land was what we dined near didn't have. The Comets knew that The Mirror was running a special fan train from London to Southampton—but surely no single train could hold all the people who lined that dock. As they caught sight of Bill and Cuppy, coming down the gangplank, their shout of "Haley!" was loud enough to drown out the ship's whistle, and that's quite a blast.

From there on, it was frantic. In the customs shed, members of the company found themselves and their own luggage. The dockers who were supposed to move it were following Haley. We struggled through crowds of adults, not kids, to make our way, but saw Bill make a try for the car which was to transport him, then fall back on the protection of the police. He couldn't even open a door. All the kids not only were on all sides of it, they were on top of it. Somehow, the bobbies cleared them off and the car moved.

At the train gates was the confusion doubled. Teenagers who had never before been so near their hero struggled to stay close. Police lines broke. Bill and Cuppy were separated. Buttons were snatched off Bill's coat, his gloves from his hand, him over-night case out of his hand. One girl shrieked ecstatically, "I almost got his wedding ring."

As we sped along toward London, it was easy to think that this could have been the world's super-colossal publicity job, turning out all those teenagers. But no press agent in the world could have worked with their line through the doorways of the factories we passed, just as we moved toward the train. Only one thing could do that. Bill Haley and His Comets, through their motion pictures and recordings, have brought a great deal of enjoyment to a great many people.

As the train inchcd into London's Waterloo Station, the British managers organized the exit on the basis of "women and children last." By the glare of the klieg lights which stabbed like beacons through the cavernous place, we could see that every nook was filled with youngsters. Youngsters who, between "Haley, Man, Crazy!" collectively, had one objective: To see, touch, talk to, and—most of all—seize a souvenir from Haley. Later, people called it "The Second Battle of Waterloo."

As The London Daily Sketch described it, "Haley's car sped off between rows of police. Then it happened. The fans realized Haley was getting away. Within ten see-

onds they had surrounded his car—a solid wall of bodies, hundreds deep. The Haley car stopped dead. The mob pounded the windows. Two boys climbed on the roof. They were swept aside by policemen. Two more police jumped in front of the car and helped push a way through the waves of shrieking, rock-intoxicated teenagers. . . . It was the most triumphant procession ever given one man in peace-time.

It was a scene to be repeated, with variations, in Dublin, in Glasgow, in Cardiff, and in all of England's major industrial cities. The particular situation where I shall never forget occurred in Coventry, England's equivalent of Detroit. Fans followed Bill back from the theater to the Leofric Hotel—"Europe's most modern." (It should be, Bombs, not bulldozers, cleared its site.) A bit in the distance, one could see the stanch bell tower which refused to fall when Coventry Cathedral was bombed and turned the ground. In the public square, there was a half-sunken ride in protest against an unfair tax imposed by his husband, stood the statue of Lady Godiva. And up on the balcony stood Bill Haley, waving to a crowd of at least a thousand teenagers who were serenading him by singing, "We're going to rock . . . right 'round the clock . . ."

For the real triumph had been Bill's. Despite the triumphal welcomes, he saw no riots. In the newspapers, he appealed to his fans, "Take it easy . . ." and they did. To stand at the back of the theater and watch the crowd, as well as The Comets, was a thrill for anyone who loves the theater. Together, they formed a single unit. One young fan expressed it best by letter: "When my girl friend and I left the show, our throats were raw from singing and our hands were sore from clapping, but it was worth it. We never had such a good time in our lives."

It wasn't an easy tour. The battle with the elements continued. After the typhoon in the Pacific, and the hurricane in the Atlantic, came a landslide which forced the re-setting of Bill's boat, warning from Southampton. The day The Comets left London for the provinces, the Thames flooded. In Coventry, an hour after they visited the Jaguar factory, a large portion of the plant burned. Immediately after their first show in Norwich, an earthquake, unprecedented in England, rocked the city.

It may be that this tour was the point where rock 'n' roll grew up fast in public estimation and, like American jazz, turned respectable. It was the talk of London when the August Times devoted three-quarters of a column to a review which was written with charming humor and with an understanding which made the hand-written lines, "Hey! That cat digs us the most." When one newspaper, ever critical of Americans, headlined, "Haley Go Home," another replied, "Don't go home, Bill Haley!" —and stated, "Everyone's seeing for what's wrong with that?"

In view of the way the Haley rock 'n' roll has gone around the world, it is pleasing to recall what's happening in hometown, Chester, lies just beyond earshot of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia's Independence Square . . . a bell which our founding fathers and the nation, until it cracked, the day they proclaimed the unalienable right— not only to life and liberty—but also to the pursuit of happiness. Happiness, as The Comets proved, is a traditional American export which too often is in short supply and will ever be in great demand, in all parts of the world.

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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, N.Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for new 1957 Needlework Catalog.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 13)

United For Success

Please see us on Club 60 on NBC-TV.

G. W. A., New York, N. Y.

Show business may be like no other business, but the Mello-Larks found that one principle holds true for both. If you don't succeed when you're in business for yourself, try amalgamating . . . . A few years ago, Tommy Hamm was singing with Orrin Tucker and his orchestra. Joe Eich was a singer for Claude Thornhill and Bob Wolter was on Ken Murray's TV show. Tommy, who majored in business administration at the University of California, surveyed the economic situation of the music business and concluded that big bands were giving way to small musical combos. He decided to form his own quartet, with himself as top tenor, and found eager partners in Joe, as second tenor, and Bob, as baritone. And Tommy's economics were right. In six months, the Mello-Larks were earning five times what their combined former salaries had been . . . . The only sour note was that of trying to hang on to a girl singer. After a couple of weeks, Karen Chandler was switched up with a company. Peggy King, Edie Adams and Judy Tyler flew off in even less time. But, three years ago, the problem was solved. Jamie Dina left Vaugh Monroe's band to join the quartet, then married its leader, Tommy Hamm, to make it a lifetime contract. Bob Wolter, too, is wed. Joe Eich's the sole hold-out.

Calling All Fans

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

Tommy Sands Fan Club, c/o Glenda Bingham, 4422 Begg Boulevard, Northwoods 20, Missouri.

Tim Considine Fan Club, c/o Barbara Lable, 77 Cedar Lane, Cheshire, Conn.

Buddy Merrill Fan Club, c/o Judie Smyth, 2172 Fir Street, Wantagh, N. Y.

Mello-Larks: Joe Eich and Bob Wolter and, in front, Tommy Hamm and wife Jamie Dina.

Dane Clark, TV visitor to millions of homes, has three of his own.

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant...

Could you write something about Dane Clark, star of ABC-TV's Wire Service?

Dane Clark has been a star of theater, radio, the movies and TV for nearly a score of years. As Bernard Zanville, he was born and raised in Manhattan, went to college at Cornell and studied toward a law degree at St. John's in Brooklyn. After a major career reversal in 1935 separated him from a steady job in a legal firm—the firm's senior member had a nephew—Bernard became, by turns, a construction worker, boxer, baseball player, football player, sales jock. As a result of some pick-up modeling jobs, he became acquainted with the 'Village' bohemiens. Their "artistic" way of life appealed to him, but it struck him that "their constant snobbish talk about the 'theatah' was a little on the phony side." So he decided to give it a try "just to show them anyone could do it." Before he knew it, he was "Dane Clark" and a series of tough guys in "Dead End," "Waiting for Lefty" and "Golden Boy." Then came the Broadway lead in "Of Mice and Men" and a Warner Bros. contract. A series of radio and TV appearances culminated this past year in the TV role of reporter Dan Miller in ABC-TV's Wire Service . . .

Dane's been married for twelve years. His wife Margot, whose professional name is Veres, is one of the most accomplished painters of circus art in the country. They live in West Los Angeles, but keep a flat in London and a New York apartment as well. Dane is an avid traveler—prefers Wire Service's location sets to the studio.

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, your question of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
The Crosby Clan From Spokane

(Continued from page 56) and show every indication of becoming a long-haired.

George Robert was the only Crosby born at 508 Sharp Avenue in Spokane, Washington. His older brothers, Leroy, Everett, Ted, Bing, Catherine and Mary Rose—grew up there. Guided by the firm and loving hand of their handsome, spirited mother, Kate Higgins, the Crosbys, along with their loving father, Harry Lillis Crosby, Sr.—otherwise (and deservedly) known as “Happy Harry.”

Sharp Avenue revisited... Today, the house was painted white instead of brown. Pat Higgins, a public accountant, and his wife Marge had bought the place from the Crosbys, and Mrs. Higgins (now widowed) still lives there. It was the Higgins family who opened the door to Bing and to his many memories.

Memories of the “Crosby clambakes” in the large family parlor, and the “Sunday-night music” of the mandolin or guitar and Catherine at the piano and all the others joining their voices in “When You Were a Tulip and I Were a Big Red Rose.” They were the Crosbys who gathered at the house after a football game. The way the whole Crosby clan trooped across the three blocks from their house to the Higgins’, with their father, Kate, a solid fan, leading the way.

The woodbox that wouldn’t stay filled, and the devious ways he avoided filling it—until his mother would pointedly put on one of Bing’s records. Which, of course, would bring in a couple of chunks. The hot mush Harry Crosby, Sr. used to make up in the mornings for breakfast—and the way every Crosby would heat it up and make his own breakfast, when he came down...

The house on Sharp Avenue brought back memories like conspiring with pals about the best means of sneaking in to free the basketball games, and stealing cherries from the orchard to the left of the Higgins’ home. The lilac bushes in the back yard. And the heady aroma of the plum pudding and raisin bread Kate Crosby used to make.

To the man who went around whistling a different rhythm to Bing than his own. Or, to Bing’s present—slowly and that afternoon, the old-fashioned frame house would be home—in a sense the five more pretentious homes he owned today had never been. And all of them—Bradleys, the Bradleys, the Hueters, the Gianelli’s, Albins, Sholderers, Brokmans and Bresnahans—who’d shared those years and the street where he’d lived—would be part of Bing’s life in a way the fanatics who touched his life today could never be.

With the exception of one family—the “brick house on the block”—those who lived on Sharp Avenue then were, in material things, Pop Crosby’s salary, as bookkeeper at the brewery, took some stretching for his brood. Father Joe Kearney—Bob Crosby’s boyhood friend, who lived on the other side—recalls that his own dad, as a railway inspector, was at one time making eighty dollars a month “and feeding a family of five.” That was a “book” in just about every house on the street, and a strict bed-check was no small responsibility, counting youthful noses, right down.
thoughts. They tried to have a heart-to-heart talk with him regarding his own identity in business. "That guy will never see me," Bing decided. "What about Father So-and-so?" his parents went on, naming another priest who was also reputed to be a bookie. Bing thought about it a moment, then summed up the whole thing. "I'll be okay," he said seriously. "It will work out all right. A guy would be crazy to start anything in there." Bing was enemies with discipline, for being self-reliant and resourceful, were part of the young Crosby's home training. Pop used to say proudly, "If you never bothered us for any spending money, they all earned their own." And he'd add that Bing began earning his, by getting up at four A.M. to deliver the Spokane Daily.

They all shared responsibilities of the home to a certain extent. On Saturdays, all the family helped. Larry and Catherine helped their mother in the kitchen, and Bing helped with the music and the cleaning—and, by two P.M., the work was done. There had to be system, with so many mouths to feed... and their parents had always said there would be. "We never did mind how many friends they brought home with them," Pop used to say. "And we didn't mind the noise or the phonograph or dancing." This was Bing's version of how they managed: "We didn't have much money..."

Money they didn't have. But, if a house could speak, what a heartwarming story the old place on Sharp Avenue could tell of the family who lived there... the music, the laughter, and the full, Irish pride and courage which Bing's grandfather, Captain Nathanial Crosby, Jr., a New England salt who sailed into the Northwest, helped found the fair city of Portland, built the first frame house, and hurriedly sailed away to China one day, and never returned.

And from the beginning, Harry Lillis Crosby could take good care of himself—physically, mentally and vocally. "Bing was a pretty good fighter," recalls Jimmy Cottrell, Northwest ex-middleweight champ who grew up in Spokane with his right. "I've always kidded him about his left, but he was a good amateur boxer, actually. I saw him knock out Buddy Fitzgerald in an amateur meet at Gonzaga, once."

The friendship of Crosby and Cottrell—who's been a prop man on Bing's pictures ever since he hung up his gloves twenty-three years ago. We're indebted to Mr. Bresnahan says now, "Mrs. Crosby would turn the whole house over to us. But, at a reasonable hour, she would come and say, 'Now it's time to go home.'"

The story goes that Bing was working out with the boxing when Harry Lillis did his "homework"—practicing the drums. Any early opinion to the contrary, Pop Crosby was always quick to say proudly that his boy, Bing, was born to sing and to box. And Bing's mother has grown on record privately, refuting any popular impression that he knows nothing about music technically. As the story goes, Bing was playing drums in the Gonzaga College orchestra—and they didn't play jazz, either—so you know he had some knowledge of music. He'd play with him, in Bing's own words, "...and, from then on, Bing was on his team."

In all the years he's observed Bing himself in the clinches, Jimmy adds, "He'll always go down in my book as the champ."

Bing entered the University of Washington. The families of the two powers were to his liking, he'd always finish somewhere in the money. He had both the will and the ability to win. Pop Crosby and Bing started a hardwood floor company, swimming meet, against supposedly far superior swimmers, and brought home every medal they gave—one for every event he entered, plus the medal for the entire meet.

Kate and Harry Crosby were always anxious that their brood have a good education and—although "there was no mid-night-oil-burning" in the Crosby household—kept a vigilant eye on all report cards. As well as on all reports of conduct at school. Bing has given credit to the Fathers at Gonzaga for helping him condition to life—"to facing people, I was always a little squarely, with a cold blue eye." His difficulty in childhood, however, was in how to face the Fathers.

Nevertheless, Bing didn't encounter too much difficulty in the matter of being disciplined—though his parents had anticipated that he might, when he started going to Gonzaga. They tried to have a heart-to-heart talk with him regarding his own identity in business. "That guy will never see me," Bing decided. "What about Father So-and-so?" his parents went on, naming another priest who was also reputed to be a bookie. Bing thought about it a moment, then summed up the whole thing. "I'll be okay," he said seriously. "It will work out all right. A guy would be crazy to start anything in there."

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At Gonzaga, Bing put his strong rhythm arm—and his voice—to work commercial with Al Rinker's "Musicaladers." His first steady job was for three dollars apiece role full, in tel at later date pavilion a few miles from Spokane. Jimmy Crottell, who was "hustling bouts" during those days when Bing was singing for a few dollars a night, he would, you, to get out to LaRide's to hear him sing.

"Bing was an outstanding singer then," he says. "The only difference—his voice is deeper now. But he was always stylish. He had a voice that could fill the halls—when he sang. There was only one thing: Bing was doing some of those dreamy Hawaiian numbers, and he had a tendency to sing at the top of his voice. Jimmy Crottell didn't like it.

But Bing's blue eyes were wide open—too. The whole was becoming so much a part of him. He'd had two years of pre-law. But he knew that words without music would hold small meaning for him. The words had to be set to melody and a beat—and that beat was really beckoning. And, one day, his itch, wig-wagging left foot took him away... while his ten-year-old brother watched, wide-eyed, from the old front porch and waved him off to exciting adventure.

During Bob's boyhood years, there was everything a family could want for a cookie jar. With extra space at home, Kate Crosby rented out rooms to students who were going to Gonzaga or Holy Names Academy. And Bob figures that, if doing chores build character, this was his character-building during this time. "I had it tougher than the others," he says now, of the cooperative homework his older brothers had known. "Larry, for example, was in a family without a free hand. Bob's next-door friend, Father Joe Kearney, remembers one day in particular when Harry Crosby, Sr. took the situation. "Harry whispered: "Bud Luedcke was adventuring type of kid in the neighborhood, had taken Bob for a ride on the back of his motorcycle, and Bob thought they'd stayed out too long. When they got back, Mr. Crosby came out of the house with a stick. "Bing was wearing coveralls, and there was a catcher's mitt lying in the yard. Bud said, 'Why don't you go out and pick up the mitt in your pants?' Bing thought this was great advice,' Father Kearney twinkles.

"He was reaching for the mitt—when Mr. Crosby reached for him. Bud was laughing, and Bob was excited. But they didn't see anything humorous in that at all. He was mad—and he really whacked him."

The pattern of his teen years was as Irish as theirs had always been—and Bob's hardy Crosby heritage was to prove as fortunate. Baseball was his forte and, one day while he was catching, a friend recalls, "Bob怎样 to us over here, he lost that mitt in his pocket. We didn't see anything humorous in that at all. He was mad—and he really whacked him."

Like his brothers before him, Bing went to dances at the parish hall. But, Irish or no—there wasn't too much romance. About his teenage girls, Bing was a big success with Paul Whiteman. And it was as tough to follow him in romance as it was in song. Bob explains. "The first time I tried to kiss a girl, she looked up into my eyes soulfully and said, "Bob, why be shy?" And that was that."

But, when opportunity really knocked for George Robert Crosby, it was to be with a beat. And, even then, he was thinking in terms of that day to come.

One Spokane friend recalls the time the two of them and another pal decided to form a trio: "We all met at Bob's with that thought in mind. But nothing happened. We didn't know what to do, or how to put voices together, or anything. Bob's sister, Catherine, played the piano for us and we tried to sing 'Bye Bye Blues' in harmony, but we just didn't know how to be.

With the help of two schoolmates, Ray Hendricks and Bill Pollard, Bob eventually formed "The Delta Rhythm Boys."

Bob and Bing both went to college for parties, and one of the boys had an old jalopy for transportation to "engagements."

One day, Bob learned that Bing was coming to Seattle with Paul Whiteman's band which was recording with Bing, full of enthusiastic plans for going there: "Bob came over to Gonzaga in an old Ford, with another kid, and said, 'You and I are going to work—Bob and me—to Seattle.'" By then, Joe Kearney could play "a couple of things on the banjo. And Bob had it all figured out. If their jalopy broke down, he would sing, Bill Pollard would play the banjo, and Bing could play the banjo and they'd work their way on. Which wasn't necessary, fortunately. For, as the priest twinkles now, "Bob's the one who's the best friend in the world to our Joe Kearney."

"Seattle was three hundred miles away and, to us, this sounded like great adventure. We got a picture of Paul White- man and put it up in the car. We had a tent. We had a tent. We had a tent. We had tires all the way. But Bing was very good to us. He got us a room at the Olympic Hotel and we stayed two or three days. We'd catch the show down at the big auditorium at night, and we'd hang around with all the gang in the day—and it was a great experience. Bob was there. Bob was going to be a singer, but meeting all those big people was this a big thrill."

Not long after, the young Irish were again gathering at the gabled house on Riverside and buzzed the school and all the girls around said: "Why don't we call a Dixieland beat. Television cinched his fame... and an identity of his own."

But Bob Crosby and his brother—the chap in the wild sport shirt who goes around with his gang of friends—Gale Avenue—will always feel identified with the old neighborhood in Spokane. Here were their green years, the nostalgic years. Here are memories too strong to be broken by fame or by time. Here, one fine day, Bing Crosby—resplendent in cap and gown, and flanked by his family—was honored by his old alma mater. Here, in the old gym, a mischievous boy was fired from the choir for never showing up at rehearsal, he heard such words as: "In token of the high regard in which our President has held you, fellow citizens, Gonzaga University con- fers on Harry Lillis Crosby the degree of Doctor of Music."

Here, today, the token of Bing's own high regard for youth—is fast rising the ultra-modern Crosby Memorial Library. Here on the old playing field at Gonzaga—"the playground" of the noisy young Irish who learned the manly art of hitting the ball and dream big. Here in a museum—to be shared with those who dream—will be the Crosbysan. All the golden "wins," brought back to the old gabled house on Riverside from far away by Bing and Bob, can happen to a couple of boys named Bing and Bob, it can happen to anybody.
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A tale of two dances
(DID YOU SEE POOR POLLY ON TV?)

Polly came home from the party, weeping. "I had the most miserable time," she told her mother.

She had counted on a wonderful evening... but it didn't turn out that way. What good are good looks if a girl has bad breath?

Polly had depended on tooth paste alone. But the most common cause of bad breath is germs in the mouth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so...

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4 TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

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Enjoy the freedom of the beach—swim if you want to—use Tampax! Have done with bulging pads and belts! Wear the sleekest bathing suit under the sun—and play beauty on the beach or in the sea, just as you choose!

Don’t let summer fun pass you by. When problem days roll ‘round, be modern—use Tampax. 3 absorbencies (Regular, Junior, Super) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

Almost Like Angels (Bill Williams and Barbara Hale) by Gordon Budge 22
My Sentimental Tommy Sands—by Grace Sands 26
The Truth About Polly Bergen—by Martin Cohen 28

YOUR LOCAL STATION

Tempest at a Turntable (WWAF) 10
He’s Got ‘Em Covered (WWJ) 12
Oh, Brother! (WDG) 14
Every Day Is Ladies’ Day (KSCI) 62

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Movies on TV 3
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions) 11
Information Booth 13
Churning the Channels 16B
TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies by Janet Graves 20
Beauty: The Lady Dances (Kathryn Murray) by Harriet Segman 60
Vote for Your Favorites (monthly Gold Medal ballot) 88
New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns) 88

Cover portrait of Pat Boone by David Workman of U. S. Features

BUY YOUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE AUGUST 6
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Showing this month


BACHELOR AND THE BORIS-SOXER, THE (RKO): Delightful clowning by Cary Grant, as a gay blade being pursued by ardent teenager Shirley Temple. As the girl’s sister—a judge—Myrna Loy adds more charm.

BIG STREET, THE (RKO): Lucille Ball does an excellent dramatic job in the Damon Runyon story of a gangster’s ex-sweetie, crippled, yet rebuilding the friendship of bus-boy Henry Fonda.

CAREFREE (RKO): Mild plot, ribbing the psychoanalysis routine. But who cares?—with such exuberant dancing by the young Astaire and Rogers. Fred’s the doctor; Ginger’s the patient; Ralph Bellamy’s her fiance.

GOOD SAM (RKO): Likeable people put across the story of a softfaced small-town and his family, Gary Cooper’s the generous hero; Ann Sheridan, his wife.

GUEST WIFE (U.A.): Gentle comedy teams Claudette Colbert with Dick Foran and Don Ameche. War correspondent Don has told his bosses he’s married, so Dick lends wife Claudette to keep up the hoax.

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.

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.

MATING OF MILLIE, THE (Columbia): Any bus-rider will laugh at the first sequence. Glenn Ford’s the driver; Evelyn Keyes, the career girl who must find a husband before adopting a child.

MY FAVORITE WIFE (RKO): Defly done laugh-fest, casting Cary Grant as an innocent bigamist. Wed to Gail Patrick, he’s staggered by the amazing return of Irene Dunne, long marooned on a desert island with rugged Randolph Scott.

NOTORIOUS (RKO): In a dandy Hitchcock thriller, Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman play the Nazi-American spy game in Brazil. With that famous “butterfly kiss” scene!


YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (Columbia): Graceful, featherweight musical. As a Norte America dancer, Fred Astaire romances Argentinean Rita Hayworth.

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(bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)
Fleetfooted Marge and Gower Champion find that a tricky dance routine is simple compared to the swing-your-program replacement whirl on television.

Love Knows No Channels: When an ABC cowboy falls for a CBS filly, what can a veepkee say? Such is the case as video's most handsome gun-toter bites the dust for a toe dancer. Hugh O'Brian may be back on the West Coast filming more Wyatt Earp episodes, but his heart remains in Long Island with Dorothy Bracken, a June Taylor dancer. Hugh admits it was Dorothy's blond beauty that first attracted him, but adds, "After one date, I knew this was a girl I could really respect." The 32-year-old bachelor denies that it's an engagement, "but I don't deny the fact. I mean I can't deny that I think so much of her." Last trip to New York City, Hugh traveled the Long Island Railroad to meet Dorothy's parents. This must mean something. Ask any L.I. commuter.

Short & Sassy: Phil Silvers turning down fabulous night-club offers to hold wife's hand. Baby Bilko due any minute.... CBS special evener, Bill Leonard, married Mike Wallace's first wife, Norma "Kappy" Kaphan. ... Andy "Butterfly" Williams co-stars with June Valli in Nat "King" Cole periods over NBC-TV until September 5. Andy goes on singing alone in private life. Those long-distance phone calls he makes to San Fernando Valley are to have a bark with his boxer Barnaby. ... End of season finds Lucy still champ, ahead of runners-up by over two-million viewers. ... Lovely Ilene Woods, frequent singer on Arthur Godfrey Time, denies anything but good friendship with Ted Williams, but she never misses a ball game and Ted has never seemed to miss dinner with Ilene when he's in Manhattan. ... Backstage, Julie La Rosa relaxes playing chess with wife Rory. ... If you didn't know it, Bride And Groom is back, weekdays, 2:30 P.M. on NBC-TV. ... CBS-TV is sweating over possibility that Como may expand to ninety minutes. What to do about the Como power? Consider a half-hour stanza each for Les Femmes Monroe and Mansfield. Back to back, Marilyn and Jayne should eclipse all TV screens. ... Walter Winchell dropped his $7-million suit against ABC since ABC-TV scheduled his new Desilu show for the fall. Walter hosts dramatic series and promises not to get so staccato....

I Got Sands In My Head: A teen-age gal is a gal just so long. Comes Tommy or Elvis, the gals turn into battling banshees, screamed weemies, frantic fillies. During Tommy Sands' personal appearance run at New York's Roxy Theater, it was murder. In the
first three days, eager fans knocked his mother over, threw Tommy to the
ground twice and stripped two jackets
from his back. Then on the fourth
days got rough. Tommy, accom-
panied by road manager and rep from
Capitol Records, was ready to
get back into theater to make stage
show. He cruised up to theater in car.
Stage entrance bristling with dames.
Drove to executives’ entrance. Same.
Tommy and friends conferred.
Decided to outsmart gals by going in
main lobby. So they jumped from cab,
but gals in ticket line spotted Tommy.
Tommy and friends sprinted through
outer lobby to ticket-taker. He want-
ed tickets. Didn’t recognize Tommy.
Girls stampeded. Cap rep pushed
ticket-taker aside and three men
headed into inner lobby Saturday.
Two girls headed for popcorn-vendor
spot Tommy. Scream, “Tommy! Tom-
my!” Every door in lobby swings open
and girls pour in. Light nightmare.
One girl jumps Tommy from rear.
Cap rep pulls her off. She swings on
him with fists balled and cracks a tooth.
Tommy is flat on floor and another jacket
is shredding. His road manager is down and trampled.
Three men finally get to feet and make
flying wedge. With girls trailing, start
up steps to mezzanine and on up to
first balcony and second balcony.
Right up to the box with Tommy out
on roof and lock door. Down fire
escape, through storage-room window
and finally backstage. Thereafter
Tommy checked into theater in morn-
ing and stayed all day. He got long-
distance consolation from his favorite
girl, Molly Belle, to keep his spirit
nicest, cutest couple in show-biz, al-
though they are only in semi-steady
stage. Both date others.

Hot Stuff: Sonny James takes a two-
week July vacation with family in
Hackleburg, Alabama. Joining family
reunion will be best gal, Doris of Dal-
las, a beauty in image of Dorothy
Malone. . . Big summer headache
for weekend variety shows is getting
name guest stars. Ace comics and
singers, already in high income bracket, would rather skip Saturday
and Sunday on the beach than making
money. . . Dig Victor’s wonderful
album, “It’s a Wonderful World,” fea-
turing Barbara Carroll on piano.
You’ll understand why she’s the high-
est-paid female performer in jazz field.
. . . Mary Martin’s new contract pays
her $600,000 for six spectacles, at
the rate of one a year. . . Charles
Van Doren having problems. Said
that his work at NBC so time-consuming
he cannot finish work on doctorate,
and a university teacher without a
Ph.D. is like a rock ‘n roller out of
jeans. Charlie may give up teaching.
. . Canadian Mike Kane, leading man
(David Brown) in This Is Nora
Drake, temporarily out of show to
play Shakespearean stuff at Stratford
Festival in Ontario . . . The queen
of summer ratings, Kathy Murray, had
both NBC and CBS fighting for her
this year. Katie had been kind of
hoping Arthur would forego the sum-
er show this year. She says, “I’ve
been hoping for a vacation abroad for
eight years now.”

Hotter Than a Pistol: New flip-bait
is tall and slim, blond and handsome
Steve Karmen. Steve is due back on
Godfrey show this month. Just nine-
teen, the Bronx-born youngster turn-
ed to singing from starvation. He
studied to be an actor, but lack of
work led him to a guitar and folk
singing. He had worked in a few Man-
hattan clubs, Ruban Bleu, The Living
Room and The Velvet Room, when he
tried out for Talent Scouts back in
May. On the show, he was a loser but
so impressed Arthur and Jan Davis
that he was immediately booked for
three successive weeks, both morning
and night-time on the Godfrey shows.
Mercury Records came around with
a contract. But, one day on the show,
Arthur, so taken with Steve’s Calypso
numbers, asked, “Have you ever been
to Trinidad?” “No,” “You ought to
go,” “I don’t have the money.” “So
you work with us until you earn
enough and go. Then when you come
back, tell us all about it.” So Steve,
though hot as a pistol, took Arthur’s
advice and dropped everything and
took off on a 60-day cruise. This
month, he returns to Godfrey Time
to resume a career that is causing as
much excitement over at CBS as
early Pat Boone.

Air-Conditioned Items: Hal March
spends his vacation on the Paramount
lot. Makes movie “Hear Me Good”
and stars as charming con man.
August, he returns to New York
and TV and a rented house in New
 Rochelle . . . McGuire Sisters get no
vacation. This month, they work ten
days in Syracuse. August, they’re in
Atlantic City and Wildwood. In be-
tween personal appearances, they re-
turn to New York and Godfrey Time.
Phyl says, “The only time we get a
vacation is when one of us gets sick
and the others can’t possibly work.”
. . . Ava Thomas, gravel-voice on
Robert Q’s show, takes three-month
jaunt in Europe with mother . . . The
Fred Waring aggregation takes over
the Garry Moore daily slot on July 22
and the Merry Moors take off until
September 2. Durward has a hide-
away in (Continued on page 15)
End of an Era: Or, "We haven't lost a daughter, we've gained a son" department: I Love Lucy, still the heavy-weight rating champ, retires from the ring this year. CBS-TV bought out the Desilu interest for a reported $5,000,000.

For example, one built around a writer, "Have Typewriter—Will Travel," and one around a witch, "Have Broom—Will Travel," ad infinitum. It's too bad Sid Caesar is going off—he'd have a ball satirizing this one. Speaking of Sid Caesar, he and NBC decided to call it quits. It's a sad fact, no matter how good a show is, if it doesn't pay off, it goes off. It's as simple as ABC. In fact, that's probably where Sid will be next year—at ABC-TV.

Cinderella Story: Lovely Coral Record songstress Erin O'Brien, 23-year-old newcomer discovered by Steve Allen in his night-time audience, won national recognition singing on Steve's show, then guested once with George Gobel, and now has signed a contract with Warner Bros. Erin's dream of becoming a movie star has come true—all in the space of six months! Erin has a starring role in Warners' upcoming "Marjorie Morningstar," Best described as delightfully lovely, Erin will play Karen Blair, the amoral gal who throws herself at "Morningstar's" wonderfully nasty villain, Noel Airman. This striking contrast will make exciting viewing. But that's the way Hollywood likes to do things—excitingly.
Sink or Swim: Charming Dinah Shore turned her TV Radio Mirror gold medal awards into a necklace. Often a winner, Dinah realized too late that real gold really weighs! Hubby George Montgomery said, "Don't fall in the swimming pool, honey... you'll go straight to the bottom!" Dinah will be spending the summer pounding nails with hubby George in the new Trousdale Estates area where they are building their new home. Dinah went to the private screening of George's newest picture, "Black Patch," and, though her own show has been getting rave reviews, she was more thrilled when Jack Warner of Warner Bros. came up to tell her that "Patch" would be a real hit for George. If they can find some way to pin a romantic ballad to the ruggedly masculine picture, Dinah will sing the background score.

Elvis Episodes: Girls are like a baseball game, or, From Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance Department: Last week, Elvis Presley dated Yvonne Lime, Debbie Smith, and Pat Mowry—in that order, but in fewer days... Has the full story been told on the tooth-swallowing episode? The day before he felt the pain, Elvis was doing a typical Presley dance routine with an all-male chorus (that's a switch) and it created enough excitement at the studio to send choreographer Michael Kidd and dancer Gene Kelly gawking to the soundstage. That's when Elvis lost the tooth cap. But he didn't feel any pain. That came next day, during a dramatic scene (nobody knows whether or not this was a love scene, or whether the pain was near his heart). At any rate, Elvis had to sit still for a bronchoscope—which kept him in the hospital under the eyes of a half-dozen pretty nurses. Some people can't win for losing... Oh, yes, Elvis now has a pet wallaby, which looks like a live kewpie doll but packs the kick of a mule. The wallaby hailed from Australia, (Continued on page 15)

Be the one who catches his eye!

Aren't you glad you've always been so careful with your appearance, especially your hair! Every hair is in place, and you know it’s easiest to keep that way by setting and securing it with Gayla HOLD-BOB... the all-purpose bobby pin preferred by more women over all others.

At first glance, bobby pins may look alike, but women know that Gayla HOLD-BOB with Flexi-Grip is the leader by superior performance... holds better, has the right combination of strength and flexibility, and is easiest to use.

Do not accept ordinary bobby pins—insist on Gayla HOLD-BOB.

Put yourself in the picture with Gayla HOLD-BOB BOBBY PINS with Flexi-Grip

Gaylord Products Incorporated
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois

Make room for Daddy? It was standing-room only when Danny Thomas played the Sands night club in Las Vegas, then did an impromptu show for the overflow.
The Cockatoos, a group of four Royal Navy men, provide music for an impromptu skiffle session in a London street.

The SKIFFLE BOYS

ENGLAND HOLLERS UP A STORM

By LILLA ANDERSON

TAKE a washtub, a washboard, a couple of guitars, a few writhing, uninhibited young men belting out songs which have crossed the Atlantic at least twice—and you have the makings for a new teen-age musical craze which has created a storm of controversy in England and which is beginning to draw enthralled young supporters in the United States.

It is called—no one quite knows why—"skiffle." The small combos which set the kids to dancing and their elders to deprecating are called "skiffle groups." In Britain the fad has spread, despite strong opposition, from sailors' pubs along the Limehouse docks to the stage of the Palladium and the studios of the independent television station. Young members of the nobility who have taken it up are considered to be sowing their wild oats.

In America, the young intellectuals of New York's Greenwich Village claim it as their own private discovery. But it is spreading, both by personal and recorded invasion. That skiffling Scotsman, Lonnie Donegan, and the Charles McDevitt skiffle group have toured the States. The records of Bob Cort and Dickie Bishop are beginning to catch on. Tommy Steele, whom the British consider their own Elvis Presley, is contemplating a bow to America.

To define skiffle is an elusive task. It is more illuminating to tell what happens. Ask an English teenager what skiffle is and you'll draw that "How square can you get?" look which is the same on both sides of the Atlantic.
Ask an oldster and . . . well, we did. On a recent trip to London, I had a chance to tour the skiffle clubs. My partner in this particular bit of musical research was an American who considered himself a real gassed cat when it came to New Orleans blues, progressive jazz or frantic rock 'n' roll.

Said my companion, "I know they're in the Soho area. Let's take a cab." To find skiffle required a conference at the end of the journey, for London cabs are square-rigged as the late Dowager Queen Mary's hats. A thick plate-glass panel separates chauffeur from passenger and no chatty nonsense is allowed. Not until the cabbie set us down at a Soho curb could my escorting hipster inquire, "Say, Dad, which joint swings?"

The cabbie reacted like Colonel Blimp. "I doubt if I understand, sir, but I am sure, sir, I would not know, sir." When we reached Soho a young couple was crossing the street. The question, "Hey, kids, which joint swings?" brought eager directions. "See that second sign—The Two Ts? That's the most!"

It was my first glimpse of a "coffee bar," an angular edifice resembling an elderly hamburger joint. Its non-alcoholic counter was crowded with Teddy boys and their dolls. The boys' broadcloth suits, cut to follow Edwardian styles, were in wild shades of magenta, pale blue, mauve. (A kid will go in hock for months to pay for having one tailored.) Youths not of the Teddy cult wore thick sweaters or duffle jackets. Their girls dressed in either gray flannel jumpers and black stockings or in tight toreador pants. We went down steep cellar stairs. At least two hundred kids were packed, foot-to-foot, into a space about twice as large as an average living room. While American rock 'n' roll grew up in big theater shows, English skiffle gained its popularity in such "jazz clubs."

A few determined couples danced. Others peered through the smoke toward the podium where Charlie McDevitt and his boys were whanging out a heavy two-beat on guitars and basses. To find skiffle's listeners' faces were tense with excitement.

But I'll have to admit ours were not. Said my escort, "This is skiffle?"

"Said I, "This is where I came in."

And indeed it was. That same tune had sent me when I was a kid at a summer camp in Wisconsin. Sitting around the campfire, we would sing something like 97 verses to "I Am Redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb." The words were changed to "Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane" in the version which came over the hillbilly radio stations we heard in western Minnesota. Where it was again in a London club. The beat and the phrasing were identical.

Skiffle has given many an old platter a new English accent, even when the singers made a studied attempt to copy American intonations. They have picked up some of the old jazz classics, but they also have concentrated on some styles which were simply dull in the beginning. Many of their numbers have now made the round trip. Originally, they were English ballads brought here by early settlers. Hillbilly singers turned them into country-western recordings. The young British skiffleers have again made them their own.

Skiffle, in Britain, has brought some young singers the same prominence that rock 'n' roll has done in the States. Lonnie Donegan is one of the top purveyors of the American sounds. Born in Glasgow, he was reared in the Cockney section of London. Toting his guitar with him, he found his way around the neighborhood jazz clubs where the kids play for Cokes and cigarettes. When ten singles were issued, he became the first jazz singer to hit the British best-seller lists. His record also caught on in the United States. American fans of this English hillbilly got a look at him this spring when he brought his skiffle group over and performed with the world-famous Globetrotters basketball team, entertaining between halves. He never quite eluded the kids, but an impressive number of teens did squeal their delight.

Bob Cort was first heard by a talent scout attending a "jazz barbecue" in London and was asked to record on the spot. The band consisted of three guitars, a bass and a washboard. He met his wife at a coffee bar in Knightsbridge and grew his beard at her request. His two top tunes are "Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O" and "It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worriled Blues." His other numbers are "Freight Train" and "Roll Jen Jenkins."

Tommy Steele, in England, is considered to be more rock 'n' roll than skiffle. He is a quiet, ordinary London lad who burst into the spotlight with the same jet propulsion exhibited here by that quiet, ordinary Memphis lad called Presley.

His take-off point was another of those coffee bars. The owner asked him to sing a few rock 'n' roll numbers and the customers started to dance. The kid who had been a twenty-dollar-a-week bellhop on a ship running between New York and Bermuda suddenly became England's flash hit. Last spring, he starred in a biographical movie, "The Tommy Steele Story." In the States, his new recording of "Butterfingers" and "Teen-Age Party" is catching on. Whether he follows it with a personal appearance tour may depend on the state of his health. He was rejected for the draft because of a heart condition. Some fans think he should not be permitted to continue his energy-consuming stage gyrations, but Tommy has gone right on rocking and rolling.

Skiffle, with its strong stimulus toward American ways, draws some sharp criticism from traditionalists. They often voice their protests in letters to the editors of the tabloid newspapers.

It would comfort the writers, I believe, if they could pay a visit to New York's Washington Square on a Sunday afternoon. In this historic park, there is a decommissioned fountain. Its foundation becomes a bowl in which students and the talented young entertainers from Greenwich Village gather. Singers surround instrumental groups. On a recent Sunday, I counted twelve guitars, three basses and seven washtubs. The washtubs carry a sort of mast—usually a broomstick—to which is attached a single string. The string is plucked at the same time the rhythm is beat out by the foot on the bottom of the tub.

Most of the girls wore gray jumpers and black stockings. Many of the boys had bulky sweaters and duffle jackets.

You couldn't tell from the attire whether you were in Washington Square or Trafalgar Square. The sound, too, was the same. Their favorite song was "It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worriled Blues."

Skiffle has again jumped the Atlantic.
Tempest at a Turntable

Jerry Lewis apparently loved the Faye treatment, came out unscathed after an hour with Marty.

According to WAAF's outspoken deejay, Marty Faye, broadcasting can only stand to benefit from a good dose of "obnoxious irritation." Marty, alternately loved and hated by his audiences, has long been a master of the hard sell and frantic harangue. But, by a sort of "reverse psychology," his heckling of Chicago airwaves has paid off. Each Monday through Friday from noon to 2 P.M., Marty gives the new releases a turn, then slays 'em with a caustic dig or two, and "buries" 'em in "Marty's Morgue." Then, last year's "sacred cows" of pop music get a going-over. But there's never any ill will behind the barbed-wire wit, and many top stars appreciate the fact that a rap on the Marty Faye Show amounts to stirring up a hurricane in record sales in the Windy City. Brooklyn-born Marty didn't come by his theatrical instincts by accident. Nature planned it that way, giving him a sister, Frances Faye, a well-known night-club and recording star, and a cousin, Danny Kaye. Via the circuitous route of law school and a summer "pitch" job in Atlantic City, he found himself in front of a TV camera with "a fire burning inside... I could have sold horses to an automobile dealer." Of a cross-country tour of TV stations, Marty recalls, "They hated me in New York, they hated me in Birmingham, they hated me in Atlanta... but, they listened."... In Chicago, appearing up to 70 times weekly, Marty was the ringleader who'd pop up with his plug just when the matinee movie reached its climax. Kids would ask him on the street, "Hey, aren't you the guy who ruins all the movies?"—to which Faye would reply, faking a glower, "Yeah, that's me. The name's Marty Faye. Don't forget it." He still haunts the movie viewers—chases WBKB-TV's Sunday to Thursday Late Show with forty minutes (11:20 midnight) of inimitable heartburn, and no one forgets. Once, at Soldiers' Field, 60,000 rose up in a body to pitch pop bottles, peanuts, everything, as Marty rode by. As he tells it, "Brother, I had arrived."... When Marty arrives home at his North Side apartment, he throws in the sponge for the day and enjoys a huge record collection on hi-fi with wife Vivian. Despite a heart-rending plea from four-year-old daughter Sydney Fran—"Daddy, don't be so mean to Elvis Presley, the kids at nursery school won't like me any more"—Marty knows his own infamous style fills a real need in broadcasting. Like his mail pull, which runs the gamut from love letters to threats on his life, radio should be willing to be a little schizophrenic. Too much of the "soft sell," the relaxed charm, he feels, can put listeners to sleep. To WAAF listeners, Marty Faye's no soporific.

When they sent threatening letters and started throwing things, WAAF's Marty Faye figured he'd arrived!

Columbia's Four Lads and bearded Mitch Miller reciprocate Marty's "burial" of their discs by surprise birthday cake.

Sydney tries to reconcile Dad and nursery schoolers on Elvis issue. Wife Vivian keeps clear of the "dispute."
New Patterns for You

9067—Smart sun-tops designed to slim the larger figure. Printed Pattern in Women’s Sizes 36-50. Size 36 square-neck or collar style, each 1 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35c.


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.

Busy mothers occasionally find it hard to ease up and relax after a crowded, hectic day. That’s why so many of them get help from MILES NERVINE. With its mild, but effective action, MILES NERVINE helps relieve such nervous tension so that you can relax, be calm and serene, to feel your best again.

Take MILES NERVINE, also, when too restless to sleep at night. It simply relaxes you, lets you sleep—naturally. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Sold in effervescent tablets and liquid.

Soothe nerves... feel calm and serene with MILES NERVINE

At any drugstore... No Prescription Needed!

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.
When ebullient Bob Maxwell acquired his own radio station in April, he found himself playing both ends against a musical middle. Bob is on the payroll of Detroit's Station WWJ as a deejay. He runs a dawn patrol of "music with a melody," each Monday through Saturday from 6 to 9 A.M., and presides over Music Over The Weekend, each Saturday from 1 to 3:30 P.M. He's seen on TV with the Meet The Press commercials and is heard coast-to-coast as a guest communicator on NBC's Monitor. Then, on April Fool's Day, 1957, he got down to the serious business of opening his own Station WBRB in suburban Mt. Clemens. As the station's program director, Bob finds himself in the odd position of employing deejays to go on opposite his own programs on WWJ. . . . Born June 26, 1924, in the little town of Custer, Tennessee, where his family were sharecroppers, Bob was brought to Detroit when he was five. When his mother became fatally ill of tuberculosis, Bob spent two years in an orphanage, where he occupied himself by staging variety shows. He was spotted by an advertising executive who offered to use him on the dramatized commercials for the Ford Sunday evening hour. The pay was good and so, at the ripe old age of eleven, Bob decided to go into radio and also to study medicine. He appeared on such Detroit-produced shows as Lone Ranger and Green Hornet, switched to deejaying in 1940, running an all-night show on WEXL in Royal Oak and attending high school by day. He had just begun college and a pre-medical course when war came and he enlisted in the Navy, serving as a medic. He returned to college after the war, but radio and TV commitments prevented him from graduating. . . . Bob now has two sons—Douglas, 11, and Bob, Jr., 3—and he hopes that one of them will realize his doctoring dreams. Bob and his wife Patricia love to entertain at their suburban Birmingham home, colonial in design, contemporary in decor. Bob collects books, mostly science-fiction, and postage stamps, including many of Confederate vintage in honor of his distant relative, Col. Breckenridge, Confederate Secretary of War. At Patricia's request, Bob sold his racing cars, but he still owns a restored 1918 Maxwell (!) touring sedan. Bob also owns a collie named Amber, a private pilot's license, and a half-interest in Bluefield Farms, 418 acres in Kentucky devoted to raising thoroughbred horses. He'd like to retire there some day. But it's a distant future that will find Detroiter's singing the blues because Bob Maxwell has retired to the land of the blue grass.
Oklahoma Kids

Could you please give me some information on The Collins Kids, who've been frequently on TV? D. S., Boston, Mass.

That two kids are better than one, most people will admit. That two Collins Kids are the "best" in their field is uncontested. The eldest, Lorrie (short for Lawrencine), is almost 15, with a voice now under exclusive contract to Columbia Records. Larry, 13, takes over the harmony vocals, dances a bit and handles the large double-necked guitar like the country-music veteran he is. . . . The Kids' dad is an aircraft worker and their mother, though she plays at the piano, never aimed for a show-business career. But Larry and Lorrie harmonized almost before they could read or write the name of their home town of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Too busy to stop for a music lesson, the Collins Kids have been on KITV-Los Angeles' Town Hall Party and heard on the NBC Radio network program of the same name. Other appearances as guests on the CBS Jack Carson Show and Bob Crosby Show and ABC-TV's Ozark Jubilee were followed by movie roles for the Kids at Universal-International. . . . When they aren't busy televising or recording such country hits as "Hush Money" or "The Rockaway Rock," the Kids attend Hollywood's Professional Children's School, where Lorrie will be a sophomore this fall and Larry an eighth-grader. Larry says he likes school "all right," but prefers driving his midget auto or going swimming or rabbit hunting.

Free-Lance Lancer


Scranton-born Warren Stevens—Lt. Storm on the NBC-TV Lancers series—got his start in the entertainment world as a musician. Then, during high-school years, he found himself becoming more and more attracted to acting. Afraid to admit it to his family, who might have considered it a mere "boyish infatuation," he enlisted in the Navy and made Annapolis, instead. But only for a while, Warren met a certain Bob Porterfield, who owned the famous Barter Theater in Virginia, and decided to leave Annapolis for the part of the younger brother in "Family Portrait." After that, it was a sprightly hop and skip to scholarship studies with Martha Graham, Sanford Meisner and Lehman Engel at Neighborhood Playhouse, and only a jump into the "blue yonder" of the Air Corps. . . . An Elia Kazan production was the turning point in his career. Though termed "a flop" by the critics, the play turned up several movie offers for the handsome, five-foot-ten actor. Broadway also took notice, and Warren landed "hit" material in "Detective Story" with Ralph Bellamy. . . . Since signing with 20th Century-Fox in 1950, he has been in 15 motion pictures and innumerable TV dramas. Now a free-lance Lancer, Warren lives with his wife, the former Lydia Minevitch, in the hills above Hollywood. He has a son, Larry, 12, by a previous marriage.

Shavian Pin-up

I would like some information on Joi Lansing, one of the models on the CBS-TV Bob Cummings Show. C. S., Throop, Pa.

Joi Lansing, a shapely blond pin-up type, has been studying her Ibsen and Shaw since high-school days. Complains Joi, "People don't believe I really want to be a dramatic actress. If you look sexy, they give you sexy parts." . . . Born Joy Loveland, Joi arrived in Hollywood via Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. As a Mormon, she neither drinks nor smokes. After high-school graduation, there was a considerable period devoted to serious reading, followed by a world junket—"to get experience"—playing the Air Force bases. In Hollywood, she hopes her first starring picture, "The Brave One," will lead to others. Meanwhile, she's in continuous demand for TV dramas and has also appeared regularly on the Bob Cummings Show as the photographer's model. TV is "hard work," according to Joi. "But, if you work hard at anything you want, you're bound to be a success at it."

Calling All Fans

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


Bill Haley and His Comets, c/o Claire Neveu, 201 Grove Street, Woonsocket, R. I.

Alan Copeland Fan Club, c/o Irma Albert, 1600 Broadway, Watertlillet, N. Y.

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.
Voice-wise, it's a who's who, as expert mimic Bill Bennett talks to ex-'Fat Jack' E. Leonard before show.

The legal definition of "mayhem" reads threateningly, to say the least. Bill Bennett could never be accused of "a willful and violent affliction of bodily harm in order to annoy an adversary," Simple! He has no adversaries. When "Brother Bill" signs on-air at 6 A.M. for a three-hour deejay stint, and again at 11 for Mayhem In The Ayem, even the birds in the Twin Cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul tune in to WDGY. The proof is in the writing: "Dear Mr. Bennett," one note reads. "Enclosed is a picture of our parakeet, Pixie. As you can see, he's listening to the radio and it happens to be your program, too." To which Bill grins, "Proof? This just goes to prove my show is really "for the birds." . . . One of the most likable in the radio business, the versatile young emcee and entertainer was brought to WDGY by Todd Storz, who recognized a find for his new station. Bill was largely responsible for jumping the station's ratings from a rocky "low" to "number one independent" for the area. Adored by teenagers, hounded by gag fans, besieged by phone calls, there's a perpetual smile on the boyish face and a joke is ready for any occasion. . . . And this, in spite of a staggering schedule. Besides the two morning shows, he emcees Saturday nights at the Prom Ballroom, sharing billing with top stars. During the week, Bill's out on the road for his "favorite extracurricular," one-night stands of emceeing, singing and mimicking. Paying attention to teenagers' extracurriculars, too, he recently started a teen-interest column circulating in 130 school papers in the area. . . . Come Sunday and Bill folds his tent and "steals away" home. But the comedy sneaks in by the back door, according to his lovely wife Jo. Sundays tempt Bill to work on his teen-slated magic and clown routines. . . . Not so many years ago, teenager Bill, "most popular boy" in his class, stopped short of nothing to entertain and make people laugh. At the time of his class play, when he fell off the stage and landed in the pit, his solo commentary went, "It was getting pretty dull around there." . . . Bill's first break followed soon after a young station manager took a look at Bill and "suggested," in his most V.I.P. manner, "Boy, you'll never make it as a radio personality. Let's try you in sales." So, it was sales for two years, till he sold himself as a deejay. Radio audiences have been buying Brother Bill's airwaves' stock-in-trade ever since.

WDGY's "Brother Bill" Bennett just slays 'em in the ayem

Bill, second from right, shines along with The Three Suns, typical bright guest stars on his ayem show.

Kuldip Singh, at left, of Groucho fame, is emceed by Bill, who's busy with a "favorite extracurricular."
What's New on the West Coast
(Continued from page 5)

now spends the afternoon sunning itself on Elvis' M-G-M patio, doesn't like to go back into its cage at night, has a glossy gray-brown coat of fur which is made to gleam on a dappled light, fits up like a squirrel to eat, hops like a kangaroo, and is named "Wallaby." Rumor has it that it was this pint-sized pet that knocked out the booth, but he's too embarrassed to admit it.

Incidental Intelligence: Cheyenne's Clint Walker added a covered wagon to his new Vespas motor scooter, now takes his seven-year-old daughter Valerie with him while he's prospecting. Valerie thought her uncle Bell, on the December date with the stork, has blueprinted plans for a new TV series next season in which she'll star as a five-foot old lady. In a recent interview, he was called "Mister," not "Sir." He's been that. She's been a journeyman for a year while he was still at home. When that's over, they're off to the West Coast.

Beards 'n' Boots: If you think you are seeing a young Paul Whiteman, Brothers walking down Hollywood Boulevard, it's probably Lawrence Welk's arranger, George Gages, and Welk's newly signed clarinetist, Pete Fountain. Both sport goatees. Cage, musical supervisor of Welk's shows, grew his beard during an illness, vowed he wouldn't shave until he was well again, and then never shaved it off at all. Twenty-six-year-old Pete Fountain grew his beard on a dare, while playing jazz in New Orleans over the past five years. The moment Betty White was to leave for a television show, Leonard Goldenson, and introduce her new show, Dated With the Angels, on a coast-to-coast closed-circuit hook-up, the heel of her shoe broke. It just so happened that Alice Lon was present, and she had about the same kind of blue dress and matching shoes as Betty. More coincidentally, they both have the same Cinderella-size foot, 5A. After the show, Betty pointed to the lovely Alice, sitting barefoot beside the president.

What's New on the East Coast
(Continued from page 5)

Connecticut. Says he, "I got a brook and I will put my feet in the water and fish and count my money." Ken Carson will get in two weeks of Florida golf and then make appearances at Radio City, where he'll be doing, and at the Rainbow Room. Denise Lor stands on a woman's prerogative and remains undecided. Garry, himself, is in a rut, or is it a trough? He will cruise off New England, with the family. . . . There's Moby of Greenwich, favorite horn-man, Wild Bill Davison, in Columbia album, "With Strings Attached."

Backstage Drama: One serial star was undergoing the worst kind of anguish this season and being very mum about it. Melba Rae, who is Marge in Search For Tomorrow, is one of the most exciting event of her life, her first child. With artist-husband Gil Shaw, she shared such enthusiasm that they talked about little else. Early spring, they moved from a small, charming Greenwich Village flat to a large apartment on Riverside Drive. Suddenly, in March, Melba was rushed to the hospital and gave birth to a premature twin, and then, at home, but there had been no sign of twins."

The baby girl weighed two pounds and eight ounces. The boy weighed two and six. ("We were warned to keep twenty-four hours before we told anyone outside of her parents.") Twenty hours later, the girl died. The boy went into an incubator at Premature Center in New York hospital. Melba was told she could take the baby home when he reached five pounds, and Gil was told not to give any cigars until baby came home. They had a live son, but his life was not a certain thing. At one point, the baby dropped down to two pounds, but then began to gain steadily. On Mother's Day, he was five pounds and four ounces and Melba took him home. "He's good and lovable" says Melba. "He has auburn hair and enormous blue eyes. We call him Eric because he looks just like his brother, Henry after Gil's father." The Monday after the baby got home, Gil went down to his office loaded with candy and cigars.

Bloody or Dead: Big Story cancelled end of this summer. West Point and Buckner's axed. Robert Montgomery Presents will definitely not return in fall. Also death rattle for Ford Theater. . . . Of Lomax, there are happy sponsors. Kraft celebrated its tenth year and Godfrey is up to his eyeballs in teaballs. It was July 25, 1947, that Lipton first sponsored Old Ironsides. And then, Oh! Suzanne and Person To Person have had renewals and The Lone Ranger will ride again. Giselle MacKenzie, who debuts her show in the fall, has been fully sponsored since spring. So things are not as bad as they seem, and anyway, like army generals, TV shows don't die, they just fade away. There is the Durant show, off TV almost two years. It's back again this summer, replacing Gleason, who was recently axed but who will likely replace Steve Allen in 1959. And see if you can follow this one: The Tonight Show, replaced by The Johnny Carson Show, which in turn replaced The Brothers Private Secretary has now been replaced by My Favorite Husband. Joan Caulfield, one of the stars of My Favorite Husband, returns this fall in a new filmed comedy series, Sally, co-starring Marion Lorne, on NBC-TV Sundays at 7:30. Marion and her TV fame in this same time slot when it was "Private Secretary," which was replaced by Circus Boy, which moves to ABC and replaces . . . etcetera.
Christmas in July
Even in July, the "North Pole" at the Village is covered with frost.

At the Enchanted Castle, Bill and young Robert feed the black swan.

Bill jumps as the giant Jack-in-the-Box nods its greeting to him.

It could be you, says Bill Leyden, enjoying the sun at Santa’s Village.

Yes, there is a Santa Claus. The only point of disputation is: Where does he live? Some people plunk for the North Pole. But, each year, a million other people take the Rim-of-the-World Highway (State Highway 18), drive a mile-high into the San Bernardino Mountains, and stop when they've reached never-never land, more officially known as Skyforest, California. Here is Santa's Village and, unlike the North Pole, it’s much more than a postal address. Fourteen fantastical buildings nestle among the pines, and here, together with elves and animals, live Mr. and Mrs. Claus. Santa is here to greet his visitors 364 days a year. On Christmas Day, he’s away on urgent business. In winter, the scene is snow-covered. But even in July, it’s still Christmas here. Newlyweds Sue and Bill Leyden gathered up four young friends to prove that, when it’s a question of the happiest kind of fairy tales coming true, it could be you!

There's a sleigh and reindeer, of course. But for a ride through the Enchanted Forest, visitors take Cinderella's Pumpkin coach.

Santa himself welcomes Sue and Bill Leyden, Robert Chadwick, 7, Denise and Paula Benson, aged 6 and 11, while little John Benson finds playmates just his size among the baby goats.
Discovered

Discovered

sheerest luxury.... perfected protection

make New Modess your own discovery this month

Modess .... because
A showdown must finally come in the tangled affairs of these three—Anthony Franciosa, Eva Marie Saint, husband Don Murray.

**TV RADIO MIRROR**

goes to the movies

**TV favorites on your theater screen**

By JANET GRAVES

**A Hatful of Rain**

20th, Cinemascope

Though this powerful movie is adapted from a Broadway play, it has the quietly realistic, outspoken manner of the best TV dramas, and all its leading players are familiar to TV fans. As the war veteran tormented by dope addiction, Don Murray gives a strongly emotional performance. He is matched by Eva Marie Saint, as the wife who could offer help and sympathy if only she were given her husband's full confidence. But Anthony Franciosa towers over both, with his compelling portrayal of the brother deeply involved in the addict's situation. And Lloyd Nolan, as the bluff, unimaginative father, shows why this family is threatened by tragedy. Background scenes shot in New York City give extra conviction to a story of unusual force.

**Bernardine**

20th, Cinemascope, de luxe color

Already established as a TV, radio and recording personality, Pat Boone steps into the movie-acting department with surprising ease. He's cast as leader of a group of teenagers—nice kids all, without a delinquent in the lot. Their chief problem centers around the romantic quest of young Richard Sargent, who has fallen madly in love with Terry Moore. Trying to be the loyal pal, Pat succeeds only in complicating Dick's life. And Janet Gaynor, as Dick's widowed mother, now considering a second marriage, exhibits the same pert charm in maturity as she did in youth.

**Dino**

Allied Artists

Widely acclaimed as a TV play, this story of slum boyhood hits the larger screens with equal impact. Sal Mineo does an excellent job as the boy just released from reform school, after serving a term on a robbery and murder charge. As the psychiatrist at the local settlement house, Brian Keith takes a personal interest in Sal's case, and the gentle attentions of young Susan Kohner, another settlement-house worker, also exert a healing influence.

**The Delicate Delinquent**

Paramount, VistaVision

Now that Dean Martin has shown what he can do on his own in "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Jerry Lewis goes into solo action with a hard-to-classify picture of tenement life in New York. As a youngsters who gets hauled into a police station on a delinquency accusation, Jerry is utterly innocent. But he arouses the concern of Darren McGavin, a crusading cop, and Martha Hyer, a lady politico who believes in getting tough with the trouble-making kids. Jerry's role oddly combines serious action with his familiar clowning. He does one song, "By Myself," which is neatly staged and worked logically into the course of the story.

**At Your Neighborhood Theaters**

**Beau James** (Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor): As New York mayor Jimmy Walker, Bob Hope symbolizes the spirit of the Jazz Age. Paul Douglas and Darren McGavin take key roles in the colorful political intrigues; Alexis Smith and Vera Miles are the ladies in Bob's life.

**The Lonely Man** (Paramount, VistaVision): Winner of TV's Emmy for best acting, Jack Palance has a strong role as a supposed desperado, who tries to settle down and win the affections of his hostile son, Anthony Perkins. Elaine Aiken is the girl that both men love.

**The Buster Keaton Story** (Paramount, VistaVision): Donald O'Connor goes deadpan to play the sober-faced comic of silent-film days. Ann Blyth and Rhonda Fleming supply romantic interest, but fine old Keaton gags are the big attraction.
Can a doctor live like a human being?

Can a doctor be a devoted husband to his wife, a loving father to his children? Can he ever afford to feel angry, hurt or proud? Or must he always put his family and his feelings second? Does a man give up his right to live like other men when he takes the Hippocratic oath? Day after day, Dr. Jerry Malone and his family live out this conflict. Live it with them on radio. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to **YOUNG DR. MALONE** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Take one busy married couple, two successful careers, three lively young children. Put 'em under the same roof . . . and the result might well be bedlam. But, for Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, it's a bit of heaven, and their youngsters—Jody, 10; Billy, Jr., 6; Nita, 4—are three little angels . . . well, almost angels.

Bill and Barbara are a busy couple indeed, and both their careers have just gone into high gear, TV-wise. Bill, long known on television as venturesome Kit Carson, has just hurdled neatly from horse-opera to humor, now plays opposite charming Betty White in the rollicking new domestic comedy, Date With The Angels, over ABC-TV. And hazel-eyed Barbara has just been cast as Della Street, witty "Girl Friday" to famed lawyer-sleuth Perry Mason, whose offbeat adventures in detection will be seen over CBS-TV starting this fall.

Speaking of Date With The Angels—specifically, of Bill and Betty as Mr. and Mrs. Gus Angel—Barbara says, in mock horror, "I'd no sooner been cast as Della Street than my husband turned up with another wife! I'm thinking of calling Perry Mason in on this. Already, Betty and I kid each other about which of us sees more of Bill. She's with him four days each week—and I have him on weekends."

Speaking of her own three little angels at home,
All together: Barbara and Bill, with Nita (left), Billy Junior, Jody—and "Punch," their collie.

Heaven, for Bill Williams, is that date-for-life with a lovely girl named Barbara Hale—and those three lively youngsters
Barbara adds, "Betty has offered to take the children, too. And there are times—like today—when I would gladly share the joys of motherhood. Look at this house! This morning, we began a formal weeding party in the garden. Then came the weed fights—climaxed by tag through the living room. I feel like the old witch of the North Woods, and I'm tired of saying, 'No, hon....' Do you know anyone who would care to take in three really sweet-natured but wild-horse children?"

All kidding aside, that weeding session is only part—along with numerous other activities the Williamses undertake together—of Barbara's and Bill's plan to make up for the time their jobs separate them from their family. "I joined the Perry Mason series," Barbara says earnestly, "because I felt it would help the children, not hurt them. To my way of thinking, any woman with husband and children to look after can be called a 'working mother.' For instance, when Bill and I were at one of our infrequent parties, the other night, I heard one of the girls say, 'I'm sorry, but we're going to have to leave now... I have to get up at six A.M. with the kids.' Believe me, I know that by the time her day is through—what with PTA, church and charity work, the Camp Fire Girls, and any dozen or more activities that demand her time—she well deserves the title of 'working mother.'"

"Point is," Barbara stresses, "that the husband and wife are sharing some common goal, some dream of the future. That's why I (Continued on page 72)

Bill Williams is Gus in Date With The Angels, on ABC-TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Plymouth Dealers of America.

Billy wants to be an Indian—if he can't be Kit Carson, like his dad.  Nita and Billy love to go marketing with Mom and Dad. Wonder why?  Nieco Dianne Falness watches Barb cut hasty sandwiches for bike ride.
Champ swimmer Bill gives Billy and Nita water-skiing tips on Saturdays. Sundays, it’s time to go to church—and Jody and Nita give their all to some hymn practice.

Barb’s own father is a top landscape architect—so she’s sure to pick a fine tree fern for their garden.

Billy just might be an Indian yet (Cleveland, that is). He swings a big-league bat, as Bill catches and coaches.
Almost Like Angels

(Continued)

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My Sentimental TOMMY

My boy has his faults, but he's been a good son—and, someday, he'll be a good husband and father

By GRACE SANDS

Two little girls waved to me the other day and said, "Hello, Tommy's mother." I used to be Grace Sands; now I'm "Tommy's mother." That's fame. But it has its compensations. I get special attention these days from the young clerks at the supermarket, and all sorts of nice people smile to me on the street and say, "Saw you on This Is Your Life—Tommy looked wonderful."

This change in our fortunes has not been lost on my son. He teases me about it. "Say, Mama, you're not doing laundry?" he'll say, in mock shocked tones, as he comes into the kitchen while I'm washing out his socks. "Remember, you're 'Tommy's mother' now." Then we have a good laugh as I go right on with my chores.

Not that I mean to talk down the wonderful success that has been coming to my boy lately. What mother would? It's what he worked for, dreamed about, gave twelve years to. But, just for a change, I can't help thinking, Wouldn't it be poetic justice if some fine day someone rushed (Continued on page 80)

At 19, he's the youngest subject Ralph Edwards ever had on This Is Your Life. Close friend Biff Collie (center) is the Texas deejay who put Tommy on his TV show—at 12.
Miss Bergen is three people in one—and a recognizable success in each and every personification.

It was dislike at first sight—until Freddie Fields played porter and both he and Polly got carried away.

By MARTIN COHEN

About a half-dozen years ago, Polly Bergen, then an M-G-M starlet, made a personal appearance at a fair in Lubbock, Texas. All over town, she saw huge posters, "Presenting the Famous Singer, Dancer, Actress—Polly Burger." Polly says, "Maybe twenty-five percent of it was true. I had been singing since I was a baby, but I was just in the elementary business of learning to act and dance. Of course, they spelled my last name like 'hamburger'—which proves they were really kidding themselves about my being famous!"

Since then, as dancer, singer and/or actress, Polly has headlined the country's chic clubs, made a dozen movies and starred (Continued on page 66).

Tinker Bell lays claim to nine lives, but Polly's happy with just three. She mixes being a career girl, wife and mother as harmoniously as she combines modern and antique decor at home.

Beauty and function are the keynotes. The dressing-room walls are doors to huge closets. In the living room, below, the clay boxer was sculpted by Polly—a photographer and pianist, too.

Polly Bergen is a regular panelist on To Tell The Truth, as seen on CBS-TV, each Tuesday at 9 P.M. EDT, and sponsored by Pharmaceuticals, Inc. for Geritol and for other products.
Are We Afraid of Our Teen-age Kids?

Humorist-humanitarian Sam Levenson has strong words for children who rebel against authority—and for parents who can't say "No!"

By GLADYS HALL

Mother Levenson encourages four-year-old Emily to dress herself. Nothing so fine as a bathroom duet for father-and-son solidarity.

Isn't it dangerous, as many church leaders and teachers and social workers believe, for teenagers to go steady? If we, the parents, also recognize the danger, why don't we forbid them to do so?

Should twelve-year-old girls be allowed to wear lipstick—and falsies?

Should sixteen-year-old boys be permitted to have cars of their own?

When a teen-age son or daughter starts to smoke at an earlier age than we believe good for them, isn't it up to us to say "No"—and mean it?

When we have reason to believe that our teen-age boys and girls are making the kind of friends that will do them no good, aren't we obligated to signal "Thumbs down"—and keep them down?

When we tell a teen-age son or daughter that ten o'clock is curfew, shouldn't the teenager observe the curfew—or be penalized?

If we disapprove of our kids hanging around the candy store on the corner, playing rock 'n' roll records the clock around, to the detriment of their homework and other duties, why don't we lay down the law to them—and see to it that the law is kept?

The proper answer to each of these questions, and many others like them, is as clear as the difference between right and wrong itself, yet it is obvious—as the juvenile-delinquency problem bears sad witness—that too many of us do not make the right answers. Why don't we?

"Because we are afraid of these kids," says Sam Levenson, "mortally afraid!"

As one of eight youngsters, with six brothers and a sister, brought up in the (Continued on page 82)
Lawrence Welk heard music in the wind, the sun, the earth . . . and felt the very heartbeat of America

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Four hundred dollars!" The farmer stopped his plough and looked at his next-to-youngest son, who was working in the field with him. His son Lawrence, who was afire with this talk of an accordion he'd seen in the new catalogue . . . Ludwig Welk's face was troubled. He looked around him in the fields, with

This farm boy's dream—an accordion.
with baby Lawrence in his mother's lap.

an immigrant's love for the roots he'd put down in this generous new land. This North Dakota farmland he'd homesteaded for his family. Here were their roots, too. They should stay here with the land . . . and harvest life here.

Now seventeen-year-old Lawrence was turning his back on that

Lawrence as a musical "matador."

Eight children now: Ludwig and Kristina with—left to right—Lawrence, little Mike, John, Louis, youngest daughter Eva (now a nurse in Aberdeen, South Dakota), Ann Mary, Barbara, Agatha. Four sturdy sons Ludwig was sure would farm the rich American land he and his wife had come from far-off Europe to find . . . but Lawrence was to pioneer in quite another field.

Continued

It was with George Kelly (lower right) and Mrs. Kelly that the youthful Lawrence first learned show business. If it hadn't been for their teaching, he says with deepest gratitude, "I don't think I could ever have made it."
From the Fields of THE DAKOTAS

Lawrence Welk heard music in the wind, the sun, the earth . . . and felt the very heartbeat of America

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Homesteaders Ludwig and Kristina Welk with baby Lawrence in his mother's lap.

It was with George Kelly (lower right) and Mrs. Kelly that the youthful Lawrence first learned show business. If it hadn't been for their teaching, he says with deepest gratitude, "I don't think I could ever have made it."

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Continued
Lawrence Welk has good reason to remember South Dakota, too. In Yankton, he broadcast from WNAX with his new six-piece band (above)—and met his future bride. They were wed when he played a Sioux Falls date (below, with Chuck Coffee seated beside him).

Today, in California, with his two teenagers, Lawrence, Jr. and Donna.

land for a "gypsy" future that would never root down anywhere. And he wanted him to invest four hundred dollars in an accordion... Of course, he would pay the money back, every cent of it, Lawrence was saying. There in the middle of a wheat field, he was standing his ground. But, watching his father's face, he could feel that ground fast giving way under him.

"We have no four hundred dollars to spend," his father said sternly. And he wouldn't buy it on credit. Lawrence knew that. Ludwig Welk had never bought anything on credit in his life. There could be a drouth, he would reason conscientiously. Something (Continued on page 76)

Fern Renner, the girl he married—perfect wife and perfect mother.
Older daughter Shirley's wedding was a red-letter day for Lawrence.

Another big occasion for the family: A visit from Person To Person—featuring, left to right, Shirley, Lawrence, Larry Junior and Donna.

This Is Your Life! Lawrence and Fern on couch; Donna, Shirley and son-in-law Dr. Robert Emmett Fredericks behind them. Just behind host Ralph Edwards are sister Eva Welk (in dark dress), three of the Lennon Sisters, Larry (seated). Left to right, rear—Eddie Weisfeld, former Milwaukee theater manager; the George Kellys; ballroom owner Tom Archer; Chuck Coffee; Jack Minor of Plymouth.
The pears amounted to nothing, really—just a surprise gift to Sara from Mike to say again, "I love you." And in their happiness, neither sensed the growing threat to one they loved.
Inexorably, the fatal threads weave to entangle Mike
and Sara Karr's friends with Mike's duty as
Assistant District Attorney—and pull them closer to . . .

The Edge of Night

Sara called and, when she hung up, Mike Karr looked across his desk at Willy and grinned at him. He indicated the memo he'd made on his "Assistant District Attorney" stationery. The memo said, Yellow pears, the sweet and juicy kind. Mike beamed. "It's pears this time, Willy."

Willy grunted, but Mike couldn't suppress his enthusiasm as he went on: "Do you know, Willy, you've made a mistake in not getting married?"

Willy—Wilhelmina Bogart Bryan, III—did not answer. Mike felt that life was very good, nowadays. He and Sara'd had bad times, of course. Only a couple of months ago, things had looked rough. Sara was insisting on being a working wife, and Mike had been absorbed in his work, and they weren't getting along too well. But now he felt good all over.

Willy would usually share his mood. He not only worked under Mike, as an investigator on the District Attorney's staff, but he liked Mike. He dourly worshipped Sara. Now, though, he didn't smile. "Something on your mind?" asked Mike. "What?"

Willy scowled at his fingers. In his own particular line of work, he was a perfectionist. Nobody would ever demand of him one-half what he demanded of himself, when something was to be investigated. Mike had especially asked for him when he himself was assigned to cooperate with the Citizens' Crime Commission in a campaign against the black market in babies. Willy'd been gathering background material. Now his expression was deadpan—too deadpan.

"I hit on something," said Willy, at last. "I don't like it."

Mike leaned back in his chair. As Assistant District Attorney, one looked at things from a special viewpoint. One wasn't angry because people committed crimes. One couldn't be. One had to take people as they came. Some came pretty bad. When Willy said he didn't like something, it didn't mean indignation—not necessarily.

"I think it's a black-market baby affair," said Willy, "and you wouldn't believe it." He scowled at the wall. "I was down in the City Hall, looking up some records. Births and deaths and so on. The thing I was working on called for it."

"Well?" said Mike.

"I saw the death record of a baby. Ten years back."

"Well?" said Mike again.

"I know the kid," said Willy vexedly. "He's ten years old and plays a good game of baseball, for a kid. But his death's on record."

Mike frowned in his turn, watching Willy. "It smells a little," he observed. "You think it's black-market?"

"Not the dead baby," said Willy. "The death certificate's okay. It's signed by the same doctor who delivered the baby. I'd like to ask him, but he died six years ago. It looks like a baby died and somebody switched in another, without anybody finding it out. What do I do?"

Mike understood. Willy had found a case he was reluctant to follow because it might hurt somebody. But he couldn't let it alone.

"You've got discretion," said Mike. "Use it. If nobody's been hurt, if there's been no injustice—we don't take cases to court just to broadcast family secrets. But if there's something wrong . . ."

Willy nodded. "I'll check. I don't like it, though. I'd never suspected a thing, but I can make a guess why it was done. But how? And how bad was the how? It could be pretty bad indeed."

He stood up abruptly. Mike folded the memo he'd made, and Willy said, "Watch that memo! Sara wants yellow pears—I think I know a place. I'll see. But you don't want to forget."

He went out of the office. Mike turned back to his work. It wasn't all pleasant, the job of an Assistant District Attorney. In this black-market business, now. There'd been heartbreaking cases involving advantages taken of girls who were ashamed, threats of scandal, blackmail threats to claim a baby back when it had wound itself into the heartstrings of the people who'd gotten it. There isn't anything much lower than a racketeer who'll batten on the love of adults for children.

When Mike went home that evening, he carried a box of pears. Each one was separately wrapped in tissue-paper. Sara bit into one instantly and beamed gratefully at him. "Oh, but it's good!" she said happily. "Am I a nuisance, Mike?"

"Willy got them," Mike confessed. "It was his idea to have them gift-wrapped." Hanging up his coat, he asked, "What's news?"

"I had company," she told him. "Mary Harper came over for a while. (Continued on page 61)

The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Dreyf, Spic and Span, Comet, and Lava. John Larkin and Ted Ames are pictured on opposite page in their roles as Mike and Sara Karr.

A Fiction Bonus
In the Swim at Lake Arrowhead

With her two daughters, Carol Richards—singer on The Bob Crosby Show—lives a gay life in the sun.

Up at Lake Arrowhead the water's the bluest, the mountains are the highest, the sun the brightest. And a redheaded singing angel named Carol Richards called it “Heaven.” Carol first rented a house at Arrowhead to give her two daughters, Jean, who is twelve, and Judy, ten, a bang-up summer of fun. She and the girls fell in love with the place, so Carol bought the house. A housemother cares for Jean and Judy during the week, while Carol has to be in Hollywood for her appearances on The Bob Crosby Show on CBS-TV. But, every weekend, she heads for “home” at Arrowhead with the girls. The days are crammed with boating, swimming, waterskiing, horseback riding and picnic excursions with the girls and the friends they've made at the Lake. There's an outdoor movie, fringed with tall pines—which frequently serve as free “seats” for adventurous little boys who lack the 50¢ admission. Every Saturday night, the whole Village turns out for a community dance, the big social event of the week. For Carol and her two blond charmers, Arrowhead is absolute tops for living it up—in heaven under the sun!

Carol Richards sings on The Bob Crosby Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Continued
First one up makes the beds. Carol does all the housekeeping, with the girls' help. Next comes sandwich time. The girls develop kingsize appetites during their morning swim.

Carol and daughter Judy lug a bale of laundry to the Village laundromat each Saturday. Both Judy and Jean help out with chores, know sharing work adds to time for family fun.
Carol and Judy astride the mechanical horses in the Village. Both Carol and the girls also ride "live" horses, rented from the Village stable. Arrowhead boasts famous bridle paths.

Dinner at "The Chalet." A treat, since the menu features fresh-caught trout. Gourmet diners enjoy watching through restaurant window as a fisherman catches their dinner. (Below) Carol, pretty as a picture, for Village dance.

In Village for weekly shopping chores, Carol stops off for cooling drink. The fountain is spring-fed from the melting snows in near-by San Bernardino Mountains. Tastes wonderful!
When we got married, we only knew we were in love. I never guessed Pat Boone, husband and student, would become Pat Boone, movie star!

By SHIRLEY BOONE
as told to
Maurine Remenih

Probably 'most every girl across the country dreams of going to Hollywood some day. Many girls want to come out here to be seen, but most of them just want to come to see. That’s what I’d always wanted to do. And I must say that I’ve got in an awful lot of “seeing” since Pat and I arrived in Hollywood last spring. Looking back on it, now that I’ve had a chance to settle down in our rented house and catch my breath, I guess it has been the most exciting, (Continued on page 63)
Go to HOLLYWOOD

Our welcome was warm—though we arrived the week Los Angeles had its first snowfall in years.

Lunching at the 20th Century-Fox commissary was a treat for me—as well as for Lindy, Cherry and Debby.

Scene from "Bernadine"—left to right, Tom Pittman, Richard Sargent, Pat, Val Benedict and Ronnie Burns.
They’re flirting with fame! Here TV Radio Mirror presents this year’s crop of hit-makers

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Playing New York’s fabled Palace, recording for Capitol, Sonny James has it made—still remains a nice young bachelor "from Hockleburg, Alabama, mo’om."

Sonny sightsees at the U.N., is surprised when fans recognize him—and consider Sonny quite a sight to see, too! Below, he talks shop with popular deejay Jerry Marshall.
Today, even Ed Sullivan smiles on Jimmy Bowen (left), Dave Alldred (center), Buddy Knox and Don Lanier—who started out with experiments in sound on paper-box drums and garbage-can lids, back home in Texas.

Who is tomorrow's dreamboat? Whose songs will the teenagers choose as background music for the school year's first romance? Which vocalist in his twenties...or even in his teens...will win fame in a year when a disc-jockey's turntable literally becomes the wheel of fortune?

It may be someone like Sonny James, who already has made a dramatic bid for attention. It may be some well-trained singer like Johnny Mathis, who has worked since childhood—and now, in the language of the entertainment business, is "ready to go." It may be someone like Tab Hunter, whose major interest has been in an allied field. It may be someone like Buddy Knox, Jimmy Bowen or Charlie Gracie, whose debut records "just took off." TV Radio Mirror herewith nominates at least fourteen such candidates bidding for top honors. Each has youth, voice, good looks, ambition, and a way with a song.

Yet, promising as they are, they may all be surpassed by someone yet unknown...some lad who right now is sitting on a beach, holding hands with his girl, dream-
New Hot Singers of 1957

Tab Hunter gambled film career to make records for Dot music director Billy Vaughn and prexy Randy Wood.

Hollywood had always thought Tab was something to see, rather than hear!

The students who simultaneously put two songs, "Party Doll" and "I'm Sticking With You," into the top hits—first worked out sound effects by setting up tape-recorders at night and shouting down the corridors of the speech building while their pals Dave Allred and Don Lanier beat out the rhythm on a paper box and the lid of a garbage can. Home-made sound, all the way.

Charlie's not ready to marry yet—"but when I do, I want a home-type girl." His favorite audience is still his parents and younger brothers, Robert and Frank.

Philadelphia's latest spectacular newcomer, Charlie Gracie, collects going and coming. He sings on Cameo label—and he writes hit songs, too.
Johnny Cash, who can swing a prairie ballad over into the pop field, was a hungry young appliance salesman when he asked two friends, then garage mechanics, if they'd help him out by playing guitar and bass when he sang one of his own songs on a demonstration record.

George Hamilton IV and Johnny Dee were the lanky boy-wonders at a small TV station when Johnny wrote "A Rose and a Baby Ruth" and George put it on wax at a small studio.

The story multiplies and can well multiply further. For this is the year when the boy next door went to town, often in a pastel Cadillac . . . when touring rock 'n' roll and country-and-Western shows originated more hits than Broadway.

Not long ago, when Tin Pan Alley was a closed corporation, these kids from the sticks wouldn't even have won a listen from the least important of artists-and-repertoire men. Now, the teen-age audience is calling the turn. Thanks to the music-business revolution which began with Bill Haley's rock 'n' roll, which hit a financial peak with Presley, and which found new

Scott Engel is RKO-Unique star at 13. He and mother hail from Denver.
New Hot Singers of 1957

Teachers irked Eddie Cochran—but out in Hollywood he works hard with arranger and songwriter Ray Stanley.

Johnny Mathis (with Joan Wright) studied seriously, is star athlete at high jump and records for Columbia.

Eddie did "Twenty Flight Rock" for Liberty, was then paged for movie role.

fire with the sudden nationwide success of Tommy Sands, the lads with a fresh lyric and a new sound are much in demand. An executive at one large recording company, which had long concentrated only on top stars, defined his studio's change in policy: "The kids can bypass Broadway. We've got our scouts out, beating the bushes, looking for them."

Broadway, too, went looking for grass-roots singers, and the name of Sonny James ("from Hackleburg, Alabama, ma'am") blazed in lights at the Palace. Sonny's Capitol release of "Young Love" had already sold two million records and become one of the few country-and-Western tunes to break over into the pop field.

With Sonny also introducing "First Date, First Kiss, First Love," there were as many sighs as shrieks from happy fans, for Sonny cut a romantic figure up there on that famed stage. His black hair curls crisply. The white suit which drapes his athletic six-foot frame enhances the smoky blue of his eyes and the brightness of his open smile. Being able to knot his black string tie into a precise bow without aid of a mirror is a point of pride with him. "That's how you tell a real Southern gentleman," says Sonny.

He's been singing since he was knee-high to a hamster. "Mom, Pop, my sis and I were 'The Loden Family.' Used to play radio stations and one-nighters. He still wears his Hackleburg high-school ring. "I started first grade there and I graduated there. But, in between, I went to seven different schools."

For all their moving around, Sonny played baseball, basketball, football. "Pops just never would book a show on nights the team was playing," he explains.

When his sister married and his parents retired to run a clothing store, he dropped his surname and billed himself as "Sonny James." Big D Jamboree in Dallas, and Ozark Jubilee on ABC-TV, built his audience. Ed Sullivan welcomed him and so did Bob Hope. "I went out to visit and had supper with the family. He sure has nice kids."

"Nice" is a meaningful word to him. "I try to be a nice person and
to live nice.” His religion is real, and he makes his contracts conform to his beliefs. He will not appear where liquor is served. “It wouldn’t be right. My young fans couldn’t go.”

While still a bachelor, Sonny hopes some day to build a house in Hackleburg. "Friends there have known me since I was just a little tyke. I like to visit and entertain and meet people, so I’ll live where I’m home-folks, not a celebrity.”

He’s applying the same commonsense rule to Hollywood offers. “It would be right nice to get a chance to make a picture, providing they let me play myself. That’s all I’d be interested in doing—singing my own heart songs.”

Two home-made hit records were the flying discs which took Buddy Knox and Jimmy Bowen from Canyon, Texas, to Broadway in one breathless jump. “We’d never even been on stage before we got to the Paramount,” says Buddy. “And boy! was that a shock.”

It was also a shock to the New York police, for the boys were in the cast of the Alan Freed rock ‘n’ roll show which pulled more than 5,000 teenagers into Times Square by eight A.M. of opening day. They jammed adjacent streets, crashed ticket-office windows and stamped out the rhythm until building inspectors closed a theater balcony. “You could actually see it sway,” says Jimmy.

Center of a high-pressure part of this enthusiasm was a little four-man combo—Buddy, Jim, Dave Allred, Don Lanier, playing under the improbable name of “The Rhythm Orchids”—which had already performed the improbable achievement of starting two home-made songs.

Buddy’s “Party Doll” and Jimmy’s “I’m Sticking With You,” toward the hit charts. Phil Kahl heard them and signed the boys to a management contract, and Roulette Records bought their master for re-issue. The kids of America did the rest.

Six feet tall, dark-haired and hazel-eyed, Jimmy Bowen was born in Animas, New Mexico, in 1937. His father, Asa Bowen, then a labor organizer, later became chief of police at Dumas, Texas—pop. 7,000. Jim darned near burst with pride when he speaks of his father. Don Lanier, his home-town neighbor, supplies the details: “The Chief has been great with the kids, setting up the youth center and things like that. Since he became chief in 1946, not a single boy from Dumas has been sent to reform school.”

Jim’s grandfather taught him to play the uke, but when Don, whose father works for the Natural Gas Pipe Line Co., won a guitar in a drawing, Jim started yearning: “I had to make just as much noise as Don did.” Later, he learned to play bass and he wishes he had done more with piano. “The only time I ever tried to put one over on Dad was when he paid for lessons and I sneaked away to football practice. I think now he suspected and sympathized, because he’s great for sports himself. But I sure could use now the (Continued on page 85)
Eve can be happy as a queen, says Ida Lupino—who finds it pays to let husband Howard Duff be “the boss” at home

By FREDDA BALLING

In these days of taxes, tensions and Midtowns, many a man is ready to blow his stack at any moment . . . but psychiatrists point out that a good wife has saved the sanity of many a husband. The more volatile and talented the man, the greater his danger . . . and in Hollywood, where daily pressures set a new high, a good wife really has to dedicate herself to being a helpmeet in the fullest sense of the word.

Hollywood wife Ida Lupino is regarded by friends and fellow workers as one of the most successful keepers-of-the-even-keel in the entertainment industry. She is almost literally a blue-eyed, honey-blond “domestic stabilizer.” It’s not an accidental, incidental talent. Ida has a guiding theory which other wives, in other areas, have—or can—put into practice with equal success.

It would be pleasant to announce that her recipe is an easy one to follow, but the sobering truth is that nothing which is completely successful in practice is completely easy—even if the principle can be stated simply, like this: Let the king be king. Let each (Continued on page 68)

Ida and Howard star in Mr. Adams And Eve, seen on CBS-TV, Fri., at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored alternately by Camel Cigarettes and Colgate-Palmolive Co.
Exactly to Howard’s specifications, home is a perfect setting for him, Ida, Bridget, “Tuesday”—and the famed candlesticks which they tote to the studio daily for TV use!

Sometimes Ida wins a point, too—she got Howard to take up art again. Her own hobby is composing—music and words.

Bridget loves bedtime! Ida invents tales of “The Fleep” (which Howard is now illustrating for a book they plan).
BE A COOL WARM-

Arlene and her husband, Martin Gabel, know that planning ahead means they can enjoy party, too.

Their summer home accommodates four overnight guests — plus many others invited to parties during weekend.

Take these tips from Arlene Francis — and hospitality's your line, for weekend guests in your own home

By FRANCES KISH

Being a successful summer hostess should be fun, according to Arlene Francis. Dependent on three basic things: Organization, preparation, relaxation. In other words, simply planning ahead, getting as much done beforehand as possible, and enjoying everything so much yourself that it spills over to your guests.

Arlene is hostess and editor of Home on NBC-TV, permanent panelist on What's My Line? on CBS-TV, wife of producer-actor Martin Gabel, mother of a ten-year-old son, Peter, hostess and (Continued on page 70)

Arlene is editor-in-chief of Home, as seen on NBC-TV. M-F, 10 to 11 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. She is also a regular panelist on What's My Line?, as seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, under the alternate sponsorship of Remington Rand and Helene Curtis.

While Arlene plays hostess to such honored grownups as her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aram Kazanjian, son Peter takes over the entertainment of such youthful guests as his friend Jonathan (right), the son of Bennett Cerf.
Let 'er roll! A bus loaded with talented singers and musicians on the road for country-music tour.

Work goes on en route. Here, show manager Bill Denny of Nashville is busy typing up his daily report.

Two of the talented Tunesmiths' group, Sonny Curtis and Bun Wilson, catch a spot of shut-eye on the way.

Known as the "Golden Hillbilly," Goldie Hill is first to check in at motel, while bus is unloaded.

The music is fast, the costumes are fancy. Red Sovine (with back to camera) and Slim Sutberry dress.

In makeshift dressing room at local school, Mimi Roman and Goldie Hill hurry into costumes for the show.

Meanwhile, out front, Tunesmiths set up instruments in the school auditorium where show goes on.

Fascinated early arrival is barefoot boy, determined not to miss even one minute of the excitement.

He's soon joined by a crowd of excited country-music enthusiasts, hanging over the footlights to watch.
Johnny, the famous Philip Morris bellhop, steps before the mike to "Call for Philip Morris" and open the show. The touring, free Country Music Show has played to capacity audiences everywhere.

Country and Western is here to stay—in the towns and cities of the South where it was born, and in the hearts of the much larger audience it is earning every day. Below are ten of the Philip Morris gang who all sing out strong for you.

Biff Collie acts as master of ceremonies, keeps the musical high-jinks moving at fast clip. Biff is renowned as Houston country-and-Western deejay.
Best foot forward! Mimi Roman dances, plays, sings—and is also a crack rider. For her skill in horsemanship, Mimi was voted Queen of the Rodeo in 1954, when she appeared at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Classroom "backstage." Goldie, Mimi, Carl Smith relax during show breaks.

After show, Carl Smith, who travels in own car, packs elaborate costumes.

Rest of troupe board touring bus for overnight hop to next engagement.

Sonny Curtis  Sammy Pruett  Goldie Hill  Bun Wilson  Johnny Sibert
EACH TIME they move, the hands of ZaSu Pitts weave a spell of magic, and thousands of new fans are drawn toward her in a net of admiration and affection. They are the most famous hands in show business. For over forty years, they have kept her name glowing on marquees throughout the world, as a star of stage and screen, and, more recently, they have won her added acclaim on television. In her early dramatic roles, they were called “the hands with a heart.” Not long ago, a columnist, watching her play “Nugey” Nugent, the comedy foil to Gale Storm in the TV series, Oh! Susanna, remarked: “She has a laugh in every finger….” In spite of the popular notion, these hands ordinarily do not flutter. Very little about ZaSu “utters.” In person, she is rather serene, vaguely wise and vaguely humorous, and both she and her hands are surprisingly firm and energetic. She thinks of herself as competent, and her friends and family (Continued on page 74)

ZaSu is “Nugey” in The Gale Storm Show, Oh! Susanna, CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Nescafe and Helene Curtis.
Fingers made her famous—and funny, long before TV and Oh! Susanna, but the heart that guides them is what makes ZaSu Pitts memorable—and dear

ZaSu's hands—"a laugh in every finger"—are in motion as grandsons John and Ralph meet Roy Roberts, who plays the cruise commander. Below, daughter Ann Reynolds hardly looks old enough to remember when a movie of her mother's left her simply screaming—with fear!

With three sons and a baby girl for Gale Storm and two grandsons—Ralph and John Reynolds, aged 5 and 3—for ZaSu, it's no wonder they take turns "mothering" each other aboard the set of Oh! Susanna. Like part of the family, too, is Mrs. Hal Roach, Sr., below, wife of the veteran movie producer.
Kathryn Murray’s animated face is rarely seen in so quiet a pose as this.

Tiny Mrs. Arthur Murray has “grown” into a big “little lady” and learned how real beauty is created.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Mrs. Murray leads dancing teachers in ankle-rotations, to keep feet flexible.

Teaching two teachers to teach, Mrs. Murray shows how to step back—lead with the toes in a straight line.

I’d hate to live my childhood over,” said the slim, sparkling-eyed lady. “I was a sallow, tiny, dark-haired child—always the smallest, always the homeliest.” Strange to hear this from the charming television star with a world-wide empire of 450 dancing studios. Clearly, a great deal of “blossoming out” has happened to Mrs. Arthur Murray since those early days. Actually, Kathryn Murray made the changes happen. “I determined to stop being background,” she says. Today, an artist on the ballroom floor, she moves through the rest of her life also in a lilting manner. She walks so buoyantly, her whole body seems to (Continued on page 65)
The Edge Of Night

(Continued from page 37)

Roger’s a lot better. Mike, I’m wonderfully lucky! When Mary was going to have little Billy, Roger was in the veterans’ hospital with a heart attack, and she expected him to die. He’d simply stopped living! Instead of being useless and happy, like me...” She bit again into the pear and nodded at it. “This is perfect, a rich man’s salad!”

“I’d guess,” said the girl acidly, “that you were happy. How do you happen to be set up for a break like this?”

“Some woman died here,” he said zestfully. “And,” when she looked at him blankly, “sometimes a ready-made new identity can be sold for a nice price. So I kept her papers and trinkets. She had no friends. Nobody even to take the boy away. May-be she likes the brat. Certainly she’s been paying to keep her husband from finding out he isn’t the father he believes. When we demand the boy back, she’s going to be sorry.”

Clayton Pike had an answer for that. Mary Harper would know she had no case. She’d never adopted the boy legally. He’d saved a life. She wouldn’t dare fight...

The girl who was to impersonate a child’s dead mother looked at him with unenchedanted eyes. Her name was really Irene Egan, and there was not much that enchanted her. She’d had a strange life, that Mary Harper couldn’t imagine. There was some trouble over men in her life. There’d been a young boy who’d given her what she wanted. She was hard and selfish. Honesty was a weakness to her.

When do we start?” she asked coldly. “The lawyer took you much too seriously the other day. I suppose you’ll have to come next day, with a phone call to Mary Harper. His manner was agitated. He said that something very upsetting had happened. He began. ‘Mrs. Harper to come immediately to the nursing home. It was of the utmost importance. It was a matter of life or death.

She couldn’t imagine what had happened. She had a very imaginative mind, and nothing was thriving nowadays. She did not look for better fortune than only to have her husband and her son—she was her son, not the boy; that was his child who had parented her. And she couldn’t see any motive that could move even Clayton Pike to harm her. Anything he did would lose her, she supposed he’d been collecting for so long...

Mike was deep in the paper work that was so great a part of an organized investigation. When Willy came in, Mike looked up. “Willy, you’re in a hurry,” she said. “I checked out the case I told you about yesterday,” he said with the crumbliness with which he expressed pleasure. “It’s all right.”

Mike put down his papers, to give full attention. “I won’t tell you the name,” said Willy, with dignity. “But there was a woman who had a baby. Her husband was ill, and he’d set his heart on having a son. He got it. It was a tonic to him, when he heard his son was born. What would happen if the baby died? You figure what his wife thought. And over there? He’d die, too. Of course he did, only two weeks old. But his wife couldn’t let him know. He’d die, too! So she got another baby. That’s all. No case for the official. But somehow the official knew that story too and the woman. I got it in scraps and pieces here and there. It fits. It’s right.”

“Where’d she get the baby?” asked Mike.

That fits, too. Baby born right in town here, a day before the other. Two weeks later, his mother died. A mother without a child. And how did the boy’s father know that story but me and the woman. I thought he’d set his heart on having a son. He got it. It was a tonic to him, when he heard his son was born. What would happen if the baby died? You figure what his wife thought. And over there? He’d die, too! So she got another baby. That’s all. No case for the official. But somehow the official knew that story too and the woman. I got it in scraps and pieces here and there. It fits. It’s right.”

“Where’d she get the baby?” asked Mike.

“Besides,” said Willy crossly, “the kid plays a good game of baseball, for a kid. He might make the big leagues some day. It’d be a dirty trick to take away the name he’s made to himself. He’s a bit of a name, you know. Not just a name, but a name. Hold on!” Willy held up his hand. “The baby’s mother hadn’t a friend in the world. No one even claimed her body. Harper buried her. It’s all in the records down at the City Hall. I don’t know what records say anywhere else, but there they’re right! Is there any reason to doubt that?"

“Besides,” said Willy crossly, “the kid plays a good game of baseball, for a kid. He might make the big leagues some day. It’d be a dirty trick to take away the name he’s made to himself. He’s a bit of a name, you know. Not just a name, but a name. Hold on!” Willy held up his hand. “The baby’s mother hadn’t a friend in the world. No one even claimed her body. Harper buried her. It’s all in the records down at the City Hall. I don’t know what records say anywhere else, but there they’re right! Is there any reason to doubt that?"

Wilhelm Bosart Bryan III stood up with an air of indifference. “Women get along better,” he said, crushtly, “if they just listened to the District Attorney’s office. Your wife, now, she wanted tears and a willow wafting in theFemale. A lot of women with lot worse troubles would be better off if they just came here!”

Mike could hardly guess, then, how good an idea it was, to go to the District Attorney for help. At that very moment, she stood, ash-en-faced, confronting the girl who said she was Billy’s mother.

“I’m sorry for you, Mrs. Harper,” said Irene Egan cooly, “but I want my baby! I was desperate when I let him go. I thought it was best for him. If Mr. Pike let you think I had died, that is not my affair. I don’t care for any of your affairs!”

She said this with a swelling of anger that was almost a physical sensation.

Mike felt herself growing more and more des-perate as the cruelty of the trap became more apparent. A trap which must in-exo-tic any man’s heart. A trap which was clear... her son—her life!... her husband... and even those good friends from whom she had withheld her lonely secret. 81
EVEN DAY IS LADIES' DAY

The better half of Don Stone's audience at KSCJ is the fairer half.

Famed skating star Sonja Henie visits Don during Starlight Room Party broadcast. Listeners take turns guesting, too.

"Gathering moss" in Sioux City, a busy and versatile young radio man waited till the networks came to him.

To Sioux City listeners, it seemed but a "stone's throw" from Station KSCJ news, music and talk to more of the same on network. But, the Stone in question "gathered moss" instead—waiting for a network chance that would enable him, at the same time, to stay put in Sioux City. He got it, finally, when he subbed for Breakfast Club's Don McNeill. . . . Don Stone of KSCJ has etched his personality into the area's listening habits with the brightness and durability of a diamond. Starlight Room Party, heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M., is a popular audience-participation half hour. Shopper's Matinee, heard for the last eleven years, from 4 to 5 P.M. each weekday, caters to a full circle of musical tastes. Don handles both ayem and noon newscasts and special sports events. Frequently viewed on KTIV-TV, Don has plenty of behind-the-scenes work as new TV Program Director. . . . An Iowan all his life, Don was born in Whiting, went to school in Sergeant Bluff and college at Morningside in Sioux City. Since then, his outstanding contributions to good causes have brought him high recognition—and, at times, adventure of a sort. Once, in order to raise funds for the United Campaign, he allowed himself to be thrown into jail on trumped-up charges, so that listeners would "ball him out" with Red Feather pledges. The $1300 the charities collected was fine but, Don recalls, "Even if you're there voluntarily, those bars just don't look right." Another "award" took the popular ladies' hour programmer quite by surprise. In 1953, the Sioux City Journal nominated him "Honorary Woman of Achievement." At home, it's a pleasantly feminine society, too. Don's wife Jean is devoted to homemaking and to their two daughters—Donna Jean, 3, and Deanna Lynn, going on one. Lately, little Donna has solved the coincidence of Daddy's morning transcriptions with his breakfast "presence." More fortunate than most, she reasons, "I have two daddies—one at home and one on the radio." . . . Out for an evening of relaxation, Don plays bridge, but not "for blood." He prefers "Dingstadt"—an "obscure Swedish expert"—to the Culbertson or Goren methods. "More 'obscure' than 'expert,'" twinkles Don, "Dingstadt is really a 'master' of my own invention. I quote him, and you'd be surprised how many stuffed shirts nod wisely and say, 'Oh, yes, of course, Dingstadt!'" . . . Spoofing aside, Don regards the letters and calls of congratulations on the Breakfast Club break "the most rewarding experience in a lifetime of big moments." Don's followers maintain his "biggest moments" lie ahead—really just a Stone's throw.
(Continued from page 42)

most thrilling time Pat and I have spent since we were married. We've had a lot of exciting things happen to us, but never so much in so little time.

Pat, of course, came to Hollywood to appear in a film being filmed on the 20th Century-Fox lot. He was due out here early in February, and we decided it would be a good time to escape the cold and dreariness of our routine and have a family holiday in the sun in California. As it turned out, it was a fairly hectic way to have a holiday—and the two months we had originally planned to spend out stretched to six. But I'd not have missed it for the world.

We were quite a party, taking off from New York. There were Pat and myself, our three children, Del, Sandy, and Debby—and our Eva, who is practically one of the family. (She's taken care of me since I was a little girl, and now she's helping me take care of our little girls.)

Landing at International Airport in Los Angeles was certainly a suitable introduction to the chaos which was to follow for the next two months. We were sort of like diving off the high board. We just stepped out of the door of that plane, and were almost literally “in our heads”—surrounded by friends and family and fans.

Because, you see, we have more family and friends in the Los Angeles area than we have anywhere else, except possibly in Nashville! Someone wrote somewhere that I'd said I dreaded the trip to Los Angeles because I was afraid we wouldn't find as many friends there as we had in Leonia, New Jersey, during the latter part of the time. But that wasn't true at all. In Leonia—outside of the Carletons, the Desedereos and the Youngs, who live in our neighborhood, and Carmel Quinn, who lives a few blocks away—we have very few intimate acquaintances.

But in the Hollywood area—that's something else again! My Grandmother Over-stake lives out in Inglewood, and my sister Jenny lives with Grammy. My Uncle Dick lives in Malibu. And I have three aunts out here. One aunt is only nineteen—there's an aunt, and we had our third child in April. The whole gang of us is young—my grandmother is only fifty-nine. We have lots of fun together, so, naturally, I was looking forward to seeing them as much as I was to seeing California.

We have a lot of friends who have moved to California, too, so that reception at the airport was sort of like “old home week”—everyone was there to greet us. Including about three thousand fans, I think. People in the Los Angeles area seem to be more interested in us than the folks back in New York. Pat and I could go most anywhere in New York, and very few people would even turn to look. But we stepped out of the car and out we couldn't anywhere in Hollywood without being stopped for autographs or pleasant words from fans.

But I still haven't left the airport, have I? We landed out of town Friday afternoon. But, by the time we'd plied the luggage into a station wagon and sent it off (traveling with three little girls, we were often late, and it took us an hour and a half to get from the airport to Del Capri, the apartment hotel in Westwood where we'd reserved two adjoining three-room suites. There were photographers trailing us all the way, and making up the trip at one hundred miles an hour. The children were really tired—it may have been six o'clock Los Angeles time, but they were still operating on Eastern time, and it was nine by their “clocks.” And there was no way to stop them. By morning, I wasn't exactly fresh as a daisy myself, so I was pretty horrified when I heard that we were invited to go out to a party at the home of Mrs. Harry Down. But I didn't have much choice, as soon as we could change. Our host was to be Randy Wood, president of Dot Records. If I hadn't known what an understanding fellow he was, I might have forced myself, and gone to dinner. But I was too near exhaustion, so I begged off, and Pat went on to the dinner party alone.

In a way, I was glad. It gave me a chance to get calmed down, get the children settled, and do a little unpacking. I'd probably have been ill if I'd gone out—I was that weary. But, when Pat came home, I had told Frank Sinatra had been there, and I realized I'd missed the chance to meet him. I almost doubted the wisdom of my decision. We got to meet him later, but—

Oh, yes—one thing I almost forgot! As I mentioned, we had figured that February would be a wonderful time to get out to California, since some of the winter's weather heads east during February and March. So what happens? We land in Los Angeles during the week when they've had their first snow storm. And the next two weeks we had dreamed up a huge cardboard snowman and planted it on the lawn at the apartment building, with a “Welcome, Pat Boone, sightseer” sign. Shortly after, we'd have doubts about the celebrated California climate, I'll admit. But the snow and the cold were truly “unusual.” In a few days, we were soaking up sun and warmth—80 degrees of it.

The day after we arrived, Saturday, Pat had a recording date at the Dot Record studios. That gave me a chance to get unpacked. Eva and I explored the neighborhood a little, found the handiest supermarket and laundry—that sort of thing.

Sunday, we went to church in near-by Studio City. We were scheduled to appear at a Youth Rally at Pepperdine College. Late that afternoon, we stopped off briefly at a party Hedda Hopper had at the Bel Air Hotel. Her fiancé—the invitation had been handed to us just as we got off the plane Friday.

I'm afraid we sort of took Miss Hopper by surprise. When she came over and asked us what she could get us to drink, we requested either fruit juice or soda pop, and I guess Miss Hopper doesn't get many such requests from her guests. But, nevertheless, they've complimented us on our stand as teetotallers.

The next evening, I got a chance to cash in my “rain check” on that dinner at Romanoff's which I'd missed Saturday evening and had promised Pat. We went down together and, later, and we went back to her home and sat around the living room talking to Miss Hopper and Debby. Afterward, we went to the Photoplay Awards dinner. I'll confess I was in a bit of a state, wondering what to wear to this one—after all, I'd never been to one before, and I hadn't the fussiest notion whether one went in a long formal or a short one. I'd brought both along, and, on the advice of a friend, I wore a short formal and a faille evening coat, with a tulle stole stolen from draped over my head. I didn't have worried—only the big stars who were to be in the limelight were in ball gowns. Nearing the end of the year in Hollywood, and there were so many fabulous people there that I could hardly eat my dinner for checking up on who was sitting where. The evening's biggest thrill was having seen of these people come to our table and ask Pat for his autograph! Alan Ladd wanted Pat's autograph for his teenagers at home, and our little boy seemed to be interested in celebrities, and I'd been bug-eyed by seeing these stars, and they were giving us the celebrity treatment!

The place was crawling with big names—Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds (we knew them already, having met them back East), Rock Hudson, Jane Russell—all of them. Pat said, "Probably the most important people here are the ones whose faces we don't recognize!” The studio executives, producers, directors—the big wheels.

I suppose a lot of people out in Hollywood wonder why I was so impressed with celebrities. After all, as everybody knows, Pat's pal is Red Foley, who used to have the Grand Ole Opry program on radio out of Nashville, and now has Ozark Jubilee on ABC-TV (Pat was born February 5, from Springfield, Missouri. For years, Dad's programs have been practically a national institution, and he's always had big-city entertainers. So folks figure he should be accustomed to rubbing elbows with famous people.

But that isn't true at all. Actually, I rarely met any of the stars who appeared on Dad's shows. And, even if Red Foley was a household name all over the country, he was just "Dad" to me. Another thing people out there were always talking about was my marrying a guy who had to be married to a man all the girls in the country are drooling over?" So far, I can honestly say it hasn't fazed me. (It only confirms what I've known for years—the kind of a fellow Pat is, I mean.)

I suppose being able to keep a little detached, this way, is something I did pick up from growing up as Red Foley's daughter. Anyhow, the things that happened were all God's work, and I'm sure he meant us good, and, though they're interested in his personal life, I truly don't think they identify themselves with it in any way.

One of the big thrills for me out in Hollywood was going with Pat every day to watch the "rushes" of the scenes they'd been shooting. Since I'd never even been through the main gate of a Hollywood studio before, it was practically a thrill for me. I got a boot out of being in on this part of picture-making. I guess the folks around the studio must have thought we were a couple of the handiest characters, the way we worked things out!

Late every afternoon, Pat would call me as soon as the last scene had been shot, and tell me about what, if any, they'd steel for the next day. I was running off the "rushes." I'd hop into the station wagon and tear off for the Fox lot. I'd drive right to his dressing room,

63
and he'd be waiting outside in his white Corvette. As soon as he saw me driving up, he'd signal me with a wave, and give the Corvette the gun. Off he'd streak across the lawn and up into the station wagon right behind him.

You see, they never knew until the very last minute just where the “rushes” would be shot. Some of the rooms dotted all over the lot. This was the only way we could figure out for him to let me know which projection room to go to. Every evening he'd ride in behind the wheel of the station wagon. As it was, we'd always get to the door just as the lights dimmed and the screening started.

Of course Pat was busy all day long, five days a week. Weekends were often taken up with personal appearances for special award dinners, charity drives, that sort of thing. And I know lots of people thought I was probably getting pretty bored, sitting around all day in that furnished apartment, waiting for Pat to come home from the studio.

But anyone who has three small children will understand why it was I never had time to get bored. Particularly since we were living in an apartment building. The girls were on a yard, and a place where they could run. There wasn't much yard at Del Capri, although there was a nice swimming pool. But a swimming pool added to the boredom, so generally, we took the girls to a playground, or a park, or the zoo, every morning. We'd have our lunch at a drive-in, which the girls adored. And, before we knew it, time was flying by the apartment for their naps. While they were sleeping, Eva and I would catch up on little household chores—laundry and that sort of thing, in no time at all. Pat would be calling from the studio, summoning me to those “rushes.” The days went very fast.

Also, I had the good luck to have a friend, known as the living newspaper—Nancy's husband, Bob, is chief copy boy at the Los Angeles Examiner—they met a little over a year ago, when they both took an ocean trip on a freighter. I got in quite a few morning coffee sessions with Nancy.

There was another, considerably more elegant—three of them, in fact—shared with us. That was our first visit to the Coconut Grove. It all started one afternoon when Harry Belafonte dropped in on the "Bernadine" set at Fox, to ask for Pat's autograph for his daughter. While they were chatting, Pat mentioned that we'd wanted to catch Harry's show at the Coconut Grove, but had hoped to find out for his fire-iren fire. Harry volunteered to see what he could do to get us a table—and, sure enough, a few days later, we got the word that we were reserved for a table for four that evening. So we took Nancy and Bob with us.

And what a red-carpet treatment we got! We were ushered to a table smack-dab in the waiting room, the maître de treated us like our names were Elizabeth and Philip, instead of Shirley and Pat. And the thing that really got me—well, I'll tell you the secret. A couple of years ago, when we thought vitally that it would be nice if some kind, solvent individual would take us to a good place to eat, nobody did. But—how they went to the trouble to pay the check somebody else does it!

The weekend we spent at Palm Springs was much like that evening at the Coconut Grove. I had the great good fortune to have the Governor's suite, and people couldn't do enough for us. And, of course, everywhere we went, there were photographers and fans tagging along behind.

We spent several hours one morning at Harry Brand's home there in Palm Springs—head of the Century-Fox production department. I think that was the very best of all. We just lounged in the sun and swam in the pool. But, for twenty-two years—ever since he first saw his country as far west as St. Louis and Omaha, and as far north as Toronto. Traveling with him on the junket were the Four Lads, Tagg Dusters, comedian Gary Morton, and an orchestra especially assembled for the tour.

Then, early in June, Pat started his second movie at Fox. We had originally planned to film Palm Springs about April, by Tor. But when this came up, we left the furnished apartment and hunted up a house to rent. We found a lovely place upper in Coldwater Canyon, a couple of miles from the studio. And Pat was living in a country club, after the cramped quarters of the apartment. We hired a cook. That way, Eva and I were free to spend most of our time with the little girls.

Pat's second picture is a musical, a remake of "Home in Indiana," only this time with a score by Sammy Fain and Paul Francis Webster. Shirley Jones is Pat's leading lady.

In August, we'll be going back to Leonia. In September, Pat will re-enter Columbia University, to finish working for his degree. In October, he starts his new term, to visit his old campus in SEC TV. So it will be a busy autumn for us. At the end of the coming semester, Pat will be graduated. (I don't care what critical success it has, we'll be mighty proud of him—know he's going to get the thrill of his lifetime when he's achieved that degree!)

And they're already talking still more pictures. Maybe we'll move to California to stay. I think I'd like that, and I've heard Pat say he would. Once we were permanently settled in California, I imagine we could really make a home in a normal way—just like anyone in Hollywood ever does.

But things will never be quite the same again. Of that I'm sure. And I have the word of an expert to back me up. I got that expert's word last evening when Pat and I went out to call on Bing Crosby.

Bing has been an idol of ours for years, and my dad has always admired him a great deal. So when he sent word he'd like to have us drop in to see him. When he started talking about my dad, of course I really loved him! He told us how he'd made a statement, quoted in the press about eight years ago, to the effect that he'd been the best all-around singer in the country. By that, he meant he thought Dad could sing, and had a grand, deep mellow voice about everything. And he went on to say that he still holds that opinion of Dad's ability.

This made me feel warm toward him, naturally. And I got up courage enough to ask him if we could bring along some long time that you think it will be, Mr. Crosby," I asked, "until this chaos calms down a little—until things sort of settle back to normal?"

"It looked at me and grinned that wonderful smile of his, and he said, "Hey, Pops, how long is it going to be before you get your husband back?"

Pat tells me I blushed then—and I admitted before even it just the way Mr. Crosby put it.

He thought for a moment, looking off into space. Then he looked me straight in the eye, and the grin was gone, and I could tell he was deadly serious. "Pat's twenty-two—he's getting an earlier start than I did," I'd say, Shirley, that you can expect to get your husband back in about thirty years!"
The Lady Dances
(Continued from page 60)

Kathryn Murray studies script for the Arthur Murray Party over NBC-TV.

float. She credits this to proper foot placement—walking a straight line, with weight forward. A friend would call her "reaching out" toward people. Even Kathryn Murray's face "dances." "To me, beauty is facial expression rather than features," she explains. "When I'm animated, I begin to look like myself. You may be dressed by Dior, but no one cares unless your face shows life and motion." Kathryn Murray's husband, daughters and five grandchildren fill her days to the brim. Besides doing TV, she prepares the Murray teaching manuals and the daily guides that go to studio managers. Twice a week she bakes, to fill the cookie tin in her husband's office. Her schedule allows only simple, speedy make-up. She does her own pedicures because the bending and stretching keeps her body agile. She needs only five or six hours of sleep—perhaps because she knows how to go "rag-doll" limp in a bus or car, with her feet up on a chair or suitcase whenever possible. Says Kathryn Murray: "I can't be bothered by caring for a large wardrobe, so I don't own a great many of anything. When I buy a new black dress, I get rid of the old. If I don't wear a pair of shoes for three months, out they go. I like air-spaces in my closet, and airiness in my whole household." Never wear anything brand new when you go out, she advises—except a bridal gown. She "breaks in" new clothes at home. "I don't go out with my clothes," says Kathryn Murray, "they go out with me. I want to rise above them." This lady has risen above more than clothes—she has risen above her "tinniness," her shyness, her lack of conventional "glamour girl" beauty. Her eyes dance as she says, "A girl can become almost anything she wants to be."

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me to play cards with them and, when they went visiting friends in the evening, I went along. I didn’t make lasting friendships with other children. Oh, I did at first. I loved my friends from kindergarten up, there for a month or so, when Dad moved. Well, you know how kids are. They protect themselves against hurt. Rather than get buddy-}
Polly's own bedroom is all white and gold, with 17th-century Italian furniture. The bed itself is topped off with a hand-carved Venetian headboard. On the side tables there are tall white-and-gold candlesticks that have been converted into lamps. Kathy's bedroom is in pink and white, with fruitwood furniture and a collection of paintings of child musicians.

Kathy and Polly have become very close. The morning after the wedding, Polly began getting up at 7:30 A.M.—the middle of the night, in show business—to dress and get Kathy off to school. It was Kathy's own suggestion that she and Polly set aside one day a week for themselves. They decided on Wednesday. Then, at three P.M., Polly picks Kathy up at school and they carry out a pre-planned excursion. It may be shopping, a movie, sight-seeing. When Polly had to leave Manhattan to do "The Helen Morgan Story," she took Kathy out of school. Before the trip, they went to Kathy's school and got a schedule of lessons for the next four weeks, and then personally tutored Kathy.

"Kathy is very grown-up for her age. She's got a rare sensitivity about others' feelings." Polly loves children and notes, "What I've wanted all of my adult life is a baby of my own. I've lost several prematurely, but I still haven't given up hope. This summer, however, we hope to adopt a baby."

Polly is tender-hearted and sentimental in many ways, but she definitely has a mind of her own. "I guess I'm strong," she says. "A woman has to be, when she is cutting out a career. But Freddie is strong, too, perhaps stronger. We can both be very opinionated. Some couples skirt this difference by divvying up responsibilities. Certain problems are hers and others are his. We don't believe in that attitude. I think husband and wife are meant to help each other and overlap, even if it makes for an occasional rumble." Polly smiles and goes on, "But this is true, too, about me: I need someone to lean on. Every woman wants a man who'll take care of her. Freddie gives me that kind of security."

But Freddie draws the line at publicity. He won't talk about himself and rarely poses for pictures. "I represent a half-dozen stars other than Polly," he explains, "and I think I'm more useful to them when I don't identify myself publicly."

He does share Polly's enthusiasm for do-it-yourself decorating and makes himself useful wiring lamps, hanging pictures, and just being a "handy man." He also shares Polly's love of animals. Tinker Bell, for instance, was just a kitten in a Hallo-ween pumpkin, a forgotten TV prop, when Freddie rescued her and brought her home. And then there was the night he went on a Broadway safari to hunt turtles.

"That was a night," Polly recalls. "Kathy took her pet turtle into the tub with her. I didn't know that turtles can swim on the surface only so long before they drown and, suddenly, Kathy was screaming in the bathroom. She told us that she had killed her turtle. Well, Freddie and I knew that the turtle was dead, but we tried to make it look alive by wiggling it in the water. Kathy seemed to be convinced and so we told her we'd give the turtle a rest and she went off to bed. Oh, we knew that she would have to find out for herself that turtles and goldfish die—and she did shortly afterward—but, at that time, it bothered us that she thought she'd killed it."

"So, after she went to sleep, Freddie and I sat around talking about it and finally decided that, since we had told her the turtle was alive, we had to replace him before morning. It was after midnight, yet Freddie went out to find a turtle. He got back around two with a small, live turtle. He had found it in one of those open-all-night stores on Broadway. It was a frisky turtle and we were so pleased for Kathy. The next morning she was so happy to find it alive—but you know children don't miss much, and she said, 'I guess the bath was really good for the turtle. It even changed him to a nicer color."

Of course, it's rare that a night is spent on aturtle chase. Polly and Freddie spend most evenings being "small town." Polly loves games—bridge, canasta, jotto. And she enjoys visiting, talking, being with family and friends. Freddie's family is close and many evenings are spent in the company of his brothers and sister and their families. All of his family lives in New York except his brother, orchestra leader Shep Fields, who lives in Houston. Polly's own parents are now making their home in Circleville, Ohio, one of the towns where they stopped over during Polly's early years—it's also the birthplace of Polly's sister, Barbara, who is married to an American soldier now stationed in Europe.

Polly's private life is stable, but her future plans in show business aren't so clearly determined. In addition to her panel performance, CBS will see to it that she also appears in dramatic and musical productions during the coming season. If she gets around to doing a show of her own, she would like it to be a kind of "capsule" musical comedy. However, she will continue to turn down picture offers and night-club dates. "I don't mind working full time," she explains, "if the hours correspond with Freddie's business hours and Kathy's school day. But I won't work in the evening and I won't leave town. I think I gave up my ambition for the best reason in the world."

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Where Adam Is King

(Continued from page 50)

household have a ruler and let him rule.

Let the king be known.

A major test of Ida's theory was occasioned by her husband, Howard Duff, when he asked, one day shortly after their marriage, "What do you wear tailored, severe clothing?"

"Because it becomes me," Ida explained.

"I'm small and slight; fussy things would overwhelm me. Why?

Howard Duff suggested it for a few moments before venturing an opinion that most women dress for other women rather than for men. He said he thought women reacled, set their own taste and can fill in for men. He further suggested that a modification of masculine attire, whereas a man reacted to designs that were patently feminine without being done.

That ended the discussion. But, the next time Ida went shopping, she rejected the severe lines she had previously favored, and bought a pale pink chiffon gown that clung in the right places, and floated in the right places. When she emerged in the dress for the first time, ready to attend a gala party, Howard expressed his opinion in a long, low whistle

Under the circumstances, what wife would accept her husband's taste as guide in lieu of her own? Since then, Ida's wardrobe has been made up of garments in Howard's favorite colors for feminine gear: Black, pastel blue, pink, and stark white.

On another occasion, he wanted to know, "Why don't you ever wear big, clumpy jewelry? Gold bracelets and earrings—things like that?"

Ida refrained from expressing her personal taste. Instead, she said, "I've never felt like buying such things for myself. They're conversation pieces, and I've always believed that the conversation should start with the fact that the jewelry is a gift."

"I get it," said her husband, with a grin.

Shortly afterward, he reacted to Ida's comment by bringing her a bracelet that could have belonged to the Queen of Sheba—a costume item, of course, but handmade and impressive. "And now," she says, "I have quite an entertaining collection of such pieces—which I would never have acquired if I hadn't been ready to be guided elsewhere. Letting the boss be boss pays off in tangibles, as well as in intangible satisfactions."

One of the standard domestic revolts is that brought about by a difference of attitude as to what constitutes recreation. The Duffs have no schisms, because Howard's leisure-hour decisions are final. He loathes bridge, so no deck of cards mars the order of the day. He can thus endure the idea of making social commitments far in advance: "How do I know whether I'm going to feel like attending a dinner party three weeks from tomorrow night? I don't live in town, you may be dog-tired. Ask if we can call, the day before, to give our final answer."

Nowadays, the Duffs have a wide circle of friends who know that Ida and Howard prefer to be called at the last minute. Oddly enough, they have made themselves enormously popular among harried hostesses who know that, ordinarily, they are contactable only by telephone. They can fill in for others—having accepted on a long-range basis—find they must disappoint.

Conforming to the wishes of the man of the house has provided another unexpected recreational experience for Ida. One morning, Howard said to Ida, "If you're going into Beverly today, would you mind stopping off to buy me some books?"

"What kind of books? Anything in particular?"

He suggested a novel or two, a book of travel, a biography. "You have good judgment; just browse a while and pick up five or six volumes that look interesting."

In compliance Ida was astonished to see her husband settle into a comfortable chair beside a window providing excellent light by day, and a lamp shedding comfortable light by night, and read for three or four days steadily, taking time out only for an occasional light lunch, or a few minutes' cat-nap. Straight through the marathon, that Ida has labeled a 'word binge.'

The next time Howard asked for seventy to eighty hours of reading matter, Ida equipped him with a trunkful of books and a stack of food that could be prepared quickly, quietly, and at any hour. The dual cramming session turned out to be fun, and rewarding.

I'm always amazed how much one can absorb out of a concentrated period of absorbing information, impressions, ideas, and inspiration, while shutting out all of the usual distractions," she told Howard.

"Good girl," he said. "I never expected to find anyone to share my reading marathons. It's great."

To women who early accommodations to rule-by-husband may have contributed to Ida's later malleability. For instance, she had never appreciated San Francisco before Howard undertook her Golden Gate educational course. She knew that her disaffection was caused by her wartime experiences, when San Francisco was crowded by service personnel en route to the service hospitals throughout the country. The city was an incredible potpourri of color and emotion; it was gay and grim; it was noisy, drunken, and filled with teasing.

So Ida listened to Howard's glowing descriptions of "the real" San Francisco, and tried to keep an open mind. There came a night when Howard—as he had done for weeks before—came home to toss a few things into a suitcase.

"We're going to San Francisco. I've got the fare all explained."

Thereafter he whisked Ida through days of riding up and down San Francisco's fabulously beautiful hills. He showed her the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, the Mission Dolores, the Marina. At night, they visited Fisherman's Wharf, DiMaggio's, Barnaby Conrad's El Matador, Chinatown, Ernie's on Montgomery Street, The Shadows, The Blue Fox, and dozens of the little dark Greeks that vibrate with remarkable music.

"And to think," mused a bedazzled Ida, "that, if I hadn't learned how to follow the inner voice, I'd be teasing you into going to Palm Springs instead!"

Of course, there are times when any wife—no matter how cooperative— is forced to doubt the wisdom of unquestioning acquiescence. Howard had no doubt when she accepted an invitation to go fishing on the Hood Canal with her husband and his brother.

It was her first appearance in a small boat—under a leaden sky, so she asked dubiously, "Don't you think it's going to storm?"—being ignorant of the unwritten law among fishermen that weather is never mentioned. Naturally, she was not accorded an answer.

They were well out in the stream when the storm broke. The wind roared, the sea pounded, the rain cascaded, and the three fishermen continued to fish—as if their lives depended upon it and life was cheap. Ida muttered under her breath, "We're going to be swamped, that's what," but she would have required a coxsaxwan's megaphone to make herself heard, so fish she dropped, and fish she hooked.

Each of the men caught two, but not one of them was as large as Ida's smallest salmon. The consequent respect accorded her—especially to her husband, and fairly blue as she was—was still great so that she was ready to go fishing again the next morning.

Now and then, however, it turns out that a husband must be permitted to lead the way in reverse.

Ida once invented an insect named The Fleep, that could fly, glide, and leap; a flea, a deep— naturally—on sheep. He has a corkscrew bill that is handy for spearing small fruits or extracting olives from a jar. His adventures, according to Ida's stories for her daughter, are numerous, so Ida tried to persuade Howard to illustrate the life and times of The Fleep.

Howard's first job was that of cartoonist on someone else's paper, but once he had escaped the ink pot, he foresaw it for good. Nothing Ida said seemed to sell him the idea of capturing on paper the bee in his wife's bonnet. "I haven't drawn in years. I'm through with all that," he said flint.

Ida brought an easel and a supply of drawing paper, crayons, chalk, and paints—for Bridge, her five-year-old. For Bridget, of course. Bridget did her best ... a best that attracted her father's helping hand. He spent hours teaching her techniques, and guiding her color taste, which seemed to move towards a combination of purple and orange.

And then Ida awakened in the small hours one morning to find her husband missing.

Slipping into a robe, she tiptoed into the living room, where she surprised him deep in the job of giving The Fleep color—form. And so, if all goes well, The Fleep will soon come to life— will see its first sighting, and make its appearance on the nation's bookshelves to the delight of children of all ages.

The acid test of the value of letting the king be king was applied when Howard and Ida decided, some time ago, that they had outgrown the apartment in which they had started married life.

Howard had some explicit ideas about where the house was to be, how much could be invested, and how the floor plan should be carried out. They must have privacy, yet they could not be too isolated from film and telecasting studios; the price must not exceed such an amount; the layout as to kitchen, dining room, living room, den, bedrooms, pool, parking—must follow a Duff outline—which he supplied.

"You look for the house," he told her, "while I'm finishing my picture."

Ida maintained a wifely calm, but ventured warnings about a Canadian trapper upon seeing a garrifice for the first time—"There just ain't no such animal," as she scanned Howard's list of architecture entries.

Undaunted and unimpressed, Howard replied, "Look, if I can think up a perfectly logical floor plan, knowing that most floor plans aren't logical, you can bet some first-rate architect has been building along those lines for a long time. Probably we'll be able to choose from several satisfactory houses."

Mrs. Duff laughed a hollow laugh, half
in admiration of such optimistic naive, half in exasperation. Yet, such is her concept of wiry that she set out at once to locate Howard's dream house.

She looked and she looked. Days went by. Weeks. Months. Years—two of them. A lone satisfaction was discernible: Each hour spent in the search reduced the possible number of future hours to be spent the same way. Even in Greater Los Angeles, there is a limit to available housing.

One late afternoon, Ida ran out of gas in a remote section of Bel Air. She tried to flag down several motorists, but drivers were wary of hitchhikers. Ida had resigned herself to removing her spike heels and hiking 'x' miles to a filling station, when a lady stopped to offer a lift.

There is nothing so comforting to a foot-sore, heart-sore, and headache woman as the sympathetic ear of a cheerful stranger. Ida poured out her woes in a torrent.

The Samaritan, obviously supplied on the spot by St. Jude (patron saint of the impossible), began to smile. "Oddly enough, I'm a realtor," she said. "In my purse I have the key for the house you have just described. Secluded, yet not isolated. Price somewhat more than you have mentioned, but worth it. Floor plan identical to your husband's mental blueprint. Would you like to see it?"

Ida strolled around the house incredulously. It was a miracle. Then, courtesy of the realtor, she refueled her car and went home to give Howard the good word. He failed to exhibit any surprise whatsoever. (More husbands escape more lethal accidents because of the proper training of wives, 'way back in childhood.)

The following day, he inspected the house, agreed to meet the slightly higher price, told Ida that she was getting on now, if she would plan the redecoration, select the furnishings, and arrange a moving date, he would transport his own books, recordings, and similar priceless possessions.

"Oh, one thing—lots of blue around. You know—about the color of your eyes."

"Lots of blue," agreed Ida, basking in her spouse's obvious admiration.

The fireplace in the living room was white fieldstone; in the den, used brick. So Ida combined shades of blue and white with a muted rose-red to establish a color scheme against which to use brass accessories and Early American furniture.

The Duffs moved in, and Howard could be located at various hours, merely strolling through the rooms. "Tomorrow night," he suggested, "let's ask good old Jack out for dinner." (Good old Jack being a tennis buddy.)

A few days later, it was "good old George," followed by a parade of Howard's chums. Señor Duff, long noted for his restlessness, his inability to stay put in one spot for long periods of time, his gypsy foot and gypsy heart, had become a homebody. Sunk deep in a foam-rubber sofa, his feet on the fireplace fender, he invited the world to find its way to his heartside felicity.

What wife wouldn't consider two years of research a small investment for such rich returns?

"It would have been easy, several times," Ida observes, "to have given up and announced that we would just have to take what seemed to be available. But that would have been an example of the imposing of wisely well, and I felt that it would be a mistake. As it worked out, my dogged following of instructions has brought us lasting satisfaction. The king is still king—and a contented king, at that—making possible that famous line with which all love stories should end, 'And so they lived happily ever after.'

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Be a Cool Warm-Weather Hostess

(Continued from page 52)

housewife in a large New York City apartment—summer home at Mt. Kisco, New York.

In New York, there is a couple to help run the apartment. But, in the summer, there is no help—just as required, and Arlene is the cook. Even for weekend guests. She likes it that way. Homemaking and career go together for her. Somehow, she finds time for everything.

The Gables love to entertain in their new nine-room house, of split-level design to fit the hilltop to which it clings. "Highly recommend," Arlene declares. "I want to share the view with everyone.

"But I like to be part of my own parties, and that means a little planning. I suppose I am a good organizer, but I am not a list-maker. And that is just what we did. I simply jot down notes during the day, later gathering them up and checking off what has been done and what remains to do. Planning menus for guests, reminding myself to get the ingredients for some extra-special dish I want to serve, to stock up on several brands of cigarettes, to check the drink glasses and napkins. Reminding myself to lay in such items as extra toothbrushes for overnight guests who may forget theirs, tissues and disposable powder, all the small things the hostess should keep and keep a hostess from getting flustered."

Under organization, too, comes the choosing of guests who will be congenial. People who like to have me entertain, Arlene has invited the same weekend. People who enjoy the same kind of thing are usually teamed up, although there's no hard-and-fast rule about it. And outside the family, a group is often accumulated. You choose friends you want to ask at the time, barring any real maladjustment with others invited, and, strangely enough, the most unlikely guests have been known to click amazingly well.

Setting a time for arrival and departure, at the moment of issuing any invitations, is always a paper?work, fact, it's highly desirable. A good guest comes prepared to abide by this, and if departure must be at some inconvenient hour, makes it known as soon as plans may be made accordingly. Cooperative guests are a boon to successful weekending, and happy is the hostess who has them!

"If one of my friends shows up a little earlier than expected, maybe when I'm combing my hair or putting the finishing touches to something in the kitchen, I would think the height of rudeness to act upset or embarrassed, or to embarrass her," Arlene stresses. "Why should anyone be flustered? She can follow me wherever I'm working and we can have a little chat about anything we can think of...on with whatever I'm doing. Or, if it makes things easier, there is always a comfortable chair and a book or magazine, or television to entertain her while she waits for me to catch up. Cold drinks are ready, of course, so an early guest, male or female, can relax and cool off. Off-beat timing of hazards during a being a hostess, and surely a minor one."

Their limit for house guests is usually four, the capacity of their sleeping arrangements, but there are always friends who live up for a day, or who come in for dinner. Good food and beverages, an easy manner, good conversation mingled with good humor, informality, a choice of outdoor activities and indoor entertainment, rest and relaxation are what they find.

For weekenders, there is a flexible regime for meals, compatible with country living. For breakfast there is an allowance of a break fast with a minimum of work and fuss. Behind the scenes, before anyone's arrival, the work has been going on all day and no one is ready to do anything. The only thing left to do is to serve it. Keeping on top of the mess is the maid, doing the cleaning. She should do dishes, and breakfast is an easy chore. Younger Peter shines as a breakfast host, especially if there is a visiting child. He follows the household rule of not disturbing grownups—until the morning, when he takes complete charge of the guests' comfort, squeezes the orange juice, uses the electric toaster, fills the glasses with milk. All without help, until the adults begin to appear for their fruit and coffee, waffles with bacon or sausages, or ham and eggs.

If breakfast has been a late meal for all, luncheon is often a snack when and as the guests want it. Plates of sandwiches are put out, salad, cookies, fruit. If everyone wants a regular lunch, it's usually a sit-down meal. Often with additional guests joining the house party.

Dinner in the country is almost always served buffet style. This makes serving easier, and also for the once who wants to eat more leisurely; gives hungry people a chance to start early and go back for seconds or thirds, while the ones who like to sleep with a meal more slowly can take their time.

It's Arlene's idea that, in a small house, it is easier for the hostess to work alone, no matter how many guests or how the house is arranged, and, as she says, "I am offering to assist: "I plan one-dish dinners mostly; big, satisfying casseroles, not too fancy or too highly-seasoned in warm weather. Something I can prepare ahead and put in the refrigerator. I want to make sure that if you are going to have a guest, you might ask me before you pack."

There's something else important: Most people invite both sexes because they like to have a mixed group. If one party seems to divide itself into two "sides," with the men on one and the girls on the other, this is a good rule to follow: if the other party seems to divide itself into two "sides," with the men on one and the girls on the other, this is a good rule to follow: if the other party seems to divide itself into two "sides," with the men on one and the girls on the other, this is a good rule to follow:

"If, in spite of all my care, something goes wrong with some part of the dinner, I don't apologize instead, I improvise, quickly, quietly, and take it in stride to take its place. I'm sure every housewife knows what I mean. Too many apologies about anything that happens makes guests uncomfortable. And, somehow, they feel at fault, just by being there."

Foods that add appetite-appeal to the buffet are some simple canapes, olives and celery and carrot sticks, jellied madrilene or a cold vichysoisse topped with chopped chives or parsley for a festive, summery look. They take very little preparation, can all be taken from the refrigerator at the last minute. Then there are the salads, a bowl of salad, with several dressings on the side for easy choice. And the summer desserts, the sherbets and ice cream, fresh fruit and berries with cream. With mints to top it off, coffee, and tea available for those who prefer it, the buffet is complete. Enough to satisfy the hungriest male who has just come from the golf course or an afternoon in the sun or, the pool. ("Not filled with water, you might say," is Arlene's comment, "but with my blood, sweat and tears! Because that pool I pay for. I love it...but which is, nevertheless, hard work every day.")

"Guests who want to refill glasses, and empty overflowing ashtrays (ever notice how fast they fill up, no matter how much bigger and deeper they get all the time?) are always appreciated, but a good guest never insists on going into the kitchen itself. It's a relief, but I turned down this once. There's a reason, of course. The usual house guest doesn't know where everything is kept, and how things are to be set. I am trying to teach a few of my unappreciative ones the rudiments. I may find a helper there's, of course, of course, perhaps next season."

As a guest, you can perform a real service by helping entertain the other guests while your hostess is out of the room—and maybe offering your services again, not too insistently, of course, when the dinner is well under way.

Having three baths for the three bedrooms solves one hostess problem for Arlene. But, in many homes, bathroom hours must be informally allocated, early risers getting done and out before the late ones take over the lease. (When someone else is waiting is no time to do your own light laundry, by the way.) And where maid service is not available, a thoughtful guest makes up her own bed and tidies her room. Arlene herself sees to it that there are fresh flowers in the bedrooms, as well as all over the house, flowers being her hobby.

She puts out all the magazines and books on bedside tables, checks reading lamps, lays out extra covers and sees that the Sunday paper is handy. She also has the country shoes and appropriate clothes are more appreciated than the city slickers who have to worry about ruined high-heels and muddy-splattered silk's. Your hostess always offers the complimentary of having you dress up for some special occasion, and usually lets you know in advance if this is on the schedule. As a hostess, this is a good rule to follow: go as a guest, you might ask me before you pack.

"Even if you are in the entertainment business, as Martin and I are, and as many of our friends are," Arlene notes, "the 'shop talk' can grow tiresome to people who aren't, no matter how fascinating they may find it at first. Conversation in a room filled with people should include many of them. If a couple of guests find mutual interest in a topic, they can carry on the conversation."

"Planned activities are fine, if they're not too planned or too active all the time. Weekends are for recreation, but also for relaxation. Hikes may be anathema to those who never walk a block at home. Boats are ditto for those who fear the"
water and never get into anything larger than a bathtub. If a guest prefers to nap while the others play tennis, let him do it. If someone wants to watch birds, that's recreation, too.

People who get enough television at home should be allowed to wander into another room, or to take a walk. Those who wouldn't miss a favorite program for the best party you could give should be allowed to watch in at least comparative peace and quiet. It's all optional, if the party is to be a success and the guests happy.

Many people like games, but the Gabels happen to prefer conversation. If games are played, they are usually word games of some kind, writing games, mental games. People who think that any game is just another form of work aren't coaxed to join. They can read. At the Gabels', this isn't much of a problem. It's mostly talk-interesting, exciting, with everybody joining in, and no one running out of anything to say. (As it usually is with groups of good friends.)

"We are happy to see that Peter is at ease with adults, but even more so with children of his own age, and the younger ones," says Arlene. "He is flexible and kind. If a child wants to bicycle and Peter has suggested ball instead, he will get on his bicycle first and merely ask if later they might play ball. He respects the privacy of our guests, seems to sense when adults have tired of playing a small boy's games and want to retreat back into their own world."

The country house was really bought because of Peter. It began as a "token" house put in his stocking last Christmas. When he questioned what the tiny house meant, Arlene told him it was the symbol of the one they would have, so he anticipated every moment the summer has brought and is enormously happy about everything concerned with it, careful about the furniture, interested in seeing it beautifully kept. Eager to have his friends, and his parents' friends, enjoy it.

In fact, no minor or even major accident is allowed to mar a guest's visit—a spilled cup of coffee, a burn from a cigarette too carelessly laid on an ashtray, a broken dish. Better a happy memory of a visit than everything left in perfect condition is a motto every hostess should tack up in her mind. The hostess has a responsibility to have enough ashtrays, enough secure places to lay empty glasses and used dishes, enough lights in hallways and on stairs, and the like.

The matter of a hostess gift often looms up to dismay the guest who wants to bring one and doesn't know what to buy. Imagination, and a little interest in your hostess' tastes, are far more important here than the present's value. Where there is a child, the parents are often glad if he is remembered, but with something of small value. Actually, the hostess gift is a pleasant way of saying thank you for an invitation extended, but it in no way takes the place of a written or telephoned thanks quickly following the visit. Thanks should be extended also to the host, or to a parent or anyone else who helped to make the visit memorable.

It might be mentioned that a good guest checks belongings both when packing and before leaving. It's an extra chore for the hostess to send back all sorts of oddments left behind by departing friends, no matter how much she loves them.

These, of course, are merely tips on summer hostesaeing and summer guesting, not guaranteed to cover every situation. Only a guide to getting organized and prepared ahead of time, and having a relaxed and happy weekend. The kind they have been having at Arlene Francis's house this summer.
Almost Like Angels

(continued from page 24)

don't differentiate between 'working mothers' who may choose to stay at home with their kids, cooking, and PTA—
and 'working mothers' who are off to a nine-to-five job. "The kids are not completely aware toward some family dream. With Bill, the children and me, our dream is retirement in five years—so we can really enjoy and devote time to the kids when we feel they will most need our direction. Jody will then be fifteen; Billy, Jr., eleven; and Nita, nine.

However, it wasn't necessary for me to go to work in order to set up our own personal family plan to come to fruition—Bill's success has been assured for years now. Actually, I looked on the series as being good for the children. Why? Because they need the security of knowing they will see their mother at certain definite hours. On a series, I can give them that knowledge—whereas, when I'm doing only occasional shows, they never know when to expect me home. For children our youngsters' age, this uncertainty is no good.

It is for this reason that Barbara and Bill work extra hard to come up with ideas in which the entire family can join forces. "Saturdays and Sundays," says Bill, "those days that involved dad in the week to our family. Barbara and I are always with the kids. We swim in the summer, have barbecues and picnics. Frequently, on one Sunday, Barbara rushes home to make a basketful of sandwiches, we throw the bikes into our Plymouth station wagon and drive out to the west end of the San Fernando Valley, where we ride and walk without worry or traffic. Even four-year-old Nita goes along. I used to carry her in a basket on my handlebars—now she has a three-wheeler like the little joys. Besides, the bike-riding keeps Barbara's waist down." (An uncalled for remark, which Barbara chooses to ignore.)

Bill, who works four days a week on his own, "With the Angels series with Betty White, is a friendly kind of father who looks after his kids both proudly and protectively. The Big Early American easy-chair and the living-room fireplace is his favorite spot in the house. One thing he says gives him the greatest pleasure in life is curling up in that chair with Nita on his lap and reading the Sunday papers to her. (To Billy, he also reads "The Tales of Kit Carson.

Later in the evening, during the school season, he and Barbara sit down with older daughter Jody for a crack at the homework. "I handle the English, history and social studies," says Barbara. "Bill does the math and the science with Jody first—the real reason being that, after I check Jody's answers, I want Bill to check mine! Believe me, I'm trying very hard right now with fractions . . . I hope he doesn't get a good grade. If he doesn't, I think I'm learning as much as she is.

In fact, the summer literally camps by their pool. Barbara and Bill have a unique arrangement with the neighborhood kids at large that the pool is now "in session." Barb put up a flag pole last season which can be seen for some six to eight blocks—or so it seems from the number of kids who come a-running. "I don't recognize half of them," says Barb. "When the flag is up, either Bill or I are there—we have to get our fun, too, so we might as well play life-guard, and the kids know they are welcome come. Also, when the flag is flying, the neighborhood mothers know their children are safe."

"Last month," laughed Bill, "a new family moved in down the street. The woman, seemingly a foreigner, suddenly showed up at my office—yet not knowing its significance, remarked to her neighbors that, having personally found it difficult to fly the flag every Fourth of July, it was really reassuring to see a woman as obviously patriotic as Barbara!"

The pool, back yard and garden are a summer home for Bill, Barbara and the kids. Bill laid out an area, one hundred feet square, which he was able to fill in room enough for all the family's activities—Barbecues and baseball, for one. Gardening, for another—everybody joins in. ''The kids keep my two dollars!" When Bill assured her they were, Jody just about fainted. "But," she exclaimed, "That's eight weeks' allowance!"

"Billy, Jr., had to have his job, too," Barbara continues. "He said to me one day, after Jody had had her first job, 'I don't care what I do, I want a job.' 'What do you want to do?' I asked. 'You're too young to have a job, that kind of a job,' he said, 'but another kind of job.' 'Exactly what do you mean?' 'I don't know,' he replied, 'but I know I gotta get me a job.'"

A few minutes later, I saw him through the kitchen window, dressed in his Kit Carson cowboy suit—(his favorite). He was holding Nita by the hand—and they were walking up to the minister's house in the back. Then I lost sight. Half an hour passed. Another call, rinse and shout, 'Mom, I got my job look at this!'—and he held out his hand. 'How much money have I got?'

'Two dollars,' he said. "Two dollars, a whole paw, and Nita, who came in behind him, smiling, had two dimes. 'Well,' I said, 'you have forty cents, and Nita has twenty. 'Boy!' he said, 'I'm going right out again!' I looked at him and exclaimed, 'Can I get me a second job?'—young man, come back here and tell me what you did to get that money.'

"He looked up at me shyly, from under his camera. 'Well, now, Mom, you know those pictures of Dad we have in the drawer and give to school kids who come over?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Well, I took a box of them and went around to a few houses. I just rang the doorbell and I tell them that I don't have any money and they buy 'em.'"

"I'm glad he came home to find out how much money he had. Barbara smiles. "Bill Senior and I laughed over this escapade for weeks."

Barbara Hale was born April 18, in DeKalb, Illinois. Her father, Luther, an excellent landscape architect, and her mother and older sister moved to Rockford when Barbara was four. Barbara went to school in Rockford. After that she developed a desire to become an actress, but thought she'd become an artist, a nurse, or a newspaper reporter. When she was graduated from high school, Barbara entered the Chicago School of the Arts, where she studied commercial art. Most of the students, though, insisted that Barbara be their model. She modeled more than she painted. Finally devoted all of her time to working for Corrine and Al Seaman at the Chicago Models Bureau.

Unknown to Barbara, Al Seaman sent her picture to a Hollywood studio executive. With whom he had attended school. A few weeks later, she had a long-term
Barbara and Bill met on his first picture, "Murder in the Blue Room." "Bill was killed in the war," Barbara remembers. "But he died so beautifully. I knew I had to meet him."

Bill and Barbara were married in June, 1946, after a two-year romance which blossomed while he was in the Navy studio commission, on the California beaches (they both loved swimming) and on the amusement piers (inexpensive dates).

Barbara Johanna ("Jody"), their first child, was born on July 24, 1947. William, Jr. ("Billy") was born February 16, 1951. And Juanita, ("Nita"), was born December 22, 1953. Barbara and Bill have had knock-down, drag-out fights over the children's names, and sometimes Bill brought the kids home after arguments—and always wins out.

Though the children arrived without mishap, Barbara reports that little Nita's appearance on the scene caused a certain amount of consternation. "When, as Jody thought Nita was the most wonderful thing in the world because she was a little girl," says Barbara, "Billy felt just the opposite. We brought Nita home; Billy packed a little bag and sat out on the front porch. He was too afraid to leave the porch, but he knew he had to go some place."

To help put across some sex education, Bill and Barbara bought a cat last year—in the hope that this year she would have kittens. She will, Bill, Jr.—whose responsibility it is to feed both Nita, the cat, and Punch, their great collie dog—says proudly, "Mitzi is going to have kittens. She eats about two gallons of food, but she still grows larger.

"A more "normal" family than Bill and Barbara and their brood of three would be hard to find in these United States. Their idea of living is to feed the baby family to do things together, as much as possible, has paid off in a profit of smiles and happy children's laughter measured by the year not by the hour.

"There's just one thing I miss about Barbara. "My husband's other wife—Betty White over at ABC... I'm going to have to talk CBS into marrying bachelor Perry Mason off that gal, Delta Street, he's been seeing so much of lately."
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Two Hands
(Continued from page 58)
back her up in this view. Listening to
questions, her eyes seem more active than
her hands. But when she begins to talk
about her life and the entertainment field
to which she has given so much, suddenly
her hands come alive they begin to
weave their magic ... to weave a tapestry
of laughter, understanding and tears.
"I was born in Parsons, Kansas," she
says. "The records say January 3, at the
turn of the century. It seems a hundred
thousand years ago, doesn't it? when you

—

—

think that we're preparing to make a landing on the moon!" She stares a moment
through the window of her dressing room
on the Hal Roach lot. "I was a serious little
girl, I think
sort of dreamy and a little
lost in my dreams. Yet, I don't believe I
was sad or unhappy. This was in California,
you know Santa Cruz. We had moved
there when I was six months old. And I
hadn't a notion, I'm sure, of ever going
on the stage. But when I was seventeen
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—

ah!"

She had been on vacation with her
parents and they had come to Los Angeles
to "see the sights." They were invited to
a party by whom, where, she can't remember. All she knows is, at that party,
"the sky opened" and great good fortune
came shining down on her. She was introduced to "a wonderful woman" who
sensed the talent lying dormant and arranged for her to try out for a part in
Mary Pickford's "The Little Princess."
This wonderful woman was Frances Marion, one of Hollywood's greatest writers
and star-makers. "I won the part," ZaSu
smiles, "and Frances and I are still close

—

friends. I admire her more than
else I know. I also admire Mary,

see each other as often as

we

anyone
and we

can."

ZaSu can truthfully be called "an overnight success." She herself says, "I was
very, vdry lucky in my career. And, in
those days, competition wasn't so fierce."
But, if she was "lucky," it was not merely
for herself; she brought luck to others. In
1919, a short while before "Little Princess"
was released, ZaSu became the luck-charm
which director King Vidor speaks of today as "my heaven-sent gift."
As Vidor recalls it, he was riding on a
Hollywood Boulevard streetcar when his
eye was taken by a strange young girl

—

"pretty in a lanky kind of style" sitting
opposite him. She was watching the street
signs anxiously as the car sped along. Each

time she turned to look, somehow she managed to strike one of the passengers. When
her stop was called, she showed her appreciation to the conductor by somehow
jamming her elbow into his stomach. All
this was done most innocently, and she retreated down the aisle, knocking hats,
heads and newspapers in embarrassment
and confusion. Most of the passengers were
in an uproar by the time she got off, and
Vidor's curiosity was so stirred that he,
too, hopped off the car and caught up with
her as she reached the corner of Hollywood and Gower. "This, I realized at once,
was a character," he says, "and I wasn't

about to

let

her walk out of

my

life."

He asked her name.
"ZaSu," she replied, and seeing his bewilderment, said again, "ZaSu, last of
Eliza, first of Susie." She twinkled at
like cherry pits."
him. "ZaSu Pitts
He also learned that she was looking for
work as an actress, while living at the
Studio Club. "It's a nice place, isn't it?"
This recommendation was accompanied
by a hearty blow on his chest, and he stood
there, scratching his head as she went on.
To this meeting, Vidor credits his in.

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Full of Laughter

spiration for "Better Times," his first

im-

portant film. The day after, he began work
on a story about an unloved wallflower
in a boarding school who pretends to be
courted through the mails by a big-league
ball player. Brentwood Productions were
persuaded by Vidor to hire ZaSu for the
lead. She proved to be a "natural" in it
which was no surprise to Vidor, who had
written the part for her. David Butler, now
a successful producer, played her leading
man. ZaSu went on to do several films for
Vidor, all notable hits.

The hands

fold one upon the
pause
other in a posture of silence and meditation. "I was climbing that long, high
ladder to stardom. That's what the critics,
the people in the industry said. But what
nobody seemed to realize was that I myself never considered myself a star in the
sense of a Pickford or a Mabel Normand.
In fact, for years, I had a monopoly on all
the fluttery maid parts which, as a sincere
actress, I felt were the utter and bitter
end." Devoted fans know that her "Yes,
m'lady" roles came later, and that they
were preceded by a flock of top dramatic
parts in major pictures. "Oh, I don't deny
I was in some good ones," she says. "But
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my directors for that. And, when
talk about directors, let's never forget
who worked to
one of the greatest
."
bring out the best in me.
It is Erich Von Stroheim that she recalls in this tribute. "He had the patience
of a saint who is dedicated to perfection.
This made him seem like a devil to some
actors. He'd resort to the harshest measures to get a scene exactly right. There's
a scene in 'Greed' we did it sixty-two
I

thank

we

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—

times before he could be satisfied. And we
had no dressing rooms, you know. We'd
just rest on cots between shooting."
"Greed," one of the first films made for
Metro and Goldwyn after they consolidated, is still ranked as a Von Stroheim
masterpiece. Made in 1925, it vied with
Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments" (first version) for best film of the
year. The lust for money, and the destruction it can cause, was the theme, and today
ZaSu still says, "Money is good for taking
care of your needs and responsibilities. It's
no guarantee of happiness. I had plenty of
money in the old days, but I can't, in all
honesty, say I was truly happy. That came
later
after I met Pops
Mr. Woodall,
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you know."

Edward Woodall,

it

should be pointed

her husband, the man whose love
she describes as "filling my world with
goodness the way the sun fills our universe
with light." He had not yet walked into
her world at the time she was soaring to
fame in a succession of dramatic screen
roles. One of the most memorable of these,
it is generally admitted, was the tragic
part of the lame princess in Von Stroheim's
"The Wedding March." As a work of art,
the picture is still considered masterly.
"The talkies hadn't been with us very
long," ZaSu continues, "when the ax
crashed down. I was typed, and of all
things—typed as a comedienne." It was in
a gangster picture that this "disaster"
occurred. There was a scene "of heartrending anguish," and she was directed
to wring her hands for effect. "I couldn't
seem to get the right tone and blew up.
In disgust, I cupped my hands over my
forehead and let out a doleful 'Oh, dear.'
out, is

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things up. It turned out to be a big success with the public and, in my next picture, they had me do more of the same.
Soon there was a whole slew of pictures
which showed me using those silly gestures. It was opening a new career for me
as a comedienne, but it finished the career
I loved, as a dramatic actress."
But now the expressive hands and voice
weave brighter colors into the story. "If
my career took a wrong turn if I felt
discontented with the parts I had to play,"
ZaSu recalls, "the happiness I was suddenly finding in my personal life more than

—

it." For ZaSu had met Edward
an advertising executive had
met and married him, and was beginning
to immerse herself in the pleasures of
that most fulfilling role wife and mother.
She might have descended to playing
"movie maid to every star in town," but,
in her own large home on Rockingham
Road in fashionable Brentwood, she
reigned supreme as "Moms" to an adoring husband and two children, Ann and
Don. She was also a much sought-after
matron in the social life of the community.
"We needed a big place then," she sighs,
"what with two lively children, cats, dogs,
ponies and what-not.
Entertaining was
lavish then. It was part of the times. We
were never quite on the scale of Pickfair,

made up

for

—

Woodall,

—

but

we

did live

it

up some,

nevertheless."

Although acting still made considerable
demands on her time and energy, her
family recalls gratefully "all she did, all
she tried to do." Even when she was called
away on location or on a tour, "in small
ways all her own," she left behind a very
palpable sense of her presence. Ann now
Mrs. John S -for- Stanford Reynolds re-

—
—

when ZaSu was away: "Some-

lates that,

how, the house seemed

to develop an echo
the rooms seemed emptier, Dad
seemed just a wee bit tireder and we kids
found our games and lessons duller. And
yet we were all filled with a feeling of
expectation ... as if, deep down, we the
house, the servants, the pets all of us
knew that Moms was still with us ... at
in

it

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—

any moment, we'd hear her

—

footstep."

It is a family joke now, but there were
tragic echoes of one childhood incident

which Ann

recalls.

when we sneaked

"Don and I were kids
movie that was

off to a

featuring Mother. I can't recall the name,
but there was a scene where she was about
to be killed. Don
yelling, 'Don't kill

ered

my

bitterly."

repeated

face

jumped up and began

my Moms!' while I covwith my dress and wept

Something of this terror was
Ann and her father and

for

three years ago, when ZaSu
underwent three operations for cancer.
"We were suddenly back in that movie
house, terrified," Ann continues. "Only
Mom remained steadfast. She never lost
hope, and she wouldn't let us lose hope.
They had to cut into her arm and side.
But to give you an idea of the stuff she's
brother,

—

made

—

of shortly after her last operation,
she gave a benefit at Palm Springs. She
looked all in, and we begged her not to go
on. But she couldn't be stopped."
ZaSu herself takes pride in her recovery
and explains with a chuckle how she
bought an old-style car with the standard

her arm and side would get
of strengthening exercise.
But it is when she speaks of her
family that her pride takes on new dimen-

shift so that

a proper

amount

The reaction may have been unplanned

sions.

but, believe me, it was explosive. Everyone on the set went into convulsions. They
laughed and laughed. The director was delighted. He felt the plot was too heavy and
he decided to keep this 'bit' to brighten

She was starring in "Out All Night," and
a dimpled, blond cherub appeared on the
set to do a bit. ZaSu took the little girl
under her wing and told anyone who
would listen, "This child will be great."


Two years later, the child—Shirley Temple—and her family moved into the house next to ZaSu's, and they were neighbors and friends for years. It was Don who first taught Shirley how to ride a pony. "She liked to run over and sample my pies," ZaSu smiles. "And here's an odd coincidence: My first film was "The Little Princess"—and then, after so many years, who comes along but little Shirley and does the remake in the part Mary Pickford played."

If ZaSu was both a delight and an enigma to her own children, she is merely a delight to her grandchildren. "The kids are wise to her," Ann says gleefully. "When I get ready to administer a spanking, they giggle and say, 'Betcha Grandmother leaves the room.'" ZaSu herself remarks wryly, "I guess I'm of the old school that thought spankings were old-fashioned."

The famous hands are quiet as ZaSu recalls old friends, "How clever and talented they were! And how I miss them!" Sorrowsfully she calls the roster of the unforgetable dead: "Edna Mae Oliver, Slim Summerville, Thelma Todd . . ." And then her hands move, and the past is reluctantly put aside. She begins to revel in the present, in her new friends, in her newfound career in television. "Gale Storm is as dear to me as my own daughter. And Hal Roach, Senior—you know—he still drops in on the lot for a chat about the old days. He likes to tease me by saying I haven't changed a bit. And I come back at him by asking if he'd like to see me in one of my old bathing-beauty, Keystone Cop series. And there's Bones Vreeland, our production head. He's a great help. Would you believe it? I've begun to get a flood of fan mail since I became 'Nugy.'"

Her smile brightens. "The way they all take care of me around here!" ZaSu, who eats like a bird, usually brings nothing but a pint of buttermilk to the lot. But a day never passes without Roy Roberts, the captain of the luxury liner in Ok Su-sannah—dropping in her dressing room with a sandwich. Or else it's Gale Storm—or even one of the 'grips—with a piece of homemade pie. "Well," exclaims Gale, "we're only paying back for all the mothering she's given us. How she hovered over me when I was preg-nant!"

ZaSu herself is obviously delighted by the stories told about her. She laughs as heartily as the rest, when Bill Seider, her TV director, tells the following anecdote: "I'd worked with ZaSu before, so I was prepared. But poor Roy Roberts, he didn't know. So when I heard her blow a line during rehearsal, I yelled 'Look out!'—and ducked. Roy just stood there." Gale breaks in with, 'We're all on her now, and the second she fluffs a line—which she seldom does—we all begin ducking out of range. Imagine! She's the gentlest of people. But when she goes, ZaSu Pitts starts swinging!"

Others recall that she's always an hour late for appointments, because she can't stand traffic and, like as not, will pull up to the side of the road and patiently wait until the rush is over. Still others tease her shyly about her handkerchief to make a comeback as a serious dramatic actress.

All of it pleases her, fills her with a youthful zest, brings the color into her face and the sparkle into her eyes. "Oh," ZaSu cries, "I am so lucky. My family, my friends, all of whom stood by me so loyally when my acting seemed limited periods . . . when I was so sick . . . my dear husband who, when we sold our big home and moved into a small apartment, put his arm around me and said, 'Mom, the smaller the place, the closer we'll be.' I am a lucky, happy woman!"

The hands weave on their tapestry of wonders . . . the hands weave out the wonders of a life . . .
could happen, and he wouldn’t be able to pay. But Lawrence Welk’s father was even more concerned about his son’s future. He’d told his brothers who came through Strasburg, North Dakota, playing barn dances and fairs. They drank whiskey. They swirced. They had no roots, these fellows. They played their old songs and on.

“Dad didn’t want me to leave the farm,” Lawrence Welk says now, “and especially for the music business. He felt it wasn’t stable, that the music business seen were a little loose and adventurous. He was afraid the same thing might happen to me. My dad was trying to save my soul, and he thought there would be a better chance of saving me on the farm.”

But, for young Lawrence, there could be no harvest, there could be no life... with our music. Even when we were in the field, he could hear music. He heard music everywhere. It came out of the wind and sun and earth... an imaginary symphony with Lawrence directing it. His sisters and his brothers played their imaginary bands, and about how he would go out to the barn and dance, with some prop or other.

“I danced with a pitchfork adorned with anything but loved music and I loved to dance,” he recalls. “Music was on my mind all the time, whether I was cleaning out the barn or helping to plow the fields. When the horses go out in the field. I had a constant dream of music.”

Alone in the barn, Lawrence Welk would direct his imaginary band: “I would hit the boards with an anvil, and have nothing that would make a sound. And I used to make a ‘violon’ with horsehair ‘strings’ from a horse’s tail.”... His father liked music, too; but music was far from his mind. He was relaxing after a hard day’s work in the field—not a life’s work. Lawrence, in fact, had first learned to play the accordion on his father’s old push-and-pull squeeze box, one of the few meager possessions his parents had brought over on the boat from the Old Country when they came to America in search of a home.

To Ludwig and his pretty dark-haired wife, Kristina, roots were the riches of the earth. Their homeland, Alsace-Lorraine, had been a pawn for pow’rful nations throughout the years, and they were torn back and forth, changing nationality. Devoutly religious and peace-loving, they had no country to call their own. When the Prussians overrode their lands—they fled.... Along with other German settlers, Ludwig and Kristina Welk filed to homestead rich farmlands on the Strasburg Road in North Dakota. Looking across the field of buffalo grass that stretched miles on every side of them—the prairie land that would some day belong to them—their sons— they thanked God for this new land which had opened its arms to them.

For a shelter, Ludwig and Kristina Welk used the only material they could afford. It was the sod house, where, Lawrence Welk would one day be born. They took long thick strips of sod and dovetailed them together. Then ye barred in the rest with boards across the top of the thick walls and piled very thick layers of sod on top. Only a torrential rain would melt the sod; and then the walls would hold together. Then Ludwig would carry more sod to the roof and pack it tight together again, thankful for the buffalo grass in the sod that helped it hold. As they could, they built partitions, put in a floor, and built a wood frame on the outside.

“It was a very comfortable house,” recalls Lawrence’s sister, Eva Welk, today a teacher in Strasburg. “The walls were sixteen inches thick—it was the warmest place in the winter and the coolest in the summer. All eight of us were born there. Our youngest brother, Max, was born in 1927.”

And there, on March 11, 1903, the man who was one day to make music that would reflect the grass-roots of his own heritage. He was born to America would love—was born. “Lawrence worked very hard doing the farm chores,” Eva says. “He worked in the field, he helped with the milking, and he would go into town to do his farm.”

Young Lawrence was early initiated to the rewards of hard work—a lesson which would be invaluable to him later on. Their ground made forty bushels of wheat, where their neighbors’ made thirty. They worked longer hours, planted earlier, and his dad watched that land like a dedicated man. “I’d say I was a blacksmith by trade,” says Lawrence Welk. “He would repair all our own things, and those of our neighbors, too.”

What he remembers most about his parents was their great happiness, and their gratitude to America: “They were so happy here, and so happy about the treatment they received in America. So grateful for the warmth and kindness they found here.”

Ludwig taught his son how to play some old-fashioned German waltzes on the windmill that had been the old pump organ in the parlor and the rest of us would gather around and sing.” She adds, with a smile, “Lawrence used to keep our cows awake until late at night, out in the barn, practicing on the accordion. Dad brought over from the Old Country.”

But there was one grim year when the music almost stopped for Lawrence Welk. He was sent to the hospital for an appendix that was ruptured, and went through long months of recuperation afterward. A year that was to limit his future in some ways, and make music his whole world.

The doctor was not very well: “I was unconscious, and, when I came to, I was in the hospital and they were trying to hold me down—I was trying to climb a window. Then when I opened my eyes again, I saw all of my relatives standing around the bed. I knew some of them had come a long way in a horse-and-buggy coming from North Dakota. It was a big relief, after seeing them, when I heard the doctor say he thought I was over the crisis.”

After being out sick that year Lawrence Welk wasn’t a model student. As he explains now, “I was growing all that year, and I was much taller than any of the kids I would have been in class with. My parents never pushed me to do anything, but I had a real complex about it. I’d been sick before in my younger days, I’d missed school, I was taller than the kids in my grade. So I wouldn’t do.... I regretted it later on in life, when I got into business. I knew how much I’d missed, and how much I’d gone for it might have been for me if I’d gone to school and studied, along with my music.”

Later on in life, he was to spend hours, nightly, reading books and educating himself. However, in his particular case, Lawrence Welk weighs today whether he would have fought as hard for success—“if I’d had the schooling, I’m not so sure I would have done,”--and the determination I’ve had to save, if an education had made it all easier. I’m not sure I would have gotten this far in music—if I would have had that much desire.”

Desire, he had. There was no other life. He felt shy and ill-at-ease with his former schoolmates, so he was out of the swig of music which was the farm—music was the world that was threatened, too, when Lawrence Welk broke his arm at the age of sixteen. He was to need all that determination and desire in the months that followed.

Remembering now, he says, “I was in the field ploughing. I had a lazy horse, and I tried to whip the windmill, and he took off like a jet—taking the plough and me with him. The plough hit a rock and jumped up and threw me into the middle of the field—on top of my arm.” When he crawled to his feet, he says, “I was only hanging there—and I knew it was broken. At the moment, he could feel no pain, because of a more agonizing thought: “I could only think of one thing—I wouldn’t ever be able to play the accordion again.”

Ludwig, his arm healed. But the inexorable accordion. Lawrence had “went to pieces” the following year. “One need was out of tune—it used to hurt me so much to hear it. When I hit the sour note, it would just about kill me. I was about to break it when I thought of going back to the accordion.” Then he found his dream accordion in an advertising catalogue which manufacturers mailed to the Welk house. “Over $100 worth of money,” he says. “More money than my parents could usually save in a whole year.” Mindful of this, Lawrence told his dad he would play at weddings and celebrations around Strasburg and play him back. But that didn’t persuade him.

“It took me quite a while to talk Dad into it. I got Mother on my side. She knew how much he wanted the accordion again, and she talked to him. Then I went to him with my proposition. I promised I would stay on the farm until I was twenty-one if he would buy the accordion for me. I offered to back every cent it cost. That was a beautiful day!” Lawrence Welk glows, recalling their agreement.

Lawrence Welk believed with all his heart that to be a musician wouldn’t be a wholesome future for his son. His future belonged to the land. Here were their roots—on the prairie the Welks had homesteaded in North Dakota. Furthermore, the accordion was much too expensive, and Ludwig would have to buy it on credit. This was against his principles. But his son’s desire was so impressive when he agreed to do it. “That was the first thing our parents had ever bought in installments says sister Eva. “I remember helping him to make the payments. He would pay out four hundred dollars “on time.” Lawrence was seventeen years old—and, if this would keep him on the farm for four more years, it would be worth it. When he was twenty-one, he would be more mature and he would be able to see that, in this wonderful country of America, the land was his life. If, when he was twenty-one, he wouldn’t stay—this was America, too. Freedom for a man to believe as he will, to decide his own way.
but, to young Lawrence, at seventeen, freedom was the accordion for which he waited with anguish. "It was a special accordion, and it took them three months to build it," he remembers, as vividly as yesterday. "Then, after it was finished, I waited three weeks. Every day I would hitch up the horse and buggy and drive into town to the depot, to see whether my accordion had come. I'd go to town very happy, anticipating the accordion would be there. But, on the way home, it wasn't unusual for me to have tears in my eyes... just from disappointment—and my love for the instrument."

He'll never forget the afternoon the accordion finally arrived: "I got home around four-thirty, and I played until dinner time. I played after dinner—until everybody went to bed, and they took it away from me. The next morning, I was up with the chickens... and playing it again.

To Lawrence Welk, the four years before he turned twenty—one... before he was free to follow his music wherever it led... seemed an eternity. He paid his father back in years, playing for "barn dances and 'name day' celebrations and wedding parties." He would make five or ten dollars for dances—but the wedding parties would last three days, and he would bring home fifty or a hundred dollars.

On his twenty-first birthday, his promise to his father fulfilled, Lawrence left the sod house where he had been born... free to follow the music—somewhere, wherever it might lead. "I didn't have any money, and I had no special place to go. Then I didn't have my heart set on doing anything in particular, really. I just loved to play the accordion—and went out hunting a job."

Leaving the main street of his home town behind, the first day would come when a sign there would read: "Strasburg, North Dakota—Home of Lawrence Welk." Ludwig Welk had told him goodbye with a heavy heart. Lawrence had repaid him for the accordion. "But not for an immigrant father's dream of his sons farming and enriching the land which had been so good to all of them. As Lawrence jokingly puts it: 'I don't think he was too proud of me. Not until I quit fooling around—playing with this group and that one—and treated music more like a business. After a year, I began to have money.'"

Lawrence had formed a little band and was playing a dance at a fair in Selby, South Dakota, when fate introduced him to veteran showman George T. Kelly and his wife Alma... two endearing people to whom Lawrence Welk feels so indebted today, for the part they played in giving his music a permanent home, giving him a springboard toward the future. "It was the man," he says with obvious deep emotion, "who really started me in show business. If it hadn't been for George and for Alma—and all the teaching they gave me—I don't think I could ever have made it."

During the winters, George Kelly had a small vaudeville troupe called "The Peelerless Entertainers," and he had a small orchestra of instruments, playing dances after their shows. Mrs. Kelly sold tickets, acted as treasurer, wardrobe mistress, and generally did whatever it took to be done behind the scenes. During the summers, George worked with carnivals, "barking" the attractions on the midway... he was in Selby with a carnival—and dropped by the local dance hall one evening.

"I went up front and sat down close to the stage," he remembers. "And I noticed this young fellow playing his accordion... He had a lot of pep, a good smile, and I mean really moving with the rhythm of the music. The warmth and music fairly poured out of him, and I believed he would be a tremendous asset to any troupe—although, at that time, nobody was using an accordion in traveling aggregations."

Kelly asked Welk how he thought he'd like show business. Well, Lawrence said, he'd seen a medicine show under canvas in Strasburg once... and he thought he might enjoy it. "He agreed to join our troupe," the showman grins now. "However, a difficulty arose when I found out the salary he was expecting! Lawrence wanted fifty dollars a week—and, at that time, we were hiring the best of performers for twenty-five dollars a week and expenses."

"That's pretty high," he told Lawrence. But he "sized him up" and knew Lawrence would be a tremendous drawing card... all the more so, since their troupe would be playing German settlements throughout the Dakotas. "I'll tell you what I'll do," Kelly proposed. "I'll pay all the expenses, including salaries to the performers, and then we'll split the net proceeds fifty-fifty." Lawrence agreed heartily. As he laughingly says now, "I had learned that it was good business not to be overanxious. I would have gladly accepted George's first offer—but I paused a little bit. And, when I paused, George went up on the price!"

Salary seemed of small moment immediately, anyway, since they were opening in a little place in South Dakota called Westport, where George Kelly wanted to break in this inexperienced troupe—which consisted of Harry Woodmancy, a saxophonist, and Lawrence and himself. "They were about as bashful as anybody could be. The town was as skeptical as I would be, able to get them to say any lines whatsoever—especially Lawrence."

They were set for the town hall in Westport, and Kelly was anxious to have a dress rehearsal the afternoon of the show. But there'd been an election, and somebody had brought the stove right up in the middle of the stage, to keep the city fathers warm while they counted the votes. George and his 'troupe' were carrying the stove and its pipe back down, when a group of women walked in...

"I thought they had a squawk of some kind," Kelly grins. "Some towns weren't partial to dancing then, and I was apprehensive. However, they were a committee from the Ladies' Aid, and they wanted to know if I would have any objection to their serving a 'supper' at the dance, with the proceeds to be used for a local charity. Naturally, I was elated, and I figured we might have a fair little house. When the guests arrived, we literally started piling in! Lawrence was peeping through a hole in the curtain—and, as the crowd grew bigger, his knees clicked louder. They for some reason went out to the nearby pool hall to lug chairs in. They brought planks, soda-pop cases—anything they could find for seats.

"Lawrence and Woodmancy really had stage fright, but we went out, sat down and started the overture behind the curtain. When the curtain rose, they immediately became old troupers. As long as they could hide behind their instruments, they felt better. They'd both been used to playing for crowds at dances, and that was a big help. When we started the sketches—they missed lines, but it only added to the fun."

When, at the end of the evening, Mrs. Kelly told them they'd taken in a hundred and sixty-five dollars, they were all...
elated. Lawrence couldn't get over it. "George," he said, "we'll be millionaires before this is over!"

They played one-night stands in opera halls, and often in empty bank buildings. Lawrence Welk became increasingly versatile. He played the heavy in one skit called "Peanut Buster," which Kelly portrayed a Swedish inventor and Lawrence was the villain trying to steal his inventions. "George was always trying to pull me into that," Lawrence laughs. "I gave him a hard time—but not intentionally."

Welk's accordion specialty was "Valencia." For this, he appeared in full costume, dressed as a Spanish matador. "Men used to wind his sash on him," George Kelly recalls, "and Lawrence would stand there and go 'round and 'round. On stage, I would announce, 'And now I want you to meet the youngest, the best-looking, the finest, the most distinguished accordionist in America—Lawrence Welk!'"

Enthusiastic audiences (particularly, Kelly observes, the lady patrons) agreed with that glowing introduction. For four years, an increasingly popular Lawrence traveled with The Peerless Entertainers, grating out the finest accordion and knowledge he could absorb... and touchingly appreciative of Mrs. Kelly's kindness and encouragement in helping him to use better English and overcome some of the accent which now really troubled him.

His public, however, seemed completely unaware of any such problems. "They were all eyes for Lawrence and his accordion," Kelly says. The Winter tour of the Dakotas, Montana and Minnesota, people followed us from show to show, until we got so far away they couldn't see us. Lawrence always had crowds around him, and he made them all feel they were his friends.

That same reaction was soon apparent in Yankton, South Dakota, as crowds jammed the small radio studio where Lawrence broadcast with his newly-formed, six-piece band. So many nurses from the hospital raved about that attractive but skeptical Fern Renner, who was in training there, finally went along with them to the studio one day. But she remained the lone holdout against the mass adulation for Lawrence Welk for some time—almost until she married him.

"When the broadcast was over, but before we could leave the studio that day," Fern recalls, "Lawrence put down his accordion and walked straight out into the audience to talk to us. He wanted me to go to dinner with him, but I got the impression he was conceited, and I didn't want to go. Finally, I agreed—if he'd take one of the other girls along." He was a perfect gentleman, but Fern Renner saw no future there: 'I'd always felt traveling musicians were just like sailors—a girl in every port.'

However, since they shared the same religion, they met frequently in church and became better acquainted. Lawrence left South Dakota to tour with his band—and Fern went to Texas to work in a Dallas hospital as a laboratory technician and anesthetist... but fate still kept a friendly eye on the man who was meant to make so much happy, sparkling music for the world.

Fern Renner just happened to be in Denver, Colorado, for a few days' vacation... and she just happened to read in the newspaper that Lawrence and his band were playing there. She called him. And, the following day—while showing her the majestic scenery—he proposed.

They were married, one April morning, in the Sacred Heart Cathedral in Sioux Falls, South Dakota... and left on a series of one-nighters, which, in the opinion of Fern's husband, could have fractured a more fragile bride. Today, Lawrence pays tribute to the attractive woman who has shared in his career story: 'She's been able to take it... all the way from hardships to later on, when things got better. Fern's a perfect wife, as well as a perfect mother.'

From the start, Fern Welk's calm courage and encouragement... as a former nurse familiar with life and death, and with people and crises of all kinds... was always there to strengthen the confidence of a shy, uneducated North Dakota farm boy who was moving up in his world of music—and increasingly sensitive to his own inadequacies. "You have nothing to worry about," Fern reassured him. "Just forget you didn't have those advantages. You don't need to worry."

Wherever Welk played, people listened. But there were tough years, getting his music to enough of them. Years of wearying one-nighters... of driving all night across country... of humid hotel rooms—sleeping with the sun. And of nightmare experiences, such as driving to a booking in Phoenix, Arizona—and finding the ballroom had closed: "We'd been driving for two days, from Quincy, Illinois, and we'd had nothing but trouble all the way," recalls Chuck Coffee, a saxophone player who was then with Welk's band. "We'd had eighteen flats, getting there. Then we

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Vote FOR YOUR FAVORITES

Each year TV RADIO MIRROR polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling was begun in the July issue and continues until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites to win a Gold Medal.

TV STARS and PROGRAMS

Mae Singer
Female Singer
Comedian
Comédienne
Dramatic Actor
Dramatic Actress
Daytime Emcee
Evening Emcee
Musical Emcee
Quizmaster
Western Star
News Commentator
Sportscaster
Best New Star
Daytime Drama
Evening Drama
Daytime Variety
Evening Variety
Comedy Program
Music Program
Quiz Program
Women's Program
Children's Program
Mystery or Adventure
Western Program
TV Panel Show
Best Program on Air
Best New Program
TV Husband-and-Wife Team

RADIO STARS and PROGRAMS

Mae Singer
Female Singer
Comedian
Comédienne
Dramatic Actor
Dramatic Actress
Daytime Emcee
Evening Emcee
Musical Emcee
Quizmaster
Western Star
News Commentator
Sportscaster
Best New Star
Daytime Drama
Evening Drama
Daytime Variety
Evening Variety
Comedy Program
Music Program
Quiz Program
Women's Program
Children's Program
Mystery or Adventure
Western Program
Radio Record Program
Best Program on Air
Best New Program

Send your votes to TV RADIO MIRROR Awards, P.O. Box No. 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
found the place had folded. Lawrence pawned his ring only, so the band could eat. Then he talked stockholders into reopening the ballroom.

Fern Welk sang in some of her own songs for remembering this situation in graphic detail. "We were on a spot," she understates it simply. "We'd managed transportation for the boys, clear from the Middle West to the West Coast. We'd counted on the Phoenix engagement...then the place was closed up. And it had been such a rough trip. We had no...we'd arrived in the night to get there."

While her husband was persuading the stockholders to reopen their ballroom, Fern Welk went to bed—deathly ill. "I was three months' pregnant, and I was six months' pregnant."

She quit the tour a few weeks before their first baby was born, going to Dallas to stay with two nurse friends, while Lawrence continued the tour. He was in Denver...the same city in which he'd proposed to Fern...when one of the nurses phoned to tell him he had a beautiful baby daughter.

Shirley Welk was six weeks old when her enchanting father saw her. For a man with Lawrence's love for home and family, there were to be many personal sacrifices during the first days of making music. Many important family events he couldn't share. "Dad drove all night through the rain, trying to make my First Communion," says shriveled Shirley remembers. "Then, when he got there, we were just coming out of the church. He was heartbroken."

The family was then headquartered in Pittsburgh. Moving to Indianapolis, then to Dearborn, Forest, just outside Chicago. His younger daughter Donna says, "I think Dad made my Communion—but not my Confirmation. He made me pass an eighth-grade. We were always so happy to see him...and always so sad when he had to leave again."

Though Fern could tell that Lawrence was very worried about something, he would say nothing about what was troubling him during the first days of engagement: "Lawrence never did want to worry me—he always felt somehow he should straighten things out for himself."

When one night, she awakened to find him sitting in bed and gazing out of the window in an attitude of obvious despair.

And, finally, he said, "I guess I'm just too much of a farmer. I guess I should have stayed on the farm."

"You've done very well," his wise reminded him. "Just because somebody is trying to change your ways...I wouldn't let that affect me. This isn't the only place. There are many places that would be glad to have you." She spoke of the many other places he had played—always successfully.

It was as true then as it is today. As Fern Welk says now, "He was a success everywhere he went. And, from the audience viewpoint, he was successful when he played that place, too!"

For the management's preconceived ideas, their "dignified" patrons wanted Welk and his accordian—and Lawrence bobbing his head in time with the music—that wasn't "dignified enough for the place."

They didn't want him to shake his head in time with the music—that wasn't "dignified enough for the place."

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It was as true then as it is today.
My Sentimental Tommy

(Continued from page 27)

up to him and asked, "Aren't you Grace Sands' boy?" Just to give him his come-
umpa for a gentle, "Why, isn't that my boy?"

Actually, there is little chance of suc-
cess spoiling Tommy Sands. He has had
his share of heartaches, and he has seen
the darker side of success. Don't forget he's a show business man of his
life. At eight, he walked into a radio
station in Shreveport, asked for a
singing job and got it. That took spunk.
At fifteen he looked upon his singing
a lot of people were going around saying
Tommy was all washed up. Maybe he was—as a cute little boy in a cowboy suit,
singing around the house. But not to learn how to take these knocks with the
same calm, humility and good humor with
which he took the applause. And he had
to find new channels for his talent.

That's what I'm trying to tell you all
now. I want to make clear why I, his
mother, think he'll go on to even greater
success without getting a swelled head, or
why he won't lose faith if the tobaggon
should happen to go down.

My boy Tommy has character. Put just
that way, nearly every days is like a mother
bragging. But people who know me will
say that I'm as quick to point out Tommy's
mistakes as I am to notice of his good points and have child's faith that
that, with God's help, will see him through.

Coming home from This Is Your Life ("Life"—he's nineteen years old!), I no-
ticed he had been very upset. He didn't ask him why. This is more or less what
he answered: "When Ralph Edwards was
bring all those people on stage and
and telling about this and that, I kept
thinking to myself, But these are just
a few outstanding ones. What about all
the others? Uncle Charlie and Aunt Bert
(have passed on)—the friends like Dr.
and Mrs. Shavin, Lynn Trooper, Dr.
and Mrs. Moers and Betty, Harnie Smith,
your teachers and so many others?

It keeps pounding in my head, Mama. Why
have you gone to so much trouble for me, encou-
aging me, cheering me on when the going
got real rough, keeping their faith in me so lo-
ng long and all that...? Because, when those people did all
that for me, they expected nothing in
return—some of them probably didn't even
expect anything. They didn't care. They
didn't care. They did it out of friendship. Mama, I'm
the luckiest fellow in the world."

He means it, too. That I'll vouch for.

In and I did when parents and children
see to be so much at odds with each other,
and there is so much talk about
youngsters "rebellions," I feel Tommy and
I have forged a healthy bond and a
friendship based on mutual respect and
understanding. I've never forced my way on
him and I've tried to let him make his own
mistakes. Because I believe in the quality
of his character.

I just used the word "respect." For
reasons I can't understand, that seems to
have gone out of style these days. Chil-
dren are no longer taught to their elders as
equals. They call their parents—and even
their grandparents—by their first names,
and sometimes by their nicknames. I'm
happy to see this, but I'm afraid it has
never had been. When he was a child
playing the guitar and singing on radio
and television in Shreveport, Houston and
Chicago, he had to work with older people,
performers with years of experience. I
tried to make it clear that he was to be
treated as a small boy, not as an equal.

And I did. When parents, Tommy
Always said "Mr." and "Miss." He even
called Biff Collie (only ten years his
senior and as dear to him as a brother)
"Mr. Collie"—that is, until last summer,
when Biff visited Hollywood and stayed
with us a while.

Tommy has consideration, too. And this
consideration hasn't been reserved for
adults, either. Recently, a school chum
from Houston came to town. Since
our phone was unlisted, the boy called a
mutual friend here and reached us that way.
Tommy was delighted, and asked him along to Cliffie Stone's Home-
town Jamboree, where he was to sing. After the show, Tommy was
literally mobbed by the youngsters—mostly girls. I'm pleased to report
that a picture of Tommy—who is so modest (thank goodness)
that he's almost unconscious of his
own physical charms—that, though he came
out of the melee minus half a shirt and a
number of buttons (this is not a pun),
his only concern was for his friend, who'd
got lost in the crowd.

Tommy waited and, when the friend
didn't appear, finally returned home.
Later, the young man called to explain
that he was afraid he’d have been in the
way. I had brought a ride back to his
hotel. Tommy related the upset: "What
does he mean, ‘in the way?’ What kind
of friend does he take me for? I was so
glad to see him, and here we’ve hardly
a few words with each other. I’m going
to call him back and apologize." He did,
and wouldn’t hang up until his friend swore
he was not hurt, that he understood
Tommy's concern and would be around
in the morning for a long talk.

This is a good place for me to inject
a warning. In spite of "character," my
boy Tommy is far from perfect and a
halo. He makes mistakes and some of
them are sure-enough whoppers. For in-
stance, horseback riding. It’s one of his
favorite activities, though he hasn’t had much
time for it lately. And when he was a
boy in Louisiana and just learning to ride,
he started showing off. One of my friends
said, "Grace, do tell him to stop that
crowd..."

I said, "I don’t have to tell him—the
horse will." Well, just then the horse
stopped short and pitched Tommy head
over heels into a mess of briar. Next few
days, when he gets into a mood and seems
ready to act up a little (oh, yes, he has
his moments), I just look him in the
eye and say, "Tommy, you don’t have to tell
you—the horse will.

On the subject of mistakes: When
Tommy decided to leave Lamar High
School in Houston to take a disc-jockey
job in Shreveport, I felt it was a mis-
take. I thought he was being headstrong,
and I argued the issue with him, though
I left all decisions open for him to make.
We talked it over several times. My
side of it ran like this: "You’ve had little
enough fun, as it is," I pointed out. "You’ve
been working since you were eight. Now
you want to quit school, just a few months
before graduation, to take this deejay job.
Why not get your diploma, go to college,
and have a little fun while completing your
education? I want you to find another job.
But Tommy was set on going. "Maybe
I missed out on some of the games
other boys play," he reasoned, but I’ve had
enough of the fun. I like to sing, to
an instrument, to dance, to study music
and theater—all of that is fun. For me, the
best kind of fun. As for school, I promise
you that someday I’ll finish my educa-
tion—but I can’t make this chance.
It might lead to something big."

I even called his principal, Mr. Wright.
He, too, spoke to Tommy. That afternoon
Tommy came home. He looked confused
and miserable. Finally, he said, "Mama,
there’s only one thing that can stop me
from taking that job. If you order me not
to go, I'll go to private school!"

It was one of the hardest decisions I
ever had to make. I was tempted to play
the heavy-handed mother and say, All
right, I’ll order you to stay in school! But
that would have meant breaking a rule
of conduct I had always preached to him.
It would have meant that all my words about
independence of mind and learning by
his own inspiration, the meaning of
success, would have been wasted.

I won’t get back on what I’ve taught you.
You know I’d like you to get an education,
and you know why. But it’s your decision to
be in school or not to be, and I’ll feel bad.
Follow your conscience!"

I still feel he should have gone to
college. As it is, I know he has come to feel it
too. But who can say that he made
this sacrifice for nothing? By taking
that job, he was able to save enough money
for his trip to Hollywood. And it was
Hollywood that he wanted. And never
broke. If, in the years ahead, he comes to me
and asks, "Would I have done better the
other way?"—I honestly don’t know what I’ll
answer. I hope he will make great sacrifices
to get your heart’s desire. As
Browning says, "A man’s reach should
exceed his grasp, or what’s a heaven for?"
My boy Tommy is the nearest to one this way:
he’s the most "forgetful" boy. Right at
this time, it’s no wonder. In the space of
a few months, he’s had to rehearse the
Steve Allen and Jack Benny shows, ap-
ppear twice on the Kraft Television Theater,
several times with Tennessee Ernie Ford,
and the weekly Cliffie Stone show. Then
he’s got to cut a number of new records,
give dozens of interviews, go here,
there and the other place for the sake of
his career. Naturally, he’s forgetful. He’d
have to be one of those Univac machines
to be forgetful! The fact is, however, that he has always
been like that. When he was just a teen-
ager, working as a disc jockey for KCLJ
in Shreveport, Houston and Chicago,
he had to work with older people,
performers with years of experience. I
tried to make it clear that he was to be
treated as a small boy, not as an equal.

And I did. When parents, Tommy
Always said "Mr." and "Miss." He even

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80
cleaner’s?” After some hemmimg and hawwing, the truth came out. He’d been walking along the street, daydreaming, and finally found himself in a movie. By the time he got out, the cleaner was closed. So off he went to New York with a wardrobe that would have shamed anyone but Tommy. He took it all very casually and bought himself a new suit in New York.

This is an old story, of course. He has always been casual with clothes. He favors sports suits and does not think he’s a faddist. Nor is he the type who protests against the world by wearing outlandish duds. When the occasion calls for it, however, at the Academy Awards, when he sang “Friendly Persuasion,” he wore a full dress suit and did it with such an air, you’d think he’d been wearing one all his life.

But I’m digressing. Brussels sprout narcissism works two ways. I’ve given out a good many statements by now, on Tommy and our struggles together and how it feels ... etc. etc. etc. and have found out a few things I didn’t know about Tommy, while reading stories about him. For example, I had never realized he was such a Parsley addiction. He must have developed a taste for it at some point where I always had at least one growing. According to what I read, he would just pick a sprig from the field, wash it and eat it. I suppose I never noticed, since I am not one to take cooking seriously.

Thanksgiving and Christmas on the farm were always very dear to Tommy as a boy. My Aunt Bert was a genius at cooking and would whip up batches of cookies and candy. Tommy was the best “spoon-and-pot-licker” for miles around. He often kids me on this score. “You sure didn’t inherit a talent for cooking, huh,” he tells me. It’s true, you know. Cooking is not one of my gifts. “One good thing, son,” I always tell him, “your wife will never have to listen to that old saw, ‘Why can’t you cook like my mother?’”

Did I say “wife”? Well, it’s a little soon for that, although I have a hunch my boy will marry young. And I’m all for it. Some of my friends are sure I’ll be sorry I said this. I don’t disagree, but I know what’s in their minds. Tommy’s father was a pianist who used to give me a great deal in order to earn his living. My older boy Edward, twelve years Tommy’s senior, was almost grown when Tommy was born. And I was left alone a great deal. I had no children to depend on one another for company for years.

After his father and I divorced, this was intensified. Tommy and I shared the good times we had, learned how to work things going. It gave Tommy a deep sense of responsibility at an early age. We both had to make adjustments and learned to be independent of each other. We simply couldn’t afford to squabble over risk doing things that would upset the serenity of the home we’d made for ourselves. We managed to stay happy.

Now, it’s a question of whether, given the circumstances, for some women to desert anything breaking up such a fine arrangement. But my mind is very clear on this point. Not me! Not me! Not marrying—I’ll be thrilled for both him and me. That doesn’t mean I won’t miss the old cozy relationship. I’ll miss it, and I’m sure Tommy will, too.

But, if a boy must become a real man, he must step out into the world, choose a wife, and start a family of his own. He shouldn’t lean on his mother and she shouldn’t lean on him. I’ve always treasured my independence and I think Tommy will enjoy that freedom, too. And the same is true of Tommy’s future wife, whoever she may be—I’m sure she’ll love me more for wanting my son to enjoy the privacy of her love in their own home. I’ve always had a yearning to travel. After Tommy is twenty-five, I hope to be able to do this. Then I’d like to go back to New York and Green Wood for a while, to see old friends and revisit the old well-loved and well-remembered places. Hollywood is a fascinating city, and, of course, I will be eternally grateful to it for the way it has opened its heart to my son. I find life here somewhat hectic, but, even though the next couple of years, I’ll still be around—if only to set an alarm clock. Tommy is a sound sleeper and needs a good hard shake to get him up.

I said Tommy might marry early. Not that he doesn’t like adventure, but I think he likes security even better. If he does marry young, I’m banking on his character. I still see a lot of the old Tommy in him, and I think he’ll make a good husband and father.

But, of course, my real hit record, “Teen-Age Crush,” which sold over a million copies, and the favoritism of his new album, “Steady Date,” many of his fans (I hear thousands of fan clubs are sprouting up all over) think of Tommy primarily as a singer. There are also lots of fans who know of his background, and think he will turn out to be the pilot of a popular variety show, on the order of Ernie Ford, Garry Moore, Bob Crosby—or, perhaps, even better! Tommy, you’d be grand if such a thing did happen.

But my point is that Tommy’s best love is serious acting. Singing and acting are his entertainment. I’ve been true to myself ever since I first had a series of sketches on TV in Chicago called Lady Of The Mountain. He had a small opportunity for acting and, when the series ended, he felt let down. Tommy told me, “If you think of me as a means of earning his living until another opportunity came his way. This happened in Houston when he was twelve. He got his head and appeared with the Alley Theater’s production of David Westheimer’s “Magic Fallacy.”

It had a fine run. After opening night, Tommy told me, “Mama, I’m crazy about entertaining—singing, guitar playing, kid- ding around, ad libbing. All that’s great fun and it pays well. But there’s nothing to compare with acting. I can’t tell you what it is, but it feels like it’s the best thing I really feel it,” he gloved, “and know it is going across the footlights to the folks out there, making them laugh or cry. Acting’s going to be my life, Mama.”

Of course, the relationship in both our lives was his coming home after his first national triumph—the Kraft TV Theater production of “The Singin’ Idol. The reception he received was immediate and terrific. We fell into each other’s arms and cried like children. We both knew what it meant for him, aside from success. But I had just had an accident. The highway was opening up for him. “The only thing lacking was you, Mama,” he said. “Next trip to New York, you must come along.”

“You know I don’t like to do that,” I protested. “Your career is your own business and I’ve never interfered or pushed into the front row. Besides, why do you need me?”

His grin turned mischevous and he said, “Because someone’s got to wake me up in the morning.”

Well, I don’t mind admitting, I like Tommy Sanda’s opinion, in a sneaky sort of way, I even like being just “Tommy’s mother.” He’s a long trip from being perfect. But he’s a nice boy with a serious purpose in life. He may not be another Caruso, but he certainly is a gifted young actor with his own special knack for putting over a song.

And let’s face it—after all, he is my boy!
Are We Afraid of Our Teen-Age Kids?

(Continued from page 30)

By not being afraid to precipitate a ‘scene,’ as parents know,” Sam laughs, “everything proceeds as it should. And if a child has given them is not enough, the car they’re not allowed to drive—so we have the scene.

We raise our voices, my son Conrad,” she says, “and I slam doors, I slam doors. My children don’t have to love me every minute—the minute they dislike me they’re going to be the one that will pay off. In the crisis between children and parents, better the children about a crime that is committed against the parents. Better the scene in the home than in a courtroom, which spells disaster.

Better to look at me,” my father used to say, “and if a child has never been really angry at you, you have never been a parent. You have not taught him to recognize—and to submit to—authority.

“Who is authority? It is the answer to this question which the so-called ‘juvenile delinquents’ have not got. We, the parents, have to give it to them—as, in our home, it was given my sister and brothers and me. Rich in ceremonial tradition, the candles on the table, the Jewish holidays kept, God lived in our house. He did. There was no anarchy in the home. Because He is the Supreme Being, we knew, is the Supreme Authority. No question but what parents—who are put here by God to protect us and to teach us—are given authority. Parents once children. They have lived once. They know.

“Any delinquency, however slight, in the home is the child who is growing up—‘and its consequences were carried to the ultimate. Smoking a cigarette, when we were thought too young to smoke, must lead to crime. And if ever a child was fresh, he was fresh to a teacher, Jovian bolts were let loose at the culprit’s head. ‘You don’t appreciate America,’ my father would thunder. ‘The Government pays teachers to teach and they don’t do it right. You are not a good American. You are subversive.

“In the eyes of our parents, the teacher was always right—whether she was right or wrong. Nowadays, you hear it said that a teacher is ‘a snob who couldn’t make good in business.’ I have heard parents say to their child, ‘What a child deserving of punishment, that crackpot!’ This is teaching respect for authority?

“Nowadays,” we’re told that giving a child allowance teaches him the value of money. When the eight of us were kids,” Sam recalls, “we knew the value of money before we knew how to walk. With us, it was real value. For a penny, we got a paraffin whistle. We blew on it all week—and, on Sunday, we ate it. Today’s child can get by on less than seven days’ allowance, and if there’s a snack, and you’re lucky if you’re not also billed for a taxicab fare.

“You want the good things in life, my father used to say, ‘gimmie for them. If you don’t make good here in America, you’re no damn good.’ So we worked in sweatshops, anything to make a dollar. My brother, now a doctor, worked in a post office night shift under the same day all his life. Another brother, a lawyer, got his shingle by sweating for it. I went through college on the two hundred dollars I earned allowance.

“You hear it said that most of the teenage trouble-makers are underprivileged kids who come from ‘wretched tenements’ in slums. How, given family problems, against which they rebel. I don’t believe that physical environment in itself makes for unhappiness—or for happiness. I don’t believe it’s the tenement that’s ‘wretched,’ but the
Watch for September TV RADIO MIRROR
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supervision. "You don’t trust me!" the teenager cries, outraged. To which the answer is: 'I don’t know the other kids.' Parents have fallen for this 'Don’t intrude' philosophy propagated by the teenagers. So they go away, leaving a party of teenagers in a house with cigarettes, liquor, couches, bedrooms. You do this—you’re asking for it.

"We have to have restrictions. We’re all sinners. Because we are, we, as parents, have to impose restrictions and see to it that they are kept. Eternal vigilance should be the parents’ watchword. You cannot trust to chance."

"I don’t believe in boys of sixteen having cars of their own. When they have, how do you ever know where they are? I have heard my son tell his friends, ‘My father says I can’t have a car until I’m twenty-one.’ I may break down a little sooner than that," Sam smiles, "but very little."

"I don’t believe in twelve-year-old girls wearing lipstick—or falsies. I was recently shocked to learn that a lot of parents buy falsies for little girls of twelve—because they don’t look well enough to go out otherwise."

"I don’t believe, I definitely do not believe," Sam stresses, "in teenagers going steady. I believe parents should have the guts to tell their teen-age girls and boys, ‘You can’t go steady.’ When explaining to teenagers why they can’t go steady, parents should use the words ‘virginity’ and ‘pregnancy,’ and not be afraid of them. They should drum into the ear of the teen-age girl that the boy who takes advantage of her isn’t going to marry her. He isn’t. He is still looking for a virgin."

"Going steady is a natural thing, but that doesn’t make it good. Mating is a natural thing, too, but there are consequences. We are a civilized people. There are taboos."

"Apart from the fact that kids who go steady neglect their school work, can’t concentrate on their school work, the emotional upheaval caused by going steady is very taxing on a kid—particularly a girl—very taxing. Petting today, parents must realize, is not what it was thirty years ago. To use a little slogan I created for myself, ‘Dating is getting confused with mating.’ And the longer a boy and girl go steady, isolate themselves from the group, the greater the curiosity, the opportunity—and the temptation. And the more serious the girl gets, the bigger the fop she’s going to take, the deeper the bruise she’s going to get. It’s a dangerous business. Statistics prove that a prostitute is one who gets smacked down early in life—and from that time on, has thought of love as something cheap enough to sell. The kids who go steady run the risk of getting hurt bad. That’s the danger."

"So what can we do? We can encourage groups of teenagers together. From home, there should always be an extra place or two at the table, as there is in our case. To the best of our ability, we made it feel that their friends are welcome. Above all, we must be honest with them. And unafraid. When a teen-age daughter tells us, ‘I love him,’ we can say, ‘Yes, you do—now.’ She may insist, ‘I always will.’ Then we must tell her that she is too young to say, ‘This is my man.’ That she will be in love and out of love again and again and again. Repeat it. Urge it. Urge it. If we get nowhere, we may say, ‘Go out with him then, but go out with others, too, please.’ This sometimes works.

"If parents were organized, as the kids are organized, if parents should have a union such as the kids have, how relatively simple it would be!” Sam concludes. "If parents living in the same neighborhood, parents whose children go to the same school, would agree on how to handle the problems we have discussed, agreed on how many nights a week the kids are permitted to date, on the hour they must be in, on the age at which they are permitted to smoke, to take a cocktail, to go steady—if we could come to these agreements, and say, ‘Look, this is what we want you to do—well!’ Sam laughs, ‘we might get somewhere. We would not be outnumbered. The pressure would be equalized. They would not be afraid—not would we have anything much to be afraid of, I dare say. Parents of teenagers, unite!’"

"If, on the other hand, Sam Levenson laughs as he talks. He laughs as he talks about teenagers and parents and their problems. But, in the laughter, you can hear the heartbeat, the deep concern of a man who cares about the future of the human race—and dares to believe that something constructive can be done about it.

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had started a new trend, and noted, "Current disc market is apparently wide open for names not primarily known as singers." "Mr. No Talent" had become, most emphatically, "Mr. Double Talent." With Dean Jones, it was his voice which won him his movie contract. And, if M-G-M plans materialize, he'll be tomorrow's Nelson Eddy, playing the romantic lead in musical pictures.

Born in Decatur, Alabama, he was a high-school freshman when his voice developed into a full, rich baritone. For his own enjoyment and that of his listeners, Dean sang at school and church programs. At 17, the handsome six-footer became president of the Methodist Church Youth Organization in North Alabama. For a time he wondered if he had "a call," and took over the pulpit of a church which had no minister.

Torn between his desire to go into the church and his wish to act, he enrolled at Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky. Later, Navy service swung the balance. Stationed at San Diego, he worked on service TV shows and won amateur contest roles. When he was knee-deep in show business, M-G-M, on signing him, made him the first of their players to be permitted to appear on network television. To popularize him as a star, he will make eight NBC-TV appearances, six of them on the Steve Allen Show. On M-G-M recordings, he sings with a sincere warmth. Recent discs are "The Vision in My Soul" and "Young and in Love."

Dean finds his personal inspiration in a happy family. He married "Miss San Diego" an ENTWISLE in 1952, and they have two young children.

Movies, TV and recording dates will make 1957 an important year for Dean Jones. Ready to claim a well-starred future, the Decatur, Alabama lad is one to watch.

South Philadelphia seems to have become a special sort of nursery for singers and song writers. The name of Eddie Fisher, Johnny Grande of Bill Haley's Comets, Mario Lanza, Joe Valino, Frankie Lester and Dick Lee, you can now add one spectacular newcomer, Charlie Gracie, and one dark horse, Randy Welk.

Charlie Gracie, young though he is, has been in show business long enough to take applause and autographs in his stride. But his eyes popped when he saw this year's first-quarter royalty check. "I darn near fainted," he says. "How could there be so much money?"

Charlie's private money-mill was powered by two records released by M-G-M. He wrote "Ninety-Nine Ways" and recorded it, too. Tab Hunter's "cover" was the big click, but Charlie raked in royalties. Then, shortly after, a friend singing topped his own song. His Cameo platter of "Butterfly" replaced "Ninety-Nine Ways" at the top of the charts. "It just took off," Charlie says.

It was a high triumph, for Charlie inched his desire to enter music from his father. Sam Gracie, whose performing career was blocked by the Depression, taught Charlie to play and sing. Then POPS WHITMAN and his TV-teen show, out of Philadelphia, and Charlie won it five times. He turned down college scholarships to concentrate on show business. "The work is now most exciting," he says. "I was scared stiff inside, but it was good for me."

Home in the old neighborhood, Charlie is still one of the gang. He likes sports clothes—"I'll bet Pops got ten red shirts"—but also likes to "dress up and go formal."

New Hot Singers of 1957

(Continued from page 49)

stuff I didn't learn then, back in Dumas."

Buddy Knox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Knox, was born in Happy, Texas, in 1933, and spent his childhood on a ranch. He was a star in school and class plays. Like Jim and Don, he won letters and honors in football and basketball.

Dave Allred of Lubbock, Texas, did not—"They used me for the football." His father, now dead, taught him to play drums. "He rigged up his tom-tom to be my first bass drum."

Their careers materialized at West Texas State College. Buddy's job in the speech department was helpful. Nights, they turned the whole building into an echo chamber. Such experimenting led to their hits. Dave says, "My drum was a paper box stuffed with cotton. We heard that a major record company later put two drummers to work a week trying to find how we made that sound."

Following their Broadway triumph, they risked being one-hit-wonders—for Buddy, who had earned his second lieutenant's commission. They travelled for a six-month tour of duty. They met the problem by going into concentrated recording sessions. "We cut enough platters to last Buddy gets back," Dave explains. The Rythmes retained the vigor and strength of a spiny Texas cactus. They should continue to hold their own in the galaxy of new stars.

In contrast to the Texans—who came, recording-wise, from nowhere—Tab Hunter came from headlines and Hollywood, an extremely slippery springboard from which to launch, "To lay a bomb," as they say in music business, would be conspicuous and dangerous to his motion-picture status.

And there were no glory days in Hollywood who would have enjoyed seeing Tab flop. Lured by being cast as the boy next door, he was becoming troublesome. His noisy protests that he was limited to a habit of blowing up on set, had led some to call him "Mr. No Talent." Tab sing? Heard any other good jokes lately?

But Randy Wood, head of Do: Records, who boosted him independently into a million-dollar business, is no man to take ready-made opinions. If Tab wanted to cut wax, Wood was extremely willing.

To anyone who has studied the story of 25-year-old Tab Hunter, the resulting hits should have been no surprise, for Tab has always worked hard to get what he wanted. Born Arthur Geldzahler in New York City, he grew up in Long Beach, California. His mother worked as a physiotherapist to support her two sons. Tab, when in St. John's Military School, learned to ride. (To pay for this expensive sport, he bought his own soda, delivered parcels, ushered in a theater.) He won cups and ribbons.

When he got a crush on Sonja Henie, he felt he, too, must skate. He worked at odd jobs and won titles. When, at 15, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and was stationed in Groton, Connecticut, he turned chairman of the skater. His objective: Broadway. He saw all the shows and decided to be an actor.

The driving beat of rock 'n roll was made to order for Tab. His intensity thrrobbed through his voice. When "Young Love" a topper. Scoffers were willing to concede him a freak hit. Tab answered with "Ninety-Nine Ways." For a time, both were high on the charts.

Hollywood paid him the compliment of envy and imitation. Variety reported he

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Johnny Mathis, one of the best athletes
ever to come out of the San Francisco
public-school system, learned to soar on
the high jump. His six-feet, five-and-a-
half-inch frame has served him well for
four times in Olympic history. In music,
too, Johnny has set his sights high. When
his Columbia recordings, "Warm and Tender,"
went into the popularity charts, Johnny
took the news in stride. "Sure, I'd like a
hit, but I'd rather develop into a distinc-
tive, dynamic personality. Someone like
Nat 'King' Cole, Sinatra, Ennis Horne or
Belafonte."

Aided by Bob Prince, his arranger and
general advisor, Johnny chooses his songs
carefully. He says, "I may have to sing
sincere, it will be easy to sing and easy
to keep on doing."

Appearance in the movie, "Lizzie," was
a step upward, but his biggest boost came
right from his own family. Johnny is
number four among the six Mathis chil-
dren. His father, Clem, now an interior
decorator, was once a song-and-dance
man. "Dad took routines. He's crazy. We'd
have a ball," Johnny, dressed up in his
best sports coat, earned many a five-
dollar fee 'from Ladies' Leagues and things
of that nature. "I happen to turn to pro,
either as a musician or ath-
te. "None of them was worth quitting
school to take. At San Francisco State
College, he majored in physical edu-
cation. He also studied classical music.
Irreverently, he referred to one of the most
august of masters as "Dick Wagner," pro-
claiming he was his teacher. "You pronounce it 'Reekad Vaagner'"
"However, Johnny’s papa ‘Dick,'" with his
voice—casting artis, taught Johnny to sweep
free of the stage and give the war
boy, "You used your technique in 'Caravan'—
'There's a lot of satisfaction in doing a
difficult piece well." Columbia's peri-
patetic producer of pop albums, George
Avakian, who shares the credit, says, "He
can do as many different things as four
very different singers might—and do them
all well... there's tenderness in Autumn in
the Forest, the same kind of exoticism
in 'Caravan,' and downright rhythm—and
blues in 'Angel Eyes.' His improvisational
flights in all tempos are a reflection of his
avocation, modern jazz."

Johnny's goal for a distinguished musi-
cal career interferes, he admits, with his
personal wish for the warm family life he
Johnny Cash has Big River, blues in his voice . . . and the sound of the prairie wind. On his guitar, he plays ‘an old strad of corner—hey, ain’t—out of my rhythm and intensified.’ But, in this, his listeners find the drive of America on the go . . . to work, to war, to love—and, sometimes, just to go. His song titles, too, carry the theme: ‘I Walk the Line,’ ‘There You Go,’ ‘Next in Line,’ ‘Train of Love,’ ‘So Doggone Lonesome,’ ‘Don’t Make Me Go.’

Intense, talented Johnny has a right to be the apostle of the uprooted. Kingsland, Arkansas, was grim, heartbreaking country when Johnny was born February 26, 1932. He was named after his grandmother, a part in the movie The Girl Can’t Help It. It just about knocked me out. Everybody was real great to me,” Acclain brings up problems: “You go all these places and all these people and you lose up the girls screaming and all. It’s not easy to keep your feet on the ground. While he has worked for his success, he also has been good to the kind of bad about some who have been in it longer than me, and trying hard, that don’t make it.” Eddie, young as he is, tries to talk to drug dealers, to bring the regular people, so when this deal came along—why, we just looked at it as something else.

Bob Roubian, too, takes a stately matter-of-fact view. Although Prep Records, which launched his “Rocket to the Moon” and “Paper Moon,” considers him one of its most promising artists, colorful Bob maintains, “I’m a clean cut type of fellow. Indeed he is. Once a mathematics major at Pomona Junior College, he now owns a restaurant, “The Crab Cooker,” at Newport Beach, near Hollywood, where musicians such as Johnny Mercer and Counterculture Washburn enjoy both good food and jam sessions. Bob writes music and sings in a big, booming voice. “I like good jazz. The Kasey Jones, and Bergen Street and downtown.”

His father, a contractor, is Armenian; his mother, an Italian. Negroes moved into their area and the music started. I’d go to their churches to listen. They preach a lyric. I am so happy to feel the rhythm the colored people do. I didn’t learn to play them. His “Popcorn Song,” recorded with Climax Stone’s sold, sold half a million. Now his way is opening: “I have a lot of faith in my dreams will come true.”

George Hamilton IV, age 19, is another who has found dreams can come true. As a student at the University of North Carolina, he was working part-time at WTBW-TV, the WTBW of Raleigh. Johnny Dee’s song for Colonial. His appearance on the Arthur Godfrey shows gave it a national hearing. “A Rose and a Baby Ruth” he said. In ten days and ABC-Paramount bought the master. George scored again with “Only One Love.” He now is heard on CBS-TV’s Jimmy Dean Show.

Johnny has provoked many questions. Says George, “My mother had to get me a copy of the family tree so that I could answer them. The Hamiltons of Westport, Rhode Island, are the only ones to be born in America was Alexander Horatio in 1756.” He also can chart the course of his own ambition: “As a kid I thought Gene Autry was the living end. I always listened to Grand Ole Opry on Saturday nights.” His reaction to his own sudden rise is on the cool side. He lives in a rambling house in a Washington suburb and dislikes big cities and much prefers driving up into the mountains or seeing a show with his girlfriend, Tink, to going to nightclubs.

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TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Selection price $1.10 plus shipping; address Dollar Book Club (Canada), 105 Bond St., Toronto 5. Offer good in U.S. and Canada only.
Schoolteacher Dorothy Olsen named that tune and hit the jackpot—a long-term pact for Bandstand with Skitch Henderson, Bert Parks.

Love, Anyone? Lovely Janette Davis is prettier than ever, wearing that diamond rock in the Tiffany setting. The lucky guy, Frank Musiello, is one of Godfrey's exec-producers. Frank and Jan have been working closely since she became producer of Talent Scouts. Matter of fact, they've had adjoining offices, but no one knew that Cupid was playing the office boy. Jan will get married without flourish and suddenly. "Right now," says Jan, "I'm just getting used to being engaged. It's such a wonderful feeling, I want to hang onto it for a while." And Joyce Van Patten, who plays Janice Turner in As The World Turns, is likely any time to up and marry Marty Balsam, Gableish-looking actor who's been in such productions as "Middle of the Night," "Twelve Angry Men," "Waterfront," etc. Joyce, herself, is kind of wedded to the theater. Her mother, Jo Van Patten, is a theatrical agent, and her brother Dick has a featured part in TV's Mama series. Twenty-two-year-old Joyce has been honored with the Donaldson Award for Broadway performances. Presently, she is in the hit, "A Hole in the Head," as a sexy wench who unnerves Paul Douglas. This month, around Manhattan, she begins work in a new Paddy Chayefsky movie. Busy, yes, but about the time leaves begin turning, bells should be ringing for Marty and Joyce. . . . And should we mention that Tommy Sands and cute Ann Leonardo, both Californians, met in New York and then had dinner together? More than once. "Strictly social-business," Ann says and adds that her kind-of-steady boyfriend is a medical student from back home in Fresno. Tommy's semi-steady continues to be Molly Bee, which he has confirmed with a double-diamond friendship ring. (Note: Tommy will be twenty on August 27th. Bet he's married before he's twenty-one.)

Quick Passes: The new Art Carney comedy series has Art as a bachelor harried by mommy. . . . As stated before, Pat Boone does not give up easily. Father of three lil' gals, he's hoping the fourth, due late February, will be male. . . . TV's Paul Winchell, along with his sawdust cronies, has recorded a delightful new musical version of "Pinocchio" for Decca. . . . And Paul's close friend, Dennis James, is trying to sell a TV show titled, What Makes You Tick?, in
COAST

which studio viewers volunteer to undergo a series of questions and tests for bravery, intelligence, etc. . . . Good prospects for a regular Billy Graham TV show this fall season and good-looking Janet Blair negotiating to do specs since demise of Caesar show. . . . Terry O'Sullivan, Jan Miner's spouse, being considered for singing lead in Broadway musical. . . . And Jayne Meadows asks for plug for new Coral cooky by the McGuire titled, "But I Haven't Got Him," Lyrics are by Jayne's husband, Steve Allen. Who's him?

Bashful Buster: He's got curly brown hair, baby-blue eyes and he's Casey Tibbs, 27-year-old world's champion bronco-buster. Casey stars in General Mills' big televised rodeo over CBS-TV on September 14th. A shy bachelor, Casey, since the age of ten, has been taming colts that act as if they're full of Sugar Jets. He has earned over $250,000 in prize money which he has put into Lincoln automobiles and joyful living. He played himself opposite Brandon de Wilde on Screen Directors' Playhouse, was so good that he was called back to make a pilot film for a new TV series, Indian Scout. With a past that includes ten broken ribs, a threecrackled ankle, fractured jaw and mangled shoulder ligament, Casey is getting ready to settle down. He bought himself a ranch of seven thousand acres (kind of garden-size) for a beginning at Mission Ridge, South Dakota, and it's lacking only a hausfrau. So case Casey and remember he's very shy.

Million-dollar Guy: Lynn Dollar, beautiful hostess on $64,000 Question and Weather Gal for New York's WRCA-TV, was reported around town with Vic Mature, Pete Forestall, Vince Scully, etc., but turned tables on them all and married Doug Rodgers on July 14. Doug, an actor, has worked on Matinee Theater, Cheyenne. Says Lynn, "He is a million-dollar guy—tall, dark, very handsome and very talented." He signs as a six-threethree physique that was voted the best in his graduating class at Annapolis. Since leaving the Navy, Doug has worked as radio and TV producer and director, then played a lead in Plain and Fancy. He began courting Lynn better two years ago. Says Lynn, "We knew we were serious when we began to speculate about the kind of kids we might have since both of us have Indian blood. Doug's is Penobscot and mine's Sioux." Born Florence Anderson, has two ambitions—to be an Arlene Francis-type femcee and make a good home. "I like informality and will furnish in 'early nothing!'" And she wants babies. "Children don't interfere much with a TV career," she notes. "All you have to do is raise the camera and no one but the studio crew knows that you're pregnant."

Summer Stew: Barry Sullivan got himself a good way to make a living. Barry stars in the prime new series, Harbormaster, which replaces Bob Cummings' show on NBC-TV next month, with R. J. Reynolds as sponsor. The sequences are being shot off the beautiful coast of Gloucester, Mass., on a 30-foot boat. . . . And, speaking of making hay in the sunshine, Victor Borge bought himself a piece of Denmark that includes a castle and 15,000 apple trees. Meanwhile, at his Connecticut poultry farm, he has developed a new product called "Mink's Mix." It's an animal food and, if you can't afford to buy a mink stole, you might consider buying Victor's product and do-it-yourself. . . . Madeleine Carroll returns from her Spanish castle end of this month and goes live again on NBC's Affairs Of Dr. Gentry. She bought her castle during the Spanish Civil War and everyone thought she was crazy, expecting the government would confiscate it, but they didn't. Every summer she and her husband spend six weeks in the castle. Her moat is a mere two-anda-half miles of Mediterranean.

That Jones Boy: Dean of the Jones Boys, M-G-M recording and movie artist, is a test case. He's their first star to get a video build-up and M-G-M has contracted with NBC for Dean to make a half-dozen appearances this year. That accounts for his guesting with Dinah and Steve. Ed Sullivan first tried to get Dean, but then M-G-M was mixing TV. Visiting Manhattan, Dean talked frankly about why he gave up the ministry. "I didn't feel that I had the call. I enjoyed preaching as a lay minister. I would have been the seventh generation of preachers, but I couldn't feel fervent about it. It was really singing that I wanted to do." Dean, tall and handsome, is prime star material. You have seen or can see him in the films "Tea and Sympathy," "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" and, (Continued on page 7)
SPINNING AROUND

The boss thinks I'm a wit,” shrugs Norm Tulin, “and who's to argue with the boss?” Nobody argues—least of all the pleased-as-punch Pilgrims who tune in to Norm daily from 6 to 9 A.M. on Boston's Station WORL. They get an earful of the aforementioned “wit,” as well as what Norm calls “music to needle the noodle.” This is perhaps best explained as “standards” or the new instrumentals by the bands of Count Basie, Dick Maltby, Ralph Marterie, Percy Faith and Hugo Winterhalter. When words are put to the music, Norm likes them sung by Frank Sinatra, Kay Starr or Patti Page. He’s also receptive to the newer sounds being made by such groups as the Hi-Lo's and the Conley Graves Trio ... Norm’s work never becomes “humdrum” to him—or his listeners. He was the first deejay to do an international record hop. Norm accomplished this when a small Piper Clipper flew him, his records, and Jerry Vale to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to do the first record hop at the Dalhousie University gymnasium. In the same Piper Clipper, Norm did the first record hop from an airplane. This was last July, when he broadcast from the plane, buzzing the beaches of Cape Cod and answering record requests written out on the sand ... Norm's career may find him flying high now, but it all began with his feet firmly planted on a platform at an American Legion Oratorical Contest which Norm won when he was a high-school senior in Hartford, Connecticut. This was the “spark,” says Norm, who went on from there to major in speech at Emerson College. He won an A.B. degree in 1951, then spent two years with the Army Signal Corps. In Korea, he was officer-in-charge of Radio Seoul. ... While at Emerson College, Norm attended a sociology class and heard a pretty speech-therapy major deliver a lecture on the male animal. Happy to find someone who understood him, and also looked that good, Norm married Joan three years ago. They have an heir named Steven Randy, and Norm reports that he inherits Joan's good looks and that the timbre of his one-year-old wail is appreciated by everyone in their Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts neighborhood. The Tulins have a seven-room, split-level ranch house and Norm has been spending much of his spare time finishing off the pine-paneled basement playroom. When not thus engaged, his hobby is building small speedboats and sailing larger sailboats. On land, on the sea or in the air, Norm Tulin is undeniably a wit. So who's arguing?

Anyone who knows beans about Boston knows that WORL’s Norm Tulin is tops
to come, "The Boy Friend." His latest M-G-M recording, an exciting one, is the theme from the movie, "Gunsmoke Ridge," and it is Dean you also hear on the soundtrack. Dean has a very beautiful wife, a runner-up for title of Miss California, and two very young daughters. While traveling, Dean writes home daily. He says, openly, "I write every day because I can't afford long-distance phone calls. Everything is so expensive I've got to be thrifty in some ways!"

Mr. M & Mr. M: Hal and Garry are two of the nicest guys in the business. Both are old acquaintances from California Gold Rush Days when Mr. Moore teamed with Durante and Mr. March with Sweeney. Every once in a while, their paths cross. For example, Garry turned down $64,000 Question before Hal even auditioned for the show. Garry was doing so well with the morning stanza that he didn't feel he needed the quiz. Hal, however, was just making the transition from radio to TV. $64,000 Etc. fit him like a glove and, just being himself, he was an overnight sensation. This month, Hal returns from Hollywood after making a movie, "Hear Me Good," and he will sub for Garry all of August as emcee of Joe Got A Secret, in addition to doing $64, etc. Hal moves into his rented home in New Rochelle and is delighted to get back. He wasn't very pleased to be separated from Candy just a couple of weeks after his first baby arrived. The baby, Peter Lindsey, delivered by $64,000-winner Dr. Francis Salvatore, weighed in at five pounds and thirteen ounces. Hal was so thrilled he presented Candy with an unusual gold charm. It is a gold carving of Candy holding the baby in her arms. The charm is circled with freshwater pearls and inscribed, "Darling, we love you and thank you, Peter and Daddy."

Clipping Along: Como's big problem on vacation is keeping his weight down... Perry's sub, Julie La Rosa, keeps his black Caddy purring at the stage door so he and Rory can head out to his parents' beach home... Milton Berle wants $32,000 for his new half-hour comedy series. That's $32,000 for each week's episode... Fatti Page gets $30,000 a week to spend for singers on The Big Record when it premiers next month... Hal Holbrook, who plays Grayling Dennis of The Brighter Day, journeys to Hannibal, Missouri, later this month to do his famed impersonation of Mark Twain on Tom Sawyer Day. Wonderful success story is that of Dorothy Olsen, schoolteacher and Name That Tune winner in 1955. With no pro experience, she cut a kid record for RCA Victor, made appearances on Ding Dong School, then, this past spring, joined Skitch Henderson and Bert Parks' NBC's Bandstand. She has so ingratiated herself with the public that, this June, NBC gave her a long-term contract. "And with so little fame," she says, "I just got a phone call and was told, 'You've been with us since March and we'd like to keep you around and want to negotiate a year's contract with you.'" And that's how success came to Dorothy Olsen.

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MUM contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)

...stops odor 24 hours a day
One word from Fred and the mail pours in. Promoting a clock-radio giveaway, he heard from some 75,000 listeners.

He snubs the idea of a smash success, but Fred Fiske of WWDC has gone

From Borsht to Caviar

When Dame Fortune winked a mascaraed eye, Fred Fiske played hard to get. "I don't want to be a smash success," Fred announced when he was promoted to his own deejay shows on Washington's Station WWDC. "I merely want to be a pleasant guy to be with every day. There are guys in radio and television who are great big hits. Then they die. I'd rather be the guy who lasts.

... That was three years ago and Fred seems to have had it both ways—in a lasting success. He's heard Monday through Saturday from 10 to noon on The Fred Fiske Show and from 1 to 4 P.M. on Club 1260. For the time periods he's on, he's rated Number One deejay in the capital and he's rated, too, in Pulse's Top Ten Daytime Shows. ... Fred's earliest ambition was to be a schoolteacher and he believes he hasn't strayed very far afield. "The kids listen to their favorite platter spinners more and for longer hours than they listen to their teachers," he explains. "And, by indirection, a radio performer must help mold the personality of the younger generation." ... Fred has made the full circuit from borsht to caviar, with a stopover at the martini avenue known as Madison. At thirty-six, he's an "old timer" in show business. He got an early start when, at the age of fifteen, he took a summer job as a stagehand in a Catskill Mountain resort. Before the month was out, he was on stage as a straight man to such young and "unknown" comics as Danny Kaye, Red Buttons, Henny Youngman and Gene Baylos, all of whom were working for eats and experience. Actors have to be versatile in the Borsht Belt and the teen-age Fred also found himself playing an Army general in a production of Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead." ... At summer's end, he combined studies at Brooklyn's Lincoln High School with roles in such daytime dramas as Young Dr. Malone,
Teenagers crowded the studio to celebrate Fred’s sixth birthday on WWDC. He has an Old Timers Club, too.

Perry Mason and Just Plain Bill. He continued his radio work while he earned a B.A. in Speech and Education at Brooklyn College. After service in the Air Force, he taught speech at his old alma mater, Lincoln High, earned an M.A. in Speech at Columbia University’s Teachers College, and returned to radio. It was the time when “returning veteran” plays were all over the dial and Fred played these roles on many of the top shows. When the vogue died out, Fred found that he was typed. He decided to stay out of drama until producers could forget him as a “returning veteran.” . . . He landed a radio job in Lexington, Kentucky, and was returning from there to New York in 1947 when he stopped off in Washington for one day. “Just for kicks,” he took auditions at three stations and found himself with three job offers as an announcer. He took the one with WOL and, when WWDC purchased that station’s operation, he and morning-man Art Brown were the only two personalities they kept on. Fred was heard on Reporters’ Roundup, mangled the English language as the Capitol Hillbilly, and then launched his record shows . . . Much in demand as an emcee and toastmaster, Fred avoids commercial events and appears free of charge at legitimate public service and civic functions. “I make my living through radio,” he says, “and it would be indecent to charge people who are kind to me.” . . . Fred and his wife Ruth have two children, Peggy, 3, and Warren, 2. Peggy’s the first to react to her father’s occupation and can be heard explaining to playmates “how Daddy fits into the radio in the car.” Striking proof of Fred’s “success” is the Fiskes’ brick Colonial home in Chevy Chase, Maryland. The house features five bedrooms and an equal number of baths. Grins Fred, “Brooklyn was never like this.”

If this be success, then Fred, his wife Ruth and young piggy-back riders Peggy and Warren make the most of it.
News Beat: Molly Bee, 17-year-old, plays her first love scene with handsome young Rod McKuen in Universal-International's "Summer Love." Is it summer love? When Tommy Sands returned after four weeks of knocking 'em dead at New York's Roxy Theater, he gave Molly a "friendship" ring. She wears it on the pinky of her left hand. "Friendship Ring," a good title for a love song? . . . Speaking of singing, Hugh O'Brian has recorded his first album for the ABC-Paramount label, "Wyatt Earp Sings." After the session, Hugh was nervous, didn't like the way he sounded. But press agent Joe Hoenig says, "Wyatt, I mean Hugh, is really good. I was pleasantly surprised." Actor-dancer-singer O'Brian can now be billed as the baritone with the fastest draw.

For the first time in fifteen years, Eve Arden changed the color of her hair—to red. It's for her new video series, which of course is in black and white.

On the Links: Art Linkletter's son Jack has set the date, December 21, when he and young UCLA physical-education major, Bobbie Hughes, will wed. Meantime, Jack is continuing on his dad's CBS-TV and Radio House Party show, Bobbie coaches the kids at Griffith Park, and both are in Prof. Peterson's marriage class. . . . Art recently returned from his first vacation and trip to the Far East. While in Japan he and Lois didn't stay at the more standard tourist hotel. Instead, they picked a small Japanese hotel where the custom is to remove shoes when entering the lobby. Practical-minded Art took the idea home—three pairs of shoes belonging to the three youngest links—Robert, Sharon and Dianne—now rest on the back porch. Says Art, "Keeps the carpet clean." . . . Next season, Art, with producer John Guedel, will do six spec for CBS, to be called "People and Places." One will deal with all those wonderful millionaires down Dallas way. Which reminds Art of the gag about the poor Texan who owned only 30 acres—the heart of Houston.

Doctors' Dilemmas: Concussion is not the title of a new TV series, but a near-tragedy for pretty Kathy Nolan who appears in the new ABC-TV series, The Real McCoys. While filming one of the shows with star Walter Brennan, Kathy made a hasty exit, ran into a prop door, found it was the real McCoy. Kathy's prop head hit the concrete floor with a loud crash. She spent the next ten days at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Happy to report, Kathy is back on the job—with a healthy respect for all "prop" doors. . . . Tennessee Ernie thought his young son Buck was about to catch the measles from younger son Brion. To lessen the impact of each little measles, Ernie and wife Betty took Buck to the doctor for a shot of gamma globulin. Buck howled; but it was worth it—he never broke out. Just before his vacation Ernie did.

Cupid's Unbroken Arrow: Hugh O'Brian publishes a Wyatt Earp newspaper avidly read by his fans. Each issue contains a rundown on some other Western star. Recently, features have appeared about Clint Cheyenne Walker and John Lupton, star of Broken Arrow. Somehow, as a result of the Lupton story, the president of his fan club, Roy St. John, met the president of Hugh O'Brian's fan club, Irene Jackson. They found they had much more in common than club presidencies and, after a brief courtship, were married! Seems Cupid shoots straight, too. . . . Speaking of John Lupton, he and his wife Anne are about to buy their first home in picturesque Mandeville Canyon. What's holding them back? The baby-sitter problem. In their present apartment, neighbor Beverly Garland has developed into an ace, number-one sitter and they're reluctant to give her up. Recently, John and Anne celebrated their first wedding anniversary, combined with the celebration of his first marriage, since Rollin was born. Naturally, Beverly was the sitter. Everybody had a ball, including Beverly, who dearly loves little Rollin and who would hate to see the Luptons move. Answer to the moving problem: Beverly will be buying a lot in Mandeville Canyon.

Business and Pleasure: Tony Curtis, bearded for a movie role, visited London's Palladium to congratulate Eddie Fisher on his third triumphant return there. Eddie and spouse Debbie Reynolds subsequently toured Europe on a talent search for musical artists and novelties for his hour-long NBC-TV show this fall. One of the big prizes they've come up with is Dickie Valentine, a very popular British singer. . . . Lawrence Welk went to England and the Continent where he'll do some thinking about bringing back a new show called Music For Teenagers, and the details for an international dance contest— with winners to come to his Aragon Ballroom for a dance-off. If this international idea is as successful as his Saturday-night waltz contests, he could help raise the iron curtain in three-quarter time. . . . David Niven also in Europe, combining vacation with a role in the film "Bonjour Tristesse." Then it's back to join Jane Powell, Charles Boyer, Robert Ryan and Jack Lemmon in the new half-
In London, bearded Tony Curtis visits Eddie Fisher and Dickie Valentine, a singer. Eddie will import for fall TV.

hour Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse, or should we say "Five-Star Theater"?

Casting: Hundreds of youngsters were auditioned before seven-year-old Jon Provost was chosen to play the role of "Timmy," a new character to be introduced in the fall Lassie series. Blond and blue-eyed, Jon is forty-four inches tall and weighs thirty-nine pounds. His four months in Japan recently marked the completion of his tenth movie role. Continuing in the Lassie cast are fourteen-year-old Tommy Rettig, Jan Clayton and George Cleveland. But, after the first thirteen episodes, Tommy and Jan will probably be retired for a new set of characters built around young Jon. Lassie, of course, remains. . . . Elvis Presley casts Dean Martin as his favorite singer; Dean Martin says Sinatra is his favorite singer; Sinatra says Pat Boone is the best of the new crop; and Boone likes Presley. They go round 'n' round, but where's Como?

Incidental Intelligence: Dinah Shore was a star fencer at Vanderbilt University. Dinah goes to the Akron Soapbox Derby this summer. Does she expect a Chevrolet to win? Meanwhile, back at her new home, Dinah is building in a rehearsal hall—so she can be closer to her children while working on the series of 20 shows she has planned for next season. . . . When maestro Lawrence Welk wanted to find out what little Janet Lennon wanted for her birthday, he asked Alice Lon to see if she could cadge the answer, quote, "...without being snoopy." . . . The Thalians, a group of young Hollywood people taken from all the industry trades, have joined together to see what they can do to help the mentally ill, especially children. Under the guidance of the newly-elected president, Debbie Reynolds, vice-president Buddy Bregman, and secretary Sammy Davis, Jr., they recently voted $5,000 of their hard-earned money to help disturbed children at Halfway House. That's the heart of Hollywood.

NEW...ALL NEW CUTEX

Brilliant as diamonds radiate as rubies this amazing NEW FORMULA that wears longest of any nail polish at any price!

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Discover dazzling color clarity . . . in a variety of shades that rival the crown jewels! Try new Cutex today!
Jazzbo's "ican message some little go Those had ain't. don't remember hear.

The night, two, liable You know, those days, a cat'd liable to wake up and can't get up! So they said, go get that lil' old boy out there to blow here. I just come out of the orphanage and I had been taking music there. I had a brass band and we use to play on Sundays for the boys to march to church. I'd play "The Saints."

About your tour ... when was the first time you had a European job? Louis: First time? 1922.

And how has it changed? Louis: Well, you know, them wars kind of tore up things a little over there and none of the countries is the same. But they're still jumping.

They said in the papers, Louis, that your job of spreading the American word was more effective than some of the money they've spent on envoys and ambassadors, that you got the people on a level that had not been done before. And you said that if you could get into Russia, you'd thaw some of the cats out . . . Louis: Them Russians, they can swing. What about "Otchi Tchor- niya"?

"Dark Eyes." Yeah! Louis: You take all the Russian dances, all that music ... Those cats used to dance years ago here at the Russian Bear. Swing? Man!

Just a matter of time, isn't it? Louis: Anywhere, over there, you'll find musicians swinging, man. Down in Africa, them cats was wailing.

That's from way back.

Nine tribes danced for us and none of them missed a beat. They had us play to see if they'd react to our music.

And they got the message? Louis: An old man about 110 years come out there, swinging there, with a shawl around him, man. And Lu-cille, my wife, couldn't stand it any longer. She went out there and wailed with him.

They use the phrase over here about sending a message with the music. Over there, they really do. Louis: Well, to me, I think they sent that message years ago.

A lot of people like that picture on the "Ambassador Satch" album for Columbia.

I dig it myself. It reminds me of when we used to play in New Orleans. Always in style.

Sure, got to go first class. Well, listen, Louis, what are your reflections about rock 'n roll and skiffle? Louis: It looks like every style they get, they go back and get it. I mean, look how long the skiffle was played. They used to do those little chittlin' rags in Chicago.

What is skiffle? What's the word? Louis: It's kind of a shout thing. You play it in house rent-parties, you know. And then, the rock 'n roll, that came from the sanctified churches.

Yes, I can hear the same accent. Louis: So, lots of times you hear music, you know, just don't worry what it is so long as it sounds good.

Somebody once said "folk music" to you, Louis, and you're supposed to have said, "Why, daddy, I don't know any other kind of music but folk music. I ain't never heard a horse sing a song."

I might have said that.

Louis, I sure hope that you're going to be able to go on for forty more years. How do you feel about the past?

Well, I appreciate the past. But the future ain't doing so bad. That's right. Do you have any plans for retirement? Louis: Well, no, you don't retire in music. You just put the horn down when you can't play no more, that's all. But as long as the horn ain't hurting me and I ain't hurting it ... I mean, I'm my own public. I hear that horn every night.

And you want to hear it ... Louis: As long as the sound is there.
Round-Table Revival

Please write something about William Russell, who stars in Sir Lancelot on TV. C., K., Mocanaqua, Pa.

Breathing “the spirit of the young, the vibrant and the contemporary” into the shadowy fact and fable of Arthurian legend, is William Russell. The handsome, blue-eyed Britisher who stars as Sir Lancelot feels right at home at Arthur’s Table and hopes this filming of the knight’s chivalrous deeds has provided audiences with a sort of viewer’s Baedeker to the highways and byways of Old England. . . . Lancelot, Russ says, is “a charming character, very light and gay without being sugary”—which brought a full circle to Russ, who’s very much like that himself. . . . Born in Sunderland, England, in 1924, Russ made his stage debut at eight, playing another Lancelot (Shakespeare’s beloved clown, Lancelot Gobbo, in “The Merchant of Venice”). His work at Fettes University, where he was considered a theatrical prodigy, led directly to early admission to Oxford—a singular honor. From 1942 till ’47 he was with the RAF and it was not until 1946, while stationed at Lydda, Israel, that he could get around to stage business. As base entertainment officer, he produced shows and films, one of which depicted King Arthur and Sir L. In ’47, Russ returned to Oxford, produced and acted in many plays and got an M.A. in English Literature. A series of valuable repertory jobs prepared him for his big break—a starring role in the Lewis Milestone film, “They Who Dare.” The Lancelot series was to follow a number of important portrayals in radio, TV, films and on stage. . . . Russ is happily married to Balbina, the sassy French actress he met while on location in Cyprus. They plan a family, “eventually,” have just finished decorating—in “Eighteenth Century,” be it known—their “rather poetic” Regency house in Hempstead.

Mousketeer Pals

In a recent story on Annette Funicello, the name of Darlene Gillespie was inadvertently omitted from the list of Annette’s friends among the talented Mickey Mouse Club regulars. Of her fellow Mouseketeers, Annette declares, “They are all my favorite friends.” For the many Darlene Gillespie fans who protested the omission of her name, we are glad to give you here a picture of Darlene, with the promise of a story about her before too many months go by.

Calling All Fans

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

Club executives, please note: If you have requested a TV Radio Mirror listing and it has not appeared as yet, please bear with us. We have, at present, an enormous backlog of such requests. If your club is still active, won’t you drop a card and tell us so? We’ll do our best to list you. Please! Bona fide clubs, only.

The Four Preps Fan Club, c/o Judy Ross, 6119 Longridge, Van Nuys, Calif.
Ricky Nelson Fan Club, c/o Ray Gillie, 3737 Rosedawn Road, Cleveland 22, Ohio.
Teal Ames Fan Club, c/o Sandra Cons, 4925 Plumondon Ave., Montreal, Quebec.

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.

When an easy-going Dad gets cranky... Let MILES® NERVINE help him relax!

After a hectic day with its little complications, your husband may come home a bit cranky—too tense to relax. Next time, suggest MILES NERVINE—to help him relax, to feel his best again. MILES NERVINE gently, yet effectively sooths nervous tension to help busy men and women feel calm and serene. And with no listless, dulling after-effect!

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Soothe nerves... feel calm and serene with MILES® NERVINE

At any drugstore...
No Prescription Needed!
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.
Look like a star, that's Debra's rule. She follows it at home or with her mother and NTA's Frank Young at New York's El Morocco.

The good old days really were. So says Debra Paget—and this film star has the red hair to match her definite opinions. Debra prefers the Hollywood of Gloria Swanson to the paler, more casual movie city of today. Though she's too young to remember the glamorous heydays of yesterday, she's on a one-girl—five-foot-three-and-a-half, 100 pounds of girl—campaign to bring them back. With her mother's help, Debra encrusted the top of a strawberry-pink Cadillac with jewels. They may have been paste, but the glitter stopped traffic—when the car wasn't sheltered in the garage of a 26-room Beverly Hills establishment that is Debra's modern-day Pickfair.

"People come to Hollywood to see something they don't see in their own home towns," says Debra. In earrings that dangle for at least six inches, she provides the desired sights. For those who can't make the trip, Debra is visible as alternating host with Jeff Hunter on Première Performance, a series of top 20th Century-Fox films that are being shown on TV for the first time on the 133 stations (such as WPIX in New York) that make up the new NTA Film Network. Between reels, Debra or Jeff initiates the viewer into the secrets of the make-up, wardrobe or prop departments.... Behind Debra's glitter is some good sense. "Glamour is being well groomed," she explains. "It's the general appearance and those special touches." She's a hard worker who begged for acting lessons when she was nine, made her movie debut at fourteen. She played eighteen-year-olds—until she actually turned eighteen and the studio put her in pigtail to play a fourteen-year-old. Her constant companion and personal manager is her mother, Margaret Griffin, a zestful, outspoken woman who wishes columnists would play down her burlesque days and play up Broadway, where most of her own acting career was spent. "I'm kind of a lonely person," Debra says, "and Mother knows my moods and brings me out of them." The Griffins (Paget is an ancestral name) are a close-knit family, with many members in show business. They hold perpetual open-house amid ten television sets and the mermaids and Chinese statuary that are Debra's favorite decor. Debra would like to do musical comedy (she's showcased her talents at Las Vegas night clubs).... live half the year in Mexico (the scene of her current film, "The River's Edge")... and marry a "gentleman" who has a sense of humor and is not the life of the party. She promises to live happily—and gloriously—ever after.

Take an inside peep at moviedom as Debra Paget and Jeff Hunter host NTA's Premiere Performance.

Blue jeans give Debra the blues. She wants to bring back the heydays of glamour. Jeff Hunter, alternating host, does likewise for chivalry.
Loving You
WALLIS, PARAMOUNT;
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR
Fashioned carefully to show off Elvis Presley in the best light, this drama-with-music casts him as a lonely young drifter, doomed into fame as a singing idol. It's press agent Lizabeth Scott who discovers him, hires him as vocalist with Wendell Corey's obscure band and promotes him with publicity stunts. Though Elvis gets entangled with the personal affairs of Liz and Wendell, he also shares a gentle romance with winsome Doloris Hart. Music is ladled out in generous portions—ballads, blues, but mostly rock 'n' roll.

Sweet Smell of Success
UNITED ARTISTS
Scheduled to make his TV debut this fall with a dramatic role on General Electric Theater, Tony Curtis is now being seen in this expertly made shocker. He's a small-time New York publicity man, a thoroughly degenerate heel who has attached himself to the coattails of Burt Lancaster, ruthless gossip columnist and radio commentator. Susan Harrison, Burt's sister, has fallen in love with Marty Milner, a young musician, and Burt assigns Tony to break it up—by any means he chooses. Known as TV's Mrs. Gobel, Jeff Donnell is effective as Tony's disillusioned secretary, and Barbara Nichols strikes a note of pathos as his sometime girlfriend, a pawn in his schemes.

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?
20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
Tony Randall, once Mr. Peepers' pal, star of many TV dramas, really gets a chance to display his comedy skill in this roaring farce. As a timid ad man, he tries to get film queen Jayne Mansfield's endorsement for a lipstick campaign—and winds up headlined as her new beau, a great lover. With one gag after another, Hollywood here makes a ferocious attack on TV. But it's all in fun (though not for the kiddies).

At Your Neighborhood Theaters
A Hatful of Rain (20th; CinemaScope): Powerful close-up of a troubled family. Drug addict Don Murray and loyal brother Anthony Franciosa hide the tragedy from Eva Marie Saint. Don's wife, and Lloyd Nolan, their father.

Bernardine (20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color): In his first movie, Pat Boone leads a group of likeable teenagers, plots to help Dick Sargent, who's lovesick for Terry Moore. With songs, of course.

The Delicate Delinquent (Paramount, VistaVision): Jerry Lewis goes it alone on film, as a lonesome, wacky slam kid, who finds a friend in cop Darren McGavin.
ends dull, dry “thirsty” hair—replaces your natural beauty oils so each and every strand shines with new natural color brilliance

Helene Curtis
Lanolin Discovery

THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

Unlike ordinary hairdressings which “coat” your hair—make it oily—LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing is pure greaseless lanolin in a mist so fine it is absorbed by each strand of hair. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing 100 strokes a day.

$1.25 and $1.89
both plus tax

spray... brush... that’s all!

movies
on TV

SHOWING THIS MONTH

BACK TO BATAAN (RKO): Rousing patriotic melodrama finds Yank John Wayne, Filipino Anthony Quinn leading guerrilla fighters who harass the temporarily victorious Japanese.

CRAIG’S WIFE (Columbia): In the biggest hit of her early film career, Rosalind Russell dissects the character of a selfish woman who loves her husband more than she does her husband (John Boles).

DESTROYER (Columbia): Tribute to Navy men of World War II. Edward G. Robinson, as a crusty old-timer, tussles with young Glenn Ford, who favors modern ways (and romances Marguerite Chapman).

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia): William Holden’s debut film, a tough 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 regrets.


LUCK OF THE IRISH, THE (20th): Funny and delightful fantasy. On a trip to Ireland, American newsmen Tyrone Power meets colleen Anne Baxter—and Cecil Kellaway, a leprechaun who comes to the U.S. as Ty’s butler and rearranges his life.

MAGNETIC MONSTER, THE (U.A.): Interesting, suspenseful science-fiction. The “monster” is a mysterious, powerfully radioactive element that gets out of control and threatens the earth. Scientist Richard Carlson races for a solution.

NIGHT SONG (RKO): Smoothly done romance teams Dana Andrews, as a blinded musician, with Merle Oberon, as an heiress who pretends she’s also blind, to by-pass his pride. Hoagy Carmichael scores.

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 battles desert thirst as Nazi troops close in. With J. Carrol Naish.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (20th): Touching and tearful. Concealing the heart condition that dooms her, Maureen O’Hara persuades husband John Payne to adopt little Connie Marshall, so he won’t be alone.

STEP LIVELY (RKO): Gay farce from Sinatra’s crooning days. He’s a hick playwright victimized by small-time producer George Murphy. Gloria De Haven is Frankie’s love interest.

THREE FACES WEST (Republic): Strong, affecting drama. Fleeing Nazi oppression, Austrian doctor Charles Coburn and daughter Sigrid Gurie come to America’s Dust Bowl, where farmers including John Wayne fight against starvation.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Columbia): Light, easygoing comedy, with deft clowning by Henry Fonda and Barbara Stanwyck. She’s an M.D. He’s her rich husband, terribly jealous of her male patients.
Sylvia Sullivan wouldn't be a bit surprised if showman-husband Ed said: "Better pack a bag—we're off to Madagascar"

In my travels around the world with my husband, Ed Sullivan, I've learned a lot of things that the geography books didn't spell out, because geography books can't measure the courage or the kindness of people.

When we were in Vienna, not many weeks ago, Franz Cyrus, the United Press Bureau Chief, took us fifty miles from the heart of Vienna to the Austro-Hungarian border, guarded by barbed wire fences. On the Hungarian side, Commie patrols on horseback and thirty foot sentry towers manned by Commies with tommy guns prevented any more Hungarians from escaping.

Across this particular part had streamed more than 100,000 Hungarians. Awaiting them on the Austrian side were farmers with tractors and farm wagons risking death to aid these fleeing Hungarians to safety.

Forever and a day, whenever I think of Austria, I'll recognize it in terms of the selfless bravery of the Austrian people. Not only their bravery, but their complete generosity, because Austria did not set any quota on these Hungarian refugees and Austria did not specify that the Hungarians they received must be technicians or engineers. Austria welcomed with open arms any Hungarians who came across the border.

During that visit, we went out to one of the Hungarian Refugee Camps run by the International Red Cross. We were struck by the many Hungarian children minus fathers and mothers. The parents had sacrificed their lives in delivering the children to the Austrian border.

There is a world-famed pastry shop in Vienna—Darnels. Thinking of the children in the Refugee Camp, we thought that it might bring a moment of happiness into their lives if they could have some of the wonderful chocolate layer cakes. So we ordered thirty-six

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

By MRS. ED SULLIVAN
layer cakes and, inasmuch as we were leaving, asked Franz Cyrus to stage a party for the youngsters. The Austrian owners of the pastry shop, upon learning where the layer cakes were to be sent, came over to our table and said that they would only charge the actual costs of baking and icing the cakes.

So, in Vienna we learned of the bravery and generosity of this amazing nation and I'll always consider this to be one of the very worthwhile things I've learned while traveling the world with my husband.

In Japan, where Ed had gone to film some stuff from "Teahouse of the August Moon" for his Sunday-night program, I was amazed at the charm and friendliness of their people. The impression I had of the Japanese was completely altered. I marveled at their industry and at their farmers' use of every available inch of ground, right up to the highways.

Quite recently, we went to Mexico where Ed was filming some stuff with Tyrone Power and Mel Ferrer in Darryl Zanuck's "The Sun (Continued from page 61)"
Ed likes to meet the people in every country they visit, see the chief points of interest in each city. Above, the Sullivans shaking hands with traffic policeman in Vienna. Below, descending the steps of the Soviet War Memorial in East Berlin, built of marble from the chancellery ruins.

Sylvia loves to browse around, admire art treasures and the exquisite architecture of earlier days. Here, they're both entranced by the fairy-tale loveliness of great halls in historic Schoenbrunn Palace, on the outskirts of Vienna.

Each place they visit, Ed has an eye out for new talent. Each place, he's recognized and hailed. Below, table-to-table telephones at the Resi night club, in West Berlin, are kept busy as Sullivan takes messages from G.I. guests.

The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Mercury-Lincoln Dealers.
By DIANE ISOLA

When multi-billionaire Kurt Bonine entered Helen's life, in CBS Radio's daytime drama, The Romance Of Helen Trent, more than a year ago, listeners perked up. "He's interesting," they wrote. "Who is Jay Barney who plays the part? We like him."

The popular show's rating rose higher, zooming to first place among fifteen-minute radio programs. Jay, who had stepped into the new role with the understanding that it would be for only about six or eight weeks, found himself forming a long-time love triangle—and liking it. To stay with Helen Trent, he not (Continued on page 81)

Evenings at home are rare, for a man who often "quadruples" on TV, radio, stage and film assignments.

Jay Barney may not be a millionaire like Helen Trent's Kurt Bonine, but he knows where he's going—and is literally scooting on his way
Jay has two scooters, five motorcycles, totes one piggyback by car to have it handy when he's in camp.

Two lives: As lieutenant colonel (Reserve), Jay teaches film-projectionist course for servicemen. As Kurt in The Romance Of Helen Trent, he forms a triangle with Gil Whitney (David Gothard, left) and Helen (Julie Stevens).

Off hours, he'll read a book from his library—or, more likely, work in garage on one of the scooters.

The Romance Of Helen Trent, starring Julie Stevens in the title role, with Jay Barney as Kurt Bonine, is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EDT.
YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY

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Royal duo: Hal March of The $64,000 Question (left, with Robert Strom)—Ralph Story of The $64,000 Challenge (seen above with Edward G. Robinson).

By FRANCES KISH

The quiz kings! Long may they reign, say millions of viewers who sit glued to their TV sets, diverted by constantly amazing feats of knowledge and skill performed on these shows—and wondering: How could I get on? Or how could I get my relatives, my best girl or boyfriend, a chance to get on?

You, too, can be a contestant for top prizes from your favorite TV hosts—if you follow these rules—and can fill these qualifications.
QUIZ KINGS face to face!

Jack Barry referees *Twenty-One*. Contenders (like Mrs. Vivienne Nearing and Charles Van Doren) pass written exams to appear on nighttime show.

Sam Levenson quizzes informal-type contestants on *Two For The Money*. Dr. Mason Gross (far left), judges their answers to average-type questions.

Test is easier for *Tic Tac Dough*, as conducted by Barry on weekdays.

Continued

Groucho Marx quips with VIP’s and “just folks” on *You Bet Your Life*.
You, too, can be a contestant for top prizes from your favorite TV hosts—if you follow these rules—and can fill these qualifications.
Meet the QUIZ KINGS face to face!

Well, like getting on in life, getting on a quiz show as a contestant seems to depend upon a combination of things. Ability to be at the required place at the right time. A lot of hard work, and a little luck. A lot of information and knowledge, and more than a little stamina. A sense of fun and adventure in competition with others, and a saving sense of humor. Enough inner philosophy to carry on, win or lose, and enough sportsmanship to accept either outcome with grace.

All the big winners on the big quiz shows have had these attributes. These are the “musts” of the game. So, if you have been dreaming of displaying your knowledge for big—or even medium-size—stakes, you can read along and check yourself against the requirements. Even if you feel you just couldn’t face the cameras and microphones—and those millions of rapt viewers—you can still have fun decid-

George de Witt encourages young man to Name That Tune. Applicants come from all walks of life, need only liking for music, listening to lots of it.

Warren Hull has a hearty welcome for those who have real reason for wanting to Strike It Rich.

The Big Payoff: Bess Myerson, Randy Merriman hold one of gifts (including Paris trip!) won by Rev. Arthur Hardge for bride-to-be.
looking whether you would have a ghost of a chance to "make it," if you really wanted to.

Be ready with a good snapshot, or other photograph. It will not be returned, so don't send one you wouldn't want to lose. Usually, a clear snapshot will do, but that doesn't mean much if it's taken at a hundred feet and you're a mere blob of gray down at the end of the garden path. Or if you're in a group of people and only part of your face peers over someone else's shoulder. And smiling faces are better than too-serious or sad ones. The smile shows how you will look when you win on the program!

It goes without saying that, if you are now twenty or thirty, the photo should not be snapped from your grade-school graduation picture or taken on your sixteenth birthday. If your hair has turned to silver, be realistic and send a recent photo. The same goes for a woman who has completely changed her hair-do, or a man or woman who has gained or lost considerable weight. Too fancy or fanciful photos will get you nowhere. A girl in a bubble bath, a man wrapped in a leopard skin, a nurse in operating mask with only the eyes showing—these have all been received by quiz programs! Such pictures may cause merriment in the mail room but will be of no help in getting you on. Be reasonable!

Let's start now with the first of the really big-money shows, The $64,000 Question, the one that began the parade. If, as you read ahead, you decide it is even tougher to get on than you thought, remember that Hal March, the fabulously successful master of ceremonies for this show, didn't get on the easy way, either. He was among more than three hundred con- (Continued on page 74)
Interview Subject:
MIKE WALLACE
"On divorces," Mike explains, "I wouldn't ask specific questions . . .

My marriages weren't hit-and-run affairs . . . I think it was mainly a matter of growing away from each other . . . This marriage will last."

"Early in my career, I felt trapped by money. I was unhappy. I wasn't fulfilled . . . I wanted to accomplish something I could be proud of . . .

I think we are accomplishing something with the interviews on TV."

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I think we are accomplishing something with the interviews on TV."

You can "expect the unexpected" on his ABC-TV show. Here, in print, Mike answers the personal questions he wouldn't even ask of others!

By GREGORY MERWIN

When Leonard Goldenson, President of American Broadcasting Company, contracted with Mike Wallace to do his interviews on the ABC-TV network, he knew that he wasn't signing up a namby-pamby, how-are-you-darling reporter. In the seven months before the show went network, Mike had dug deep into the social, political and moral conscience of several hundred big-name individuals over WABD, the Du Mont-owned TV station in New York. On camera, a "private eye" revealed that he never felt any regrets when he (Continued on page 83)

Mike doesn't care for night clubs, likes making his own fun at home—as in this music session with wife Lorraine and Ted Yates, Jr., the Interview producer. The Mike Wallace Interview is seen over ABC-TV, Sundays, from 10 to 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.
This is the way it happened: Ricky Nelson was strumming his dad's guitar and singing "for my own amazement," one afternoon between setups for The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, when a scout for the rhythm-and-blues department of a recording company strolled onto the sound stage. Not bad, the scout thought, in reference to the choppy beat and the pleasant timbre of the voice. Not bad at all. So he trailed the sound to its source.

Shortly thereafter, the release of a disc bearing "I'm Walkin'," a rock 'n' roller, on one side—and "Teenagers' Romance," a ballad, on the flip—catapulted Eric Hilliard Nelson into personally-earned prominence as one of the youngest of today's singing idols.

In the offing, as this goes to press, is a twelve-platter-per-year recording contract sporting a handsome maximum royalty clause. One of the first responsibilities of the recording star is to get out and plug his discs before his most likely audience. So, natch, his recording company made arrangements for Ricky to appear at a Los Angeles high school, backed by the Four Preps (noted for their recording of "Dreamy Eyes" for Capitol).

When Ricky arrived, he noted—in a sort of unbelieving blur—that the windows facing the area in which he had parked seemed to be crowded with the bobbing balloons of human faces. "Well ... it surprised me. ... I guess word got around the school that entertainment was coming ... still, you don't expect ... I mean it was all great, just great," says Eric Hilliard Nelson.

Then, when the curtain was opened to reveal the assembly stage, the roof took off at the same time. For (Continued on page 79)
The Nelsons—Ozzie, David, Ricky, Harriet—take fame lightly, after a decade together in the spotlight. (They also seemed impervious to birthday hints—till Ricky got his guitar!) But, even so, Ricky gets a real charge out of tuning in his own record on a deejay program, while actresses Gail Land (below left) and Myrna Fahey beam.
Kathryn Murray says:

"TRY THESE"

Last year a TV columnist wrote: "Most improbable publicity of the week—Mrs. Arthur Murray bakes before going to the office." So I sent her some of the day's browned offerings and the lady ate her words! Sure, I bake early in the morning. I'm up with the birds, anyway, and it isn't cricket to arrive at the office before your secretary. I bake often, too, because I have a steady customer. My husband Arthur eats cake for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and in between times. His favorite is honey cake, and I hope you'll try my recipe. I developed it by trial and failure—it was never "as good as Mother used to make," but now it brings me compliments and is finished to the last crumb.

Yes, it's fun to bake and cook—when you don't have to turn out three meals a day. (That's work, brother! If your wife does it, give her a gold star—and take her out to dinner wearing it.) My kind of cooking is pure "ham." I show off with it for occasional guests and for dinners at home only once or twice a week. We don't have a real household anymore—our twin daughters are both married, and Arthur and I live in a small apartment. When we don't have a date with friends, we eat when we're ready, usually quite late.

If I haven't been rehearsing for an acrobatic TV act (in other words, if I still have a clean face), we may eat in a delightfully de-luxe restaurant. If I'm tired, we go home and I cook. That is relaxation for me. Blessings on the freezing compartment—there is always food in the refrigerator.

Incidentally, Arthur likes to get in the act, too. And when you've been happily married as long as I have—for thirty-two years—you have learned to "give stage" to your mate. I have included Arthur's hamburger method along with some of my specialties. I'm such an eager beaver that I wish TV Radio Mirror had room for all my favorites—baked young chickens, spicy gingerbread muffins, date-and-nut torten, sponge cake, brownies, and the sugar cookies I bake for my five grandchildren.

HAMBURGERS ARTURO

For 3 very large hamburgers, mix lightly with 2 forks:
1 pound coarsely ground top sirloin
3/4 teaspoon salt
Sprinkle well with Ac'cent (monosodium glutamate) and freshly ground black pepper. Stir in with forks:
2 tablespoons tomato juice
bits of finely chopped parsley
bits of crisp bacon
onion, if desired
(dancers don't)

Form into 3 large patties. Place on plate, cover with wax paper and refrigerate until 1 hour before dinner. Sprinkle a heavy ungreased iron skillet well with salt. Heat, covered, until drop of water will bounce from salted surface. Remove cover, increase heat, and place patties in pan. Cover. For very rare meat, cook on one side 2-1/2 minutes, turn to cook on other side for 2 minutes. (Mrs. Murray tucks a teaspoon prepared mustard in the center.)

CHEESE BLINTZES

Makes about 14 pancakes.
Beat well, using a fork:
6 eggs
3/4 teaspoon salt
Combine:
4 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons water

Gradually add to 1 cup of the beaten egg. Then add to remaining beaten egg. (This method prevents lumping.) Cover work table near stove with wax paper. Heat a 6-inch iron skillet very gradually until a small amount of butter will sizzle. Tip, so butter will grease pan thinly and evenly. Pour off any excess butter. Hold handle of pan with your left hand as you pour in enough batter to make a thin layer that will just cover the pan. Turn your left hand back and forth as you are pouring, so that the pan will be covered quickly and evenly. If your pan is correctly heated, the thin pancake should start bubbling almost immediately. Give the pancake just a few seconds until "set" and then invert pan over wax paper so that pancake will drop out, raw side down, cooked side up. Continue in this manner until all batter is used. Prepare filling by combining:
1 pound cottage cheese
1/2 beaten egg
salt
dash salt
dash pepper

Blend well. Place a heaping tablespoon in center of each pancake. Roll pancakes and place in narrow greased baking dish. This may be placed in refrigerator until ready to bake. Just before serving, place in moderate oven (350°F.) 20-25 minutes. Serve with sour cream, cinnamon and assorted fruit jams. Makes 3-4 servings.

HONEY CAKE

Mix together very well:
4 tablespoons butter
3/4 cup sugar
Honey
Add:
4 eggs, well beaten
3/4 teaspoon salt
grated rind of an orange
1 cup large walnut pieces
Mix and sift twice:
2 cups sifted cake flour
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
13/4 teaspoons baking powder
3 heaping teaspoons powdered instant coffee

Stir flour into egg mixture slowly and well. Spread batter in shallow greased pan (10" x 15"). Bake in moderate oven (325°F.-350°F.) 45 minutes. Cut in squares when cold. (Like all honey cakes, this tastes better when at least 48 hours old. If kept in tins, it will stay fresh and good for several weeks.)

The Arthur Murray Party is seen on NBC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Bristol-Myers Co. for Bufferin, Ipana, and Ban.
EGGS BAKED IN CREAM

For each serving, butter individual casseroles. Break 2 fresh eggs into each casserole. Season with salt, freshly ground black pepper and a dash each of cinnamon and tarragon. Cover with heavy cream. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes. For a browned top, place under broiler a few seconds. Serve with buttered toasted raisin bread or rye bread and crisp bacon.

Hostess at home, as well as on TV, Kathryn loves preparing these "husband-tested" recipes. ("Husband" in the case is, of course, famed dance maestro Arthur Murray!)
WKMH's Bobbin' With Robin proved Michigan is for Mineo. Crowds at Detroit's Edgewater Park overwhelmed Robin Seymour (below left) and Sal, almost broke up the telecast.

Home in New York, between telecasts, tours and movies, Sal relaxes with his drums, the car his folks gave him on his eighteenth birthday this year, and his dog, "Bimbo."

"Lucky" rings are a Mineo tradition. Kid sister Sarina got the latest one, proudly displays it to Sal, brother Victor and their mother—who began custom years ago.

MINEO'S
Really Moving

At 18, sensational Sal is headed in exciting new directions on TV, records, radio, films—and home life

By HELEN BOLSTAD

It's a time for big changes in the life of Sal Mineo, the eighteen-year-old actor who has earned an enviable reputation in the movies for his sensitive portrayal of adolescent change. Sal's prospective changes in his own life are happy ones: He is going to college, he and his family will soon have a lovely new house, he has radio and television appearances planned, and—best of all—he has entered the recording field and produced a smash hit with his first record.

Anyone who believes in the return of bread cast upon the waters can find pleasant confirmation in the story of how Sal came to record. In shouldering his share of the Mineo family duties, Sal was once chief baby-sitter for his pretty little sister Sarina. Last year, another baby-sitter started the ball rolling for Sal's recording contract.

It happened in Glenside, Pennsylvania, when Arnold Maxin and his wife, Elaine, called in vivacious Mary Fitzgerald to stay with their little daughters, Amy and Marjorie.

On arrival, Mary was bubbling with enthusiastic plans to start a new fan club (Continued on page 86)
Three's the Most!

To the McGuirees, being a trio—whether as singers in the spotlight or just sisters in private—is a picnic, a panic, a sorority of fun.

By MARTIN COHEN

Six slim legs, three radiant smiles, six melting brown eyes—plus the usual standard female equipment—adds up to three hundred and fifty-four pounds of the prettiest (and best) trio in the country. These long-stemmed beauties, known as The McGuire Sisters, are not triplets—but are as much alike as peas in a pod. Facialy, there's a difference. But let the gals turn their heads—or talk to them on the phone—and you don't know who's who.

"Even Mother can't tell us apart on the telephone," says Phyllis. "Chris's husband, John Teeter, may call the apartment and Chris answers—but he's so uncertain, he's got to ask, 'Is this you, Chris?'"

"Just the other afternoon," says Dot, "Chris and I were walking right ahead of John. We had on sport outfits, skirts and shirts. John came up and, in a cute little way, zipped the zipper on my skirt—and, when I turned around, he said, 'Oh, I thought you were Chris.' He was so embarrassed!"

Continued ▼
Busy as anyone in show biz, Chris, Phyl and Dot McGuire have to rely on each other for jokes and fun. "We never get lonesome," they chorus. Playing such "dates" as Las Vegas, they can get in the swim—and the sun—together.

(Continued)

"Do you remember," Phyllis asks, "when John was dating Chris and we all went along on their dates? And we were in a kind of half-lighted night club? Well, we came out of the ladies' room and I sat down beside John—and he thought it was Chris and squeezed my hand."

That's the way it goes when you're three sisters who look alike, dress alike, think alike, work together and sometimes date together (as Phyl noted, when John Teeter was just in the dating stage with Chris, sisters Phyl and Dot went along).

"How do we feel about it?" Chris echoes. "Well, I knew I'm speaking for all three of us. We get along well and have been together so long that we need each other. But sometimes I think I would just like to disappear for a week and not let anyone know where I am—and then come back and say, casual as can be, 'Hi, everybody.'"

"I feel that way often, too," Phyllis chimes in. "But when I'm alone, I dislike it very much. When we're apart, we immediately get on the phone. We just can't stand not to know what the others are doing. If we're apart for one afternoon, we discuss every detail of what's happened to us, as though we hadn't seen each other in months."

Chris smiles and says, "Phyl's always nosy. She calls our room, if she hasn't seen us for an hour or two, to find out what we're doing."

Yet there are still people around who want to know whether the McGuires are really sisters. As one of them is always sure to answer that question: "How can you doubt it, when we had the same mother and father?" Their father and mother are Asa and Lilly McGuire. Mother is an ordained minister; father, a steel worker. Home was Miamisburg, Ohio. Asa McGuire wanted boys—at least one—but found that three girls could make you just as proud and be every bit as much of a handful.

Chris was born on July 30, 1928. Dot and Phyllis followed at year-and-a-half intervals. They were close enough in age to play together and sing as a group. When Phyllis was four, they (Continued on page 67)
Phyl's the "baby" of the family, the sleepyhead who has to be roused by her sisters. Chris is the eldest and does all their shopping. Dot is the "middle one" and models for fittings and hairdressing experiments.

Between shows on tour—left to right, in usual trio formation—Chris, Phyl and Dot discuss next stop with manager-arranger-conductor Murray Kane (above), catch up on musical "homework" in their hotel suite (below).

The McGuire Sisters are frequent guests on Arthur Godfrey Time, as heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, from 10 to 11:30 A.M. EDT, and seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Thursday, from 10:30 to 11:30 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Spike's "musical depreciation" experts can play real instruments—when they want to! Above, drummer-boy Jones with banjoists Jad Paul (left) and Freddie Morgan; standing—Brian Farnon, sax; Phil Gray, trombone; George Rock, trumpet; Eddie Robertson, tuba; Gil Bernal, sax; Mousie Garner, soprano sax. Below, right: Beauty and the Big Beat—singing star Helen Grayco with husband Spike and Gil Bernal.
a Slightly Reformed Character

But Spike Jones isn't really “going straight”—not when there are so many other ways of going 'round and 'round the music

Normal as any home-loving man, with his Spike Junior, Leslie Ann and Helen—os friends say, their lovely house is “owfully square” for an offbeat guy like Mr. Jones. (But not all the paintings on their walls ore as graciously formal os that portrait of Helen.)

By MAURINE REMENIH

WHEN The Spike Jones Show hit the TV tubes last spring, viewers in living rooms from Penobscot to Port Hueneme exchanged surprised glances of disbelief. Could this be Spike Jones, the “musical depreciation” kid? The boy who spoofed Beethoven, Brahms and Bach? The same character who integrated pistol shots, automobile horns and doorbells into his arrangements?

The new show contained a couple of ballads sung by Mrs. Jones (Helen Grayco, to you) and about ten minutes of the old Spike Jones madness. But the rest of the half-hour, Spike played it straight. Good, tuneful, danceable—and straight.

But Lindley Armstrong Jones knew what he was doing. As he pointed out to one protesting fan who waited for more of the “old” (Continued on page 70)
He Will Never Be a Has-Been!

Slipping? Going highbrow? Elvis Presley meets the rumor-mongers head on, with new-found confidence and maturity

By EUNICE FIELD

It's a story his family likes to tell. When Elvis was only ten, he swerved his bike to avoid hitting a cat. He fell against a telephone pole, and his mother—who had seen it from a window—came running. "Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously. The boy rubbed his shins. "Sure, I'm hurt," he said. Then, taking her hand, he squeezed it reassuringly: "Don't worry, Mama... I ain't a-gonna cry."

Now that he is twenty-two and a movie star, Elvis lounges in his green-and-brown dressing room (furnished with Spartan simplicity) and discusses with a reporter and the publicity man assigned to his new M-G-M film, "Jailhouse Rock," the big question so many newspapers and magazines have been asking: Is Elvis Presley going highbrow—and is he slipping?

Continued

Rumors aren't spread by those who work with Elvis. They are his most sincere boosters. Above, at Paramount, with Elizabeth Scott and Hal Wallis, producer of "Loving You." At right, performing—and listening to a record playback.
Quiet, polite, hard-working—that's how everyone has found Elvis on the movie lots. No complaints about rehearsals, fittings or all the many details of his phenomenal success on records, films, TV, radio, personal appearances. Presley's moving fast—with Uncle Sam planning his future.
Headlines—good and bad—have pursued Elvis throughout his career. Most startling and tragic was the sudden death of little Judy Tyler in a car crash with her husband, last July Fourth. She had just completed her role as Presley's leading lady in this third movie, M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock."

Elvis still inspires jealousy in devoted fans' hearts, when pictured with such pretty girls as Dolores Hart (left), the romantic interest in "Loving You," and Jana Lund, teenager also in the Paramount film. Picture at right proves there are no age limits for Presley admirers.
Julie finds bitter need of all the courage

and insight she has shared with others, as she prepares to follow her heart . . . far from

HILLTOP HOUSE

Julie waked, and so ended the happiness she’d known in her dream. It faded as she opened her eyes. There was bright sunshine streaming in her bedroom windows, and the birds sang outside. But the real world, to Julie, was a very dreary business of clinging to a meager hope. The world she’d awakened to bore little resemblance to the one of her dream. Phil had been her dream.

In waking, she’d lost him. Her throat ached with loneliness. Her hands wanted to clench in impotent rebellion. She faced another day with bitter reluctance. The sunshine offered mockery rather than cheer.

But then, somehow, she saw herself as she was, and what she had done to make a morning’s waking so bleak a thing. With an abrupt clarity, she remembered long years back, in her early widowhood, when she’d tried to live on memories after her happiness was gone. Now she saw that she’d been trying to live on hopes of happiness to come. But the human spirit does not thrive on either memory or hope, alone. At Hilltop House, where the orphaned children often had neither, she’d come to know that a full life comes only from the courage to face and accept, without flinching, whatever life may bring.

Now she deliberately unclenched her hands. She sat up. She got out of bed and went across to her mirror. She faced herself in it. Her face looked drawn, though she’d just awakened. She stared at herself and willed for courage to come. She’d taught her charges at Hilltop House that, if one clamped one’s jaws tightly, and squared one’s shoulders, and doggedly resolved not to give in . . .

It worked. In minutes, she felt better. There was no change in the real situation, of course. It was still weeks since the second letter from Phil, and he was still in South America, thousands of miles away. But now she remembered that Phil had written to her from there. He realized that he’d been cruel, though without that intention, when he’d written from New York just before his disappearance. Then he’d said grimly that his brother’s plans had succeeded and he was ruined financially. That their marriage had become impossible. That, rather than put her through the ordeal of saying goodbye, he was writing her of the ending of all hope of a future together. He was going away. He did not say where. There had not been even a hint.

Looking at her own reflection, standing in her nightdress in the bedroom, Julie saw herself wince. The days and weeks after that first letter had been very bad indeed. Phil’s disaster was needless. It was the result of his own brother’s machinations. His brother Lloyd, who bitterly believed that Phil had tried to be a second Cain and murder him, and who fiercely tried to avenge it. He’d brought about Phil’s business defeat and financial ruin. And, since Phil was a proud man, he’d destroyed Julie’s hope of happiness, too.

A window curtain billowed in the breeze beside an open window. The air was clean and fresh and good. With summoned courage, Julie drove her thoughts onward. Things were better now. But, for a long time after that New York letter, she’d been dazed. She believed Phil gone from her life for always—after she had emptied it of everything else, so she could fill it with him. Her place as head of Hilltop House was now someone else’s. She herself had picked Karen Whitfield as her replacement. Her friendship with David, and the affection of his teen-age daughter Felicia, had seemed small things to give up, when she expected to go to South America with Phil to begin a new career as his wife. Even the professional distinction she had valued most—a plaque which was an award for distinguished service to children—she expected to keep packed away in some trunk, because only Phil and his needs and happiness were to count for her in the future.

A mockingbird outside her window ran through his repertory of the songs of other birds. He came to the discordant cawing of a crow, and was less than successful. His own critical ear led him to attempt, repeatedly, to better it. The sound formed a sort of sardonic background to Julie’s thoughts. But she would not let it turn them.

She began to brush her hair, still before the mirror and watching her face for a lessening of the courage she’d had to summon by an act of will. Things were much better since Phil’s second letter. That had come from South America, and now was read almost to tatters. This second time, he wrote that he hadn’t meant to be cruel when all his affairs and all his success crashed through the carefully contrived scheming of his brother Lloyd. He did love her. He’d (Continued on page 63)

Hilltop House is heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 3:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Quaker Oats, Carter’s Little Liver Pills, Arrid, and others. Jan Miner is pictured on the opposite page in her starring role as Julie.

A FICTION BONUS
COME TO THE

Hard to entertain the younger set? Grownups and children alike can enjoy the kind of planning which is done for fun at The Mace School.

Social activities at The Mace School are twice as enjoyable for students because they help draw up the plans. Above, committee for year's biggest party—the Eighth Grade Prom, at graduation time—goes over the agenda with Mrs. Frieda Mace and Emile P. Faustin.

Later, the committee of students meets "on its own." As pictured here, from left to right, members include Charles Avona, Frank Wieszner, Marina Solito de Solis, Fern Breslow, Pidgie Jamieson. Unlike most parties outlined in story, this one is to be formal.

Guests arrive at Copacabana Club for "grown-up" Prom. About half are young actors, such as TV twins Luke and Marina Solito de Solis (above at right), Ron McLaren and Bonnie Sawyer (below).
Round-table chat at the Copa—where girls get opportunity to display their most formal finery, and boys practice their best party manners. Left to right: Joy Lee, Billy Carroll, Betty Sue Albert, Maurice Hines (class president, often seen with brother Gregory on such TV shows as Jackie Gleason's), Marina, Ron and Bonnie.

By MARY TEMPLE

To be the “mother” of 115 children from the first to the eighth grades, to educate them and keep them busy, happy and well-adjusted, would seem job enough for any woman. To plan and give parties for such a brood, or any part of it, might seem an added super-job. Not to Mrs. Frieda Mace, however. And her experience and know-how can be invaluable to any parent, older sister or brother, who's responsible for seeing that the younger set has a good time before, during and after a really successful “children’s party.” (Even baby-sitters can learn a trick or two for keeping youngsters amused.)

Mrs. Mace is head of The Mace School, in New York, whose pupils include some of the best-known and busiest young actors and actresses in television and radio, theater and movies, and an equal number of non-professional youngsters who are not yet preparing for any career, in or out of the theater. All of them children whose parents want to see them grow up with a background of good education and good manners, with fun and parties to look back upon in later years.

See Next Page—→ 47
At the school, all of them are on the same footing, the only difference being a more flexible study schedule for those who have acting jobs and cannot always conform to the usual school routine. None are singled out for extracurricular achievements. "The closest we have ever come to that," Mrs. Mace says, "was when Patty McCormack played Helen Keller as a child in a Playhouse 90 dramatization on television this year, and the children were particularly thrilled because one of their number had the chance to portray a woman they love and respect so much. When Patty left us to go to California, we all missed her.

"I really feel like the mother of a large family, where no child can take the place of any other. Each is dear to me, for his or her own sake. We have no professional talk in our school, no professional jealousies, no competition among the children who act and those who don't. When the boys and girls get together at school parties, or among themselves at the various homes, they have the kind of fun that belongs by right to the wonderful, carefree pre-teen and early teen years. What they are is what counts, not what they do outside the school."

Bonnie Sawyer, the Kim of Valiant Lady, was graduated from Mace this year with the Good Fellowship Award as the outstanding all-around good sport of her class. Lynn Lorrin, the Patti of CBS-TV's Search For Tomorrow and also on CBS Radio in The Second Mrs. Burton, was president of her graduating class in 1955. Maurice Hines—who, with his brother Gregory, has been on the Gleason and other big shows, at clubs in Las Vegas, at the Moulin Rouge in Paris—is this year's graduating-class president, while Gregory plans to go on with his studies at the school. Jada Rowland, Amy in CBS-TV's The Secret Storm, is a last year's graduate, and her brother Jeffrey is still in school.

Three of Mama's TV children are Mace pupils: Toni Campbell, who is Dagmar; Susan Rohall, who is Ingeborg; and Kevin Coughlin, who plays young T.R. So are such other in-demand young actors as Betty Sue Albert; Peter Lazer; Pidge Jamieson; the Solito de Solis twins, Luke and...

*Primping* is an important part of feminine fun, at any age. Here, Joy Lee watches as Betty Sue Albert adjusts necklace for Toni Campbell—who is known on TV as Mama's Dagmar.
Dancing's a teen-age treat any time, formal or informal. Charles, Toni, Maurice and Betty Sue sip ginger ale as Joy and Ron try Copa floor—to "live" music, not records!

and Marina; Beverly Lunsford, who plays Bebe in CBS-TV's *The Edge Of Night*. Nina Reader, the little British girl who is in *Search For Tomorrow*; and Zina Bethune, Robin in CBS-TV's *The Guiding Light*, have been Mace students. Lydia Reed, of many dramatic TV roles, who also played Grace Kelly's sister in "High Society"; Kippy Campbell and Robin Essen; Claudia Crawford of the *Ray Bolger Show*. Ronald McLaren, who graduated this year; Pat Di Simone, who graduated last year. Jan Handzlik, Barry Towsen and Stanley Grochowski of the Broadway cast of "Auntie Mame"; Eileen Merry; Kathy Dunn and Susan Reilly of the Broadway cast of "Uncle Willie"; Dick Clemence, of stage and TV; Toby Stevens of "The King and I." And many others who, by the nature of their work, sometimes must continue their studies by tutoring, or even by correspondence at times. Many who come back with report cards from advanced classes, eager to show Mrs. Mace what they are doing and make her feel proud of them and their continued progress.

To get back to parties: The last big one of the season each year is the Eighth Grade Prom, in June, held in recent years at the famous Copacabana Club in New York, an extra-special privilege for the graduating class. That started when Mrs. Mace asked the management of the club if she could bring a group which she had been tutoring, and the children behaved so well in this adult atmosphere that succeeding classes have been welcomed back.

Most of the parties, however, are the kind any mother or older sister can give in her own home and any child can help plan and prepare. "If it's a child's party, especially an older girl or boy, ninety percent of it should be decided by the child," is Frieda Mace's belief. "This immediately creates an interest and a desire to help. It teaches a great deal also—good host manners, responsibility, teamwork. It brings out creative ability. At the school, for parties of any size, we have 'committees,' an idea any mother could adapt for a big neighborhood or community party, a fund-raising (Continued on page 72)
Young Dick Jones met his Betty when he was 15, knew right off she was the girl for him—for life. They're more sure of it now than ever, in their Burbank home with daughters Jennafer (left) and Melady, sons Jeff (Jennafer's twin) and Rick.

Keeping Up With The JONESES

Dick has a whole passel of lively young 'uns at home—who all adore Buffalo Bill, Jr.

By GORDON BUDGE

S unday morning at ten o'clock, you'll find Dick Jones—personable young Buffalo Bill, Jr., of the two-to-teen set—suited out in his best go-to-meetin' clothes, perched squarely in the middle of the front pew of Hollywood's First Presbyterian Church. With the shy smile that has thrown a lariat around several million hero-hungry hearts, Dick says in his easy Texas drawl, "I sit down front so's I can stretch my legs 'way out and see what's going on better."

A more precise answer would tell you that Dick and his lovely wife Betty for years have enjoyed squatters' rights on that front seat because they are the sort of young people who literally want to get as close to their religion as they can.

When Gene Autry and Armand Schaefer, Buffalo Bill, Jr.'s executive producer, put their heads together to pick a Hollywood actor for the title role, they couldn't have selected any one more fitting than Dick. As written, Buffalo Bill, Jr. is a young man of great integrity and high moral character. His chief responsibility is looking after his younger sister Calamity, as played by Nancy Gilbert.

Dick watches over Nancy herself (Continued on page 65)
Buffalo Bill, Jr. is ideal role for Dick, who did trick riding before he was four, performed many dangerous feats as a child movie actor—without a double.

Today, his own small sons’ eyes light up as he puts “He’s A Dandy” through his paces. They’d love to be cowboys—Dick doesn’t want them to be performers.

Seeing the babies off to bed, or playing bucking bronco for Rick outdoors, Dick gives thanks for the blessings—and the responsibilities—of a big family.

Melody, at 7, is already a “little mother” and a big help around the house. Dick believes in keeping close to all his children, their problems—and their prayers.

Dick Jones stars in the title role of Buffalo Bill, Jr., a Flying A Production. See local papers for time and station.
Grand Ole Opry
Inside Nashville's Ryman Auditorium on Saturday nights, you'll see on stage 150 or more Grand Ole Opry performers, as shown in the typical picture on the opposite page. This crowd (above) is the eager group of spectators, who wait patiently for hours to get in.

There's music, comedy, dancing. Backstage it's a romp. Out front it's a riot. And year after year, Grand Ole Opry packs 'em in.

Minnie Pearl, in her "yaller" dress and her store-bought hat, can always panic the customers with folksy stories about mythical town Grinder's Switch. Here she's laughing it up with Ferlin Husky, June Carter, and "Stringbean," the man with the low-hung pants.

Rod Brasfield greets "the Gossip of Grinder's Switch," teases Minnie about chasing the boys.

Down Nashville way, there's a hit running into its thirty-third year, and the SRO sign is still out. For half an hour Saturday evenings, every country-music lover in the country can get into the fun via the NBC radio network. Local fans collect not only this half-hour nugget of fun, but also an extra four-hour session of top comedy. For this rib-tickling session, reserved tickets are sold out two months in advance. For the less fortunate without reserved seats, the alternative is to take their chances. And the gang starts gathering at three in the afternoon for the program which is to start at 7:30 P.M. To the veteran performers of Grand Ole Opry, this devotion is heartwarming—to a degree which makes them knock themselves out to pay back to the audience the same love and affection. As a result, Grand Ole Opry is less a "show" than it is a gathering of good friends of all ages.

Grand Ole Opry emanates from Nashville over Station WSM, each Saturday night, and is heard nationally on Monitor, NBC Radio, from 10:30 to 11 P.M. EDT.

Continued
Gold guitars from Columbia Records for Ray Price's "Crazy Arms" and to Marty Robbins for "Singin' the Blues."

Known on air as "Solemn Old Judge," George Dewey Hay began nucleus of Opry back in 1925.

Singer and composer Johnny Cash, whose records are on Sun label, belts out a rendition of "I Walk the Line."

Square Dance Time on Grand Ole Opry brings out talented Cedar Hill group. Dance is real country-style, fast and fun! (At right) Ernest Tubb, one of Opry's mainstays, talks with Wilburn Brothers, Doyle and Teddy, about script changes.

Grandpa Jones blows off the roof with fast go on his five-string banjo. Grandpa's no newcomer, has been singing it up since '29.
Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee is a country-and-Western music buff, has turned up more than once on the Grand Ole Opry stage. Here he kids the audience at mike, with Hank Snow (left) and Ernest Tubb (right). In background are famous singers, the Carter Sisters, and members of band.

Master guitarist Chet Atkins performs as appreciative audience of top singers stands by. They're Roy Acuff and visitor Joni James.

Little Jimmy Dickens, smallest star on Opry, has one of the biggest voices. Only 4' 11" high, but he pours out a tall amount of song. June Carter tries to break up Jimmy's act by rolling up his pants. (Left) Lonzo and Oscar with Cousin Jody and Odie spoof the show.
Can love come to a woman after 35?

She has so much to give—to the man who can give in return. Could it be Gil? They might know real love together. But whenever they come close to fulfillment, his jealousy tears through their happiness, destroying it. Is Kurt the answer? Kurt, so sure, so shrewd. He has the power to hurt, yet a sudden gentleness made him say, “I’m starved for all the things you are.” Can she choose? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
One Look—

Arlene and Ardelle like to look alike for TV and modeling (upper right). In private life (above) they prefer different hairdos, necklines, skirt widths, heel heights, jewelry.

Two Ways

The Terry Twins know that looking identical wins them attention—and jobs—but at times they find it more important to accent their individuality

By HARRIET SEGMAN

There's such a thing as being too much one, so we work deliberately at being individuals," said Arlene Terry thoughtfully. Her "other self"—Ardelle Terry, Arlene's identical twin—nodded agreement. As the hostesses on NBC-TV's Twenty-One, the Terrys are probably the country's most-seen twin-team.

"When we learned that everyone thought of us as one . . .," started Ardelle, " . . . we realized that wouldn't be good for the rest of our lives," finished Arlene. They used to rely on one another to end sentences. Now they try to see that whoever starts talking also winds up the idea. "You have to be firm," says Ardelle. "You have to say—look here, this is my story, and I'm going to tell it . . . myself."

For TV and modeling, they own identical wardrobes for their twin look. They shop for each other, buying two-at-a-time. When going out together socially, they dress differently, wear different hairdos.

Arlene was married recently. Now that they live in separate apartments, each Terry has her own make-up kit. Before, they used to dip into the same
cosmetics. They accent their blond coloring with beige make-up base and pink lipstick. Their skin-types are identical—a duet, or normal skin with an oily area around the nose—so they balance cream-cleansing with soap-and-water-plus-astringent on the oily patch. For quick make-up change on the job, both use liquid cleansing cream. They keep their fine-grained skins fresh and glowing with a gentle facial mask twice a week.

Like so many girls, Ardelle tends to get hippy if she isn't careful. The best hip-slimmer, she finds, is simply "walking on the floor sitting down, until you feel it."

Both share sensible diet ideas, stressing big salads—lettuce, tomato, cucumber, celery, with just enough dressing to wet the leaves. They mix their own dressing, soft-pedaling the oil. Menus also concentrate on meat, vegetables, greens, dark and high-protein breads. "And we snack on cheese and milk instead of candy," says Arlene. "Perhaps that's because we're from Wisconsin," adds Ardelle—as soon as she's sure Arlene has finished speaking.
A DOG’S LIFE

Lassie always behaves like a lady—
courtesy of trainer Rudd Weatherwax

Lassie's prolific sire. In this litter, he hopes to find a follower in his paw prints for the day he retires.

Kindness, says Rudd Weatherwax, is the first rule in training dogs to do tricks like those Lassie performs.

Groomed as a star, Lassie's just like any Fido when it's time for a romp with Rudd's grandson.

Trainer Rudd Weatherwax knew a bargain when he saw one. A prankish pup was the runt of a blue-ribbon litter of collies. When he developed the bad habit of chasing cars, the pup's owner brought him to Rudd. At the end of a week, the owner found the peace and quiet of his home so pleasant that he asked Rudd to keep the dog—in exchange for the training fee of ten dollars. For years, Rudd had trained dogs for film work and he taught the collie to sit, lie down, speak, retrieve, attack, crawl, open doors, and even yawn. His patience was rewarded when M-G-M needed a star for Eric Knight's famous dog story, "Lassie Comes Home." A series of other "Lassie" films was followed by The Lassie Show, the first radio show to star a dog. On TV, Lassie starts its fourth year this fall. . . . Lassie, who plays a female dog out of deference to the script, lives in an air-conditioned kennel and is fed raw beef when working, cooked meat when idle. With Lassie, or with any Fido, Rudd suggests four training rules: Kindness, patience, guidance (he uses a ten-foot leash at all times during training), and reward (a friendly word or a morsel of food). "I love kids, too," grins Rudd, the father of three, "but they're not as easy to train as dogs."

Lassie is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Campbell's soups.
**MORSELS FOR THOUGHT**

Agnes Gibbs of WCSH and WCSH-TV

serves food for the body—and the mind

Woman's work is never done and, if the woman is Agnes Freyer Gibbs, it's never dull, either. Generous in proportions and perspective, Mrs. Gibbs is firmly convinced that the kitchen is the heart of a home. But, like every good homemaker, Mrs. Gibbs is as concerned with the rise and fall of the United Nations or of interracial understanding as she is with the rise and fall of her favorite cake. In either case, she favors a rise. And, where the cake is concerned, Mrs. Gibbs' culinary lore leaves no margin for error. . . . Every weekday at half-past noon, she shares her wide range of interests on Here's Agnes Gibbs, heard over Station WCSH in Portland, Maine. Weekdays at two, she's on camera for WCSH-TV with a homemaking program, A Visit With Agnes Gibbs. Her guests on these programs have included celebrities from the fields of music, theater, writing and art, as well as "just plain folks" who have achieved "greatness" in their own communities. . . . If many of Agnes Gibbs' recipes come from faraway lands, it's only natural. Her parents were Protestant missionaries and she was born in Beirut. She lived in Syria, Japan and Capetown, South Africa, until, at the age of sixteen, she came to the United States. She received a B.S. in Education from Framingham State Teachers College in Massachusetts and was introduced to radio through her work as County Home Demonstration Agent for the Extension Service. . . . Today, Agnes Gibbs lives in a century-old Cape Cod house in Gorham, Maine. Other residents on the sixteen rambling acres include two dogs named Speckles and Percy, a cat named Imp, and a three-year-old canary named Jack. . . . One of Mrs. Gibbs' most inspiring broadcasting experiences came during a forest fire in 1947. At nine in the morning, she asked her radio listeners for donations of sandwiches for the fire-fighters. By mid-afternoon, fifteen cubic feet of sandwiches had been delivered. This heart-warming response came even though the delivery address was repeated only once. Agnes Gibbs' followers are too loyal for her to have to ask twice.
With fifty thousand watts of Station KDKA at his disposal, Art Pallan was speechless—with laryngitis. As a beginning of a new job, it was inauspicious, particularly after the fanfare that had announced that deejay Art was transferring from other local mikes. The hoopla had even included a film showing Art as guide to "The New Pittsburgh" and the airing of Art’s show over New York’s independent WINS, this last to share with New York agency time-buyers a knowledge that Pittsburgh already had—namely, that “Your Pal Pallan’s” easy, pleasant style was low on gimmicks and high on the best-listening lists. Now in fine voice, Art spins records and provides household tips each Monday through Saturday from 10 to noon. The ladies are joined by the rush-hour crowd and the teenagers as Art provides music, news, weather and traffic reports each weekday from 3 to 7 P.M. And, since that original hoarse beginning, the only thing that has separated Art’s clear tones from his listeners’ ears has been the Atlantic Ocean, which Art crossed for an on-the-scene report of the Hungarian tragedy. . . .

Modest and likeable, Art was born in Braddock, Pennsylvania, some thirty-odd years ago. He sang bass in his high-school quartet, started his career as a local announcer in 1942, when he was graduated from Brentwood High, and, with time out for the war, rose to a deejay’s rank. Then he began singing again, first just limbering up on a chorus of somebody else’s record, then waxing his own. His coupling of “Lonesome” and “Land of Dreams” was awarded free to 2,000 people to induce charity contributions for Pittsburgh’s Children’s Hospital. . . . Silent on his outstanding war record, Art is vocal about his family. He met his wife Agnes when she phoned in a record request. Art complied and the calls continued until they met in-person and married, just three months later. Suburbanites now, they have four children: Andrea, 12; Ann, 8; Artha, 7; and Arthur, 2. Art’s a member of the local Sportsmen’s Club and miles away the non-musical hours with sketching, painting, modeling, photography, and sculpting figures on apples which, he says, dry to make realistic art forms. His favorite recordings are by Como, Nat Cole and Ella Fitzgerald, but he never knocks anybody’s records. “If you don’t like ‘em,” says Art, “don’t play ‘em on the air.”

ART’S "outstanding contributions" win a plaque from Allegheny County record dealers, a buss from wife Agnes, cheers from the family (below). Pittsburgh’s Art Pallan not only spins records—he makes ‘em,
Sullivan's Travels

(Continued from page 18)
Also Rises." I didn't know what to expect in Mexico, but I think I had a hazy picture of a rather lazy people, judging from the caricatures I had been in America. Instead, director Henry King told us at the studio that the Mexican movie staffers and crew were the most competent and skilled workers he had ever met. He said, too, that the enthusiasm for the picture they were engaged in making had been a fantastic experience to all of the Americans from Hollywood.

Because of Ed's TV work, which requires him to travel around the world in search of talent, I have been singularly fortunate in going to such places as Brazil, Argentina, Rome, Paris, London, Madrid, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Honolulu, Budapest, Bermuda, Zurich, Berlin, Munich, Jamaica, Dublin, Osaka, Brussels, Amsterdam and Tokyo.

Every city was revelation to us and a revision of pre-formed ideas on the people who live there. We've always found that people all over the world are pretty much the same. The affection of parents for their children is identical. The respect of people for the moral code embodied in the Ten Commandments is identical. We've found that people treat you just the way you treat them. In other words, it's the old story of getting out of life exactly what you put into it. Rudeness is the incubator for rudeness. Friendliness begets friendliness. There is no language barrier that can't be dissolved by a smile.

Traveling with Ed is very exciting. One minute I might be sitting in our apartment making a telephone date to have lunch with a friend the following day—and the instant I hang up the phone, Ed will say, "We're going to Europe tomorrow." I never ask why or wherefore. As long as I know where we're going, I walk into my closet, select the appropriate things, and am ready to go at a moment's notice.

This is how Ed and I always travel—without any preliminary planning, and mostly on the spur of the moment. I prefer it that way, It's much more exciting than sitting around planning and making elaborate preparations or worrying whether you have the right things to wear.

Ever since we were married, Ed and I have done a great deal of traveling. Because we don't believe in planning and waiting for convenient times, we take advantage of every opportunity to go places. We're not believers in waiting until we have a lot of time, or leisure. We feel it's best to travel when you can enjoy it, rather than wait until you're rich enough to afford it. By that time, you're generally too sick or feeble to get the most pleasure out of it.

When Ed heard that his show was to be pre-empted for the Rodgers and Hammerstein production of "Cinderella" this past March 31st, he immediately decided it would be a good time to take advantage of the opportunity to fly over to Europe. I was packed the minute he made the suggestion. We had twelve days in Europe and traveled to Rome, Switzerland, Munich, Vienna, Paris, and Berlin—both East and West zones.

In Rome, the Italian film stars gave a large party for Ed in appreciation of all he has done to make them as well known in America as they are in their native land. The Excelsior Hotel in Rome's beautiful Via Veneto was filled with top European celebrities. John Wayne, director Henry Hathaway, Jo Van Fleet, Rossano Brazzi and many others were also there.

The following day, Ed had to go out to the set where John Wayne was filming
"Legend of the Lost." This left me with time to shop, and I love shopping in Rome, particularly along the famous Via Condotti with its fabulous shops. No matter how many times I've been to Rome, the sight of the elegant flight of stone steps at the Piazza D'Espana always makes me think I'm on a movie set, and the Vatican Museum filled with its priceless collection of ecclesiastical splendor still moves me. So, whenever I have a few hours to myself, I wander through my favorite places.

If it was up to me, I'd spend most of these trips just browsing around the towns and cities we visited, and Ed is most plas-
tic. He knows that we don't have too much time. He believes in getting a good general idea of a place and then seeing the city points of interest. Ed is a very meticulous traveler and traveling with him has taught me a great many useful things. In the first place, both of us travel with a minimum of lug-
gage. We only take things we're sure we will wear on the trip. Since we know what countries we will visit and know what the weather will be like, we take appropriate clothing. Most important of all, we are always at the plane ahead of time. Ed is very punctual and is always the first one at the plane.

Ed and I made our first trip to Europe in 1936 and have been going back for a few days, a week or longer, whenever time permits. In 1940, we wanted to go somewhere for a vacation but neither one of us had any idea where to go. Ed was appearing at Loew's State Theater on Broadway, at that time, and, one night after his show, we were walking along Broadway and passed a travel agency that had posters of South America in the window. Ed turned to me and said, "How would you like to go to South America?" I said, "I'd love it. All right, we're going." And he went in and arranged passage then and there.

At another time, our daughter Betty and her husband Bob Precht were in New York from Washington spending Thanksgiving Day with us. Betty was six months pregnant at the time. During dinner, Ed was toasting her birthday, which was December 29. He said we should plan to do something in celebration—and then, out of a clear sky, he turned to Bob and Betty and said, "How about going to Eu-
rope for Christmas?" Bob couldn't hide the look of amaze-
ment that spread over his face. He didn't know that was the way Ed did things. But, then and there, Ed arranged for us to spend Christmas and New Year's in Europe. We ate Betty's birthday cake up in the air over Europe, en route from London to France.

Before Betty was married, and whenever it was possible to have her along without interfering with her schooling, Ed and I always had her accompany us on our travels.

It is a constant source of surprise to me, whenever we're in foreign countries, how many people recognize Ed during our vis-
ts. We may be walking down the street of a European city and people will greet him by name. Of course, at airports and railroad stations, there are always apt to be people who know Ed very well. On our last trip, we stopped at a Swiss air-
port for a little while and ran into Sonja Henie. It happens all the time.

Our recent European trip was a suc-
cession of interesting highlights. Wherever we went, we saw things that we shall always remember. Ed and I wanted to go to East Berlin but, whenever we men-
tioned this to anyone, they immediately discouraged us. They predicted all sorts of dire things. But I personally thought it might be interesting to see a completely different side of life. So, with all sorts of warnings ringing in our ears, with ad-
monitions not to dare step out of our car, we set out. We refused to be frightened. Of course we didn't want to get involved in any unpleasant situation that might re-
fect upon us as citizens of the United States. We simply wanted to go as tour-
ists and to see if all the stories we heard were really true.

East Berlin made a deep and definite im-
pression on me. It was almost like being right inside Russia itself. We visited the cemetery where the heroes of the Battle of Berlin lie buried. We saw the huge somber statues of Mother Russia and the soldiers with guns and helmets standing guard over the dead. We saw the huge slabs set on the ground in memory of the battles and, inside the huge memorial, the names of the men who died in the Battle of Berlin.

We stopped at the main square of the sector and there was a feeling of austerity and unquestionable discipline in the at-
mosphere that made us happier than ever that we were Americans.

In the American sector of Berlin, every-
thing was different. The very looks on
the faces of the people plainly signified that they were not living under the yoke of op-
mersion. They knew how to laugh and
smile and be happy. We went to Resi, one of the night clubs frequented by Americans and particularly the G.I.'s. As we entered, the American soldiers there rec-
ognized Ed and a great cheer of wel-
coming went up. Then, they swarmed around him asking questions about him. Ed answered all those questions and then asked some himself. He took messages for their families and, when we got back to the hotel, the message that each message was delivered to its destination.

The Resi is a huge night club with al-
most continuous entertainment. Each table has a telephone and a dialing system enabling one to call another. Naturally, Ed's phone was kept busy all evening long. They also had an interesting system of communication by which messages went through pair of aca-
matic tubes. This also enables patrons to communicate with each other and was particularly popular with the G.I.'s.

The next day, Ed and I went to visit a television studio. As we walked into the studio, again a hearty welcoming cheer greeted us. By coincidence, on that very day, a group of thirty young Ameri-
cans were in the studio for the broadcast of the New York Herald Tribune were visiting Berlin. Naturally, the young people recog-
nized Ed—but they were amazed at seeing him there!

Whether it's in night clubs, theaters or in a tiny cafe, Ed is always on the alert for new and unusual talent. In Paris, he loves to watch the street circus stationed there singing performers. Sometimes, he sees quite by accident eventually wind up on his CBS television show. If anyone mentions an unusual singer or performer, Ed is always interested to catch it. That's why his show has so much foreign talent that would otherwise never be seen by the vast American television viewers. And that's why we go in Europe—people seem to know him. He is regarded as a sort of ambassador-without-portfolio and, in almost all the countries we visit, they constantly tell us he has done more to establish a close friendship with the United States than any other per-
son in the field of entertainment.

There is definitely a logical explanation for this. Ed is always interested in the individual. It doesn't matter to him where the performer may come from or what color or creed he may be. If the person ex-
cels in his particular type of field, if he or she is tops as an entertainer, that's enough for Ed.

No matter where we go, Ed is interested in the people. He stops and chats with shopkeepers, porters and waiters. He talks to newspaper operators, the taxi drivers and the police-
men. As for me, I can never get enough of wandering through foreign towns and cities. The enjoyment that goes on. Sometimes months later, back in New York or at our Connecticut farm, I'll sud-
denly recall how a little street or square in the heart of Paris looked. And, no mat-
ter how many times I've been there, I al-
ways feel nostalgia and a desire to return.

Being married to Ed is exciting. Be-
cause both of us are ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice. Our travels have been filled with fun and enjoyment. There are so many places I'd love to revisit. But I am also hoping that some day Ed and I can manage to get to Israel, to Africa, to India. Who knows? Maybe tomorrow morning, Ed might suddenly turn to me and say, "Better pack a bag, Sylvia, we're going to Madagascar."
(Continued from page 44) even begun to fight a way back toward success—to make a new career in the place where he'd made his first.

Julie saw that her expression was proud. She was glad. Phil was proud, desperately so, and it was part of her disaster that his pride would not let him permit her to share his misfortune. He would be ashamed to offer only poverty to the woman he loved. But that same pride gave him courage to fight when everything looked blackest, and Julie now felt pride in his courage. It worked.

She dressed, remembering every word of his letter as she moved about her room. At once she could see the words he'd written as they appeared upon the paper, and the images the words evoked. He'd been filled with despair at the beginning. But, very oddly, another woman had brought him out of it and back to this new resolution and this new enterprise which might—which must—which would mean that they would yet be happy together.

A former sweetheart, one Dolores, had sought him out, he said, and Julie between the lines and knew that she'd tried to revive a love affair long ended. She'd failed because Phil loved Julie and could not cease to love her. So the letter told much more than Phil intended, and all of it was matter for pride. He'd bought an ancient cargo plane in such bad condition that no one else would touch it. He'd repaired it with his own hands, and it flew. He was a competent pilot. He'd set up a one-plane charter service, flying air freight to places where other pilots preferred not to risk landings. Because he would fly where other men would not, his services were already in demand. In a little while, he could buy a second plane. If all went well, there could still be happiness for them...

He ignored the hatred of his brother Lloyd, and the dreaded vindictiveness with which Lloyd had tried to avenge an injury which had never been inflicted. Phil's letter was carefully less than optimistic, but it implied a tenderness and a resolution so complete that, when she first read it, Julie felt all the warmth and happiness a woman feels when she knows she is beloved by the one man who really counts. But that was a long time ago, now.

Her dressing was finished. She looked at herself again. The sunshine in the windows was no longer mockery. The warm soft breeze was no longer merely air in motion. The bird songs ceased to be derision. By calling upon herself for courage, she had brought herself out of one of the blackest of morning moods and to one which, if it was not cheerfulness, was at least a sturdy resolution which could substitute for it.

"It's not too bad" she told her reflection with increasing bravery. "I've just got to wait! And Phil hasn't given up. He'll manage. So can I. The question is—"

The question was, of course, how to make waiting endurable. As she left her room, she pondered the question with a new urgency. For years, until now, she'd had something to fill her every waking moment. There'd been Hilltop House and the children there. . . . She felt a wistful warmth at memory of those who'd needed her so terribly, and whom she had been able to help. Then she caught the note of regret in her own thoughts, and thrust it aside. Karen was head of Hilltop House now. Karen was young, but she was sweet and lovable and intelligent, and she had taken over the work Julie'd chosen her to do. Julie should not try to interfere there, even though Terry was a problem to be solved. . . . Terry was a teen-age girl frantically hungry to be loved and to belong somewhere with someone. . . . and Mark would be a problem presently . . .

Going down the stairs, Julie called a halt to those thoughts. Those problems were Hilltop House problems. She had separated herself from Hilltop House so she could marry Phil. She must not offer advice or help to Karen unless Karen asked for it. It would be disastrous, even to the children, to have divided counselors.

Counselors. David, who ran the Clinic for Potential Delinquents near Hilltop, because he'd lived at the Hilltop House orphange when he was a boy. The years he'd spent there were the most crucial of his childhood, and he knew that the help and guidance given him had provided the stability which now made him one of the nation's foremost authorities in child psychology. He'd had his own tragedies, too.

Julie reached the bottom of the stairs. It was good to think of David. If she'd helped even one neglected, unwanted child to grow toward being a man like David, her years at Hilltop House were not wasted! And he was her friend. She owed very much to him. It had been David who, when she first took charge of Hilltop House, showed her very gently that the orphanage was not merely a

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Julie did not move. She, herself, was going to marry Phil. There was no reason why Karen and David should marry. If Phil came to wish it. If he'd been free to marry when she first went to Hilltop House, the whole thing might have been different. If he'd been free to marry, it would have been a delight to see the look of love in his eyes when he saw her face. She felt that she had done her best for her father, and she knew that he was filled with pride. She knew that he was thinking of her happiness, and she knew that he was thinking of her father. She knew that she had done her best for her father, and she knew that she had done her best for the happiness of her father.

Julie was waiting for the bus. She knew that her father was going to be late, and she was hoping that he would come soon. She knew that he was thinking of her happiness, and she knew that he was thinking of her own happiness. She knew that she had done her best for her father, and she knew that she had done her best for the happiness of her father.

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again just in the nick of time. The students loved Dick. When he worked, they didn't have to hire a double. Dick was a horse because he's been part of Western show business ever since he was three years old. He was born Richard P. Jones in Snyder, Texas, some twenty years ago, and his mother taught him trick-riding and roping—and playing a ukulele—when he was three-and-a-half. "My mother taught me all the stunts," says Dick wondrously, "and, to this day, I've been trying to figure out where she learned them."

At four, Dick had a pet black pony. "He was no bigger than a shepherd dog," he remembers, "but he followed me around like a pup—even came into the house. We trained him to do all sorts of tricks, but later sold him to a rodeo. I was sorry to see him go. A bit later I had a speed mare, ten hands tall, that I did all my tricks on. One dark night, coming home from a show and parade, I was cutting across the back pasture and we got tangled up and nearly fell over. But Dick never broke his horse and I almost broke my neck."

"In those days, it seems something was always happening to me. Temporally without horses, I turned to piling impromptu rodeos with the dairy cows on the farm behind us. I'd round up all the kids in the neighborhood and we'd take to roping and bucking around and just generally raising Cain in the dairy. Farmer was right irritated."

When Dick was only four-and-a-half—and working a Dallas rodeo—cowboy star Hoot Gibson said those classical words, "You ought to be in pictures." His mother was all for it and, by the time Dick turned five, he was settled on Hoot's ranch in Saugus, Massachusetts, Dick recalls. "I rode Tumbleweed, the greatest bucking horse in the world. Tumbleweed and I would trot from the ranch to the rodeo, about a mile-and-a-half down the road. I'd be on him in the Grand Entry, then we'd put him in the bucking chute—where he'd go out and promptly buck off his rider. Then I'd get back aboard and nonchalantly ride around."

"While I lived with Hoot," Dick continues, "he took me around to the studios. My first role was in a Warner Bros. picture called 'Wonder Bar.' For a week, I was one of the angels flying around page 13 on a wire—eating watermelon. I later made eleven pictures with Buck Jones. I never made a picture with Hoot."

"There's one thing that Betty and I agree on for our children," Dick says seriously, "we hope they won't want to be performers—at least, child performers. I think it's too hard on a youngster. I know from my own experience. With working most of the time, and moving from school to school, I had little chance to make friends. And youngsters all have a need to be kids."

"It may be easy for some kids, but it was tough for me. I didn't want to go to a professional school, either—that would only make me all the more 'different.' I wanted to go to a regular school and lead a normal life like the other kids on the block. Today, I still have a hard time accepting myself as an actor. Every once in a while, as I walk down the street, I'll say to myself, New just who-am I? Buffalo Bill, Jr.—or Dick West—or some character out of another movie? Or am I Dick Jones, family man and father? What's my name as I walk down the street, so I'll have an own handle? Believe me, to me it's a problem ... I call it 'professional schizophrenia.'"

"I think our faith has helped us a great deal. And especially when Betty and I were somewhat younger, I was more hotheaded. I didn't like being called 'the next John Barrymore'—not even when I knew I was being bidded. But some of the kids in school gave me a bad time. And, when they did, Betty said, 'Dick, you simply give those people a Christian witness and they will leave you alone ... So our religion has become the bulwark of our family."

Betty and Dick belong to the Hollywood Christian Group, made up mostly of Hollywood performers, and, once they had joined, found they couldn't get enough to satisfy their spiritual hunger. Dick is now on the group's board of directors, and their week revolves around its meetings. "Betty belongs to a Christian sorority," he says, "goes to a weekly breakfast, holds two prayer meetings each week with the folks in the neighborhood, and goes to church on Sunday. I go to the Wednesday—morning breakfast, to Friday—night group meetings and—if I'm not on the road—to church on Sunday."

Despite road trips, Dick has been home for the birth of all four of his and Betty's children. "My horse broke a leg and I almost broke my neck."

"When Melody was due, we had an apartment down near U.S.C. One morning, about three A.M., Betty nudged me in the back, saying, 'I think you better system, 'Come upstairs, Dick, and look at your new son.'"

Then, the day the twins—talk about excitement! August 21, 1955, was the greatest day in our life. I was supposed to work the Coliseum Rodeo, but I had a sneaking suspicion that something might happen. At the Coliseum, I had to be there well before seven. At ten A.M., Betty gave me the signal. We got to the hospital in minutes, and the first baby was born at 12:35, the second at 1:45. At all, Betty had an easy time with the twins. Me, I'm not sure I've recovered yet.

"Melody is proud as punch of the twins. She's a great little mother, says Dick. "She's a bit of a wilderness," he adds. "For a while, young Rick felt left out of things. But we spent a great deal of time with him. Dick, for example, takes him to the lumber yard to pick out wood for a continuing do-it-yourself job."

"Betty and I have spent the last hour and a half, or the last two hours, in the living room."

"But most important," she continues, "Dick takes young Rick with him to the stables to work his horse 'He's A Dandy.' Rick always wants 'just like Dad.' I know we're going to have a hard time keeping him from doing anything but a cowboy. As long as Dick carves around a trail, as an Indian and, being imitative, can do the very same tricks as his dad."

"But, more than anything," continues Betty, "Dick and I would like to encourage the children to go to school and, whenever possible, try to bring out what it means to them in particular, each in terms of their own experience, in terms of the problems they now face in school."

"We always say our prayers at night, before going to bed, and a grace before each meal. We sometimes have a round-robin at the table where the children make up their own thanks as we go around. In the evening prayer, Dick and I generally bring up the idea of giving to them an idea of some of the things they might want to include—then they are on their own. They pray for all their little friends, and for Daddy's horse. And, time, Ricky, then only two-and-a-half, said, 'Please, God, take care of my pal Robbie's dead dog ... he was one of my friends.' That's the sort of thing that makes you feel your children are growing up.

"Above all," says Betty Jones, "we never try to judge their prayers, to criticize their content or correct their phraseology. They're just learning to learn the idea that they can go to God, that He is with them all the time.

"We feel God has blessed us with a 'big family.' And there is nothing to our minds so comforting and hopeful as more innocent and closer to God ... than little children. So, you see, our family has made us feel very close to our God; and our one great goal in life is he that we'll be able to teach them each day to live as He would want them to."

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66
Three's the Most!

(Continued from page 36)
became a trio. And they were close enough in age to catch hand-me-down clothes. "I was always jealous of Chris', Dot confesses. "She always had the new clothes and I had to take her hand-me-downs." Phyl adds, "Then Dotty would pass them on to me. I was jealous of Dot because I got them third-hand."

"And how about the fudge business?" Phyl continues. "To this day, I can't forgive Chris and Dot for being so high-handed. I always got the smidgins. You see, when we were very small, Chris would make fudge. She was always a good cook. I remember when I was in grade school, when sugar was rationed during the war and it was hard to get chocolate, mother would give us permission to make candy once a week. Sometimes we made it without permission. Well, anyway, because I was the youngest, I got the thin bits of fudge. Chris would pour the fudge in a plate and then when she cut it we all got the same number of pieces but I got the outside, shallow bits and they got the big, thick center hunks."

"We had our side, too," Dotty notes. "Someone had to go to the store and get the stuff, and she wouldn't go. We'd ask her to butter the plate or help wash up. She wouldn't do her share."

"Oh, I was the baby," Phyl explains airily, "and I shouldn't have had to do all that. I was in the first grade."

Understandably, Chris was the plump one in those days. And she had the wanderlust. First up in the morning, she'd trudge down Main Street to the highway in her pajamas, all set to travel. Dot was "mother's perfect child"—until she was nine and took to the trees with a Tarzan complex. Phyl, at the age of six, began to "propose and elope" almost daily. The girls began to sing together in their tender years, but this was just for family fun. In their teens, they sang publicly at church meetings, weddings and similar gatherings. In 1950, they made a nine-month tour of Army camps. This was perhaps the turning point in their lives. On this tour, hospitalized veterans requested popular songs and the girls tried to please. They had never before sung anything but religious music in public. In 1951, they had their own TV show and sang with Karl Taylor's orchestra in Dayton. In late 1951, they came to New York, made eight appearances with Kate Smith, won a Talent Scouts show in December—and, a month later, in January of 1952, became regulars on the Arthur Godfrey programs.

"Of course, we were always together as sisters," Chris says. "But, since 1949, I'd say we've been together from breakfast to evening or late night continuously. The longest we've ever been separated has been for a weekend—and that not very often, since most one-night bookings fall on Friday and Saturday."

All kinds of silly, mixed-up things have happened to the McGuireys, for these can be three delirious damozels. There was the time they missed two planes out of the Pittsburgh Airport—although they were on the field all the time. Phyl recalls: "The three of us were on our first engagement out of New York City and we had to change planes in Pittsburgh. We were told we had fifteen minutes there, and we saw one of those places that sell those interesting, creamy-whipped cones. We rushed up to the place where they were sold, and had to stand in line because there were so many people ahead of us. We finally got the cones—and, when we went back to the plane, it had gone. We were told we had a half-hour wait and then we missed that one, too—because we were so busy looking around and so unconscious of time."

Yet the McGuire Sisters, like others who work in radio and television, are literally slaves to the clock. They must stick to a merciless schedule, day after day, to make rehearsals, air time, fittings, interviews, business meetings, recording sessions. The clock is their master from the moment they awake.

In Manhattan, Dot and Phyl live together in a duplex apartment. Chris lives a few blocks north with her husband, John Teeter, and her two boys (when they are home from school). While the girls don't congregate until after breakfast, they talk on the phone as soon as they're awake. "This is the way it is in the morning," says Phyl. "Dot is sleeping in her bedroom and I'm mine. First thing you know, the telephones begin ringing."

"I have the service call me to wake me up," Dot interrupts to explain, "and always have them call back fifteen minutes later. I'm trying to kid myself into thinking I'm sleeping overtime."

"Nothing helps me when I wake up," Phyl continues. "Not a shower, and not breakfast. When I see the sun, I feel better—but that's all. So I keep quiet in the morning. I don't talk when Chris calls. Dot gets on the phone, and she and Dot decide what we'll wear. I just listen in on their conversation so that I know what I have to wear. I grumble downstairs to the coffee pot and, pretty soon, Dot comes down, too. We haven't exchanged a word. Then we go upstairs and dress. Chris calls again to change something we were to wear. Usually, the first words Dot and

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I exchange are after we have dressed and had breakfast and are leaving the apartment to get into Chris's car to go to the studio. Then we officially start the day by saying, 'Good morning.'

The big headache is always the fight with time. Not one but three must have nails manicured, hair dressed, clothes fitted. If all favor one mausee—as they do—then it becomes three times as hard to set up an appointment, for each must go at a different time, and that means three hours lost, rather than one.

Most of our arguments are over the schedule," Chris says. "I have a hair appointment and Phyllis has one, too—but at a different time. We all know that the most important thing is rehearsal, and we can't give that up. We'll walk down the street arguing over who will give up the appointment so that we'll have that extra hour for rehearsing. Cab drivers always say that they're often wronged if we were really sisters, but when they hear us argue they know that we are!"

Actually, the girls try to coordinate their activities as well as complement one another. Dotty saves time by lending her body to the fittings for all three. The girls' measurements are almost exactly the same, and so this is practical. Dot also pays the cab fare; since the girls may be in and out of cabs a dozen times a day, this becomes another time-saver. Phyl, on the other hand, always picks up the phone (except before breakfast). She sets up time for interviews, pictures, rehearsals. Chris has always done the shopping for the trio, with never any dissension there.

"Chris buys nine-tenths of all our clothes," says Phyl, "and I mean all. Not just gowns, but stockings, underclothes, sport things. And we like everything she gets. We really have the same taste. As Dotty notes, 'We've separated and visited the same stores in the same city—and we've ended up making almost identical purchases. That's even happened with undies. Of course, we have the same coloring and size, so we wear certain styles.'" And Chris adds, "For example, we always buy seamless hose. We do this because—with six legs—there might be six crooked seams, so we avoid the problem."

The McGuire's have won a reputation for being beautifully dressed, but it's not all in the selection of clothes. Often, the girls have helped in designing their own gowns. Phyl explains, "Well, take our last set of gowns, that were actually designed by Sophie at Sales. We felt the gowns had to be striking enough to accomplish this with beadings and designs but it had to be watched. We didn't want the beading too heavy. Then we had two gowns made with strong material but used in such a way that they were just as striking as the gowns with the beading. For both of sets of gowns, the McGuire's suggested the basic ideas as well as the colors. Their new, full coats are also their own brainchildren.

"We have three black-diamond capes," says Dot, "long capes with hoods. We thought they might be chilly without sleeves and suggested long mink gloves to give the appearance of sleeves. The furrier carried the idea on a little further. He fixed the long mink gloves so that we can take off the top halves and have three-quarter size gloves. We can also take the top halves and make muff's out of them or a hat or a little bow to use with suits."

The girls seldom have to borrow clothes from one another. The exceptional time was disastrous, as Chris recalls. "I let Phyl borrow my mink stole one night and, the next night, her place was robbed—and the stole went with everything else."

Like their clothes, their luggage and handbags are identical, so they have them tailored to tell them apart. They get
They are always happy to stumble on something that will simplify their routines, for the average housewife is always looking for ways to save time. When it comes to our fingernails, we’ve stopped using colors, because of the quick changes we must make. We use plain polish so that, no matter what color we wear, the polish will not conflict.

Phyl insists that she hasn’t a sense of humor—contributes frequently to the fun. She’s good at mimicry, not just of celebrities but of everyday people they meet. She is always making others laugh. We had a doctor friend at dinner one evening,” Chris recalls, “and Phyl insisted that she was getting a fever. Well, she didn’t look flushed but it was more than 103. Well, he began to make calls to hospitals to get a bed for her, but the hospitals were full. He kept her taking her temperature, thinking there might be something wrong with her—she just had a thermometer, took her temperature again and it was still up. He was convinced that she was very ill. Then we discovered she was going into the kitchen and drinking hot coffee each time before he took her temperature!

Dot recalls, with a laugh, ‘That was nothing to the day she came into my bedroom crying—she had cut her face. I’m scared.’ And her face did look quite well, I did it with a scalding washcloth,” she said, ‘I didn’t mean to do it.’ I got so upset then she started laughing and told me she had put raw egg on her face.

The girls, so close for so many years, are extra sensitive to individual moods. When one gets in the doldrums, the other two will go out of her way to help her. Dot can be helped out of a bad mood with a basket of fruit or even just talk about a good Itali restaurant. Chris loves clothes and anything new to wear into the clodhoppers. She wears a spare Si- natra album, maybe—or a new book.

Dot is always the balance wheel. While Phyl takes care of appointments, and Chris takes care of their clothes, Dot takes care of her sisters. She is most often the peace-maker. None of their arguments is ever serious, but the girls will never simply flip a coin to decide, they never give in to one another. They talk and talk until they have reasoned out the problem. And they never part until the issue is settled.

‘Sisters usually love one another. We do, too,” says Phyl. ‘But, besides, we like one another. Of course, there are times when we wish for privacy. We always know when one is beginning to sound tiresome. There are no secrets. The one time Chris tried to throw a surprise party for me, she nearly went crazy. It was impossible. It was not a successful surprise, a very successful party.

‘When you’re a trio, there is always something exciting going on,” Chris beams, ‘or something new to look forward to, we all share it. And, when something goes wrong, you don’t have to talk about it.

‘There’s one thing, for sure, about being a trio,” Dot smiles. ‘You never get lonesome.

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A Slightly Reformed Character

(Continued from page 39)

Spike Jones: “If we knocked ourselves out for the full half-hour every week, with only the same sort of stuff we did the first hour, we'd wear out the audience in twelve weeks. We'd find ourselves coming into living rooms where the family had gone out for the evening. This way, judiciously mixing some of the corn in with the high-brow, and with Helen's torchy numbers, we could get to be a habit.

It's an old saw in show business that to succeed in the trade, you've got to wear two serious men's suits in the trade. And of all them, there's probably no one more deadly in earnest about the business of being funny than Spike Jones, who has no ancestors in show business, but harder at it—no one could, because there aren't enough hours. Spike spent three days (and nights until 2 A.M.) each week planning his TV shows with his staff. Then he'd make more days for rehearsals, and, finally, one day for dress rehearsal and the “live” show. That adds up to seven—which is about par for Spike.

It's rumored that Spike Jones has more time to enjoy his lovely Beverly Hills home. Located a block of south of Sunset Boulevard, in one of the older, very proper sections of Beverly Hills, this manor house is so far back from the street, with colorful flowerbeds lining the red brick walk.

As one friend puts it, it's an “astutely squarer” house for Jones and its stately columns across the front of the house. But the tongue-in-cheek attitude Spike shows toward many things greets the visitor, even before he has a chance to lift his hand to the brass knocker. The huge doormat is lettered: “Stokowski.”

Inside the house, there appear to be excellent copies of world-famous masterpieces, as well as carte blanche gallerie which reveals that the “Blue Boy” on one wall actually has Spike's face, and wears tennis sneakers. Opposite him, the “Whistler’s Mother,” sitting so sedately in her boudoir, has a coat of arms in the Daily Racing Form folded neatly across her lap. And, across the room, the enigmatic smile of the “Mona Lisa” appears below a pair of eyes as crossed as two eyes could be.

The two Jones offspring—Spike, Jr., who's just turned 8, and Leslie Ann, 5—are two of the healthiest, huskiest, most normal little characters you could imagine. Mary Foster, who has had them in her charge for the last two years obviously adores them, as “hammy” as the next when they feel like it.

Little Leslie Ann, with the promise of future beauty already on her little pug-nosed face, is a natural comedian, as much as any 5-year-old, she plays with a boy as rough-and-ready Spike Junior. She could hardly escape being that, Helen points out, since the neighborhood is over a dozen boys, in which she has a contract with Daily Racing Form. So in order to have someone to play with, she plays with boys. “This will be fine,” Mary points out, prophetically, “if these boys stay in school until high school. Leslie will have all the dates she can handle, right in the block!”

Spike Junior's household chores currently include cleaning the bird cage for the family Angora, aarga, solemnly called Saul. The Jones manger, generally a fluctuating community, is now at one of its low points, censurewise. Besides Saul, there's Irving, the silver-colored poodle. And there are the tropical fish: In a ten-foot-long aquarium, set at eye-level into the wall of the family room, swim some of the biggest angelfish in private captivity. Spike claims these are a sort of “food bank,” and would pass as fleet of sole if times ever get lean. And then there is Spike Junior, who has no beard, no whiskers, but a bit of wide-eyed innocence, “there's something I want to try on you.” Always ready to oblige his son, Spike Senior took the stance his son dictated. The next thing he knew, he was in a costume.

Actually, it's only poetic justice that the Jones young have a mischievous streak. Pop has been playing jokes on the public for many years. This time, it seems highly suitable that he now has someone to return the compliment.

The Spike Jones brand of musical tomfoolery probably got its real start years ago, when Spike was only a country boy, in Long Branch, California. Of course, Spike claims some of the “corn” may have been brought West by his father, the late John Jones, a native of Excelsior, Iowa. The elder Jones was a railroad telegrapher for fifty-five years, and brought his family to Long Beach when Spike was a boy.

The “corn” was inherited in course, debatable. But when Spike was only knee-high to a tuba, he developed a burning passion to own and play a trombone. His indulgent parents helped pad out his allowance with the coveted instrument. Then he discovered, much to his distress, that his arms were too short to play the trombone properly. With the help of a friend, as Spike jokingly pointed out, and still stoutly maintains, it takes an unusually good musician to play as badly as his men do, on cue. “And,” he adds, “anyone can actually play a cornet, if you train it to do the presentations that were put on by Spike Jones and his City Slickers. Besides the standard fiddles, trumpets, saxophones and cornet, the Slickers were adept at playing tuned flint-guns, bicycle pumps that whistled, telephone bells which rang in key, and bagpipes which exploded on cue. At one point, the band even turned loose a miniature kitchenette. The cello would belch firecrackers, and the tuba blew tuba-size bubbles. As a clincher, the harp popped corn, dispensed soft drinks, and shot arrows into the air at appropriate moments.

Yet the band still managed to work in a tune, here and there. They spoofed the Emperors, from Brahms straight through to Tchaikovsky. They shot holes in the sentimental ballads (one of the masterpieces they turned out during this era was an old one, “Annie, My Little Girl,” in which recorded Dean Martin was still a popular seller in the music shops).

Maybe the psychologists would have another diagnosis of this national phenomenon, but Spike simply thought it helped a lot like Lindley Jones, in kickling the sacred cows of music in the slats, was performing a vicarious service for all frustrated citizens. For years, these masters of tone would have to take a swat at the conventions stifling them—but lacked the courage. Along came Spike, without an inhibited bone in his body, to kick them.
If the wedding was quiet, it was probably a pretty good thing. Because there hasn't been a lot of silence there. Life in the Jones household is rarely tranquil, never dull. For a while, it just practically didn't exist—at least, the home life didn't. Helen went off on a tour of her own, a couple of years ago. Spike, making some personal appearances at this same time, claims that all they got to see of each other during this period was when they'd wave at each other trains passed each other, going in opposite directions.

If the pace hasn't slackened, at least they're going in the same direction nowadays. On TV, Helen decorates at least two spots on Spike's show each week, and they are together for rehearsals, as well as for the rare times when they manage to be home simultaneously.

Among these rare times, the most pleasant are when Helen's family shows up for some celebration or other. Spike, an only child, acquired quite a family when he married Helen. She has, besides her parents, five brothers and five sisters, all of whom live only a matter of minutes from the Jones house.

When the whole Gravey family gathers, as it does for Gravey's or Grandma Gravey's birthdays, or other national holidays, they can count fifty-five heads. That is, if those heads stay up above water in the Jones swimming pool long enough to be counted.

Spike is always in the middle of the mob, stirring up the fun. He has the stern-jawed, deadpan face which would do credit to any but the mind could be Puck's, or a comic-opera version of Mephistopheles. He's always tipping the youngsters off on some new deviltry, or strolling the brothers-in-law into some practical joke on one of the girls. To the thirty-one Gravey grandchildren, Spike is another Pied Piper.

No one will ever deny that Spike Jones loves younger, especially his own two. But he does refuse to let them dictate what he is to do, and when he is to do it. It just happens that Spike believes parents have a few rights to assert, too.

Assert himself he did, recently. Bogged down by an inescapable load of rehearsals and planning sessions, he ran headlong into Spike Junior's birthday. Leaving him to his opera, he admits, he asked the boy what he'd like to do for his birthday. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad replied that he wanted to take some lessons to Disneyland.

"I simply couldn't get away for the entire day it would require to make that kind of a trip. But I couldn't give the boy that kind of an excuse—at eight, things like rehearsals and work schedules just don't mean much. So I just explained how Disneyland is in Philadelphia, and the trip would take too long. He agreed he'd just as soon go to the Fair, which was playing just a couple of miles down the pike. But," Spike sighs, "he's still a little bothered about how a couple of his friends were able to make it to Philadelphia and back in the same day."

There will, of course, come a day of reckoning. One fine day Spike Junior's geography will improve, and Spike Senior will be left to account for such parental connivance. It would be fun to be around, and find out what trick Spike Junior plays on his dad to even up the score. It's bound to be good one, and it will serve him right. Anyone who's perpetrated as many tricks on as many people as has Spike Jones, deserves at least a little comeuppance—even if it's from his own son!
Come
(Continued

from page

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Decorations: Children love bright colors,
fresh bouquets of flowers on the table,
bright paper garlands, amusing or fanciful
cutouts, inexpensive favors made by themselves or bought at the variety store,
pretty lace-paper doilies and fancy paper
napkins. The adult who lets her child assist in all this is making that party memorable for days in advance and perhaps
for years afterward. It can be a lesson in
choosing harmonious colors and in creating something pretty from quite ordinary
materials.
Invitations:

"Every child must be drawn into something
at

a

party,"

says. "When a
be kind to other
not only teaching party

Mrs.

Mace

mother teaches a child
children,

she

is

to

manners but the best possible way

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or for older ones who will leave a party
after dark. The young host's or hostess's
mother has the job of finding out who's
bringing and picking up whom, as this
is an adult responsibility.

Chaperones: The question of whether
parents or older brothers or sisters
should accompany the children at the
party is one to be decided between hostess
and families of the guests. At The Mace
School, mothers are discouraged from
hovering too closely, except for those
needed to keep things moving happily and

—

refreshment time.
"Just remember, it's a party for the children," says Mrs. Mace, "and they don't
like to be watched every moment under
those circumstances, as long as there is
at least one responsible adult close by. It
spoils a child's pleasure to be told, on the
way home, that she did this or that wrong.
If there has been something that needs
correction, hold off a while perhaps until
the next invitation comes."
at

assist

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Gales of laughter
cool, cool looking

and unimportant. We ask our children who
can perform to get up without coaxing and
entertain the others. These are not necesthe professional children. All the
children have talents they love to use. We
like doing
tell those who may not feel
something at the moment that, if they do
a good job under those circumstances, it
proves they are really adaptable. That it's
even better to make a success of something when you didn't feel like doing it."
Bonnie Sawyer has worked out her own
idea for a neighborhood or school or community party. Sometimes not all the children are known to one another, so she
has made a tag for each child to wear,
Who are you?"
lettered: "I'm
This is a good idea for adult parties, too,
where introductions are spoken quickly,
and names forgotten, or where the crowd
is too large for individual introductions.
The children love it, and even a potential
wallflower is bound to get acquainted and
become part of the group.
Games: The wise adult tells a child to
take part in all the activities at a party,
even if he doesn't happen to like all the
games the others are playing. If you don't
know how to play a certain game, she
advises, ask to have it explained to you.
Kissing games seem to go with parties
and it's Frieda Mace's belief that you can't
stop them, that the kids look upon them
as they would upon other party games,
and that it's a mistake to make them seem

problem

wallflower

important by objecting. A grownup should
be around, unobtrusively, ready to suggest
other activities.

The most fun for children, of course, are
the active games, if the weather is nice
outdoors or there is room enough indoors.
Small objects that can be jarred off tables
or thrown to the floor should be put away.
Mother's best lamp should be pushed safely out of reach.
An interesting modern version of the
game called "Going to Jerusalem" or
"Musical Chairs" is to seat the children in
a circle or oval on the floor and pass some
small, smooth object from one to the other.
Even an orange or a well-washed potato

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showers of song ... a rising barometer promises plenty of
listening for the

coming season

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though some all-time

favorites face stormy weather ahead! For an exciting glimpse of

holds for TV-radio audiences

young talents on the
T
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life.

child should be allowed to feel left out

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Whether given informally,
by telephone, in person, or by mail, invitations should be explicit as to the hour
when the party will begin and will end,
so provision can be made by families to
get the children to the party on time and
get them home on time. There should be
no doubt about transportation arrangements, especially for very young children

Sociability:

Children should be taught how to draw
other children into the circle of fun.

sarily

Mace's ideas:

to

begin early, if a little girl (or even
a boy) is timid and shy. Mrs. Mace tells
her children: "We think too often that
everything should come our way, without
our making enough effort. You must not
expect that everyone will be trying to
make you happy every minute. You have
to do some of it yourself. Make yourself
happy. Join in the fun with the others."

may

49)

drive for children's aid, a bazaar. Even a
small party might profit from it."
Two children can be on the Refreshment
Committee, to decide on the food and how
it is to be served. Two can get the inexpensive favors and prizes at any local
variety store or similar treasure trove, as
part of the Game Committee they can
decide what games shall be played, too.
A Picture Committee can include the children with cameras who would like to take
Clean-up Committee can be
snapshots.
made up of an older girl and boy who can
stay a while after the party is over and
will think it's fun, as Mrs. Mace's children
do. (Sometimes they get the extra cookies
or cakes left over!) The important thing
is for the child to participate in as many
ways as possible. Here are some of Mrs.

perhaps

Aid of Your Party

to the

October

air

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from new developments

in

what 1957-58

the industry to fresh

be sure to see the colorful pictures and

stories

issue of

TV RADIO MIRROR

Ft

at your newsstand
72

September 5

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will do no fruit that will crack open,
nothing that has sharp edges or can jab.
Whoever is caught with the object in his
hands, as the music stops, meets the same
fate as if he had been left without a chair
to sit on in the older version of this game.
The absence of the chairs and the marching around fits better into smaller rooms.
Word games are always fun, if they are
not played so long that the children get
weary. Older youngsters, the ones in sixth,
seventh and eighth grades, love them.

But variety is the spice of any party, so
no game should be played until the children get restless.
Dancing: This is

tops, especially for the
older children. The Bunny Hop, the Lindy
square dancing, if you have a big enough
room, or a game room or playroom in the
basement. It's wisest to consult the kids
here, and find out what they like to do.
Some of the children at Mace have a sys-

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at their own parties for hearing all
their favorite recordings. Each child brings
one or two, marked with his name on a
tiny piece of adhesive tape attached to the
middle of the record. This way, records
can easily be identified and collected at
going-rhome time.
Refreshments: Little children still like
sandwiches peanut butter, and jelly the
traditional party ice cream and cake.
Older children go for Cokes and Peosis
and root beer, potato chips and pretzels,
apples and doughnuts (for square dancing)
and, of course, hamburgers and
frankfurters. Cookies that satisfy, sometimes individual little cakes, each with one
candle on it, instead of a traditional birthday cake.
cute idea for summer drinks,
or cold drinks at any time, is to dip the
rim of the glass in orange juice and then
into granulated sugar, with enough clinging to form an edge. Put in the refrigerator until ready to fill with whatever
drink you are serving. The child sips the
drink by way of a sparkling frosted-orange

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rim and is delighted with the new taste.
Sit-down or buffet serving depends upon
the hostess's facilities and room. Also upon
the value she places upon her rugs and
furnishings! A game room with a floor
designed for easy cleaning admits of passing paper plates and cups and balancing
them in small hands. A back yard takes a
lot of punishment. Or even a porch. Many
families find the dining room table the
safest place for serving, or they set up

card tables.
Mrs. Mace reminds her children it is not
necessary to race for the food, and it is
necessary to wait until all are served at a
table. They are told to keep a plate passed
to them unless they are asked to pass it
along, to watch the hostess if they are not
sure when to start and what silver to use,
but also to remember that it's a party and
not to worry too much about some unimportant error.
A child should be reminded, if necessary, not to comment on something he
doesn't like, to keep it on his plate and
eat a little of it if he can. Never, never,
Mrs. Mace tells the children, ask to have
something removed from your plate, or
make a fuss about it. Eat a second portion
of something else, if it's passed to you.
Don't say anything rude. Don't talk to just

one

child. If

you have a joke

to

tell,

that's

a nice joke that everyone will enjoy, and be sure it won't hurt
anyone's feelings.
Bringing a present: Hand it to the person for whom it is intended, and put in a
card so it will be remembered as yours,
fine,

but be sure

it's

no matter how many it may get mixed up
with, in the excitement of arriving. If
parties in your community are frequent
enough to be financially burdensome, you

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might suggest that, for your own children's party, you are limiting presents to a certain price level, the kind that can be purchased at the ever-useful neighborhood variety or toy store. Kids love gifts, especially when they get a lot at one time, and don't care a bit what they cost. The fun is in the opening, so help your child to wrap the presents prettily—and let him use his own ideas if he wants to.

Family Parties: Those special occasions at Christmas or birthday time are more fun when a child or a group of children distribute the gifts, make their own little presentation speeches, plan the way in which everything is to be done. At the Mace School, the children learn poise and assurance by acting as masters and mistresses of ceremonies at the monthly assemblies, introducing the children who are to perform or contribute in any way. Adapting this plan to any close-knit group, such as a family or church or school, even timid children can get up and do a good job—good for them and fun for the others.

Party Dress Up: Simple little dresses for the girls, white or pastels, or a tailored dress prettied up with beads or a flower or a fancy collar or belt. Never, even at the Mace Graduation Prom, an off-the-shoulder dress for a pre-high-school child. A little sleeve, usually at the Prom. Stockings can be worn instead of socks, a little heel, not more than an inch or so. Sports jackets and slacks for the boys, or a suit. Tie and white shirt for that important party, otherwise a sports shirt.

A little girl's hair can be put up in a pony tail or caught back with a barette or rubber band. Girls like to wear their hair a little differently at a party, just as their mothers do. Nails buffed, without gaudy polish, soap-and-water skin, maybe a touch of natural-looking lipstick for the older girls, because it makes them feel very pretty and elegant. The same goes for a light cologne or toilet water. Deodorants for both girls and boys. The boys are told that, if they smell, girls will notice them—and certainly if they want dancing partners—their hair must be clean, also their hands and nails; their shoes shined, their faces scrubbed. They seem to get the idea.

Time to Leave: A child should be taught to gather up all his belongings when he leaves—little girls' handbags, boys' caps, overhoses or rubber boots, raincoats. Toys or records that have been brought along, favors given to be taken home. If a child has been told to leave a party at a certain time, arrangements have not yet been served, he can ask to use the telephone and explain to his mother. If he must leave anyway—and this is the hardest part of all—the hostess should try to wrap up at least a few of the goodies. If he makes a fuss about leaving, he should be reminded that when he leaves willingly he earns the privilege of going to other parties. A good posture guards against serving too late for every child to be present, however.

Mrs. Mace impresses on the children to remember the home they have to go to, as do their own, as they do their school. "Don't let your parents and your training down," she says to them. As a teacher, as a woman who has had four children of her own and whose grown-up daughter Alyce is now a talented actress-singer, Mrs. Mace has been close to many children all through her life. "No one has any trouble with educating children in the Three R's, when the parents will cooperate," she smiles. "Understanding parents hold the key. With a child's standing at school, to his fun at parties. The rule is to keep children busy and occupied—happily busy. And to let them participate in their own parties as much as possible."
The Quiz Kings Face to Face!

Meet The Quiz Kings Face to Face!

(Continued from page 25)

cidered for the job, including some top emcees in TV and radio, important commentators, well-known stage, screen and TV actors. The story is practically the same everywhere: the contract calls for a practical fee—tops, and he to has to stay tops against the keenest kind of competition.

Here is what may get you on $61,000 or even more, depending on what you think you're smart enough to compete—write a letter to the show, in care of CBS-TV, 483 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. The letter will be opened in a reasonable period of time. If they receive that, well, then obviously should be as informative and impressive as you can make it.

If you sound interesting for their show, you will get a questionnaire to being the kind of questionnaire that will sound interesting for the kind of contestant who will in no way embarrass himself or the program.

The next move, if your answers to the questionnaire interest the powers-that-be, will be a personal call from someone connected with the show, who will ask for more details and form a personal judgment. The call to the effect that you are a good bet, you will then be asked to visit the show's offices in New York. (From out of town, at their expense, or a likely expense.)

Here the plot thickens, and you get your first experience as a quiz contestant, and as a character to whom this kind of wonderful thing couldn't possibly be happening. Q. What is the fact, and at the same time, portable and at ease, while questions in the subject that interest you are asked by a group of the staff members. Your range of knowledge—or lack of it—shows up fairly quickly. If it's good, and they decide you have the personality to stand up under TV broadcasting conditions, the chances are excellent that you will be employed.

The $64,000 Challenge works about the same way. Those who want to match knowledge with a $64,000 Question champion face the same procedures before appearing on the show to be selected and to do the show on NBC-TV. They're the relaxed master of ceremonies. Ralph, thirty-seven this August, originally came from Kalamazoo, Michigan, started on local radio stations in house, radio in Buffalo, New York. He was a P-51 Mustang pilot, with sixty-three fighter-escort missions to his credit on the European continent during World War II, went back, worked in the field, finally to host the show in Los Angeles, before his present assignment. He has a teen-age son.

Ralph's one of the new breed of quizmasters who give out with no fireworks, no dollar signs, but keep the suspense-drama intrinsic to the whole concept of the show. They work with quiet sincerity, have poise that communicates to the contestants as well as the audience—the man is present, and have great warmth with the people they meet on the shows and the knack of making the contestants seem the real star of the show.

Hal March emerged in his middle 30's as the quiet-voiced quizmaster of The $64,000 Question, after a long preparation ranging from public performances as amateur waiter, bartender, in his late teens to night-club comedian and featured performer on some of the country's most popular radio and TV programs. He served in the Army as a radar operator in the Coast Artillery, later was half of the comedy team of Sweeney and March, was the "door-to-door neighbor of the Buzzer" on the Allen Case Quiz, and later, Imogene Coca's TV husband on her series. He is married to the former Candy Toxton Torne, dotes on her little boy and girl by a former marriage, and their own baby son, born this past June.

The programs, Twenty-One and Tic Tac Dough, on NBC-TV, are produced by the company of three, Hal March, who is an executive. (They also have an exciting new one called High-Low.) Prospective contestants for either Twenty-One or Tic Tac Dough (based on the old children's game) are筛选 by one and then write a letter all about themselves and address it to the producers, Barry & Enright, 667 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. The letter should be addressed to anyone who is in the New York area—or expects to be there shortly—receives a note giving instructions to call the office for an appointment.

The producer will select the would-be contestant takes a preliminary written examination consisting of one hundred multiple-choice questions. This takes about half an hour. If the answers don't appear to be acceptable personally, they are then asked if they want to take the further examination for Twenty-One, the tougher and financially more richly rewarding of the two. This examination is filled out at the time of the preliminary examination on Tic Tac Dough, however, has risen to around $15,000, on occasion). Many persons have no desire to get on a big program like Twenty-One, and don't. Tic Tac Dough will be less strenuous and more fun for them personally. In that case, they meet with one of the staff members of that show for further interviews, and if they don't pass these, they don't have to. We never refuse anyone, a staff interviewer tells us.

"We try to get a balance with six people planned for a show, all different. Never all men or all women, never all married, never all single, never all quizmasters, never all housewives. They are the breed—butter of the show. Everybody roots for them; viewers love them. If they have an interesting hobby, this helps, but they don't have to. We like people, too, who are in the workaday business world. We often select contestants on the basis of sheer personality, because we think viewers will enjoy knowing something about the man or woman, and will find a consciousness, be warm and friendly—and, of course, reasonably well-informed to answer questions from Groucho."}

Another way of getting on You Bet Your Life is to be in the studio audience, but that's for a later date and not the same evening. Write well in advance for tickets that there's a lot of jol for you, and if the crowd is going in, try to be "dated" for an interview, be as natural as you can and tell everything about yourself that will be of interest. Don't be too certain you're expecting to be chosen for the current performance—contestants have already been selected for that date and are not plucked from studio audiences shortly before the air time.

The rapid-fire, cigar-puffing quizmaster and quizmaster of You Bet Your Life, Groucho Marx, came up through years of working in stage, radio, television, movies and a succession of radio and TV shows. He was long famous as the dominant and tart-tongued member of the Marx Brothers, a team which at various times included all four of his brothers—Chico, Harpo, Zeppo and Gummo.

It was Mama Marx, an accomplished harpist herself, who started her five sons on music. Papa Marx, "Mr. Tadio," of course, taught his children the tricks of the trade. "He taught them all how to do shows, how to do radio, how to do TV, how to do everything," said Jack Benny, who had been his mentor for decades. "He taught them how to write, how to direct, how to work with the band, how to work with writers. At the same time, he taught them how to be a businessman. He told them how to make a living, and how to make a living from their shows. He taught them to be honest, to be fair, to be just. He taught them to be a good person."
Groucho's comment was typical: "I ask the questions, I don't answer them." His eleven-year-old daughter, Melinda, has appeared with him on television, seems likely to carry on the chespan tradition.

Two For The Show should be addressed in care of CBS-TV in New York (address already given). The producers of this show look for interesting facts, unusual hobbies or occupations, or any other qualities that make contestants stand out to advantage. This show prefers a snapshot or other photo (non-returnable) with the initial letter. (If you have any to spare, it is essential that you send along a snapshot with your first request in writing any program.) Here, as in every other case, your letter should be as informative and personal as possible. You want to be invited for an interview.

Dr. Mason Gross, Provost and Professor of Philosophy at Rutgers University, assists emcee Sam Levenson, hands out the questions and signs the program list. All questions on this show get progressively harder, but are not too demanding at any time, and the whole atmosphere is one of fun, rather than strong competition for money prizes.

Sam Levenson, who has been called "the ex-schoolteacher with the sugar-coated psychology and mellifluous smile" that livens the show with his own warm and bubbling personality and his endless fund of stories about kids and parents and family relations, is part of the Levenson monologues and only part quiz, a system which makes to seem everyone happy. Everyone knows that Sam is a happily married man and that there is a son. Conversant enough and witty enough himself to grow up to be a quizmaster before long—as well as a small daughter, Emily.

Nene That Tune, the musical quiz, should be addressed as follows: Nene That Tune, Box 199, New York 11, N. Y. Your letter should be detailed enough to take the place of a personal interview. "Pretend that you are numbers is sitting in your kitchen having a cup of coffee with you, and you're just chatting," is their advice.

Don't send a mere list of vital statistics, although these can be included—your height, your weight, your age, etc. Be sure to send along a list of seven songs to make up a Golden Medley of your choice. They suggest a variety (all of which should be familiar ones—some old, some new, some fast, some slow. And they're sure to want a smiling snapshot. (Since fewer men submit to the program, a man has an especially good chance.)

This is not a show for "experts." No one type of contestant has proved better than others at naming tunes. Grand-prize winners have included a fireman and farm wives, a teacher and grammar-school students. Those who like music, who live in the atmosphere by listening to television, radio, records, newspapers, are quickly to recognize a tune and to recollect its name, stand the best chance. Contestants are paired off to win a possible $25,000 and home viewing party... or sending in their own Golden Medleys.

Thirty-four-year-old George de Witt, quizmaster of Name That Tune, began his show-business career as a high-school boy in Atlantic City, taking long, stringy, doubled as a singing waiter. He served in the Merchant Marine (Norwegian), in the British Royal Air Force, and as a United States Navy flyer. After this country entered the war, He is well known as a TV and night-club headliner. Everybody who watches Name That Tune, and George, knows he has a little boy named Jay who is the biggest prize in his daddy's life and is apparently headed, at three years of age, for a brilliant show-business career of his own later on.

To get on Walt Framer's ever-popular Strike It Rich, your reason for wanting to "strike it rich" has to be an all-important factor. Write a letter to the program, care of CBS-TV in New York, explaining as fully as possible why you would like to win some money. The program will notify you if you are being considered, and invite you to come in for an interview. The kind of person you are, the way in which you are likely to conduct yourself on the air, are criteria, of course. But the big thing here is your motive for wanting to appear on the show and your need of the money, whether for your own personal gain or for benefit of some other person or persons, or some organization other worthwhile cause.

Host Warren Hull, whose name is practically synonymous with the program because of his association with it, was a musician in his school days, became a professional singer and broke into acting in stock and on Broadway and in the movies. He played lead parts in thirty-six Hollywood motion pictures, worked in West Coast radio and in the East, will celebrate his thirtieth year as emcee on Strike It Rich. He is married, has six children and a couple of grandchildren, and considers that he himself has indeed struck it very rich.

The Big Payoff caters to men as contestants, but the rewards go largely to their womenfolk. Any man, from ten to one hundred, can write to the program in care of CBS-TV in New York. The letter should name the woman for whom the writing is to be done. A husband may wish to win for a wife, a father for a daughter, a boss for a secretary. A couple attending the show in person may be chosen. Beech-Nut and interview just before the show, if the man has an impressive reason for wishing to reward the lady. Even a "Payoff Partner"—a male out-of-towner who can't be in New York at the show—can join in the winnings when a contestant is who present answers questions for him. In addition, every week a woman who has no man to win for can win a studio audience, and a celebrity guest attempts to win for her, becoming her "man" for the moment.

Emcee of The Big Payoff is Randy Meriman, who co-stars with glamorous Bess Myerson. Randy is a graduate of sports announcing, disk-jockeying, even circus band playing. A movie producer has been a doorman at various big-city movie houses, before joining a vaudeville act and then managing vaudeville theaters. He is a successful announcer on radio before he became Famous and has three children, a girl and two boys.

Because it is primarily a stunt show, emcee of the Linkletter and People Are Funny ask out some participants to fit certain stunts they have in mind—never of course letting contestants know why they are being approached. "We may need a housewife, one or two kids," Jackie Guedel tells us. "We may need a woman for some particular stunt who has a bubbling, happy kind of personality, without any particular distinctive requirements, who may require a guy who has become a father that day, or it may require a schoolteacher, or a newly married couple. In these additions, we look for them." In addition, staff members are always on the lookout for interesting and resourceful people who capture audience enthusiasm.

"But the two major ways to get on this program," Guedel continues, "are the same..."
as for most others: You write in and tell
enough about yourself to arouse interest
(enclosing a snapshot), and then wait to
be asked to appear for a personal inter-
view. The address is John Queen, 3733
Baldwin Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Or, you write to NBC-TV Ticket
Division, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood,
Calif.—four to eight weeks in advance—and
be sure your name and address are
hope to be picked! from the studio audience
on the fateful day.

After twenty-two years in the business, stuntmaster Bud
Cullen has almost that sixth sense in selecting interesting and
amusing contestants on the basis of just a few seconds of pre-broadcast interviewing. People come to the show, have a chance to
show how much they know, whether a pre-arranged guest or one
picked out of the audience knows what
is going to be asked of him or her until
art says so on the air.

Linkletter himself gives the impression of having a perpetual party on his own
shows. Perhaps it is because, as the adage says, success never came up
against the realities of life when he was very young, and parties and fun are still something to get wide-
eyed about. It was while Linkletter was a student at San Diego State College, was attracted to radio and got into it while still in college. He’s been married since 1936 to his
pretty wife, Lois, and there are five “little Linkletters”: Robin, age six; one old friend, a week on Dad’s House Party program, over CBS-TV and Radio; Dawn, 17, and
Robert, 12, are hoping; Sharon, 10, and Diana, 7, are there already; and games and TV cowboys and spacemen.

On his daily House Party, art’s love for kids comes out plain for all to see, as does his honest and direct way of dealing with them. You can take him for what you get. He has a wealth of fun-loving kids of all ages, from four to
four-score-and-twenty, comes out, equally
plain for all to see.

Contests, for which Edwards’ brain-
child, Truth Or Consequences, are chosen from studio audiences, except in the case of
what they call “frame” acts, when some-
one is “framed” to appear for a particular stunt and it’s given away by his own foul
words. For the average person who wants to get
on the show, the way is simple: Just write NBC-TV Ticket Division, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif. You need not be an up-to-date
enough in advance to make it possible to
tell your request. Usually, it’s about the
standard eight weeks, but it can be much
longer, depending on the demand, so ask
early and state the approximate date when you
are on hand.

Emcee Bob Barker who is usually
Washington, got his first job in radio when he
was a Drury College student in Spring-
field, Missouri, although his big interest
then was geology rather than dramatics. After getting engaged in the business
and went back to college, thought that working in a radio station might be interesting and stopped in at the local station to ask for a
job. Surprisingly, he got it. They needed
and he was hired.

He had no idea what that meant, but he
read from a handful of papers they handed
him, became newswriter and newscaster,
and has been at it ever since. When Link-
netter went to CBS-TV in New York, and Queen For A Day in Hollywood, pick all their contestants right
out of studio audiences only a little while
ago. In Hollywood, a little over twenty-one
The Clock are obtained by writing to
CBS-TV Ticket Division, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. This is actu-
al a stunt or game show, more than a
Linkletter production party and the audi-
ence just as good a chance to be
chosen for its own sake. (We sug-
st you expect to wait six or eight weeks
after the day ticket request, however, as
the letters and postcards pour in continuously.)

Contestants are picked in pairs, most
to have been engaged or married couples,
but not always. Sometimes two strangers
are paired. Sometimes they are picked by
its own decision. Top prize involves a “bonus stunt”
that starts at $5,000 and works its way
up, week after week, in $1,000 jumps.

Emcee and co-producer of
Beau The Clock on NBC-TV from radio to television from radio in the spring of 1950,
was a man ahead of the times in the re-
strained and quiet way he works the
show, not forcing the issue and letting them have all the fun. With
a law degree from Fordham University
in New York, and two years of a law clerk
Hollywood, he followed the footsteps of his actress
mother and his actress sister, June Coller,
wife of Stu Erwin. He’s also married
to an actress, Marian Shockley, has two
teen-agers. and been at the job for twelve years.

The Price Is Right, the daily morning
program, suggests you write in well ahead for tickets to the broadcasts, care of NBC-
half hour time. Stunts are good for the
ask to them. They sometimes take
those they think will suit the stunts slated
for that day’s show. If one involves
a talkative woman, for instance, they
look for a nice, glibby, friendly sort of
girl in black, if the role requires a
woman type, they look for that kind of
man.

In the case of some pre-arranged stunts
that have to be set up ahead of time, such as
radio and TV quiz shows, often if a
doesn’t look for the part in it.

Cullen gets a sense of how
one person is available for several days,
sometimes weeks, and in these cases, too,
the contestants are “framed” beforehand.
It is emcee Bob Barker who is usually
responsible for final choice of a contestant.

He has a good idea of the type of person
who will be fun to work with and will
play right along with the show and have
fun, too. Bob was born in Derrington,
He Will Never Be a Has-Been!

(continued from page 42)...

...let the facts talk. I'd feel funny blowing my own horn.

Gene Smith, his cousin, best friend and confidant, has been in from the kitchen of the two-room suite, along with his brother Carol, Arthur Hooten and Cliff Gleaves—all school chums and buddies from Memphis.

"It's getting time for lunch," says Gene.

"What's for you?"

"I'm not hungry," Elvis glances at the publicity man. "In fact, I'm going to take a nap. I've been running my company. Sure, they run interference for me when I go in and out of stage doors. You know how the kids are sometimes—they'd tear my clothes off for souvenirs, and that's no joke!"

"Would you want bodyguards against my own fans? I'm on the go so much, away from my family. Can't people understand I get lonesome..." Fiji, my friend, she makes the rushing around easier to bear."

The reporter is struck by a coincidence.

"Did you know that Lionel Barrymore and Robert Taylor were listed on this floor? Also Stewart Granger, Yul Bryner, Glenn Ford..."

Elvis snaps out of a brooding silence to ask, "Say, I wonder if Gable ever used this room?"

"Gable never did," says the publicity man. "But Sinatra did when he made 'High Society,' and Crosby used it when he did 'Man of a Thousand Faces.'"

"Gale! Crosby and Sinatra," echoes Elvis, lost in the marvel of some private dream. "And now me? Don't pinch me or I'll wake up..."

He has draped himself into a leather club chair. He seems relaxed and contemplative. It's hard to believe he has been on the treadmill since early morning. At eight, he reported to studio for rehearsals; then a stiff workout at the gym; then back for two more hours of intense rehearsing. Now a fast lunch is to be devoured in the course of an interview, which, because of its subject matter, is bound to be emotionally disturbing.

The reporter studies him curiously. How does he manage to keep his cool? Yet there he is, smiling, his white pigskin shoes, tan suede jacket and dark yellow slacks giving him a surface air of casual jauntiness. He notices her staring at the disc-shaped ornament handled necklace and he raises his fingers to fondly. "It's Indian work," he explains. "A very sweet kid gave it to me when I did a show up in Canada. This kid—when she handed it to me, she told me it would bring me luck. Luck! What else have I had but?"

With his sideburns gone—for the first half of the film, he wears a crew cut wig—Elvis looks younger than any period since he hit the big-time. Part of this is due to the fact that he has dropped from 185 to 172 pounds during the nine days of his most recent personal-appearance tour. Though he looks younger in the physical sense, there is a new quality of firmness and deliberation in his manner. "I don't eat or sleep too well on these trips," says Elvis, "I get too keyed up and, when I go back to my room, the whole performance keeps racing through my head over and over—especially if it was a bad one."

No question has been asked but he evidently senses one. "Oh, sure, I always know when it hasn't been up to par. Maybe the audience doesn't feel anything wrong, but I can feel right down in my bones when it hasn't been a real knock-out-and-go show. That's when I need the lonesome."

Suddenly, he chuckles softly. "The things you writers say! One fellow came to see me and he spotted a book on the table. Matter of fact, it wasn't my book—somebody forgot it. 'So you write?' he asked. I began to do a bum. 'Of course I read,' I told him. Then he says, 'Do you like the three Bs'? So I said, 'Are they any kin to the three Rs?'" So he wrote that Elvis never heard of Bach, Beethoven or Brahms. "I told him he was better off getting a writer and she looked at me and said, 'I think I'll do a story on 'Is Elvis Going Longhair?' I guess if she saw me playing pool, which we'd do a piece on 'Is Elvis going hoodium?'"

He grins at the reporter and asks slyly, "Didn't you write a column about which young man will replace Elvis?"

"Which do you think will?" the reporter fires back.

Elvis throws back his head and roars at the thrust. "Like the Colonel says ... quote. There's plenty of room at the top, unquote."

A knock comes at the door and two busboys enter with his lunch. The tray holds a banana split, two order of mashed potatoes, a bowl of brown gravy, a plate of sliced tomatoes, two large glasses of tomato juice and an order of bread and butter. "Me for the simple food," remarks Elvis. "I'd rather have cornbread and buttermilk in private than the fanciest meal in a restaurant with everyone watching me like I was a trained seal."

He points his fork at the reporter. "You're the first to knock on my fans. They put the food on this plate. But I like to eat in quiet."

The reporter nods. "Do you like the sight of Tommy Sands," he asks.

Elvis' eyes brighten. "You know Tommy? That's a great boy. He's got it."

The reporter has taken a clip of papers from her bag and Elvis, seeing this, shrugs. "You've been checking on how I'm doing?"

"I picked these up on my way home at the Colonel's office. The clippings cover the nine-day tour Elvis made prior to beginning "Jailhouse Rock" at M-G-M. In fourteen appearances, he turned net hay of $308,000—after taxes. He drew a larger turnout in Philadelphia than President Eisenhower did in his last campaign. There, he did his first front page story, he had trouble with himself, of the "frenzied applause." In St. Louis, he racked up $32,000 for one performance. He wiggled, wailed and thumped his guitar for more than 29 minutes at fans at his two shows in Detroit, and one hundred forty extra policemen were assigned to Olympia auditorium—plus the twelve special police, ten patrolmen and staff of ushers who helped him in and out of the theater. Almost 1,000 cheering fans fought a small but determined battle, trying to get a glimpse of their idol in his dressing-room."

"...and why is he so freckled?"

"It's hereditary," says Gene. "Do you know that the head of the office has a month's worth of freckles?"

"That's the Colonel. And he's going to have another. He's going to get one from the new man."

"What's his name?"

"Clark. His name's Clark."

"I got to get a picture of Clark."

"I get a picture of you."

"How do you like the show?"

"Great, as usual."

"What do you expect to make of it?"

"I don't know."

"What will you do?"

"That's the Colonel's plan."

"I'll let you know."

"Good."
room—they simply wouldn't believe loud-speaker announcements that he had already

Most of the clippings reported that huge crowds had begun to queue up at the box office before 9 A.M., for shows that were scheduled in the afternoon. While equally large and enthusiastic, were said to be sprinkled with older people who helped bring a measure of order to the proceedings. "Presley's trouble with the long sideburns, gives off more electricity than the Edison Co.'s combined transmitters.

Flipping through the sheaf of papers, the reporter could feel that the story is still garnering an estimated 30,000 fan letters a week and that he received over 300,000 cards at Christmas, including a goodly percentage from the secretarial staff well into May before they were through tabulating this avalanche. And, not so long ago, Glenwood Dodgson, a male beautician of Grand Rapids—acting on the request of some of his clients—"sliced-back haircut with tufted sideburns a la Presley." It was featured by Life magazine and the United Press. With

in a span of three months, more than 15,000 eager customers, both girls and boys, had swarmed into his chains of shops, begging to be turned out like his picture. The reporter reads this item aloud. Elvis, listening with knife and fork poised, let out a hearty guffaw, "I'm flattered, you bet, he says. But what bowls me over is that she goes on points to his "butch" wig. "I sure hope they don't run out after this new picture and get themselves crew cuts. I like girls to be girly-looking...you know?"

In his own work, Elvis shows a sharp distaste for copying. He has struggled mightily to hammer out a style and sound of his own matter of recording history. For nearly two years, his renditions have topped the best-selling lists compiled by disc jockeys, juke-box operators and TV and radio pollsters. The only honor a notification by Colonel Parker on one of the pages: "To show how foolish this stuff about Elvis slipping can be—he's All Shook Up is number one on the hit parade. This is a sure note on the international music. Elvis has arrived."

They said the fans wouldn't accept 'Peace in the Valley,' 'I Believe,' and 'Take My Hand.' Too highbrow. Well, all these are selling as well as a lot of the other rock styles to the older folks. Who can tell how many of these gospel tunes will be still selling in the next few years—but I'd bet it will still be there's a steady market for these tunes...

Has Elvis thought of giving Calypso a fling? Elvis shakes his head thoughtfully, "I did try a couple—in private, that is. But it's not for me. I'd like to hear Beale and the singers who do Calypso, and I hope they make millions. But it's not for me."

The publicity stunt remarks that Elvis, in spite of all his youth, has a reliable instinct for picking commercial tunes. "He picks his numbers, and not only that—he picked the titles for his three movies. He did it after getting advice from other stars, the biggest hit. Then the studios used them for the titles. You know he guessed right on 'Love Me Tender' and 'Lovely You. It was here that 'Jailhouse Rock' will top both of them."

His lunch now over, Elvis is back in the leather chair, arms locked behind his head. The other lads have returned. Gene lies down with a mystery book. The rest play cards. Elvis observes them a minute, then grins broadly. "Hot bunch of highbrows, aren't we?" He eyes the reporter alertly as she jots a note, and she explains: "I'm setting a few words in a letter to a friend today, I have—I think some of the people who think you're slipping are the sort who react against change. Have you noticed, every time you've changed your path, every time you've been playing a role, this crowd has gone won't, if it has anything to say. Which he does. So please, dearest Elvis-poo, please sing and make lots of movies so I won't miss you so much when you go away."

The phone has begun to ring, and Elvis beats Gene to it. "It's Colonel Parker," he says. And, while he talks, the reporter turns to the familiarity of the morning paper. "A couple of magazines have claimed his fan clubs are falling off," she says.

"Right in that clip of papers, you've found some statistics," he answers, and it proves his clubs are growing, if anything." Searching the papers, she finds reference to a recent poll taken by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce that asked 200 best letters on Presley, pros and con. Suggested subjects were: Is he a lwheel who leads the youth into hysteria and sin? Or is he, as Senator Kefauver put it, "a disconcerting young fellow of marked potential"

Eights seventy percent said Elvis was tops.

The winning letter was written by a Pauline Garret of Banning, California, and argues that: "The people who hate him make a mountain out of a molehill, or saw a grain of sand in his eye. They base their opinions on hearsay...""

"But," asks the reporter, "what about the kids who say to you bringing Yvonne de Carlo or Natalie Wood to see your parents... and who then sit down and have a good cry?"

Elvis looks at her, obviously baffled, "Look, I'm a normal guy, any age, and only normal to want to date a girl once in a while. Other entertainers do it, and nobody gets crabby. Why pick on me? I've had lots of fellows down to meet my folks in the States. Anyways, they say they're always chaperoned by their mothers. What's the big deal?"

"Maybe that reaction of the kids is an exaggerated notion. But you're saying that you're moving full steam ahead," suggests the reporter, rising to leave. "My neighborhood has a boy—oh, about nine—and the other night, some friends were over and one of them asked, 'What's that he'd like to be when he grew up.' I'd like to be famous," he said, "You mean like Eisenhow or Einstein?" But the boy said, 'I mean like Elvis Presley.' And his brother had a loud 'Amen!' The friend stared at her and asked, 'You honestly mean that?' And the mother said, 'If my boy grows up as decent and successful as Elvis Presley.'"

A sudden and strange emotion crosses Elvis' face. One hand on the doorknob, he stands deep in thought. "That's a big responsibility. You'd think, one would think, when one comes to this rate, that rate."

Is Elvis trying to do too much at one time? It's a tough question, but Elvis has a ready answer. I might be going into acting full time, but I'm not saying I'm going to give it up. I'd like to sing. I hear some of the boys who went in were just plain forgotten by the time they got out. They had to start from scratch again. I'm not saying that now, the harder it might be to forget a fellow, he thanks for saying make hay while the sun shines. He calls over to one of the boys, 'Say, Carol, do you have that letter from the kid out in Kansas?' "

"Kansas City, Missouri," Carol corrects. He goes to a cabinet and fumbles around inside until he finds the right letter. He hands it to the reporter, who reads: "Dear Carol—this is my special nickname for you..." She glances sideways, amused, and Elvis says ruefully, "Okay, give me the business... but don't make the kid sound silly. He's only twelve." The reporter reads on: "I've been playing a part on "Shook Up" for the fifty-first time, and honest, I couldn't go to sleep till I wrote you thanks. Please make lots more 'cause I'm twenty, I'm going to go into the Army, and I want you to make me a soldier. And my Daddy says we're going to lose you for a few years. I don't think Daddy likes me to like you, 'cause I'm only twelve and the whole country is riding--"

The phone is beginning to ring, and Elvis beats Gene to it. "It's Colonel Parker," he says. And, while he talks, the reporter turns to the familiarity of the morning paper..."
He's Walkin' on Air...

(Continued from page 28)

many minutes—it seemed like an hour, but I guess it didn't. And even if it had, or maybe thirteen—the standard shrirk of the young in heart and the powerful of lung made it impossible for the performance to begin. But the first fifteen rows in the auditorium were filled with girls...they were just great...

Two shows were scheduled consecutively, with an intermission between, so as to give the entire student body the experience of seeing the Nelson—Four Preps program. Between shows, the entertainers were "secluded" in the basement of the school, four constantly concerned by fans who found ways of opening the windows—fortuitously placed so that one could lie on the grass and peer down into the concrete fortress—to continue to hallas at their guests.

At the end of the show, only the aid of several of the school's football heroes made it possible for the boys to get into their car and retreat. "I guess I'll never forget it," says Ricky, wagging his sincere head. "They were so great.

His next appearances before live audiences will take place at about the time you are reading this. Ricky and the Four Preps are scheduled to entertain at the Indiana State Fair—April 16—and the Indiana State Fair—April 24.

A few days before the April 16th show...Ricky—Oh Jimmy, a straight face, "We're in a quandary about what to get you for your birthday. We have this package or two put away, and I've been thinking that it was high time you had a suit tailored, but what would you like as a major gift?"

Ricky swallowed hard, shaking his head. Adults! "Well...I've been wanting a pair of white bucks...with red rubber soles and then—of course, if it's too expensive, that's all right. But—there's a guitar at the Music Center...."

Struggling to maintain composure, Ozzie said casually, "I'm going to be pretty busy, so I was thinking that if you'd like to do it up, we'll come out to dinner. I'll look as though he'd swallowed a 300-watt light bulb with the current on. But all he said was, "Okay. I don't mind."

The first thing he did, in order to place the stamp of his personality on the instrument, was to remove the E and A bass strings—"because I have my own system of chording, and I don't need those extra strings. They just get in my way. Four strings are plenty."

The fruits of fame are swift and sweet. Ricky and a pair of friends were lidding down Sunset Boulevard one afternoon when another car pulled up beside them to wait for the signal to change. In a routine manner, Ricky's companions glanced over to check the possible presence of blond beauty, and promptly uttered a tribal cry.

Two of the men in the adjacent car were members of the Jordanaires, the instrumental-singing group that backs Elvis Presley—and the third passenger was Presley himself. The two lads in Ricky's car knew the two Jordanaires, so introductions were exchanged. The conversation continued at two additional stoplights. Then—Los Angeles traffic being what it is—four trucks, a bus, and fourteenteem barn cars ended the conference.

However, two days later, Ricky "happened" to be driving past the Knickerbocker Hotel—half a block north of Hollywood Boulevard, and not too far out of the way of anyone en route to General Service Studios, where The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet is filmed—and spotted the gyrating guitarist walking along the street. "There he was, just sort of looking over the cars parked around the hotel. He's interested in cars, you know," Ricky told his family later. "I stopped to talk to him. He's just great."

As nearly as the scene could be reconstructed, it would have been a most incident in an Ozzie and Harriet adventure. Apparently, Elvis had long been a fan of the Nelsons; he vouchedsafe the information that he had watched the TV show twice weekly during his high-school days. In Presley's opinion, it would seem, Ricky Nelson was a revered veteran of show business, and a man well acquainted with the mysterious world of the sound stage.

He plied Ricky with questions about the technical problems of movie-making. Why was this done? How much different was a film TV series from a wide-screen film?

As for Ricky, he was fairly breathless over talking to the foremost song stylist of the era. He kept thinking of things he would like to ask, but the words stuck to the roof of his mouth like a peanut butter sandwich. Afterward, Ricky told a friend, "I got to see Elvis' gold jacket. No, he didn't exactly show it to me. See, these friends of mine and I were up in the Jordanaires' rooms and the cleaning had just come back from valet service...well, Elvis' gold jacket was there on a hanger, so I got to see it."

Of such experiences are glistening memories made.

When Ricky is asked precisely why he is a Presley fan, he says simply, "Because he is exciting to watch. Because he is different." In explanation—and in magnificent dismissal of the adult outcry against the Presley manner of delivering the beat that heats—Ricky says good-naturedly, "Anything new is likely to get a great amount of criticism—but then—"shrug"—teenagers actually don't like the same things adults do. Adults have a different viewpoint..."

Celebrities in general are no novelty to Ricky. For all of his seventeen years, he has been exposed to the crowned heads and the eggheads of show business. Yet the great names tossed off by one's parents have no more meaning to a youngster growing up than the names of his uncles or aunts. Adults are people to whom one is courteous, whether they are in the hardware business or taking bows at the Palace. It is the prominent personages of one's own generation who are splendiferous.

By the same token, the fame of one's family is easy to take in stride, but a real charge awaits an ambitious youngster who is able to achieve prominence under his own power. In many ways, Ricky is the...
typical younger child. Any bridge-table psychiatrist will tell you that the dreams of a youngest child often place him in a race, and the daydreams of that child give him victory.

One of Ricky's first enthusiasms was racing on ice skates. Harriet had long enjoyed skating for exercise and relaxation, but both boys quickly became adept on the frozen foottrails, and usually won any event in which they were entered.

The next exertion to claim Ricky—body, soul, and racquet—was tennis. Don Budge had recently been a dinner guest at the Nelson table, and Ricky had seldom missed a match in which Pancho Gonzales played, so it was inevitable that he should begin to ask himself how it might feel, one day, to be invited to play on a Davis Cup team. That did it. For several years, Ricky's every spare moment was spent on the tennis court and the sight of a backhand superior to his own produced an advanced state of melancholy. There was no need for gloom, because Ricky managed to attain a No. 5 California rating for players under sixteen years of age.

Tennis expired as the love of Ricky's life as soon as he reached legal driving age. "I have to concentrate on one thing at a time. I have a gun-dog, and that is one of my troubles." Joyously, he entered the era of the greasy thumb. He is now driving a blue Plymouth stock car that has been tampered with to the extent that the deck has been shaved (i.e., all chromium has been removed, the holes left by removal of the emblem have been filled in, the deck has been sand-blasted, primed, and repainted), and dual pipes and cutouts have been added. Two months ago, he won a drag race supervised and held on one of the accredited drag strips near Los Angeles.

He had begun to think seriously of operating on the car's motor to get faster performance, when his mental hobby-cart shifted gears. In place of a steering wheel in his hands, his free hours were spent with a guitar under his arm.

Is there time left for romance? "Oh, I've already gone steady about five times, but there isn't anybody special right now. I guess I'm too—ah—busy and all." His favorite type of girl? "Mmm... Marilyn Monroe... that type isn't bad at all... Joy maskinfield? Marilyn Monroe. You might say that I like a girl who's pretty all over."

What is the dating deal? "When I was a kid, I used to have a specific allowance, paid every week, but that stopped by the time I was twelve years old. Nowadays, when I have a date, I speak to my father. Five bucks will take two people to a movie and then to a drive-in for a hamburger and a glass of milk. I'm not as crazy about pizza as some of the kids are. I like to dance, but there isn't a place for teenagers downtown; we have to go to somebody's house. Sometimes we just listen to recordings. Maybe my favorite recording to date is Fats Domino's 'I'm in the Mood for Love.'"

His movie favorites? "Marlon Brando and James Dean. Especially Jimmy... if he could have gone on—he had a lot to say. You know that I mean, and teenagers understood him..."

His career theories at this time? "I don't like to analyze entertainment styles. If a style is really good, it can't be analyzed, because it is unique. There hasn't been anything like it before, so how can you say 'it's made up of this and this and this'? Put all the ingredients together and you still won't get the style, because the style is the human being.

A performer should do what is natural, what he feels. He should express himself to the best of his ability. Then, if he pleases... well, he's in. "I guess I'm most happy about my records, because they show that I can do something on my own. That's what the average kid wants to do—something on his own."

Ricky is slightly over six feet tall; his eyes are a limpid blue and his hair is heavy, unruly, and brown. A casting director once exclaimed that he has great natural charm. He also has—and this has not yet occurred to him—the perfect actor's face. It is a transparent film over his emotions; at this particular period in his life, he has not yet learned to curtain that transparency.

Uncertainty, amusement, mischief, polite disbelief, equally polite boredom, enthusiasm, embarrassment, controlled disagreement—all can be expressed by an eyebrow, a shifting shoulder, a slight turn of a hand, or a swift change of facial expression.

Within the immediate present, Eric Hilliard Nelson is almost certain to succeed as a recording artist. But, unless all signs fail, his future belongs to Hollywood and films, because this lad has it. The magical, indefinable touch of natural talent. The guitar is a wonderful new treasure. Ricky's real gift is one that Ozzie and Harriet Nelson gave him some seventeen years ago.

---

**Vote FOR YOUR FAVORITES**

Each year TV Radio Mirror polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling was begun in the July issue and continues until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites to win a Gold Medal.

### TV STARS and PROGRAMS

| Male Singer | Female Singer | Comedian | Comedienne | Dramatic Actor | Dramatic Actress | Daytime Emcee | Evening Emcee | Musical Emcee | Quizmaster | Western Star | News Commentator | Sportscaster | Best New Star | Daytime Drama | Evening Drama | Daytime Variety | Evening Variety | Comedy Program | Music Program | Quiz Program | Women's Program | Children's Program | Mystery or Adventure | Western Program | TV Panel Show | Best Program on Air | Best New Program |
|-------------|---------------|----------|------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|

### RADIO STARS and PROGRAMS

| Male Singer | Female Singer | Comedian | Comedienne | Dramatic Actor | Dramatic Actress | Daytime Emcee | Evening Emcee | Musical Emcee | Quizmaster | Western Star | News Commentator | Sportscaster | Best New Star | Daytime Drama | Evening Drama | Daytime Variety | Evening Variety | Comedy Program | Music Program | Quiz Program | Women's Program | Children's Program | Mystery or Adventure | Western Program | TV Panel Show | Best Program on Air | Best New Program |
|-------------|---------------|----------|------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|

**TV Husband-and-Wife Team**

Send your votes to TV Radio Mirror Awards, P.O. Box No. 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

9-5
Young Man in a Hurry

(Continued from page 20) only passed up the opportunity to tour with the road company of ‘Dubarry of Yesteryear’ to stay in New York with Julie Harris, but was afforded a chance to play with Tallulah Bankhead’s leading man on stage—which is, as Jay puts it, “a chance of a lifetime for an actor.”

Jay is a slim, dark-haired, six-foot-tall, 160-pound young man with dark eyes. He is very familiar with the role of Kurt Bonine because there are so many facets to his personality.

Being very energetic, with a tremendous capacity for hard work, Jay continues acting in other mediums along with his radio show. On television, he participated in a couple of important TV debuts this season. In James Cagney’s show, “Soldier From the War Returning,” Jay was Cagney’s commanding officer. And, in Ethel Merman’s “Honest in the Rain,” Jay enacted the role of the man who was trying to get his brother married to Miss Merman. Performing in the Phil Silvers Show several times, Jay was recently seen as “Jay” in “The Night on Broadway” where he actually holds the Army Reserve.

Ingenious Jay has not only managed to do night-time TV, he even took on a Broadway play—Tallulah Bankhead’s “Eugenia” withTryon, New Haven, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Every day, he commuted from the CBS Manhattan studio to wherever town the play was playing.

One of the reasons that Jay covers so much ground, literally as well as figuratively, is that he goes everywhere in his motor scooter and motorbikes. He owns two scooters and five motorbikes—so that I can switch parts without having to repair and keep rolling.” And keep rolling on them he does! Jay on his scooter, with the help of a half-mile and bike clips, is such a familiar figure in Manhattan’s snarled traffic lanes, pulling in or out at the radio and TV stations, and in the theater district, that most New York columnists have told the “Jay scooter” story, at one time or another.

He took to scooters several seasons back, while making movies in Hollywood: “It took so long to get to one studio from another, waiting or running a bus. Taxis are expensive, and they seem they’re never around when you are in a hurry. With your own car, you spend half the time trying to find a parking space. There’s always room for a scooter.”

Jay has found this vehicle at least two hours a day going the scooter way and that the two-wheel vehicles are dependable. He’s had only one close call of all the most arriving late for a performance because of a scooter accident. He says about it, “After a TV show, I had twelve minutes to scoot to the Circle in the Square (an off-Broadway theater) for a performance of ‘The Gunfighter’ of Hurricane Carol. A passing truck drenched my motorbike, causing a short in the ignition. There I was, stranded, still in my TV costume. The first cab I hailed took one look and sped off like a jackrabbit. A policeman gave me the eye, but made no move to pick me up. I finally ‘commandeered’ another cab—and made the entrance with but ten seconds to spare.”

Jay sticks with his mode of transportation regardless of winter snow and sleet. When I gave him an out-of-town pre-Broadway run, it was the latter part of December. “After the morning Helen Trent broadcast, I’d scout to the airport—get there in twenty minutes, half the time it usually took me with the scooter waiting for me at the airport at the other end, getting me to the theater in time for rehearsal. After the performance, I’d fly back.”

The commuting arrangement, which had been agreed upon in Jay’s “Eugenia” contract, worked out smoothly until one day Jay arrived at the rehearsal one hour late. But Jay’s scooter was not to be caused with the role of Kurt Bonine because there are so many facets to his personality.

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MOTHERS FRIEND

The SKIN CONDITIONER for EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Helen Trent. Jay, who hasn't stopped studying acting in some group or other since his summer-theater apprentice days, enrolled with his last fifty-four dollars on the G.I. bill.

"I had done very little radio work," he points out, "and felt inadequate in the medium. But I worked hard in the class and did plenty of ultra work—too much, in fact. But the Kurt Bonine role came up, and I was asked to do it. The first night the cast arrived in Los Angeles, I was cast in the play..."

Jay finds that until an actor is a star, he works, within reason, treat every role that comes his way. "For me, it seems that roles come in numbers, or else it'll be very quiet. I feel I've got to make the most of those fertile periods."

Sometimes that means going at a pace which borders on the "too much" side, even for inexhaustible Jay, and once he almost faltered in his beliefs.

He experienced the most hectic week of his career two seasons ago, when he was playing the running role of the district attorney on the TV daytime-drama series, "The First Unit," and was cast in the First Unit play, "The Young and Beautiful," as assistant Lois Smith's father. Every day, he performed in an off-Broadway play, performed on television and rehearsed in City Center. He ran another play in the morning, rehearsed a Robert Montgomery show. That afternoon, he rehearsed a radio show. "Hear you've then went on to the "Young and Beautiful" rehearsal. He started off the evening with a performance in Kafka's "The Trial," at the Provincetown Playhouse, and ended the night with another off-Broadway venture, "Spring's Awakening."

"Nothing has happened to this week," he sighs thankfully, "I thought I had another week of really good roles. Recently, when—with addition to the 'Trials'—was on the NBC True Confession series, did a Voice of America broadcast of the play. Our Town," performed in scenes from an American actor for the first time, and gave a lecture before a speech association. Oh, yes—I finished my role in a movie for the medical profession that week, too. All in all, I thought that was a lot. But at least it was spread out during the week, not every day.

Jay has found that, even when he's wonderful about the wisdom of some of his undertakings, quite often he has been pleasantly surprised at the results. One example is the Broadway play of several seasons ago, "The Immoralist," in which Jay had been asked to play the lead. He had met with much criticism, and a good deal of talk. He remembers the time he went to see the play, and fell into the role. "Critics didn't get to see me," he remembers, "but the word got around that I did a good job, and run the number of weeks.

A critic once said of Jay, "He hasn't had a bad performance in him." In reply to this, Jay says, "I think critics and audiences are the only judges of that than I can be. But I do it because I feel that it's my best, whether it's in the classroom, a hardly noticeable part or something big. That's the only way you can develop in being a good working horse at every role you take. And frequently, that role will lead to another."

Jay's role in the Role of Helen Trent, the theater critic and state fair radio acting class, in which one of the directors was Ernie Ricca, director of the	

"When we'd find a place we liked," Jay remembers, "we'd stay put for a while, Dad taking on a milk or laundry route. We'd go to the carnivals and circuses, where Dad would run a popcorn stand and I sold balloons. Other
times, we followed the crops and worked in the fields. By the time we returned to home grounds, settling in Maywood, Illi- nois, where Dad opened a candy store, I had been in every state with the excep- tion of Maine and South Dakota. And I had attended eighteen different schools."

While on the road, Jay began helping his father at the store at the age of six. In Maywood, he continued to be his Dad’s helper in the candy store (which later grew into a number of stores) through the rest of grade school years and through high school and college. In addition, Jay ran a parking lot during high school and was busy in extra-curricular activities—debating teams, year-book, school paper, etc. He tried out for the junior class play because I was interested in the girl who was playing the lead. I got a character part. She called me for the leading man. I didn’t get her—but I got the acting bug.

Upon high-school graduation, Jay won a scholarship to the University of Chi- cago, where he got his B.S. degree in political science in three years’ time. Dur- ing this period, he was captain of the debate team and won both major and minor debate awards. He also won the individual all-state award in 1937—1938. In addition, he was the executive editor and managing editor of the daily student newspaper. He was later honored as the outstanding college journalist of his time.

To date, Jay has won several awards and recognition. He has been honored with the Army and Air Force Commendation Medal for his service in the Korean War. He has been awarded the Silver Star and Bronze Star for his service in Vietnam. He has also been awarded the Legion of Merit, the Meritorious Service Medal, and the Purple Heart.

For recreation, Jay likes best to read—he averages three books a week, mostly biographies—and to go to the theater and movies, with an actress for his date companion. He likes to play a role in the American Legion and to discuss films in other states.

For recreation, Jay likes best to read—he averages three books a week, mostly biographies—and to go to the theater and movies, with an actress for his date companion. He likes to play a role in the American Legion and to discuss films in other states.

He has been quoted as saying, "I try to look at things from a different perspective. I try to see the world through the eyes of others."

Jay has been married for six years and has two children. He lives in the Chicago area with his wife and children.

Interview Subject: Mike Wallace

(Continued from page 27)
You Actually Walk On Air! This modern miracle of walking ease—Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion for men and women—relieves pain, callouses, burning, tenderness at ball of foot. The cushion, not you, absorbs shock of each step. Loops over toe—no adhesive. Flesh color. Washable. Only $1 pair. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. If not obtainable locally, send $1.00 direct to DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 77B, Chicago 10, Ill.

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A year after he arrived in Chicago, he got a chance to do something worth while as newscaster on the “Air Edition” of the Chicago Sun-Times. Mike himself wrote the news and went after some of the stories himself. He was beginning to get a sense of fulfillment. Then his career was interrupted by World War II. He served three years in the Navy and got out with the rank of lieutenant, junior grade. He returned to radio in Chicago and proved himself to be the most successful announcer in the city. He was called “Mr. Radio.”

When Mike was persuaded to come to New York in 1951, he continued to try building shows of substance. For CBS-TV, he formulated Adventure and All Around This World. Then he initiated the program, Stage Struck, a series of backstage interviews. He was chosen by NBC to co-host Weekday with Margaret Truman and, later, Virginia Graham. Last year, while emceeing the network quiz, The Big Surprise, he developed Night Beat and a news show with Ted Yates and WABD station manager Ted Cott. Even Mike’s news shows were different. He didn’t sit still and read reports. He moved about the studio, illustrating a story with pictures, graphs, exhibits. He had solved murders, commuter problems, the Puerto Rican insurgence. The new show was dynamic. He practiced his unique interview technique on Night Beat.

That brings his professional career up to the present. But, during those years, he was also having a private life. Girls didn’t come into Mike’s life until he got to college. His campus sweetheart, Norma Kahan, was to become his first wife. She was still a junior when they married. The wedding was in 1940. Mike’s only children, two boys, were born during this marriage, which ended in divorce in 1947. In 1949, Mike married Buff Cobb, actress and đồngdor of the famed humorist Irwin S. Cobb. That marriage ended early in 1955. In July of that same year, he married Lorraine Perigord. February of that year, he had met her at San Juan in Puerto Rico. Mike had gone to emcee a March of Dimes dinner-dance. Lorraine was operating an art gallery there. A month later, Mike took a two-week trip to Panama, Puerto Rico, and Haiti. In May, Lorraine came to New York for a visit—and the wedding date was set. It was that quick.

“Lorraine,” says Mike, “is warm, serene, tolerant, but not unemotionally talented.” She is a dark blonde, five-and-a-half, and has two children by her first marriage who were living with her in Puerto Rico when Mike met her. She has spent most of her life in California, for her father, Dr. Paul Perigord, was a professor and dean at U.C.L.A., as well as one of the founders of the space age. She has studied photography and the Pasadena Playhouse. Lorraine is an artist. Like Mike, she is well-read and thoughtful.

They live in Manhattan at Sneden’s Landing. Their home, a 100-year-old Dutch Colonial house which overlooks the Hudson River, is furnished informally. Floors are bare, with occasional rugs, and the furniture picked up secondhand and worked over. “I am a square about small talk, night clubs, martinis and dancing,” Mike says. “My sparse talk is due to my upbringing and talking. Lorraine and I are walkers. We walk and talk endlessly.” And Mike further notes, “This marriage will last.”

That is not just an emotional footnote, for Mike does to himself what he does to others in interviews—asks himself the whys and wherefores and how-comes. He was not at all reluctant in answering the following specific questions about his personal problems:

Question: What caused your divorces? Mike: I won’t go into details—just as I wouldn’t expect anyone I was interviewing to do so—but I can answer the question. First, let me make clear that my marriages weren’t hit-and-run affairs. My first lasted seven years. The second, six years. I think it was mainly a matter of growing away from each other. As we grew, we found that each had opposing goals, different interests. Now I am thirty-nine and Lorraine is thirty-eight. We have both passed our formative years. We respect each other for what we will be the rest of our lives. We have maturity and tolerance and understanding. Of course, I’m easier to get along with, too.

Question: That brings up another matter—do you lose your temper with people at the studio or at home? Mike: I make my temper now. In the past, I have been hard to get along with. I have been intolerant of others. Intolerant of dull people—and by that I mean people who lack quickness. I don’t like time-wasting. I used to go after the mistakes of others.

Question: You have asked others about their attitude on fidelity and the “double standard”. What is your own stand? Mike: I don’t believe in the double standard, for I believe that both husband and wife should practice fidelity. I’m a monogamist and definitely believe in self-discipline. I can’t put up with people who have no self-control. I can’t put up with boozers.

Question: The charge is made that you, as an interviewer, are preoccupied with questions about sex.

Mike: That’s not true. Maybe ten percent of all the interviewing hits at sex. We try to ask questions about sex, religion, politics; for people are never as fully awakened as when they discuss those three subjects. I wouldn’t ask a man about what he eats for breakfast or what he wears on Saturday, for he doesn’t think about those things. He has no provocative ideas on those subjects. We want depth on the show. But I do take responsibility for what is asked. The show reflects my tastes.

Question: What is your own appraisal of your interviews?

Mike: I call the show “TV journalism” or “interviews-in-depth.” They both sound too fancy. For me, the show represents a ventilation of ideas. On a good show—we’ve best ones—we accomplish two things. Go to the core of the person, and get a full discussion of his subject. We don’t take sides. We don’t put the lid on. We want to leave the audience thinking. The audience should find it necessary to make up its own mind.

Question: It would seem that you are pioneering in broadcasting, in that you will make it possible for other men to do what you are doing, and other programs to discuss controversial subjects that were once considered taboo on the air.

Mike: I didn’t start out to pioneer. I’m just not that kind of fellow. We started out to make the show interesting—but I would now agree that it is “pioneering.”

Question: What is your goal?

Mike: I said that, early in my career in radio, although I was successful, I felt trapped by money. I was unhappy. I wasn’t fulfilled. I wanted something to think about. I wanted to accomplish something I could be proud of. I think we are accomplishing something with the interviews.

Question: And what about the charge that you are sensational?

Mike: We never intend to be. We want to be exciting. If we were sensational—that’s something I could not be proud of.
Minroe's Really Moving

(Continued from page 32)

"Oh, who's the star?" Maxin asked her.

"Sal Minroe, of course," said Mary, and

erupted with a laugh to describe Sal's portrayal of the lonely, mixed-up kid whom James Dean tried to be-

friend in "Rebel Without a Cause." In the past few years, for Arnold Maxin is Epic Records' artist-

ists-and-repertory man in the popular music field. Although Maxin had for-

gotten that Sal, in his first 

Broadway role, was the prince in "The King and I," he had piped a pleasing boy-

soprano to Yul Brynner's baritone, Maxin 

was interested. "I had seen Sal in 

"The Mikado," he says. "Since singing isn't too much 

different from acting, I felt sure that 

this vital teen-age personality could 

project a song." 

Acting on his hunch, he telephoned 

Sal the next day to ask if he would like 

to record, Sal—who had been finding his 

rhythmic expression in playing drums, 

rather than like to, but I don't know if I can. I 

haven't sung since my voice changed." 

Hollywood contract obligations were a 

further impediment. 

Maxin said he would test before Sal had 

left New York to make "Dino" and 

"The Young Don't Cry." He would 

be gone for months. But Maxin was willing to 

wait. "I wanted to find a material which 

would suit both of us." 

Sal's own particular secret of success is 

one instilled by his mother, Josephine— 

Mrs. Salvatore Mineo, Sr., who long ago 

laid down the precept: "When you want 
something, study it, learn about it, be 

ready. Don't depend on luck." 

On his return last spring, Epic pro-

vided the perfect opportunity. Steel was 

his vocal coach and Ott Blackwell 

took charge of style training. The result 
amazed even Arnold Maxin: "You'd have 
thought he had been singing all his life. 

This boy is a professional in everything 

he does. Here he was, making his first 

recording, and it was as relaxed and easy 
a session as I have ever cut. We com-

pleted the three-minute number in 

four takes. We did the recitation side, 'Love Affair,' in just 
two takes—one for balance and one for 

record. That's phenomenal in the music 

business." 

The platter's reception, too, was 

phenomenal. Sal introduced it in the 

Kraft Television Theater play, "Drummer Boy," 

on May 1. (This also was Sal's first ro-

mantic role.) When Sal and Maxin went 

out on tour to meet fans and disc jockeys, 

there were 3,000 young people at the 

Burlington, New Jersey, and, when Sal 

flew in to appear on Bill Randle's pro-

gram, the special police detail was not 

large enough to hold back the crowds. 

Girls screamed, "Sal, I love you!" and 

you couldn't even fight their way to 

touch him." 

Detroit was pure pandemonium. Sal 

was scheduled to appear on Bobbie With-

nie's radio show "Your Own." None of 

the cast from Edgewater Park. The twenty-

five police who were on duty had 

sent for reinforcements. The exuber-

ant, moving crowd of teenagers jostled 

the officers and knocked over the 

television station off the air at least 
twice. In the commotion, Sal nearly 

missed the broadcast. "We parked the car 
only eight feet from the audio control booth," 

says Maxin, "but the kids hemmed us in. 

It was thirty minutes before we could 

get Sal out of the car." 

What does Sal think of such a reception? 

Like any teenager, he's thrilled: "Man, 

I couldn't quite believe it." He's also

wondering whether he should get a new 

home. "Why hurt?" He's deeply appreciative too: 

"Where would I be without the kids?"

Such receptions helped head his record 
toward the best-seller classification in-

stantly. After a week of release, the kids had a half million of. 

Epic expects total sales to reach two million.

The success of the recording is parti-

cularly important to Sal at the present 
time, for—through this record, plus a new 
album which is to be issued, and disc 
tours which will take him in touch with friends while allowing himself the luxu-

ries of the most "private" private life 

he has had in the more recent of his 

eighteen years.

This year, Sal Minroe, actor, is to be 

replaced, at least partially, by Sal Minroe, 

student. Sal is going to college.

He will take a liberal arts course, 

majoring in English, at Adelphi College 

on Long Island. When he speaks of it, you 

understand that this is a realization of a 

dream, for Sal, who can be both the most 

affectionate, individualistic of kids, 

lights that fire back of his eyes which fans 

wait to see flare up on the movie screen.

He already knows the school. "My 

brother Vic went there. He liked it and I 

like it, too. I'll be off the celebrity kick 

and just one of the gang. I can go to 

to parties and clubs and have some fun."

You understand, as he speaks, that 

the lack of fun—the ordinary sort of 

thing kids do after school and in class-

is just a part of his fabulous success. "High school was just work. I 

had a tutor and I studied and I passed 

my exams, and that was all there was 

to it."

His liberal arts major will give him 

further training in fields where he al-

ready has developed an interest. He's 

a bit of an artist and has taught himself to 

paint and draw. He will take a one-year 

course in art at Adelphi, and he also plans 

the copy he made of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and an original of his beloved box-

er dog, "Bimbo." His mother mourns 

the loss of the portrait he did of James Dean. 

"Some magazines used it and didn't 

send it back." His sister Sarina cherishes 

his head of Tony Curtis: "No one can 

get away from me." Sal's style, while 

broad and untrained, does show 

strength and perception. If he ever chooses 

to study portraiture, he could well be-

come as fine a professional in this field 

as he is a professional actor.

He is more interested in English. He 

has done some writing—but not to show 

anyone," by his modest description. Yet, 

in the next breath, he admits that his 

work is sufficiently strong to have come 

out into the open. "I wasn't quite satisfied with the original 

ending of 'Dino,' so one night I wrote the different ending of my own." None of 

was used, but Sal's professionalism as an 

actor mitigates his disappointment. "The 

producer liked all of them, but there was 

just so much budget, so that was that."

A fellow of a writer when a magazine asked for an autobi-

ography: "It's hard to write about 

yourself. I just wanted to do a story about a 

boy who gets into show business and 

wants to do it third person, and then 

at the end say, "And, by the way, his name 

happened to be Sal Mineo." But the 

editor said that wasn't being fair with
He was eleven years old and in dancing class when, from a crowd of fifteen boys, Broadway producer Cheryl Crawford chose him to appear in Tennessee Williams’ play, "The Rose Tattoo," because "he looked Italian."

Next came the crown prince part in "The King and I." He made his first movie in Boston, portraying Tony Curtis as a boy, in "Six Bridges to Cross." Hollywood came next and led up to his being nominated for the Academy Award for his role in "Rebel Without a Cause." From then on, top credits have come fast, but they have never been quite complete. For accuracy, they should have read: "Sal Mineo, backed up by all the Mineos."

When they were first making the rounds of casting directors, Mrs. Mineo set the direction. She didn’t want Sal to grow up to be a show-business brat. Her antithote for a preliminary role was to keep the family together. "If Sal was with his brothers," she says, "he couldn’t help realize he was no better than the rest of them. When problems came up, we’d all sit down around the dining-room table and thrash them out, no holds barred. Sometimes we’d sit up until two o’clock in the morning, just to get it all over.

In the present division of labor, Mike is in charge of the West Coast activities and Victor of the East Coast, with Mrs. Mineo providing the capable direction: "We both didn’t know about show business, we’ve learned together." His brothers, however, are not expected to be merely Sal’s satellites. The Mineos believe, "A little education never hurts.

Mike is majoring in business education at U.C.L.A. and also has had bit parts in a few pictures. "Being around the lot with Sal," his mother says, "he was noticed and asked to do these little crowd shots. He began to get the hang of things, so now he makes the rounds." He’s had some small parts. She completely approves of this, "He’s got to know what it is like to be in front of a camera."

Vic is majoring in business administration at New York University, but takes time off to accompany Sal on personal appearances. Sarina helps out in taking care of the fan mail, which runs to 3,000 letters a week. Two secretaries help out.

Sal Mineo, Sr. has first call, however, on the services of his number-one creation. "We do things together," Sal says proudly, "but my father supports the family."

Sal has both a short-range and a long-range plan for the future. Along with his college work, this fall, he has scheduled appearances on television shows. "That’s one reason I chose Adelphi. It’s so close to New York." Two pictures are now on screen and Sal does not plan to do another this year, unless he gets a role he really wants.

Twentieth Century-Fox has a script which he particularly likes, "The Hell-Bent Kid." He indicates that this, if offered to him, would tempt him away from the campus. However, he would like to get in as much study as he can before being called up for Army service.

His future sights are set on a Broadway role and on directing. In Sal’s mind, one is a training for the other: "A live audience teaches you things. It is like studying with the footlights on you." He grows more eloquent about directing. "I admire a director because of what he can do. An actor sees only himself, but a director, he sees it all and can sit with lines on it and turn it into a show—something that is real and never existed before. I don’t want to deal in—what shall I say?—a manufactured world. I want to make something happen. Imagination is the most important thing."
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

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712—Just four patches, repeated, make this lovely design in a sunburst of color. Charts, directions, pattern of the four patches. Yardages for single and double-bed quilts. 25¢

557—Start your gift-making early. This 9-inch dolly and complete wardrobe will thrill the heart of any little girl. Transfer of dolly and patterns for all the clothes. 25¢

7281—Cross-stitch motifs for kitchen towels. Quick to do. Let these gay designs brighten your whole kitchen. Transfer of 6 motifs, each about 3½ x 7½ inches. 25¢

7348—Unusual centerpiece to fill with flowers. Use just one, or make a pair of these pretty doves. Crochet directions for 16-inch centerpiece in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly. 25¢

7331—New rugs from old rags! Instructions for weaving, braiding, hooking, crocheting. Directions, patterns, list of materials needed for making nine different rugs. 25¢

7020—Graceful medallions bordered with lacy shell stitches make this lovely TV cover or doily. Easy to crochet, but so different and effective. Directions for 22-inch cover in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in string. 25¢

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GISELE ACKENZIE talks About New Show
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**A—Expressive Brows in Seconds**

Use soft, feathery strokes along the natural arch of your brow. (Avoid a "moon-shape" or hard straight line.) Accent the beginning of brow first: lift and taper toward end. Soften the effect with your fingertip.

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Do as the models do—line your lids. It's easy! With soft Maybelline crayon draw a line at base of your lashes. Start with a fine line near inner corner of eye, broadening it as you progress to outer corner. Finish with "up-swoop." If you wish, soften the effect with fingertip. You'll be amazed how much larger and more brilliant your eyes will appear.

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A tale of two dances

(DID YOU SEE POOR POLLY ON TV?)

Polly came home from the party, weeping. "I had the most miserable time," she told her mother.

She had counted on a wonderful evening... but it didn't turn out that way. What good are good looks if a girl has bad breath?

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4 TIMES BETTER
THAN TOOTH PASTE

...YOUR NO. 1 PROTECTION
AGAINST OFFENDING

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movies
on TV

SHOWING THIS MONTH

DEAD RECKONING (Columbia): Good, tough thriller in the old-style Bogart manner. As a War II vet, Bogie investigates the mysterious disappearance of a buddy, runs afoul of Liz Scott.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th): Realistic, exciting saga of pioneers fighting Indians in upstate New York, during the Revolution. Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert are a courageous farm couple.

HE WALKED BY NIGHT (Eagle-Lion): Matter-of-fact crime melodrama, with expert actor Richard Basehart as a crook who uses electronics knowledge to outwit L. A. cops—until Scott Brady gets after him.

HIGHER AND HIGHER (RKO): Sinatra's debut 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.

HOLY MATRIMONY (20th): Perfectly delightful, delicately handled whimsy. Painter Monty Woolley hates fame, weeps at "his own" funeral when his valet is buried under his name. Then Monty marries Gracie Fields—and trouble starts.

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 as governess. Peggy Ann Garner and Margaret O'Brien, then children, score.


MAN WITH MY FACE, THE (U. A.): Barry Nelson fans get double measure, as he plays an honest war veteran—and his look-alike, who takes over his home and wife (Lynn Ainley), with crooked intent. Authentic Puerto Rican backgrounds.

MELBA (U. A.): Patrice Munsel's lyrical voice and refreshingly natural manner spark up the true story of one of opera's greats. As Nellie Melba, she goes from an Australian ranch to world-wide fame—and heartbreak.

ROAD HOUSE (20th): Memento from Richard Widmark's bad-guy era, this suspense item features other appealing performers: Cornel Wilde, as Dick's partner-pal; Ida Lupino, singer who comes to work at their joint and sets off the fireworks.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE (20th): Reserved, touching account of a real 19th Century adventure. Spencer Tracy does a first-rate job as the American newsman who tracks a "lost" missionary in Africa.

SUN VALLEY SERENADE (20th): Glenn Miller's sweet swing, Sonja Henie's ice-skating, Milton Berle's clowning—find them all in the gay-goging musical that introduced "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

TALK OF THE TOWN (Columbia): Slick, meaningful comedy casts Ronald Colman as a serious lawyer and Supreme Court candidate, Cary Grant as a liberal framed for murder, Jean Arthur as the girl.

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If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

On High-Low, prof John Van Doren made his TV debut; Patricia Medina showed up as a trans-Atlantic "pro."

Dig Me Gently: Sal Mineo, Bronx's gift to TV, is regularly dating a Manhattan steno. . . . The new NBC show started mid-August by Arlene Francis features a new TV gismo called "Cross My Heart," a cross-word puzzle game for studio and home viewers, with daily prizes. . . . Sexy Rexy Harrison's new wife, Kay Kendall, has all three networks bidding for her services. She's a terrific all-around performer. . . . Ed Wynn has contracted for three appearances on Ed Sullivan's Show this season. . . . Now that summer is over, singers go off starvation wages; now a guest-star spot is worth $7,500—same performance draws a measly $5,000 in summer. . . . And this could be called fighting fire with fire! The proposal that Jayne Mansfield co-star with Elvis in a spectacular. . . . Everyone happy Mrs. Steve Allen (Jayne Meadows) is getting along so well in her second pregnancy. The blessed event is scheduled for October and both Steve and Jayne are hoping for a girl. Steve already has three boys by his first marriage. . . . Funniest record of year comes, naturally enough, from Spike Jones. The Verve label is titled, "Dinner Music for People Who Aren't Very Hungry." Selections include, "Duet for Violin and Garbage Disposal," "Brahms' Alibi," and "Wyatt Earp Makes Me Burp."

Highbrows on High-Low: As we go to press, they're still looking for a time spot for the summer season's new quiz, High-Low. One of its panelists, John Van Doren, is turning out to be TV's most bashful expert. John's Other Brother is at Brandeis University, where he lectures. John's Other Brother is, natch, Charles Van Doren. Says John, "Charles talked me into taking the job and said I should think of it as an exciting adventure." Charles is thirty, an extrovert; John is twenty-seven, an introvert. Therapeutically, the TV job should be good for him. He says, "First I became accustomed to being identified as my father's son or my uncle's nephew, Then it was as Charles's brother." Now he's got a chance to make it on his own. . . . Another highbrow is lovely, nervous Patricia Medina. She has a standing invitation to be a panelist when not occupied with moviemaking, for Patricia Medinas are

When the McGuirees couldn't sing, there was a howl in Oklahoma City, Says Murray Kane, who manages Chris, Phil, Dot: "The people. . . . were for us."
hard to come by. There are few beautiful dancers with brains to match. Pattie is known for both in her native England. There she was on the British version of What's My Line? and there the game is played very seriously. And Pattie was just as nervous. Daughter of a London barrister, her brilliance was first noted when she was graduated with highest honors from the equivalent of high school at fourteen. She immediately began reading for entrance into medical school. A nervous breakdown at sixteen rechanneled her ambition into acting and work on TV.

Short & Sassy: Barbara Hall, $64,000 winner, is dating regularly with a commercial pilot for a French line... Sonny James' new disc for Capitol, "Lovesick Blues," surgin' upward. And Sonny knows about "lovesick blues," for he doesn't get to see his true love more than a half-dozen times a year. . . Oh, my achin' ears—when the new season gets full-blown there will be a total of 40 Westerns on TV... Andree Wallace, the menace (Cynthia) on Helen Trent, will be having her third any day now. Already has a boy and girl. . . Jay Barney, Kurt Bonine on same serial, contributes his vacation to national defense. A reserve officer, he takes on a tour of duty at Fort Monmouth. . . A Guy Mitchell intimate explains, "When Guy relaxes, he is full of energy and drive. It's when he's tense that he acts like Como." . . . Singer Mindy Carson flies to London to do a spec on BBC. Mindy, studying acting, hopes to build a whole career in musical comedy for TV and Broadway. . . Robert Q. Lewis worried himself needlessly. That neck growth was non-malignant, which he learned after a week in the hospital. Bob takes two weeks or so in Europe this month to play. . . When you see an actor identified as Larry Hagman on a TV drama, you'll be watching Mary Martin's son. . . And how about this? American Theater Wing, a cultural center, has a course for dramatic students, in TV and radio commercials.

What Really Happened: There was a big fuss in the papers about the McGuire Sisters. Some of it not so nice. The girls were to sing a week at the fair in Oklahoma City and Chris was accused of running out and nasty things were said publicly. What really happened? A few days earlier, Chris had been in bed with a fever and missed a night's work at Lake Tahoe. By the end of the week, she felt so awful she flew all the way to New York to consult her own doctor. It was a very bad strep throat. She didn't get back to Oklahoma City until Tuesday. She insisted she would work, although the doctor said she shouldn't. But, by then, the exposition people were threatening to sue. Then a prominent Oklahoma doctor made an examination and confirmed Chris's condition. Finally, on Thursday, the girls were allowed to sing and at the same time the committee issued a signed statement exonerating Chris as an adult delinquent. Murray Kane, the gals' mgr., says, "It was an unpleasant situation, except that all the time we had the knowledge that the people we met on the streets were for us." . . . While not so far west, the word was out in Chicago that Dennis James and Club 60 (Continued on page 9)
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

He has scrapped in night clubs and other places, but, now he's at work at ABC-TV, Sinatra's motto is "Smile."

Women are a puzzlement to both these fishing pals, though Hugh O'Brian's a bachelor, John Lupton a husband and dad.

By BUD GOODE

The Three R's: Lawrence Welk's new clarinetist, goateed Pete Fountain, picked up his music in New Orleans and, in jazz-style, never learned to read notes. He now sits-in every day at CBS-Television City with Bob Crosby's Bobcats, who are teaching him how to read. Music, that is... Newcomer to ABC, Frank Sinatra, likes the people around him to smile, even if the grins have to be painted on. Frank believes, apparently, that with sour faces the battle is half lost (not too bad a philosophy). Incidental note: His office is painted in combination bright reds and other happy colors. It would look just right for color TV. Sinatra, going into TV with a heavy-artillery attitude, has hired the highest-paid talent. Writer Bill Morrow, for example, used to be with the fabulous Bing Crosby on radio. Sinatra tells an old story about Morrow and Crosby, hunting and fishing devotees. Bing and Bill came straight off a Sierra safari to a CBS radio studio for a show to be produced within the hour, but not yet written. Morrow sat down at a typewriter and, ten minutes later, had two pages of script completed. Looking at his watch, Bing said that at this rate they wouldn't get on the air. He pulled up another typewriter and started hacking away. After fifteen minutes more, Bing exclaimed, "Look I've written four pages, Morrow's only..."

Warming up for laughs on her fall TV series, Eve Arden and her family clowned through Yosemite vacation. Young Connie's "top banana" here.

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4
written three!" We wonder if Sinatra can type?

The Children's Hour: Co-star on Perry Mason, Barbara Hale, entertained home-town guests, John and Marsha Holmstrom, for a few days recently. She invited a few of their old school friends for an afternoon's catching-up session, "I made the mistake," says Barbara, "of telling them to bring their kids. Marsha had two of her five with her, our three were home and the six other gals brought 17 more. We girls were trying to talk about our personal lives while 22 Indians howled around us. The afternoon's conversation ran something like 'Get off that . . . ' 'Don't do that . . . ', and 'Be careful.' I'm afraid we didn't get much gossiping done." . . .

John Lupton, talking about Rollin, his six-month-old daughter, says she's already getting coy. "Acts just like a woman," muses John. "What worries me is, if she's so wise already, what will she be like at eighteen?" John and his wife Anne are avid Dr. Spock and Meningmen readers, believe in loads of love and affection for their baby; don't believe in baby-talk. But then "goo-goo's" aren't much in character for Indian Agent Tom Jeffords of Broken Arrow. . . .

Gale Storm and Mitzi Green, two mothers of Encino's Little Leaguers, joined with all the other moms in a baseball game—The Encino Cardinals (also known as the Varga Chicks) versus the Petty Girls. The mothers were to wear their sons' uniforms, with sashes at their waists and flowers on the baseball caps. Petite Gale could get into 12-year-old Peter's complete outfit, but some of the other mothers couldn't quite make it. Gale seems to be having a hard time losing weight, following the birth of her fourth child, Susanna. Her doctor wants her to come into the hospital for a complete rest before she begins filming her fall series. Unfortunately, energetic Gale's a gal who can't sit still.

Who's Traveling: This summer, the Lennon Sisters have flown from Oregon to Montana to Ohio to Texas and home to California. Oldest sister, Dianne, isn't too crazy about flying; 16-year-old Peggy doesn't mind it; 13-year-old Kathy likes it; and 11-year-old Janet loves it. On two of the trips, the hostesses let the girls co-host with them, donning their caps and serving lunch. On one trip, the airline was tipped off in advance of Janet's birthday and prepared a big, delicious angelfood cake. Janet came home to tell her mother, "Mommy, if that's flying, I'm for it." . . . ABC's Betty White and co-star Bill Williams are preparing a 22-city tour to introduce the new Plymouth (their sponsor on Date With The Angels) to dealers across the country. Since Bill doesn't fly, he'll drive to five West Coast cities, and Betty will hop to all 17 via the air. Incidentally, when press agents tried to stir up a romance between Betty and Michael Ansara, the pair simply laughed, went on a "date" and, having become good friends, they exchanged autographs for young relatives. . . . The Mouseketeers have completed filming their 1958 series and most of them are off on a vacation. Meanwhile, back at the Disney ranch, there are still a few hard at work on a feature-length, color motion picture based on the Wizard of Oz stories. Title: "Rainbow Road to Oz." "Oz" will star Jimmie Dodd, Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk, Bobby Burgess and Darlene Gillespie. For these kids, living in the wonderful land of "Oz" is as much fun as a vacation.

Did You Know: Michael Ansara, " Cochise" of ABC's Broken Arrow, was once a Los Angeles City College medical student. . . . Hugh Wyatt Erp O'Brien was a Los Angeles City College student body president. . . . The Lennon Sisters' family, prior to the girls' stardom, made tamales at home, sold them, while dad was a milkman . . . The average Lawrence Welk bandsman earns $20,000 per year. (Continued on page 18)
Four to Make Ready

We would like some information on The Four Preps, recently seen on The Ford Show.


While their li'l ol' saucers fly eastward on the wings of Capitol Records, The Four Preps, in person, are busy getting very well known around their Southern California neighborhood. Ever since they met a few years ago at Hollywood High and got off on the harmony kick, they've been on the lookout for all the experience they could get. Private parties, hotel engagements, school dances, have all been valuable grist for the mill of their show-business know-how. Recently, with a singing-comedy act well broken-in, they backed Ricky Nelson for his first high-school performance following his recording contract. The quartet are: Marvin Inabett, 18, tenor, and student at U.C.L.A.; Bruce Belland, 19, lead tenor, also a student at U.C.L.A. (Westwood); Glen Larson, 19, baritone, and page at NBC in Hollywood; Ed Cobb, 18, bass chanter, and Los Angeles City College man. "Dreamy Eyes" is their recent well-known disc, backed by "Fools Will Be Fools."

Still Raining in Spain

Could you tell me something about Edward Mulhare, who had the lead in "Eight Feet to Midnight" on CBS-TV's Studio One?

G. M., Buffalo, N. Y.

When Irish-born Edward Mulhare finally got to explain the phonetic niceties of "rain in Spain" to the little Cockney flower-seller, it was after a long battle waged for his option by "My Fair Lady" producer, Herman Levin. Actors' Equity Association had ruled the tall bachelor would not be allowed to play "Professor Higgins" on Broadway while Rex Harrison vacationed from the role, because he is neither a U. S. citizen, a Canadian citizen, nor a resident alien. Levin threatened to close the most fabulously successful musical in American history, if Equity would not permit Mulhare to go on. The Association relented when Mulhare was granted the saving grace of "star status" as a result of his TV and movie work, already highly reputed in this country.

A native of Dublin, Edward was 19 when he won his first roles at the Cork Opera House. But he went back to school for a while, just to be absolutely certain of his decision. After a fling at medicine, he joined the Dublin Theater Guild and played Bill Walker in "Major Barbara" and Horace Giddens in "The Little Foxes." His first appearance in England was with an ENSA unit in "Rebecca." In 1951, he became the leading man of the Liverpool Repertory Company, where Rex Harrison got his early experience. The same year he was Lodovico in an Olivier production of "Othello." Several important repertory roles followed, after which he was cast in the Israeli film, "Hit 24 Doesn't Answer." Levin auditioned Mulhare in London, and, after the hard-won triumph of Edward's "enery 'iggs" debut last winter, the producer signed him to take over the role in December for an expected run of three years. On TV, Mulhare has appeared several times in the British-made Robin Hood series, carried by CBS-TV, and starred last spring, in a Kraft Theater full-hour dramatic colorcast and a Studio One production, "Eight Feet to Midnight." He has filed, by the way, for his American citizenship and doesn't anticipate further Equity complications.

Confident

I have just finished reading "Are We Afraid of Our Teen-age Kids?" (August, TV Radio Mirror) by Gladys Hall. I don't know when I have read such an interesting article. I have three sons and, though the oldest is just ten now, I think I have learned a great deal through reading this which will help my husband and me to prepare for their "teen-age."

Mrs. M. M., High Point, N. C.

In this article, Sam Levenson suggested that parents "unite," as their teen-age children have already done. Judging from the many letters we've received, the parents are taking Sam's advice.

Calling All Fans

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

Official John Wilder Fan Club, c/o Alice McCracken, 4931 West 14th St., Indianapolis 24, Indiana.


Dinah Shore Fan Club, c/o Kay Daly, Pres., 3528 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 34, California.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
were in trouble when Dennis announced he would leave the show in mid-August. Well, he did quit, but not before he saved jobs for the Mello-Larks, the other singers and the orchestra. Seems NBC thought no one would watch the show and planned to knife it. Dennis started a campaign to pull mail. He brought in 80,000 pieces. Pollsters figure about one out of every 500 viewers will write, but even if you figure it at one out of 100 it showed there were some 8-million viewers. So the show stays on and everyone keeps their job but Dennis, who's replaced by Howard Miller. He quit out of sheer homesickness for his house and friends in New York City. His first new assignment is as TV spokesman for Kellogg on all of their programs.

With Onions & Relish: Gisele MacKenzie turned down Broadway offers to give her all to the new TV show. . . . One of Godfrey's prettiest Talent Scout finds, Nancy Adams, signing a Decem contract. . . . Actor Paul McGrath (My Son Jeep, Nora Drake, FBI In Peace, etc., "Face in the Crowd," scads more) will be absent from TV and radio for a long time. He's one of two Americans (other, Evelyn Varden) honored to open and star in a new London production. If you don't know it yet, the play is called, "Roar Like a Dove." . . . TV producer Phil Barry, Jr., is a new father. The mother, actress Patricia Barry, gifted with a girl. . . . Item: We have 42,500,000 TV sets in U.S.A. But radio still holds lead over TV in daytime attention. . . . Speaking of fall, Tin Pan Alley will be foisting on us a new brand of sound called "Rockability." This is Hawaiian music with a big beat. . . . But rock 'n' roll hasn't lost its steam. Dig this title featuring Tennessee Jimmy Donley, "Kickin' My Hound Around." Arf! And it's no sillier than some ballads. How about Sunny Gale's new item, "My Arms Are a House." What's that mean, teacher?

Listen to Harry Silvers: Quote: I'm Phil's oldest brother, but in all of his life I never saw him like this. You would almost have thought he was the "mother." All the time Evelyn was pregnant he stood by, suffering, considerate and expectant. You know, he's on a tough schedule making the Bilko series, but when he got the eight-week lay-off with the rest of the cast he just stayed home. Sat around in his carpet slippers with Evelyn. No other comedians like that. When the baby was born he made one mistake. He announced she was six pounds. It was six plus eleven ounces, but he didn't know how important ounces are to a mother. They call the baby Tracey Edith. Tracey is just a name they pulled out of the hat. They both liked it. I know Phil was glad to have a girl. His own life has been tough-going. I'd guess he thinks for a girl life is a little easier. You should see Phil pick the baby up. Every time the baby gets a burp-smile, he says, "See, she knows it's me." The way Phil holds that baby in his arms—I've been his personal manager for seventeen years and never before saw him like this. Unquote.

Pass the Pepper: Biggest single smash in summer was the fantastic comedy bit of Sue Carson on Sullivan's show. Ed immediately signed her for six more times this season. . . . And, this summer, Ed became a grandfather for the third time. . . . And a grandfather for the second time is Big Payoff host Randy Merriman. . . . Barry Sullivan, star of the new series Harbormaster, has taken on directorial chores for another new TV series, The Joyce Kilmer Story. . . . When Eddie Bracken winces into the camera, it's because he's having real bad trouble with a knee. . . . Eddie Fisher (age 28) is being described as a middle-aged Tommy Sands. . . . Envy Carmel Quinn. She has screamed down from a size 14 to ten. Carmel and spouse Bill Fuller are close friends and neighbors of the Pat Boones and are looking forward to their fall reunion. . . . Actress Joan Tompkins (This Is Nora Drake) commuting between New York City and Hollywood, where hubby-actor Carl Swenson is engaged in movies. . . . The thing that would make Julie and Rory LaRosa happiest would be to find themselves a threesome. . . . And doesn't time fuel-Mason Morfit (Garry Moore's big boy) enters Yale this fall to study journalism.

Dig Me Deep: Eydie Gorme actually outgrew Belafonte at Palmer House in Chicago. And, day by day, more and more people are convinced she will develop into a very great talent, like a Judy Garland. But Eydie will not be contracted exclusively to Steve Allen this season. Wants to move around. . . . Claire Niessen returns to her role of Mary Noble in Backstage Wife after an extended vacation in Europe.

Bergen's Big: Polly Bergen stunned them with her Helen Morgan opus and has further set 'em back on their heels by proving she meant what she had been saying—the family comes first. No night clubs. She turned down Las Vegas money. No Hollywood. Of eight film roles offered, she is considering only two, for they will be made in Manhattan.
What's it like to be on TV? Pauline arrives to find out.
Below, with husband Daniel, she meets Garry Moore.

In the supermarket, she was skeptical . . .
then Mrs. Pauline McCarthy found out what it's really like to be on TV

In a letter to Garry Moore, a housewife glumly compared her "ordinary, everyday" existence to the round of glamour she imagined belonged to TV stars. The crew-cut humorist answered by sending scouts out to find a typical housewife. They interviewed many women, finally came upon Mrs. Pauline McCarthy in a Cleveland supermarket. When they asked her how she'd like to be a TV performer for a week, she was skeptical. They liked that. They liked, too, the fact that she drove a moderate priced car, that she had her three children well under control, that her husband Daniel was a bricklayer foreman, and that they lived in suburban Middleburg Heights in a home they built themselves. But, when Mrs. McCarthy arrived in New York, she gave Garry a few uneasy moments. At their first meeting, they sat down to "talk"—only she didn't. After a few minutes, though, Mrs. McCarthy had made up her mind in Garry's favor. She leaned over, patted him on the shoulder and said, "You're just like you are on TV." From then on, they were friends. Mrs. McCarthy began her whirl—meetings with celebrities, glamour lunches and dinners, but also fittings, make-up sessions, rehearsals, publicity meetings, conferences and all the roll-up-your-sleeves work that went into appearances on The Garry Moore Show and small roles in two daytime dramas, The Edge Of Night and Love Of Life. Through it all, Mrs. McCarthy was a good sport but, after it all, she was happy to get back to the peace and quiet of a housewife's life.

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10-11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. I've Got A Secret, with Garry as host, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds for Winston Cigarettes. (Both EDT)
A good sport, say the Moore gang of their Cleveland housewife. Above, l. to r.: Announcer Frank Simms, Garry, Durward Kirby, Pauline, producer Herb Sanford and Ken Carson. But, below, Pauline looks forward to the calm and quiet of home.

Directed by Richard Sandwich (in shirt), Pauline is a counter girl at a hotel cigar stand in Edge Of Night.

With columnist Earl Wilson to point out celebrities, Pauline and Daniel McCarthy "do" the swank spots.
THE LIFE
HE LOVES

The music is lush and listenable
as Jay Clark spins it over WAVZ

Actor Robert Taylor heads the list of Jay's favorite guest interviews. "A gentleman... and a man's man," Jay says.

No matter whether it's Satchmo or Stravinsky, music has always been Jay's closest companion.

On the air, Jay programs soft violins, sweet ballads.

NEW HAVEN can thank a tough Army sergeant for the lush music that now comes its way courtesy of Jay Clark and Station WAVZ. Looking as smooth as he sounds, Jay presides over a morning music show, from nine till noon each weekday, and then returns for Dinner Date, evenings from six to eight. At dawn or dusk, Jay features strings and ballads by such as Mantovani, Les Baxter, Percy Faith, Gordon Jenkins. Saturdays, with the help of listeners who bring him records dating twenty or thirty years back, Jay programs Old Timers Day, from nine to noon. "No matter the vintage," he says, "good music should be heard and not forgotten."... Yet it all began on a sunny day back in 1945 when, as Jay grins, "Uncle Sam was footing the tab for all three F's—food, footwear and furnishings." Jay, as an unsuspecting Private First Class, accompanied a buddy who hoped to win an audition for an announcer-narrator on an upcoming all-Army radio show in Newport News, Virginia. When the friend developed a severe case of the jitters, a protesting Jay was literally pushed into the studio to substitute. A piece of paper was thrust into his hands and an irate sergeant barked a one-word command: "Read!" "Read I did," Jay laughs, "on and on, for the next twenty weeks on the radio."... Twelve years later, Jay is no longer reading. Comments and commercials are ad-libbed. "What continues to amaze me, to this day," he says, "is the fact that I'm able to buy groceries and make my offering to the landlord doing what I've always cared for most, listening to and playing records."... When bachelor Jay winds up his musical chores, he makes his way around the golf course—"much to the chagrin of the players behind me," he grins. Sundays, once the weekend papers are out of the way, it's concert time at the Clark residence. "Just recently, my lease was renewed for two more years," he says. "I chalk this up to the fact that my landlord is a music lover. That, or else he is buried under the debris caused by the cannon fire from Tchaikovsky's '1812 Overture.'"... Jay dreams of early retirement to Florida—with records, a typewriter and a cranium full of ideas for stories. "Life has been too good to me," says Jay, "to worry or fret, or ever hurry to get anywhere, especially career-wise." No need to hurry—as WAVZ listeners will testify, Jay Clark has arrived.
TV goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Careless Years
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL

Responsible for building many new stars in recent years, TV scores a double play with a touching drama of youthful love. Once a child actor in movies, Dean Stockwell hit the comeback trail in TV plays and filmed series. Natalie Trundy made her TV debut at ten, later did top child roles in important shows. Now seventeen-year-old Natalie and twenty-one-year-old Dean co-star in the story of teenagers whose need for each other drives them to plan elopement. The decision they reach provides thought for all families.

No Down Payment
20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Usually identified with comedy, Tony Randall does a fine job of serious character portrayal in this close-up of a suburban housing development. And Joanne Woodward, also TV-trained, creates an equally arresting personality. The story is actually an intimate portrait of four young couples, close neighbors whose lives intertwine. Each pair faces individual problems: Tony and Sheree North (also taking time out from comedy); Joanne and Cameron Mitchell; Jeff Hunter and Patricia Owens; Barbara Rush and Pat Hingle. The varied situations finally explode in violence.

The Pajama Game
WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

Here's the happiest musical that Doris Day has turned out in a long time. It's packed with lively tunes—the popular "Hey There" and "Hernando's Hideaway" being only two in the rhythmic crowd. For Doris and handsome John Raitt, the labor-management quarrel gets translated into terribly personal terms. As employee and new boss in a pajama factory, Doris and John make the pleasant mistake of falling in love. There's a rowdy second romance between Carol Haney and Eddie Foy, Jr.—expert comics both.

The Young Don't Cry
COLUMBIA

Familiar faces on your TV screen, young Sal Mineo and sturdy James Whitmore make an interestingly contrasted pair in an odd but convincing story of the South. Sal is a self-reliant orphan; James, a rebellious convict working in a road gang near the orphanage. Bullies in the group make the boy's life uneasy; the prisoner is plotting escape. On hand, too, is TV grad Roxanne, looking decorative as wife of Gene Lyons, the orphans' benefactor.

That Night
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL

Stars, producer, plot—all the elements of this quiet yet strong family drama stem from TV. First seen on the home screens, the story centers on John Beal, as a TV-commercial writer. The pressure he works under partly accounts for the heart attack that forces him to face the possibility of death—then a changed life. Augusta Dabney plays his wife; Shepperd Strudwick, his honest, sympathetic doctor. Throughout, the acting and the picture's general handling create a firm sense of reality, increased by the fact that the whole movie was shot in New York, where its events take place.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Loving You (Wallis, Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor); Drama-with-music shows off Elvis Presley at his best, as a lonely young drifter boomed into fame in the singing business. Liz Scott, Wendell Corey, Dolores Hart share his fate.

Sweet Smell of Success (U.A.); Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster zestfully play a pair of heels in this bitter, biting New York story. Columnist Burt assigns publicist Tony to break up the new romance of Susan Harrison, Burt's sister.

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? (20th; CinemaScope, DeLuxe Color); Hollywood attacks TV in a roaring farce—all in fun, but not for kiddies. Tony Randall displays his comedy skill as a timid ad man snared by film queen Jayne Mansfield.

Emotion bewilders Dean Stockwell and young sweetheart Natalie Trundy.

Party quips tossed by Tony Randall amuse Sheree North, Barbara Rush.

After a business fight, Doris Day and John Raitt enjoy reconciliation.
JUST PAT BUTTRAM

His homespun humor has its roots in the rich Alabama soil

Laughter was made to share, Pat shares his with Sheila and Kerry—and with a coast-to-coast audience on CBS Radio.

BORN Maxwell Emmet Patrick Buttram, the Alabaman claims to be the only man in the world with a pink barbecue . . . and is acclaimed by others as one of the top twenty authorities on the Civil War. More to the point is a dictum from Robert Benchley. “Don’t let them label you a comedian,” Bob told Pat Buttram. “You are something deeper than that. You are a humorist.” You can hear the difference in a whimsy and a fresh-air philosophy that is rooted in the rich Alabama soil and is aired coast-to-coast on Just Entertainment. . . .

A veteran wit of Western films, stage, night clubs, radio and TV, Pat is one of seven children of the Reverend Wilson McDaniel Buttram, a Methodist circuit-rider who carried the Word throughout Alabama as far as a lean horse and a rickety buggy would travel. With dreams of being a minister like his dad, Pat enrolled as a theology student at Birmingham Southern College. But, while there, he was spotted in a college play and hired by the manager of a local radio station. Still a teenager, Pat became one of the first disc jockeys . . . Then, visiting Chicago, he dropped in on a broadcast of National Barn Dance, where it was a regular practice to interview two or three members of the audience. Pat’s comments brought laughter from the audience—and a regular place on the show that he kept for thirteen years. Then Hollywood called and Pat moved into pictures, was featured in the film of “National Barn Dance” and in numerous TV Westerns, notably as Gene Autry’s sidekick . . .

Married to film actress Sheila Ryan, Pat is at home in a comfortable ranch-style house in Van Nuys, California. The house offers lots of play space for their three-year-old daughter, Kathleen Kerry. There’s also a swimming pool, tennis court, and a stable housing one horse and one mule. Inside, the decor is Early American and Pat’s favorite room is his study, with the walls covered with Civil War relics, including the Confederate bonds and currency acquired by an optimistic Southern forebear. Here’s where Pat Buttram creates Just Entertainment, out of the heritage of humor that is his, too.

Student of history, Pat Buttram often draws on the lore of Americana for his homespun whimsy.

Just Entertainment, heard on CBS Radio, 2:45 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by William Wrigley Jr. Co. for Doublemint Gum.
THE RECORD PLAYERS

This space rotates among
Gene Stuart of WAVZ,
Art Pallan of KDKA,
Al Collins of WRCA and NBC
and Bill Mayer of WRCV

When Frank Sinatra's selling
a song. I'm in a buying mood.

the Kid from Jersey

By BILL MAYER

Recording stars may come and go,
but there are a few "old timers"
who still keep rolling along... retaining
a high level of popularity... periodically coming up with a top disk... making new fans every time they cut a new platter. For instance, in my book—and I've been a radio music
man for the past fifteen years—no one can replace Mr. Frank Sinatra
when it comes to selling a song.

Perhaps my opinion is a bit influenced by the fact that I enjoyed the fun of youth during the era of the big bands and the various singing "specialists" that went with that period of music-making history... Skinny Ennis and Bob Allen with Hal Kemp... Helen Forrest with James...yes, and even Ish Kabibble, Harry Babbitt and Ginny Simms with Kay Kyser, and the Three Kaydets with Sammy Kaye. I remember a thin, gaunt kid hugging a mike and sending millions of teen-age gals into the screaming meemies with "I'll Never Smile Again," "Just as Though You Were Here," etc., etc. And I've had the pleasure of watching this kid from Jersey grow into a singing phenomenon, miss his stride for a while when he hit the peak, then taper off and mature into both an actor and a singer who has carved a unique and exclusive niche for himself.

As an early-ayem disk jockey who plays five hours of music per morning, I must of necessity play all types of music for my audience. And I sincerely enjoy most all categories of music. However, I admit my personal choice in popular melodies is that which is classified as "sweet." Thus, my preference of Sinatra performances is when he is weaving a romantic spell via his vocal pipes. Although when he picks up the beat and sticks with the melody—as in such tunes as "Tender Trap" and "You're Cheating Yourself"—he sure doesn't do himself any harm.

I think you can follow the ups and downs of Sinatra's career via his records. I don't mean in choice of tunes, but in the quality of his voice. In my library there's a short-cut disk featuring Dorsey with Sinatra, called "Poor You." Every time I play this record, I see a youngster, starting to climb but still a bit unsure, performing in his first movie... remember? Next was the host of big sellers, "Smile" and so on, when the boy was enjoying the popularity and idolatry that comes with success. Then came the gap, when it seemed Sinatra was either fading or, of his own choice, giving up vocalizing for a film career. When he once more took on recording chores, Sinatra was making headlines, and not very pleasant headlines. His personal life was hitting a snag and the press was riding him hard. The records he cut at this time had an element of "so what" about them. He kicked around the melody, ad-libbed the lyrics, and the sincerity of the Sinatra voice was missing. Somewhere along the line, the boy grew up and became a man aware of his talents and his responsibilities as the possessor of these talents. What happened? He cut "Young at Heart" and he was really off to the races again as a top pop singer.

What makes a Sinatra stay up there while hundreds of other hopefuls are hit-and-run victims of fame and fortune? Who can really tell? The come-and-go-ers receive as much, if not more, big play today, via the thousands of disk jockey programs throughout the country, as Sinatra. That powerful monster known as TV affords today's aspirant an outlet never available to the Sinatras in their heyday. So what's the answer? I certainly don't know. But I do know this: Throughout the years I have played and plugged a host of "hot" vocalists. After a few months, most of these records go on the discard pile while the Sinatra file just grows bigger and bigger. And, for my choice, just let it grow and grow!
NEW! Clearasil Lotion Medication

Doctors’ Scientific Formula

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...hides pimpl es while it works

Clearasil is the new-type medication especially for pimples. Clinical tests prove it really works. And now you can get Clearasil as a smooth, soothing lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, Clearasil gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists...works in a way no so-called “medicated” cosmetic or skin-cream can!

How Clearasil Works Fast:

1. Penetrates pimples...‘keratolytic’ action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medicaments can penetrate...encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!
2. Stops bacteria...antisep tic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples...helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!
3. ‘Starves’ pimples...oil-absorbing action ‘starves’ pimples...dries up and helps remove excess oil that ‘feeds’ pimples...works fast to clear up pimples!

Also, the penetrating medical action you get with Clearasil softens and loosens blackheads so they ‘float’ out with normal washing. And Clearasil works at the source of the blackhead problem by drying up excess skin oil which may clog pores. Skin-colored Clearasil blends with any complexion, hides pimples and blackheads amazingly while it works! It’s greaseless and stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists...Guaranteed! In clinical tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil (either Lotion or Tube). It’s guaranteed to work for you or money back! Economical, long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Get Clearasil at all drug counters.

WHAT’S NEW—WEST

(Continued from page 7)

Private Audience: When the Red Skeletons, with their nine-year-old son Richard, a leukemia sufferer, arrived in Rome on their round-the-world tour, Pope Pius XII ignored protocol to grant them a fifty-minute private audience. The Skeletons are Protestant but Richard, a student at a Catholic school where his favorite subjects were history and geography, had once expressed an ambition to become a priest. Red and Georgia Skeleton went as the 82-year-old Pope invited their son to sit next to him. “From this hour on, it will be a holy hour for you,” the Pope told him. “From now on, you shall live for Eternity.” Said Richard after the meeting, “I felt good.”

That’s My Pop: Handsome Guy Williams, Zorro star, has confused his 4-year-old son, Steve, with talk of his new acting assignment. Steve now calls his dad, “Zorro Daddy.” Steve’s not too impressed by Zorro. Guy inquisitively tried to find just exactly what his dad did. It was only when he was told that Guy worked side by side with such Disney stalwarts as Jimmie Dodd and the Mouseketeers that he was finally impressed. That’s an engineer on the ABC-TV Lawrence Welk Show named Marvin Jacobs. His wife is a truly devoted fan. One Saturday, Marv brought Aladdin home for lunch. Soon, word of Marv’s wife’s cooking reached the ears of other band-members and now, every Saturday, Mrs. Jacobs shops for at least a dozen. All gratis. Such is the devotion of the Welk fans for members of the band.

Love Their Work: Dinah Shore wanted to see Europe. General Motors put a Chevrolet at her disposal on the Continent. Husband George Montgomery gave her a camera. In Paris, Rome and London, Dinah will shoot pictures. Next season you will see Dinah’s vacation in Europe. That’s right, they’ll be part of the Chevrolet commercials. . . . Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, will erect a small summer-stock theater on their Hidden Valley property. It will be a weekend theater for professionals, playing to almost a closed-circuit audience. The main idea is to give the old pros a chance to vent their secret ambitions, such as singers to dance, dancers to act, actors to sing. . . . Gunsmoke’s Jim Arness has always wanted to sing. Roulette Records signed him to do a series of Western and pop ballads. But Wyatt Earp, (Hugh O’Brian) who has already recorded an album for Am-Par, beat him to the draw. Now big Jim isn’t so sure he wants to do the songs because he wouldn’t want to be accused of ‘copying.’ That’s the way the oil roulette wheel goes round.
PAY-TV:
WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

By HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD

What is this pay-TV hassle all about? Who started it? What will it do for you—or to you? Will pay-TV—as its supporters claim—herald "the dawn of a new day in TV programs"? Or—as its opponents assert—will it destroy the present no-charge system and divide the nation into those who can afford to see a show and those who can't?

The issue, long controversial and confusing, became crucial in June when the Federal Communications Commission stated it had the power to authorize subscription television and called for new briefs which would spell out in detail the conditions under which extensive field trials could be held to determine its acceptance or rejection by the public.

Proponents of pay-TV—Zenith Radio Corporation, which owns Phonovision; Skiatron, which has Scriber-Vision; and Paramount, which has Telemeter—hailed this as a victory. Pay-TV is inevitable, they claim.

Opponents—the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, theater owners and others—object even to the tests. Bills have been introduced in Congress to prevent them. Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.) has stated, "Permitting pay television to be used generally would be the same as having the Congress impose a new tax on the people of this country."

The convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs also became a battleground for the issue and the ladies passed a resolution which was so intricately phrased that both sides claimed endorsement. The chairman of the Federation's Communications Committee, however, interpreted it as giving her a clear mandate to campaign against pay-TV.

Where do you stand? As a member of the American viewing public, you have a right to an opinion. Your investment in television exceeds that of all the stations and networks. You have spent some fifteen billion dollars to buy the sets which now bring entertainment into your living rooms without charge. You also own the air over which the signal is transmitted. The Federal Communications Commission is your means of regulating its use.

Your opinion counts, for what you decide now may well determine how much use your TV set will be to you five years hence—and what it will cost you to use it. To find your answers, since you have the highest stake in this matter, you might just as well start where both the broadcasters and the pay-TV advocates do, and pick up a hand in the big numbers game.

The big numbers game provides the most intriguing coffee-break conversation in broadcasting today. It is based on the old American folk-phrase, "I wish I had a dollar every time someone..." Complete that sentence with the words, "turns on a TV set," and you deal in dazzling digits. The population of the United States is now 171 million. About 40 million TV sets are in use. Next, consider how many hours approximately 500 stations are on the air. Mix them together and you can come up with a collection of dollar signs which has intoxicated many an imagination.

There are two ways to play the big numbers game. The advertising men play it by long division and call it "cost per thousand." The guy with the lowest number wins. The pay-TVers, in contrast, aim high and use multiplication signs to pyramid potential wealth.

Here's an extremely simplified illustration of the way it works: The "cost-per-thousand" figure comes from The Billboard, which each week indexes the Top Twenty shows. This show-business newspaper defines it as: "The sponsor's cost of reaching 1,000 TV homes per minute of commercials." To secure the figure, they divide the show's total program and net time-cost by the number of homes which the American Research Bureau reports were tuned in. Thus, during a given week toward the close of last season, it cost the sponsor, Dodge Motors, 96 cents per commercial minute to put The Lawrence Welk Show into a thousand homes. Revlon's figure for The $64,000 Question was $1.67; Lincoln-Mercury's, for The Ed Sullivan Show, was $1.78 per thousand.

It takes another transaction to produce the actual revenue. The sponsor gambles he will sell enough merchandise in those homes to (Continued on page 61)
Pioneer of “spectaculars” on TV and “continuous programming” on radio, NBC offers even more this season. Monitor fills the air with news and novelties on weekends. Nightline has taken over all the other evenings, expects to blanket the “prime” hours in each. That will be just fine with listeners, who can never get enough of Walter O’Keefe, the Hartford, Conn., boy who made good on Broadway and is tickled neon-pink to be back on Times Square. . . . For top TV specials, watch for Texaco Command Appearance (Sept. 19), in cooperation with the American Theater Wing—Standard Oil’s big variety show (Oct. 13)—General Motors Jubilee Of American Music (Nov. 17)—“Annie Get Your Gun” (Nov. 27). Latter brings back beloved Mary Martin, pictured below with husband Richard Halliday and daughter Heller. And note that “Pinocchio” (Oct. 13) will star Mickey Rooney on both TV and radio. Most NBC specials will be in color, and so will many regular TV shows. . . . Perry Como not only returns to his Saturday show (Sept. 14), but may also do a couple of special musicals. Dinah Shore gives up her midweek song program to make more full-hour appearances on The Chevy Show (Oct. 20), which becomes a Sunday regular and will “rotate” other stars—possibly including Ginger Rogers. Bob Hope will do six shows for Timex, irregularly scheduled, using some material he’s collected in Europe. First will feature a Casablanca locale (Oct. 6). . . . Under strictly separate contracts, Jerry Lewis will do at least six shows (first, Nov. 4), Dean Martin’s apparently set to sing every other Saturday night—with Polly Bergen being mentioned as the alternating star (Sept. 21). Rosemary Clooney will probably headline the big variety show (Sept. 26) replacing Lux Video Theater for the same sponsor. . . . There’ll still be plenty of drama on TV. Shifting overnight from Sundays, Alcoa-Goodyear Anthology (Sept. 30) takes over part of the Monday time left vacant by Bob Montgomery. Loretta Young comes back to her Sunday series (Oct. 6), but Jane Wyman will start a new run on Thursdays, in half of the old Video Theater time. Her summer replacement, Meet McGraw, is expected to be permanent. So is Manhunt, which replaced The Big Story. . . . Newcomers in the adventure field include: Wagon Train (Sept. 11), with veteran actor Ward Bond and Robert Horton, the U.C.L.A. drama-school grad who may become this year’s Western idol—Restless Gun (Sept. 23), with film star John Payne in a role made famous on radio by Jimmy Stewart—The Californians (Sept. 24), about San Francisco at the turn of the century—Suspicion (Sept. 30), a full hour of mystery by masters of the suspenseful art. The lighter side of detection will be taken care of by Peter Lawford and Phyllis Kirk as Nick and Nora Charles of The Thin Man (Sept. 20). The serious side will be represented by Court Of Last Resort (Oct. 4), based on real cases...
with Lyle Bettger as chief investigator. Radio drama settled down to a new daytime pattern on NBC this summer, when the ever-popular One Man's Family left its night-time spot to join a strong afternoon line-up of continued stories. There'll be a similar boost to the morning schedule next month, when My True Story moves to NBC Radio; same time, new stations, beginning early in October.

... Caesar's Hour has struck, but Sid may be back on NBC-TV—and reunited with Imogene Coca, if present plans materialize! A big new Tuesday-night hour (Sept. 24) combines the humorous talents of George Gobel and vocal magic of Eddie Fisher. Both will appear each week, but alternate as host and guest star.

There's been no further schedule talk of Follow That Man, the Milton Berle series. (Everybody likes what they've seen—till they look at the price tag. But Mildie, cleaning up in the clubs, is feeling no pinch in the pocketbook.) Washington Square is now a historic memory; Ray Bolger's probably doing a Broadway musical. Ernie Kovacs just wants to free-lance between movies; says it's fun to relax and let Edie Adams bring home the bacon from "Li'l Abner." Compensating for the absence of such independent males is the welcome return of both Joan Caulfield and Marion Lorne in Sally (Sept. 22), with Joan as traveling companion to a giddy matron played by Wally Cox's former pal.

... Charles Van Doren, hero of Twenty-One, becomes special commentator for Wide Wide World (Sept. 15). It's been quite a year for the Columbia professor's entire family! His brother John—also a college instructor—made his TV debut as a High-Lo panellist. Their famous father, Mark Van Doren, took part in a summer series on NBC Radio's The Eternal Light. And Geraldine, the pretty girl who first urged Charles into the quiz game, is now a Van Doren, too—they're pictured at right on wedding trip. Wide Wide World will be seen at least twice a month, with Omnibus alternating (as of Oct. 20). Both 90-minute programs will occasionally relinquish their Sunday-afternoon spot for specials. Tennessee Ernie Ford, returning to The Ford Show (Sept. 19), has given up his daytime stint, with Bride And Groom expected to be permanent replacement. Meanwhile, it's a homecoming for The Bob Cummings Show (Sept. 24), back on the net where it made its TV debut.
There's new menu magic at CBS, where variety has always been the spice and comedy a basic ingredient. Radio started serving its new dishes before Labor Day, though times may change as old favorites return to familiar spots. Big new singer is the guitar-swinging lad who came out of Kirksville, Mo., to head The Rusty Draper Show. Raves also greeted the offbeat humor of Stan Freberg, melodiously supported on his own program by Peggy Taylor. The long-awaited return of Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney make welcome headlines, too. . . . They all join such master chefs of music and humor as Amos 'n Andy and Robert Q. Lewis. But the real stop-press flash is Arthur Godfrey, adding to his daily radio schedule with a late-afternoon stanza for Ford (Sept. 18). . . . There's plenty of news on TV, of course, though dates are less definite because so many summer replacements continue into September and even October. Hey, Jeanie! is gone, her place being taken this fall by a rugged Westerner, Have Gun—Will Travel, in which Richard Boone (a descendant of Dan'l) drops his familiar scalpel for a six-shooter. Harbourmaster, a new seafarer starring Barry Sullivan, replaces Bob Cummings (moving to another net). Trackdown, a Western series, takes over for West Point. The eagerly-awaited Perry Mason (see story, this issue) becomes a Saturday-night regular—but the oft-promised Gary Cooper series is now a project for 1958. . . . No one will want to miss the debut of Du Pont Show Of The Month (Sept. 28). Stars of "Crescendo," its first 90-minute extravaganza in color, are the extravagantly talented Ethel Merman and Rex Harrison—Broadway's "Professor Higgins," who just married his own fair lady, Kay Kendall, this summer. . . . The Seven Lively Arts (Nov. 17), emceed by TV-radio critic John Crosby, opens its hour-long Sunday series with "The Ways of Love." Also scheduled for a November debut is High Adventure With Lowell Thomas, which will preempt other shows at various times to present 60-minute sagas of travel with the noted explorer-reporter. . . . No dates or plans have been announced for versatile Mickey Rooney, pending completion of his one-shot on another net. But subjects are already being lined up for a unique documentary called The Twentieth Century. First topic for the latter, which replaces You Are There for same sponsor, will be that great man-of-our-times, Sir Winston Churchill (Oct. 20). The similarly named 20th Century-Fox Hour departs, with Armstrong Circle Theater moving from another net to alternate with The United States Steel Hour early in October. . . . There's been quite a re-shuffle of CBS-TV's schedule, so get ready to go golfing or make mood music for more albums—he can afford time off, having sold The Honeymoons for a figure 'round the million mark (the 28 films will be re-sold for local-station viewing). Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have stopped making further I Love Lucy films, and The Danny Thomas Show moves into their Monday slot. But Lucille and Desi will do five big variety hours for Ford during the coming season—and Lucy re-runs will be seen on Wednesdays (Sept. 30). . .
The Eve Arden Show, with Allyn Joslyn, will see America’s favorite schoolteacher in a new guise, as a traveling lady lecturer (based on Emily Kimbrough’s book, “It Gives Me Great Pleasure”). But Our Miss Brooks lives on—not only in TV reruns, but the continuing series on CBS Radio. Jack Benny comes back on radio, too. The Waukegan wonder’s TV series (Sept. 15) will have a new alternate in place of Private Secretary—a brand-new situation comedy (Sept. 22) variously referred to as Bachelor Father and Uncle Bentley, but quite definitely starring John Forsythe, TV’s own matinee idol from Penns Grove, N. J. Other situation-comedy newcomers include Dick and The Duchess, starring Patrick O’Neal and Hazel Court against an international background, and Wally And The Beaver, which teams Paul Sullivan, 12, and Jerry Mather, 8 . . . For Patti Page, this is the year of years. First, her marriage to Charles O’Curran; then, a delayed but glorious honeymoon in Europe; now, stardom in one of CBS-TV’s most cherished projects. On the premiere of The Big Record (Sept. 18), she’ll be hostess to headliners ranging from Sal Mineo to Eddie Cantor—with David Wayne and Ella Logan teaming up, for the first time on TV, to sing the songs they made famous in “Finian’s Rainbow.” . . . Another must-see will be the teaming of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra for one big splash (Oct. 13) —Bing Crosby will do the show “live,” for the greater glory of his alma mater, Gonzaga U. Meanwhile, Bob Crosby has relinquished his daytime show, in hopes of a night-time spot.
Television history has been made by ABC, with its trail-blazing programs for children and the mighty Westerns which created new matinee idols. Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club and Disneyland are now "musts" in any household containing small fry—and it was the latter series which put coonskin caps on young America, thanks to Fess Parker's lusty portrayal of Davy Crockett. Clint Walker, as Cheyenne, Hugh O'Brian, as Wyatt Earp, increasing the roster of he-man heroes—and you can be sure there'll be more Western stars in the galaxy, this coming season. . . . But ABC is also long famous for its music, from Metropolitan Opera to Lawrence Welk. The TV net's biggest of all fall plans are built around top singers. Judging from the line-up, this should surely be music for all the family, too—because families mean so much in the personal lives of these stars themselves. . . . Guy Mitchell—who was born Al Cernick in Detroit, and who will have his own live show (Oct. 7) in understandablely proud of his beautiful Danish-born bride, Else. Pat Boone, whose big show will be on Thursday nights (Oct. 3), is married to Red Foley's daughter Shirley. They're devoted to their youngsters, Cherry, Lindy, Debby, and are expecting a fourth addition to the family. . . . Patrice Munsel—first Metropolitan Opera star to head her own regular TV series (Oct. 18)—is prouder of her husband, Robert Schuler, and their babies, Hectic and Rhett, than of the brilliant high notes which have made her internationally famous since leaving her native Spokane. Her new show, which promises to be more "pop" than classical, immediately precedes the spectacular series (also premiering Oct. 18) which stars Frank Sinatra—whose marital fortunes haven't been anything to write home about, but who expects to have the three children of his first marriage guest-appearing on the new program, which will combine music and drama, live and on film. . . . Getting back to those new Westerns, Maverick (Sept. 22) will bring us tall, dark and handsome James Garner, Korean War veteran from Norman, Okla. Sugarfoot (Sept. 17)—replacing Conflict on alternate weeks with Cheyenne—stars blue-eyed, sandy-haired Will Hutchins, a "Will Rogers" type born right in Los Angeles. Zorro (Oct. 3) naturally headlines a fascinating Latin hero—Guy Williams, who started life as Armando Catalano, back in New York. . . . Western in locale but humorous in type will be The Real McCoys (Oct. 3), starring great character actor Walter Brennan with Kathy Nolan—the green-eyed, red-haired beauty from St. Louis who
played Wendy to Mary Martin’s unforgettable Peter Pan. No casting reports, at this writing, on Wednesday night’s Tombstone Territory (Oct. 16) and Friday’s Colt 45 (Oct. 18). But O.S.S. (Sept. 26) will have Ron Randell as the dashing hero involved in mystery and intrigue. . . . Adventure, big-city style, is the keynote of The Walter Winchell File (Oct. 2), presenting the rapid-fire columnist as host-actor-narrator for dramatized news stories of the kind so familiar to him, from his long coverage of the bright and seamy sides of Broadway. For theatrical fireworks, be sure to watch Telephone Time during October, when an offbeat story will co-star Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke, for the first time in their distinguished careers! . . . And, if your youngsters have been missing some of their favorites—Superman, Wild Bill Hickok, Sir Lancelot, Woody Woodpecker, The Buccaneers—just dial ABC weekday afternoons, beginning the very first week in October. Meanwhile, Circus Boy (Sept. 19) will have moved in to stay on Thursday evenings. . . . Radio-wise, there are great plans in the making at the American Broadcasting Network. No more daytime drama, but fresh formats for sparkling new personalities—so keep listening for latest announcements.
Gisele has always cherished those precious moments alone in her New York apartment—the first home of her own she's had, since leaving her native Canada.

Jack Benny, master showman, believed in Gisele's star talents, is responsible for her big new program.

Plenty of dates, both personal and professional. Out in California for her show, this nature-lover's also looking forward to an outdoor life in the sun.

By GLADYS HALL

What a year this has been for Gisele MacKenzie! A year of changes, of new experiences and adventures. Just about the only thing Gisele hasn't done, in these crowded months, is to fall in love and get married—the dark, dynamic singing star has had much too much on her mind for that, as the magic hour drew nearer and nearer for the debut of The Gisele MacKenzie Show, September 28, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, over NBC-TV.

"It's one thing," Gisele points out, "to be one of four singing stars on Your Hit Parade, as I was until last June. It's quite another thing to be the star of your own show. The very first show of your own you've ever had. And scheduled for Saturday night, too, the night when so many TV Bigs are seen and heard! It's a terrible responsibility, rather frightening—and altogether wonderful."

For this delightfully pulse-stirring development, Miss MacKenzie and her fans have a certain fellow fiddler to thank, Mr. Jack Benny by name. Ever since they first worked together, some three years ago, Jack has felt that Gisele should have a specially (Continued on page 66)

The Gisele MacKenzie Show is scheduled to be seen on NBC-TV, Saturdays (beg. Sept. 28), 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Scott Paper Co. and Schick Razors.
This has been Gisele MacKenzie's Big Year.

New show, new trips, new plans. Everything except love and marriage—but, as Gisele says . . .

Canine pals Wolfie and Bruna know they'll be with her wherever she goes, aren't a bit afraid to see her pack up.

Gisele thinks every woman should have time alone with her thoughts each day—preferably relaxed in a rocking chair!
Helen O'Connell kept a date with destiny—and met the man who made her happy home complete.

By FRANCES KISH

On the twelfth day of last April, when Helen O'Connell kept a lunch date with two of her Today co-workers, she had not the slightest premonition that she was also keeping a date with destiny. She would have laughed her mellow ripple of a laugh, now so happily familiar to her early morning viewer-listeners, at such an awesome idea. Her hazel eyes would have crinkled characteristically until only the fringe of dark lashes could be seen, and her dimples would have danced with amusement and disbelief.

Wasn't this simply another lunch, after a busy morning of last-minute briefings and what passes for rehearsals on a spontaneous show like Today—of going on the air as singer and featured cast member, and after that of sitting in at the usual conference about next day's show? Wasn't this just the usual Monday-through-Friday kind of routine, and the usual break for lunch with a friend or two?

The fact is, it wasn't. This day she was to meet a deeply tanned six-foot ex-soldier of Greek descent by name of Tom T. Chamales (pronounced Sha-moll-ess), author of "Never So Few," a first book, a war novel of such power that it immediately swept into all the best-seller lists. And, four weeks later, on the ninth day of May, she was to marry him—to the great delight of her three young daughters, Jackie, Joannie and Jennie, aged 13, 10 and 9.

Helen was seated this day, with the two other girls from the show, in a corner of Toots Shor's restaurant, close to the studio from which Today is broadcast. Tom and another man, a friend of Helen's, came into the room. The friend brought (Continued on page 82)
Helen's girls—Jennie, 9; Joannie, 10; Jackie, 13—are fascinated by the family's newest member, too. They coaxed writer Tom Chamales into proposing to Helen all over again for their benefit—five times, on bended knee! Tom admires the girls as distinct individuals: "Each has something of Helen, some of her traits, but none has all of them." And Helen's grateful to Joyce Mayo, the "stand-in" for a busy wife and mother who goes to work about five A.M.
Ann Leonardo, 19, of Fresno, California, duets with the nicest Talent Scout of all. Like Jan, she studied music early. Like many another contestant, she also appeared on Godfrey's morning show—and a thrilling new career began.

Danny Costello seconds Ann's notion that no one could be more helpful than Jan. The Talent Scouts winner, his wife Mary and two small sons make their home in Jersey City, where he was born and reared among opera-loving Italians.

The saga of six exciting "discoveries" reads like a letter of thanks to the bright little songbird—and to that fabulous redhead, Arthur Godfrey

By MARTIN COHEN

When Arthur Godfrey and Jan Davis read this piece, they will be delightfully surprised. In the past year, Arthur has said repeatedly that the big incentive for continuing his TV programming is the thrill and satisfaction in discovering new, young talent. Now, Arthur is going to find out what the young talent think about Arthur Godfrey—and what they have to say about the pretty gal he appointed producer of Talent Scouts, Janette Davis.

To make it clear, Janette Davis, producer, is the same decorative redhead who sings so well herself, on both TV and radio. It is an exception for a woman to be a performer on one network show and the producer of another, but then, Jan is an exceptional woman. She began to sing before she could talk and, from the time she was a toddler, sang at church meetings and school.
Anita Bryant, 17, is one young singer who has special reason to be grateful that Jan remembers her own early struggles, tries to make it easier for out-of-towners to audition for Talent Scouts.

New York—whether window-shopping or snatchings a coffee-break at Colbee's, near CBS—is not quite real to Anita, who was born in Barnesdale, TV-debuted in Oklahoma City, now lives in Tulsa.

Miyoshi Umeki, 22, has come from Hokkaido via TV, records, films. She still performs in Japanese costume—but adores "American" pizza.

functions in Humphrey and Pine Bluff, Arkansas. At fourteen, she had her first radio contract singing and playing piano over a Memphis station. Jan's professional activities, from fourteen on, included much radio work ("some of it for plain experience") and a lot of club work. She sang with such bands as Joe Reichman's. She starred on radio shows out of Shreveport and Cincinnati and Chicago. She had her own network series before Arthur asked to have her on his new network program when he joined CBS.

"But, for years, I've had this yen to work with new talent," Jan says. "New, young talent helps to make the Godfrey show exciting. But, in a personal sense, too, it is a very exciting and satisfying experience to work with the newcomers."

Since Jan took over (Continued on page 63)
Tommy Common, 24, is the youthful pride of Canada—a title which he and his wife Doreen would more quickly bestow on son Jamie, at home in their native Toronto.

Steve Karmen, 19, is a native New Yorker, blond, and a bachelor. Jan suggested that he keep his guitar with him on the program, for confidence. "But mostly," says Steve, "it was her manner that made me feel at ease."

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Toni Company. Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. (EDT)
Truth—and Its Consequences

Bob Barker’s success story verifies the enduring values of hard work and honest interest in his fellowman

By GORDON BUDGE

Tall, handsome Bob Barker, new emcee of Truth Or Consequences, has a smile as fresh and bright as one of the quick-current trout streams sparkling through the Washington woods where he was born. On the surface, he has a jolly, devil-may-care personality which perfectly fits the laugh-a-second situations spawned on T Or C. But underneath the laughter is a serious, hard-working young man with an intense desire to give his very best to the audience he feels is responsible for his success. And, after eleven years in (Continued on page 68)

Bob emcees Truth Or Consequences, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, and heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:05 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Bob, DJ, and Ralph Edwards—the show’s creator—in Truth Or Consequences, N.M.

At home, Bob and DJ (Dorothy Jo) each have own cooking specialties.

1944: Just commissioned in Navy, just wed to his DJ for three days.
Norma Moore, of The Secret Storm, has clear ideas of what she wants—and the prices to be paid for them

By MARY TEMPLE

Sooner or later, every woman learns that being an idealist about love, about life, about one’s work—whether it’s homemaking or a career—has its price. For Norma Moore, who is Susan Ames in the CBS-TV daytime drama, The Secret Storm, this kind of integrity may be costly, but she is determined to protect it, nevertheless.

Youthful as a teenager—born February 20, little more than twenty years ago . . . lovely to look at—auburn-brown hair that curls, blue-gray eyes that pay you the compliment of (Continued on page 72)

Busy with her career, Norma still finds time for dating—mostly with actors, though she isn’t planning to marry one.
Together on House Party: Art's proud his eldest son has chosen the same profession. But Jack had to remind him that he's only following in father's footsteps, too, wanting to marry so early!


Too young for marriage—at 19? But later this year, Linkletter's eldest son will be 20 ... with Art's and Lois's wisdom—and Barbara's love ...

By FREDDA BALLING

Four years ago, Jack Linkletter, aged sixteen, descended from the stratosphere, flew into the living room where his parents were reading one peaceful Saturday night, and announced: "I've met her! Just as you always predicted, when it hit, I knew what it was. Love. This is the girl I'm going to marry."

Art and Lois Linkletter glanced up from script and newspaper and gave Jack their full but unalarmed attention. Coming to a safe landing on the sofa, Jack supplemented his original report. "This'll kill you: We're in the same math class at school, but somehow I never noticed her until I danced with her at the party tonight. Man, she's neat. There goes that bachelor apartment I always planned to furnish."

Art asked the name of the divine one's father

These are "fun" days for Jack and his charming fiancee, Barbara Hughes. But both are serious in facing the responsibilities that lie ahead of them.
Jack was attending U.S.C., Barbara at U.C.L.A., when they met. Both will continue their studies after the wedding this December. They've already taken a marriage course, learning to handle those minor grievances which can count so much. (Barbara's tardiness, Jack's carelessness in losing things).
The very house he wanted, the big family he hoped for: Dick and Pat—expecting another baby soon—pose at left with sons James and Nels (foreground) and nephew Casey. Nephew and Nels and neighbor’s son can expect all the best, going Dick’s way. Van Patten loves the old-fashioned flavor of the “home town” he picked for himself while still a boy.

**Dreams do come true**

Dick Van Patten’s always had all the luck—but he wasn’t so sure he could win Pat!

By ELIZABETH BALL

The happiest story of the month is the story of a young man who has no complaint or a grudge or a frustration or an unfulfilled desire to his name; the story of a young man who is completely happy now and who—with the single exception of six desperate months when love seemed out of reach—has always been completely happy; a young man for whom every dream he ever dreamed has come true. He’s blue-eyed, fair-haired, twenty-eight-year-old Dick Van Patten, long seen as Mama’s son Nels and frequently heard on such popular dramas as the American Broadcasting Network’s Whispering Streets and My True (Continued on page 78)

Dick Van Patten is frequently heard over ABC Radio on *My True Story*, M-F, 10 A. M. EDT, and *Whispering Streets*, M-F, 10:45 A. M., under multiple sponsorship. He is also seen as Nels in the TV dramatic series, *Mama*—consult local papers for time and station in your area.

Pets for Nels, handyman chores for Dick, wide community interests for a volunteer fireman and his "wonderful cook" wife.
Evangelist Billy Graham and his true helpmeet, Ruth, have proved that “two hearts are better than one” for building a heaven here on earth.

By GREGORY MERWIN

RELIGION and romance unite to form a perfect combination in the happy marriage of Billy and Ruth Graham. As proof, Billy has been moved to say, during one of his inspiring sermons, “After living with Ruth, I think I know now what heaven will be like.” And Ruth, asked to comment on being separated so much of the time from Billy, has said, “I’d rather see a little of Billy than a lot of anyone else.” They have been married since August 13, 1943.

“I think we have an unusually happy marriage,” Ruth says, even while indicating that she considers Billy’s praise, comparing life with her to living in heaven, a little far-fetched. “It’s no ivory-tower existence,” she notes. “With four children, two dogs, a car and five kittens and four sheep and a few (Continued on page 86)

Billy Graham’s Crusades for Christ call him far from home to such vast, overflowing arenas as New York’s Madison Square Garden.

They frowned on family publicity—but had a smile for cameras as Ruth and the girls [Anne, now 9; Ruth, 6; Virginia, almost 12] greeted Billy on his return from successful European tour a couple of years ago.
Stand Up and Be Counted!

The story of a TV program devoted to the problems of people everywhere—a program developed with the single purpose of helping troubled men and women to decisions

Every day, people must make decisions, many times involving nothing more serious than whether to do the dusting before or after making the trip to the supermarket. Or whether to berate your neighbor, whose dog has been digging up your tomato plants. But, occasionally, everybody is confronted with a real dilemma—a problem which presents alternate decisions, each having both happy and unhappy aspects. Neither decision, therefore, is the perfect answer to the situation. For this reason, confronted with a true dilemma, many men and women stand confused and frustrated, wondering which way to turn.

To offer help to these people, the TV program Stand Up And Be Counted was devised. Its format was built on the idea of sharing, in order that the troubled individual might benefit from the opportunity to talk with those who had faced identical or comparable situations.

Men and women from all walks of life and from all parts of America have been selected to appear on the program. These guests are chosen through the letters they write, the cards they fill in at the studio, or through researchers who work all over the country seeking out people who face dilemmas. The guests on Stand Up And Be Counted are carefully screened by personal interview. Those whose problems are valid then present their dilemmas on the show. This is how it works:

In first appearance on the show, the guest reveals details of his or her dilemma, guided by Bob Russell, who acts as host. Since, in each case, he is dealing with a person heavily troubled in heart and mind, Bob faces a difficult problem himself—how to make it easy for the person to speak out frankly and effectively. Bob manages very well, since he came to this show after a wide experience as master of ceremonies and quizmaster. Beyond this specialized training, however, Bob brings to his job a capacity for friendship which draws out the best and clearest presentation of the guest’s problem.

After the story has been told, the members of the studio audience voice their opinions. This segment of the program has an informal “backyard fence” feeling—a friendly wish to help others.

After the opinions have been expressed, a poll is taken which results in a majority recommending one action and a minority taking the other point of view. At this point, the home audience is invited to write in their opinions, too.

Bob Russell then points out to the guest that he or she is free to make whatever decision seems best.

A good paying job in Ireland or American citizenship for his child—the dilemma of Brendan Ward. Introductory letter was followed by interview with producer Robert Wald, Frank Wait (standing) and Chris Carroll (seated at desk).

On the air, Brendan Ward (right) tells his story to Bob Russell, host of CBS-TV’s Stand Up And Be Counted, and they discuss the difficult decision that must be made. Home and studio audience also recorded their opinions.

Stand Up And Be Counted is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 1:10 to 1:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Happy beneficiary: Ann Marie Ward, born on December 13, 1956—and an American citizen, as her parents wished. Stand Up And Be Counted was instrumental in getting father a job to keep him in the United States.

This ends the guest's first appearance on the show.

At each of the shows, however, a previous guest who has now had an opportunity to ponder all opinions—verbal on the show, or written in—re-appears to state the decision arrived at. Bob Russell then presents the guest with such gifts as will, in the opinion of Stand Up And Be Counted, do most to make the decision work out to a happy conclusion.

A few brief summaries of the dilemmas of people who have appeared on the show will serve to illustrate: Take the interesting story of Brendan Ward, Irish-born musician. He and his wife came to America a short time ago. Lacking a job in his own field, he got a job as stockboy. Mrs. Ward worked to supplement the income. Their combined salaries let them get along, and they grew to love their adopted country. Then Mrs. Ward became pregnant and was forced to stop work. Brendan's own salary was inadequate. Just at this time, the man who had employed him in Ireland offered him his old job. The Wards were tempted—but more than anything in the world they wanted their child to be born in the United States and be a citizen of this country.
Ed Siebert’s problem: A job as long-distance trucker which kept him away from family. Should he change jobs? As result of appearance on show, he has new and better job. No longer a part-time father and husband, he’s shown (below) with Ed, Jr., 7, Wilbur, 3, Mrs. S., LaVonne, 6.

Stand Up and Be Counted!
(Continued)

The dilemma Brendan faced: “Can I be justified in refusing a good job and gamble on the future in the United States?” When the voting was done at Stand Up And Be Counted, the majority opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of his remaining to take the gamble. The show management followed through in its usual helpful way. Maternity clothes were supplied for Mrs. Ward, a complete layette was bought for the coming child. Mrs. Theresa Dorsey appeared on the show and arranged a meeting with Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, the famous musicians whose death has since saddened everyone. With such encouragement, Brendan Ward and his wife decided to battle out their problems right here. As a happy ending: Ann Marie Ward was born on December 13, 1956—an American citizen who can be very proud of her daddy, who is now leader of the band at New York’s famous City Center Ballroom.

The dilemma of Ed Siebert of Pocahontas, Illinois, was quite different from that of Brendan Ward. Mr. Siebert was driver of a huge trailer truck which kept him almost constantly on the road between St. Louis and New York, his regular run. His dilemma: “Shall I give up a job which keeps me away from my family but provides them with the material benefits of life?” With the help of the audience and write-in response to his problem, Ed Siebert decided that it was wise to continue on his job. But airing his troubles had given Ed Siebert confidence and courage. Other miracles promptly occurred. The American Trucking Association awarded Ed a check for $1,000 on the show as a reward for his perfect safe-driving record. Refrigerated Transit, Inc., appointed Ed as Eastern Manager for the company. So, today, Ed Siebert’s life has changed completely as a result of his Stand Up And Be Counted appearance.

The case of John Manic was completely different from that facing Ed Siebert. John had been raised by his father, who led him to believe his mother was dead. Seven years ago, when he was dying, the elder Manic revealed that John’s mother had left her husband and boy when the child was only two. A deathbed promise was made by John never to search out his mother. A few years ago, John married—and told the story to his bride. Since then his wife had continually urged him to learn to know his mother (whose whereabouts they had discovered). John’s problem: “Is a deathbed promise binding?” An overwhelming 96% of the audience of Stand Up And Be Counted said, “No!” John’s comment, “I’m going to call my mother tonight. I can’t go to see her until next summer because of my job.” It wasn’t

Approximately 30 seconds after John Manic decided he wished to see his mother again after estrangement of 23 years, he was reunited with her. Picture (right), taken while program was on the air, shows reunion. (L. to r.) Mrs. John Manic, John and his mother, Mrs. Ernest Mastoras.
necessary to call—the program had counted on John's warmhearted decision, and had his mother in his arms only a moment after he made the decision.

Still another kind of dilemma—conflict between civic duty and personal responsibility—was highlighted in the touching story of Marie Fedoronko of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Fedoronko has worked for 23 years as an employee of Detroit's Department of Parks and Recreation. On the job, he worked with youngsters from all over the city. But he also spent every spare moment initiating and guiding sports activities for the girls and boys who would otherwise have been playing on the streets. He started girls' softball teams, an effort which has led to an all-state league. He organized basketball teams, talent shows, teen-age dances. And in all this work he was encouraged by his wife, who well realized the worth of his volunteer efforts.

Recently, personal tragedy struck in Fedoronko's own home. His wife has become critically ill and is invalidated for life. Marie was at once impelled to relinquish his work with teenagers in order to spend all his time with his beloved wife. But he met unexpected opposition. Mrs. Fedoronko strongly urged him to continue his work. Unable to make up his mind, Marie brought his problem to Stand Up And Be Counted. On the show, to add the weight of professional opinion, were Jackie Robinson and James B. Nolan of the New York Police Athletic League. Over 94% of the audience agreed with Mrs. Fedoronko that Marie should continue. When he appeared on the show to announce his decision, Marie Fedoronko quoted his wife. "Mary feels," he said, "that we only pass through this world once, and any good we can do—well, we've got to do it now."

The unselfish devotion of both Fedoronko and his wife did not go unnoticed. Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan lauded Fedoronko in a special tribute. Mr. Fedoronko was given (by the show) a check for $500 to buy additional sports equipment for his projects with teenagers. And Stand Up And Be Counted established an annual "Marie Fedoronko Youth Leadership Award" to be sponsored by the Detroit Department of Parks and Recreation and awarded each year to the man or woman of Detroit who contributed most vitally to the welfare of teen-age boys and girls. First winner of this signal honor? Marie Fedoronko, of course—the man who stood up to be counted in his community.

To all of these people, and to hundreds of others who have appeared on the show, Stand Up And Be Counted offers an inspiration in time of need, a living testimony to the fact that help always comes to those who seek it.
Good cook in glamour-girl disguise, Miss Palmer of Masquerade Party invites you to share her favorite recipes.

If you're lucky enough to be invited to dinner at Betsy Palmer's apartment in Greenwich Village, you're in for a treat and will surely want the recipes to take home. Betsy—who was born in East Chicago, Illinois, and graduated from De Paul University—is a dramatic actress, as well as sparkling panelist on Masquerade Party. But she's proudest of being Mrs. Vincent Merendino, preparing her specialties for her doctor husband and their friends. Here's a whole menu of her favorite recipes, adapted for use in your own kitchen. (Betsy points out that the appetizer is also savory without anchovies, and the salad bowl doesn't have to be rubbed with garlic. Of the artichokes-and-peas, she says briefly but fervently, "This dish is the end!"

Betsy Palmer is a regular panelist on Masquerade Party, as seen on NBC-TV, during the summer season, Wednesdays, at 8 P.M. EDT.

APPETIZER
Makes 6 portions.
Break open and toast:
3 English muffins
Drizzle each cut surface with olive oil.
Place neatly on each half:
slice of mozzarella cheese sprinkle of fresh ground pepper
2 fillets of anchovy drop or two of olive oil sprinkle of oregano
Place on cookie sheet or broiler pan, put under broiler heat until cheese starts to melt. Serve while very hot.

GARLIC BASTED STEAK
Makes 6 portions.
Select a 4-pound steak for broiling, and cut away fat and bone. Combine:
1/2 cup olive oil
juice from 3 cloves of pressed garlic
1 teaspoon salt
Mix briskly with a fork, and brush over steak. Put under broiler flame, cook 2 minutes. Brush with garlic oil, cook 2 minutes longer. Turn steak, brush with garlic, broil 2 minutes, baste and cook 2 minutes longer. If steak is to be served rare, it will be ready. If it is to be cooked longer, lower heat, and baste frequently, turning once again, until steak is as done as desired.
ARTICHOKE HEARTS WITH PEAS

Wash 6 artichokes. Remove outer leaves. Then, holding the bud by the base, tear off the tough tops of the leaves, until you reach the more tender inner leaves. Cut the artichoke in quarters, and then cut out the spiny center. Cut quarters in slices.

Chop fine:
- 3 peeled cloves of garlic
- 4 peeled shallots

Place in skillet with a little olive oil and brown over low heat. Add:
- liquid from 2 (No. 2) cans of peas
- sliced artichoke hearts

Cover and simmer about 30 minutes. Add peas, simmer 5 minutes longer. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

ROMAINE SALAD

Makes 6 portions.
Wash and crisp 2 heads of romaine. Drain well, or dry. Tear into pieces and place in a garlic-rubbed salad bowl. Add 1 avocado peeled and cut into wedges, if desired, or sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

To prepare dressing, place following in a bottle:
- 1 cup olive oil
- ¼ cup wine vinegar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- dash cayenne
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 2 cloves peeled garlic (can be omitted)

Shake well, pour a little over romaine just before serving. Toss well, adding more dressing, if needed.

LEMON AND LIME ICE

Makes 4-6 portions.
Combine, and stir until mixed:
- 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup light corn syrup
- 1½ cups water
- ½ cup sugar

Place over low heat, bring to a simmer and cook for 3 minutes. Prepare and strain juice from:
- 2 limes
- 1 lemon

Add to sugar mixture with a dash of salt. Pour into freezing tray and put in refrigerator, in freezer section or with control set to coldest point. When frozen to a mush, remove to a cold bowl, whip until foamy, return to tray and freeze until firm. Cover tray with metal foil and return freezer control to storage temperature.
Jim and Virginia Arness enjoy an occasional "vacation from marriage" — and love the reunions even more

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Clad in blue jeans, rainbow-hued sports shirt, sandals, and wide-brimmed straw hat, Jim Arness strolled down Kalakaua Avenue in Honolulu. Stopping in front of one of the more fashionable stores on Oahu Island, he ran into an old friend from Hollywood. "Jim, old boy, it's good to see you," the other man cried out.

"Good to see you, too," Jim agreed.

"What'ya doing here?" (Continued on page 84)

James Arness is Marshal Dillon in Gunske, on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by L&M Cigarettes and Remington Rand.
Sauce for the gander: Jim's had his outing "away from it all," insists that Virginia have a holiday, too. But Craig, Rolf and Jenny Lee are somewhat skeptical of his housekeeping talents—the Old West was never like this!

Praise be for the beach, only a mile from home! That should keep the young 'uns busy for most of the morning. So Jim piles 'em into the car—along with a young pal of Jenny Lee's, bathing gear, and "Major," their shepherd.

Back from their swim, it's into the washer for their beach wear—though Jim allows he knows a lot more about a horse than a new-fangled machine.

Like many a "nomad," Jim fancies his own cooking. But his hamburgers take time. You can't blame a hungry horde for raiding the refrigerator!

No man—nomad or not—enjoys dishwashing. Even Jenny Lee, temporarily the only woman of the house, isn't too happy helping with such a chore.

Dad helps daughter with her skates. They get along fine, any time. But nothing can beat the day when Mom comes home again and takes over, for an outdoor spread—while Jim "r'ars back" and relaxes as a he-man should.
Adopted

Sherry Jackson has two wonderful dads—on The Danny Thomas Show and at home—and both came into her young life just in recent years

By MAURINE REMENIH

When The Danny Thomas Show began its fifth season this fall, Danny's TV offspring, Terry and Rusty, were in the throes of adjusting to life with their new stepmother, played by Marjorie Lord. It was a new and different idea for a television series, and particularly so because the children had a hand in picking out their stepmother.

The switch on the standard story line may have been a new one for television audiences, but it was old stuff for Sherry Jackson, who plays Terry on the series. Step-parents are nothing new to her—she's had a stepfather for five years now. And the script writers may have thought they had an original idea when they had Terry and Rusty engineering the match between Danny and his new wife—but Sherry herself put a similar plan into action in her own household more than five years ago.

Before Sherry was five, her father was killed in an automobile accident. Her mother was left to rear the three children as best she could. Besides Sherry, there were two boys—Curtis, five years older than Sherry, and Gary, two years younger than his sister.

The first year or so after Mr. Jackson's death, things were pretty rugged, financially speaking. Then, one day, the driver of a sight-seeing bus, himself an ex-actor, spotted Sherry and liked her cute grin. He suggested that Mrs. Jackson take Sherry to an agent who specialized in juvenile talent. The young widow was highly dubious that anything would come of it. But, figuring she had nothing to lose, she followed the suggestion.

Thus, Sherry's debut into movies was launched at the age of six. There followed some thirty pictures, including such notable ones as "Miracle of Fatima," "The Lion and the Horse," and "Trouble Along the Way." In addition, Sherry has been in the cast of the Danny Thomas show since its beginning. And
That phone's the only thing about Sherry her own "new" dad doesn't admire—he can't get it long enough to call his studio! But he thinks she's mighty cute, all dressed up for a date.

Sherry chose Monte Pittman to be her stepfather before her widowed mother, Rita, had even met him. She introduced them, was flower girl at their wedding, now takes pride in part-ownership of baby brother Robert John (pictured below between mother and grandmother).
Adopted Father
(Continued)

Sherry lures Monte out for a walk. Sherry and brother Gary once did this to test Monte as a stepfather-candidate—but their "trial run" backfired!

Monte's writing and directing talents are of real help to the teen-age actress.

she's appeared on more single television programs than she can remember—Ed Sullivan, Jack Carson, Fireside Theater, Private Secretary, Lux Video, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry—name it, and she's probably been on it at least once.

It was back when Sherry was about ten years old that Montgomery Pittman made his entry on the scene. Sherry was working in "The Lion and the Horse," in which Steve Cochran was playing the male lead. Monte, a former actor turned screen writer, was a pal of Cochran's, and visited the set often. Sherry fell for him—hard. She decided that this was going to be her new stepfather.

"Sherry would mention this friend of Steve's whom she'd met on the set, but I never paid much attention," Rita Pittman recalls. "For several years, all three of the children had been working hard to marry me off, and I'd grown accustomed to their big buildups for whatever new candidate they'd picked.

"I remembered humoring Gary once, when he insisted that I meet the driver of his school bus. I knew what he had in mind, though he thought he was being awfully subtle about the whole thing. When I did meet the driver, it was all I could do to keep from giggling. He was every bit as nice as Gary had claimed, but he couldn't have been a day over twenty, and I got this hilarious mental picture of him 'fathering' three youngsters aged 8, 10, and 15. But the children were serious about it. They wanted a father (Continued on page 76)
Ironing isn't Sherry's favorite sport. She'd rather watch television —if she can't be on the phone, chatting the hours away with friends.

Left to right: Sherry, Rita, Monte, baby Robert John and brother Gary. Word games are a popular pastime in a family which has two "professional" members vitally interested in direct communication of ideas. They make up crossword puzzles, play their own version of a strictly personal quiz program.

Best of all, she likes to be with little Robert John, guiding his uncertain steps.
Physically, Raymond Burr fits Erle Stanley Gardner’s description to a T. Emotionally, he has lived the lives of ten exciting men.

By PAULINE TOWNSEND

When mystery fans all over the country turn their television sets to CBS channels for the debut of the network’s long-heralded Perry Mason series, they will see in the title role a man whose life has been as colorful, as adventure-packed as that of Erle Stanley Gardner’s famed fictional attorney-sleuth himself.

His name is Raymond Burr. He is forty-one, his 185 pounds tightly stretched along a massive six-foot-two frame. Piercing blue eyes challenge you from beneath expressive, dark eyebrows. He controls his voice in conversation (otherwise, it would boom at you). About his long and varied life, he talks easily and confidently.

"I never doubted that I would succeed," he says, after recounting a series of moments in his life when he (Continued on page 74)

Food once almost cut short Burr’s career—he enjoys eating, is an excellent chef, now raises much of his menu ingredients.
Lawyer Perry Mason (according to author Gardner) is a fighter—"happy-go-lucky, carefree, two-fisted." That's Raymond. Barbara Hale is also well cast as Perry's quick-witted, attractive secretary, Della Street.

Seldom in one place for long, Burr enjoys being close to the earth today—and is even raising livestock. Duck (below) is Louie.

Logs for his own hearth—-evenings can get chilly, there by the sea. But new home and career bring a glow to a wanderer's heart.

Raymond Burr is Perry Mason in the new hour-long dramatic mystery series seen on CBS-TV, starting Sat., Sept. 21, 7:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Purex and others.
Can you be too understanding for your own good?

Your heart says, this is the man you love, all that matters is your happiness together. But now he’s deeply troubled. He needs time to work things out. Do you quietly put aside your yearnings and wait, knowing that “just a little while” might mean forever? When you’re Wendy Warren, you can’t do it any other way. Your tears are secret tears. You face tomorrow with faith. You can get the whole story— even while you work— when you listen to daytime radio. Hear WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS on the CBS RADIO NETWORK Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Anne Burr's slim figure begins with her wise selection of meats and groceries, continues with her original approach to low-calorie cooking.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

The slender TV actress climbs the stairs to her apartment, carrying the raw materials of health and beauty—fresh fruit, greens, lean meat, poultry, fish.

A Beauty of a Cook

How do you keep a husband happy and a feminine figure pared to slim TV size—on the same diet? Anne Burr, seen daily on As The World Turns over CBS-TV, has the answer. Her technique? No butter or fat in cooking. Are the results dry and tasteless? Not on your taste-buds! Anne's methods make delicious sense for every calorie-counter. To broil chicken, she rubs a cut-up broiler with half a lemon ("My greatest single prop is lemon juice," she says) and bastes with a beef or chicken-extract cube dissolved in a half-cup boiling water. The chicken browns more slowly this way, so cook it a little longer and on a lower shelf than if rubbed with fat. For "Burr London Broil," Anne uses a slice of round steak, instead of the fattier sirloin, seasons it with meat tenderizer for at least an hour, then sears it in a hot skillet without fat. When done, the meat is sliced diagonally. "The secret is a good sharp knife," confides Anne. The calorie-trap with fish, she feels, is the accompanying butter, hollandaise or mayonnaise sauce. She poaches or steams fish gently in a little water, so that it stays moist and needs only lemon juice for garnish. To "sauce" veal or fish, she simmers chopped tomato, onion and green pepper until soft, or uses a can of stewed tomatoes prepared with peppers and onions. She flavors vegetables with canned or fresh mushrooms, grated onion, buttermilk, or lemon juice. "And I always have fresh or dried mint in the house—delicious on peas and carrots." An herb collector, Anne counts on their sparkling flavor for menu excitement, sprinkles basil on tomatoes, tarragon on green salads (instead of oil dressing), marjoram on lamb and veal and chervil on fish. She rolls tiny boiled potatoes, fresh or canned, in parsley or fresh or dried dill. Dessert: ices, fresh fruit, Jell-O with dietetic-pack fruit. Lunch used to be a problem, with sandwiches ordered during rehearsals. Now Anne carries hard-cooked eggs, left-over chicken or sliced meat, with a small tomato, celery, carrot sticks, lettuce, a few rye crackers and an apple.
By CLAIRE SAFRAN

**Socrates** had a method for it. To get to the truth, ask questions. In a lineage as direct as the questions they ask are the panel of interviewers on Night Beat and Entertainment Press Conference. The questions—the basic one is “why”—are hard-hitting and searching. The camera, close up and recording every expression, is itself an interrogator. . . . On Night Beat, the guests may come from any walk of life. To get to the core of their stories, John Wingate does the large share of the interviews, with Al Morgan handling most of the rest. For an inside view of show business, Entertainment Press Conference is made up of a varying panel of three, with Herb Kamm, Art Ford, Bill Kemp, Henry Morgan, Mary Margaret McBride and Al Morgan turning up most frequently. . . . Many’s the guest who’s squirmed under the tough questions asked on both shows. Still, the top names in all fields of endeavor have appeared. “Some have to be coaxed,” says John Wingate of his Night Beat guests, “but there are also some who are hurt that they haven’t been asked before.” Tall, slender, with sensitive good looks, Wingate claims his theory of interviewing is simple. “Just ask them the hard questions, the direct ones,” he says. “If they don’t answer, then they expose themselves

Night Beat is seen Tues. through Fri., from 11 P.M. to midnight, as sponsored by Bardahl, Parliament Cigarettes, Cott Beverages, American Chicle Co. Entertainment Press Conference is seen Tues., at 8:30 P.M. Both on Channel 5, WABD (Du Mont) in New York.

Entertainment Press Conference: Herb Kamm, Mary Margaret McBride and Art Ford put Eartha Kitt on the spot.

Both Herb Kamm and Mary Margaret McBride began on newspapers. He’s an editor now, but she switched to the spoken word.
by what they don’t say. In other words, nail them.” Actually, Wingate’s manner is quiet, often gentle, but for anyone with something he’d rather conceal, there’s a disquieting way of looking his vis-a-vis straight in the eye. Born thirty-two years ago in Framingham, Massachusetts, he took his degree at Harvard. He wanted to write, “but not necessarily news.” This, though, is what he wrote and reported, first for a Worcester paper, then for the A.P., and now for WOR, where he delivers the News Extra at 6:15 and 7:20 P.M. and does The John Wingate Show from 8:35 to 9 P.M. daily. This last show features hard-hitting editorials and the same sort of probing interviews as on Night Beat, with both shows designed “to bring to light things that are little known.” John won a George Peabody Award for his expose of a vicious narcotics racket in New York, has published fiction and such criticism as “The Lack of Humor in F. Scott Fitzgerald” in Kenyon Review. His bachelor apartment is furnished in French and English Directoire and his hobby is cooking. At Toots Shor’s, he consumed eggs Benedict, then hazarded that he could do as well, or better, with the sauce. . . . Best-known for his novel and screenplay, “The Great Man,” Al Morgan has an interview technique
which is as relentless as the way the figures mount up on his long and varied career in broadcasting. Born and educated in New York City, Al sold his first radio script to a network when he was 17. Since then, he estimates that he has written or produced some 5,000 radio and TV programs. Al has been an announcer, director, producer, actor, newscaster, quizmaster and script-writer. He is married to the former actress, Martha Falconer, and, with their three children, they make their home in Bronxville. "The Lord has blessed me with an ability to speak off the cuff," says Herb Kamm. "It's something you're born with, like black hair or red hair." The ability, so handy on Entertainment Press Conference, has made Herb the unofficial jester of the World-Telegram and Sun office, where he's worked for 14 years and is now editor of its Saturday Magazine. A New Jersey native, Herb wanted to be an accountant. "I'm so glad now," he says, "that there was no money for me to go to college and study that." Instead, he got himself a job as a stringer on a local newspaper, moved upward steadily to his present job. He has done much radio and TV work in the past ten years and is a frequent panelist on CBS-TV's Let's Find Out. He married his high-school sweetheart at 19 and they have three sons: Larry, 17, Lewis, 12, and Bobby, 10. "If I had to do it all over again, I'd marry the same girl," he says, "and if she were twins, I'd commit bigamy." Still unmarried, but very eligible, Art Ford has been asking questions for a long time as WNEW's multi-talented deejay. "But, there the star is my guest and I have to be polite," he says. "On Entertainment Press Conference, they're asking for it." Art's mother, Mary Elizabeth Ford, was one of radio's first woman commentators and Art literally was brought up in a radio studio. Art, still in his teens, became New York's unofficial night-time mayor on Milkman's Matinee. Now on Make Believe Ballroom—heard Monday through Saturday from 10 to 11:30 P.M. and from 5:30 to 7 P.M.—he enjoys the largest audience of any local radio voice. Art's apartment has a private control room and also a private zoo. He's looking for the "perfect pet," has tried a cinnamon, monkey, ocelot, antelope and dik-dik, and has a lion cub on the way. When Art closes the door on the nets and traps for recapturing frisky pets, he heads for Greenwich Village. "This is my hobby," says Art, who wrote, directed and filmed the upcoming "Johnny Gunman" along his favorite streets. Starting this month, on Channel 5, he'll share the folk music, bongos, dancing, art and new talent he loves on Art Ford's Greenwich Village Party. Henry Morgan's favorite corner has a cigar store on it. It's the mythical intersection from which he used to broadcast daily portions of anarchy. Today, the satirist travels the panel circuit and winds up his week as a Monitor communicator. Born Henry Lerner von Ost, Morgan claims the date was the day before All Fools Day, 1915, in New York City. At 18, he was the youngest announcer in the business, but a few years later he lost a job when he included another announcer's name on a list of missing persons during a newscast. He's been the terror of sponsors and broadcasting big-wigs ever since. Less cutting than some of her fellow panel members, Mary Margaret McBride is friendly, homely—but she's also from Missouri. She's been called "the first lady of broadcasting" and is the only radio personality whose fans ever jammed Yankee Stadium and Madison Square Garden on her anniversaries. Her twenty-three years in broadcasting began with her rebellion against the cooking-cleaning-children format on women's shows. Instead, as "Martha Deane" and then as herself, Mary Margaret McBride interviewed the newsworthy, talked about herself and presented her listeners with the interesting, the amusing, the unusual. As an actor, Bill Kemp mouthed the words of other people. He's happier framing his own questions of his show-business conferences or ad-libbing his own sentences on his "live" music and guests show, from noon to two on WNEW. Bill was in London awaiting his discharge when he met Sir Laurence Olivier, who was struck by the handsome, well-spoken Canadian. He offered Bill his first acting role in "Born Yesterday." Back in Canada, Bill got himself a job as a radio director, and he was "very much in love with my voice and besides, I worked cheap." In the States, he's toured with national companies of several hits and has been seen on almost every major dramatic TV show. Bill, who calls himself "the poor man's Jack Paar," plays the piano and also sings "more of a joke, really." He lives in a three-room hotel-apartment and refuses to keep a pet. "I have enough trouble living with myself," he says. Of Entertainment Press Conference, he says, "Anything can happen."
Pay-TV: What Does It Mean To You?

(Continued from page 17)

pay his advertising investment and make him a tidy profit on the deal. Because the advertising cost is thus passed on to the consumer, the pay-TV advocates object to the term “free” television. Nevertheless, the fact remains that no one ever had to feed his automobile or any adver-
tised product into a decoder in order to watch either the Kelk or the Sullivan shows.

For the pay-TV viewpoint in program-
ning, switch from long division to multi-
plication signs. Here the show itself—not cars nor nail polish nor hair lacquer—is the product. According to the American Research Bureau estimated that, in that given week, the Kelk show was seen in about twelve million homes. If figures fascinate you, move them in, determin-
ing what kind of fortune it might gross on a single Saturday night if each of those families had paid a dollar . . . or fifty cents . . . or even a dime.

Millions Multiply Fast

If the home TV set is to carry a toll charge, there is big, big money at stake. When NBC-TV won what was then TV’s largest audience with its production of “Peter Pan,” Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith, estimated that, if each family had paid twenty-five cents to view it, the network, the producers and the stars would have grossed five million dollars to divide among themselves.

Commander McDonald was the first to be concerned about the big, big cost of television production and to seek a way to pass this cost off to the viewer. An inventive electronics genius, McDonald is Chicago’s first TV station away back when.

In the 30’s, when CBS and NBC were happily pumping a daytime drama onto their radio networks every quarter hour — and paying, as production cost of the price of having an actor walk up to a microphone in a bare studio and, by words alone, paint exciting scenes and action — the Commander was finding out, via the Zenith-owned and operated television sta-
tion, that cameras eat dollars.

On TV, even in those early days, you couldn’t merely say, “Justin is seated at a table.” You had to have a living backdrop and a Justin. The man cost nothing—TV actors were not paid in that era—but someone had to buy, beg or bor-
row the props and move them in, recom-
mitting what kind of fortune it might gross on a single Saturday night if each of those families had paid a dollar . . . or fifty cents . . . or even a dime.

Zenith Was First Advocate

McDonald continually assured the pub-
lic that television could never dream its support from advertising sponsors (as had radio from its inception). In a 1947 letter to the city editor of The Chicago Daily News, he wrote: “Many times since 1931 I have told you not to worry about the American advertisers’ being able to fi-
nance the cost of shows necessary to make television a reality. It has been the same in your own living room. Telemeter is calibrated from five cents to two dollars. You pay the price of the program, in coin, every time you tune in. It is only if you lack the correct change, just overpay. Telemeter will record your credit. Once a month, the man comes around to pick up your dough. He also has, through your machine, the authority to inspect your home to make sure no neigh-
bor is hitch-hiking his set on your decoder and that your family holds no un-
usual electronic genius who can change a wire and cheat the box.

No one has yet mentioned who will have to give the government its due. It could be that you will also pay a theater admis-
sions fee to enter your living room and watch your own screen.

What NBC and CBS have up their cor-
sor sleeves to garner their shares of the revenue, the viability of televised, has not yet been announced. The trade takes it for granted that each has a sys-
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community have been achieved.

Commercial radio and TV have, by regulation, a built-in conscience. A station holds or loses its license according to the way it serves public interest, convenience and necessity. The pay-TV advocates stake their claim and promise to serve public interest, convenience and necessity on three points:

(1) Additional income for small stations to operate in areas which are now uneconomic. In particular, it will solve the UHF problem.
(2) It will supply programs which TV cannot now afford. (3) It will not interfere with the TV economic problem. Whereas radio waves follow the curvature of the earth, VHF waves beam straight and UHF even straighter. The earth's curvature makes interfering at a distance of thirty-five miles from a transmitter. The height of the transmitting antenna and of the receiving antenna—both, sooner or later, the old earth itself is going to get in the way. It would be ideal if there could be a television station every fifty miles, but, in some vast stretch of the interior, there would not be 5,000 people to support it.

Promises vs. Performance

In programming, the pay-TV people speak of movie premieres, Broadway first nights, cultural programs and sports. To these projections, the broadcasters reply: "What could you do that we haven't already done?" The supply of motion pictures, they point out, no longer is limited to those British wartime epics which were put together on one- and two-reel extension, or "A" network "B" movie. Variety estimated on May 1 that Hollywood has sold more than $150,000,000 worth of films to television, and more are being put on the market, some of them box-office hits at least as late as 1955. A new film network went into operation last spring with 133 stations on its list. Movie fans now have plenty of choice. Once they are paying more price. Pay-TV advocates all say toll would bring the Metropolitan to the nation, citing it as a supreme attraction. The networks hold varying opinions about opera's popularity with the public. Last spring, Ed Sullivan of CBS-TV called it a point-killer and cancelled further appearances of opera stars on his shows. ABC-TV has signed diva soprano to be one of its star attractions. And, at NBC-TV, the Juilliard is a proud part of its stock in trade. NBC has brought grand opera a larger audience than has had before in the history of the world.

Nets Stand on Record

Not only has NBC commissioned new productions, such as "Amahl and the Night Visitors," it has also broken the language barrier so that the average viewer can, for the first time, "watch" opera performances in his language—quality to satisfy even the most critical music lover. One devotee, of my own acquaintance, who runs to the Metropolitan as frequently as others go to the movies, feels NBC has topped the Met. He calls their "Tosca" "the most dramatic ever seen," their "Madame Butterfly" was "the finest production ever," and "La Traviata" the "most beautiful."

NBC, through its own exchequer, knows the value of old adage, "No one makes money on opera," yet it carried its public service on this score even further. In 1957, it toured its opera company through forty-seven cities, sometimes in pay-TV performances. In the coming year, they will go to fifty-five cities. Both on the air and on tour, a brilliant season is scheduled.

NBC also has brought the public plays direct from Broadway. "Peter Pan," starring Mary Martin, reached living-room screens with never the clink of a coin or the punch of a card. The Lunts starred in "Hamlet" and "Hamlet," Boris Karloff and Basil Rathbone ended their run of "The Lark" on television.

CBS-TV commissioned Rodgers and Hammerstein to bring "The King and I," which may become a stage musical or a movie. Their plays "Patterns" and "Marry" already have become movies. Their most spectacular "public service" perhaps, has been to send Danny Kaye on a UNICEF tour to visit the children of the world and to show that wonderful visit on TV screens. CBS footed the entire bill. Perhaps the most significant and great public service by all of the networks is a proud record. The coming season holds more than it is possible to list here—such things as The Lunts, "Kismet," "Drifting," at CBS and many musicals at ABC. NBC will produce both Wagner's monumental work, "Die Meistersinger," and Poulenc's modern, controversial opera, "Dialogues of the Carmelites.

General David Sarnoff, now chairman of the board at NBC once summed it up: "The richest man cannot buy for himself what television can bring to the average family." Addition of pay-TV has brought startling new dimensions to the networks. What will happen next? The 1957 season looks bare to theman.

Pay or Black Out

The broadcasters candidly state that this is an unwarranted assumption. They point out that a station can transmit only one program at a time; there are the communities which the proponents say most need the help of box-office television—the non-paying public would be blacked out, in fact have but one channel; 68 have two; 38 have three and only fifteen have four or more. The broadcasters take issue, too, with the statement that pay-TV would ask for on a fee basis a station's time, leaving a generous free period. The broadcasters point out that fee service doubtless would be in the three hours of top commercial time, eight until eleven o'clock. Again, the non-paying public would be blacked out.

They also state that free programs inevitably would bedeclined. With the audience split, advertisers could not afford such heavy appropriations. Further, pay-TV would outbid sponsors. General Sarnoff has stated, "Those who offer their services will have great building blocks, our networks will be affected by precisely the same economic incentives as those who offer their services in any other kind of business."

Predict End of Free-TV

How would the stations themselves react to pay-TV? For the viewer their unanimity of expression is unmistakable. Frank Stanton, head of CBS, prefaced his statement by saying, "It is difficult to believe that the Federal Communications Commission would authorize a scheme which seems to be contrary to public interest." He then adds, "However, if pay television should become established, economic necessity will force CBS to participate. We could operate profitably under a system of pay television."

General Sarnoff, speaking for NBC, said, "Free television broadcasters would inevitably beblacked out. The necessity to pay for pay TV would mean the end of our American system of free television."

Leonard Goldenson, of ABC, at the last annual convention of advertisers, took the position that toll-TV would lead to the withdrawal of all top sports events and the top comedy and drama shows. People would have to pay for what they now get free, plus having to purchase and maintain their sets. He also stated that news and public service programs would vanish right along with sports.

Mr. Fellows, too, was equally frank. Addressing the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, he said, "Do not assume that, if pay television is authorized and supported, the broadcasting industry will be standstill. As businessmen, we
was auditioned for the programs and turned in a report which absolutely walloped the nets for certain practices which the committee considered monopolistic and in restraint of trade. Yet Mr. Celler has also introduced a bill to prohibit the charging of a fee to view telecasts in the home.

Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.) introduced a similar amendment. After stating that he had come to the conclusion that permitting pay television would be the same as having Congress impose a new tax on the people of this country, he also said, "In effect, the people who now view television without additional cost, after the purchase of their sets, would have to start paying additional fees or charges or be denied the privilege of seeing their preferred programs.

"Perhaps this would not take place immediately with the institution of pay television, but I am sure it would soon follow, once pay television was approved." He also opposed field tests of pay-TV with the statement: "If we permit the Federal Communications Commission to grant approval for experimental pay television programs, Congress has decided that only in the public's view, then we must face the fact that it would be most difficult later to tell the experi- menter, who had spent millions of dollars, that it was not a program; it was simply classified against the public interest.

"Persons who have invested their money without being warned by the Congress would then have the right, I believe, because they had not stopped.

"If there were any assurance that pay television would be provided purely as a supplement to present service and that no one should be able to use it to add to the number of viewing programs now being shown free, then we would not have to be concerned about this matter. But there is no guarantee that pay television will not increase the number of programs sold next year. Without a doubt, the programs now free would not soon be bought up by the producers of pay television programs."

There is no proof that pay television will not be useful for the youngsters of today,

"I don't think you can say that the experience is absolutely a uniquely valuable and public with better programs. The one sure thing about pay television is that it would cost the public more than the present system costs."

"Senator McClellan stated, when he referred to the authorizing of pay-TV being comparable to Congress imposing an additional tax on the public, that these moneys would be paid not into the treasury of the United States but would go instead to private enterprises."

**Your Opinion Counts**

The subject of pay-TV remains complicated and confusing. This information, however, is drawn from public statements, official briefs, and printed material which has been issued by each side. It presents only an outline of each position as can be given to date and is offered with the hope that, from it, TV Radio Mirror readers can reach an opinion.

The F.C.C. decision on authorizing the field tests of pay-TV will probably be made sometime this fall. This regulating body is responsible to Congress and responsive to the desires of the American public which owns the broadcasting frequencies.

In this controversy, every one's opinion counts. If you wish to express yours in this matter, be sure to send the card to your senator and congressman. If you don't know their names, send your comment to Senator Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, Washington Build- ing, Washington 25, D. C., or the House committee's chairman, Representative Oren Harris, House Office Building, Washing- ton 25, D. C.

What committee of the Congress will be in control of the matter now may well determine what television you will view, and at what cost you will view it five years hence.

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**Jan Davis: Talent Scout**

(Continued from page 30)

Talent Scouts production a year ago, certain changes have been made. Prior to J.D., if you wanted to try out for the show, you had to come to a audition. You see, he has an assistant, Mark Russell, who travels about the country auditioning. ("Back in Arkansas," Jan recalls, "my great ambition was to get on the Major Bowes Amateur Hour, but it wasn't for me."

Knew I'd never get money enough to make the trip.) Contestants for Talent Scouts get a great deal of help in dress, presentation, and building of arrangements. ("In the beginning," Jan says, "I always hoped I'd meet someone who would give me the benefit of their professional experience and tell me what I was doing wrong") And one of the best things Jan has done as producer is to emphasize talent rather than flash or "gimmicks."

I would never hire someone on the strength of a record, for a record doesn't necessarily show the natural voice, or you can use too many tricks in recording." Jan adds, "Of course, we will audition records for Talent Scouts, but the performer must still have an original voice." The records mean so little to a professional for these, days, it seems that everyone has a guitar and microphone pushed at him and he sits down and sings. I've heard new songs with as few as three chord changes. A singer learns a "gimmick," and then develops the gimmick rather than his talent. But our top performers, our Comos and Shores, who have years of work and preparation. That's why they last.

It sometimes happens that a Talent Scouts contestant who has scope and range, who can sing several different styles, will lose out to an act that has a flashy novelty number. "Sometimes," Jan says, "an act has one terrific number, and that's about it. He can't do anything else. Singer on the ball can't express it all in one number."

Jan smiles and says, "Well, in that respect we are thankful for Arthur's presence. His sense of appreciation extends beyond the original promises of the program. Frequently, he'll insist on one of the requisites, or all three, to appear on the show.

To be on Talent Scouts, you must be a professional—which means that you must have earned your living as a professional entertainer for at least five years, frequently for pay, no matter how small. The size of income and age of the performer have little to do with his or her work. The only thing to which I pay attention is that the performer has as much poise as old-timers. Some have been working professionally since the age of nine or ten. Maybe pay was small, but the experience is invaluable.

Experience is where you find it—in choirs and choral groups, with bands or a barbershop quartet, on a small radio station or in listening to records. "Imitation of a professional," Jan notes, "is a big mistake. You won't learn to sing by listening—but don't copy. And you might look at the personal qualities of a performer you admire, for you'll find that good performers are nice people." She adds, "TV has had its effect on singers. It's not enough to know how to sing. You're also seen, so you must be good looking. You know how to walk, dress, use your hands. Dancing and dramatic lessons don't hurt."

Jan began to work hard at an early age, but her experience wasn't unusual. It isn't even typical of today. For a good starter, there is Ann Leonard, very cute and very talented. Ann was born June 11, 1938, in Fresno, California, where she still lives with her parents. She has two brothers, Dave, 21, also a singer and another who is a year ahead of her in Fresno College.

Like many other girls, Ann had dancing and acting ambitions a little earlier. She began on the piano when she was seven and, by the time she was in high school, she was showing real musical talent. Four years in a row, she won superior ratings at the Music Festival held by the California Music Federation.

Ann was going to be a concert pianist," she recalls, "but my parents didn't push me. I played popular music, too, because I liked it. At parties, or just for friends, I'd play and sing. When I was a freshman in Fresno High School, my teachers teased me into singing at an assembly.

That little bit of teasing changed the course of Ann's life. She sang well at the assembly and was asked to sing again. On each program thereafter, she sang with a group of youngsters at other schools. As a school representative, she sang for the Kiwanis. There she was heard by the manager of KJMJ-Radio and TV. He put her to work. She did an hour radio show once a week for $8.50, and a fifteen-minute weekly TV program for $25. Both shows were called Rumpus Room. And, while she was doing these shows, she was studying piano, singing with the school choir, keeping up dancing lessons and participating in school dramas. In 1955, she entered Fresno Col- legiate where she continued her interest in dramas and continued her radio and TV work, as well as in-person dates. In July of 1956, she came east to Manhattan, with her father, to await her father's return from Europe.

Ann recalls: "We stayed with relatives in New York who coaxed me into trying out for Talent Scouts. I auditioned once and was turned down; the next time, I was told that I'd be on the July 30th show. From the moment Jan took over, I knew that I was interested in seeing that I would look as good as possible. She was wonderful, a real artist. It was my father who suggested it; we discussed it and decided I should change it. She helped me select the right dress for the show. We went over my rep and she decided that I should sing 'The Breeze.'"

In spite of all the work and preparation,
Ann lost. "I felt terrible. The elevator girl told me to stop crying. She said, "Honey, a boy who lost on the show a couple of years ago comes on TV in fifteen minutes with his own show!" She was talking about Vic Damone.

The sun came out again, when Arthur invited Ann to appear on the morning show for a week, and then a second week. She was signed by Capitol Records and, this past summer, she began a series of songs titled "Sayonara." It was just about a year after Miyoshi's debut that Arthur reached outside the State of Oklahoma. That was in 1940, and is Canadian Tommy Common. Tommy is twenty-four, born on September 21, 1933, in Toronto. He is good-looking, with blue eyes and light brown hair. He stands five-feet-seven and is indebted to a brother for his start.

Tommy was eight and his brother ten. One day, the brother bowed out of a singing contest, saying: "I'm too little and I can't sing better." From that day on, Tommy was singing. He worked in a church choir. At ten, he sang a solo before fifteen thousand people. It was a huge fright. She took dance lessons and played in every school dramatic show she could.

"When I heard auditions for Talent Scouts were being held in Oklahoma City, I wanted to sing, but I did not know of them," he says. "And I was scared. It was the first time I had to stand in front of a crowd and sing to strangers. I was petrified. That night, I sang, "I Give My Heart to You." Afterwards, they said, "It's not true. You can't sing.""

"I'm still singing," he says. "I'm still singing now, and it's just the best feeling in the world. I love singing, and I can't live without it."

Then, he had to go to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. There, he was asked to come back, and he broke his arm. That did it, and he made up his mind to be a singer. He sang in clubs and radio shows. He got experience with a Glee club band. He auditioned for Talent Scouts about 1951 and in August, 1955, got on the show with the song, "Something's Got to Give." Something else—he won. The thrill was shared by his mother, Mary Bryant, of Tallahassee, who now lives in Jersey City with the Costello's two boys. Danny says, "I owe a lot to her putting up with me for the past two years, and the money was very little money. Or I was on the road and she had to take care of the kids all by herself. But, most of all, she had the right words at the right time."

"I was able to sing with Arthur with real affection. I remember," he says, "the first day I was in his office asking for advice on a recording contract. Not only did he put on his glasses and read all of the little type, but he spent an hour explaining the recording business to me." Danny adds, "And Jan, well, she's the greatest. Any probem I have, she says, "It's out of our job of music or a job—I go to her."

One of the newest talents on the Godfrey show is Anita Bryant, who was born March 25, 1940, in Barnesdale, Oklahoma, and gained popularity with an ability to sing and a gift for being guided by Anita's career, you might as well give up if you haven't succeeded by the time you're ten. Yet Anita herself hasn't turned fifteen and she doesn't consider herself. "I'd give up a career instantly for marriage," she has said. "I've been thinking that I might give up 'pop' to sing with an evangelist. But, I can't make a choice between being a typist or sitting at a typewriter, I'll be singing."

They say that when Anita was a toddler, not too long ago, her grandfather bounced her on his knee and said, "Anita, you're going to be a singer, and she did. At six, she was among the first-grade children auditioned for a high-school operaeta. She got the role and, during the following three years, she was asked to sing in the chorus. When she was nine, she won a talent contest and became Red Feather Girl for the state.
And he called me out and I just lit up like a Christmas tree.

That night, and for the following few nights, no one slept at the Karmen apartment. Teenagers were calling all hours. Finally, the phone number had to be changed for the sake of his parents' nerves. "I got a big kick out of the calls," Steve says. "Just talking to teenagers. That's the show business I like. It's the relationship to people—entertaining them, traveling and meeting different kinds."

Steve lives with his parents in the Bronx. His one brother is a doctor. His father is a civil engineer employed by the City of New York. Steve's parents have so many brothers and sisters that Steve figures he's got close to fifty first-cousins—but, out of the whole mob, he is the only one in show business.

He has a natural aptitude for music. At eleven, he got a hand-me-down saxophone. Ten days later, he gave a recital in public school. He had two years of formal lessons on the sax and then, his own, picked up flute, mandolin, piano, clarinet, drums, bass, violin and guitar. He reads music for all the instruments, plays well enough to work with a dance band. For example, the guitar—which is picked up within the past year—he plays in any key. "I learn by watching," he says. "I'll see a guitarist do something I'd like to do, and I'll ask him to show me how he does it, then I go home and practice."

Steve thought he wanted to be a doctor and he tried to stick to pre-med at New York University. His grades were good, but he transferred over to the Manhattan School of Music. He had stayed only a half-year when he decided that loving music didn't necessarily mean he had to be a teacher. In the fall of 1956, he began to study acting at the American Theater Wing. Just a month before he had happened to become a professional singer.

A Calypso singer at The Living Room, a Manhattan club, took ill. A friend who had heard Steve sing Calypso at parties recommended Steve—who showed up for one night, "to fill in." He was invited back the next night, and lasted fourteen weeks. After that, he sang at another club, Le Ruban Bleu. He was at the Velvet Club, when he appeared on Talent Scouts and lost. But Arthur Sanderson on the show for two weeks, then talked him into "going off".

"Well, you see," says Steve, "Mr. Godfrey kidded me about the fact that I sang Calypso but had never been in Trinidad. Then Moore-McCormack Lines offered me a free sixty-day cruise. Well, I was hesitant about going. It sounded like goofing off. So I talked with Mr. Godfrey about it. He told me to go. He said there are so many people in show business who know show business and that's all. And he said it wasn't enough. You've got to be something else, too."

"Miss Davis agreed with Mr. Godfrey about the trip. I have a lot of respect for her. She had a problem in getting me ready for Talent Scouts and I was nervous. I just about shake all over, every time I get in front of the camera. I was about to stop working with my guitar, but she insisted it would be good for me, since I was used to working with it. But mostly, it was her manner that made me feel at ease. Show business is like anything else in life. You do your best when you can feel that people like and appreciate you. Well, that's the way everyone has been in the Godfrey office. I'm just a kid, but they worked on my arrangements and although I were a star. They all want to help me."

And there you have it, Mr. Godfrey and Miss Davis, a half-dozen of the nicest testimonials any dedicated talent scout ever had!
Could Ever Be Lonely?"}

(Continued from page 24)

of everything from ballads, rhythm and blues, rock 'n' roll to folk airs in equally fluent English and French... her chic and charming personality... not to be confused as a vixen, which gave her a strong additional claim to virtuoso Benny's attention.

As long ago as January, 1956, Jack old Gisele spoke eagerly of the summer's plans, both work and play. "Immediately after we finish our two weeks at The Flamingo, I plan to go on to Dallas, Texas, for the lead in ' Annie Get Your Gun.' And then—I go to Europe. My first trip to Europe. A first anything is a very big thing for me. And I can't imagine a better initial trip than a first trip to Europe. I'm going by boat—just because, to me, there'll be more feeling of really going to Europe on shipboard... especially this first time.

"While there, I'll make a few appearances, such as on the BBC in London, and an in-person appearance in Monte Carlo. Other than this, I'll just vacation as much as possible—of them—I've dreamed of all my life... Paris and Rome and Venice and Naples and Florence and Zurich. But, if I were told I could visit only one city in all of Europe, that one city would be Paris. I'd rather see Paris than any place on earth. I have a special feeling about Paris, and feel it will not be strange to me... as if I had been there. There may be because of my French background and because we spoke French at home," explained Gisele, whose father is Dr. George MacKenzie La Flesche of Winnepeg, an American composer, concert singer and pianist who was known as Mme. Marietta Monseau.

"Paris clothes?" Gisele echoed. "Not many. I may buy one dress—just, you know, for the sentiment of the thing. But I may see myself in loose perfume shops of Paris," she added, with a glint in her brilliant brown eyes. "I'm so crazy about perfume. And I'm going to do all that. That! Fluidity—'the surprise' element—is what we're striving for and hoping the viewers will enjoy.

A network show of this caliber takes a deal of preparation and, during the months before its premiere, other experiences and excitements made headlines in the accelerated life of Winnipeg's increasingly famous daughter. Right after Your Hit Parade finished its season last June, Gisele went off to Hollywood to play a part in a week's engagement at The Flamingo with—you've guessed it—her favorite partner on any stage... the thirty-nine-year-old Mr. Benny.

"A lovely working with Jack," she sparkles. "Working with him is like going to school. You learn something all the time. You sense his infallible sense of timing. His waiting for an audience to react is so perfect. You learn that this man is so perfect professionally. Apart from being a born comedian, Jack is also a born director. He communicates with smiles. The exact purpose of reading a line this way, instead of that way, becomes clear—when he reads it. My only complaint about him is Mr. MacKenzie laugh... is that it's sometimes quite unbearable when he turns those big blue eyes on you... you know what I mean—you've seen him do it on TV... and I break his smile at the slightest notice. As an instance of the type of person Jack is... he insisted on co-billing for our act at The Flamingo. You would naturally assume, therefore, that the billing would be: 'Jack Benny' in big letters, followed by 'with Gisele MacKenzie' in smaller letters. But no. 'Jack Benny and Gisele MacKenzie,' share and share alike, is the tagline. At one point, he even thought it would be fun if we were billed: 'Gisele MacKenzie with Jack Benny.' Jack is like this. Pretty perfect personally, as well as professionally.

Just before doing her last show for Your Hit Parade and leaving for Las Vegas,
Exciting New Album

Here's something new . . . something extra special for tv and radio fans. It's a picture album produced by the editors of TV-Radio Mirror. Here are new and exciting pictures of your all-time favorites, as well as dramatic photographs of the shining new stars. Here, also, you read about the roles these famous celebrities play in real life. For greater tv and radio enjoyment get your copy of this sensational album now.

New Season . . . New Shows

New stars are being made, new songs sung, new murders plotted, as a new season gets under way.

All over the networks, people who are well known to you will be turning up in new spots and in new roles. For the most glamorous pictures of the new season, get your hands on a copy of TV-Radio Album.

Big Pictures

TV-Radio Album is just packed solid with pictures . . . wonderful pictures! But the most exciting ones are the big full-page pictures. Never before have we published so many giant-size pictures. These full-page true-to-life portraits are so unusual that you will want to frame each one of them.

Make no mistake about this great album—it's tops. It contains gorgeous pictures of all your favorite TV and radio stars. Here in one compact volume you have the latest pictures of every famous TV and radio personality.

A Prize Package

Only 50¢ At All Newsstands

This wonderful TV-Radio Album is available at your favorite magazine counter—now. Get your copy at once before they are all gobbled up! Only 50¢. If your newsdealer is sold out, mail coupon below, with 50¢, today.

TV-Radio MIRROR

Dept. WG-1057

205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me TV-Radio Album 1957. I enclose 50¢.

Name ____________________________

Street ________________________________________

City ____ State __

1-30-57

TV-Radio MIRROR
(Continued from page 32)
radio and television, Barker’s “big chance” has finally come along—proving, once again, that hard work pays off. Though Bob describes himself as one who is unable to sing, dance, or tell funny stories, he is a dedicated showman, waxes most enthusiastic when he is entertaining people. How did this enthusiasm develop? Oh, his love for jobs.

As Bob recalls his first day at KTTS, the Springfield, Missouri radio station where he got his start eleven years ago, “I was watching television at my mother’s house. A neighbor who wondered about my starting radio work on one hand and, on the other, studying economics at Drury College. He said, ‘Boy, what are you planning to do with yourself?’ and I replied, ‘Get myself a job and go to graduate school . . . maybe join a big company as an administrator.’ He looked at me for a second and said, ‘Listen, youngster, if your tickets was a little brighter, you’d never want to do anything else.’”

The engineer was right. After working at KTTS for six months as news writer, announcer, disc jockey and handyman, Bob needed something to do with anything. He eats, sleeps and breathes radio and television. In his spare time, he watches other TV emcees (“It’s like going to school”) and likes to throw a few darts at night. Radio and TV are Barker’s primary interests—his job is his hobby.

Bob’s rewards come from the success of the show. “I read something of Al Capp’s once,” says Bob, whose favorite comic strip is “Li’l Abner.” “Capp said that, when his cartoon is doing well, he feels like a young man again. I’m like Capp. When Al Capp’s comic strip is doing well, I feel like my clothes look good on him. But when ‘Abner’ is going badly, he knows that he is getting old. He’s grumpy in the morning, and he’s tired and a little bit grizzled in the afternoon. When a show doesn’t quite come off, I’m at my lowest ebb; when it goes well, I’m flying.”

One great reason for Bob’s interest in how well his show is doing is that he loves meeting people, and each day he greets dozens as guests, plus hundreds in his audiences. It’s an interest he’s always had. When Bob and his wife Dorothy Jo first came to Hollywood, they did a show in San Fernando Valley for an appliance dealer whose display was set up in the Department of Water and Power. Later, the Edmond company asked him to do the same show in their auditoriums throughout Southern California.

At their first show in Alhambra, one of Bob’s ticket buyers was a seventy-five-year-old lady by the name of Maude Hall. “Maude,” says Bob proudly, “is now in her 90’s, but hasn’t missed a show of ours at the Alhambra Auditorium in seven years. She’s a good friend. She’s a voice, a sound corny to some, but our nearest friends are made right on our show. Our guests are the most important people in the show. If we face it—"I’m not a stand-up comic." Yet I am making a living with a microphone. It stands to reason, the credit goes to the folks on our shows.

Bob worked on his show part paid off one day last December, when Truth Or Consequences executive-producer Ralph Edwards—driving his two daughters, Caryl and Mauree—inspected the show. Co-hosting—chanced to pick up the Bob Barker radio show on KHJ. “I heard a solid thirty minutes of audience laughter,” recalls Ralph, “and the emcee work was so good I thought it was a series of clips from one man’s best work. The way Bob drew laughs from that crowd was sheer artistry. Not hearing his name, I asked Chris and Laurie to listen for it—and I called him the next day.”

“The call was placed by Ralph’s brother, Paul,” Bob remembered. “I was about to ask him the call was, ‘Ralph Edwards Productions,’ and I wondered what they wanted with me. When I told the secretary that Paul had said it was important, she was in conference with Ralph, but she’d try to get through to him. Then it was Ralph himself who said, ‘Hello. You could have knocked me down with a feather!’ Ralph asked if Bob if he were the Bob Barker of the radio show. Bob said yes. ‘I want you to know,’ said Ralph, ‘I think you do an excellent job.’ Bob will remember a phone call like that forever. With a single word, the emcee who was already highly successful, has been validated. I’ve had a fan of Ralph’s for years, he had been my model, so the compliment was like having Joe DiMaggio tell a rookie he could ‘hit a ball wall!’”

Ed Bailey, Truth Or Consequences producer, describes the staff’s first meeting with Bob: “When Ralph mentioned to us he had heard the terrific radio emcee, I thought, ‘I remember that, on radio, he could be fat and have two heads. But how would he come across on television? Since none of us had seen Bob, we were thunderstruck. As Ralph put it, ‘A good looking young man, with a smile that made you glad to be in the same room with him.’

“The more we talked,” Bailey continues, “it was a no-brainer. Bob made a perfect T or C. Yet, as producer, I had the normal apprehensions about a relative newcomer stepping into a five-a-week national television show. After the audition, though, I think we were able to laugh. Rather than keeping saying, ‘I wish he would do something wrong’, he’s just too good!’ Within thirty minutes, we agreed the national television audience would accept and personality destined for stardom.”

Producer Bailey loves to blow the trumpets of praise in Bob’s favor: “In all my years in the television business, I’ve never worked with anyone who impressed me more on a first audition, and who continued to improve as we did more shows. Bob has great intelligence, can grasp the material in a few seconds. We go over an act with him once, then he goes ahead and adds to it. He has a pin-sharp memory—and it seems to improve as we continue. We’re lucky, we have a top-flight talent in our show.”

Bob’s reaction to this first chance at his own national television show was one full week of nerves. “I lost ten pounds,” he admits. “But Ed Bailey looked after me like a father. Ed’s a great gourmet, knows all the best eating spots in Hollywood and took me out to lunch every day. I soon gained back the ten pounds. If I’m not careful, Bob’s going to have a very grim, ‘I’ll be heavier than Mr. Bailey.’”

Bob Barker was born some thirty-four years ago in Darrington, Washington, but spent the bulk of his early childhood in Midwest construction work. He then worked his way up the line as a high-lineman. The big construction jobs he followed through the Northwest kept the family constantly on the move. Too often, when Bob’s mother and sisters returned to their parents, and Bob admits the constant changes didn’t help him develop a feeling of permanence or security.

And then, when Bob was six, his father died. That was the end of temporary accommodation, Bob recalls, “and it was Mother who supported us. For a while, we lived in hotels. Then, when things got rough, we went back to my mother’s home in Missouri, South Dakota, where she taught school on the Rosebud Indian Reservation. Bob’s father was part Sioux; his mother, raised in the area, knew enough

Indian lore to write a book on Dakota history. A story—teller by nature, she kept Bob’s little-boy interest captivated by her tall tales. “I often say shyly, ‘I suppose every boy thinks his mother is the greatest mother in the world . . . I’m no exception.’

Bob’s father had been a great sports enthusiast. Before he died, he had taken Bob to every available football, baseball and basketball game. “I was ten, and old enough to play football on the reservation, says Bob. His father joined the fellows on the Rosebud Reservation basketball team. Jimmy Bartlet and Chris Yellow Robe were my heroes. My love of sports in his blood, Bob’s childhood ambition was to become a pitcher some day for the St. Louis Cardinals (the team his dad had liked). “I had pictures of every baseball player tacked up on my room,” he remembers with a faraway look in his eyes. “I played baseball from morning to night, read every sports magazine and every book on baseball. I knew all about who was pitching for the St. Louis Cards."

But the time came when Bob had made his change. He had the opportunity to continue with his baseball in a summer league, at no pay, or else give up his dream and take a job as a bellhop to help out financially at home. It was a hard decision, but Bob knew that, he always more mature than his years, knew which way he would go. “As it worked out,” he smiles, “the three summer months in the Missouri Pike County, in Missouri’s Pine County, were the happiest of my life. Our high-school history teacher, Mr. Charles White, was in charge, and took a number of pomocions with us at the hotel. But we were unlike any bellhops you ever saw—the boats at the resort, the swimming, dancing and our meals were all free. We had a ball!”

When Bob was in his teens, he and his mother moved to Springfield, Missouri where she continued teaching school, and where Bob met and married his high-school sweetheart, Dorothy Jo Gideon. “When we moved to Missouri,” says Bob, “I met Jim (‘Green Door’) Lowe. We became high-school chums. At the time, he and Dorothy Jo were friends, lived a block apart and went to church together. ‘Jim introduced us. He had a spur-of-the-moment idea to go hear Ella Fitzgerald at the Shrine Mosque, asked me to go along. ‘I don’t have a date,’ I told him. ‘I’ll fix you up with Dorothy Jo Gideon,’ he said. ‘I’d admired DJ from a distance. But, not wanting to look too eager at the time, I wasn’t about to tell Jim I was all for it. Finally, I rang Dorothy Jo up, said ‘Oh, I don’t know . . . I’ve never met Dorothy Jo.’ ‘Leave it to me,’ Jim said. ‘DJ is my oldest friend.

So that’s the way we met—double-date with Dorothy Jo and her friend. On our second date, we heard Russ Morgan’s band. I didn’t need Jim to ask DJ for me this time—we had hit it off just right on first date. I even saw DJ play the song ‘Does Your Heart Beat For Me?’ I knew that Dorothy Jo was the girl for me. She went home that night to tell her mother she was going to marry that night. I knew she was only fifteen at the time, this came as a shock to her mother.”

Dorothy Jo explains, “I had known Bob from a distance, too. What I knew I liked. He was sports editor on our Hi Times newspaper, co-captain of the basketball team, and announcer at the football games. But none of that made any difference to
me. He was ever so romantic . . . I knew that after our first date. I just thought he was pretty—that was my entire interest. It's what I told my folks, who were wait-
ing up when I returned home. I didn't know what Bob intended becoming after school, didn't care. I just wanted to marry him. But it was a long courtship. Even in Missouri," says Dorothy Jo with a laugh, "you can't marry until eighteen—a three-year wait."

"After our second date," Bob says, "we were going steady. Like most kids, we broke up now and then, but we always went back together. Why the breakup? It's normal for kids, I suppose. For one thing, I started calling her 'Tubby'—and she started calling me 'Skinny.' At the time, I weighed 135—DJ, 142."

"There are two very simple reasons for the weight," explains Dorothy Jo. "For me, Bob and his mother live close to Drury College. I ate lunch with him—and, frequently, a second lunch put out for me at home. On the other hand, the only time Bob came over to our place for din-
er, he got the mumps, and never came back! The second reason for the weight was a plain cheese sandwich . . . with butter. Talk about calories! At Bob's place, those cheese things were all we ever ate. Don't mind—the cheese sandwiches make him the world's easiest man to cook for."

Bob and Dorothy Jo were married when he won his Navy wings in 1944. "It was a tectic affair," remembers Bob. "I left Corpus Christi to meet Dorothy Jo in Springfield. If you've ever tried to get hotel reservations in wartime, you know what our problem was . . . A flyer friend of mine, Howard Hessick, finally made reservations for us at a small hotel."

"Poor Dorothy Jo had to make all the arrangements for her own wedding—I was on duty at the Air Base. She bought the ring, arranged for the license, even bought the wedding dresses. In Springfield, we had everything but a min-
ister. Had to look in the yellow pages to find one. The ceremony took place in his home, with a record machine in the next room playing 'Make Believe.' It seemed so, too. Poor Dorothy Jo didn't even get flow-
ers, and nobody threw rice—we didn't have the food stamps. Speaking of food," Bob concludes, "since one earliest desire I've put on a little weight—now weigh 170—and Dorothy Jo has a lovely 107-

 pound figure. Don't let anybody kid you into thinking people don't change after marriage!"

After the war, Bob, still in uniform, tried for several other jobs before he walked into radio station KTTS one day. "I simply stopped in to see if there were a vacancy," shrugs Bob. "I didn't care what I did, I was just looking for a pay-
check to help me finish school. The station manager asked me if I would like to audition. Not knowing exactly what that was, I said yes, I was all for it. Every audition since then has scared me to death. But ignorance being bliss, this one fazed me not. The manager gave me a sheaf of news and commercials to read. When I was through, I had the job."

Since KTTS was a small station, Bob worked as a news writer, announcer, disc jockey and general handy man. It was weeks before he was given his first chance at announcing. "I had a sneaking sus-
picion that this would be the day Bob was to read his first newscast," reports Dorothy Jo, who was then teaching school. "I was the one with stage fright. I didn't know if he could get through a sentence without a struggle. So I listened to every

news cast—then there it was. No mistaking that Barker voice. I was pleasantly sur-
prised to find he could read from one common to another. Seriously, I was quite impressed and proud of my husband."

From KTTS, Bob and Dorothy Jo went to Station WWPG in Palm Beach, Florida, where DJ taught in the local high school while Bob picked up general announcing and disc-jockey duties at the station. It was here that he began putting together the format of his current Bob Barker radio audience-participation show, and DJ began spending more and more time help-
ing with the production chores and less time teaching.

The Barkers left Florida, chased out by the area's greatest hurricane. Bob had been feeding the story of the big wind to the NBC radio network from the station's beachfront building (reputed to be the safest place in-town) when the chandelier filled with water and came crashing down on a divan Bob and DJ had been resting on only a moment before.

They arrived in Hollywood with a dwindling bank account and no immediate prospects. Bob's first try for a job in Hol-
lywood was as a time salesman for a local radio station. Three hours later, an appliance dealer agreed to sponsor a show, but insisted that Bob star as the emcee. The Bob Barker Show was born and, since then, has been heard on a number of local Hollywood stations, most recently on KJJ, five days a week.

It was this show which Ralph Edwards heard while out Christmas shopping with his daughters, and this show which cata-
pulsed Bob into his current starring spot five times each week on Truth Or Con-
sequences, over NBC-TV and Radio. Bob's eleven years of hard work, his abiding in-
terest in his fellowmen, has paid off.

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It's the young look the clear, fresh beauty Solitair gives that has captured the hearts of lovely co-eds all over the country. Solitair—with a remarkable new skin discovery called Vita-Lite—gives such a smooth, fresh, natural look that it's a campus favorite by day—a girl's best friend by candlelight!

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Jack of Hearts

(Continued from page 37)
he didn’t want to seem conceited, and he didn’t want to do the girl in the case an injustice. But he had been rejected in her conversation a broad hint that if he would advance her career. . .

Art explained that the experience was nothing that anybody who had been in show business—there would always be those who imagined that talent and hard work were secondary, while “contacts” and a “sponsor” were of top importance.

“They’re the people who believe that you’ve met up with the theory now, instead of later, when love and trust might have been involved. Now you know what to guard against.”

Jack, who hates for almost a month. Then he met a young singer. “You’ll be crazy about her,” he told his parents. “She believes in getting where she wants to go under her own power. Work! That girl studies, take lessons, practices . . .

“How about double-dating with us at the Coconut Grove Tuesday night?” Art asked his son. He was taken up instantly, as being a minority in the past and was to be often in the future.

Jack’s first year of college (at U.C.S.C. where his social fraternity is Beta Theta Pi and his scholastic major is Telecommunications) was a repetition of high school, romance-wise. Each girl, in turn, was the most beautiful, the neatest, the sweetest, the greatest. Matrimony was always just around the corner.

During the summer of Jack’s eighteenth year—1936—he spent three months in Munich working for Radio Free Europe. Inevitably there was a girl, Brilliant. Completely unattractive in hair, flawless complexion. The goddess had but one almost invisible flaw. She always decided where she and Jack would dine—and she ordered the dinner. Also, she coached Jack in politics, in diplomacy, even in German grammar. He reported that his ego had sunk so deep he was beginning to yearn for the good old U.S.A.

One of Jack’s first activities, after returning to California, was to join a group of his fraternity brothers in a patrol of U.C.L.A. terrain. The occasion of Jack’s eростrip was “Presents” (accent on the “present”)—the presentation of pretty, new sorority pledges to all interested observers. Unfortunately, Jack & Brethren were a little late for dates. After covering the territory, the two Betas returned to a favorite staging area, the Alpha Chi Omega house. “We’re desperate,” they confessed. “We’re in need of dates—with the results that will be kind to some of your Older Types. How about lining up some seniors, preferably without cutrices?”

A senior named Barbara Hughes (so received from a background that Honolulu is Honolulu that her usual dates hadn’t caught up with her yet) was available. However, she knew that a sorority sister had dated Jack in the past, so she checked with her family to break it off for clearance. She was told that there was no conflict, and that Jack was a “fun” date.

The evening proved to be a Royal Ball. The date was so fortunate they stopped for a dance played “Friendly Persuasion.” The jule at the hamburger haven played “Friendly Persuasion.” Even the car radio tuned in on “Friendly Persuasion” in a friendly manner—tried to persuade Barbara that a summer in Munich was the greatest (such gorgeous girls) . . . whereas she insisted that Munich was Germany, but Honolulu was paradise (those boys on the beach!).

Jack kidded Barbara about her age.

“You’re pretty well preserved to be a senior,” he told her. “How old are you, anyhow?” She said some twenty. She would be twenty-one on October 24. How old was he? Eighteen-year-old Jack said without hesitation, “I’ll be twenty-one on November 20”—carefully neglecting to specify what year.

Fleetingely, Barbara wondered how it happened that a boy so bright should be two years behind her in school, although he was the eighteen-one. With the theory now, instead of later, when love and trust might have been involved. Now you know what to guard against.”

As for Jack, after his first date with Barbara, he decided to spend the week-end at home, in preference to returning to the apartment he shared with two fraternity brothers near S.C. Next morning, he told his parents, “I met a very interesting girl last night.”

This mild statement elicited more response than all Jack’s years of announcing ebulliently that he was balanced on the brink of marriage. The senior Linkletters exclaiming to Art asked, “Interesting in what way?”

Jack tried to particularize. Barbara was quiet but, when she had something to say, she was quick, and fancy. She did her text homework with humor. She was part-paying her own way through college by driving a school bus and by teaching dancing. She was a Phi Mu, a sorority which, according to Jack, arranged to serve as counselor at a girls’ camp the following summer, after graduation, and she was going to start her teaching career the succeeding fall.

Barbara was a charming, attractive and so far ahead from Jack’s usual recommendations that his mother inquired, “How come no rhapsodies over eyes, hair, teeth, hands, and, so forth? Is this a girl who must be appreciated for inner worth?”

“Who said Barbara isn’t beautiful?” was the astonished reply. “Of course, she is. Dark brown hair, worn short. Wide blue eyes. A cute little heart-shaped face. But the fact is, true beauty is just the tip of the added attraction. The first thing you begin to realize about her is that she has quality. Dignity. A sort of womanly pride and sweetness. I think you’ll like her.”

She had, he confided to Art, who was not surprised to learn that Jack had not noticed the slightly greater-than-usual emphasis placed upon the meeting.

The great night, bringing together thousands of friends toward the same event. Jack thought, Everything will work out great. I know the values that are important to the folks. I have confidence in Barbara.

Barbara, knowing that a double date with the Linkletters was standard operating procedure, thought it would be an interesting evening— if she could control the situation properly to tremble.

Art and Lois told one another: This seems to be somewhat different from the roller-coaster romances of the past. We shall see. What they saw was a remarkably pretty girl, poised, serene, and—a vital but often underrated quality—sensible. Only her toying with an earing (the explanation, with her short, too tight) betrayed a minor nervousness.

She danced with Art and answered his questions frankly and without affectation. She said she loved children, hoped someday to have a large family of her own. Her father was not living, but she and her younger sister were fortunate in having one of the world’s unheralded saints as a mother. How she would enjoy teaching: she felt she had a knack, and one should make use of whatever gifts were accorded one. No, she had never considered a show-business career; she felt she had no talent in that field, but she was happy to be a small part of that largest ingredient essential to all show-business success—an appreciative audience.

Art was startled. “How about ‘that substance,’ ” he told Lois. “She just might be the girl for Jack. She’d fit into the family comfortably, I think.” They took Barbara to Alisal on a weekend outing. Barbara rode a horse for the first time and “wound up as stiff as an ambassador’s shirt at a coronation.” An excellent swimmer, however, she quickly learned aqua-lung diving with Jack and joined the family on sea-explorations. The “fit” was comfortable indeed.

Even so, when Jack began to talk of immediate marriage, father and son went into conference. First, there was that question of age. “Nineteen is awfully young,” Art said, inwardly smiling over his conclusion of Lois’ oldest-known parental objection to the mating of the younger generation.

“You were twenty when you married,” Jack reminded him.

“If Lois and I had known before marriage what we know now, we would have panicked before we reached the altar,” Art admitted.

“Wouldn’t everybody?” asked Jack perceptively.

Well, what’s a father to say?

They discussed all the usual problems surrounding marriage by Barbara: Income to support a home? No real problem, as Jack has been working off and on, since he was ten and the income had been sufficient. . . .

Military service? Jack is a member of the Naval R.O.T.C. at U.S.C.; chances of

On the Cover
Full-size portrait in full color:

STEVE ALLEN and
JAYNE MEADOWS

Inside: The tender story of their star-kissed marriage

Just one of many exclusive features and photos of all your favorites in

November
TV RADIO MIRROR

at your favorite newsstand October 3
his being called to active duty are remote, except in case of war. . . Religious considerations? Both Jack and Barbara are Protestant. . . Background? Both were born in Southern California and have grown up in the midst of the same general geographical and cultural influences. . . Children? Both think in terms of a family of at least four, possibly more. Obviously, there were none of the celebrated major conflicts between them. "But don't forget that, in marriage, it is often the minor and the unpredictable that cause difficulty," Art said wisely. "The mere friction of daily living scrapes up all sorts of controversy. I'd appreciate it if you two kids would postpone marriage for at least a year, get to know one another through the association of a long engagement. How about it?"

It seemed fair. Today's young lovers know that a love unable to endure the simple test of time is no love at all.

Inevitably, problems—as they have since that began—took present themselves to the two people planning a life together. Jack is a clock worshipper; he has had to be, because of the facts of his home environment. Regard for the split-second becomes a hard-and-fast rule for the family of those working in radio or television. If there is anything that sets Jack's teeth on edge, it is perennial tardiness. Unfortunately, Barbara had fallen into the habit of many a member of her sex: she was always a little late. Perhaps she didn't start early enough; perhaps she had to take a last-minute phone call; perhaps her delay was caused by traffic—she usually had an excuse. But excuses failed to mollify Jack when he had agreed to pick up Barbara at a certain time and place and she arrived thirty minutes late. Unwilling to shout at the soft-eyed, contrite creature who had set his blood a-boiling, Jack would succumb. In her turn, Barbara objected to sulking. Personally, she is inclined to say what she thinks, get it out of her system, and forget it. When Jack sulked, Barbara would pretend to ignore his silence and his thunderous face. She would hum. She would gnaw her lower lip, clear her throat, play with a paper clip or an earring.

Thinking of ways in which to defend herself from Jack's dark mood, Barbara would review some of her own complaints:

Sometimes Jack was careless with values. For his birthday, she had given him a valuable billfold, which he had left—unthinkingly—on the seat of his car in a parking lot. Naturally, it was stolen. Also naturally, he was heartbroken. But Barbara had said candidly that it was a wonder Jack didn't suffer constant losses as a result of his irresponsibility. The criticism infuriated Jack. For nineteen years he had managed to get by without the guidance of Miss Hughes, so what made her think . . .

Marriages, to say nothing of engagements, have been wrecked by less.

Jack talked to his father about the slightly foolish but oft-repeated storms. As usual, Art came up with a suggestion. At U.S.C., he reminded Jack, there was a wise and understanding man at the head of the Education for Marriage Department, Dr. James A. Peterson. Why not enrol in some of his classes? Barbara agreed to the plan, so the battling beloveds attended a three-hour evening class once a week, for an entire semester, and consulted a marriage counselor as well.

Barbara learned to understand and to appreciate Jack's attitude toward punctuality, and to be on time (well, on most occasions). Jack learned to speak up when he was annoyed, but to be objective about it and courteous in explaining his complaint. ("Look, honey, I love you and I'm determined to take care of you. You've procrastinated long enough about that tooth. I've made an appointment with my dentist for three on Wednesday afternoon: I'll drive you and pick you up at four.")

He learned to hang up coats, fold up sweaters, take care of valuables. ("How about kids, Barbara? I haven't mislaid or lost anything for over a month!"") Barbara learned to channel her energy into some such useful occupation as knitting when she was tempted to release tensions in some meaningless activity.

Of course, they made family jokes of their discoveries: "Look out for Barbara when she starts to hum; she hums for the same reason a pup growls." And, "Jack will never allow me to have a sun-dial in our garden. It would be an hour slow during the daylight-saving months, and that would drive him wild.

"The important thing isn't your having solved these minor problems," Art told the teasing sweethearts. "It's that you've learned how to go about tackling the threats to happiness in marriage.

Jack and Barbara plan to be married on December 21, 1957. After a two-week honeymoon, Barbara will return to her school, and Jack will continue his classes at U.S.C.—for two more years. Then he hopes to step into a show of his own.

Next thing you know, Art Linkletter will be interviewing his own grandchildren on House Party—and serving as guide to a second generation with the same success he is enjoying the first time around. People are funny, but children are wonderful. Especially when they're such a credit to a devoted dad.
(Continued from page 34) looking directly at you when you talk, a classic nose and mouth, a slim and stunning five feet, four inches shaped to flatter the most fetching fashions ... you wouldn’t say she is quite so uncompromising about the things that would come her way easily. The best roles. Romance. Glamour. Life served up on a silver platter.

She has been in one motion picture, the feminine lead with Tony Perkins and Karl Malden in the story of Jim Pierpont, "Fare Stripes Out," playing Jim’s wife, Mary. "Fare Hollywood" has been dashing attractive contracts in tempting array before her, but she feels right to remain free of long commitments, free to choose her parts, to keep on in television, which she loves, and to think ahead to stage roles, possibly in musicals.

In addition to doing what seems right for me should keep me from certain roles in television, in movies or on the stage," says Norma, "it will have to be that "tall one belongs to the Gotham Cat Club, and, as a result of this foster-mothering, was asked by the Club to care for two others, not very young and well groomed. She was the whole idea of being in Hollywood, the whole experience, was breath-taking. Something happened every day at the studio—everyone was so kind—it all meant a lot to me. And Tony was so wonderful." She shares a small apartment with an actress friend—and seven cats. She kept one of them. It belongs to The Gotham Cat Club, and, as a result of this foster-mothering, was asked by the Club to care for two others, pets of an elderly woman who recently died. It was the whole idea of being in Hollywood, the whole experience, was breath-taking. Something happened every day at the studio—everyone was so kind—it all meant a lot to me. And Tony was so wonderful.

Ask her if they are "alley cats," and her eyes darken with belligerence. "They’re beauty cats, and they belong to you. "Beautifully marked, each different from the others in personality. People come to visit, push a cat away, tell me how much they dislike having even one cat around, and she glared at them from her lap, stroking a silky ear. They always say the same thing: ‘This is the first cat I ever loved.’ It happens regularly."

One kitten with a lovely, long slim are named Audrey, for La Hepburn. Norma’s family name is Veney, and her parents are Margaret and Carl. Her father is of Swiss origin, associated with the teetotalers, and her mother played the piano. She got the two from her lap, stroking a silky ear. They always say the same thing: ‘This is the first cat I ever loved.’ It happens regularly."

My parents are non-professionals," she says, "but they had faith in me and encouraged me. Had I wanted to be a nurse, or a stenographer, they would have felt the same way, as long as I did a good job and was happy in it. They are really extraordinary. I believe they are proud of me now, because they’ve been the only one of me that might have been a mistake."

"I have had so much encouragement and help, from many people. I doubt that Karl Malden, who was in ‘Fear Strikes Out,’ has any idea to this day how much he helped me and what a good friend he was. He talked to me about the picture business, explained things I didn’t understand, gave me pointers on how to handle myself and the scenes, so I would fit in Hollywood. Someone who knows enough about her kind of work to speak her language, to understand the demands on her time and be patient with them, and to understand what she is trying to do with her talent.

When Norma is most serious about this subject of love and marriage, she suddenly can’t understand why people are not like that yet. I have known boy I liked very much, but I haven’t been really in love. I know all these things would never come off, that I’m not the girl who’s flexible and lovely. I have to find a woman who first appeals to him as a woman, not as an actress. And a woman has to find a man who is, first, the man she loves. I don’t suppose anything else would matter too much, if that happens."

In Hollywood, she dated Tony Perkins, was photographed with him wherever they went. They have the same slump to the shoulders, "The whole idea of being in Hollywood, the whole experience, was breath-taking. Something happened every day at the studio—everyone was so kind—it all meant a lot to me. And Tony was so wonderful."

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One kitten with a lovely, long slim are named Audrey, for La Hepburn. The four others, because of their Easter arrival, are jointly named "Alleluiah"—Al, Le, Ya, and Yah. Pop’s name is Frank, and Mummy’s name is Norma.

Norma’s family name is Veney, and her parents are Margaret and Carl. Her father is of Swiss origin, associated with the teetotalers, and her mother played the piano. She got the two from her lap, stroking a silky ear. They always say the same thing: ‘This is the first cat I ever loved.’ It happens regularly."

My parents are non-professionals," she says, "but they had faith in me and encouraged me. Had I wanted to be a nurse, or a stenographer, they would have felt the same way, as long as I did a good job and was happy in it. They are really extraordinary. I believe they are proud of me now, because they’ve been the only one of me that might have been a mistake."

"I have had so much encouragement and help, from many people. I doubt that Karl Malden, who was in ‘Fear Strikes Out,’
Our Teeth," two weeks in Chicago and two in Washington, D.C. For the television spectacular of the show, she acted as Mary Martin's stand-in on only a day's notice, so it was lucky she knew Mary's part thoroughly. It was a complete run-through for the benefit of cameramen and lighting men, for producers and director, and had to be performed exactly as if it were being broadcast to an audience. In the actual broadcast, she appeared only in her own little group of parts, but the whole experience was a great thrill.

Her eyes widen with excitement when she talks about the unexpected way she got the part in "Fear Strikes Out." Paramount wanted someone outside the circle of young faces familiar to movie-goers. An "unknown" face, not associated with previous pictures. Norma's was far from unknown in television. She had been on many important dramatic programs. But she wasn't a motion-picture face.

"Many, many girls—hundreds of them, I suppose—were auditioned," she recalls. "I was simply one of them. After my interview with Bob Mulligan, the director, I happened to get a call to do something else. Thinking the Paramount job was just another one of those times when they talked about casting from New York and ended by taking some well-known Hollywood actress, I signed a contract with the man I saw second. I no sooner got home that I found I had a message from Paramount. As I walked in the door of their office, I was told they were going to fly me out to the West Coast immediately for a screen test. I still didn't take it too seriously—except the trip itself, since I had never been farther west than Chicago."

She flew out on the following Sunday morning, arrived in Hollywood Sunday night, rehearsed Monday, made the test Tuesday, left immediately after, and was back in New York Wednesday. Thursday night she got a telephone call. They wanted her for the part.

It had never occurred to Norma that, with proper notice to the people with whom she had signed a contract, she could not be released. They wanted her badly, weren't thinking of her good fortune in being given such a good part in an important movie. They were businessmen, she had put her signature to a contract. She was an actress, young enough to be terribly indignant that anyone would try to thwart her progress. Finally, they came to an understanding that cost her some money and injured feelings. But ten days later, she was off to Hollywood.

After it was finished, a photographer friend of hers saw it and was most unhappy about the way she looked. "You weren't beautiful," he said. "You didn't use enough make-up. You weren't photographed to show how you really are. How could you let them do it to you?"

Here, again was this question of integrity, of truth, of reality. Norma had to explain that she had used a minimum of make-up because this was no fiction or fantasy, but really a documentary-type of film, about real people. About a real woman she was playing, a woman who was worried, and frequently unhappy, and unconcerned with glamour. That the wonderful part of this, her first Hollywood experience, was having producer Alan Pakula and director Bob Mulligan see the part exactly as she had and letting her play it with all the reality that was in her.

The day she auditioned for Susan Ames, in The Secret Storm, was exciting, too. She read with Peter Hobbs, says he was wonderful to her, helped her do the best possible job. Now, busy as she is in a daytime dramatic serial, she is still studying drama with a former teacher at the Neighborhood Playhouse, Charles Conrad, who has his own classes now. She works at singing and dancing, hoping some day to star in a stage musical. "Dancing is like acting, with more movement—perhaps an extended form of acting, in which you must learn disciplines and techniques."

She paints (in oils). Something else she has always longed to do. She loves to be outdoors, adored California for its sunshine and open spaces, but tries to get in some swimming and water-skiing wherever she is, whenever she can find time. Besides, she wants the exercise, for her passion for truth makes her admit that she has to fight weight a little.

"When I was around nine years old, I began to read romantic tales of maidens who fell in love and could no longer eat, and began to waste away, and I thought how divine that must be. Alas," she grins, "I'm not the wasting-away kind. If I splurge on food one day, I must be terribly abstemious the rest of the week, so mostly I am careful every day—knowing that, for any picture medium, such as television or movies, I should be even slimmer than ordinary."

Right now, this seems about the only conflict in Norma Moore's life, this matter of loving good food and knowing she dare not have too much of it. Not a very important conflict, surely, compared with the ones she has made for herself—of knowing what she wants from life, from love, from work. Of clinging to some idealistic yet (she believes) realistic promises she made to herself when, at the age of fourteen, she decided to go on and on being an actress.

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The Make-Up of Young Moderns
Paging Perry Mason

degree in psychology from the University of California," he says, "and a degree in English Literature from McGill." And he has taught, in the theatrical field, "at Amherst, Columbia, the Pasadena Playhouse." He himself has never had one hour of formal dramatic training.

That necessary first job, at twelve, was a poser for young Raymond Burr. He had no saleable skills, no "pull" anywhere. But he was big for his age, and brawny. He lit out for Roswell, New Mexico, and hired out as a ranch hand. When he returned, in two years, with a hunger for a more cerebral kind of life, he was bigger. And brawner. Still with no definite goal in mind, he began drifting from job to job. Mostly sales jobs.

Raymond Burr apparently could have been a very rich salesman. But, along about here, he stumbled onto radio—and knew definitely, and at once, what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. He wanted to be an actor.

Since his dramatic force was immediately apparent, he moved quickly from radio to the legitimate theater—first, summer stock, then a go at Broadway. In the late '30s, he went to England to star in "Night Must Fall," and subsequently toured Australia.

Vote FOR YOUR FAVORITES

Each year TV Radio Mirror polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling was begun in the July issue and continues until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites to win a Gold Medal.

TV STARS and PROGRAMS

Male Singer ............................................................ Male Singer
Female Singer ........................................................ Female Singer
Comedian ............................................................... Comedian
Comedienne ............................................................ Comedienne
Dramatic Actor ....................................................... Dramatic Actor
Dramatic Actress .................................................... Dramatic Actress
Daytime Emcee ....................................................... Daytime Emcee
Evening Emcee ....................................................... Evening Emcee
Musical Emcee ........................................................ Musical Emcee
Quizmaster ............................................................. Quizmaster
Western Star .......................................................... Western Star
News Commentator .................................................. News Commentator
Sportscaster ........................................................... Sportscaster
Best New Star ......................................................... Best New Star
Daytime Drama ....................................................... Daytime Drama
Evening Drama ....................................................... Evening Drama
Daytime Variety ..................................................... Daytime Variety
Evening Variety ..................................................... Evening Variety
Comedy Program .................................................... Comedy Program
Music Program ...................................................... Music Program
Quiz Program ......................................................... Quiz Program
Women's Program .................................................. Women's Program
Children's Program ................................................. Children's Program
Mystery or Adventure ............................................... Mystery or Adventure
Western Program .................................................. Western Program
TV Panel Show ....................................................... TV Panel Show
Best Program on Air .................................................. Best Program on Air
Best New Program .................................................. Best New Program

RADIO STARS and PROGRAMS

Male Singer ............................................................ Male Singer
Female Singer ........................................................ Female Singer
Comedian ............................................................... Comedian
Comedienne ............................................................ Comedienne
Dramatic Actor ....................................................... Dramatic Actor
Dramatic Actress .................................................... Dramatic Actress
Daytime Emcee ....................................................... Daytime Emcee
Evening Emcee ....................................................... Evening Emcee
Musical Emcee ........................................................ Musical Emcee
Quizmaster ............................................................. Quizmaster
Western Star .......................................................... Western Star
News Commentator .................................................. News Commentator
Sportscaster ........................................................... Sportscaster
Best New Star ......................................................... Best New Star
Daytime Drama ....................................................... Daytime Drama
Evening Drama ....................................................... Evening Drama
Daytime Variety ..................................................... Daytime Variety
Evening Variety ..................................................... Evening Variety
Comedy Program .................................................... Comedy Program
Music Program ...................................................... Music Program
Quiz Program ......................................................... Quiz Program
Women's Program .................................................. Women's Program
Children's Program ................................................. Children's Program
Mystery or Adventure ............................................... Mystery or Adventure
Western Program .................................................. Western Program
Radio Record Program ............................................. Radio Record Program
Best Program on Air .................................................. Best Program on Air
Best New Program .................................................. Best New Program

TV Husband-and-Wife Team.

Send your votes to TV Radio Mirror Awards, P.O. Box No. 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
and then New Zealand with the company. By this time, Hollywood had picked up its ears, and he was summoned for a screen test. But he became seriously ill. "I guess I'd been living it up too much," he says. He turned his back on Hollywood, and joined the U. S. Forestry Service—for whom, for two years, he conducted a weather bureau and snow survey in Oregon. They were lonely years, with plenty of time for contemplation. He recovered his health. He took up writing and, much to his surprise, sold several of his articles and stories to magazines. But the lure of the theater was still dominant, and he returned to the stage, appeared in a New York musical-comedy hit, "Crazy With the Heat"—and "twelve million radio dramas."

Once, briefly, he was an explorer: "I went to Yucatan with some archaeologically minded friends of mine. One day, I fell in a hole and accidentally discovered some ancient Mayan ruins."

Archaeology is fascinating, but Raymond—with responsibilities for many people other than himself (once there were eleven relatives living in his house)—had to get back to work.

Once again: Hollywood calling. R.K.O. tested him, signed him, agreed to pay him $450 a week, and then—strangely—forgot him. Raymond Burr had never been so rich, nor so unhappy.

Out of frustration, he ate—and drank—until his heft rose to a dangerous 325 pounds. (Burr is a great cook and an avid gourmet, and gaining weight is easy when he lets himself go.) Disgusted with Hollywood, and himself, he asked for and received his release from the studio and started over the old path—radio, to stage, back to movies.

The official record takes up after the war. ("I did a stint in the Navy in the Pacific.") On January 14, 1947, he married an actress, Isabella Ward. "It was my second marriage," he says, expressionless. "My first wife went down in the same plane with Leslie Howard. Our son, just a year old when she died, died three and a half years later of leukemia."

About his more recent marriage, he is equally taciturn. "We were separated after a year, divorced in Maryland in 1952. We had no children."

Since the war years, Raymond Burr has worked steadily and profitably—and with the character actor's usual anonymity—in films, some of them very big: "A Place in the Sun," "Rear Window," "Cry in the Night."

And he has given more time and energy than any other performer to entertaining the Armed Forces overseas. At one time, he spent a solid six months with a troupe in Korea—giving up about $75,000 in available jobs in order to do it.

With the discipline and satisfaction of work, the pounds that used to haunt him melted away, until Burr—today—has a leading man's physique, and a character actor's skill and finesse.

Erle Stanley Gardner has described Perry Mason like this: "Tall, long-legged, broad powerful shoulders. Rugged face, clean-cut, virile features; patient eyes. Heavy, level eyebrows. Well-shaped hands, strong fingers. Hand could have a grip of crushing force should occasion require. Wavy hair. . . . Fighter, happy-go-lucky, carefree, two-fisted—a free-lance paid gladiator. Creed—results."

This could be a description of Raymond Burr himself.

At the top of the heap, at last, Raymond Burr is living the rich, full life of the man "who has got it made," in his rambling ranch house over the sea. He loves it there, seldom ventures into the city except to work—that means frequently now, of course, and sometimes he has to arise at 2:30 A.M. to make the hour's drive into the studio in time for early rehearsals of Perry Mason. (Barbara Hale plays Della Street to Raymond Burr's Perry; Bill Hopper is Paul Drake, Mason's detective ally.)

Raymond's house is dream stuff. From the front terrace, stone stairs—built, stone by stone, by Raymond himself—lead to a luxuriant grassy slope to the edge of the bluff over the sea. Old trees give welcome shade. New flowers bloom in profusion everywhere. To the rear of the house is the working area—kennels for Ray's pure-blooded Australian Silky dogs, pens for chickens, ducks, geese. "We don't eat the birds, we're too fond of them," he says. "Just the eggs."

The house has an informal but beautiful living room, a den, several sea-facing bedrooms. But the center of life is the big cheerful kitchen. "Come on into the kitchen" is the usual greeting. There, with characteristic grin up to an enormous rough-hewn table, you can share one of Ray's chilled, expertly mixed gimlets and then choose between hot and cold canapes.

To Raymond Burr—who has been all over the globe, more than once—this spot above Malibu is the loveliest place in the world, and truly his "home" base from now on.

"I don't want to live like a rich man. Come to think of it, I'm not a rich man. I've made a lot of money in my life, but managed to give it all away. Big money, for me," he adds wryly, "will mean only that I won't leave owing anybody."

If Perry Mason catches on—as there is every reason to believe that it will—Raymond Burr will keep on living it up on his beautiful seaside bluff, the country squire at home, for a long, long time.
Adopted Father

(Continued from page 52) and they didn't think I was spending enough time on the project, so they pushed in to help.

With all that having gone on before, you can understand that I didn't think too seriously of Sherry's build-up after she'd met Monte. Mother was taking Sherry to the set in those days— one day I let Mother stay home, and I took Sherry. That's when I first met Monte. And, as is obvious now, Sherry knew what she was doing. Monte and I started dating, and within a few months we were married.

With, of course, Steve Cochran as best man and Sherry as flower girl.

Before that, Monte's suitability as stepfather had been put to the test on a fine Sunday afternoon, when Gary and Sherry pulled him out of the house for a "walk to the corner" to buy a balloon. Only there was no balloon man at the corner, nor at any junction of the mile-long street—a distance they conned him into trudging in search of the elusive balloon man. Then they confessed it was all a plot to get far enough away from home so that they might ride the bus back. He fixed that one with characteristic firmness—suggesting calmly that, since they'd walked there, they could walk back. That's what he did. Monte loved walking; the children, somewhat less than enthusiastic about it, learned their lesson.

Still another test came shortly after Rita and Monte were married. Rita, busy with other duties, was unable to accompany Sherry to the studio, so Monte was drafted as a stand-in for "stage mother." This was a new bit for him and he confesses he was plenty nervous as they drove onto the lot, and headed for the parking area. So nervous, in fact, that he had some difficulty getting the car parked properly. In lining it up, he bumped into the curb rather sharply, and he and Sherry both got something of a jolt. Momentarily dropping back into his uninhibited bachelor habits, Monte let out a couple of deeply expressive curses.

Sherry, her pigtails literally stiffening at the sound of his swearing, sat calmly and said, "Daddy, if you must swear, it's all right if you do it while we're alone. But please don't ever do it in front of anyone. Rita and Monte wouldn't think you're a proper father."

Monte remembers that, at the moment, he couldn't decide whether to howl with laughter, or to weep. What she said was so true, and summed up so thoroughly her reactions toward him, and his responsibilities toward her. And yet it sounded so out of character, so adult, coming from this tiny, owlish girl.

The five years since Rita and Monte have been married have been happy, evenful, fruitful years. They bought a little home in the Hollywood Hills, and Monte is happily swimming with it. Located in North Hollywood, in the San Fernando Valley, it is about a ten-minute drive from Hollywood over the pass through the Hollywood Hills. Like many typically California houses, it is rustic to the point of picturesqueness.

When Monte prospered, and Monte began his steady climb upward in the ranks of Hollywood screen writers. He worked for a year or so at Warner Bros. studio, where he turned out, not only some of the best numbers of epis-odes for the Warner Bros. Presents television series, "Cheyenne" and "Conflict." It was there that he established the prece-duct of always working into his TV plots a bit part for himself—so that he appears in each one he wrote, as a sort of signa-ture or trade-mark. Monte is now writing for Universal-International studios, and will sign a writer-director contract soon.

While the prestige-type production was prospering, so was another "production" at home. In January, 1956, Monte's and Rita's first son, Robert John, was born. Monte still wonders why he understand why I could get so excited over this baby," laughs Monte. "They knew I had two sons and a daughter. They figured, by now, such things should be purpose. I was a little bit tough explaining that, while I did have three children, this was the first baby I'd ever been around.

Sherry, a bit aflush toward her new baby brother would be almost comical, if it weren't so heartwarming. Having had three before him, Rita has the relaxed at-titude which comes with rearing a large family. If Monte wants to crawl up the stairs, for instance—let him learn by crawling up the stairs, Rita philoso-phizes. "But not Sherry—she hovers. Be careful, Monte, you'll fall and bump yourself," she clucks.

"If that baby gets spoiled, it will be no fault of mine," Rita vows. "You'll be able to tell that little old mother, Monte, won't give you a bottle!" Sherry says. "Your big sister will take care of you!" Wait till she's had three of her own—I'll bet she won't be so fussby about the fourth one.

Probably one of the outstanding things about the Pittman household is that you see more family feeling here than in many a harem. Monte is constantly conferring with them. The Pittmans really do things together. Both Monte and Rita, though their lives have been linked closely to television for years, believe that the old-time, creative activities should be part of their children's growing up, too. "We let them watch a few shows which are their favorites," Rita explains, "but there's none of this camping in front of the set, hour after hour, watching just anything which happens to come on."

Instead, the Pittmans make up family-parlor games. At first, they started out to be story-writing sessions. They'd choose an object—say, the front door, or an interesting piece of bric-a-brac. Each of them—Gary, Sherry, Curt, and Monte—would write a short-short story around that object. Monte confesses that these evenings proved more profitable than he had dreamed they would. The family hatched several plots which he subsequently turned into screen-plays. Later, the Pittmans turned to making up crossword puzzles. We turned out some doozies in those days," Rita recalls with a chuckle. Currently, their evenings at home are often taken up with quiz sessions, right in line with the national craze for such programs. Only the Pittman girls don't take part in these evenings. Why? "What day, month, and year was Daddy born, and where?" is the panel stumper Gary turns out. Sherry is apt to ask some doozies in those days. Then Monte proclaims that if we did give Monte that first Christmas?"

"On the surface, it's a game," Rita explains. "But we've discovered that it's a funny little way of getting together, more than most games do. It's amazing what strang-ers members of the same family can be to each other. With our little old quiz game, we really get to know the facts!"

This do-it-yourself fun spills over into the gifts the Pittmans give each other for Christmas and birthdays. Many of them are home-made and singularly appropriate for the recipients. There was the scrap-book Monte concocted for Sherry several
years ago. Faced with a pile of old publicity photos, it seemed a shame to consign to the incinerator. Monte set out to work with scissors and pastes. The scrapbook is a series of cartoon-type pasteps—poking gentle fun at Sherry, other members of the family, their friends, and the institution of film itself.

This refusal to take the status of “movie star” seriously is one of Sherry’s most charming characteristics. She’s never affected the off-screen persona that TV enthusiasts imagine she’d be—she’s never taken up the leisurely pastime of mooning it up in real life. Off the set, she’s always been a pretty average little girl, just as nowadays she’s a pretty average teenager.

Happily, however, Sherry and Monte, Sherry is primarily an actress, and rarely an “idea woman.” In other words, she doesn’t go around telling Monte just what sort of a situation she’d like to be in. More often than not, she’d like to be in a situation like the one in which she was called to write for her. “I know her so well by now,” she says, “I’m sure, while I’m writing, that she’ll be able to interpret whatever character I’m creating for her—and still understand it more real, and believable, than I ever could on paper.

There was a good example of this while we were shooting the scene, “Come Next Spring.” In this, you may remember, Sherry plays a mute child. This is a demanding part, even for an adult actress, but this girl has a sensitivity far beyond her years. I think you’ll agree that when we shot the play, I kept Sherry in mind. And before shooting started, Rita and Sherry and I would have long talks about this little mute girl, on the set, to get her ready for which I can claim no credit. Rita was doing it with her long before I arrived on the scene. Now, when we get a script, we read it through and then start analyzing the character. Not only Sherry’s part, but all the parts. By the time we’re through, we know the life history of every person in that play—why they act the way they do—all of her.

There is one character we don’t much care for, however. That’s Terry, on the Danny Thomas Show. As Sherry points out—she’s been on that show six times—Terry just breathing. Actually, the part is so close to Sherry’s Own self that sometimes it’s hard to tell where Terry stops and Sherry starts. And, just occasionally, Sherry is apt to bring out a little snipsey. For a few segments last year, the writers let Terry get a little snipsey, and when these things started showing up at home, too—we had to point out to her quickly that just because Terry was allowed to get away with such action, it was no sign Sherry could. I probably shouldn’t say that, Sherry has never given me the idea of wanting to write in the way of a play for her. She has vague, general ideas of roles she’d like to play. Only I’ve learned not to take them too seriously. I learned the hard way. Last spring, Monte was interested in doing a Western. That’s all she could talk about—how she’d like to play a part in a real, historical Western picture. I had to go through a little of that before she got out of the way at the time, but as soon as I could get it at, I started a Western script with a part in it for her.

I just longed to see that idea polished off, and brought it for her to read. And what was her reaction? That’s very good, Daddy. But I really don’t think I’d much care to do a Western. Now if you could just write something with a sort of "Snake

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Pit’s flavor. Boyee, would I like a chance at doing a part like that? I’d love jobs that had in that! I haven’t started any deep psychological dramas for her. If I did, by the time I finished it, she’d be wanting to do a rock ‘n roll, flaming-youth story!”

One was time, Monte remembered, when Sherry did make a specific request for him to write something for her. Her club at school was scheduled to put on a playlet at some school program, and she airily volunteered his services to write the production. This, of course, without consulting him first. “I remember I was working at Warner Bros. at the time. I had the first stepfather-daughter relationships to write for the girls, and mentioned my dilemma to some of the other writers. That evening, after work, four or five of us retired to a near-by restaurant, where we kicked around a few ideas.

“We did this for the next several evenings, and finally came up with a playlet which we gave the girls. One of the fellows figured it out—just for laughs—that the amount of time we spent on that project, at our going hourly wage, would have brought the total cost for writing alone to about $4,000. And do you know what? The thing fell flat on its face when they put it on! We never have figured out why. I like to think it was just too formal a presentation for a group of immature, young, and young girls, at that.Any other conclusion is too flattering. Anyway, I doubt that Sherry will ever ask again.”

As in many homes where there’s a good-sized family, the Pitman home is seldom populated solely by Pitmans. Gary has the customary thirteen-year-old mob, which gravitates regularly to the pool in the back yard. Curtis, now away in the Air Force, rarely gets home. But, before he left, his chums were generally all over the place—or, as Rita claims, all over the kitchen.

And Sherry, who has just wound up the most thrilling year of her life thus far (simply because her schedule was arranged so that she could spend six whole months attending public school with young folks home by the score. She has made good grades at school, and is allowed continued social privileges so long as she sustains them. In many ways, Sherry is mature beyond her years, largely because of the years she’s been in such close contact with the adult world making movies and television films. But Rita claims you’d never know that, once Sherry gets with a group of her own, she’s as giddy, as scatterbrained, as light-headed as any girl of fifteen has a right to be,” Rita laughs. “She told an interviewer once that her hobbies were boys, records, boys, dancing, and TV!”

I guess that was correct. We have a never-ceasing, ever-changing parade of boys through that front door.

The problem was discussing father-daughter relationships, and how fathers are supposed to ‘screen’ the young men their daughters bring home. So far as I can see, the same thing goes for stepfather-stepdaughter relationships. You should hear what Monte has to say about some of the boys Sherry brings home. He says it to me, and in private—but I swear you couldn’t feel more violently about the subject if Sherry were really his own daughter!”

Monte has become philosophical about such things, however. “At first, I got all excited when she’d bring home some-one obviously unsuitable for her. But I kept myself under control, never came out with any flat directives, never told her she couldn’t see such and such a boy again.

“And the funny thing was—after I’d seen a lad a couple of times, I’d mellow a little and find a way he was all right, after all. Then maybe I’d say to Sherry, ‘You know that Pete you brought home last week? I didn’t like him much at first, but he doesn’t seem such a bad lad now!’ And it works. So he’d be ‘Oh, him! That was last week!’

“So I’ve just sort of given up. The way we figure it, if Rita and I haven’t been able to influence her in any way as to how to judge people, and how to pick friends wisely, it’s a little too late to start!”

There are a lot of people who would tell you Sherry is a lucky girl. They may be referring to her fresh good looks. They may be referring to those thirty movies, and those television shows, and those songs they sing on the Denny Thomas Show. They may be referring to her income, which amounts each month to more than many heads-of-the-house make in a year. But the biggest piece of luck Sherry has is being born to a mother like Rita—and being able to fill a gap in her life with a stepfather like Monte. That kind of luck more girls should have!

Dreams Do Come True

(Continued from page 39)

Story. Dick’s very happy about that, too—Dick has always felt more sure of himself in comedy. “All the important things I’ve done in the theater,” says Dick, “have been comedy. In Mr. Roberts, for instance, I was the replacement for David Niven, who was one of the funniest parts ever written for an actor. So I just feel a little better in comedy than I do in a straight role. I can play like Ted Bond, which I recently did on My True Story. But playing opposite Rosemary Rice in that one made it easy. I’ve known Rosie for eighteen years, so there were kids, Rosie and my sister, Joyce Van Patten, and I played together. Rosie and I have been playing the sister and brother roles of Katrin and Nels on Mama for some ten years (we’re the only members of the original radio cast they kept on for the TV show), so we’re almost ‘family’ really. And we’ve always liked each other, worked well together, have good friends. So, of course, I’m happy that Rosie’s playing my

sister on TV—and my girlfriend on radio.”

Things work out this way—happily, that is—because Dick and I always have, ‘It’s true,’ he says, ‘that I haven’t a frustration or an unfulfilled desire to my name. How can I have, when everything I wanted as a child I’ve got?’ I’ll tell you a story—my tale for David Niven, I say.

“When I was a kid, I used to ride my bike from Richmond Hill, Long Island, where I was born and grew up, out to Astoria, where they had the steps—which was my favorite place of any place I’d ever seen. In Bellerose, there was one section I liked the best of all. The houses there looked like the houses in the Andy Hardy pictures. Children playing in the yard, geraniums in the window. Flower gardens. On Huron Road, there was a three-storey white-shingled house which I liked best of all. I used to park my bike against a tree and stand there, looking at it. I liked the school, too, the Floral Park Bellerose school, with trees all around it and everything. When I get married, I used to say
to myself, here is where I am going to live—in Bellerose, on Huron Road, in this house—And my kids will go to the school with the trees around it. And I hope I have a whole lot of kids. My mother, who is Italian, is one of thirteen,” he explains, “and I think big families are fun.”

Today, Dick and his golden-haired lovely—to-look-at Pat and their two small sons, Richard Neil, who is two, James Tyler, seven months (and another baby due this very month of October) are living in Bellerose, in that very house. If this isn’t dreams—come—true, storybook stuff, it will do until something dreamier comes along.

Furthermore, Dick’s hope of having “a whole lot of kids” seems more than likely to be fulfilled. “With three babies, one right after the other in less than four years, we’ve made a good beginning,” Dick says, understating the matter.

It seems strange that a boy who chose the house in which he would live when he got married is “the whole lot of kids” he would have—never visualized the girl who would be his wife and the mother of the whole lot of kids. But he never did. How could he dream so tall, he asks, as to suppose that she would be a ballet dancer, graceful as a willow branch, and “the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life.”

Nor did he dream of what he would be when he grew up... for, at the tender age of five, he entered a children’s amateur contest in a Richmond Hills neighborhood theater before he had time to dream about it—Dick was on his way to being what he was going to be when he grew up.

“The contest, sponsored by Loew’s Theaters, was held in neighborhood theaters all over Long Island,” Dick explains. “Hundreds of children competed and the winner in each district was given a final audition at Loew’s State Mr. Eleanor Roosevelt and the late Mayor La Guardia were the judges. (This was about 1935). The prize was a trip to Hollywood and a six-month contract with the Metro—Goldwyn—Mayer Studios—and I won! It was really rather silly. That I won, I mean. I just recited a poem about my mother. I can’t remember it now, but it was something about how Mommy gets you up in the morning, makes you eat your breakfast, wear your rubbers—that kind of thing.

“Anyway, I did win and I did—go to Hollywood (my grandmother Van Patten took me) and we lived there six months, waiting for M—G—M to give me a part in a picture. They didn’t—but they found a play for me on Broadway, ‘Tapestry in Gray,’ which starred Melvyn Douglas and the late Elissa Landi, and I played their son. The play was a flop—lasted only four weeks—but I was immediately into another show, ‘The Eternal Road,’ directed by Max Reinhardt and Kurt Weill. After that, I was always in a show—always, with never more than a two weeks’ interim between engagements. Of course, I played just kid parts—bellhops and things like that—but the plays were not unimportant, nor the stars. There was ‘The American Way’, for instance, starring Fredric March and Florence Eldridge.”

Dick was ten when he joined the cast of “The Woman Brown.” A year later, he appeared in a revival of “Ah, Wilderness!” He was twelve when his outstanding performance in Guthrie McClintic’s production, “The Lady Who Came to Stay,” won him a Billboard award. That same year, he played in the Kaufman—Ferber comedy—drama, “The Land Is Bright.” The importance of the parts he played, and his ability to play them, clearly grew with his own growth.

Dick’s pleasant, easygoing, time-for-
everything personality belies the human dynamo he actually must be—for, despite his fifteen or so roles in major stage productions and the good average he maintained in his school work, he also rolled up a sizable stockpile of work in radio, television, films and summer stock. In 1947, he started running on the Y. W. C. A.\'s Regular Fellow's on radio, then played the same part in the film version the following year. Other radio credits have included running in On Your Mark, the Aldrich Family, the Right to Happiness and The Aldrich Family, which he played on Broadway for three seasons, then on tour with the road company.

Dick's modesty, the complete lack of anything actor-ish in his manner or speech or behavior, in the way he dresses or in the way he lives, is probably due to the fact he was a child actor—his home-life was always that of any normal-average American youngster. We lived in a big old house in Richmond Hill, was the only son of a man whom I was named—(Dad is Holland-Dutch, and I resemble him)—is an interior decorator. My mother, who is now a theatrical agent, was a Polytechnic at the Richmond Hill School. My sister, Joyce—who is five years younger than I—made her stage debut when she was seven, in Love's Old Sweet Song, which starred Sherry, and in 1947 we tried, to get Pat Houston. At home we never did any play-acting, either of us—probably, Dick laugh, because we worked at it! Besides, there were other things to do.

I went to public school for five years, then to Holy Child in Richmond Hills through the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. Except that I had to miss some classes on matinee days, and take naps from five to seven every afternoon, I did pretty much what the other kids did—played baseball and football, went swimming, played Monopoly, taught myself radio. After I got out of grammar school, I went to the Professional Children's School in New York for two years—then I got a job in Monopoly. Hundreds selected. I do not have an instrument now.

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**Young Woman of Today**

(Continued from page 20)

Tom over to be interviewed, explaining that, on the following Tuesday, Tom was going to be interviewed by Dave Garroway on the show, about his book and his war experiences as a commander of guerrilla troops in Burma during World War II. Helen looked interested, said that she would be excited to listen to. The men sat down with the girls, the lunch for three became a little more, and the atmosphere slowly became less and less aware of the three others.

Tom had come to New York from his home in Sarasota, Florida, and was planning to leave quickly for Mexico City and Taxco after keeping some engagements and clearing up some business details. Movie rights to his book had been sold to M-G-M for the second-highest sum ever paid for an original novel. The book itself was now being published in France and Italy, as well as this country, and there were arrangements being made for England, Spain and other foreign editions.

Helen was busy with her job on Today and her plans for the summer NBC-TV show, Helen O'Connell is a reporter in the middle of a few town, talking, and talking. She had her busy life of work, her home on Long Island, her three interesting schoolgirl daughter, her friends, her life as a newspaperwoman, and the moment, marrying again had no part in her plans.

And so the meet—the intense-looking, very charming and very beautiful allaround girl with the quick sunny smile. And as they talked, and looked at each other across the table, destiny took over. Only the touch was deceivingly light, and they sensed that they were talking about something.

"Except that I tried to get close to Helen the first day I met her, but all those people she worked with formed a kind of barrier between us," Tom says today. "Oh, they didn't. You know they didn't," she laughs at him. "We had lunch together the day you came on the show, and were going to see each other later, except that my littlest, Jennie, developed a temperature and I had to take her home from school. But we had lunch and dinner the next day, and then the next. When we decided to get married,"

"That's when you proposed to me, he grins.

"It's what he told the children," she explains. They just giggled and said "Mother is getting married!" When I took the news that Tom and I were going to get married, they made Tom promise to me all over again, in front of them."

"So when I gave my hand in marriage, I'm gonna put it on my knees," says Tom, adding, according to the way it's done in books, or in the romantic minds of little girls.

"Jennie, my youngest, insisted that I say 'Yes' almost before Tom got the words out," Helen laughs. "And this was all staged in Joannie's bedroom—she's the middle one—because she had the messes and was in bed at the time. Fortunately, no one else caught it!"

"When I kissed Helen lightly on the cheek, after her 'Yes,' Joannie reached over and pulled my ear close and whispered, 'Kiss her on the lips.'"

The wedding was a simple affair, at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York. Helen did her usual spot, and she had to stay six months. She got the next day off, and the next two days were Saturday and Sunday, but she had to be back Monday morning. Tom's best man was James J. O'Connell, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father, author of "From Here to Eternity." Tom had written his book at the same writer's colony—the Handy Colony at Red Lion, Pennsylvania—where he had previously worked, a camp-colony dedicated to helping serious young writers of realistic material, giving them a place to work and live and support.

"Jim Jones and I had both been through a great deal," says Tom Chamale. "We had seen the hard things of life, the war, the misery and pain. We still saw plenty of things that should be stopped. When we were both single and recently been married, and now he was telling me not to be afraid of any of this new happiness that had come to him and to me. 'It's all right to be happy. No one is going to hold it against you,' he kept saying, and it broke some of the tension for me."

The way he handled everything, he
must have looked up Emily Post on how to be the best best man," says Tom, "because ordinarily if it's a normal guy who would care about such things. He wouldn't let the "bellboy" carry our bags to the car. He answered the phones himself. He did everything.

Alta Mooney, wife of Helen's musical arranger, was matron of honor. Tom's father and Helen's mother came for the ceremony, and there were a few close friends, including others from the Today show. Dave Garroway broke away from a Wide, Wide World rehearsal in time for the reception.

The bride wore a navy-blue silk sheath dress with a matching veil, a locket and antique diamond jewels, a floral arrangement of pink flowers, and a bouquet of pink flowers. The bouquet of pink dresses of the three Mooneys were a fascinating and exciting of their wearers at acquiring this fascinating new member of the family.

Equally entranced by this trio of daughters, Tom was already calling them "Sarah Bernhardt"—although through their greatest interests still are in their school grades and social activities with their friends, and the house on Long Island has spilled over with theircomings and goings all summer, as they move into a seven-room New York apartment, and everyone is busy deciding on color schemes, what will go with what, who gets what. Helen and her friends, each precious possession should be put. Helen still owns the home in California where she lived with the children until the Today show brought her to the East Coast, and Tom still in Florida.

"I like antiques," Helen says, "but not the kitchen furniture kind. I love the fine old woods, the expert craftsmanship. Tom had come back with a beautiful things during his travels all over the world, but he has left them.

As a child, Helen lived in Lima, Ohio, and started a career as a dancing teacher. "Singing was never a planned thing, as far as I can remember. It was a great joy to me. Helen is her own sister, she is a singer, and I would replace her sometimes when she couldn't make it. Our father died early, and all of us did what we could to help along, and gradually we drifted into more and more singing. Helen is a very fine pianist and organist—"to whom she is now married. He was a musical director of a Toledo radio station, and he was the first person to put me on radio. We girls performed throughout the Toledo area as a three-act play, or a recording playing somewhere in the house.

Alice gave up her professional work after a while, in favor of home and family, and Helen went on to become a band singer. Later, when she married, she quit the business for seven years, devoting her time to the home and the children. When her marriage ended, and she had to go back to work, she returned to singing.

In her background now are four years as featured vocalist with the late Jimmy Dorsey, who heard her sing in a night club and signed her at once. With Bob Eberly, she did a lot of boy's-voice singing, while she was still in her teens, great hits like "Green Eyes," "Tangerine," "Amapola." She went on the Australian tour with Johnnie Ray, has done many night-club dates in many a town, has the year of touring with Martin and Lewis, with Vic Damone. During her last year of school, they were hired away from the children ten months out of the twelve, and she wasn't happy about it, even though she had left them in competent care."

"Last summer, the summer of 1956," she recalls, "I did the Russ Morgan show. I did filmed and live commercials, and someone from NBC took note of them and she was impressed about going on the day show. That was when I was working from the West Coast and had developed a little interview program of my own, as well. My home was established in California, and I was used to it.

When I came down to New York, I wondered if it would be wise to move us. Then I began to think about how much time I was spending away from my girls, how I was being put through the travel, and how much more fun we could have as a family if I could stay in one place for any length of time.

Her first day on Today was December 7, 1956, and the broadcast had been moved down to Florida for a week. Helen did the show three days from the Miami Beach—Palm Beach—Fort Lauderdale area. "It was a unique condition of remote. But the three-day trial convinced her she would like it even more under the usual studio conditions, and it evidently convinced the NBC brass that there was no need of having her as a girl for the part. So, and house and house and household paraphernalia were all moved East, and the family has been together ever since.

She likes the variety of things she can do on Today. Everything from songs to weather reports, from interviews to commercials. Helping Garroway introduce the show, or being a guest of Ad-libbing with him to fill a few seconds. Having a band in everything that goes on. And she thinks her training as a band singer has had everything to do with the ease with which she now does all these other.

"The girl who sings with a band gets a great experience," says Helen. "She plays night clubs, intimate and big rooms, hotel dining rooms, theaters. She's performed with every type of people. She makes records, does radio and now television also. She learns to follow a script and she also learns to ad-lib when occasion demands. She's been second different people for all ages and backgrounds, and she gets a chance to travel. I believe that any girl who does does singing over a period of time is ready for almost any other branch of show business."

Helen's own taste in songs runs to those with great lyrics, songs that tell a story, no matter what the tempo. She was known mostly for her rhythm numbers when she did shows with Bob Eberly, because he handled the ballads. On her own Helen O'Connell Show, this summer, she has done many types of things. Tom and the girls like anything Helen sings, although each has special favorites. "That's the great thing about the girls," Tom observes.

Each has her own individual ideas and tastes, which is important in a group. Helen has told me she was worried in the past because she couldn't be with her children all the time, but the marvelous thing is you do remember, the girls are molded in Helen's image, or in the image of the others. Each has something of Helen, some of her traits, but none has all of them. It's a very refreshing thing to find three such distinct individuals."

Helen laughs at this, says, "Tom took on, not one, but four different personalities to get used to, when he married me. Myself, and each one of my daughters."

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He-Man's Holiday

His restlessness became obvious about four months after they were married. Jim was working as a real-estate man, a task that nearly drove him out of his mind. All day long, he was sitting in a sparsely furnished office or an empty home. In six months, he didn't sell a single piece of property. They spent their evenings in the tiny apartment above the china shop of Virginia's father, in which she worked during the day to help pay for the groceries. The world was beginning to crowd Jim.

One evening, he came home restless, fidgety, on edge. He kept pacing through the living room as though it were a prison. "You need to spend some time at the beach," Virginia suggested. Before they were married he'd spent practically all his time at the surf.

"You know we can't leave now. Nobody would miss me at the office, but you . . ."

"I didn't say we," she cut in. "I said you need a change . . ."

And when Jim loaded a sleeping bag, portable stove, extra clothes and a few cans of food into his rattle old Buick sedan, tied his surfboard on top, and drove off to San Clemente Beach near San Diego, Jim had begun to take his oldest son with him, as he did on his Hawaiian jaunt.

In a way, Jim's case is no different from that of most husbands. In other ways, it is. Not just because of his personality, but because of his work as well. He gets restless during long periods of lay-offs and inactivity. He gets tense when work piles up faster that he can handle it.

Like a few weeks ago, when he came home with a particularly difficult script. Jim had stepped out of his room during his shave and tossed his knife and razor in a fat tire to be fixed.

Unable to concentrate, Jim went to his bedroom, closed the door and continued to read his lines. Five minutes later, a rubber-tipped saw from the next room cut the tip of his nose. Jim let out a bellow that could be heard a block away, picked up his script, got into his car, and drove to a lonely knoll in the mountains overlooking the Pacific. There he studied his part till it was too dark to go on.

Lack of privacy in a home that is really too big for Jim and Virginia is now plan-ning to add on three rooms—is one of the reasons that Jim reaches the breaking point faster than some men. He needs time by himself. But he might think, even "Everybody does," he explained to a friend one day. "Well, what about Virginia?" the other man asked. "Don't you think a housewife is entitled to a break, as well, once in a while?"

Sure he knew. But Virginia hadn't agreed—till he literally forced the idea on her! It happened a couple of years ago. Exhausted from a more-than-usually hec-
The Christmas rush, she was beginning to show the strain of the holiday season. She grew irritable, looked tired, felt worse.

"You need a vacation," Jim suggested on New Year's Day. "Go by yourself."

"That's ridiculous. I can't go away . . ."

"I did."

"That's different. Where would you go?"

"How would you get along? And who would mind the children?"

"My mother will mind the children."

"Without what?"

"Complete solitude."

"You can go to Palm Springs and we can manage very, very well.

"But Jim."

He wouldn't listen. Instead, he called a friend in Palm Springs. Virginia was coming to town tomorrow morning. Find her a nice place to stay if you can. No, she's going to be by herself. No, we did not have a fight!"

The more she thought about it, the less she liked the idea. And finally she broke down and cried, evident to her self, of doing nothing. The day after she arrived, she felt better, more relaxed, than she had in weeks. But, on the evening of her second night there, she heard her mother science started to bother her again. She called Jim to say she wanted to go home.

Jim later admitted that a man doesn't really have the slightest idea what a wife is up against—especially if he finds out by experience. The first day, father and children had a ball. They went to the beach, hot dogs and Cokes, to the amusement park for a personal appeal, and to the movies at night. They sank into bed exhausted by ten-thirty, with Jim being more tired than the three others combined. The second day was more difficult. It started out—Rolf couldn't find his levis, and all four of them spent an hour looking for the pants they finally located them in the dryer.

Keeping house, the children busy—and out of trouble—proved progressively more difficult as the days went by: Jim had to do his own housework. Virginia was used to it, and now well organized in the first place, he always at least on one or two extra trips. Cooking, always a hobby of his, was fun. But his dislike for dishes and cooking had been renewed. Craig and Jenny Lee to dry dishes after he'd washed them. Result: they broke so many that he couldn't afford to let them finish.

The night Virginia called, the house was a beehive of activity. Only the organization was lacking! Roll was yello lying in the bathtub that he had soap in his eyes. Jenny was playing with her new tadel, crying on the couch till two springs shot through the material. Craig was nursing a cut toe, moaning as he dipped his foot in hot epsom-salts. Virginia was evidently under what Virginia was saying.

"Don't you want me to come home, darling?"

And how he wanted her to come home! Instead he said, "Of course not . . . Virginia, uneasily, "How are you getting along?"

"Fine," said Jim. "Just fine."

"What all that noise?"


Six days later, Jim drove to Palm Springs, to spend a night with his wife before taking her home. Ordinarily, he can't stand the resort town. But after a week of having the full responsibility of running a home—any place looked good.

And his wife looked even better. He hardly recognized the tanned, vividous girl who raced over to hug him the moment he walked into the bedroom. She was relaxed and happy. The change was obvious, not only to Jim, but to the rest of the family, too.

In fact, Jim was so enthusiastic about the result that he insisted Virginia take off every month—an idea she promptly banished. However, she is willing to take off occasionally, just as he does.

Not all their "vacations from marriage" are taken singly, of course. In addition to a "family vacation" once a year—when all five Arnesses leave together—Jim and Virginia go away other occasionally, leaving the children capable hands of their grandmother, Jetty Chapman. The youngsters enjoy it, too. It gives them a relief from parental authority. Grandma is a lot less strict than their own folks.

While Jim and Virginia feel that every couple should get away by themselves once in a while, their interpretations of doing nothing are different consider-
ably. Jim doesn't mind having others along. Virginia thinks three's a crowd and four a mob. When we go with her we two always manage to get bored, they are invariably Jim and the others start talk-
ing business. Half the time, I don't under-
stand enough about it to take part in the discussions, if indeed they even know I am around.

She gave a recent trip back east as a typical example. Jim's sponsor, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., sent him to Durham, N.C., for a personal appearance for ten days. Then, let him take a few days to drive to New York, where he spent an-
other week. When he got through in New York, he was called to Virginia's place. Jim's friend and publicist, rented a car and took a leisurely three-day trip to New York City.

According to Jim, "We had a wonderful trip. No preoccupation from anywhere. Just enjoying ourselves." Virginia's version lacked her husband's enthusiasm. "Jim and Milton had a great time. They were out playing pool and gin rummy. I was in the back. When the wind didn't blow me to pieces, the baggage nudged me from both sides. Every once in a while, one of the men turned around to see if I was okay. But it was no better than New York. Sure, we went sightseeing—Jim, Milton, two people from the network, a reporter, and at least one photographer.

"Fortunately when just the two of them went out together, as they did last fall, when they drove to the Mother Lode country in Northern California. Well-supplied with maps and guide books, they visited the Western historical spots like a couple of typical tourists. Or honey-
moongers . . ."

Whether Jim's and Virginia's vacations from marriage hold more or less true than other couples is a matter of conjecture. They don't advocate the idea, yet they don't minimize the effect on their own relations and different problems," says Jim. "In our case it has worked out well. Furthermore, I'm con-
vinced that we see as much of one an-
other as most married couples, taking into account the differences in our personal lives and different interests."

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posedly small "specimen" form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug coun-
ters—money back guarantee. "Use is not a P.O. Off.
Crusader’s Wife

(Continued from page 41)

other four- and two-legged things, you can imagine that it’s not exactly quiet. But we are unusually happy, and I think that’s because of the faith we share in Christ. We live and try to live by the Bible, for us, the Bible isn’t merely a book. To us, the Bible is God’s word and our final authority. She goes on, “Bill and I have no major disagreements, but don’t say we are not fighting. He spends a lot of time with the children, and I don’t have to tell you what this means to a father who has been away from home for months at a time.”

The Graham home is on a mountainside, about 3600 feet above Montreat, North Carolina. This is their second home near Montreat. Their first was smaller and at a lower altitude. “In one respect,” says Ruth, “I liked the smaller house better, for it was easier to keep up. But we had to have more space. Not just for the children, but because, when Billy is at home, he works right in the house. Even his Hour Of Decision broadcasts originate from his study.”

Ruth made the house. She did everything but put it together with her bare hands. Before friends sent an architect to help her, she knew exactly the kind of home she would have, the materials to be used, the kind of doors and wainscots and ceilings she wanted, everything. “Above all,” she says, “I wanted it to look a hundred years old or more, when finished. I almost succeeded.”

In her jeep and jeans—her “work horse”—and her work clothes—she chased around the mountains looking for old log cabins that had fallen into neglect. When she found one, she bought the hand-hewed chestnut pine and poplar logs which would have been impossibly expensive if she had bought them new. “I could just tell about the old ones,” she says. “I could tell them.”

When the house was going up, she recalls, “One workman quit outright because he was so disgruntled with my ideas. I wouldn’t hang doors on my chicken coop,” he complained. “A man can’t take no pride in this sort of work.” The contractor was good-natured and a friend. Anything I wanted to do was all right with him. He told me what to order, when to order it, what to do with it, what not to do with it. The workmen liked working out of my hand and I laid a brick floor in the living room.

Most of the workmen are mountain people and, if they had their way, they would have finished the floor, the new lumber out in the open where people could see it. And they would have replaced my ‘junk’ furniture with new red pine. But I told them it was all right as it was. ‘Don’t change it for me,’ I told them. ‘You can change it when you get ready.’ Another said, ‘It puts me in mind of when I was a boy.’

Ruth hunted down furniture as she did logs. She wanted authentic antiques. Not French furniture, English, but, rather, early Carolina furniture. But the furnishings and
home were not matters that Ruth and Billy agreed on. "I don't think the average man has a feeling for antiques," Ruth says, tactfully. "Men like things modern and new. But Bill likes the home now. It was built for a family. There is nothing expensive in the house and the kids don't have to be afraid to play. There is plenty of room for them. But it was designed, too, so that Bill can get away from their noise. His study is soundproof for the quiet he may need for rest or deliberation."

The Grahams have four children. Virginia will be twelve on the twenty-first of September; Ann was nine this past May; Ruth will be seven in December; Franklin reached his eighth birthday. "They are all live wires," Ruth says, "but so different. Bill says, 'Gigi (that's Virginia) stimulates me. Ann relaxes me. Ruth tickles me. And Billy, that's a sight.'" Ruth notes: "Franklin is completely boy. So self-assured. No tendency to brood or be petulant."

And there is the menagerie: "I don't know why we have the sheep. I've yet to figure that out. Even the paraekets and turtles keep you busy. You just don't know. I got all the way up to New York this past summer and then, from some corner in my mind, I realized that one of the turtles had been misplaced in an old wooden churn which we use for a wastebasket."

"I don't think there is any work harder than that of being a mother and homemaker," Ruth says honestly. "Too much is expected of the woman—cleaning, cooking, washing, sewing, raising kids, being a wife, etc. It seems as though there is nothing stimulating about wiping noses or cleaning muddy shoes and the dirt they leave. But a mother must realize God put her there because it is the most important job in the world."

"The Bible has plenty to say about self-control and self-discipline. Nowhere is it more important than in the life of a mother—and a discipline to achieve. I'm not saying we should never be angry with our children. When they have done something particularly outrageous, it's a good thing to let them know, in no uncertain terms, where they stand. But the important thing is to distinguish between serious moral issues-willful disobedience, disrespect to elders, irreverence, lying, stealing, cheating—and the simple, annoying thing children do in the natural process of growing up—carelessness, nosiness, and so on."

"A mother can't afford to be lenient when it comes to a moral issue. She points out, "But she should always be loving. And, when it is a matter of growing children being clumsy and breaking something accidentally, being noisy—being untidy—and all that sort of thing, a mother be firm and loving, but not peevish. Nagging and peevishness, along with unfair discipline, can leave scars on a child's life. But it is amazing how children can forget your mistakes—and what parent hasn't made any?—when they know they are loved."

Billy and Ruth have definite ideas on discipline. Billy says, "For disobedience and dishonesty, I'm not above putting a little switch to their bottoms." Ruth says, "We believe in love and discipline. For discipline, I believe in punishment."

I have heard Gigi say, 'After Mother whips me, I'm good for three days.' That's the way she responds to a flicking. But the second thing, if you just look at her, she begins to cry. So I think you have to judge each to know what is needed. Punishment must be fair and it must be explained. But we insist on obedience and honesty."

Billy is home so little that he does little of the switching, for he doesn't want to be remembered as an ogre. But, if he hears one of the children talk back to Ruth, he takes the child immediately into the library for a talking: "We want them to reason with us but not sass back. It's a matter of learning the differences."

Billy is a thoughtful husband, and perhaps the most thoughtful gesture he ever made was the year he bought Ruth a dish-washer. "I could never get to like dishwashing," she says. "No future in it. I tried everything to change my attitude, but it was no use. You see, Bill is no soup-and-sandwich man. He likes three square meals a day. So, by the time I had finished the breakfast dishes and got and loaded the dishwasher, there was dinner to get ready. By the time the noon dishes and pots and pans were cleaned, it was time to start supper. And, after supper, back to the sink again. So, eventually, Bill got me a dish-washer. And then, I do have help in the house now. I never knew when I'll be leaving to Bill for a few days—but, when I do, the house must continue to function for the sake of the children."

Ruth goes on, "Even if a woman has help, even if she has unlimited help and unlimited money, she needs Christ in her home. I try to get up every morning before the children to pray—although it's nip-and-tuck with Franklin, for he is up between five-thirty and six. But Christ is with me all through the day. That's where I get my strength and patience. You know, Christ is not just an historical person who died two thousand years ago. He rose again. His last words were: 'Lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world.' And that goes for the housewife, too."

Although Ruth and Billy are as one in their acceptance of Christ, actually they are of different denominations. Ruth calls him a "backshidden Presbyterian." Billy's father, a dairy farmer in North Carolina, was a very religious man, as was Billy's mother; both are Presbyterians. Billy chose the Baptist Church when he was a young man, Ruth, on the other hand, was always a Baptist and a Presbyterian. Her father, Dr. L. Nelson Bell, was a medical missionary in China, where Ruth went to school until she reached college age. He came, as an undergraduate at Wheaton College, was to go to Tibet as a medical missionary. Billy's proposal of marriage changed her mind. "I have no regrets," she says, "and, so far as the difference in our 'choices of church is concerned, we believe that a family should be united, and so we are. We attend church together. When Billy is home, he usually goes to the Presbyterian Church with us there; being no Baptist Church in Montreat. The children aren't aware of denominational differences. There will be time enough for that later. The children are just conscious that Dad is the head of the family."

Billy seldom preaches in Montreat, but his work goes on at home. There is preparation for a new crusade, conferences with men of the church, the writing of his daily column and his articles for the broadcasts. He tries to make up as much as possible to the children for the months he's been away. They hike and play together. A brook has been dammed and the children are not allowed television and movies, but, after church, they usually have a family picnic. On a recent Sunday morning, he and Ruth had just returned from a trip. But, when they and the children got back from church, they found he had a picnic basket packed for them.

"People ask me how I remind the chil-

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dren of Bill when he's away," Ruth says. "Well, I don't have to. We all talk about him. There are occasional pictures in the paper. We listen to him on the radio. We watch whenever he's on television. But I remember when the situation was reversed. Bill almost lost touch with them. A friend took a picture of Franklin when he was between two and three years old. Bill hadn't seen Franklin in five months. The friend had the picture enlarged and sent it to Bill in Europe. He looked at the picture, and asked, 'Now, why would anyone send me an enlarged picture of his son?' He didn't recognize his own."

Ruth and Billy try to keep the children away from reporters and photographers. They don't believe in publicity for them and, besides, they've already had more than their share of public exposure. Their last home was on the highway. Tourists stopped by continually to ask for souvenirs or just look. During the peak season, as many as four busloads a day emptied their passengers at the Graham home to sightsee. They came onto the lawn, peeked into windows and focused their cameras in hope of candid shots. Billy himself recalls days when he could move from room to room only by crawling below the window sills.

Matters have not improved much, now that they have moved from the highway to the mountain top. Hikers appear at dusk to camp. Ruth was putting one of the children to bed and saw a face at the window. No kidnapper. Just a tourist. She was getting dressed in a downstairs bedroom when she heard a rustling outside the window. Again, tourists. One neighbor has taken pity on the Grampians. When a car stops him and asks where Billy lives, the neighbor says, "Billy Graham? Who's Billy Graham?" But Ruth and Billy have instructed the children to be courteous to tourists. Ruth herself observed Gigi being stopped by a car and asked, "Where does Billy Graham live?" Gigi didn't look enthusiastic about it but she pointed in the right direction.

It's not pleasant to live in a fishbowl. It's particularly hard on the Grampians, for they enjoy informal living—and it's hard to relax when you're being stared at. They would not be rude to tourists, but are eager to point out that the scenery in North Carolina is beautiful.

The Grampians have good times at home and remember in particular the days they were snowed-in last winter; "A weekend at the longest, and that wasn't nearly long enough. You've no idea how beautiful all that snow and quiet can be." But, year around, there is a lot of horseplay and laughter about the house. Even at Christmas. 'This past Christmas,' Ruth smiles, 'I bought Bill a two-hundred-year-old spinning wheel I'd been wanting a long time. The Christmas before that, Bill bought me a German radio he wanted so badly." She grins as she recalls, "His gifts can be outlandish. I mentioned that I could use a cotton quilt housescoat. He gave me four at one time—including cotton, rayon and nylon."

Ruth thinks that one good reason for her happy relationship with Billy is the absence of criticism in their home. "It's difficult to criticize without hurting someone's feelings," she explains. "Bill and I do little of it. God can tell us off when no one else can. In the Bible, He reveals our shortcomings and, at the same time, encourages us. That's the way the Bible is, and it is as up-to-date today as it was ever was. No day goes by that I don't turn to it for guidance." Ruth concludes, "We are an unusually happy family because we live with Christ. It was said by someone I don't know who, but it's true—The family that prays together, stays together."
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NOVEMBER, 1957 • ATLANTIC EDITION • VOL. 48, NO. 6

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PEOPLE ON THE AIR

What's New on the East Coast by Peter Abbott 4
What's New on the West Coast by Bud Goode 14
Mason Adams Has Two Lives by Alice Francis 22
Shakespeare and the Showgirl by Ira H. Knaster 32
Who's Who on The Robert Q. Lewis Show by Robert Q. Lewis 34
Judy Johnson, Richard Hayes, Ray Bloch 38
True Story of a Happy Woman by Martin Cohen 40
Year of Fulfillment by Frances Kish 46
This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards by Dora Albert 47
What Have They Got Against Girl Singers? by Helen Bolsa 26
"Come for Supper" by Agnes Young's buffet menu 50
Double Trouble by Ann B. Davis 52
More than a "Movie Star" by Charlotte Barclay 56
Bride And Groom by Mary Temple 58

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

New Voices on Your Hit Parade (Alan Copeland, Jill Corey, Virginia Gibson and Tommy Leonetti) by Lilla Anderson 20
Our Gal Salty (Joan Caulfield) by Ennance Field 24
Lucky Bob LeMond by Gordon Budge 26
A Home of Her Own (Carmel Quinn) by Mary Temple 28

YOUR LOCAL STATION

Up With the Chickens (WPEN) 8
Upbeat . . Downtown (WABD) 10
That Second Cup of Coffee (WTOP-TV) 12
Stars of the Evening (Westchase Broadcasting Co.) 18
The Record Players: A Real Sweet Guy by Art Pallan 62

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Information Booth 6
TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies by Janet Graves 11
Beauty: Teal Ames Lets Her Hair Down by Harriet Segman 60
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions) 70
New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns) 76
Vote for Your Favorites (monthly Gold Medal ballots) 80

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc. New York & Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, 10 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 1, N. V. Editorial Branch Office, 401 South LaSalle Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif. Prime. M. Mailiero, President. Donald B. Ewing, Secretary and Treasurer, Advertising offices also in Chicago, 231 North Michigan Ave.; New York, N.Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Kansas City, Mo., and Philadelphia, Pa. Secretary, Mrs. James E. Knowles. Copyright, 1957, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. No part of this publication may be reproduced without permission of the publisher. Subscription rates: $5.00 per year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. $6.00 per year for all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. Mailing address change must be accompanied by new address. Write Dept. of Publishing for new address. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 505 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is preferable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. FOREIGN subscriptions handled through Macfadden Publishing International Co., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 17, U. S. A. Foreign: Ceres International, 534 U. S. Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 22. Subscription rates: $7.00 per year. Canadian: Macfadden Publications of Canada, Ltd., 2405 Yonge St., Toronto 14, Ontario. Canadian residents please remit in Canadian funds. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N. Y. and additional mailing offices. Member of the Printers' Ink Women's Group.
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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Talker Gaten Drake, often called "radio's most convincing voice," yields to wife Anne, who speaks her first on-stage lines in "Ziegfield Follies."

"Romeo" Ron Randell takes himself a Javanese Juliet, dancer Laya Raki.

Short & Sassy: Mike Wallace gets thousands of letters asking that he put Elvis on the grill, but Teddy Bear says, "No, thank you." The Dave Garroways will be hosting the stork in March. Always something new, and NBC-TV is scheduling a "spec" out of Las Vegas on November 16. A bra-maker will be the sponsor and, if the show holds up, will sponsor again from the desert oasis. Steve Allen appears to have the inside track to Belafonte, although Harry can just about write his own terms wherever he decides to guest. Women's gowns will get sexier this season on panel shows. Producers expect more than brains of female panelists. Next year, perhaps, men will get taller. What's happening to Dorothy Collins—looking more glamorous and grown-up and going to Hollywood to play a lead in pic, "Mr. Boston." Cute Nina Wilcox, ingénue in Harbourmaster, the new CBS-TV adventure series, becomes an October bride. Groom is Mark Merson, casting director at CBS. Gene Sullivan, Columbia recording artist, comes up with what may be the most inspired musical recording of the season: Pairing of "Please Pass the Biscuits" and "Wash Your Feet Before Going to Bed."

Fantabulous He-Man: Promising entry in TV excitement is the brand-new O.S.S. series starring Ron Randell. Australian-born Ron is Americanized (drives a pink convertible) and is a V.I.P. in English theatrical circles. Actually, he commutes between New York, London and Hollywood. He has made many movies and this fall he will be released in an M-G-M production. "Davey," in which he plays the

For What's New On The West Coast. See Page 14
Comic Jerry Lewis is singing it straight again. Eydie Gorme is singing it blue—and watching the clock. Her TV songs keep getting ticked off.

Two alter-egos for Jack Webb. Sgt. Friday plays it cool, but Pete Kelly blows it hot.

Inside Out: Billy Graham plans for a regular TV show have been scrapped. Instead, live telecasts will originate when and wherever a crusade is held. Betty Furness opened in Westport, Connecticut, in one of September's last summer-theater try-outs. Betty's hoping the vehicle, "Minotaur," will get her back on Broadway. If you missed Charlie's brother, John Van Doren, on High-Low, it's doubtful you will see him again. He didn't score like good old Charlie. Mort Lindsey, Judy Johnson's hubby, will be musical director on Pat Boone's new show. Incidentally, Pat will make few personal appearances during the TV-collegiate season, but he will be in Dallas the 12th of this month. Godfrey will be coaxed back to night-time TV to do holiday spectaculars. Networks have dumped any plans to do anything special with Calypso themes. Figure the trend is trod. Kathy Murray's summer show went over the top, making the top ten and even beating out Ed Sullivan's show. An offer of fall time for the show was made but refused. Shirley MacLaine's brother, a very good actor active in New York TV, hides the relationship, for he doesn't want people to think he's trading on his sister's prestige. This doesn't make much sense. No one minds that the present John Barrymore is a junior or that the current Rin Tin Tin is a grandson of the original. And now, even worse, we can't remember what brother's name is. (Editor's Note: It's Warren Beatty, which is Shirley's real surname.)

The Philosopher & The Show Girl: Renowned Galen Drake has been married just about eight years to the former Anne Shavers, formerly of Cleveland. The Drakes have two children and make their home in Riverside, New York, where Anne blisses in domesticity. But Anne is also a showgirl, chosen "Miss Ziegfeld of 1957." She is a redhead with gray-green eyes, one of the nation's true beauties. Galen reports, "John Robert Powers told me that Anne was the most beautiful model he ever saw." Galen and Anne met in a rare setting. Galen recalls, "I was sharing an apartment with a psychiatrist. Same building as his office and that's where I met Anne. She was waiting for the doctor, for mutual friends in Cleveland had told her to look him up socially. But I thought she was a patient and she thought I was one." That was in July of '49, and six months later they married. Anne became a successful model, but acting has been her ambition since she was three. She got her foothold in theater by becoming a showgirl with lines in some of the skits of the current "Ziegfeld Follies." Yet, with all the ambition, she is quite a homebody, wholly devoted to her children. At present, Mrs. Galen Drake is on a limited tour with the "Ziegfeld Follies" and you'll find her billed as "Anne Drake."

Silver Threads Among the Brass: A guy named Sgt. Bilko, alias Phil Silvers, got the idea he wanted to make an album dedicated to the Army bugle, and he did and it swings like the gates of heaven. He got a mess of cool Gabriels blasting at arrangements by Nelson Riddle. Columbia titles it, "Phil Silvers and Swinging Brass."... (Continued on page 11)
Kentucky Cadence

Please give me some information about The Everly Brothers whom I've seen on TV.


You have indeed seen them on television. At this writing, the Everly Brothers have appeared three times on the Ed Sullivan show, twice on Big Beat, at least once on the Vic Damone and Julius La Rosa shows and numerous others. And, of course, they are regulars on Grand Ole Opry. . . . It all started on February 1, 1937, when elder brother Don was born in Brownie, Kentucky. Phil arrived not quite two years later, on January 19, 1939. Their parents were both musical and, though they've retired now, they were active for years in the country-music field. In fact, the boys' dad was reared with Merle Travis and worked with him for some time. Don and Phil were only eight and six respectively when their parents included them on their "live" show over KMA in Shenandoah, Iowa. Since then, the four Everlys have played and sung all over the country as a family group. . . . Arriving in Knoxville a few years ago, the parents decided to retire and make a home in one place so that Don and Phil could finish their education. Once the book larnin' was accomplished, the brothers took off for Nashville to test their chances for recording a single. Their friend, Chet Atkins, knew talent when he heard it and it was through him they were signed by Archie Bleyer for his new country-and-Western department of the successful Cadence label. Their first platter, "Bye Bye Love," was a hit in three fields, pop and rock 'n roll as well as country, and that's fair proof of the boys' versatility. "Wake Up, Little Susie," their second contender, is waking "Little Susie" with a bang. Sometimes taken for twins, Don and Phil look very much alike. Both stand 5 feet 10 inches and weigh in at 150 pounds. They live in Madison and work out of Nashville, but they're seen and heard all over the land.

A Sailor's Life

I would like some information on Maxwell Reed, who stars as Captain David Grief on TV.

R.N., Berkeley, Calif.

Maxwell Reed's casting as star of the Captain David Grief series is no accidental authenticity. The producers of the series based on the Jack London stories searched the world over for a seaman-actor such as Maxwell, then discovered he'd been right there in California all the while. . . . Though just 34, the licensed merchant-captain has had a very adventurous life. Born in London, Maxwell was barely out of school when he decided the cure for his wanderlust was a life at sea. Within a year of his hiring on board a tramp steamer as an ordinary seaman, World War II was declared and all merchant mariners were "frozen" to their jobs. Maxwell was on ships which were torpedoed and once floated ten days in a raft off the coast of Ireland. . . . The freeze for the duration proved a good therapy for Reed's wanderlust. When the happy "thaw" started, Maxwell enrolled post haste at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. When Old Vic called, he had the chance to play with the greats of the London stage—Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Dame Sybil Thorndike. His movie credits commence with "Daybreak" and go on to the role of Ajax in the Warner Bros. production of "Helen of Troy." In '56, Reed, remembering a Hollywood visit of some years' before and his liking for the "climate, people, and pace," procured a regular immigrant visa and applied for U.S. citizenship.

Facing the Music

I would like to know something about Don Agrati of The Mickey Mouse Club. J.K., Mishawaka, Ind.

One of the latest additions to the Mouseketeer fellowship is a thirteen-year-old California lad of many talents, Don Agrati. Don's specialty on the Mickey Mouse Club programs is tap dance and modern ballet, but enormous musical versatility such as Don's won't stay put in a single specialty. As a dancer, Don moves well; as a musician, he sounds well on the accordion, ukulele, clarinet, trumpet, drums, piano, the harmonica and—remember the sweet potato?—the ocarina. . . . There's partial explanation for this 75-pound, 56-inch brimful of musical abilities in the fact that Don "faced the music" at age two-and-a-half. Born in San Diego on June 8 of 1944, the light-haired, blue-eyed youngster is the son of Louis and Mary Agrati, both entertainers. Don, their first-born, made beating the drums his pre-nursery school specialty. . . . At three-and-a-half, the toddler was taking his singing and dancing lessons as regularly as vitamin pills. At nine, he had a year's instruction on the accordion and began playing at civic and fraternal doings. While living in Lafayette, near San Francisco, Don organized an orchestra, "The Junior Sharps," and arranged, composed and conducted for the eight-man group. But Don has the nucleus for a junior-senior orchestra right at home, where the whole Agrati family is musical—parents, sisters Marilou, 9, and Lani, two-and-a-half. No wonder that Don, a straight-A student in seventh grade, lists "music and dancing" as favorite hobbies.

The High Road

Would you please give me some information on Jeff Morrow, who appears in many TV plays? K.S., St. Petersburg, Fla.

Though seen from time to time on the syndicated television series Crossroads, Jeff Morrow is well past the crossroads in his career. He's on the high road to success. Jeff debuted as Tybalt in the '36 Broadway production of Romeo and Juliet that starred Katharine Cornell. Roles in two Saroyan plays led to his initial screen offer, but Pearl Harbor intervened. Jeff took on a very "strait" role, served in the Air Corps for three years before returning to the Great White Way. His first memorable screen performance was as the scarred, bearded and half-blind centurion in "The Robe." . . . In "Tanganyika," Jeff played the half-mad African outcast. Other films have cast Jeff as a cowboy, comic heavy, and wealthy industrialist. He was radio's Dick Tracy for two years, played innumerable leads in TV dramas for U.S. Steel Hour, Cavalcade Of America and other series. Jeff's rich and rugged voice and tall, dignified good looks make him a natural for clergymen roles in Crossroads.
and for the Abraham Lincoln portrayal on You Are There . . . The brown-eyed, black-haired, 180-pound actor is a sort of walking embodiment of the United Nations. On his father's side, he's English-Scottish-Irish; on his mother's, French-Swiss-German. Where the thespian leanings derived from is still something of a mystery. Jeff went to school in Brooklyn, graduating from the Manual Training High School. After two years at Pratt Institute, he worked as a commercial illustrator to pay for drama school . . . . Morrow is married to the former Broadway actress, Anna Karen. They have an eleven-year-old daughter, Lissa, and live in Sherman Oaks. By the way, don't try to light Jeff's cigarette for him. He gave up the habit, but still carries one—unlighted—as a sort of prop. He has no intention of smoking it.

Calling All Fans

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

Elvis Presley Fan Club, c/o Wanda L. Grubb, 504 Moody Ave., Bradford, Ohio.
Darlene Gillespie Fan Club, c/o Bill Ziebach, Rt. 2, Box 551, Theodore, Ala.
National Lennon Sisters Fan Club, c/o Jacque Tufts, Secretary, 4495 East Clinton Ave., Fresno 3, California.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

More grown-ups and growing-ups depend on Mum than on any other deodorant

New Mum stops odor... without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about under-arm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

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. 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 wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys both odor and odor-causing bacteria! When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for you? Try new Mum Cream today.

MUM* contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene) ... stops odor 24 hours a day
Up with the Chickens

Jack O'Reilly, WPEN's man of the morning, loves those farmer's hours!

The wake-up man at Station WPEN, Jack O'Reilly grew up in Brooklyn, but he is willing to leave that borough to the Dodgers (who may leave it any day themselves). Jack likes his ground unpaved, his grass green, his air fresh, and his hours early. The farmer's life is for him. And, now that he's helping Philadelphians to rise and shine, six days a week, from five to nine a.m., Jack feels that for the first time in years he has "decent working hours." This means that Jack now rises at 3:30 each morning, in time to feed his cattle, dogs and chickens, and then drive the thirty-six miles from his Bucks County farm to Philadelphia. He also free-lances in radio and TV in New York. This time last year, Jack was commuting to New York six times a week to handle shows, particularly college and pro football games, for Mutual and WOR-TV. This year, only an occasional film job in New York keeps Jack from his family and from the chores of his beloved farm. . . Born in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, Jack grew up in Brooklyn and, while at Brooklyn Prep, was football quarterback, a national quarter-mile champion and held the New York State backstroke record. Dramatics and debating were keen interests of his, too, as Jack studied at Georgetown University. Jack's dad was a well-known after-dinner speaker and his grandfather was a diplomat. Jack was just following family tradition in speculating when he won the NBC Announcing School audition to act as a junior announcer in New York, assisting Bill Stern in sports at the same time. After fifteen years of around-the-clock shows, Jack has made a host of show-business friends, many of whom guest on his program. Jack has one special favorite, Guy Lombardo, for whom he was personal announcer on radio for ten years. . . Another very special friend was made when Jack was in prep school. A little girl named Marguerite proved she could play tennis, swim and run as fast as any boy, so she was permitted to tag along when Jack and the older boys went on hunting and fishing expeditions on Long Island. Then Jack went off to college and various radio jobs. But auld lang syne was not forgotten. Some years later, while doing a morning show at WNEW in New York, Jack received a call from the little tomboy who had grown up. One date followed another, right up to the wedding date. . . The O'Reilly's farm was originally built in the late 1780's and, although Jack and Marguerite have modernized it, they have kept the gracious Colonial feeling. With their children—Marguerite, 10, Jay, 8, and Robby, 6—the O'Reillys have made the farm the greater part of their life. They also raise English setters for show and hunting purposes and many of the dogs are blue-raspberry champions. As a farmer—or as a radio personality—you'd have to get up early in the morning to beat Jack O'Reilly.
Farmer Jack feeds his livestock before he drives to the city to become a deejay. He's back at the Bucks County farm in time to go hunting with his son Jay, wife Marguerite and the champion English setters they raise—or to check on the cattle.
Greenwich Village is my hobby, Art has always said. Now, it's his job, too, as he tours its streets for talent, finds such newcomers as dancer Nancy Miller. Those Art didn't find himself sought him out in the "office" he set up at a table in Rienzi's famous coffee shop.

Art Ford searches for talent for his Greenwich Village Party

The forty-foot midtown living room that is home to Art Ford has, at one time or another, also been the residence of such offbeat pets as a lion cub, an ocelot, an antelope and a dik-dik. "Wild animals are to domestic animals what show-business people are to ordinary people," says Art. "They have more spirit, more tension, more fun. I watch them, study them—and I like their excitement." Familiar to New Yorkers as host of WNEW's Make Believe Ballroom and as a frequent panelist on WABD's Entertainment Press Conference, Art claims that he's quieter, more relaxed, less of an extrovert than most of his performing confreres. "But it's the 'ordinary' people," he explains, "who find the show-business people most interesting." Thus Art toured Greenwich Village in search of new and different talent in show business and all the lively arts. He'll star the discoveries over WABD, each Friday at 10 P.M. on Greenwich Village Party. Everyone's invited.

All the arts are invited to the Party. Each week, there'll be a showing, with mood music to fit, by such Villagers as painter Vincent Graccino.

Young Ellen Adler auditions at the Folk Lore Center. Art plans an all-city TV audience for the songs that have made Ellen the talk of downtown.

At their Mexican art shop on MacDougal St., Art queries Mr. and Mrs. Al Bank far leads an talent, meets their pet mankey, "Hamlet."

Art's lage is a window, one flight up, as Lorri Scott, a dancer too, beats the bongos far the al fresco leaps of Audrey Lowell.
More TV in hi-fi with Dragnet's Jack Webb harking back to his favorite fictitious character, Pete Kelly, Pete is Webb and vice-versa. What Pete, or Jack Webb, did was order in eight Dixieland sidemen and six pounds of pastrami. Jack picked out twelve great tunes and the boys began blowing at six P.M. and knocked off at dawn. Victor calls the result, "Pete Kelly at Home." So fantastic was the success of Jerry Lewis's first straight-song album that Decca has issued more of the same and logically titled it, "More Jerry Lewis." It's like a second helping of your favorite dish.

Money, Marriage, Murder, Etc.: Speaking of $$$, Victor Borge gets $200,000 for his February show—but, of course, he has to bring his own music. . . . Lovely Helen O'Connell and her three daughters return from Hollywood vacation on October 7. . . . Bells ring for vocalist Betty Johnson October 4. Betty and bridegroom Charles Grean, her manager, take two-week honeymoon abroad. . . . Speaking of TV programming, Madison Avenue mumblings indicate the next dramatic trend will be toward horror. Next year, watch for blood to spill out of your screen. . . . Toll-TV running into all kinds of expensive problems. You could get bald waiting for it. . . . Walter Cronkite, already the possessor of two young females, got himself a male heir whom he duly named Walter Leland Cronkite III and then remarked, "With a moniker like that he can't miss getting into an Ivy League school." . . . Garway gang worried about their crew-cut buddy, Kokomo, Jr. Chimps are particularly vulnerable to respiratory diseases such as Asiatic flu. . . . Jack Paar's & Monitor's weather gal, Tedi Thurman, whose voice is to radio what Jayne Mansfield's sweater is to movies, favors Dick Kent for dating.

Arf & Ouch: Showmanship on independent radio stations still tops the networks. Cleveland's Bill Randle, of WERE, continued to deejay his show while in hospital for facial surgery. His show goes on in the P.M., so the operations (two of them) were scheduled for mornings, when the surgeon would be least in the way. The plastic surgery was not Randle's attempt to correct nature's errors but rather to remove scars suffered in a series of racing-car accidents. Randle has no intention of giving up racing, radio or surgery. No dullard, he. . . . By comparison, a dog's life is rather pleasant. Take the case of Pup Steverino, the greyhound on Steve Allen's stana. Steverino has no trouble getting a vacation or taking time off to get over a head cold. Steverino has a stand-in. Seams that when the agency went looking for a greyhound they went nuts, for the breed isn't plentiful in this country. Just a couple days before they went on the air, a pair arrived from Kansas City. Incidentally, and this is very confidential, but Steverino and his stand-in are not really brothers. They're really sisters.

Singing the Blues: The predicted mortality rate of TV singers would freeze your blood into cubes, but a lot of people think Guy Mitchell is the season's dark-horse entry. He could emerge the top name of the year, for he has an elfin energy that may make the bland, relaxed boys look like wallflowers. . . . A lot of people bothered over Nat Cole's sponsor troubles. His ratings are high, his guests are top drawer, and he's scheduled in Class A time, but there's no sponsor. Why? . . . The only female TV personality to be named anywhere in the Jazz Critics Poll conducted by Downbeat magazine was Eydie Gorme. The winner was Ella Fitzgerald. The male winner was the Slender Sender, with Satchmo a lagging runner-up. But, getting back to Eydie, the gal has been having her blues. The big Edsel Show on October 13, which stars Crosby and Sinatra, asked Eydie aboard. She turned it down and rumor was that she wanted more money, more than the $2,500 they offered. Some guys thought she was nuts to turn down a chance to sing with the Groaner and the Sender for the sake of money, but dollars weren't the problem. All Eydie wanted was a guarantee that she'd get three minutes. Seems that on the last big Jerry Lewis show she was promised three and got cut short when show ran long. On a Como show, it was worse. There were some Hollywood stars ahead of her and everything was so late she didn't even get to show her pretty face. So that's all Eydie asked of the Edsel producer—a three-minute guarantee in writing. Anyway, Eydie has already made a September showing with Steve Allen and guests with Patti on The Big Record come November 20. . . . Abbe Lane will only guest-shot on TV this year, for she has a big part in a big upcoming Broadway musical, "Captain's Paradise." And, in concluding, would it be fair to say that Abbe Lane has the kind of voice that has to be seen??
They’re personal friends, says
Mark Evans of the WTOP viewers
and listeners he invites for . . .

THAT SECOND
CUP OF COFFEE

Mark’s style is easy and his manner casual. His humor is
quick as he trades quips with newscaster Roger Mudd, right.

Guest stars such as Kim Novak shine early in the morning for their host, Mark Evans.

There were some doubts about Panorama Potomac, but emcee Mark Evans
insists they weren’t his. Seen weekdays from 8 to 9 A.M. on Washington’s
Station WTOP-TV, this program features unusual and informative local, national
and international stories and features; stories for youngsters; films of local news;
and guest stars. But, when it was first scheduled, the upper echelons buzzed with
questions. Would viewers, accustomed to network productions and nationally-
known television figures, take to a locally produced program? Did enough top-rate
material and capable performers exist locally to sustain such a program? Would
sponsors like the idea? Mark answered yes—and the ratings have backed him
up . . . A man with a strong conviction that his audience is made up of per-
sonal friends, Mark Evans was the man who should have known. He learned the
art of reaching the public with a sponsor’s message in a most unique manner—as a
church missionary. He entered broadc-
ing on the advice of a college professor.
“My TV debut to the nation,” he recalls,
“was made over a cup of well-known
coffee. They had insisted on tremendous
heat for my ‘steaming’ cup of coffee . . . I
smiled from here to San Francisco, I
adored the aroma, I savored the flavor.
As I proceeded to sip, I looked down at
the cup and found the intense heat had
melted the plastic and glaring up at me
was a mixture of paint and coffee!” . . .
Currently, Mark’s Panorama Potomac
is encouraging people to linger by the
TV set for a second cup of coffee. He’s
around for the first one, over WTOP
Radio, with Sunrise Salute, heard week-
days from 6 to 7:30 A.M., and he’s the
voice of the Housewives’ Protective
League, weekdays at 1:30 P.M. . . .
Mark and his wife Lola have three young
daughters to keep them hopping and
Mark, an energetic man, somehow man-
eges to stretch the hours to fit in such
hobbies as travel, golf, hunting and fish-
ing. Born in Ogden, Utah, Mark came to
Washington in 1945 and has been active
in its community affairs from the first.
In the capital, Mark Evans is capital.
Once In A Lifetime Offer that can change your Whole Appearance. Not 10, not 15, but 18 thrilling Beauty Aids at the sensational price of $1.00. Each one promising you alluring enchantment...The Expensive "Beauty Shop" Look Every Day. Study each one of the 18 separate beauty aids in this amazing $1.00 offer. Picture the breath-taking change they'll make in your appearance the very day you receive them. Then try these 18 individual beauty essentials entirely at our risk. You must be completely delighted in every way or you receive every penny of the purchase price back.

Just look at these Essentials you get for only $1.00

Beauty Essentials #1 and #2: Your choice of 2 Patricia de Paree stay-on lipsticks. You can have one for daylight excitement, one for romance-filled evenings.

1. ORANGE — A sun-kissed color charmed with excitement;
2. SCARLET — High-voltage red with electrifying appeal;
3. RASPBERRY — Luscious as sun-warmed berries;
4. PETAL — Petal pink...youthful and enchanting;
5. ROSETTE — Press a rose petal to your lips;
6. MAGIC RED — Eye know its secret;
7. CYCLAMEN — Pulsating hue with tremendous lavender impact.

The 2 lipsticks alone are worth $1.00, but they are only a small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #3:

Your choice of one of the 3 special Patricia de Paree Lip Lining Pencils. The type used by Hollywood make-up men on Movie Stars to make the perfect pencil outline needed for teasing lips.

1. PINK;
2. MEDIUM RED;
3. DARK RED.

The special Lip Lining Pencil is yours not for $1.00 itself, but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #4:

Your choice of one of the 5 Patricia de Paree professional Eyelid Lining Pencils. Glamorous women use it to dramatize eyes, bring out every bit of the hidden excitement lurking in their depths.

1. BLUE — A beautiful blue that harmonizes with shadows.
2. GRAY — For the conservative who needs no color.
3. SILVER — For the girl who wants to be different.
4. BLACK — A standard color for all occasions.
5. GREEN — Dramatic, the latest fashion.

This special Eyelid Lining Pencil is yours not for $1.00 itself but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #5:

Your choice of one of the famous Patricia de Paree Hollywood Eyebrow Pencils. Choose the exciting color that blends into your personality. You'll love the natural look of your glamorous new eyebrows. Your friends will be amazed at your "Beauty Patlor" appearance.

1. LIGHT BROWN;
2. MEDIUM BROWN;
3. DARK BROWN;
4. AUBURN;
5. BLACK.

This special Eyebrow Pencil is yours not for $1.00 itself but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #6 — #11:

You receive 6 exquisite Lip Outline Forms. The type make-up men use on Movie Stars to change their lips to fit the mood of the picture. Do you feel provocative, gay, carefree, serious? It will be easy to change your lips to match your mood. There's a Lip Outline for each. You've seen these Lip Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #12 — #17:

Six specially designed Eyebrow Outlines. The perfect mates to the Lip Forms. In seconds you create chic, perfect eyebrows, matching your glamorous personality. Six different Eyebrow Forms to add just the right touch for any occasion. You've seen these Eyebrow Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #18: A Beauty Course designed by Patricia de Paree, beauty consultant to the most glamorous women in the world. Jammed with beauty hints and information showing you the professional way to determine your type of face...proper make-up and hair styling for each of the 7 basics; technique for perfect lip shaping, eye lining; adding the doe-eye dash; applying eye shadow; mascara techniques; eye shadow; coloring; and creating the perfect brow outline.

Forget about expensive Beauty Parlor treatments. You'll save plenty and you'll look as beautiful as the Movie Stars. You can change thin, wide or heavy lips to luscious perfect lips; you can change shapeless mismatched, stumpy eyebrows to perfectly formed face flattering brows. Just think of it...you get beauty perfection that will last years...perhaps for a lifetime with the 18 piece Patricia de Paree Beauty Essentials Kit. A miracle value at only $1.00 plus 25c to cover postage and handling.

Try the 18 piece Beauty Essentials Kit for 10 days at our expense. You must find you have a new enticing romantic appearance, or return the kit for full refund of purchase price.

MAIL TODAY FOR IMMEDIATE BEAUTY!

PATRICIA DE PAREE • DEPT 3-N-58 • 228 LEXINGTON AVE. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rush me the 18 piece Beauty Essentials Kit. I am enclosing $1.00 PLUS 25c to cover postage and handling for each set I order. Here is $...please send me...sets at $1.00 plus 25c (to cover postage and handling) for each. If I am not completely satisfied I will return the kit(s) for full refund of purchase price.

Enclosed is $ check $ cash $ money order

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

1 get my choice of 2 Lipsticks $(order by color)
2 get my choice of 1 Lip Lining Pencil $(order by color)
3 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
4 get my choice of 1 Eyeline Pencil $(order by color)
5 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
6 get my choice of 1 Lip Lining Pencil $(order by color)
7 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
8 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
9 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
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15 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
16 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
17 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)
18 get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil $(order by color)

And I get 6 Lip Outlines, 6 Eyebrow Outlines, and 1 Beauty Perfection course.

13
WHATS NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

Tennessee Ernie Ford was home early from his New England vacation in order to run up to his ranch in Northern California. Ern gave ranch foreman, Gene Cooper, a three-week vacation and got up himself at 5 A.M. every morning to feed the pigs, cows and horses, mend fences, paint barns and race around his 540-acre paradise on top of the new Ford tractor, feelin' every inch the King of the Tennessee Smokies. Ol' Ern loves the ranch, where the only ratings are those the local cattle buyers give to his herd of prime beef.

When Ernie Ford heard that his life was to be one of This Is Your Life reruns this summer, he wired Ralph Edwards and asked if there would be a party again after the show. His grandmother was ready to fly out from Tennessee.

Art Linkletter believes in the good life: In the middle of winter, he was off for two weeks in Mexico with wife Lois; in the spring, he took in the beauties of the green East Coast at the Pillsbury Bakeoff; early summer (this year's vacation), he and Lois visited the Far East; and the top of the summer found Art and Lois on a private yacht for a week of fishing Alaska's inland waters. Art caught his limit, but Lois won the prize—a 42-pound salmon. Before they left, these perennial youngsters found time to dance it up at Don Fedderson's party for new Do You Trust Your Wife? emcee, Johnny Carson.

Jack Linkletter's fiancee has begun teaching Physical Education at Beverly Hills High School. Herding a bunch of kids around, she'll be getting ready to raise a family the size of her father-in-law's.

Big year for Molly Bee. Her first motion picture for Universal-International is now out and is such a big hit they've asked her to do two a year. Ernie Ford has signed Molly for thirteen appearances on his night-time show. Tommy Sands gifted her with a two-diamond 'friendship' ring. And now she has graduated to an all-dramatic, no-singing, starring role with TV's Ronnie Burns, in the Columbia picture, "Too Young." Tommy Sands, meantime, in search of new material for his 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Singin' Idol," decided to do his own clefting. Perhaps this material will hit the million seller circle, as did last summer's "Teen-Age Crush."

Just before Dinah Shore took off for Copenhagen, Mary Benny called and asked Dinah for her hairdresser. Dinah said that, unfortunately, the girl had been in an accident and wasn't available. So Dinah went over to help set Mary's hair. When Dinah arrived in Copenhagen, she received the following unsigned wire: "Come back, come back. Mary Benny needs a hairdresser!" Incidentally, work on the new home Dinah and George Montgomery are building is proceeding apace.

Wonderfully wise and kind, Eve Arden is the sort of gal whose eyes light up whenever anyone begins talking about children, kittens, puppies, baby chicks, little lambs or ponies. She and husband Brooks West were married on the Bruce Amsters' farm in Connecticut. Last year their good friend Bruce suffered a heart attack, moved his family into a New York City apartment. To help Amster rest, Eve sent for his youngest daughter Mary, asking that she be allowed to stay on their Hidden Valley ranch along with her own four children. Watching Eve's joyful expression as
Bellissima, said a guest at Las Vegas's Flamingo Hotel, and he could have meant any Alberghetti: Mama, Anna Maria, Carla.

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4

she describes young Mary Amster's growth on the ranch is a treat in itself: "Mary arrived, not awkward, mind you, but like a city gal on a farm — coltish is the word. She couldn't run as fast as our kids (though by the end of the year she beat them). It was wonderful watching her in the spring as she learned to care for the little lambs; and Brooks took a complete movie called 'Mary of Westhaven,' which pictures her from the day she arrived coming up the path to the house and follows her all through the year—to the waiting-room Brooks built for the kids to wait for the school bus in, to the spring animals, and with us on our Yosemite vacation. We even have some film on the arrival of her mother and father—now we're just waiting for the last title (Brooks is making it) showing all of us waving goodbye to the Amsters as they take their new Mary home to New York."

The cameraman on the Frank Sinatra set also was responsible for the camera work on Otto Preminger's movie, 'The Man With the Golden Arm.' Whenever they fell behind schedule, Preminger would growl at him. "Don't talk mit de actors. You s cholus hupps." Today, it's Frankie. "The Man" himself, who growls at his cameraman, "Don't talk mit de actors..." The crew falls apart. Contrary to popular rumor, it's this rolling sense of humor which keeps the Sinatra troupe in high good spirits. As a consequence, they seldom fall behind.

Always a heavy smoker, James Mason finally forced himself to shake the habit. He didn't reckon, though, with the CBS-TV photographers who requested that he pose for an upcoming G.E. Theater show with a cigarette dangling from lips. P.S. He did.

The chips were down at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, as people deserted the gambling tables to shout "bravas" for Anna Maria Alberghetti, the gal with the classic voice and measurements to match. Anna Maria received the ovations with two other members of the talented family act, Mama Alberghetti and sister Carla. They were on the same bill as comic Alan King... Another comic, George Gobel, doing the best business in Las Vegas, has this observation about the gambling town: An entertainer doesn't play Las Vegas; it plays him. (Continued on page 71)
Home from her day's chores at a movie studio, Mitzi Gaynor finds husband Frank Sinatra is still a gambling addict, with poker pals.

TV RADIOMIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Joker Is Wild
PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Here Frank Sinatra combines his imposing talents as singer and dramatic actor. He plays Joe E. Lewis, nightclub star whose life is twisted after an assault by Chicago gangsters of the twenties. Alcohol both hampers and advances his new career as comic, complicates his relationships with friend Eddie Albert, sweetheart Jeanne Crain and wife Mitzi Gaynor. This is a strong, wry, offbeat music-drama.

The Three Faces of Eve
20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Often acclaimed for her live-TV shows, Joanne Woodward realizes an actress's dream with this spectacular assignment. It's three parts in one, for she plays a colorless Southern housewife who lapses at times into an evil alternate personality, a reckless hussy. In her mental torment, she gets no understanding and little sympathy from husband David Wayne. But psychiatrist Lee J. Cobb uncovers another hidden personality—a normal woman.

Hear Me Good
PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Two years ago, at advance showings of the movie musical "It's Always Fair Weather," M-G-M didn't even give screen credit to the new actor who played a comic menace, a punch-drunk pug. Sure, he did an excellent job—but the part was too small. By the time the picture was premiered for the public, the studio had corrected its error and given the newcomer billing, because he had meantime made a name for himself on TV. The name was Hal March. The genial emcee returns to Hollywood now as star of this lively Broadway comedy, done in the Damon Runyon manner. With pal Joe E. Ross (you know him as mess sergeant in Bilko's company), Hal tries to clean up by betting on a fixed beauty contest. Merry Anders and Jean Willes are rival lovelies.

Johnny Trouble
WARNERS

An also-ran in movies until her hit in "The Bachelor Party," Carolyn Jones got that second chance partly because of her good showing in TV dramas. Now she has rare fortune and a sharp challenge, cast with that great lady Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore plays a widow who refuses to give up her apartment even when the building is turned into a college men's dormitory. For personal reasons, she takes a grandmotherly interest in trouble-making student Stuart Whitman, beloved of the flighty Carolyn. It's sentimental but affecting.

The Helen Morgan Story
WARNERS, CINEMASCOPE

Songs that are part of the all-time Hit Parade come thrillingly from the screen in this touching, fanciful tribute to a beloved singer of the twenties and early thirties. As the film's Helen, Ann Blyth gives her love to young TV grad Paul Newman, though she is also wooed by lawyer Richard Carlson (another TV regular). The movie is less realistic than the television version that starred Polly Bergen, but music's full of life.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Pajama Game (Warners, Warner-Color): With Doris Day and John Raitt, the labor-management quarrel is translated into personal, musical, highly entertaining terms.

No Down Payment (20TH, CINEMASCOPE): Problems of young-marrieds get ruthless scrutiny, with fine work by Joanne Woodward, Tony Randall.

The Careless Years (U.A.): Youthful Natalie Trundy and Dean Stockwell portray teenagers who consider elopement. Their decision may rouse family argument.
CORNERED (RKO): Tough, fast-moving mystery stars Dick Powell as an ex-flier of World War II who seeks the murderer of his bride, heroine of the French resistance. Walter Slezak's a sleek heavy.

FORT DEFIANCE (U.A.): Vigorous, unusual Western set in post-Civil War days. As a blind youth, Peter Graves escapes the influence of ornery brother Dane Clark and finds a friend in young Ben Johnson.

I, THE JURY (U.A.): Slaphappy, punch-drunk Mickey Spillane yarn presents Biff Elliot as private eye Mike Hammer, trailing the killer of a wartime buddy. Peggie Castle, a psychiatrist, is among the lush ladies; Preston Foster's a police captain.

ISLAND OF DESIRE (U.A.): Tab Hunter's debut film shows off his torso to good advantage. As a youthful sailor, he's cast away on a South Sea island with the older but attractive Linda Darnell, Navy nurse.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO): Wild fascinating thriller of World War II plots. American Joseph Cotten, armament expert, is shadowed by Nazi assassins in Turkey. Orson Welles is a local police officer: Dolores Del Rio, a dancer.

MAN WITH A MILLION (U.A.): Gregory Peck plays the adventurous Yank in an engagingly whimsical Mark Twain tale of London in 1900. Dead broke, Greg is given a million-pound note—but he mustn't spend it. How far can he get on credit?


MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE (RKO): Flimsy comedy sparked by a charming and expert cast. As a shrewd husband, Ronald Colman coping with flighty Anna Lee, who flirts with Reginald Gardiner, Gilbert Roland, her casual beaux.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A (Columbia): No, this isn't the story of the Titanic. It's a frivolous, farcical whodunit, with Brian Aherne as a writer, Loretta Young as his bride, in wacky Greenwich Village.

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE (20th): One of the greats, a movie classic. In the harrowing drama of a frontier lynching, Henry Fonda's a doubtful member of the mob; Dana Andrews, one of the trio accused of cattle-rustling and murder.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honest, sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of "our songs," Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.

SEALED CARGO (RKO): Strong action movie spotlights a Nazi plot in Newfoundland. Dana Andrews leads the fishermen who outwit Claude Rains, German Navy officer posing as a Danish merchant captain.

STEEL TRAP, THE (20th): Taut tale of suspense. Bank employee Joseph Cotten tries looting the vault as an experiment, gives in to temptation and takes off, deceiving wife Teresa Wright.

AND OH... HOW IT CLINGS!

Treat your lips to that delicious, creamy smooth comfort and beauty that only Cutex gives! Discover color that stays true and bright... even at night. Clings to you (stays off him) even after a kiss!

Only Cutex Lipstick has pure Sheer Lanolin!

That's why there's never ever any of the dryness or irritation caused by so many ordinary lipsticks. Never a trace of greasiness or feathering. Cutex keeps your lips always silken soft... glowing with lasting, radiant color. No other lipstick can match it! 69c and 35c.

CUTEX
sheer lanolin lipstick
For a Minute Miracle in Hand Beauty—Get New Cutex Hand Cream!
Sammy Davis, Jr. shares his  
"Coffee Corner" with top celebs, in WBC's plan for dynamic radio programming

There's still magic in radio! Potent magic, with at least 80% as many listeners as there are TV viewers every night. Starting from that premise, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company has created Program PM—two hours nightly, seven days a week—for five key stations from Massachusetts to Oregon. WBC calls it "lateral programming," combining features of top local interest with national series starring such top names as Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . Sammy's weekly hour features a "Coffee Corner." But Mr. Davis, Jr. is really the man who came to dinner—and stayed on to become a permanent fixture in the Westinghouse family of stars. Originally scheduled as first guest of noted deejay Jerry Marshall's own segment, "Music Beat," Sammy got the ball rolling so entertainingly that the tape couldn't be cut down to size. William J. Kaland, WBC's National Program Manager, listened with delight, asked Sammy, "How come you're not doing a regular radio series of your own?" Said Sammy, "Nobody asked me." Said Bill, "So I'm asking." . . . Sammy's a natural for the present series. Program PM believes in going behind-the-scenes of everything provocative, from the arts to the atom. No one knows backstage life more intimately than Sammy, who was born into show business—December 3, 1925, in New York City—began mimicking the family act at two, joined them on stage at four. . . . Program PM believes that big names make big entertainment news. Sammy has not only been a star of The Will Mastin Trio (with his uncle and father) ever since 1936—and "Mr. Wonderful" in person on Broadway last year—he has also worked with and knows well most of today's greatest performers, can thus share his "Coffee Corner" mike with such headliners as Sinatra, Crosby, Nat "King" Cole, Lauren Bacall, Judy Garland. . . . Program PM believes in radio as a dynamic, exciting force in American life. For all his success on stage and screen, night clubs and records (Decca), Sammy has a very special spot in his heart for radio. It was by listening constantly—over the air and around the studios—that he developed the amazing gift for mimicry which adds the touch of genius to Sammy Davis, Jr.'s position as a leading song-and-dance man in the show-business world.

The Sammy Davis, Jr., Show is a part of Program PM, heard over Westinghouse Stations WBZ-WBZA, Boston and Springfield—KDKA, Pittsburgh—KYW, Cleveland—WOWO, Fort Wayne—and KEX, Portland, Ore. Consult local papers for time and day in your area.
Must you always be cast as an outsider when you’re married to a star?

A million women envy you. You, wife of Larry Noble... actor, star, dazzling image of everything they want. But they never guess your loneliness—Larry wrapped up in a play, Larry infatuated with a leading lady, showing her the devotion that should be yours. You alone know the pain... waiting in the wings for love, for the man who is your world. Can you ever be a part of his? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear BACKSTAGE WIFE on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
New Voices on

YOUR HIT PARADE

From all across the nation—Pennsylvania and Missouri, California and New Jersey—come four talented young stars to sing the nation’s favorite songs

By LILLA ANDERSON

Now that Tin Pan Alley is a street which runs past everyone’s door, the songs of America come from many sources . . . Texas, Tennessee, Trinidad . . . New York, North Hollywood, South Philadelphia. Their ranges, their rhythms, their styles, are as varied as the places from which they came and the singers who introduced them. Yet each aims for a single accolade of popularity—performance on Your Hit Parade.

To convert such songs into colorful radio and television presentations—and to stage a fresh, new presentation each week, no matter how long a number remains on the popularity charts—calls for the utmost skill and imagination from that show’s production staff. From the singers, of course, it demands almost immeasurable versatility. Vocally, they must be able to switch from rock ‘n’ roll to a tender ballad, from a novelty tune to a semi-classic. Further, they must be able to dance and dramatize their numbers. It is the most challenging entertainment assignment in America today.

This season, four new singers are taking up the challenge—and they have backgrounds and talents as varied as the music they perform. Tommy Leonetti comes from New Jersey and Jill Corey from the Perry Como coal country in Pennsylvania. Virginia Gibson is a graduate of St. Louis Municipal Opera and Broadway musical comedy, and Alan Copeland learned some of his show-business knowhow in Hollywood, from the Crosby clan. Together, they all meet the Hit Parade’s high standards by being healthy, happy, talented young entertainers.

You can expect rumors of for-real romance to burst out with every duet which Tommy Leonetti and Jill Corey sing, for here’s a pair to flutter any matchmaking imagination. Tommy is tall, dark and handsome; Jill is petite, pert, and pretty. Each comes from an Italian family where every member loves music. Each has a warm, outgoing personality, and both have reached that level of professional achievement where one lucky song, one hit record, will bring the blazing glory of top stardom.

To compound the inevitable conclusion that these two belong together is the fact that they have gone out on a few dates. “That was in Hollywood, a couple of years ago,” says Tommy, with a hint of happy memory in his voice. Jill says, with a touch of nostalgia, “Long before we ever guessed we might be singing together on Your Hit Parade.” Then, almost instantly, each assures you, with a shy charm, that the association had no serious connotations.

Says Jill, who has been going through a period in which columnists linked her name with that of virtually every interestingly eligible young man on Manhattan: “Don’t believe what you read in the papers. I’m not in love with anybody . . . but I do think Tommy is a lot of fun.” Says Tommy, who has squired many a glamorous lass, “Jill’s a sweet girl. But my first record was called ‘I’m Available,’ and that still stands.”

Tommy won his Hit Parade assignment in an audition which considered more than a hundred singers, but he has been preparing for it as long as he can remember. Born in North Bergen, New Jersey, he is the son of Dominico and Dominica Lionetti. (Tommy changed the spelling to make certain people could pronounce his name correctly.) His parents came from Bari, Italy, and Tommy now shares their home in Cliffside, New Jersey, a town within commuting distance of New York. He is the youngest of nine children.

“All of us sang,” says Tommy. “And what a noise they could make,” says his mother. “But I always enjoyed it. It was a good sound and a happy house.”

One of their teachers (Continued on page 64)
Adams Has Two Lives

By ALICE FRANCIS

When you've played a man for twelve years on radio, as Mason Adams has played Pepper Young on NBC, it would seem only natural to develop a real affection for him. An "empathy," to employ that now over-used and often abused word. A bond of ideas, a similarity of manners and mannerisms and of speech. You may even get to look like him—or, more properly, he may look like you.

Adams tells the story of one of the thousands of listeners to Pepper Young's Family who have written to him over the years. "This man said he had been blind and regained his sight. He wanted a photograph of me to see how close I came in appearance to the mental picture he had built up over a long period of tuning-in during his sightless years. He described me as he had 'seen' me, and it was fantastically correct. Dark hair and brown eyes, wearing glasses (tortoise shell-rimmed). About my size (five feet, nine-and-a-half inches, to be exact).

"He said that usually I had a serious expression (I am afraid I do), but that I brightened up enormously when I got enthusiastic about something or was amused (which I also do). He said I moved in a hurry, but in general liked mental activity rather than physical exercise, and he was right about this, too.

"Even my mother occasionally identifies me with Pepper, to her own amusement and mine," Mason adds. "She will be working around her home with the program tuned in, suddenly hear me call 'Hey, Mom,' to Marion Barney—that wonderful and delightful older actress who plays my Young mother—and will automatically turn to answer me herself!"

Elaine Carrington, creator and writer of Pepper Young's Family, probably by now also identifies Mason (Continued on page 63)
True, Mason prefers mental activity to physical exercise. But he also enjoys a game of tennis—whether visiting his folks out on Long Island, or playing with such friends as mystery-writer Harold Q. Masur in the very shadow of Manhattan’s great bridges.

Mason Adams, that is, who’s better known—even to himself!—as Pepper Young, of the famous family

Books and music are this bachelor’s favorite companions for a quiet evening at home. Mason, who has a Master’s degree from Wisconsin U., is proud of his library and record collection.
Joan loves to learn—and her "favorite teacher" is her husband, Frank Ross, noted TV and movie producer.

OUR GAL SALLY

New role, new viewpoint . . . husband and friends have more reason than ever to be proud of Joan Caulfield today

By EUNICE FIELD

Somewhere in Benedict Canyon, looking out on the Hollywood hills, lovely Joan Caulfield is pouring iced tea. In that setting of emerald lawns, glittering pool, French gardens and marble patio, her blond hair seems blonder than ever and her blue eyes bluer. Her movements are graceful and quick, her smile vivid and winning, and out of her there flows an excitement that always seems on the verge of bursting forth. It seldom does, however . . . and, to her friends, this is a fact of great significance. Joan had always been a creature of sudden moods—sudden in her spells of sunshine, sudden in her spells of storm. . . . "Yes, we've had this place a couple of years now," she is saying to a guest, "but Frank and I still think of it as new."

"I hear there's a new (Continued on page 85)"

Sally is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Chemstrand Corporation and Royal Portable Typewriters.
Lucky LeMond

Bob fell in love with a picture—and won the girl. He wanted a boy child—and got three. Thanks to shows like The Big Record, they live in the house of their dreams!

By GORDON BUDGE

This year, popular and handsome Bob LeMond is being seen weekly on Patti Page's The Big Record over CBS-TV, and almost every month on Jerry Lewis's special shows for NBC-TV. Every year, he's been on view with some of television's biggest stars and, by now, peripatetic Bob has visited as many millions of living rooms as any other topflight announcer. But genial, dark-haired, brown-eyed LeMond, who claims he's just an average guy, never planned on becoming a bigtime announcer. Five feet, eleven inches and 175 pounds of (Continued on page 74)

The Big Record, starring Patti Page, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Oldsmobile Div. of General Motors, Armour and Co., Kellogg Co., Pillsbury Mills. The Jerry Lewis Show will be seen Tues., Nov. 5, on NBC-TV, at 9 P.M., as sponsored by Oldsmobile.

Bob and Barbara met in the South Pacific, were married in California.

Eldest son Robin has special privileges, goes fishing with Bob, is learning golf.

Playing with Dad and "Lancer," Barry doesn't mind being the baby!
That's what every grown woman wants, says Carmel Quinn—who traveled from Ireland to America to find it.

By MARY TEMPLE

Sure, and Dublin-born Carmel Quinn can weave the same spell around you while you're just sitting across from her, talking and visiting, as she does on the Arthur Godfrey show or in a night club or on records. It could be the lilting Irish voice, as musical with talk as it is with notes, and the titian hair with the soft waves that have nary a hint of being set that way but hang careless-like at her neck. Or the blue eyes that change to green and back to blue, according to the colors around her.

The spell grows even stronger as she talks of home and husband and children and her new life in America, and every word underscored with emotion and love. As she talks about the house in Leonia, New Jersey, just across the Hudson River from New York, where she lives as Mrs. Bill Fuller, mother of two children, Jane and

Continued
A HOME OF HER OWN
(Continued)

Michael. Where the Fullers are neighbors to the Pat Boones and other delightful people who have become their friends as well as neighbors.

“When I was a small girl in Ireland, I used to think when I got married I would live in just such a house on a hill as I have now,” she says. “And isn’t it strange, and wonderful, that I do! In this wonderful America, where I came only three-and-a-half years ago and where everyone has been so kind to me.”

The house on a hill, stoutly built by a former owner, is red-brick, roomy. “Not a ranch house, not a modern house, but up-to-date in every way,” Bill Fuller finishes the description. “A fine house for us,” his wife continues. “With a big, big kitchen. We had to have that. You may start off in style as a guest in the dining room, but you will still wind up in the kitchen, having cups of coffee or our good tea. Pretty soon, the women are kicking off their high-heeled shoes, and the men are taking off their jackets and getting comfortable and feeling at home.

“When Shirley and Pat Boone are in the East—we missed them sorely when Pat was doing his latest picture out in Hollywood—we breeze over to their place or they come over to ours, and there we sit, almost always in the kitchen, Pat drinking milk and my Bill, a real ‘tea shark,’ having his cups of tea, and Shirley and I comparing notes about our kids and the cooking and the plans we have for doing things in our houses.”

Except for the house in which her father was born and still lives, in Dublin—and (Continued on page 72)

Nora Blewitt—the colleen "who takes care of us and runs everything" and is a trusted "second mother" to the baby, Michael—is now an American citizen. That's a future dream-to-come-true for Bill and Carmel, too.

With Irish blood—and with both parents "in show business"—Jane's bound to sing and dance! Below, Carmel tests a new number on Bill's tape-recorder.

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., is sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Tonol Co. Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, at 5:05 P.M. (All times given are EDT)
Kitchen is the heart of their home, where Carmel and Bill serve tea to such good neighbors as Bob Gallen (left) and his wife, and Mike McDonagh and his daughter Clare. Another neighbor's busy out in Hollywood, so Jane—who's all femininity and frills—fondly kisses Pat Boone's picture to show how much she misses him.
Shakespeare and the Showgirl

By IRA H. KNASTER

TIME: A mellow summer evening, in the hour that precedes curtain-rise in the many theaters around New York's Times Square. Scene: Sardi's famed restaurant just off Broadway, in the heart of the theater district. Main character: A lovely girl of twenty-four, seated at one of the tables with her escort. Quote: "I'm the luckiest woman in the world."

Viewers of CBS-TV's enormously popular The $64,000 Question would have immediately recognized the pretty speaker as Barbara Hall. On that particular evening, less than three weeks had elapsed since Barbara's familiarity with Shakespeare's writings had brought her triumph in Question's isolation booth. . . triumph, a Manufacturers Trust Co. check for $64,000, and an invitation to pit her knowledge of the Bard against all comers on The $64,000 Challenge this fall.

Barbara herself is now a celebrity among the many celebrities there at Sardi's . . . as further dialogue soon proves. A smartly attired woman, just leaving an adjoining table, pauses to say (Continued on page 88)

The $64,000 Question is emceed by Hal March over CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P. M. EDT, sponsored by Revlon, Inc. The $64,000 Challenge, emceed by Ralph Story, is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by both Revlon and P. Lorillard Co. (Kent Cigarettes).
From a “Ziegfeld Follies” line to the heights of
The $64,000 Question—from
lonely obscurity to bright romance
—the modern saga of Barbara Hall

Letters from the one-and-only are as exciting as
that $64,000 check to the romantic ex-showgirl of
“The Ziegfeld Follies” and the Copacabana Club.

Busy, phone now, with congratulations—and those long-awaited “casting calls.”

Same modest apartment—where a young girl saved toward a career in drama.

TV break—acting assignment with Tom Poston in a play on U.S. Steel Hour.
Who's Who on
The Robert Q. Lewis Show
Crowds queue up for Robert Q. at CBS Radio, to share his show’s fun and music in person.

Ray Bloch, conductor of top programs on both radio and TV, gives the downbeat on The Robert Q. Lewis Show, to such talented men as Art Ryerson, trombone; Toots Mondello, both sax and clarinet; Sam Schoobe, bass; Jim Nottingham, trumpet; and Howard Smith, drums.

The letter “Q” may be the secret to the fascination audiences feel for that Wonderful, Xcitillating, Yakking, Zany fellow called Robert Q. Lewis. While Lewis admits the middle initial doesn’t stand for anything, he says, “It reminds me that shirts should be full of people and not of stuffing.” This crack—quick, quizzi-cal and Robert Q-ish—holds more than a little sound sense. Because, if there’s one thing Robert Q.’s life is full of, it’s “people.” The people who queue up daily at the CBS Radio studios in New York get a free and easy laugh by watching the Lewis group perform. Thousands of home listeners have grown to love Lewis as the pleasant fellow able to milk the last ounce of humor out of both prepared show material and the unforeseen incident which simply pops up during show time. And beyond these two groups of radio “friends” are all the people who are members of the Robert Q. Lewis team.

Robert Q. has been polishing up the high glossy perfection of his satirical variety show for years, getting his experience the hard way—by working. In 1941, having had courses in drama and radio production at University of Michigan, he decided to get out of school. Station WTRY at Troy, New York, gave him a job. Then so did Uncle Sam. Following service, Robert Q. got back before the microphone at WNEW, where he began to formulate the amusing variety style for which he is now famous. CBS Radio network signed him in 1947, and his tenth successful year is rocking along in high gear.

Judy Johnson, Richard Hayes and Ray Bloch—all regulars on The Robert Q. Lewis Show—have one thing in common, despite their separate excellence as performers. Each one of them was apparently born with show-business inclinations and got off home base and into the profession at startlingly early age. Judy was a regular on radio stations in her native Norfolk, Virginia, when only nine. She sang with bands around Virginia at eleven, signed with Les Brown as a singer when she was fourteen. Richard Hayes started singing while at Boys’ High School in Brooklyn, N. Y., and had his own radio show five days a week on a Long Island station at that time. As for Ray Bloch, he was a choir boy at eight, directed his first choral group at twelve, has been conducting major orchestras for over twenty years.

With this talented nucleus, further abetted by the many other performers who appear in guest spots, it’s small wonder that crowds queue up and dial switch on for Robert Q. Lewis, the best patented chuckle-maker you can possibly hear in the radio business.

Mirth and melody: Lewis provides most of the mirth, Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson, most of the melody—though Bob himself warbles in his own carefree style.

Continued
Who's Who on
The Robert Q. Lewis Show

The letter "Q" may be the secret to the fascination of the audience for that Wonderful, Xcinctillating, Yakking, Zany fellow called Robert Q. Lewis. While Lewis admits the middle initial doesn't stand for anything, he says, "It reminds me that skirts should be full of people and not of stuffing." This crack—quick, quizzical, and Robert Q.—holds more than a little sense. Because, if there's one thing Robert Q.'s life is full of, it's "people." The people who queue up daily at the CBS Radio studios in New York get a free and easy laugh by watching the Lewis group perform. Thousands of home listeners have grown to love Lewis as the pleasant fellow able to milk the last ounce of humor out of both prepared show material and the unforeseen incident which simply pops up during show time. And beyond these two groups of radio "friends" are all the people who are members of the Robert Q. Lewis team. Robert Q. has been polishing up the high glossy perfection of his satirical variety show for years, getting his experience the hard way—by working. In 1941, having had courses in drama and radio production at University of Michigan, he decided to get out of school. Station WJY at Troy, New York, gave him a job. Then to old Uncle Sam. Following service, Robert Q. got back before the microphone at WNEW, where he began to formulate the amusing variety style for which he is now famous. CBS Radio network signed him in 1947, and his tenth successful year is rocking along in high gear.

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Continued
Music: Richard Hayes had a radio show while still at Boys' High in Brooklyn. Judy Johnson had own program at 9, down in Norfolk, Va.

SONGSTRESS JUDY JOHNSON was born in Norfolk, Va., has been singing since she was three, and barnstormed the country with such notable bandsmen as Les Brown, Jan Savitt, Frankie Carle and Sammy Kaye. She's appeared in theaters, night clubs, summer stock and in the touring company of "High Button Shoes" and the New York City Center production of "Guys and Dolls." Married to musical director Mort Lindsey, she now lives in Nutley, N. J., with son Steven and daughter Bonney (Judy's own maiden name) and an enormous collection of four-footed friends. Her present assignment with The Robert Q. Lewis Show suits her to a T, giving her ample time for her home, along with radio and TV.

BARITONE RICHARD HAYES was born in Brooklyn in 1930. A professional singer from high-school days, he was hired after graduation by Teddy Phillips' orchestra. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts awarded him top honors, and Hayes won his first recording contract. Hayes' first record, "The Old Master Painter," was a big hit. Work with CBS Radio's Songs For Sale and Jack Paar Show kept him busy until joining the service. In the Army, he wrote radio scripts for recruiting purposes. Discharged in 1956, he returned to radio and TV, has appeared regularly as a singer ever since. Richard and Monique (just wed this summer) live in Manhattan.

MUSIC-MAN RAY BLOCH was born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1902, but his father brought him to the United States while still a lad. Ray's music talent was quickly evident and, with family encouragement, well developed. First job of importance musically was as pianist for a music publisher. Band work came next, then a switch to radio in the late 1920's as pianist, arranger-accompanist, leader of choral groups and conductor. Bloch has also conducted on top TV shows. He's married to Ann Seaton, singer, and they have a farm near New York.
ROBERT Q. LEWIS, humorist, appropriately burst into the world in April, year 1921. The world has been a happier place since then, starting with a Lewis garage-circus production starring a tattooed lady, a weary warrior-horse and some jungle-type-domestic-cat kittens. Since that early effort, Robert Q. has parlayed through DeWitt Clinton High School in New York, the University of Michigan (part-way), jobs at a Troy radio station, with the Air Force, and various New York radio stations—until CBS Radio tapped him in April, 1947. Since then, Lewis has worked almost every time segment of the broadcasting day and week over CBS Radio (as well as TV), experimenting with variety formats and materials. He even became a singer—carefree style—or, as he prefers to classify it, “slightly-flat” style. It’s popular with the customers, and—so long as it is—Robert Q. will continue to send on such old ballads as “Cecilia” and “Paddlin’ Madeline Home.”

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, with its variety of top entertainers and guests, is heard over CBS Radio—Monday through Friday evenings, from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EDT—and on Saturday morning, from 11:05 A.M. EDT to 12 noon—under multiple sponsorship.
Success has come to Kathi Norris on TV for the same reasons it has blessed her private life

By MARTIN COHEN

The private life of Kathi Norris is closely parallel to her professional career. Every time she's had a baby (and she's had three), there's been an important change in her career. Less than a month after the birth of her third child, she joined the high-rated TV dramatic series, True Story, as hostess, but not just as "another hostess." Kathi is not the kind to stick to an old formula. Instead, she upset the established conception that a hostess on TV must be chichi-charming. Instead, she insisted on establishing a link of reality with the TV audience.

Kathi explains, "True Story on TV is based on actual experiences of real people. The TV episodes are not concoctions of a professional writer. Instead, they reflect the real problems, hopes and dreams of True Story's readers. Well, it's my job to establish (Continued on page 68)
For Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, a march of TV triumphs, a lilting serenade to marriage—and a tender lullaby for an eagerly awaited event.
Holiday: Steve and Jayne went boating, watched the changing sea—and dreamed ahead. Even more exciting than the success of The Steve Allen Show and I've Got A Secret was that eagerly awaited November "premiere."

Good sport though she is, there was no football for Jayne! But the two Steves practiced throwing passes—with no signs of interference from Brian.

Steve's Sunday-night program on NBC-TV, The Steve Allen Show, zoomed up into the heady heights of the Top Ten of Television long before its first anniversary last June 23. And, of course, I've Got A Secret, emceed by Garry Moore over CBS-TV with Jayne as a panelist, has been in the top-ten category steadily for more than three years; it marked its fifth triumphant anniversary on the air June 16. Two red-letter days in one week for the Stephen Valentine Allens. And all this only a part of their cause for rejoicing.

"I knew all along this would be a good year for us," Jayne said, as she came in and sat down on the long, low beige sofa, her Chinese-red house robe making a bright splash. A rather tall, extremely feminine woman, vivid and vivacious, with red-gold hair almost hidden under a tightly wound scarf to protect her "set" for a dinner date with Steve later. She laughed a little at her reason for believing in this year. "I'm Libra. My birth date is September 27. Steve's birth date is December 26, which makes him Capricorn. This is a good year for us." (Astrology fans take note and check for yourselves.)

The baby, expected this November, came into the conversation from the beginning. The converting of Steve's den into a nursery. The love that Steve's three young
Round-table discussion of the most intriguing subject of all: Jayne was sure the new baby would be "just like Steve." But the young Allens—like Steve himself—were hoping it would be a miniature of their beloved Jaynie.

sons by a previous marriage (Stevie, 13; Brian, 10; David, 7) have for this child. The love Steve and Jayne are prepared to give, the extra joy this baby will bring to this home.

The summer vacation visit of the boys and their mother, Dorothy (now happily re-married, just as Steve is happily married to Jayne). The delight of having the big house on a cliff overlooking Long Island Sound, rented for the summer months so the boys would not miss the freedom of their home in California. Their own boat dock, and (Continued on page 66)

The Steve Allen Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son, Greyhound Corp., Pharma-Craft Corp. Jayne is a regular panelist on I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Winston Cigarettes.
You're a happy man today, Ralph Edwards, with your wife Barbara, daughters Christine and Lauren, son Gary. There are others who've helped you, from early boyhood until success, and you'll never forget—though you can never reveal your gratitude on This Is Your Life.

Barbara herself has not heard all the out-of-school anecdotes told here, but she remembers that courtship!

Ralph Edwards emcees This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble (Crest, Ivory Soap, Lilt, and Prell). Truth Or Consequences, created and produced by Ralph Edwards, emceed by Bob Barker, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT.
By DORA ALBERT

Every week, about 5,000 fan letters pour into the office of Ralph Edwards, genial master of ceremonies on This Is Your Life. Most of them suggest names of individuals who would make stirring subjects for This Is Your Life—and, of all the life stories requested, that of Ralph Edwards heads the list.

Often, his staff has been tempted to put Ralph's life on TV, but Ralph himself has squelched all such attempts with one vigorous, sincere statement: "Don't ever do it, if you want to be around working for me the day afterward." On this point, he is absolutely adamant.

Why does Ralph object so violently to his life being put on his TV program? "I have the feeling it would distort my position," he says earnestly. "As it is, I come up to the glass window showcase of life without cracking it and coming through. But if I were the subject, the viewer, on seeing me, would feel that I represented a conflicting force on the stage. Never again would I be regarded as merely a narrator on This Is Your Life. Having stepped through an invisible glass wall, I would be in the position of competing with the very people I was presenting.

"Besides, if I knew that my life were someday going to be presented, it would make the show unendurable to me. It would be impossible for me to come into the studio, Wednesday after Wednesday, wondering if this would be the night my staff was going to surprise me. I just couldn't stand the suspense!"

Since you'll never see Ralph's life on his TV show, here in TV Radio Mirror we present the kind of information about Ralph you'd get if he were the subject of This Is Your Life. To get this story, I lunched with a half-dozen people who know Ralph well, and I (Continued on page 79)
Are teen-age girls really jealous? Are they buying only male-voice records? Such songbirds as these may prove "the experts" wrong!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Her voice might hold the hopes, the frustrations, the tenderness and the protest of young love... her fresh beauty might be the stuff that dreams are made of... yet, for the past year, the aspiring young girl singer might as well have hidden her head in a barrel and put her ambition in her pocket. The popularity charts were flying "For Men Only" flags labeled Elvis or Pat or Tab or Guy or Sonny or Buddy. A new girl alone just couldn't get a hit.

It was all the girls' fault, too, said some experts. Not the girls who made the records, but the ones who listened. "It's the girls who phone the deejays, the girls who form the fan clubs, the girls who buy the records," they asserted. Where once girls found in a Patti Page, a Teresa Brewer, a Dinah Shore or a Lena Horne the vision of a singing "second self," they now preferred to hear the direct, if disembodied, wooing of the male.

As a result, a whole crop of young newly starred, rocking, rolling glamour boys have had a field day. So have the psychologists, pseudo and scientific, with their surveys, studies and explanations. Some took the tack that to swoon with Boone or palpitate with Presley was just another normal reaction to the way kids were going steady. Tied to one boyfriend from first date to the big I-do, a girl had to find some variety, if only in her imagination.

Following the same vein, other elders thought it was the boyfriends who intensified the trend by finding the male singers as helpful as a John Alden. Out on a date, they have a way of popping a dime into a juke box to ask some recording star to convey in song the romantic message they are too shy to speak themselves.

But there were also those who found sinister the femme fans' fervor for the boys who give a passionate beat to ardent lyrics. They berated the recording companies for catering to the un-understood sex urges of adolescents. In a recent "expose," a Chicago music critic charged that pop hits are the product of "manipulation by money-hungry adults of the half-felt cravings of teenagers."

To this, the recording companies could give a tart reply. If such "manipulations" existed, the cravings indeed must be only half-felt... by half the teenagers. The boys who might be yearning for a vocalizing dream-girl weren't even represented.

A more sound explanation of what has been happening is to be found in the frank acknowledgment by some of the wiser recording executives that they themselves...
Gainst GIRL SINGERS?

might have been somewhat carried away. The search for “another Presley,” who might rival the Memphis marvel’s profit-making ability, had concentrated the attention of both talent scouts and songwriters on the male vocalist, thus limiting the opportunities offered to teen-age girl singers.

It was time, many felt, to do something about it. The new girls should be sought out and, when one was found, the song should be styled to suit her way of expression. Girls’ songs should not be mere “covers” of ones boys had made popular. Once recorded, the girl should be introduced with the same promotional fanfare accorded a male singer.

Among the first to prove that the right girl with the right song could reach the hit lists was ABC-Paramount, which distributes Jodie Sands’ Chancellor recording, “With All My Heart.” Jodie, in turn, had something special to give. In her Philadelphia home, the classics were as essential to the family’s life as the spaghetti on the table. Her father had sung opera in Italy. From the time dark-eyed Jodie could read a note, her objective had been the Metropolitan Opera. It was her father’s ambition for her and she made it her own.

But, in between the adolescent dream which began in Italy and the generation later dream fostered in America, came a

Continued

Barbara Allen has more than justified faith of Decca’s Paul Cohen [left] and songwriter Vic McAlpin.

RCA Victor believed there was a star spot waiting for a teen-age girl. Now Bonnie Scott, 16, is so busy her young feet need a rest!
What Have They Got Against GIRL SINGERS?

(Continued)

"Sixteen" is Joy Laye's new Mercury disc—also her age. Deejays can't believe it, keep Joy flying from Chicago to prove in person that she's younger than she sounded on her first record last year.

Gayla Peevey sang "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas." What she got was Columbia contract—now, at 14, she sings of first love.
Dot Records has high hopes for Carol Jarvis, who does such message-ballads as "Rebel" in style as sultry as her own dark, willowy beauty.

first record such a hit on the pop song charts.

At RCA Victor, Joe Carlton's conviction that there's an actual shortage of teen-age feminine talent in all entertainment fields has led to what he calls, "my private Ladies' Day promotion." He says, "Sure, I know that it runs counter to what has seemed to be the teen-age preference. But I figure, if I stick my neck out, others will get on the bandwagon and the girls will get a break."

Joe, as artists-and-repertoire man for pop single records, is in a sensitive spot to predict trends and also has much to do with crystallizing them. When RCA Victor first signed Presley as a country-and-Western artist, Joe supervised the promotion which swung Elvis over into the popular recording field. Now he believes that young record buyers want more than just rock 'n' roll. "It's no longer a fad nor a rebellion. It's an accepted form and kids have begun to look for something new. There have been ripples which indicate that they want more quality and also more variety." Recognizing that no teen-age girl held star status, he began his search. "It only makes sense. We need a broad base of interest in recordings. A girl singer has her own emotional message to give."

Joe found his candidate for RCA Victor stardom in Bonnie Scott, a Philadelphia-born sixteen-year-old who grew up in Hollywood. Bonnie had begun dancing lessons at the age of two-and-a-half; at three, she performed in an Atlantic City theater and, at thirteen, she began to get minor roles in movies and to win TV talent contests.

Demonstration records which she had made led to an interview and, when Joe met Bonnie, he called her, "the sweetest little schizophrenic I've ever seen." To Joe, dark-eyed Bonnie looked as child-like as his own daughter, Pam, (Continued on page 83)
Most work goes into the main dish—but Agnes Young prepares casserole far in advance, stores it till cooking time.

HOT CHICKEN SALAD

Makes 6 servings.
Prepare:
2 cups cubed, cooked chicken
Canned, commercially cooked, leftover or specially prepared roasted or boiled chicken can be used. 1 1/2 pounds of canned or purchased-sliced chicken will be needed, or the meat from a 4-pound roasting or stewing hen. Remove skin and any fat before cubing meat.
2 cups diced celery
1 1/2 cups slivered blanched almonds
2 teaspoons grated onion
Put all ingredients in a large bowl. Mix lightly.
Add:
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt
Mix:
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Add to chicken, again mixing lightly. Turn into a 2-quart casserole. Top with a mixture of finely crushed potato chips and a little grated American cheese. Place casserole in a large, shallow pan of hot water, and bake in a hot oven (425° F) 12 to 15 minutes, or until mixture is heated through. Serve at once.

CRANBERRY-ORANGE RELISH

Makes 1 quart of relish.
Wash and pick over:
4 cups fresh cranberries
Discard any berries that are soft. Wash, cut into quarters and remove any seeds from:
2 large oranges
Put cranberries and oranges through a food grinder, catching all the drip in a small bowl. Add drip to ground fruit and stir in:
2 cups sugar
Cover bowl and chill relish in the refrigerator. It can be served the same day it is made, or it can be stored for several weeks before serving.
"Come for Supper"

Agnes Young’s favorite buffet menu features recipes which let a hostess relax enough to enjoy her own party!

To a whole generation of listeners, she’ll always be Aunt Jenny; more recently, radio and TV audiences have come to know this talented actress by her own name, Agnes Young. But, in Danbury, Conn., where she lives in a charming 200-year-old “saltbox,” she is Mrs. J. Norman Wells, whose cheery invitation to “come for supper” is always eagerly accepted. . . . Both Agnes and husband Jimmie love to cook—an art they’ve also taught their actress-daughter Nancy (now married, with a baby girl of her own). To them, cooking is fun, and “entertaining” something which host and hostess should enjoy as much as guests. In fact, one of their favorite buffet menus is so deliciously simple (and simply delicious!) that Agnes can put it together with a minimum of time away from her guests, even when director-acting-coach Jimmie can’t be home to help. . . . Her basic recipes have been adapted here, for use in your own kitchen. The unusual casserole can be prepared in advance—even the night before—then stored in the refrigerator until company comes. The relish, of course, can be made way ahead of time. With these, Agnes serves tiny French peas and, sometimes, a tossed green salad. The Wellses bake their own “old-fashioned” bread, but brown bread or crusty rolls make a good accompaniment, too. For a gala finish to a Saturday- or Sunday-night buffet, Agnes tops everybody’s favorite—ice cream—with hot butterscotch sauce, two “light or dark” versions of which are given here.

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Agnes Young is frequently heard on F.B.I. In Peace And War, on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:05 P.M. EDT. She also appears occasionally with her daughter Nancy Wells in Ma Perkins, CBS Radio, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT.

LIGN BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Makes 2 cups of sauce.
Measure into a heavy saucepan:
1 cup dark corn syrup 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup light cream 1/2 cup water
1/4 teaspoon salt
Stir until sugar has dissolved.
Then stir over medium heat until mixture boils, then cook slowly until a small amount forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water (220° F). Pour into a silver bowl and serve while still warm.

DARK BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Makes 1 cup of sauce.
Place in heavy saucepan or in a double boiler:
1/2 pound caramels 1/2 cup hot water
Heat very slowly, stirring occasionally. When caramels are melted and mixture is smooth, pour into a well warmed silver bowl, and serve hot.
Bob Cummings took the resemblance to heart, when my sister Harriet came on the set dressed up like Schultzy. Me? I took a good, long look—and felt it was about time to trade places with Harriet again.

By ANN B. DAVIS

ANY'S THE TIME I get up at night and look into a mirror. This is not, believe me, because I think I'm so enchanting. Nor is it some kind of voodoo ritual. I'm simply wondering: Is this me or that other girl? That "other girl" happens to be my twin sister, Harriet. By the narrowest of margins, she missed being me. In fact, for quite a while she was me—and, to fracture the grammarians even further, I was her.

Now I'm going to let you all in on the deep, dark mystery of the Davis girls. We switched places in my third year at college. It was then I began leading the life Harriet had started out to live, and she began leading the life I had meant to live. Simple, isn't it? Like differential calculus!

Let me give you a brief rundown on our background before I unravel this riddle for you. We were born May 3, 1926, into the middle of a middle-class family in the industrial city of Schenectady, upper New York

Continued
I'm really not Schultzy. I'm not even ME. Confusing? Well, that's only part of what happens when you change lives with your own twin sister!

We twins started entertaining as soon as anyone would listen. Above, we're describing—with gestures, yet!—how our pet rabbit ran away. Below, dead-on-target at Girl Scout camp in 1940. (Who's at left? Li'l old me.)

Which twin has the curls? Ha! But that's Mother between us—as she often had to be, those days. Picture below shows I was a mite plumper than Harriet ("mighty" plumper, says she) when we acted up at Strong Vincent High School, Erie, Pa.
state. There has always been a slight disagreement between me and my twin on who came first. We once put this question to my father. He said, "As the years go by, women start worrying about their age. Now, which one of you girls wants the responsibility of being older?" We studied his wise face a moment and decided it might be better not to know. But Harriet got around this hurdle. She whipped up a little something along these lines: "I'll trade you," she said to me, one day, in an airy manner. "You can be older and I'll be prettier."

Twins can be like that, you know. When we were nine, my sister pointed to a picture in a magazine and said, "Mumbledy-bumbledy, I'm going to look like that." It was a picture of Joan Crawford. "How about me?" I said. She turned a page and said, "Mumbledy-bumbledy, Crosseyes-hex, you're going to look like that." It was a picture of Groucho Marx. With cigar yet.

There's a record of twins on my mother's side. Father always held a theory that it was clear proof of a two-headed strain in the family. That was his little joke. Mother never laughed at it. She said it was most unwise to encourage people to make bad jokes. They might turn out comedians. I guess she feels justified now. Anyway, she has five cousins (all from the same set of grandparents) who have had twins. So far it has skipped the current generation. Maybe we aren't eating right.

We not only go in for looking alike, we go for the same names. It's probably a form of inbreeding. We have a baker's-dozens of Harriets, Anns, Elizabeths, and so on. When we get together for a big reunion—which isn't so often anymore, with all of us spread over the map—things get very confusing. We have to preface every remark with, "I mean Harriet's Ann," or "I mean Ann's Elizabeth." My father was given the formidable title of Cassius Miles Davis, after a Civil War hero. I'm named (Continued on page 77)

When Harriet was a bride, guess who was maid of honor? And, when her first child was born, guess who was godmother? Right! Below—again from left—sister Elizabeth Davis Keene; Cassius M. Davis, our dad; Harriet; baby Ann with dating godmother.
Above, my own little rosebush. Below, my own little phone—with the big, big bills.

Love those letters from the fans! Incidentally, I made the desk above (as well as the Dutch doors at left). Hi-fi fan? It’s "sci-fi" for me! Reading about spacemen and rocket ships, I could go right out of this world—and take my "double" with me.

Maybe I'm not a "homemaker," but I make a lot of things for my home.
Madeleine Carroll’s own gallantry and warmth enrich her favorite roles today—as Dr. Anne Gentry on radio, as wife and mother at home.

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

The scene was the 17th General Hospital in Naples, Italy. The time, late 1943. Litter cases from the battles of Anzio and Cassino were coming in fast. Already, 1,500 wounded GI’s had been crowded into a building meant to accommodate 800. Red Cross hospital worker Madeleine Carroll brushed a strand of blond hair from her eyes as the ack-ack of the anti-aircraft guns started up again. This was no Hollywood movie. This was the real thing.

A thin-faced boy with trembling lips put his hand out to her and she took it, holding it firmly in both of hers. She smiled—that famous smile which had flashed across a thousand screens—and the boy smiled back. The lips were moving now, she bent closer to catch what he was trying to say. “Would you—write my mom. Tell her—I’m okay. She’ll think—it’s some war—if she gets a letter—from a movie star.”

“That sort of thing happened time and again,” (Continued on page 91)
More than a "MOVIE STAR"

Madeleine's career—unlike Anne Gentry's—allows much more time to be with daughter Anne-Madeleine, more sunlit hours in the garden of their Connecticut home.

Madeleine Carroll stars in The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry, produced and directed by Himan Brown, NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.
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Rehearsals are traditional at weddings, but Elinor Jean Wrubel has a camera—and hosts Bob Paige and Byron Palmer—at hers.

Pilot David C. Spohn and "retired" airlines hostess Elinor Jean are married by the Reverend Joe E. Elmore.

Bride and Groom

Shout your love from the

Wedding bells ring out from coast to coast on Bride And Groom. The newly-returned program, which has married more than 2,500 couples in the past ten years, provides everything from clothes and confetti to gifts and guests and honeymoon. More important was the reason David Clifford Spohn, 33, was so happy to marry Elinor Jean Wrubel on the program. "There are all kinds of weddings and all sizes," said the pilot for Allegheny Airlines, "but this chance...why, this is the biggest chapel in the world." ... David and Jean met at Newark Airport when the Utica, New York girl was just beginning a career as stewardess with Mohawk Airlines. It was her roommate whom David knew, but it was Jean he took out, first for a cup of coffee and then for a series of dates that started in January, 1957, and continued to their wedding on July 23... Two days after the Spohns' wedding, Bride And Groom married Margaret Waters, 21, and Jimmie Lee Collins, 22. Both from Huntington, West Virginia, this couple want four children—one more than Jean and David. But they're a flying family, too. Jimmie, just graduated from Marshall College, is going into the Naval Air Cadets, then will pursue a commercial artist's career. The Collinses met five years ago when Jimmie, hitchhiking to go swimming, picked up a ride with friends of Peggy's. They had their first date that night, then dated off and on. The Christmas before last, as Jimmie says, "We really found each other." Bride And Groom set the date. Love and television—something old and something new—make a perfect marriage.

Bride And Groom is seen over NBC-TV, Mon.-Fri., at 2:30 P.M. EDT.

For that most important dress of all, Margaret Waters, who works in a dress shop, has a wardrobe mistress's aid.
Amid wedding gifts, a cake and champagne, Bob Paige toasts David and Jean as Byron Palmer chats with Georgianna Carhart, special guest of the day’s Bride And Groom.

The Spohns, Mr. and Mrs. now, honeymoon at Saranac Lake.

housetops? No need, when NBC-TV provides "the biggest chapel in the world"

The brothers are watching, said Jimmie Lee Collins of his Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. So were millions, as Rev. Brock joined his hand to Peggy's.

On a New York honeymoon, they looked at the birdie (pigeons), but this one "didn't come out."
WEDDING BELLS ring out from coast to coast on *Bride And Groom*. The newly-returned program, which has married more than 2,500 couples in the past ten years, provides everything from clothes and confetti to gifts and guests and honeymoon. More important was the reason David Clifford Spohn, 33, was so happy to marry Elinor Jean Wrubel on the program. "There are all kinds of weddings and all sizes," said the pilot for Allegheny Airlines, "but this chance ... why, this is the biggest chapel in the world." David and Jean met at Newark Airport when the Utica, New York girl was just beginning a career as stewardess with Mohawk Airlines. It was her roommate whom David knew, but it was Jean he took out, first for a cup of coffee and then for a series of dates that started in January, 1957, and continued to their wedding on July 23. ... Two days after the Spohns' wedding, Bride And Groom married Margaret Waters, 21, and Jimmie Lee Collins, 22. Both from Huntington, West Virginia, this couple won four children—one more than Jean and David. But they're a flying family, too. Jimmie, just graduated from Marshall College, is going into the Naval Air Cadets, then will pursue a commercial artist's career. The Collinses met five years ago when Jimmie, hitchhiking to go swimming, picked up a ride with friends of Peggy's. They had their first date that night, then dated off and on. The Christmas before last, as Jimmie says, "We really found each other." Bride And Groom set the date. Love and television—something old and something new—make a perfect marriage.

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Teal Ames models one of her TV hairstyles—"a ponytail that isn't a ponytail," soft, romantic, feminine and easy.

Teal Ames LETS HER HAIR DOWN
---then puts it back up, to show readers of TV Radio Mirror how she's learned to be her own hairdresser

Five days a week, pretty Teal Ames plays Sara Karr on the CBS-TV drama, The Edge Of Night. Like any newly-married girl, Sara Karr knows how important it is to stay wedding-day pretty. Cooperating with her role's requirements, Teal Ames has mastered special beauty skills, particularly in the hair department. Shown on this page is one of her recent TV hairstyles. Describing it as "a ponytail that isn't a ponytail," Teal here demonstrates the simple steps leading up to the camera-worthy result. Medium-long, in tune with Sara's romantic character, this style is particularly good for thin hair—note the special trick of back parting that gives the illusion of lots of hair. Teal has some natural wave, which she reinforces with a loose permanent. Because her audience really notices her hair (she receives a sack of mail whenever she changes the style), Teal is meticulous about weekly shampoos and regular brushing, and counts on spray for day-long neatness—cues every girl can use for her own private audience.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Fan out the top half so that it spreads out over the full bottom section of hair, and pin in place of each side. To conceal the rubber band, take strand of hair from the underneath section and wrap it like a ribbon around the rubber band. Secure the end with a hairpin.

Front hair is cut short and set with three rows of pin curls, all wound toward the face. To comb these out, brush the hair back, first, for fullness. Then pull tendrils forward and arrange them on forehead and temples to frame the face softly—as Teal Ames does.
Adams Has Two Lives

(Continued from page 22)
with Pepper, fitting one neatly into the pattern of the other. "The great thing to me about her writing," he says, "is the light and shade with which she paints all the characters. They have warmth and feeling. All are three-dimensional. As Pepper, I went through a phase of being quite irritable, almost rudely irritable—and who has not been, at some time, through another phase of being somewhat unreliable, and most of us go through a similar period, at one time or another, especially when we are young. As Pepper, I have also tried to shape the lives of others to my own mold (most recently to run my radio sister’s life) and who does not sometimes make that same foolish mistake?"

"Basically, however, Pepper is a man of enormous good will. As the editor of a newspaper, he is a cultivated human being, kind at heart, with intense loyalties. An interesting and likeable man. I enjoy playing him." The fact is that Mason Adams enjoys acting. Enjoys being in show business. He chose theater and speech for his Master’s degree from the University of Wisconsin, although the family trend was toward medicine. His brother is a professor at Stanford University Medical College. His sister is a professor of physiology at New York University Dental School. He is the only actor the family has produced, but he, too, began as a teacher—of theater arts. What is—At the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, where he had studied prior to going to Wisconsin. On Broadway, where he got his first professional engagement, he was in five flop shows during his first season, right after the other.

It might be said that a miracle launched his radio career, a play called "Miracle for Christmas." This was in 1945, when he was making a radio debut on a program called The Sheriff. The producer of another series, Central Station, happened to hear him that night and tapped him for the starring part as the ambulance-driver in his Christmas miracle play. The role was so poignantly performed by Adams, and the play so popular, that thereafter he was asked to do it as a Christmas special, year after year.

His success in radio now assured him, he played major parts in other Grand Central Station dramas; in City Hospital, Gangbusters, Band Aid Jenny, and many others. On television, he has been on most of the big night-time dramatic shows—such as Robert Montgomery Presents, U.S. Steel Hour, Kraft Theater, and on many daytime dramatic serials, among them The Brighter Day and Love Of Life, on which he played important running parts.

Currently, in addition to his alter-ego Pepper Young, Adams plays psychoanalyst Dr. David Wells on CBS Radio’s Road Of Life, and has become embarked on a new phase of his show-business career, an adjunct to acting, in which he performs the duties of spokesman for large industrial firms, on television and radio, talking about products and policies.

Straight acting, however, is the work close to his heart, as is his long identification with Pepper Young. Although he almost missed out on that, before he was asked to audition for Pepper, he had just signed a run-of-the-play contract with the Chicago company of the stage play, "Dear Ruth." A non-cancelable contract. When he won out over about a hundred aspirants for the Pepper part, he was a most unhappy young man.

"I could get out of the contract only by

(Continued on page 63)
THE RECORD PLAYERS

This space rotates among
Gene Stuart of WAVZ,
Bill Mayer of WRCV,
Al Collins of WRCA and NBC,
and Art Pallan of KDKA

When Jerry Lewis visited, I was all set to turn into his straight man. But the comedian-turned-singer was serious.

a Real Sweet Guy

By ART PALLAN

Art: That strange sound you just heard was not a bird—it was Jerry Lewis, one of the warmest, very finest persons in show business.
Jerry: Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. You know, every once in a while someone sounds off that I'm hard to get along with. I don't try to, but I guess sometimes I do get a little excited when things are hectic.
Art: Well, Jerry, I've known you for a long time, and I'm sincere in saying that you are a real sweet guy to work with. But I can see that you might be tired on occasions. Those hours you keep!
Jerry: Art, days were made to work and enjoy yourself. Six hours' sleep out of twenty-four seems to be plenty for me. I like to keep going at a fast pace. If I sleep too late, I feel that I'm missing something.
Art: Let's change the subject for a minute. A short while ago, we at KDKA had a Gold Record Spintacular. The only records we played all day were those that had sold a million cop-
ies or better. One of those records was your "Rock-a-Bye." How did a serious-type record like this come about?
Jerry: I made the record as a present to my wife, Patti, and she loved it—thought it was good enough to sell commercially. So she sent it off to Decca, they pressed it and signed me up, and there you are.
Art: It was released as a single, as I remember. How did the album happen?
Jerry: I've always wanted to do serious music. I had done comedy tunes for the past seven or eight years, and was never happy about it. Comedy can't be thoroughly projected on wax. Once you've heard a funny tune, that's it. For Mr. and Mrs. Public to buy a dollar record, it should have more value than one play.
Art: So you decided to record eleven more tunes and make your first album?
Jerry: That's right, and I really enjoyed singing with feeling, without using any gimmicks or trick voices.
Art: What's your favorite song, Jerry, and have you ever recorded it?
Jerry: My favorite song is "I Dream of You," and both Patti and I have recorded it.
Art: Quite a coincidence—or is it?
Jerry: It isn't a coincidence at all. Thirteen years ago, when Patti and I were just married and I was out of work, she recorded the song for Decca with Jimmy Dorsey. I was in the studio during the session, and I can't ever remember feeling any more despondent. Not that I minded Patti working. I just didn't like to have her being the only breadwinner in the family.
Art: Then thirteen years later you recorded the same number, huh?
Jerry: That's right. For the same label. And Patti was in the studio, listening to me this time. It was a high point in our marriage. I asked to make the record... I did it for her.
Art: Jerry, you aren't often this serious.
Jerry: Well, then, on with my bird calls. Ever hear the Canadian Red-Backed, Hairy-Nosed Full-Bloomer? It goes like this...
Adams Has Two Lives

(Continued from page 61) providing a suitable replacement, and I sweated it out, wondering whom to suggest. Just the day before the play went into rehearsal, I thought of an actor who seemed right for the part. I got hold of him, he was interested, he read for it, and was signed, and I was free.

"I have always felt close to this family of Youngs, which has grown so familiar to me since that time. I think of their town as real Middletown, U.S.A., an average kind of town, in an average state. Inhabited by average people. In spite of having been born in a big city, New York, and of growing up in a metropolitan and cosmopolitan atmosphere, I and my family have always been somewhat small-town in our attitudes. Closely knit, having great interest in everything that happens to one another. Having an interest in the community."

He is no apologist for radio, although his work in television has become increasingly important. He feels that radio fills a need in the lives of many persons and that it calls for the best any actor has to give. "Listeners," he says, "might get the idea that, because radio acting is done with scripts in hand, there is no real contact between the actors, as there is on the stage, in motion pictures, or on TV. This is completely erroneous. As with all acting, there is the all-important contact of the eyes, the play of expression, the lift of the head, the variation of voice. If the actor doesn't feel emotion and show it, the whole scene becomes static."

Karen Lee Hukkala, Delta Zeta, Northwestern University, says, "SOLITAIR is such a glamorous make-up...and it stays perfect all day long."

Karen is one of three semi-finalists in Campagna's nationwide college Beauty Queen Contest. Winner receives a ten day trip to Hawaii via Northwest Orient Airlines and will stay at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Kevin and本文的其他部分。
New Voices on Your Hit Parade

(Continued from page 20)

thought so, too. Sister Helen, a nun who learned what the youngsters could add to a church choir, wrote their first popular arrangements. Tommy and his four sisters, Etta, Kay, Sandy and Jackie, formed a unit. Tommy was sixteen and sing-along days started. When they toured until one sister fell ill and another fell in love and married. The girls were replaced by two newcomers—Rosemary and Betty Clooney. Billed as Tommy and Lynn, he sang with the girls and was "sort of adopted" into their family. "Their uncle George, then about twenty-eight years old, was their manager, coach and guardian. I roomed with him and he kept an eye on me, too."

Then the band broke up and Tommy didn't know what to do. "It hurts your pride to come slinking home after every gig, but you have been saying you're doing great. Yet home he came, and was welcomed into the fuel business which his father and his brothers own. Tommy swept floors and drove trucks. Eventually he was promoted to salesman. But singing was still his business. Tommy wanted to learn to sing correctly and chose his teacher the renowned Vincente DiCrescenzo, a composer who had coached the great Caruso. Tommy is still devoted to DiCrescenzo, who sought to teach him to use his natural sound to the best possible advantage. "When I did right," Tommy recalls, "he would beam and exclaim Molto bene! and be so pleased."

The maestro imparted some of his magic of manner, as well as music, to Tommy. A period of singing with Charlie Spivak's orchestra was followed by a time when bookings were scarce. Tommy took to the night-club circuit, "I worked the plush ones, and I worked the joints. It was good training. If an audience gets noisy you have to understand they're out having a good time. You learn how to get the whole crowd on your side."

Tommy has done some radio and television shows, but Your Hit Parade is his big break. "I'm happy about it as much for my folks' sake as my own," he explains.

"If you're in the business, you expect to take the rough times in stride, but it is hard for parents to understand. They want the best for you always."

Unless his schedule of rehearsals and acting and dancing lessons becomes too demanding, he intends to continue at Cliffs. In an orchestral family which now includes nineteen nieces and nephews, he likes the fun of the big family and the informality of suburban living. He de- scribes himself as a "第二批n and an eager bowler." He likes to get together with a group of young entertainers for a few hours away from the spotlight.

But singing is not his reason. Tommy is "to find enough security in this insecure business so that, when I find the right girl, I can think about getting married. I want a good life for my family." His professional hopes center around his new V1K recording, "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain." If it climbs on the popularity charts, the night may come when he also will sing it and "Tommy, "would be the real thrill."

Jill Corey's career is also a family affair. She was born twenty-one years ago in Altoona, Pennsylvania, the youngest of the five children, two girls and three boys. With Dominick Speranza. Her father and her brothers, Earl and Dominick, own the King Coal Mine. Her brother Bernard is now in the Coast Guard. Jill, too, is surrounded by adoring nieces and nephews.

Closest to her is sister Alice. Their mother died when Alice was fourteen and Jill four, and the older sister quit school to take care of the child. Despite their loss, theirs was a happy, musical family. Says Jill, "Everyone played some instrument—trumpet, clarinet, drums, piano. We had a music room, instead of a playroom, and there we all could make just as much noise as we wanted to.

And it really is the show when she was twelve, and she began singing with a band when she entered high school. "For the first two years, one of my brothers turned up the stove up. "And, "Boy," after that, my family trusted the boys and the band to take me home." Throughout this, she kept up her grades. "I graduated ninth in my class—but I had missed more days of school than anyone else in the class."

The manager of a Pittsburgh radio station arranged for her introduction to Mitch Miller, artists-and-repertoire man for Columbia Records in New York. "My sister Alice, whom I called "Big Sister," and William Yockey, were with me. I would never have dared go alone. I expected Mr. Miller would say, "Go home, little girl, and study hard."

The marvelous of what actually happened will never fade for Jill. "When they asked me what key I sang in, I didn't even know what to say. I just sounded a note. My sister Alice said, "That's a - C," and went into my number."

And, instead of the "Go-home-little-girl" speech she expected, Mitch Miller said, "You're for us—and how would you like to go over and audition for the Garroway show, bides?"

Since then, she has added The Johnny Carson Show, Robert. Q. Lewis Show and others to her credit. She has had a direct hit as a jockey show of her own and now stars in a syndicated film series sponsored by the National Guard. Each year, her income has doubled. "I've been fortunate in my work," said Jill. Her manager, Lloyd Leipsic, says, "I've never seen any young singer work so hard and study so constantly—voice, dancing, acting." Jill en- larges on the responsibilities with which she is charged. Two summer-stock appearances in Kansas City, she sang the lead in "High Button Shoes" and, in Cincinnati, she played a stagey comic role in "The Reluctant Debutante."

Through all her swift rise, Jill has remained as sweet as when she came from Avonmore. She's an appealing little crea- ture—dainty, poised, five-foot-four and weighs 108 pounds. (She diets on steak.) Her hair is dark brown and her eyes are a liquid brown. She moves with grace and a shy smile. Everyone in a room smiles right back at her.

She lives, at present, in a sublet apartment on New York's east side and looks like a city girl fine. She does not feel she is particularly domestic—"I've yet to find nerve enough to give a party." But her manager comments, "She's fantastically tidy. Every paper on her desk falls away from me. I swear she files her clothes rather than merely hang- ing them up."

The motion-picture offers which have come Jill's way are an important part of her long-time plan. "I just haven't yet met love," she admits. "But, when I do, I'd like to settle down in Beverly Hills and have a nice, big family. I'd like to do a picture now and then. But if that interfered, I'd drop that, too. My family will always come ahead of my career."

Virginia Gibson came to Your Hit Parade direct from Broadway, until recently, she was the ingenue of "Happy Hunting," playing the role of Ethel Merman's daughter. She has done motion picture roles at which she appeared in a TV series, So This Is Hollywood.

Virginia, who is five-foot-three, blond and blue eyed, was born in St. Louis, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gorski. She has a brother, Bill, and three small nieces.

Because she was a frail child, she started dancing lessons at the age of four. "My parents thought the exercise would make me stronger."

She was in St. Alphonsus High School, and fifteen years old, when the dancing began to turn into a career. "I discovered that all the girls who studied dancing and did well were hired by the Municipal Opera Company." This famed St. Louis organization stages a spectacular series of outdoor shows each summer. For Virginia, it was an education. "We gave a performance every night, and each day,
from ten to four, we rehearsed the next week's show."

This training proved to be her passport to Broadway. When she had saved a couple-hundred dollars, Virginia and a girlfriend set out for New York. Immediately, she got parts in shows, and the big city is still a great delight to her. That five-cent "ocean voyage" provided by the Staten Island ferry is a favorite excursion, but her favorite of favorites is the boat ride out to the Statue of Liberty. "Whenever friends come to town, the first thing I do is to take them to the Statue. The view is so beautiful. From there, the harbor, the Hudson River and the buildings make a wondrous picture."

Virginia now lives in an apartment hotel. "When you have shows and rehearsals to do, it's most convenient. All the housekeeping is done for you." The situation may be subject to change, for Virginia confesses there is a big romance in her life. She's not engaged to be married, she says—but neither is she making any pronouncements about single blessedness. "The future?" says Virginia. "Let's see what happens."

Alan Copeland, the Hit Parade's new anchor man, is a singer, composer, lyric writer, arranger, conductor, mimic, musician and vocal arranger. TV fans, of course, have already seen him on The Bob Crosby Show. For fifteen years, he's been a member of The Modernaires—but he claims his first audience at the age of three, in Los Angeles, under conditions which made his mother frantic. After searching for him for hours, she found her cherub caroling "Free Blind Mice" for the entertainment of customers in a neighborhood butcher shop.

Alan turned his vocalizing into a sales gimmick when he started selling papers after school, tossing in a few bars of a popular song with each paper he sold. One of his customers proved to be choral director Bob Mitchell, who invited him to join his Mitchell Boys' Choir. There he learned sight-reading, vocal arranging and conducting. When his voice changed, he concentrated on study of piano and arranging. He then made his first ventures into song writing.

He served in the Navy as an aerial gunner and radio operator, and, after his return to organized bands, his first vocal group, the Twin Tones, Alan refers to that period as "peanut-butter days," for that was his staple diet during the difficult times. "I faced hundreds of doors slammed in our faces," he says. Then Jan Garber signed them to sing with his band, and they did a year of one-nighters, cross-country. "When you've had a year on the road," says Alan, "you're ready to sing in Madison Square Garden or Macy's window."

Joining The Modernaires came next. And, on the strength of their going on Bob Crosby's Club 13 radio show, Alan married Dolores Barty. The Copelands now have three children and have been living in a ranch-style house in Van Nuys, California. His offer for Your Hit Parade called for very careful consideration, because it also meant the family must move to New York. "I guess every performer gets the urge to go on his own," Alan says, "but it's a tough decision to make when you have a family."

Because he has maintained a full schedule of arranging, making records and writing music—Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Frankie Laine, Betty Hutton, are just a few who have sung his songs—there's a strong probability that one of those now in the works will follow the path of its predecessors and go into the Top Seven Tunes of the Week—and that Mr. Copeland himself will have the pleasure of presenting it on Your Hit Parade.

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Year of Fulfillment

(Continued from page 43)

Steve's boat which had been heen at the wharf during the evening, up to then, had no way of using it. Equipped for water sports and fun for the whole family all summer long.

The family things that have happened and continue to happen to Steve and Jayne career-wise. Steve's lyrics and music for a new song, "But I Haven't Got My Feet on the Ground," were recorded. They have two songs of their own and Steve would like to see his wife (she would like it, too), if the play isn't already cast and in production by the time she is ready. Another play, "Immanuel," on his success for which Steve has written a complete score along classical lines.

Steve's two recent albums, "Venetian Serenade" and "Romantic Rendezvous," following a half dozen others he has recorded. The songs he is always composing, on bits and scraps of paper, whenever an idea or melody comes into his head.

The most rewarding one so far has been his successful career as a literary man continues with articles in national magazines, book reviews, columns, and a new book underway, subjects that are close to his heart, including his book of "Bop Fables," the collection of some of his short stories called "Fourteen for Tonight," his analysis of comedy called "The Mummy," and a book of poetry titled "Wry on the Rocks," culled from some more of those bits of paper he is always writing on and stuffing into his pockets, or between the pages of a book he is reading on the subway (often by Jayne or the boys in the waste basket). It's also the year when Steve wrote words and music for "The Bachelor," a TV spectacular which starred John Rowland and won Steve a Sylvia Award.

As one of the busiest males in show business, he is married to one of his busiest girls—because, in Jayne's case, as well as all wives, there is the double and triple job of homemaker and mother, housekeeper and cook, added to actress and recording artist.

Jayne's career as an actress started on Broadway when she was seventeen, playing lead parts in six comedies, all of them bringing her high notices. During one of these starry movies in Hollywood, the first being "Undercurrent," with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor. Included were "Lady in the Lake," with Robert Montgomery, "David and Bathsheba," and the last was "Enchantment," with David Niven and Teresa Wright. She saw two of her old pictures re-run on television in one day last summer. This was news for her, as it stopped her on the street to talk about Jayne Meadows, the movie actress, instead of Jayne Meadows, the TV star, and she was caught off guard by her own admission. The Hollywood parts had been dramatic ones and her personal success in them was attested by the reviews, but she was unhappy and asked for a change of pace while still in that period of her life.

All sorts of stage offers have been coming her way recently, based on all this stage experience, but tapped her for a television background. Last spring, she did the kind of dramatic role she likes, portraying the editor of a woman's magazine in a TV series, "The Drop of a Hat." Guest-starring with Red Skelton was a big success, and she will probably do more of that. Nothing that takes her away for more than a few days from Steve and the baby will be considered.

"Steve and I have talked this all over," she says. "Perhaps a very little too much, putting a lot of emphasis on what is left in competent hands. But we talk and talk about how everything can be arranged so our child will see us all the time and feel our love even from the other side of the telephone. But we know that love for children was one of the things that helped Steve and her get along so well from the first. She adores his children, as does the boy, "just like Steve,"—a boy they would name William (for Steve's father) and Christopher (because it sounds like a writer's name, Jayne thinks, and writing was really Steve's first love).

Steve, of the three sons, has looked forward to a daughter, to be named for Jayne or himself, or perhaps both. They're all going to think a girl's name. When he was still quite young, his mother bought a framed picture at auction, because she wanted the little frame for a baby. The picture was of a girl, and she had enough imagination to translate a Chinese for us.

If you can imagine the effect of the Meadows girls getting up and rendering "Saints Claus Is Coming To Town" in Chinese, you'll have some idea of the fun and commotion that the little boys caused during their first audition. Nobody understood a word of it, or could quite figure out the why and wherefore, but the sheet music was sent to the orient and the girls got their first recording date.

Jayne had to stand about two feet behind Audrey because her voice came out so strongly, a completely unexpected development as far as she was concerned. "She sings melody like harmony," someone remarked, a good description. And, last winter, Jayne attended Stella Adler's dramatic course, her first formal drama instruction. Steve got her started on a professional writing career. She always had ideas for short stories, put them on paper, showed them to Steve, and they were encouraged to send them out to magazines—and too sensitive to risk possible rejection slips. Steve is changing that attitude, even without cooing. They are planning a series of scripts for a series of programs called "The Psychiatrist," two of which Steve used on a show a few weeks back with good response from viewers. They hope to do the whole series in one day.

Jayne has been doing a few guest columns for newspapers, for Nick Kenny, for Fayte Emerson when she was pregnant, for herself in the "New York Post." She is hard at work now on an article about Steve, has gone back to work on a book she once started called "Audrey and Me," which got in circulation as a pre-publication of a series of articles in "The Psychiatric," two of which Steve used on a show a few weeks back with good response from viewers. They hope to do the whole series in one day.

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SEE PAGE 81

OH, MY

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comfortable thoughts. When you come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—
you want relief—want it now. Chances are you may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and habits. Then set up a restful, un-
comfortable feeling.

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millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new, large size and save money. Get Doan’s Pills today!
(Continued from page 38)

for viewers the fact that they are to see true exalted people. At the beginning and close of the show, Kathi interviews the people involved and then concludes with a capsule moral. She writes skillfully and dices up with great thoughtfulness, for behind TV's most beautiful eyes is a keen brain.

Kathi is a high-spirited beauty, five-feet-five, with a smooth, non-complexion and deep blue eyes. Her TV career began in 1946. Most of her shows have identified her as a woman's woman, but she is a man's woman, too. The man in question is Wilbur Stark, co-producer with Jerry Layton of many radio and TV shows, including True Story, Rocky King, Detective, Humphrey Flack, Ladies' Choice, Mr. Peppers, Scattergood Baines, Escape With Me, and Hollywood Love Story. Wilbur Stark has been a producer for eleven years. He has been married to Kathi for thirteen.

Wilbur says of Kathi, "She is very adaptable. When we were first married, I was making a lot of money and we could do whatever we pleased. It wasn't hard to adapt. But when we went into business for myself, we had to give up almost everything. She had just as much fun on our lessered income. And she's both a friend and a wife—and sincere and loyal, too."

Kathi is no sugar-coated beauty. For all her vivacity and femininity, she is a woman, a supreme exemplification of a woman. For this reason, Producer Wilbur Stark hired Mrs. Wilbur Stark as hostess of True Story. "When we do a True Story program," he explains, "we try to bring to viewers the greatest possible visualization, to use professional actors to play the parts, and to use the best—people like Jerome Cowan, Connie Ford, Meg Mundy, Jan Miner, Bill McGuire and Statts Cotsworth. Because they are good, they are also on many of the big night-time dramatic shows on TV. Therefore, True Story viewers might tend to recognize them as actors rather than real people. Well, the feeling of true reality, rather than stage reality, is what the program must have. That's where Kathi comes in. A glamorous actress couldn't handle the brunt of it. She's terrific with the audience, but Kathi isn't glamorous and she couldn't act if she had to. Everything she says on the show reflects her personal feelings and those she can't believe it, she can't say it. That's the way she is. That's why she writes her own lines. And that's why she convincingly moves the audience to a genuine belief in the validity of the material on the show."

TV's best writers are used to adapt True Story to television, but Kathi always writes her own commentary material. "I draw on my experience and feelings," she explains. "I think the insight of a mother and wife. For example, the true story of a woman and her son dramatized on one show. The widow married an athletic coach. Friction developed between the new stepfather and son. Shortly thereafter, the child house storing athletic equipment burned down. The cause of the fire was undetermined. The anxious parents suspected the son of having set the fire as a spiteful act. They later learned that, on the afternoon of the fire, the boy had been taking an examination for a college scholarship. In the interview with the mother after the show, I was to say 'Arent you proud of your son?' And the mother was to answer, 'Yes—for, besides winning the scholarship, he is president of his class, which shows he is as popular as he is

bright.' Well, I thought that over and didn't agree with the implications. I couldn't write a line to please it. But it seemed wrong to give the impression a child has to be bright and popular to be loved and admired by his parents. What I wanted to say—and did say—was that parental love and trust should be the birthright of every child, regardless of his capabilities."

It should come as no surprise at this point that Kathi has made her way, at times, by brains alone. Before she got into TV, she was an account executive in an advertising agency, a copywriter, a secretary, a student dietitian. But 'way before that, she was just a pretty little girl who was always being cast as an angel in school pageants.

Kathi, born in Newark, Ohio, was the youngest of nine children. "It was fun being the last," she recalls. "When I was a child, one brother was at Ohio State University, another was getting a taste of show business. And my sisters were sealed enough to spoil me. Mother therefore went really maternal with me. I got all the don'ts from A to Z—but I was also babyed right up into my teens. When I was fifteen, my mother was still cutting my meat for me. I remember that I went to New York to visit one of my brothers. He took me out to dinner and ordered a steak. The waiter served me and I just sat there. Finally, I realized I'd have to cut it myself—What a mess I made of it!"

On the other hand, Kathi's mother didn't put up with vanity. Even as a child, Kathi's eyes were remarkably beautiful—but Kathi wasn't allowed to know it. As she recalls, 'I'd come home and tell Mother that Mrs. So-and-so told me I had such beautiful blue eyes. Mother would merely ask, 'And what color were your eyes?'

But, mostly, Kathi is remembered for her supercharged motor. She never walked. She was either running or jumping. She barely touched a staircase when she came downstairs and she flew off the porch, never using the steps. She was always being sent on errands by her brothers and sisters—to a bedroom for bobby pins to a store with a nickel to buy a bag of candy. But, when I was "used," she was also loved. At the age of twelve, she won a popularity contest held by a drug store—because her older sisters went out and solicited votes for her.

Kathi spent one year as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago. She was studying dietetics and working part-time as a beanpot demonstrator at Marshall Field and Company's. She then went to Chicago for a year. Then one day, Elson, one of Chicago's ace radio men, Elson met Kathi when he happened to use the members of her university class as a test audience. He proved to be remarkably intuitive in recognizing Kathi's natural talent for communication. "He told me I should become a copywriter. I was so naive, I thought he was talking of the kind of work one does at a newspaper office! But he patiently explained how commercials for radio were written. I was awed, and it all sounded better than demonstrating food."

She hoped to get a foothold in advertising as a secretary, so she took a course in speedwriting and rented a typewriter to practice her typing. Finally, she went to the Grant Advertising Agency, where an account executive was looking for a new secretary. "He asked me if I knew what an atom-smasher was, and I told him. Then he asked me to define and spell 'atom,' which I did. He was amazed. It seemed that the girls who had been working for him had spelled it 'Adam.'"

She was hired by not mind- ing her own business. "I was sitting in on a conference when they discussed a new advertising campaign. I went home and wrote up a few ideas of my own and brought them in. The day following Over night, I became a copywriter, and I was sent to the New York office in January of this year."

Her first year in New York, she won a signal honor when she received the Tide magazine award for one of her campaigns. She became an assistant account executive, worked as a copywriter, and then was assistant advertising manager. She would probably have stayed in advertising and become a vice-president—and, likely, president—if a couple of things hadn't changed. One was TV, and the other was Wilbur Stark. Wilbur came first.

They first met in June of 1942. He was a time salesmen for Station WMCA, New York, and had Kathi's office on a business. A few days later, they met under less formal circumstances. "We lived within a block of one another but didn't know each other. One day I was com- ing out of a grocery store, loaded with stuff. Just as I passed him and said hello and smiled, a roll of toilet paper popped out of his pocket and went into the street. Well, he retrieved it, and then off ered to help carry some of the packages home. Somehow he made the comment that it was a lot of food for one little girl, and I invited him to come to dinner and share it with me. Instead, he took me out. I remember he ordered lobster. I'd never eaten lobster and he had to crack mine for me. I was just baffled by the thought I was just magnificent."

It was two years before they married. "It was an interesting relationship," Kathi recalls. "They were both copywriters, a writer girl and a writer boy—so I thought. He wanted to be a suc- cessful bachelor. We had great times to- gether but, supposedly, we weren't seri- ous. He proposed during a vacation and an old boyfriend proposed to me. I came back to New York and told 'Sweetie' about it and that I might get married. He said, 'Try to find out.' I didn't find out and that made me furious! But, in the end, he came to his senses and proposed."

They were married June 15, 1944, in the church of Kathi's stepfather in Chicago, New York, and then moved into Kathi's apartment, because it was more comfortable than Wilbur's. Kathi was still working at the agency. She had never worked as a performer. Wilbur had radio and

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Find the strength for your life...
some stage experience. Out of high school during the Depression, he had done a variety of things—selling, trucking, boxing, "pro" ball and acting—until 1936, when he began a ten-year hitch at WMCA. In 1945, when Kathi created a radio show, Teen Canteen, it was Wilbur who went on the air as emcee. He continued on the TV version. But on January 17, 1946, their first child was born. Three months later, to the day, Kathi's TV career was born.

It happened that Wilbur had to be out of town, and he asked an announcer to do the TV version of Teen Canteen during his absence. The show was informal, requiring the emcee to get a bunch of teenagers to relax and talk and play a couple of games. The substitute announcer was too stiff, and the director asked Kathi to get the kids in the right mood before the show. "I was having a ball with them," she recalls, "and the director asked me to do the show, instead of the announcer—which was all right with him, since he wanted to get out of it, anyway."

That was Kathi's debut in TV. Within a year, she was one of TV's brightest stars. From 1948 to 1953, there was the Du Mont network's Kathi Norris Show, a daily full-hour for women. Concurrently, she was on Leave It To The Girls and Spin The Picture. She did a regular commercial on the Godfrey show. On radio, she emceed Anybody Home, for NBC, and Escape With Me, for ABC. In August of 1952, she retired temporarily to have another baby. When she came back to work in 1953, it was with a different kind of job. She continued her four-year association with General Electric as their TV representative. This came to an end in 1956, when daughter Kathleen was born. Then Kathi came back to TV as hostess for True Story.

"I like to work," Kathi says, "and I especially like working with Sweetie. It's more than stimulating. It's the necessary requisites of a completely companionable marriage. If Sweetie were a chemist, I'd be knee-deep in test tubes."

Kathi always refers to Wilbur as "Sweetie." This has been going on for so long that some people don't know he has any other name. On the street, strangers often call him "Sweetie," since that is the way Kathi refers to him publicly on TV. Even Pamela, their first born, grew confused by the nickname. "Poor Pam," says Kathi. "I guess she was about two when she came to us and said, 'You're Mommy and he's Sweetie, but who's my daddy?'

Pam, a very pretty eleven-year-old, spent much of her first five years in TV studios with her mother. Kathi says, "If I had toys to demonstrate, or children's clothes to model, I'd let Pam do it. Of course, not exclusively. Other people who worked on the show brought their children in, and sometimes we'd bring in children from an orphanage. But I did have Pam with me a lot, just watching, most of the time. I remember one time I was doing a live commercial, for doughnuts, when Pam walked right onto the set. She loved doughnuts, so I said, 'You can have one, honey.' She took a doughnut, looked at it and bit into it and then I said, 'Do you like it?' and she said, 'No, it's awful.' Well, she had picked up one with cinnamon. It was the cinnamon she didn't really like. But I had to talk my way out of that one."

Pam is her mother's best critic. "She knows clothes," Kathi says, "and will remind me if the dress may be too dark for TV. Or say, 'Your hair looks good enough for the house but not for the cameras.'" Kathi continues, "I remember one day I was rehearsing my lines and Pam said, 'Mother, you're selling too hard when you..."
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should just be talking.' And, when Sweetie came in, he listened and agreed with her."

On the other hand, Bradley, their five-year-old, hasn’t reached the critical stage. He is rather inclined to treat his parents as if they were walking dictionaries, and at any time will demand the definition of three- to six-syllable words. He is too young to have a dictionary in his room, but the room itself is unusually attractive. The walls are covered in red-and-white stripes. A peak in the ceiling gives the illusion of a tent. The floors are red vinyl. Some of the house is gay and nice, but I wouldn’t want to take an old place again,” Kathi says. “They just made them too big. Why, there are six rooms on the first floor and that includes the laundry. Sweetie’s workshop, the recreation room, et cetera. Look at the cracks in my fingers—I just got through cleaning there. It’s ridiculous, you know. Sure, I’ve got help but it would require a regiment. I’ve got, all told, five bathrooms and two powder rooms and who needs them? But, if you’ve got them, you keep them clean.”

Kathi doesn’t pretend to get any pleasure out of housecleaning, but she does take a very personal interest in the kitchen and in nutrition. It started when she decided to have her third child, Kathleen, by natural childbirth. She went to the Manhattan Maternity Center to take the course for expectant mothers and was then introduced to several books on nutrition. She became an enthusiast for natural foods. This accounts for the rather brace- ing formula she feeds the baby, certified raw milk mixed with blackstrap molasses and brewer’s yeast.

The whole family participates in the food planning. Breakfast for the family might be wheat germ cooked in milk with blackstrap molasses and brown sugar. Or it might be yogurt and pot cheese with sesame seeds and bee jelly. The children’s peanut butter is fortified with vitamins. Kathi is not without humor in discussing nutrition. “I stocked in some cabbage juice for a brother who had an ulcer,” she notes, “but he preferred an operation.”

Kathi tries to practice what she preaches. “Some, as a TV personality, she had emphasized woman’s place in the community, in volunteer jobs outside her home. Kathi, herself, works closely with the Reformed Service of Westchester and makes frequent public speeches for them. She is very active in church programs. For years, she has been a Sunday school teacher at the Dutch Reformed Church in Briarcliff. This fall she became co-super-intendent. ‘For us,’ she says, ‘religion is a cooperative endeavor. We take the children to Sunday school with us, where other parents just drop off the youngsters.’ Kathi likes a good sermon and was a frequent attendant at the Billy Graham meetings in Manhattan this past summer.

“I like what Billy has to say about the family,” she observes. “I like what he has to say about the husband-wife relationship. Well, in our home, although Sweetie is a real homebody and very relaxed, he is still the master. I’d be inclined to say that he has the last word, but neither of us is really a boss of the other. As Billy Graham points out, when God created woman, it was not from Adam’s head or foot—but his side. It means that husband and wife are supposed to work side by side. For example, I know that it’s always been interesting to watch actors work together when they are husband and wife. On True Story, we’ve had Ann and John Seymour, Loretta Diaye and Lin McCarthy, Juanita Dayton and Dean Harmons. I have the feeling that they particularly enjoy working together.”

This comment about other couples well sums up the happy cooperative team of Kathi Norris and Wilbur Stark themselves.
WHAT'S NEW—WEST

(Continued from page 15)

Bing Crosby called Nat "King" Cole and told him that if he was going to be one of the big names in the fall season, he wanted to make sure he was on show and would work for scale. With Nat's show moved into the Panic spot, you can look for Bing in the fall.

John Barrymore, Jr., with a profile as attractive as his dad's, is seriously thinking of forgetting acting and turning to medicine. The Playhouse producer, Al McCleary, has taken young John under his wing, and next season John will be directing several more Matinees. His first was seen last July.

Alice Lon's three youngsters, Bobby, Clint, and Larry, spent most of the summer with her grandmother in Kilgore, Texas. During their absence, she was lovingly reminded of them by the little gifts they sent: 1 bull frog, 2 spiders, 3 butterflies, etc.

John Lupton, star of ABC-TV's Broken Arrow, has had more than his share of Macoune adventures during personal appearances. For instance, during a recent El Toro Marine Base benefit, John's bucking bronc threw him, but luckily John wasn't hurt. Another time, he agreed to be pulled up by a winch into an air-seas rescue helicopter and, a third time, he ventured to ride in a jet. Says John, "They told me when I got into TV it was going to be exciting. I should have believed them."

When the Millionaire's Marvin Miller is recognized on the street, he is always asked, "Have you got one of those million-dollar children for me?" Marvin has taken to carrying a blank checkbook made out on the Bank of Goodwill, and has written 25,000 million-dollar checks to date.

It's interesting to note that at the recent party given by producer Don Fedderson, some of the biggest TV names in Hollywood wanted some of Marvin's paper largesse... "for the children, you know."

At Fedderson's catered affair, with servants standing around the score, Lawrence Welk, always the gentleman, insisted on carrying a chair for Mrs. Fedderson, who had no place to sit at their table. Same party found Johnny Carson busy trading houses with a New York actor who was on his way to Hollywood for a picture. "Jody and I," explained Johnny, "wanted to make sure and get somebody with kids, for our house with three already baby-proof. We wanted to make sure the house we moved into was baby-proof, too. I'd hate to come home and find someone's rare vase smashed against the wall." Kids or no, trust Johnny to be a big smash on Do Your Bit For Your Clan.

Coctail and clamlo porte: Mike Ansara, who plays Coctail on Broken Arrow, doing his own realistic bare-chested fight at the ranch, was knocked into the bushes—and came up with poison oak from waist to windpipe! Never heard of an heir allergic to poison oak, but then anything can happen in Hollywood!

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A Home of Her Own

(Continued from page 30)

in which she, in turn, was born and reared—this is the only house where Carmel has ever lived. After she married Bill in London on April 20, 1953, they had apartments over there and later in New York, but no settled home.

"I married a gypsy in Bill," she smiles. "He has always been in the entertainment business, with ballrooms in Dublin and London—a huge one in London—and now such a lovely ballroom in City Center in New York. About 1,400 come Saturday nights, and it would do your heart good to see all the nice boys and girls dancing. Maybe for a moment they've gone home, but now they all meet for Irish and American dancing, and it is run very nicely. Bill has promoted tours of big bands all over Ireland and Scotland and England, in the big cities, and he himself loves to travel. We didn't think he would ever want to settle down any one place, but now there are the children and we want a home for them. And, I think, for ourselves, too."

The family consists of small Jane, born June 6, 1954, three months after her parents' arrival in New York and about four months after the Carmel won an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts audition and made a first appearance, about a week after that, on the Godfrey morning show, on October 18, 1954. Baby Michelle arrived August 21, 1956. In addition, there is Nora Blewitt ("who takes care of us and runs everything") with the charm of County Mayo, Ireland, written all over her and the enthusiasm of having become a United States citizen early last summer—something to which Carmel and Bill look forward when they have been here long enough to qualify. "Nora used to go around singing the nationalistic songs all the time, but lately it's love songs she's adding to the patriotism, so who can tell?" Carmel twirls.

Jane's name was chosen because they liked a plain, old-fashioned name. Michael was named for Carmel's father: "And a proud man he is over that—but, half the time now, I am using get nature or the baby, as we mothers do for the littlest ones."

Bill says it is the kind of household where everything gets beautifully tidied up one minute and gone the next. "It gets untidy—and then it gets very tidy again, as Jane is admonished to pick up her toys and Michael is rescued from piles of overturned blocks and toy trains. But it's a happy house, and that's what they think really matters. "We don't try to keep everything nice for the future. We use the whole house and we enjoy it. It's a house where you can go in and drop down anywhere and not be wondering, Should I sit here, or there? A homely house—and in Ireland, they would know exactly what I mean by that, although I know in America the word has another and less lovely meaning."

Carmel learned about that other meaning in an amusing way. She got off a plane one day and was asked to say something for radio and television. "I told them how much I loved coming back to Minneapolis because the people were all so kind and I heard little gasps from those near me. They were thinking of the word in the sense that it means 'not beautiful,' but I was thinking of it meaning 'homey,' which the dictionary says is also correct. The people who were listening knew what I meant, but it caused great fun. It is what I mean when I talk about our home."

During the first months in the house, they were both so busy with their work that they hardly had time to buy anything. They sat on boxes for a while, until the novelty of that wore off. So one evening they stopped on the way home and bought furniture for almost the whole house at one time, except for the fine authentic Early American dining-room set which a friend got for them in Massachusetts. "It has a Hutch—which you would now call a buffet, and in Ireland we would call a dresser—and real beautiful it is. And when first I believe me, I was so tired when we were shopping for the bedroom furniture that, when I lay down on a bed to try it for softness, I dozed right off in the store!"

"We didn't care what we might lack, so long as we had a rocking chair, so we got that, too. And everything in Early American, with the wood that lovely golden color. She's a very talented decorator to come look at the house and see what we should have, but Bill and I and the house knew what was needed to be right for it. Nothing too fancy, so the children would have to be told to be careful every minute."

There is a big garden at the back which, so far, gets the minimum of attention because of lack of time, but the rockery in front, planted with flowers, is lovely. Roses bloom three times a year. The first time Carmel was back in Ireland with Bill, I watched her from the window when she came home. But last year, and this year, maybe because of the house, she felt a little different. Wherever a woman has house and children, that becomes home to her, I think. The first time I came back and found our own roses waiting in a riot of bloom, I didn't even wait to get a scissor, but grabbed a handy knife and started to cut them, I was that eager to have some inside. I cut the tip of my finger and had to be rushed to the drugstore for first aid, so that taught me a lesson. But it didn't change my feeling for my house and my garden."

Late in July of this year, the family went over to London and to Dublin, the latter for a wonderful visit with the family. With their small boy and the small girl who is his namesake. With her sister Betty and Betty's husband, Christy Keough, and their two children about the same age, Michael. With her brother Kevin and his wife and their five children, the last of them twins, and her brother Naohi and his wife. And friends everywhere, in Ireland r'd in England, eager to have them all and talk of old times and new.

Jane, who talks "non-stop," her mother says, was in her element, explaining about the house in New Jersey and about her own little room, and her friend Jane, the same age, who is her constant companion at home. About the canaries, Ginger and Paddy, who start to sing the moment she enters and hardly lets up all day. About how she sings little Irish ballads to Michael when it's time for him to sleep ("And she sings them dead right.") And about a time when she didn't tell how sometimes she sings to Michael when he's playing on the floor and she's minding him for a few minutes, and she gets tired, and she's just as apt to drop a dress on the kitchen floor and put one chunky leg and dump him at Nora's feet or mine, and him looking up at her and laughing and thinking it's some kind of game."

They try not to encourage Jane to be too grown-up, or to show their surprise when she says unexpectedly mature things, or when she amuses them with some droll comment. Or to turn her face away to hide her smiles, and Carmel and Bill pretend often not to hear, so the little girl will not become self-conscious. 

"Jane was watching her mother put on lipstick one morning," Bill said, "and suddenly she looked very serious. 'You have a nice clean face now, Mommy,' she told me. 'Why do you want to put that on and dirty it?' We had to laugh. I think that feeling is a way about lip stick for quite a while yet, but we imagine this will not last too long."

Friends took Jane to the seashore one day. She ran away from the waves and time she had never been away from them. She came home full of stories of being in the sea and building sand castles, but she ended by saying "I missed you so much, Mommy." Carmel thought she had liked all the homesickness out of her before she went to sleep, and she had said what a good day they would have together when they woke in the morning. That night, she found Jane curled outside their bedroom door, fast asleep, like a little puppy who wanted to feel close to those she loved. In the morning she used to work so hard that the house was hers, but shortly after lunch, most weekdays, and the rest of the day and evening belongs to the family. She is away from the home and children much less than mothers who must work. And she is a lucky one, for she has, as most meals with them, is there to tuck them into bed and hear their prayers. When she leaves the house, she explains why she must go, and sometimes that sometimes her daddy and Jane go off and Mommy stays with Michael, and sometimes it is Jane who must stay home with the baby and let Mommy go. And then any fuss is made, such logic usually clears the air.

"Bill and I keep every promise we make to her," says Carmel. "If we promise her a sweet, she knows she will get it. If we say she cannot do something, she knows

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Bill Fuller thinks that one of the wonderful things about life in this country is that women can now work part-time and be with their families a great deal also. "A woman can work a few hours a day, and it gives her an interest and keeps her in trim and happier. It breaks the monotony of housework and shopping and taking care of children every minute, yet she has the pleasure of that, too."

People who see Carmel Quinn in person for the first time, especially in a night-club appearance, are struck by several surprising things. Her slender figure, because the television cameras add some pounds, and because to listeners on radio her low-pitched voice seems to come from a much bigger woman. So the graceful woman, who is five-foot-six and wears a size-10 amazes them. They are struck by the lovely coloring, which only color TV could do justice to. And her sense of comedy, and her empathy.

The word refreshing is the one most often heard to describe her work in clubs. She wears simple dresses. "I don't think extraordinarily fancy costumes would suit me, and I don't think the people would like me in such clothes. I talk to them, and I sing. I find they like me in comedy, so now I do a great deal of that, and I like it, too." She sings the lovely Irish and Welsh and Scottish tunes so long identified with her on the Godfrey shows and on records, from the day she made her first hit doing "How Can You Buy Killarney?" But she also sings the modern American songs.

This year Carmel made her first recording of a popular type, on the M-G-M label—"Who Are You Fooling Now?" and the flipover, "You Can't Run Away From Your Heart." She would like to do more songs like these, to add variety to the earlier recordings she made of Old Country tunes, some of them with Arthur Godfrey.

"He has been very good to me, Mr. Godfrey has," she says earnestly. "If it were not for him, I would not be known at all. He gave me the chance to sing, and he gave me the chance for a little bit of talk and fun always on the show, so that I learned what I was able to do. He is so natural, and he never has done anything to embarrass me, even at the beginning, when I was a bit shy in front of a big American audience. I have found him a wonderful boss, Bill admires Mr. Godfrey. He finds him a man of many interests. He has been with him on his boat, his plane, his helicopter, and always found him a man who doesn't know the meaning of fear. Bold and calm in the face of danger, Bill thinks him."

As Carmel Quinn, she is marking her third anniversary on the Godfrey programs, known now to millions as that lovely girl with the haunting voice and the quick wit and soft speech of Erin. Known to millions as Mrs. Bill Fuller, with a house set on a hill, and a family of her own. With the kettle boiling for tea the moment she hears Bill coming up the walk, and the cheery, inviting kitchen always open to the friends who come to visit.

"At home in Ireland," she always says, "many's the crisis that has been settled by a cup of tea. Someone will want to tell about something that's troubling him, and we say, 'Wait until we put on the kettle and have our tea,' and it's taken for granted you can't talk until you have your cup."

"That is the way we would like it to be always at our home. People who are troubled or worried can have their tea and talk. But we hope that mostly they will come to be happy and comfortable with us, and to find us homely people."

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Barbara agrees. Blue eyes sparkling, she says, "I was sure we'd met before. Honestly, it wasn't a line either. Bob did look so familiar to me. He said, 'No, we've never met.' That's when it all started. Our first date? It took a week before he even asked! He had been a sergeant when we met, was then promoted to warrant officer. Afterward, we learned he came to rehearsal and asked if he could drive me home.

"I must say the islands were romantic," Barbera adds. "But, because not every girl has a chance at courtship in the splendor of a South Pacific setting, Bob generally picked me up after the show, and, though we didn't go anyplace special—so, anyplace where I'd have a chance to open my mouth—he said, 'You're hired!' I almost fell over the microphone.

"Thank you very much," I said. 'I just came in to ask for the job. What happened?' He explained that one of the announcers suddenly had been taken to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The station wanted someone who knew the board and could go to work immediately.

Ex-footballer Bob quickly developed into radio's triple-threat man. Not only was he staff announcer, but, in 1937, he also handled publicity for KEHE and did the sound effects on a show called The Story Of A Modern Girl's Romance. "This last job," he says, "came mainly because they couldn't afford the luxury of a real sound-effects man. Frequently, I put the headphones on another man and with nothing to do, I went home. The next morning, I returned to the station to apply as a staff announcer. Since I was still relatively rare, that wasn't what I expected to receive. I'd sooner come into the studio than I ran into the program director, Mayfield Kaylor. I felt I should have ten times the salary. But before I had a chance to open my mouth—he said, 'You're hired!' I almost fell over the microphone.

"Thank you very much," I said. 'I just came in to ask for the job. What happened?' He explained that one of the announcers suddenly had been taken to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The station wanted someone who knew the board and could go to work immediately.

Barbar and I were married at the Los Feliz Hills Church. The union was a happy one, and the couple had a daughter, Barbara, in 1939.

While Bob was working at the radio station, Barbara was establishing her reputation as a female announcer. She had been hired by the Mutual Broadcasting System to do a daily news show, and her success led to offers from other networks. In 1940, she was named the network's star female announcer.

Barbara was also a voice-over artist, providing the voice for many of the early radio shows, including The Lone Ranger and The Green Hornet. Her voice was beloved by millions of listeners, and she became known as "The Voice of the Pacific Coast."
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In time we got to know our own power and people had to pay off so we'd lay off.

To break up our closely intertwined natures—Mother had read a book which said this was not practical to meet the impending hazards of life—I was sent to the University of Michigan a whole year before Harriet. She vowed it was a plot to make her look stupid. This tickled my fancy—Davis realized that, if she'd look stupid, so would I.

I majored in pre-med for two years. Doctoring fascinated me. I guess I was a bit of a gypsy, and held a lofter aim in life. She was dedicated to restoring the old lost glories of the legitimate theater. She took the liberal arts course, majoring in dramatics, and came out of emerging as the Davis Sisters—stars of theater and amphitheater.

Our change-over came in my junior year. Our brother Evans, then the lead dancer with the national company of "Oklahoma," came to Chicago. We were very proud of him, and we journeyed to the Windy city to see him. After the show, Evans took us around to meet members of the company. Sometimes we went out together for a sandwich and coffee. I adored them all, the singers, the dancing bands, the works. I gaga over the comrades, the fun, the color, the activity, the pre-curtain jitters and the after-curtain exaltation and exhaustion, and the company. I realized I was not with me in this. She had suddenly cooled on the entire proposition. She seemed to enjoy the idea of the theater a good deal more than the reality. I was luxuriating in the sweet andantsweat, she recollected. Then she had met Perry Norton, a student with interests on sociology and city planning. She felt she was in love with the man, and not sure if she could understand the theatrical way of life. "I'm not sure I understand it myself anymore," she would complain.

But she was neither one of us could settle down to work. We were both dissatisfied with what we were doing. Harriet kept talking about the concerns of marriage, homemaking, raising children, building security, and talking about was the glamour of the stage and of the people of the stage.

One night Harriet said, "Remember when we were fourteen? You said you wanted to marry a nice man with a lot of brains and live in a quiet college town and have a family. I know now that was decidedly weak. "Well, you said you were going to be the next Sarah Bernhardt," I retorted. She gave an even more startled look, and she said, "I'm going to say yes and devote myself to raising a family to be proud of." The next day I dropped my pre-med course and acquired a fine chest tone and a black hat, and went to meet Sarah Bernhardt. In this respect, Harriet and I were alike, too. Neither one of us became the next Bernhardt.

But Young Mr. Styles. It was Harriet who married a nice man with brains and lived in a college town and is raising three wonderful children. True to the family tradition, one of them is named Ann Davis and the other two are Davis Kaye—know who. Latest news from them is surrounded by a aura of adventure. Perry is taking the family with him to Bangkok, Thailand, in connection with the Royal Thai government. On the other hand, I left college and immediately jumped to Cleveland, where I lent my talents to the Cain theater for a dollar a week. I didn't see the loan after a while and I then lent my talents to the Erie Playhouse for a year. That's my advice to young players. Don't wait to be asked before lending your talents, and never call in the loan until you're requested. At Erie Playhouse, I had varied roles, from teenage harrikins to simpering grandmas. A poet once said that Helen of Troy had a face that defied time. I guess mine does, too. There's nothing I'd like more, in those days, than one of those Alex Guinness parts where I could play grandmother, mother and child all on one face.

In 1949, after Father retired, we decided to find a wider world deserving of my pecuniary gifts, and we took off for California. There were few things more galling than being poorer than mine. We packed a station wagon with personal belongings, a tent, and a few cans of Sterno to cook with, and boldly set forth. I was the pitcher, the back-up tent-pitcher this side of the Pecos and could set up one in nothing flat. We were in a saving mood. In plain words, we only went to singles, but we were no mean toasts of restaurants and motels. We met no Indians, gunslingers or buffalo. But we were scared plenty by a succession of jackrabbits, kangaroo rats and plain old pup dogs, which curiously crowned us when our tent collapsed during a rain storm. We were frizzled by the sun, peppered by the sand and blasted by the wind. I don't think I enjoyed a pattern again. Its fun to be a pioneer—once. After that, you ask for it.

Mother and Davis heard about the San Joaquin Valley. Mother said she would love to go there, if there were. We found a well-chosen scientific reasons for settling there. All I wanted was a barn that looked like a theater. I finally found one—"the almost forgotten valley of the most wonderful years of my life were spent there. I did everything they let me do—acting, directing, collecting tickets, making off-stage noises.

From there, I traveled down the coast to Monterey and joined the Wharf Theater for a spell. By then, theater was in my blood, the blood that of the woman who has a couple of man-hungry books out for her photog-rapher-boss—played, of course, suavely,4 handsomely, magnetically (Mmmm!) by Bob. To Davis, it was our first appearance in regularly in featured roles are Rosemary De Camp, as Bob's sister; Dwayne Hickman, as her young son whose growing pains in manhood are amusing and touching to know... wonderful to work with.

Having spent seven years in little-theater work, where I learned the cardinal rule of doing it yourself if you want it done, I know this must be changed. What else can it be, when I can blithely turn to the prop man and warble, "Hey, Charlie, dah-lings, where in the world, my script calls for?" Such pretty courtesies are certain to endear one to all and sundry—and, if a sandwich doesn't drop on my noggin, I'll be forever grateful to the script for it. Davis ain't sure, but she's certain something will come out of the studio and Bob's hectic life. All the members of the company, including the office and technical staffs, are wonder.-ful people to know and wonderful to work with.

I got a note recently from a youngster attending my old alma mater, the Strong Vincent High School in Erie, Pa. He wanted to know what was the best way to break into show business. I answered as best I could. But, if I told the truth, I would have said simply—or like Harriet, "Bob and I are..." (At this juncture, it's only fair to point out that both Harriet and I came by our theatrical urge honestly. My mother, who was a former student of Scott Davis, was a character actress. He was director and the spirit of the playhouse founder, Harry Vincent, were full-fledged professional theater.)

I'm always on the phone with members of the Davis family. My bill has never hit lower than seventeen dollars a week. I'm thinking of buying some AT&T stock. Mother comes to visit frequently and rolls an alert eye when I don't look after the house. She's wondering whether she's trying to determine whether I'm an honest housekeeper or a feme fatale who's been entertaining men. Father is now seventy-three, and still on
French, the hair stylist, put her hair up like mine and it was set for both of us to appear. At the last moment, however, Harriet decided against it. When we were both on set, everyone was fooled, including George Burns. He started talking to Harriet, thinking it was me. When she started to explain, he barked, "I suppose you're going to tell me you're her twin sister?" Harriet laughed, "I was going to tell you that she was my twin sister.

In reply to a question asked me very often, I can truthfully say I'm happy playing supporting roles. Maybe that's my football training, because I was always a linesman. The parts of a supporting actress may be smaller than the lead, but they are usually more "unique" and more memorable. Also, she doesn't have the entire burden of the play on her back. There is almost no excuse for a supporting actress to turn in a sloppy job. I'm happy, my older sister Elizabeth is happy, my brother Evans is happy, my miniature French puddle Bijou (the larger size intimidates me) is happy, and even my little parent, Westley Weathercock, is happy.

But I'm not so sure my twin sister Harriet is happy. I have a hunch she is humiliated to look like anyone that plays a minor role. Sometimes I think she toys with the notion of throwing it on me and resuming her Joan Crawford personality, while I am relegated to the part of permanent baby-sitter. But as I have explained, this is only a passing thought. I'm willing to strike a bargain with her. If she will refrain from giving me advice on acting, I'll promise never to tell her how to raise a family.

I suppose, when all's said and done, I haven't made a very good her. Perhaps, after all, she would have done it better. Seeing how it feels to be a twin? Having been one always, let me ask, dear people: How does it feel not to have been a twin?

This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards!

(Continued from page 45)
also talked to Ralph Edwards himself.

Let's start the story with a flashback to a scene ten years ago. At the time, Ralph, you're the brilliant creator, producer, emcee of Truth Or Consequences. All over the country, the radio program has created a sensation.

You have a chance to get a very fine layout in Photoplay, the leading movie magazine, with all the stars, Bing Crosby. Photoplay is running an exciting series, "Play Truth Or Consequences with Ralph Edwards," in which you interview a star each month, asking him interesting personal questions. For every question they fail to answer, they have to pay a consequence.

To launch this, with a bang, Photoplay wants Alan Ladd and Bing Crosby. You've already done the Ladd layout. Crosby is next. Bing is one of the biggest stars in the movies, engaged in starring in one of his biggest productions at Paramount. Every lunch hour, he has to go to Decca to make recordings.

Consequently, he's as hard to land as the toughest of the tougher actors. Photoplay, of course, is doing the fishing. So crowded is Bing's schedule he has a very difficult time finding a spot in the day for another production. Deadline time is very close. Finally, Bing finds that he can spare twenty minutes, just before his shooting for the day begins. The pictures have been cut off entirely; otherwise, it will be very difficult to fit them into the production schedule. Bing says to Sue Clark, the girl who handles your publicity relations, "I have twenty minutes to give to this layout, from 9 A.M. to 9:20. Please ask Ralph not to be even one minute late, or there won't be enough time."

"Okay," says your faithful public-relations girl. "He'll be there at nine sharp.

Half an hour later, her phone rings. "Sue," you say, "about that appointment with Bing tomorrow. We'll have to lose it. Christine"—that's your oldest daughter, now fifteen—"is reciting at kindergarten tomorrow morning, and this I can't miss for anything or anyone. I'd have to be about forty-five minutes late. We'll just have to lose the layout. Please call Mr. Crosby and tell him."

So Sue calls Bing and explains. For a second, Bing explodes. Then he says, "Ralph is the smartest man I ever met. He must know that the only thing I'd stand still for is something like this. Damn it, he's right. A father should be there listening when his daughter is reciting. Let him come at ten. I'll do my best to get twenty minutes for the layout."

So, Ralph, you get the big layout with Bing in Photoplay. But, much as you desired that publicity, you would have given it up gladly if it meant losing Christine's kindergarten speech. . . .

For that is the kind of man you are, Ralph, the kind you've always been. You're nuts about your work; but your family—Barbara and your three children, Lauren, Gary and Christine—come first. And for kids—your own or someone else's—you'd make almost any sacrifice.

Only recently, Ralph, Sue booked you for a portrait sitting. She knows she can always count on you for such sittings. Sensibly, you realize that they are part of your
can't they. living janitor may You're. said, “I hate to do this to you, but I can’t keep that appointment for the portrait sitting. You’ve booked me on Harvard Day. I couldn’t possibly put Gary in the position of having a father who was too busy to show up at the Harvard Military Academy on Harvard Day.”

But it isn’t only for your own youngsters that you’ll give up portrait sitting, let desirable publicity go hang, or even, if necessary, give up badly needed sleep and rest. Remember the time when you had those five little farm children from Iowa on your show? Your show fell on Hallowe’en night, and you were worried that these youngsters might miss the thrill of wearing Hallowe’en costumes and of going “trick-or-treating.” So you asked someone to go shopping personally for their costumes, and to make them the most extravagant, gayest costumes money could buy.

But you didn’t stop there. You said, “Be sure somebody takes them out Trick-or-Treating.” Ordinarily, Janet Tighe, the production assistant—the first person your guests on the program meet in Hollywood—plays hostess. So you wondered if she could take the children out, then realized she couldn’t, since she had to be hostess at the big party at the Roosevelt for your guests who had been on the program. Sue said she’d be happy to take the youngsters with her, along with her son. You thanked her, but you were still worried. The kids hadn’t met Sue, and they were very bashful. You were afraid that they wouldn’t enjoy their Trick-or-Treating if they went with someone they didn’t know.

Finally, you decided that there was just one thing to do. Though you were almost completely exhausted after putting together narrating this Is Your Life, you were doing what youngsters might have someone whom they had met and knew to take them Trick-or-Treating. So you cancelled all your other plans for the evening and gave up the idea, to take a quick, restful snooze, so they wouldn’t miss the Hallowe’en rituals. You personally accompanied them everywhere.

You’re a very sentimental man, Ralph. Not sentimental about things, as a rule. But about people and, occasionally, about places. When I asked a close associate of yours what your favorite treasure was, she promptly replied, “Barbara.” . . . You’re sentimental, however, not only about your intimates like your wife Barbara, but about everyone who has ever played an important part in your life . . . like Miss Effie, your first-grade teacher.

But let’s start at the beginning, Ralph, and see what made you the kind of person you are.

You were born, Ralph, the youngest of three boys, in a small-sized white farmhouse with green window-facing, outside Merino, Colorado. Merino had a population of 183 people, and, as you sometimes said, three dogs. You were born on a sunny morning. . . . How well Paul, your oldest brother, remembers that morning. He’s the one who will tell you at the right time—for, instead of having a bed in the front parlor to sleep on that night, he and Carl, your middle brother, were sent off to the bunkhouse. He is ten years older than you, and remembers you as the kid brother who tagged after him whenever he was going out for track. You followed him rather helpfully; but he was so much older than you, he would deliberately lose you for a while, and then come back later, to pick you up before dusk. . . . Today, the two of you work in close harmony, for Paul is the executive producer of your daytime shows and in charge of the planning of new shows. Paul says that he now knows you better than he ever did when you were younger.

Though Paul and Carl regarded your birth with mixed emotions, your mother and father were unqualifiedly happy about it. Your mother had announced the facts to their friends. It may have taken your mother a little time to make the announcement, since she was an extremely busy woman. Only recently, Ralph, you received a memento you will always treasure. It came in the mail from Mrs. White in Indianapolis, Iowa. She had received it in Atlanta, mailed from your mother. The card announced: “There is a new visitor, Ralph Livingstone Edwards, 7 lbs. 6 ounces, born 13 minutes after 9, June 13, 1913. He’s a dandy, isn’t he?” On the other side of the card is the Benediction from Second Corinthians, chapter 13: “The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.” Amen.

And the love of God was with all of you, Ralph, and you were lucky. Of course, there were some who might not have thought you so very lucky, because the family was poor, the farm small, and your father had to fight Colorado blizzards in the winter and hot, dry spells in the summer to wrest a living from the farm. You were quite young, Ralph, when you learned to weed the garden, hoe the beets, milk the cows, and act as a janitor in church and school, along with your two brothers.
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81
Your very first Sunday there, you and your mother and your two brothers went in search of a church. And in that church, you found a sort of second home. You sang in the choir there, though you claim you can't carry a tune in a bag; you wrote plays for the church and performed in them; and, on Sunday mornings, you did pantomimes.

In high school, you were an honor student. But, as you got toward your senior year, you began to take more and more part in extracurricular activities. You were writing and producing plays for the school, and appearing in them, too. You were the yell leader, putting in lots more time on student rallies than on studies. You were very popular with your fellow students. In fact, you were so popular that you were elected president of your student council.

The very next day, you were summoned to appear before the principal and the student council. Elated, you entered the principal's office, thinking, but only one you might be congratulated. But, instead, you were confronted by students with solemn, unhappy faces, and your art-appreciation teacher sitting there, tears streaming down her eyes. You couldn't understand all this weeping. Then the principal said very solemnly, "It is the unwritten law in our school that no boy may remain president who has received an F in any of his studies."

And your art-appreciation teacher blurted out, between tears, "Oh, Ralph, I couldn't believe it! It seemed so terrible that I did this to you. I wasn't because you're a poor student. But you were spending so much time on extracurricular activities, I thought giving you an F would to your grades on your studies. That's why I did it, Ralph. I never dreamed it would cost you the presidency." You were so popular with the student council, that all went on strike to the point of the principal to reappoint you as president of the student council. But he wouldn't....

Ironically, your very next mark in art appreciation was an A.

Honestly, Ralph, being kicked out of the presidency is the only real hint of failure I've been able to find in your life. Oh, there was the time Sarah Law—well, that was quite a struggle and were down to your last dime—but never in your life have you been fired from a job, once you got it.

You've been in radio and TV since the tenth grade. I was a job on the air for KROW, a radio station, in Oakland, standing by for the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church. There was a wonderful mind there, a wonderful voice, but they shook the rafters. If his sermon ceased to come through or went off the air, it was your job to play appropriate background music. If the words were not moving, showing the sermon wasn't coming through, you would reach for the records with one hand, and open up the mike with the other. When you fell asleep, it was most dangerous. If you missed your cue, you'd be gone.

One day when this had happened, you said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that our program from the Tenth Ave. Baptist Church has been interrupted, but we shall be on the air after a while." So you reached in for the music, and the next moment, over the airwaves blared the words, "Hold That Tiger!" Since the recordings were spliced together, the hopla music was right next to the holy music, and you had made a very natural mistake. For the sake of speed, you had automatically put on the record without looking at its title.... You usually conclude this story by saying kiddingly, "So I went to San Francisco." Actually, Staf- fer KROW did not hold your mistake against you.

In San Francisco, you were successful in radio, but you wanted to try new fields of showmanship. So, when you heard of a role in a Broadway play that you might be able to get, you decided to go to New York.

When you left Oakland, your mother's parting words were, "Son, go to church." This was your whole background. Your mother, encouraging you, showing you the right path to follow.

So, when you came to New York, one of the first things you did was to look up the Union Methodist Church, commonly known as "Stern Jewish Church." And it was a lucky thing you did. For you found not only spiritual sustenance in the church, but, when you were down on your luck and things were going on Bernarr Macfadden's two-cent meals, you were mighty grateful for the opportunity to sleep on the church cots for twenty-five cents a night, and to cook some of your meals in the actors' kitchen there.

But, even with food and lodging provided for, you had very tough going in New York for a while. Your funds were soon used up, and you were barely one presentable suit, and finally you wore a hole through the right sleeve of the jacket. When you auditioned, you used to try to stand in the mirror and fasten the hole to cover the hole with your other hand.

After three months of struggling and getting nowhere in New York, you began to think that perhaps you had taken on a little bit too much for you. You wondered if you should have remained a bigger frog in a smaller puddle... But you were wrong. One day, an audition was held at CBS. There were found a couple of announcers trying out, and you got the job. And it was in spite of the worn sleeve you tried so desperately to hide! Somehow, you felt that this enabled those who were auditioning you to rise above such considerations as the lack of newness in your clothes. If they only admired you all the more for the pluck with which you conquered temporary poverty.

You became a very, very successful announcer. You were still an announcer, the day you met Barbara, who was to become the heart and core of your life. She was then a very pretty, wholesome-looking but radiant, vibrant Freshman student at Columbia College, and later, you became a Ben Bernie show, one of the shows on which you were the announcer.

You hadn't wasted those hours when you were; your grandfather was left alone with each other, learned a lot about his granddaughter from him. You courted her with fervor and enthusiasm. And she, in turn, fell in love with you, and finally, you made Barbara's first marriage proposal. You were married on August 19, 1930.

By this time you were one of the most successful announcers in New York. At one time, you were announcing forty-five radio shows a week, a fantastic number for anyone to undertake. ... But you put on new restless. You didn't feel love for the shows, and Barbara made you feel that you weren't spending enough time with your wife. You wondered if it wouldn't be better to be released from one show on radio, instead of doing the announcing for so many. Besides, your deep, creative nature is
What Have They Got Against Girl Singers?

(Continued from page 49)

who is two years younger. "But when she sang... wow! She has the intensity and the mature quality of a Teresa Brewer or a Kay Starr. Yet she's not an imitator. Her sound is her own."

The Victorians had a sentimental little phrase to describe this quality in a young girl. They spoke of her as "standing with reliquaries and broken brooks and rivers of sleep." In Bonnie, the blend of naiveté and sophistication is charming. Her favorite colors are pink and blue. She still collects stuffed animal toys to toss across the coverlet of her bed... but she also chooses as her favorite automobile a pink Thunderbird.

When she recorded "Deep Within Me" and "Kill Me With Kisses," Victor gave her record top importance. Carlton, whose duties usually keep him studio-bound, decided to introduce Bonnie himself. Said Joe, "It's an individual artist, not a disc-jockey tour out on a disc-jockey tour in ten years, but I figured this was the time to get a girl singer going. Bonnie has a star potential for television, movie and the stage, as well as her recordings."

Their tour took them to seven major cities and for Bonnie, away from home for the first time, it was quite an initiation. Never before closely chaperoned. In each city, the wife of the RCA Victor distributor or one of the firm's women employees met the plane and remained with her until her return. Bonnie had been so completely the center of attention. There were flowers and photographs and interviews with disc jockeys and reporters. It was a whirl which could turn the head of many a girl and tire her, too, but Bonnie went through it like a veteran. Joe reported, "She charmed everyone she met, and she was just as fresh and pretty and vivacious at the end of nine hours of such work as she was when she started out. The kid's a trouper, and I believe she will become a big star."

Deca Records' entry in the glamour-girl sweepsstakes is a nineteen-year-old, four-foot-eleven-inch bundle of energy who takes her professional name, Barbara Allen, from the frail heroine of one of the oldest and best-known ballads, but in private life she bears a closer resemblance to that famed sure-shot charmer, Annie Oakley. The blue-eyed, dark-haired girl loves to hunt, and her .22 rifle carries a deadly accuracy. She also can thump a bass fiddle, strum a guitar or play piano. "I like anything that lets me play a best." Barbara was born on a farm near Zuni, Virginia, about fifty miles from Norfolk. In her family, music just comes natural. Her father, Elisha May Lutter, can, in Barbara's words, "play most anything he puts his hands to." Barbara sang duets with her cousin "since we were knee-high to a fiddle. Her first audience was in her country church. It was the only one who could play piano and sing the preacher at the same time."

Her entertainment debut resulted from the incitement of another ambition. With her cousin, she went to Washington, D.C. "We had it in mind to be airline hostesses, but then she up and got married on me. Well, she licks, I didn't, so I went to Norfolk to sing with Chuck Bland and His Chuck-a-Lucks."

At one of their dance dates, the bass player from another band, Albert Woodcock, stopped Barbara in her tracks. "I didn't like him a bit at
first. I thought he was quite a square.
Just as with Miss Oliver, "Annie Get Your Gun," there was a period when each shouted at the other: "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better." When he was called up for Army duty, Barbara found she missed him. "Tom says," she says, "I was one of those things that sneaked up on me." On August 12, 1956, they returned to Barbara's home church at Zuni, and this time, Barbara was white. Matin, she covers her sentimental attachment for the place by saying, "I'd played piano there so long I figured they owed me a wedding." With her new husband in Korea, Barbara continued her career on the Garland Abbott Show on WTAR-TV in Norfolk. Last spring, she went over to Nashville to visit friends who were appearing on Grand Ole Opry. Again, a chance encounter proved fruitful. Vic McAlpin, a free-lance songwriter, stopped in at a little cafe near the WSM studios where Barbara and her friends were having coffee. Impressed by her zest and vitality, he suggested she come over to the studio and try out a few tunes. Barbara kicked off her shoes, faced up to the mike and started to sing.

Paul Cohen, a & R man at Decca Records, agreed with McAlpin that Barbara was a discovery. When Decca released "Between Now and Then" and "Make Up Your Mind," Billboard, too, was enthusiastic in its review. Remarkable that she sang with "plenty of heart and feeling" on the first side—and, in a contrasting mood, exuded vitality and showmanship on the second—they passed the judgment: "A sock new voice for the country-and-Western market, with a marked appeal for the pop field as well."

The future looks bright for Barbara Allen and equally happy for Mrs. Albert Woodroe Tunnell. Al completed his Army service last summer. They took a new honeymoon and went to visit his parents in Arizona. In September, they settled down in Nashville. Al thinks one musical career is simply not enough in a family. "Would you believe it?" Barbara says, "He's studying to be a mortician!"

At Columbia Records, too, the equal-rights policy is in effect. Fantasy A & R man Mitch Miller says, "I don't believe in song cycles or singer cycles, either. To get a hit, you must create, not imitate. Then they have a good record. If the girls make good records, they'll get their share of the popularity." Mitch has the satisfaction, this season, of seeing one young singer whom he signed as a teenager grow into a top star status. Jilly Corey drew one of the most sought-after assignments in TV when she was chosen to be one of the five leads in Your Hit Parade.

Mitch has another ready to make a bid for the Top Tunes. Remember little Gayla Peevey? She's the ten-year-old from Ponca City, Oklahoma, who, in 1953, sang: "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas." Gayla got the hippo—and gave it to a zoo. She also got a floc of television engagements, a Columbia recording contract and offers for matinée pictures.

Her parents believed that Gayla had some normal growing-up to do, before getting too much caught up in the big whirl, and retired her for a time. Now that she's fourteen, she has stepped out with two swingy new tunes, "I Want You to Be My Guy" and "Too Young to Have a Broken Heart." Gayla is still more interested in high school than high scoring on the record charts, but she's getting the experience which could well make her a star. Mercury Records' chips are down on a disc called "Sixteen," rocked and rolled by a pert little Chicago miss who is exactly her height andwhose father is a construction supervisor who plays violin and piano. Her mother takes an active part in community theater productions. Joy's favorite childhood game was to pretend she was a movie star.

Joy was a fifteen-year-old student in Lyon Township high school when she secured an audition with Art Talmadge, A & R man for Capitol Records, who plays his hunches about new talent. Patti Page, Frankie Laine, Jim Lowe, Ralph Marterie, The Crew Cuts, The Diamonds, are just a few he started to fame.

He also was ready to play his hunch about a tune called "Your Wild Heart." Art and a musical director, Carl Stevens, were trying to determine whose voice would be best for the tune. He heard Joy walk in. Art says, "She was bouncy and bright-eyed and carrying her mascot." The mascot was a squeaky toy dog called "Brownie."

Joy tried some ballads. When Art heard how she belted them out, he had her try "Your Wild Heart." Joy gave it a fresh, new ring. Art says, "Our search was over. This was our girl!"

When the record was released, disc jockeys flipped at the sound, but they questioned promotion director Kenny McAlpin, whose voice was heard often on the air. He had come from a fifteen-year-old girl. My- ers mailed out pictures. They still couldn't believe it. Myers then found the con- vincers. He sent out photostatic copies of Joy's birth certificate.

"Your Wild Heart" was such a hit that Joy has followed it up with "My Suspicious Heart" as the flip side of her new hit record "Sixteen." With such a combination, she's sure she again will be lucky.

At Dot Records, tall, willowy young brunette named Carol Jarvis has a song made to order for the girls to play when they want to send a musical message to that certain boy. The title is "Rebel," and it tells a swaying story. Larry Marlin, whose father is a mortician, warns the girl to avoid. He, however, sees deeper. She adores him and believes in him. The reverse side is "Whirlpool of Love." Carol delivers the ballads with style, with emotional beat.

Away from the microphone, Carol herself bubbles. She was born in Chicago, the daughter of a police officer. Because of this, Carol's family moved west when she was eight. The move, to California. Carol's singing career started when the Sisters at St. Bernardino asked her to put on the junior play. I immediately appointed myself the star, the playwright—"We did a take-off on This Is Your Life. In it, I was supposed to be a singer, so naturally I had to sing a few numbers. People started to say things like, 'Oh, I want to sing. My family encouraged me, but I really didn't know I wanted to be a singer. It just worked out that way.'

Her first professional job—"where I got paid money"—was in Art Linkletter's show. She also did a few shows with Lawrence Welk. It was all a lark to Carol. "I was eighteen and didn't know what I wanted." Then I got a part in a show, which was just new and fun. I liked the applause and the glory. It was simply doing

people and singing. Now she wants to be a musician. "Someday I can.

who can get up and be very relaxed and still know exactly what I'm doing and get the audience over to my side every time. I understand what I want to do.

Carol continues to live with her family in Covina. Her room, which she decorated, is very frilly. "It's the odd-ball room of the whole house. Where the
Our Gal Sally

(Continued from page 25) viewpoint to go with the view," jokes one of her admirers.

Joan considers this a second, smiling across half an acre of greenery to where Marie Windsor, the film star, and husband Jack Hupp, sit in their patio in the pool. "If I answer that directly, it'll sound like I was bragging," she finally replies. "I'll quote Marie there, instead. She told me French days ago, that the old Caulfield may have been two touch clouds, but the new one not only has that, but her feet on the ground, besides. That was the grandest compliment she could have paid me. I was flattered. I had been long enough to pass around a plate of fresh-baked cookies, then adds: "I think she still needs a few moorings to hold me down."

With regard to the "new Caulfield," her friends and fans insist that there weren't any flies on the "old Caulfield," either. It's just that the glamour girl, as she became a woman, began to see the need of responsibility and self-control. The girl who paraded her beauty and enthusiasm into fame and a fortune, as a model, actress and entertainer, has come to the turn in the road where exuberance, however charming, can no longer be taken as it's given.

An incident that occurred during the making of her latest television series, Sally, should tell the story. Shortly after Sally had finished her French days at Le Clan, she was bounced onto the sound stage. In the back, over the setting up of a shot were her husband, producer Frank Ross, whose movie productions of "The Robe" and "Rains of Ranchipur" were among the memorable hits; directors William Asher; veteran actress Marion Lorne, the rich matron who employs mischievous Sally as her traveling companion; and various members of the crew. "Listen, everyone," Joan bubbled, "I've got a terrific idea. Wouldn't it be great if—"

Here she stopped, embarrassed.

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**NAME_________________________**

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The really maturity will hard.

Joan went on to do a topflight job in "Petty Girl" and—as she once put it—"I'd not only gotten the beat, but a husband to boot."

"Petty Girl" was directed by Michael Curtiz for Paramount Studios. Joan is now carrying on that tradition in Sally, the latest film in which she stars. It's a gold medal-winning effort by Joan, according to the Moscow Art Theater. The other is a diamond bracelet, the gift of her husband, on completion of "Rains of Ranchipur," for being a "wonderful Joan."

She was happy again. Being Frank's wife was the "red-letter event" of her life. But it was not the same Joan. She had learned a lesson and she was not likely to forget it. She knew now that she would have to be short of time and energy, since she began the search for a more mature approach to things. She began to surprise her friends by asking questions about their attitudes toward life and to show an interest in politics and philosophy. She was still leaping, but not without trying to think first.

And Frank was working with her patiently and wisely. She came home from a hot day of filming, tired and overworked. Frank was dressed, ready to take her to a dinner party. "I can't do it," she protested. "I have to learn and I just can't face a roomful of people tonight."

"I know you've had a hard day," Frank said gently. "I know that the tests have probably had a hard time, too. They'll come because they don't want their hosts to be disappointed. How you look is not as important as what you have learned. You'll feel if you don't show up at their table. Not to go because of how you look is only another way of thinking exclusively of yourself. It's a form of selfishness."

Frank, who was consistent Joan of something Michael Chekhov had said. "A truly fine artist has control over his medium and his emotions at all times. He doesn't have to live out his experiences."

"I suddenly realized," admitted Joan, "that I had been bringing my roles home and playing them day and night. I saw that there was something thrilling only of my self and my career. It was not great art. It was only self-indulgence."

Through Marion Lorne, Joan grew to admire the subtle and quiet manner of presenting oneself. Before working so closely with her, Joan had been inclined toward the theory that "bubbling vivaciousness" was equivalent to youth. If you plunged in with exuberance, she felt, people would listen.

"Marion's a real trouper, a bundle of energy who never gets dull or complains, and who always makes you feel you pointed out. "But more important, she knows how to curb the energy, and how to put these ideas before you. She makes her suggestions calmly, little by little, so as not to criticize. She's hard to faze if another viewpoint points out. This is discipline. This is maturity in action. And yet she is younger in spirit than any of us."

Marion and Joan began doing day together. They begin early—6:35 A.M., to be exact—when Joan picks up Marion at the Beverly Hills Hotel. They drive to gether to the Paramount Studios where Caulross is shooting the Sally series.

"Sally's bright frame of mind, along with her complete calmness, starts my day off sensibly," Joan confesses. They pick up coffee and chocolate doughnuts, then head for the Paramount center. Sally then begins at nine and continues until six, with one hour for lunch. By the time Joan drops Marion off at the hotel, it's after seven and Joan usually isn't through with work until 9 p.m. Sometimes she'd never have time to answer a question, either a matter of planning of measures, control and discipline—or allowing her home, family life, and career to fall into a chaotic mess. This would cause Joan much laughter.

Making Sally has also taught Joan some stern lessons. "Being the star of a show is one kind of responsibility. Being the wife of the leading man is another. When Frank was casting for the show, Joan noticed the names of certain actors on the call sheet. Forgetting, for the moment, her resolution not to take up compliments, she urged that these actors be given an extra bonus they'd be out of work for some time. Frank had to put his foot down. "I appreciate your kindness, Joan," he told her, "but this is business. The agents and I settle on a price and that's what we pay. I'm always for a good price for a good job, but if we start tossing bonuses around, then we're doing a disservice to everyone who will be out of work.""

Learning not to be self-conscious about the wife of a leading man is hard to Joan. At the beginning, she felt called on to be extra nice to all the cast. She began to overdo the compliments and praise. "She nearly ruined a few fine actors," Frank laughed. She must feel so important that, by the time we got around to shooting, they were telling the director how to direct and the cameraman how to take pictures.

Joan likes to tell one on herself which evidently has some meaning for her: While doing My Favorite Husband, and just to change clothes on a very hot day set to set so quickly that a screen was placed on stage to expedite matters. She would step behind the screen, change, and then move out into the next scene, sometimes with only one shoe on. Since it was done "live," the audience would greet these flurries with loud bursts of laughter. One night, something happened that was far from funny to Joan. She had to change from a heavy wool ski suit into a slick black dress in thirty seconds. She slipped behind the screen, tugged at the zipper—it refused to come down. She grabbed the waist band and the robe girl worked frantically until the assistant director hissed, "Rip it—rip it off!"

Joan still shudders at the memory. "Have you ever seen a costume ripping out for you?"

Well, sometimes I think of that when I let my enthusiasm run away with me and do something foolish before I can catch myself up. I think that ripping off one set of clothes and replacing it with another is a very much like trying to rip off that suit with the zipper stuck. But I managed then, I'll make good on this more imporant change."

In planning Sally, Frank felt that her clothes should be kept simple and average, to fit the pocketbook of a paid companion. Joan's companion was a Miss Banford, being wealthy, would want her companion to look well and so would be willing to pay for it. "Frank argued that Sally in regular clothes," said with Mrs. Banford," Joan explained. "Answered that the modern American shop girl is very smartly turned out and Sally should show this trend. Frank made some good points but I really felt I was right and could convince him if I didn't press too hard. I decided to win, but softly."

Joan knew that Audrey Hepburn is one
of Frank's favorite stars. When it came
time to make a series of trailers for Sally,
she reported to Shirley and picked a hat to wear in each trailer that
would advertise the coming episode. When
she got home that evening, Frank asked her
what sort of hats she had selected.
"I picked the ones you admired on Au-
drey Hepburn in 'Funny Face.'"

"But those were models' hats—creations
for display, not for a woman to wear in
ordinary circumstances," replied Bar-
bara. 

"You loved them on Audrey—I think the
audience will like them on Sally. Besides,
the hats models wear today will be worn
by the working women of tomorrow."

Frank threw up his hands. "All right,
darling. We'll give it a chance."

For a finish, many of Joan's outfits for
the show were designed especially for her
by Maxwell Scheff, one of Hollywood's
top designers.

When Frank had first come up with this
idea for a TV series and had hired one of
very few clever scriptwriters and the job,
it became necessary to find a name for
the producing company. Since they were
both putting money in it, Frank at
first suggested Rosscaul Company. Joan
opened her mouth at this, but caught her-
self and shut it again. "If you think that's
the right sound, it's fine with me," was
her only comment. A few weeks later, he
told her it had been decided to name it
Caulross. More euphonious. "So, with-
aout a fuss, I got top billing after all," she
laughed affectionately.

On a marble patio surrounded by four
acres of tastefully landscaped green and
growing things, one of Hollywood's loveli-
est ladies pours iced tea for a circle of
friends. They relax with her, chat, laugh,
share fond memories. Suave and hand-
some, her husband has just come out with
a guest. He has been showing this friend
in the house—a favorite place—designed in the modern French manner
by architect John Woolf and decorated
by Loretta Young's mother, Mrs. Gladys Bel-
zer. Both these newcomers stand listen-
ing to the wintry sun outside the window
and husband have come out of the pool
and are resting in the sun.

The next guest, as the talk comes to a
full, approaches his blond hostess and
kisses her on the cheek. "So, Joan . . .
you've got yourself a mature philosophy," he
teases. "So what does it get you?"

"You mean that my eyes go large and
electric; her reply is swift, eager and
sincere. "I hope it will get me happy," she
returns, smiling up at her friend. "I hope
it will get me the respect of my husband
and the understanding of everyone I work with. And I hope it will get me the approval of
my fans. Isn't that worth trying for? Isn't
that enough?"

A soft wind is rising; shadows from the
French garden are beginning to scallop the
edges of the lawn. The household dog
lopes on to the patio and settles at his
master's feet. He listens, nods, and
bobs his head. An expression of tender en-
joyment is deepening on his face. His
wife is smiling at him and he answers with a
smile of his own. He is content. The
loveliest girl in the world is growing up. . . .

Shakespeare and the Showgirl

(Continued from page 32) hesitantly,
"Miss Hall, I hope you won't
mind my interrupting like this—but I think
you're about to lose that button!" Barbara
looks down at one of her sleeves, which
are swollen by a single thread, blithely
tells it loose. "Thanks for your kindness," she
smiles at the unknown woman—who re-
plies, "Not at all. And congratulations!
It's the third time during dinner that a
stranger has come over to the table, on
one well-intentioned pretext or another,
to say, "Congratulations, Miss Hall.
"This button is about to fall off your
vest.""

Miss Hall smiles. "I'm not sure."

The very fact that the button is about to
fall off the vest is an interesting fact. It has
now been some fifteen
shopping days since Barbara Hall deposited
her $64,000 winnings. Fifteen days since
she became the first of the new breed down on Saks, Bonwit Tellers' or Berg-
dorf Goodman's and buy the sleekest,
chic-est wardrobe ever designed for
any young woman. Instead, there is, dining
at a single night club, a young woman
who has bought long ago, off some rack marked
dramatically reduced."

But how? After all, clothes, like dia-
monds, are a girl's best friend. But
Barbara has a simple explanation.

"Oh, I've shopped," she says, "Window-
shopped, that is. But somehow I haven't
been bothered by a need for new gar-
ing on clothes." She adds, reflectively
and seriously, "You see, this incredible,
fabulous break has a very unique value
for me. I used to believe that personal
value which simply doesn't translate into ownership of things
or possessions. A chi-chi evening gown
wouldn't express it. No, the real value in
this is the long-range value, so I've
brought this study now—continued
the training I need to make the grade in
my chosen field. The true value of this
sudden fortune is that it's like breathing
during oxygen after being confined to a window-
less room."

The "windowless room" is Barbara's
figure of speech for a long, long stretch of
striving to gain acceptance as a profes-
sional actress. If one could draw a chart of
Barbara's morale during her quest for
the recognition she seeks, the graph lines
would show up all the valleys representing a jittery mixture of
encouraging plus-es, of frustrating
minus-es, of many compromises and second-bests
from which she had to mention times when Barbara
didn't even remember the next day's meal
was coming from.

The highs and the lows require very
little strain of Barbara's memory. She
can still dimly recall the optimistic begin-
nings as a girl in suburban Pittsburgh.
Well-to-do family . . . nice, substantial
home in middle-class Mt. Lebanon . . .
the usual crush of engagements (although
"next door," in this instance, was a
whopping big farm adjacent to the
Halls' own seven-acre property). She
can never forget the muscle-ache and
breath of six of her years while training for ballet at the best private
school Pittsburgh could boast. She can
still savor the thrill of that first applause
when the address was read from the
Hall's high school commencement
(by her high-school classmates acted
"A Date With Judy") and, later,
"Little Women.

After she graduated from high school,
I wanted to continue with my ballet train-
ning but couldn't find a college that had
an adequate dance department," she says.
"I enrolled in the Drama School at Car-
negie Institute of Technology, one of the
country's finest."

Definitely a top-ranking school, clearly
the correct environment for a highly
exacting background in the work of Elizabethan
dramatists. "I took courses in Shakespeare,"
Barbara smiles, "but I was just a C-plus
student."

Above and beyond her academic endeavors,
Barbara was blazing up some
professional acting experience between
terms. In 1953, she was resident ingenue
with the William Penn Playhouse. Ditto, in 1954, with the Little Lake Arena Theater. She played a supporting role in "The Little Hut" at the Pittsburgh Playhouse in 1955—the year she earned her Bachelors. In May, she graduated from Carnegie Tech Drama School.

A decent enough start for a young hopeful. But now, having had fond adieu to her ivy-covered temple of Thespis, what next? More to the point—how? Barbara had been backed up by a wealth of material supplied from her family. Mother, dad, sister—all of them had been unstinting in their approval of Barbara's intense drive to find her place in the world. Barbara signed wholeheartedly with her dad's summation of the situation: She had had every possible advantage; she'd received a superlative education; from now on, it was up to her. She'd have to go it alone.

Go she did—alone and quite far from home, for the first time in her life. The place? Hampton, Western Pennsylvania. Hampton nestled on the Atlantic near the eastern tip of Long Island. Ironically, East Hampton is a village where the natives point with pride to the illustrious John G. Payne—who wrote "Home Sweet Home." But Barbara's reason for going there was the John Drew Theater (very prominent in the straw-hat circuit)—or what's left of it. A village so wealthy and happy (and not wealthy enough to put a pictureque East Hampton vicinity, visit spots like old Hook Mill, a windmill built in 1806—or pedal along those narrow paths out on the sand dunes, drinking in that marvelous tawny seascape.

July and August were golden months that passed all too swiftly in the quaint seaside village. Hampton was a village, or so her family had known, a village. So in the Lori's, she seemed to be, all that summer. I used to tell myself, this bike is my very own. When I got time away from rehearsals and other daytime chores at the theater, the bike symbolized freedom. Freedom from the world. Freedom from the picturesque East Hampton vicinity, visit spots like old Hook Mill, a windmill built in 1806—or pedal along those narrow paths out on the sand dunes, drinking in that marvelous tawny seascape.

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The next best thing proved out to be one in a supermarket. Before a series of select, limited audiences, Barbara Hall demonstrated paper towels. Grubby, completely off-brand products, the work nevertheless held the specter of hunger at arm's length. Weeks and weeks of that grind—then Barbara lined up a part in a New York, again among the seascape.
The accent was French. Barbara experienced an inward jolt of surprise. And she had had the chap pegged as a Dane or a Norwegian!

Gesturing toward a telephone booth inside the building entrance, the young man said, "I am trying to make a call. Please, could you give me change for a half-dollar?" Barbara obligingly dug into her coat pocket. In her other hand she had a nickel. She fetched out a quarter, two dimes and a nickel. The blond young man exchanged coins and uttered profuse thanks.

He spoke her name, the name inside that phone booth," Barbara recalls—adding, "and I suppose I lingered outside too long a time. Maybe I rationalized it by telling myself I might want to know minutes for that date of mine to show up.

Voila. In no time at all her French-accented Scandinavian was standing near, looking even more lost, more forlorn. Home was Paris, and this had resulted in a "doesn't answer." Now he brought out a pack of cigarettes and fumbled elaborately and unsuccessfully for a match. His blue eyes caught Barbara's. He shrugged his shoulders. The gesture seemed to say, "Again, I need a small favor." Barbara dug into her pocket a second time and took out a book of matches. A flame was lit. It has been burning intensely ever since.

Looking back at that strange moment, Barbara insists she was determined. She had been on a date that had failed to show up. It seems that her determination wavered somewhere during that fateful little interval of cautious small-talk after the hint of coquetry that may have lighted his cigarette. It seems that he intuitively understood the situation and quickly made it clear that he, too, had been held up, stranded in his own little philosophy that it would be wasteful and unignorable of all of them to go their separate ways—alone and forsaken—and would she please have dinner with him?

Barbara Hall—the girl for whom poise and nonchalance are a professional "must," the girl who was later to stand up before an audience of millions, calmly answering difficult poses concerning the works of Will Shakespeare—was panicked and flustered by the sudden suggestion. Her good nature notwithstanding, wearing faded blue jeans and a vivid Italian-styled sports blouse under her camel-hair polo coat. What's more, she had precious little ready cash in her change purse—and it was a rubber band between her and the acquaintances pick up the restaurant check. However, even the most stringent rule had its exceptions, she reasoned. And she was faced with the choice of eating a cheeseburger, eaten in lonely silence. And—that was a charming accent accompanying the young man's otherwise excellently spoken English. Barbara did have that small-boy air of helplessness, of aloteness in a strange city.

After weighing the various factors, Barbara said yes, she would accept his invitation. She went out to the other end of the lobby and told the young man she would be gone. In a way that was hard to define, it contained more than a small tinge of excitement. Sensing it but not understanding it, she did not know (more than she could know of the other good fortune destined to come her way), Barbara Hall had begun her climb to a plateau in show business, eventually the day that Hal March would ever point to.

And so she dined with the stranger, the handsome young Frenchman—whose name, she learned, was Lucien. Of course. He told her. His second "home" was New York and, approximately every six days, the duties of his job set him down in either place. Lucien's job? Trans-Atlantic airliner.

The food they ate was in a little restaurant in Manhattan's West Fifties is scarcely remembered by Barbara. Vividly stamped in her memory is Lucien's word-picture of his own background. How Lucien's words became a window through which she saw the wide boulevards, the gaiety of night life in boites like La Lune Rousse on the Rue Pigalle—places like the Cirque Medrano, the Cabaret of Montmartre or gory melodrama being enacted at the Théâtre du Grand Guignol. Of the art galeries and the concert halls she was introduced to by the bearded Dane seen from a bridge on the Seine.

Understandable for a Lucien Verdoux to speak with such love about his native city. In all, Barbara had known fellow Americans who described Paris in glowing phrases. Presently, though, she and Lucien were discussing New York, and other aspects of America. A delighted, fascinated Barbara sat listening as Lucien spoke with the same ardor, the same first-hand knowledge about the joys of Jones Beach, about a pilot's-eye view of stately Washington, D.C., sunset, about American movies—"I am mad about your Westerns!"—and especially about jazz. She learned that, for Lucien, jazz was not merely a nightly experience but a way of life. He had heard every style of it played, listened to it in every kind of place in the States and on the Continent.

And they discussed Barbara, too—with Lucien. He was feeling very seriously on her as she traced her job-by-job, frustration-by-frustration journey to nowhere. She spoke of her more recent steps in this direction, of how her voice, her gifts had caused her to take a job "on the line" at the Copacabana—one of Manhattan's smart-smart night spots, but certainly not the kind of job that waited bread-and-butter job again as a showgirl in the 1957 edition of the "Ziegfeld Follies."

And so, on an evening in April, the first momentous event had taken place— the personal one. Shortly after, Barbara was weighing to herself, Only a few hours, and I feel I've known him all my life.

Now to the second, the public event. It is June—some weeks later—with the sun bravely trying to brighten the drabness of many a snow-covered house not far from a bridge that spans Manhattan's East River. On the top floor, inside her $26-a-month cold-water—walk-up, Barbara answers the telephone. It is a call from the office of that other agent. Listening to the voice with combined elation and disbelief, Barbara hears the producer's Girl Friday say, in effect: "Got your interesting letter. It seems to me—Come on over and fill out an application."

That was Barbara's "ready" cue. Waiting in the wings, so to speak, she did some quick thinking. She studied the script, presently "on stage" for a performance that won the hearts of millions.

Barbara Hall—actress, showgirl, scholar—regards herself as a double-winner. Of her of course, she says, "I've had romances with young men during college, but they are paled to insignificance by my relationship with Lucien. We have this interest in a love for Shakespeare and are sharing the same appreciation for things, thinking the same ideas, enjoying the same things. We have no need for glamour. Why, we can sit on the couch, eating junk food and feel we're on top of the world!"

And Barbara further says, "I'm going to study with Harold Clurman. I'm going to work twice as hard so that I can match Lucien's appreciation of jazz."

And Barbara further says, "I want our children to speak French—my father was a poet."

90
More Than a "Movie Star"

(Continued from page 36)

Madeleine recalls. "I was always happy, too. I used to feel less like a movie star. As a matter of fact, I never meant to be a movie star at all. I wanted to be a doctor. Nothing dramatic, just a general practitioner like Anne Frank. Five times a week on radio. This role is, in a way, a childhood dream come true."

The war years were not exactly the sort of stuff of which dream roles are made, but when Jan-Luger visited Madeleine, like countless others who went through them, emerged with an entirely new approach to life, with a deeper understanding of the body and its needs. "There was a feeling during the war that several of the things I was doing were going to be spoiled, one could never have a perfect day. But after the war, I think we've all become more familiar with the body and mind," she has said.

Proof of this feeling she has for people comes across in her current ABC show, The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry, is evidenced in the fan mail, so different from most of the letters she got in Hollywood. These are from serious, intelligent people, some of them in the medical profession. Madeleine is particularly proud of those from doctors' families, who tell her they've "never sensed a false note. Others comment on her emotional understanding of her patients — her warmth and understanding. If there were awards for "perfect casting," Dr. Gentry's producer, Hi Brown, would collect them, too."

"There hardly is an incident in the Anne Gentry scripts that doesn't ring a bell in my memory of those war years," Madeleine reports. "I particularly enjoy the rivalry between Philip Heiskell, the widower, and me, the surgeon. I saw so much of that sort of thing in hospitals overseas. Even though they must work together, the two great powers of medicine and surgery seem always in conflict. The surgeon is inclined to think of himself as godlike — which isn't strange, I suppose, when you have the ability to save a bit of brain together. The physician feels that he is the one who cures, and thinks of the surgeon as a good carpenter or technical man. They'd rather die than admit it, but it's true, and it's fascinating to watch and listen to."

The Gentry show premiered in January of this year and, from the beginning, Madeleine has been delighted by the literature of the show. She has made only one suggestion. She thought Anne was "a little too antiseptic" at the start. Too holier-than-thou. She called writer Louis XV, and said, "Now that Anne has been established as a very moral person, can't we pep her up a little? Let her fall on her face or something? She ought to buy a silk blouse and wear it."

In his role as publisher of Life and a vice-president of Time, Andrew Heiskell travels a good deal. Madeleine tries always to be there when he returns. So far this year, they have been to Europe, as well as to Chicago, Washington, Houston and White Sulphur Springs. Because she is a writer and editor, Madeleine worries when she knows, anywhere in the country, about a baby who needs her. "I really can't stand it."

"I don't know how to help the family if I can't be with them. I just care too much about a baby's life."

"And when I can't be there, it makes me feel silly, doesn't it?"

Fortunately, there is "Madrémère." Madeleine's French mother, who has been living with them for the past three years. "Andrew is such a fun person with Mother around the house," Madeleine confides. He speaks French like a native. He was born in France and spent the first twenty years of his life there. Mother loves it when he refers to her as our 'built-in baby-sitter.'"

For a couple who must, of necessity, do a tremendous amount of reading, there could be no more perfect haven than their charming, three-story home, with its broad expanses of sweeping down to the water. The living room is large, with French doors opening onto a terrace. The furnishings are primarily Louis XV, Provincial, with an occasional exception like the Oriental rug that covers the floor. There is a built-in bookcase along one wall and a spinet which Anne-Madeleine is learning to play. The Henley table at the back of the room is filled with very fragile Chinese lamps — mute testimony to the quiet manners of the Heiskells' two Sealyhams, Susy and Robbie, who have the run of the house.
In contrast to the pale yellow draperies in the living room, the floor is carpeted in brown. Before the fireplace there is a large rug of a soft Chinese red, and sitting easily upon it are a large divan, coffee table and three easy chairs. The divan and two of the chairs wear slipcovers of a light yellow auburn, brown, pale green and the same soft Chinese red in a French pattern chosen primarily for "dogs and children."

Madeleine's study is on the second floor, a charming room reflecting the warmth of her own personality. There are built-in bookcases lining the rear wall and, at the front, windows overlooking the water. Framed above her desk are two of her dearest possessions—the French Legion of Honor award for her post-war work with Europe's lost children and in the rehabilitation of returned concentration camp survivors, and the U. S. Medal of Freedom, this country's highest civilian award. Madeleine became an American citizen in 1943. Her adopted home country is apparent. "When I look out over the water," she says wistfully, "it's nice to know there's nothing between us and Europe but two lighthouses."

Living on the water has its disadvantages, though, she is frank to admit. During the last hurricane, there was seaweed everywhere. For a day or so, Madeleine said, "But we love it," she says. "Weekends, we sail together. Oh, not at all in the grand manner. We have two small boats. A kayak through which you lap up, for paddling or sailing, and a 'salt fish' with a keel and sail. It holds three and we often take Amé-Madeleine, lashed to the mast. She doesn't swim very well!"

But the aquatic department Amé-Madeleine makes up in charm. An intelligent, dignified child given to changing her dresses three times a day, she can usually wear the smallest right around her finger. But, when she needs help in the gentle art of persuasion, there is always Mother.

"She came in one day," Madeleine says, "complaining that her best friend, Billy Mitchell, wouldn't go down to the beach. I told her to try asking him very sweetly, to say, 'Billy, dear, won't you please do it for me?' It worked and I was wondering if the child psychologists would approve!"

Madeleine's own childhood was a study in contrasts. Born in West Bromwich, England, of a French mother and an Irish father, she led a "very poor but sheltered" life, so uneventful that, had there been any, she would have felt her future exciting, nobody would have believed it. John Car- roll, a professor of languages at the University of Birmingham, was a brilliant man but a strict disciplinarian, with punishments of "Mother," she had to take my sister and me for long walks and all three of us would laugh loudly at the silliest things, just for sheer relief.

Small wonder that the child Madeleine spent many hours with her nose buried in the books her mother had brought from France. Before she was six, Madeleine had read, in French, everything from Balzac to Zola. Not to mention every book on medicine that she could lay her hands on. She doesn't remember the time she didn't want to be a doctor.

She wanted to get a medical degree at the University of Birmingham, but her father insisted she carry on in his field—professional boxing. This distressed and resentful, Madeleine ignored her own classmates and, much to her father's displeasure, sought out the medical students, whom she was sometimes able to persuade to sneak her in the dissecting room, where she never "batted an eye."

This same courageous spirit, which has been so evident throughout her career, stood her in good stead when, four years later, she was faced with her first important decision. Chosen by her fellow students to play the lead in the senior play, she received—as a result of her excellent performance—an offer to join the Bir- mingham Repertory Company, professional birthplace of such celebrated stars as John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson. Once again Madeleine said "no, and, with the magnificent defiance of an Elizabeth Barrett, Madeleine left her father's house. For two weeks, she tutored herself, in English and French second-hand dealer and, with the magnificent sum of thirty-two shillings, set out for London to be interviewed for a teaching job.

She received the job and was sent to a private school in Brighton. But the stage had bitten deep, and when her performance in an amateur show prompted her father to write her, Madeleine wisely to consider the theater seriously as a career, Madeleine turned her back on teaching forever. She wrote to Dennis Eakle, an actor-manager in London, and then, a week or so later, in her touring in several road shows When a nationwide search was launched to discover "the ideal British film type," Madeleine was a candidate. One day she received a letter from the director, "You're not the Madeleine Carroll." And she would reply, "Of course not. I'm the poor man's Madeleine Car- rroll." Madeleine was the perfect choice for the good-natured war worker Madeleine Carroll was finally working on a hospital train which picked up wounded at the front and took them to base hospitals.

She has to go as far into German territory as you could and then retreat," she explains. "The Germans had little respect for the neutrality of the Red Cross. Some of the nurses were shot. The good-natured ribbon would strike us all as hilarious at three o'clock in the morning."

Her most satisfying work came with the body disfigured and the amputees, many of whom had been shot by German soldiers who had appeared to be on American soil. She scolded with Lord Ral- lah, who headed an important Air Force re- habilitation program in the States. "I'd try to impress the boys with this," Made-leine would say, "but all them we went to take the word 'cripple' right out of the dictionary. They were going to have a job, drive a car, hold their girl. The once-male nurses who had girls were sure they would never look at them again. I'd say, 'Listen, you tell your girl Madeleine Carroll will date you any time.' It seemed to help."

Many of those who enjoyed Madeleine's excellent performance in the smash Broadway play, "Goodbye, My Fancy," in 1948, found it strange if the play's references to Life Magazine had any bearing on her marriage to the publisher of that periodical. "The answer is no," says Madeleine. "Andrew and I met for the first time in 1945, on a Pan- American Clipper out of Portugal. Hitler was on the march. I was feeling miserable. Andrew started talking to me and I soon realized him as dark as mine. He had been managing the Paris office of Time and was on his way back to the States. We talked all through the night."

They had no way of knowing then, these two, that eventually fate would intend them for one another. Her own happiness sometimes causes Madeleine to feel a bit guilty about Dr. Anne Gentry: "She's a lonely figure, in a way. I hope she'll marry again."
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December, 1957 • Midwest Edition • Vol. 49, No. 1

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People on the Air

No Fooling (Ed Wynn) .......................................................... 3
What's New on the West Coast... ........................................ 4
What's New on the East Coast ............................................. 6
TV Radio Mirror Awards for 1957-58 (final Gold Medal ballot) 32
Goodbye to St. Pommie! (Dorothy Olsen) .......................... 34
Lady Luck Pitched a Curve (Danny Costello) ....................... 36
Perry Como: The Pied Piper of TV ..................................... 38
Why Do Women Hate to Be Called Housewives?
(Arlene Francis) ............................................................... 42
Elvis Presley’s Fight for a Private Life ................................. 44
You Asked For It (Art Baker) ............................................ 46
Hamburgers Hot! (Ralph Camargo's recipes) ....................... 50
The Voices of Mystery (True Detective Mysteries, Treasury Agent,
Gang Busters, Secrets Of Scotland Yard, CounterSpy) ............ 52
Love at Second Glance (Mary Lou Harrington) ..................... 56
Romance in a Whirlwind (Patrick O'Neal) ......................... 58

Features in Full Color

The Greatest $64,000 Category of All (Hal March) ............... 20
Getting to Know Him (Patti Page) .................................. 24
Western Giant (James Garner) ......................................... 26
That Sentimental Softie: Frank Sinatra ............................... 28

Your Special Services

Information Booth ............................................................ 11
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions) ............. 13
TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies ................................. 16
Let’s Dance! (KTVH) ..................................................... 18
Life Begins at Midnight (John J. Miller) ........................... 18

Your Local Station

You Can’t Keep a Good Man Down (WCN, WCN-TV) ............ 8
The Record Players: There Oughta Be a Word ....................... 10
Fabulous Finch (WJIM, WJIM-TV) .................................. 12
Guy on the Go (KDAL, KDAL-TV) ................................. 14
Let’s Dance! (KTVH) ..................................................... 15
Life Begins at Midnight (John J. Miller) ........................... 18

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Cover portrait of Perry Como by Art Selby of NBC-TV

Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N.Y.
Executive Advertising and Editorial Offices: 425 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. President: Joe Macfadden. Vice President: Joseph Budge. Secretary and Treasurer: Arthur Zasorin. Legal Residence: Elkhart, Ind. Subscriptions: $3.00 one year, U.S. and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 per year for all other countries. Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish old label impression attached to new label. Address changes can be made up to two weeks before mailing date. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 425 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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NO FOOLING

Life begins at 70 as Ed Wynn still makes 'em laugh—and cry.

WHEN Ed Wynn decided to play it straight, after fifty-four of the funniest years in vaudeville, theater, radio and television, it was on the advice of his son Keenan. "Even a railroad track doesn't last fifty-four years," said Keenan, "and that's made of steel." Keenan meant the comic value of his dad's trick inventions and funny clothes. Today, comedians are wearing what both Wynns, father and son, call "O'i-vay League clothes." . . . So, in a bit of inspired casting, Ed appeared in the film, The Great Man." "I used to spend twenty-four hours a day thinking of how to make people laugh," Ed says. "Now I have to think of how to make them cry." Since then, Ed has appeared in a number of outstanding roles on TV, will soon be seen in the Warner Bros. film of "Marjorie Morningstar," and was the first all-time great to be honored on Texaco Command Appearance. He even does some comedy—but without the funny clothes—as in, for example, his November 2 guest shot with Perry Como. Only Broadway isn't likely to see Ed—not with four grandchildren ordering command appearances in California. . . . At 70, Ed hasn't made a comeback. He's launched a completely new career. The old one started when Ed sold ladies' hats, his father's product, and made other salesmen flip their lids—by clowning in them. Soon, the boy from Philadelphia was on stage as "The Boy With the Funny Hat." He went on to become the only American on the opening bill of the Palace and—when the newly-installed lights that announced the acts failed—the first emcee in the United States. He wrote, produced and starred in a long series of hit Broadway revues and comedies. At one time, he spent $800,000 of his own money to make himself known as "The Perfect Fool." "Then I went on radio to become Texaco's 'Fire Chief,' " Ed laughs, "and in one week, the original trade-name was forgotten." Ed considers his talent as a gift. "Why, I had a brother," he grins, "who couldn't even whistle."

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

JEANMARIE LUSSIER, Graduate ’57, St. Mary’s High School, Albuquerque, N. M.

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Walt Disney, after filming the introductions for the season's Disneyland shows, got himself a butch haircut. Now it's hard to tell him apart from one of his youthful Mouseketeers.

Frank Sinatra's 17-year-old daughter Nancy drives a pink Thunderbird. Both her mother and Frank took recent trips to Europe. Nancy had a chance to go, but refused both offers, saying, "Nope, I want to wait until I'm older—then I can appreciate it."

James Garner, on the Maverick set, had a hard time keeping from being embarrassed kissing actress Karen Steele, right in front of director Budd Boetticher and crew—Karen's director Boetticher's gal! . . . Garner was surprised at his popularity in the Warner's commissary—all the stars have been coming over to his luncheon table telling him how much they liked Maverick. "And a year ago," he said, surprised, "I couldn't get anyone to talk to me."

Guy Mitchell and his Danish bride Else moved in with Guy's family on their San Fernando ranch while waiting for her own. Guy loves to cowboy it and is teaching Else to throw a rope around one of his Dad's fat steers. He's also hoping to hang a lariat on a fat rating.

Alice Backes, who plays John Forsythe's secretary in Bachelor Father, learned she was in a show and hasn't forgotten it. In fact, when John dictates to her on the show, she actually takes it down. "Never know when it might come in handy again," she says.

The mother of Tony Dow (he's Wal on Leave It To Beaver) was once a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. . . . Eight-year-old Jerry Mathers, Beaver on Leave It To Beaver, loved his recent summer vacation. "We went swimming nearly every day," he enthuses, "and I got a new bike, it's black and white. And I caught a toad!"

Jerry has a sister, name of Marilyn, whom everybody calls Susie; and a brother named Mark, whom all call Jimmy. Nobody knows why Mark is called Jimmy—but Marilyn nick-named herself. When she was two years old, she liked the neighbors' mongrel dog, because they really might not have seen me and just played the tune accidentally."

George Burns proudly recounts the behavior of his two granddaughters, Lisa, 1, and Laurie, 3. He beams as he describes Lisa madly pushing Laurie around in the baby carriage. That's what the man said—George, we mean. Gale Storm says her one-year-old baby, Susanna, had been lying around the house long enough and they decided to put her to work. Susanna will be in one of Gale's Oh! Susanna series. Says Gale, "Susanna's mad because I have to get her a social security number before I can deposit money in her account." The day the baby finished filming, Gale's two youngest sons, Peter and Paul, started on the next show. "I was lonesome for the children," says Gale. "And the producer is trying to keep me happy by bringing the kids to the set. I know the boys are happy with the money they're making, because now we can afford to double their allowances."

Art Linkletter of CBS-TV's House Party reports that when one of the children on the show was asked whom he'd like for a mother or father he replied, "I'd like to have you for a daddy and Jayne Mansfield for a mother."

When Art asked why he'd made such a choice, the youngster said, "Because Jayne Mansfield is so beautiful, all I thought you'd appreciate that!"

At a dinner party which CBS-TV gave for Ed Sullivan, Groucho Marx arrived wearing light-blue coat and pants, black vest, blue-black loafers and his lovely wife, Eden, on his arm. He ran straight up to Ed and started hugging him. "You know how much I love you," said Ed. When Ed arrived, she kissed Groucho. He blushed. Groucho??? When he recovered, Groucho asked Ed how his golf game was. "In the 80's," said the solemn one. Quipped the Grouch, "Not bad for nine holes."

Lois Linkletter says that, every time she and Art take a vacation trip with Bob Cummings and his wife Mary, the Cummings' have a new baby. They are all scheduled for a mid-winter Acapulco vacation, says Lois. She wouldn't be surprised if the Cummings children number six by the end of 1958, which will surpass the Linkletters' total of five. Mary Cummings says she'd like a sixth, too.

When Jack Benny arrives at a party, the orchestra frequently breaks into "Love in Bloom." Benny says, "It embarrasses me. I don't know whether to smile or cry, because they really might not have seen me and just played the tune accidentally."

Tommy Sands will take his own show on the road between January 15 and 20. Tommy insisted prices be scaled from $1.50 top for the first few rows to 75¢ in the back to keep within reach of all teenagers. They're the ones he'll be playing for and Tommy's not trying to pull an Elvis Presley and
THE WEST COAST

New talent? Senior squeezes the accordion, but Lawrence Welk, Jr., strums a guitar as he rehearses "Farewell My Coney Island Baby" with the Lennon Sisters.

make a million overnight... Tummy has already spent some of the profits by sending two dozen American Beauty roses to Molly Bee every day she was in bed with pneumonia.

Larry Welk, Jr. and his four pals, the Lennon Sisters, spend every free moment on the nearby Venice Beach—rain or shine. As a result of wiling away the hours during their beach picnics, Larry and two of the Lennons, Kathy and Peggy, have worked up a fine trio. Their specialty is "Farewell My Coney Island Baby" and it won't be long before they'll debut it on Papa Welk's Saturday-night show.

The stars have favorite shows. Claudette Colbert's is Telephone Time on ABC-TV. She thinks host Dr. Frank Baxter is a dear. She likes the show so well she called to ask producer Jerry Stagg if he could find a property for her. Stagg, so happy to get Claudette in one of her infrequent television appearances, said to take her pick. You can see Claudette playing Mary Roberts Rinehart in "Novel Appeal" on December 3.

Lyle Bettger, who stars in the Court Of Last Resort, recalls the ten-year period when he first started acting and appeared on the Broadway stage in nothing but flops. In 1937, Lyle remembers, he earned only $320.

Twenty years later, he earned that much in one morning.

Walter Winchell, filming on the old Paramount-Sunset lot, complains that, though he's on a diet, the bulk of his Walter Winchell File shows have him seated in the Stork Club. "I've had two breakfasts and half a dinner already," he complains, "and the day is only half over. At this rate, I'll never lose any weight."... Winchell's granddaughter, by the way, is due in December.

John Conte borrowed a Brownie camera to shoot some pix of wife, Ruth, and she, in turn, shot some of John. They didn't expect much of their first amateur efforts, but the pix turned out so well that they went down to a camera shop the next day and each got a new $289 Rolleiflex.

Alfred Hitchcock's CBS video show will be seen in France and Germany before the year is out, with a Japanese outlet also being planned. Hitch, an accomplished linguist, will do his own lead-ins in the French and German shows... but Japanese! John Scott Trotter continues to lose weight. This summer he went from 285 lbs to 198—buying a new wardrobe in the process. As John Scott gets thinner, his tailor gets fatter—around the wallet.
Million-dollar deal would have left Sid Caesar with time on his hands. He preferred to make up for lost laughs in a new show with Imogene Coca.

Lost song will be the theme on *Telephone Time* as Hoagy Carmichael and Walter Winchell re-tell the tale of "I Get Along Without You Very Well."

Cool & Far Out: Hugh O'Brian will be in N.Y.C. this month. Will he re-create his romance with that June Taylor dancer? ... The gal listed in TV credits as Judy Lewis is Loretta Young's daughter. Note the physical resemblance. ... Strong bidding for glamorous Jane Russell as guest singer. ... Dilemma this season: So many musicals that singing stars will be playing what amounts to a "TV vaudeville circuit." Dean Martin explained why he turned down thirteen TV shows at NBC. For every guest star who sang on his show he'd have to return the favor, which would mean doing twenty-six shows. ... Sylvania Electric, which pioneered in shortening the picture tube, has, as an ultimate target, a TV receiver that will be no more than four inches deep. You'll be able to hang it on the wall next to your Picasso. ... To collect almost a million dollars for the next seven years, all Sid Caesar had to do was sit tight and, at the very most, do two or three "specials" a year for NBC. But Sid wanted to do a regular weekly show. When NBC couldn't find a bankroller, Sid terminated the contract. ABC-TV had better luck in the sponsor hunt. Madame Helena Rubinstein enters the TV arena for the first time, as sponsor of the reunion of Caesar and his original vaudeville circuit. Imogene Coca. Starting January 26, they'll be seen Sundays at 9 P.M. over ABC-TV. ... Julie La Rosa, so depressed when wife Rory lost her first baby early in pregnancy, is chipper again. Target date for the stork this time is April.

Short & Sassy: Confidential to Ed Sullivan: Steve Allen showing signs of confidence and planning six weeks off next summer for a European vacation. This is unusual: Steve has never been out of the U.S.A. ... You can't say that Godfrey holds grudges. Nell Van Ellis, who has subbed for Tony Marvin, is Phyl McGuire's former husband and figured in some of those front-page stories a couple years back. Phyl was pleased that her ex got a break. By the by, Arthur will be in Chicago this month. ... Jerry Lewis explodes on TV on Election Day, November 5. Jerry's final TV show last season got lousy reviews, but he points with pride at 200,000 letters of praise he got from the public. ... Everyone on the Phil Silvers show is overweight. Reason is that feeling so rare in an actor's life: Security. ... And yardbird Doberman (Maury Gosfield) will have a network kiddie show, in addition to other duties. ... Jack Barry's separation continues, but no move has been made to make it legal and there's still hope of reconciliation. It can happen. Love, Bess Myerson, in the same miserable mess last year, is now hap-
Sugarfoot: Will Hutchins doesn't like people who get lost in the crowd. He himself isn't likely to.

Here's Frank Blair's family-size family! Front: Bill, Frank, wife Lil, Patricia, Theresa, Paul. Rear: Mary, Tom, John, and Mike.

The Big, Big, Big Family: No one ceases to wonder at the size of Frank Blair's family. His oldest boy is 21; his youngest a baby of six months. In between, there are six others. "We have two platoons," Frank says, "the growing and the grown." Wife Lil has only one maid helping her with 13 rooms and eight kids, but says she has plenty of spare time even though the family is seldom split up. The kids prefer the home fires. "Once we sent the older boys to Scout camp for three weeks," she recalls. "After a few days they wrote that if we didn't come for them, they'd hitchhike home. And when the eldest went off to a National Guard camp for a month, we figured we wouldn't be seeing much of him. He was forty miles away, but somehow he got home for dinner almost every night." Lil notes that she felt a little self-conscious last time she reported to the obstetrician. "I'm forty and that seemed old for pregnancy, but the new baby has made me feel younger, happier and look better." Frank Blair, around the home, is just as soft-spoken and intellectual as he is on the Garroway show. "Instead of speaking sharply to the kids when they're in the wrong," Lil says, "he sits down and talks to them for up to two hours." The family shares an enthusiasm for boating. Frank, who has 5,000 flying hours, is helping his older boys get their wings. He is also enthusiastic about rock 'n' roll. "Lil and I took dancing lessons three years ago and now enjoy dancing to the beat as much as the kids." Amazingly, neither Frank nor Lil grew up in large families. He was an only child. She had a sister. About plans for further expansion, Lil said, "I don't know. If I had been told 22 years ago, when we married, that I would have an eighth child at forty, I wouldn't have believed it. We planned on only five."

Ready, Aim, Plop: Lee Vines, Robert Q's announcer, now turning up in dramatic roles. Had lead in CBS Workshop and role in Second Mrs. Burton. . . This season Garry Moore plans the all-time giveaway. For a weekend, he will give away the entire cast, including himself, Ken, Durward, Denise, et al. . . Garry very proud of older son, Mason. Lad put off entry into Harvard to accept a scholarship in England. One of three boys chosen. . . Singers on Hit Parade get $750 weekly, not high pay so far as TV goes, but it means lots of exposure to the public. . . Little Lu Ann Simms, ex-Godfreyite, making TV comeback via kiddie circuits. Will be a regular with Captain Kangaroo. Lu's baby, Cindy, is now two and Lu reports, "She's enthralled when she sees me on TV, but howls the twenty-five minutes it takes for me to get back to the apartment. I wonder what she thinks happened to me?" . . . Now that Jaye P. Morgan's divorce from actor Mike Biano is final, New York columnists keep marrying her off to everyone she dates.

Sweet Sugarfoot: Kind of a Tab Hunter type is Will Hutchins, tall, slender, dirty-blond with stars in title role of Sugarfoot, new ABC-TV Western. Says Hutch, "I'd never been on a horse or held a gun before, but I've always wanted to be an actor." Hutch, 25 and six-one, was born and raised in L.A., studied at Pomona and U.C.L.A. First time in Manhattan and excited. "I'd like to live here, I was in a restaurant (Lucky Pierre's) last night where they broiled meat with a blow-torch. How about that? And the jazz here is just great." Besides Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, Hutch has a taste for eccentric foods. Like bean soup with a splash of cottage cheese or a health cocktail called "Live Longer" that includes fruit juices, wheat germ, soy beans, blackstrap molasses, sunflower seeds, etc. "It keeps up my energy," he explained, then complained, "Everyone asks me about girls. I guess I'll have to date more. Tell me your type. I flipped for Audrey Hepburn. I guess I like the type of girl (Continued on page 13)
Ted Thorne's own story has as much human interest as any he has ever reported for WGN and WGN-TV

A bout with polio changed the course of Ted Thorne's life. It meant a new career and an early start for Chicago's popular Late News man.

When the royal romance of Grace Kelly was taking first place in space among wire services, newspapers and magazines, it received a curt wrap-up from Ted Thorne, who reports the 6 o'clock news on WGN Radio and the Late News on WGN-TV. "I'm sure everyone has heard of the Grace Kelly story," said the Chicago newsmen, "so we'll just drop it for now ...." By the time Ted had signed off, every light on the switchboard was lit by calls from irate women accusing Ted of being heartless and inhuman. The next night, Ted went on the air and explained that he himself was the father of two children and had nothing against romance. The switchboard lit up again, this time with masculine voices objecting to this stand and praising his first one. "Well," said Ted, "there's nothing like experience in this business." Of experience, Ted has plenty. One of the youngest of the country's major newscasters, he had an early start. John T. (Ted) Thorne was an active youth aiming at a career in professional athletics when he suddenly found himself crippled by an attack of polio during the summer of 1942. If Ted couldn't participate, he decided he'd write about sports. He began with his school paper. Then the Michigan City, Indiana News Dispatch invited the seventeen-year-old boy to become their sports editor. So the crippling disease that had struck Ted turned him into the youngest sports editor of any daily newspaper in the country. . . . Ted took time out for Indiana University, then became a news writer for radio stations and, after a while, an on-the-air newscaster and also deejay. Among the highlights of his news career are included interviews with candidates in the last presidential race, the Whiting, Indiana oil refiners fire, and the taping of a murderer's confession at the scene of the crime. This last interview took place even before police had had the opportunity of questioning the suspect. In the excitement of this scoop, Ted, with the corpse lying right there in the street, kept referring breathlessly to the "alleged dead man." . . . Ted and his wife Nancy live in New Buffalo, Michigan, in a five-room bungalow on a half-acre of trees and shrubs. During the summer, Ted often takes Jeffery Lee, 5, and Deborah Jo, 2, to the beach before he leaves for work. In cooler weather, there's an indoors romp. . . . Ted's manner is friendly and he has developed the pattern of winding up each broadcast with a humorous or human-interest story. His favorite Christmas story is of a fourteen-year-old girl from an orphanage who had saved her money all year and finally accumulated $35 to buy presents for all the other children at the orphanage. But, while she was shopping downtown, her purse was snatched. She called WGN for help, and Ted broadcast the story. Listeners sent in more than $200—and all in good time for the presents to arrive at the orphanage on Christmas Day. "These," says Ted, "are the rewards of being a newsmen." For Ted Thorne, a good man whom even polio couldn't keep down, the rewards will continue to be many.
Story time comes early in the day for Nancy, young Jeffery Lee and Deborah Jo, and Ted. The man of the house leaves for work after lunch and comes home after midnight. Below, the four Thornes get a headstart on Christmas, as well.
The psychiatrists must have a word for it. This business of giving a thought to someone you haven’t seen or heard from in a long time—and then having this person pop up shortly thereafter—well, it happens so often that, if they don’t have a name for it, they should... It’s not exactly telepathy. It happened to me again recently.

I was perusing the new record LPs that had arrived in the music library here at CBS in Chicago and came across a new one called “In the Mood for Love,” with a picture of Bill Lawrence on the cover. And it occurred to me that I hadn’t seen or heard much of this lad since he was the hit of the Godfrey show back around 1949. I knew he had gone into service, but I wasn’t convinced he’d become a career man in the service. What the heck had happened to Bill Lawrence? Well, it was only a matter of hours, later the same day, when this thing the psychiatrists should have a name for actually happened to me. I was informed that I had a new singer on my Breakfast With Brady show starting next Monday. And when I was told it would be Bill Lawrence, I got that old feeling... The psychiatrists should have a name for it.

I met Bill the next day and began to inquire about the Bill Lawrence story. Bill is about twenty-nine years of age. People think he is a lot older because it seems so long ago that he was with Godfrey. Actually that was from about 1948 to ’50... but he was very young then. Bill began singing when he was about five years of age and he still recalls singing “My Reverie” at the walkathons in his home town of East St. Louis. He studied voice at the age of fourteen and attended East Side High in St. Louis. He numbers among the three mistakes of his career the fact that he passed up two scholarships to get into the singing business quickly—he earned a dramatic scholarship plus a music scholarship at the University of Illinois. His first big break was the local talent contest he won while visiting a brother out in California. As a result of this contest, he was hired by the late Jimmy Dorsey.

Any embarrassing moments in your career, Bill? “Well, yes, the time I forgot the words to ‘Ballerina’ while singing with Dorsey at the Palladium in Los Angeles. I got panicky and blurted right out, ‘I’ve forgotten the words!’” I’m sure that, at this stage of the game, Bill still forgets words, but he’ll hum or make up new lyrics and most listeners won’t even notice.

After the Jimmy Dorsey stint, Bill Lawrence won the Godfrey Talent Scouts show and, as a result, Godfrey gave him a spot on his regular show. This was back in 1948 and lasted until Bill went in the service in 1950.

Bill enjoyed the Godfrey show very much and thinks very highly of Mr. Godfrey. Bill says he was never fired from the Godfrey shows—he left to enter the service. Furthermore, according to Bill, it was of his own volition that he did not return to the Godfrey shows after service, because he says he did have the invitation. And, by the way, Bill calls this that third mistake he has made up in his career—the fact that he didn’t go back with Godfrey. He claims he got a little bad management advice.

Bill Lawrence was the victim of the oblivion that befalls so many who go into the personal-appearance field. That’s where he has been up until now. And somehow, when a once-prominent artist gets lost for a while, a lot of unfair stories sometimes crop up. Like the one about the radio announcer who thought the mike was off. (They’re even telling that one about me back in my home town of Duluth.) Bill is as fine a chap as you’ll run into. He’s a few years older and a few pounds—not too many—heavier, just as handsome and as cooperative as you’ll find them. He’s been engaged a couple times, but is still single.

And now that he’s back on radio as a part of the all-live morning spectacular, from 6 to 9 every morning on WBBM, he’s coming back real strong. He’s on the station that gave this country such stars as Patti Page, the Andrews Sisters, Dale Evans, Janet Davis, Les Paul, Buddy Clark... And, oddly enough, ten years after his stint with Godfrey, he’s on the Breakfast With Brady show in Chicago at 8:45 A.M. . . . right before Godfrey.

Josh Brady is heard over WBBM in Chicago, each Monday through Friday, on Breakfast With Brady, 8:45 A.M.; Eloise And Josh, 10:30 A.M.; Josh And Eloise, 3:15 P.M.; and Take A Break, 3:45 P.M. He’s heard Saturday, from 10:30 to 11:30 A.M., and Sunday, from 9:05 to noon.
Information Booth

Confidentially—a Dick

Please give me some information about
the TV Richard Diamond, David Janssen.
T. C., Somerville, Mass.

Talent will out! In the case of David Janssen, star of CBS-TV's Richard Diamond, Private Detective, talent "outed" very early. At six months, he was "prettiest baby" in his home town of Naponee, Nebraska, and not long after that he went "on tour"—a stage baby accompanying his mother, who was in the cast of "Rio Rita" and other shows... David grew up back-stage and loved it. He learned to play piano and accordion and, altogether, acquired as much theatrical know-how during those childhood years as many stage veterans pile up in decades of troupimg...

In Hollywood, after his mother remarried, David studied the three R's and made twice as many movies. The day he graduated from Fairfax High, he put on his first "straw hat"—or was it a sou'wester?—and took off East for a season of summer stock in Maine. Two Broadway plays he was cast for never opened, so back West, some more movie work and then the Army's Special Services division for two years. After discharge, he was cast as an Army captain in a Warner's film being shot at Fort Ord—his old camp. The newly acquired bars at the shoulder brought him all kinds of good-natured hazing from his old buddies—all enlisted men, naturally...

Television was beginning to pick up the drift of Janssen's talent when Dick Powell, who played Richard Diamond on radio, happened to notice his work in the movie, "Lafayette Escadrille." Powell tested 50 actors for the part of Diamond on TV, but Janssen won out easily.... A bachelor, David lives at home with his parents. He's looking for a girl with "good common sense" who will love him for himself alone—not his publicity value. David is six feet tall, 175 pounds, with brown eyes and hair. This "private dick" actually was named Richard by his parents, but changed name to David for professional use. Janssen enjoys keeping up with a heavy reading schedule, and follows "most sports."

Graham Feature

Compliments and salutations on this month's (October's) issue of TV Radio Mirror for the many interesting resumes of our popular and entertaining stars. But especially commendable was the feature story on Billy Graham and his family.... Billy Graham's religion has helped so many people—especially young people—by taking the stuffiness out of religion, helping them to know faith is something to be lived with day by day, something which can be applied to all our problems, if it's only given the chance. The story on the Graham family does much to prove this.

Mrs. L. R., Fredrickton, N. B., Canada

Calling All Fans

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

Mouseketeers Fan Club, c/o Sherrie Bargatzke, 3802 Murphy Rd., Nashville 9, Tennessee.

Future Stars Fan Club, c/o Carolyn Reaves, 5305 Acadia Terrace, Fairfield, Alabama.

Sal Mineo Fan Club, c/o Lois La Charity, 31 South 5th Street, Zanesville, Ohio.

It's No Secret

Please write about William Hopper, who is Perry Mason's contact, Paul Drake.

E. S., Cleveland, Ohio

It's no secret Perry Mason's right-hand man is a private eye. And many people know that this "eye," in private life, is William Hopper, veteran film and TV actor. Bill has had a personal life as varied and adventurous as any Erle Stanley Gardner could ever dream up for Drake. An actor before World War II, when Pearl Harbor put a violent period to our neutrality, Bill enlisted in the Navy and served in the South Pacific with the O.S.S. underwater demolition teams. Then, a much-decorated hero returned to Hollywood and a salesman's life for eight years—till a Warner Bros. director signed him for "The High and the Mighty." In "Rebel Without a Cause," he was Natalie Wood's father. On TV, Bill has appeared on Warner Bros. Presents and Cheyenne.

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.
FABULOUS FINCH

They like to call him
“Michigan’s Arthur Godfrey,” but
Howard Finch has a special way
of his own on WJIM and WJIM-TV

A junior, home-grown edition of Arthur Godfrey—
that’s how Michigan thinks of Howard Finch of
Station WJIM and WJIM-TV in Lansing. The resemblance is there. Godfrey has curly, sandy-red hair. So
does “Howdy” Finch. Likewise the freckles. Both have originality, personality and versatility. Godfrey will
try anything, from letting an elephant bring a paw down
on his chest to playing bass fiddle with the Vagabonds.
Finch is not a man to balk, either, whether it’s climbing
into a diving suit to explore the pool at the new WJIM
Country House or subbing on a cooking show and creating “Shrimp à la Finch.” Howard goes Arthur one better
in the music department, for he not only plays a very
good ukulele, but also a bit of violin and piano, a very
fine clarinet—and, in a pinch, can sit in with the trap
drums. . . . A native of Battle Creek, Howard Finch was
one of America’s International Oratorical Champions at
age sixteen and won himself a trip to South America.
One of his earliest radio associates was Joe Kelly, with
whom he put on the first Quiz Kids show in Battle Creek.
Soon after, Howard joined the staff of Lansing’s WJIM,
and he is now vice president of Gross Telecasting, Inc.,
the basis for operation of both WJIM and WJIM-TV . . . .

At one time or another, and often simultaneously, Howard has been a writer, director, salesman, producer,
sportscaster, newscaster, emcee. Perhaps the favorite Finch is the friendly, philosophical one that carries over
from his famous Linger Awhile broadcasts to his current
Moments Of Meditation, seen daily at 8:55 A.M., and his
Goodnight Prayer, the sign-off for both WJIM Radio and
TV. Howdy adds a little foolishness to the philosophy as
he hosts Country House Matinee, a daily variety and
audience-participation show scheduled at 3:30 P.M. He
telecasts the Noon News and also airs all the Michigan
State football games for a nine-station hookup that is
called the Michigan National Network. . . . Howard’s philosophy is the homey, family kind, and he practices it
with a family of his own. He met his wife Jane when
she joined the WJIM staff as an executive secretary.
They now have a daughter, Debbie, who’s eight, and a
son, Duncan Howard, born last August. As the young-
sters grow up, they can catch up on what made their
dad a part of almost every family in listening and view-
ing distance. A book will soon be published that will
give permanent form to the hundreds of most-requested
bits of humor and philosophy of the fabulous Finch.

At home, Howard charcoal a steak for Jane and daughter Debbie. Dachshunds Hilda and Hansel wait for the scraps.
New Patterns for You

4774—Ideal cover-up apron for kitchen chores. Sew in gay cotton, contrast binding. Printed Pattern in Women's Sizes. Small (36, 38); Medium (40, 42); Large (44, 46); Extra Large (48, 50). Small size takes 2 yards 35-inch. State size, 35¢

9021—Simple, becoming lines in a half-size fashion that takes well to either dressy or casual fabrics. Printed Pattern in Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. State size, 35¢


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.
GUY ON THE GO

Carl Casperson is seen and heard over KDAL, but his busy schedule is still hard to believe.

Carl is at sixes—os to his shows and children—and in seventh heaven. June is holding Leigh; Mary, Koy, Deon are on floor; Carl and Robert next to dod.

There's only one Carl Casperson, even if he wears three hats over at Station KDAL Radio and TV in Duluth. And, though all work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, it makes Carl an outstanding entertainment figure in the Midwest. The "no play" is a bit inaccurate, though, for Carl somehow stretches the day to make room for a romp with his family. . . . Behind the scenes, Carl's official title is Program Manager of KDAL Radio. For most men, this would be a full-time job, but Carl juggles two others along with his desk duties. As a radio personality, he starts each weekday with the Last Word show, at 10:35 A.M. At 3 P.M. each weekday, he presides over Party Line, a program which Mrs. Homemaker can call about anything from a household problem, to a recipe she'd like to pass along, to a lost or found article. During a typical week, anything from using bear grease to promote the growth of hair to a new cure for insomnia might be discussed. On Saturdays, at 4 P.M., Carl is proprietor of Music Shop, and he's back the next day with Serenade To A Sunday, from 1 to 5 P.M. . . . Carl has been with KDAL since 1948 and, when KDAL-TV came into being in 1954, he simply switched on another facet of his talent. He's seen each weekday at 10:10 P.M. with Weather Report and he hosts the IGA Theater each Thursday from 10:15 to midnight . . . On camera, on mike or in person, Carl projects a friendly, "from me to you" personality. His interest in broadcasting began as he watched with fascination the construction of a radio station in his home town of Ashland, Wisconsin. He was still a senior in high school when he began his career as an announcer at Ashland's WATW and, after being graduated from Northland College, he continued his radio work. He went on-the-air in Augusta, Georgia, and then in Iron Mountain, Michigan, where he met and married June Kennedy, the receptionist, bookkeeper and copywriter at the same station where Carl was a very popular announcer. . . . When the Caspersons arrived in Duluth, they set up housekeeping in a small, vine-covered bungalow. They outgrew that quickly and are now happier by the half-dozen in an eight-room Colonial home. Carl and June have three sons—Robert, 12, Carl, 8, and Dean, 7—and three daughters—Mary, 5, Kay, 4, and Leigh, 2. Carl's hobbies include swimming, golfing, and a stamp collection that was greatly enriched by his wartime travels for the Merchant Marine. Without even crossing the Duluth city line, Carl Casperson is still very much a guy on the go.
LET'S DANCE!

John Fisher hosts KTVH's Hi-Fi Hop—but, he says, the kids are the “stars”

The kids are dancing again! That’s the news that has Tin Pan Alley doing handsprings—but it’s news that’s being made as far away from the musical main stem as Wichita, Kansas. Each weekday at 5 P.M., over Station KTVH, Central Kansas teenagers fill the studio to munch on potato chips, wash them down with soda pop and, thus stoked up on energy, dance. At their homes, other teenagers keep an eye on the screen and an ear tuned to the beat as they follow in the blue-suede footsteps of their twirling contemporaries. All this terpsichore is called the Hi-Fi Hop and is hosted by John Fisher, an amiable, informal fellow who knows that the best beat comes from the heart. . . . John kids with the kids, awards prizes and keeps the rock ‘n’ roll and romantic records going. The teenagers, he says, are the show’s “stars,” and that’s what he calls them. The TV camera follows the dancers, focusing now on the intense concentration of a teen’s face, moving to pause a few seconds on a pair of feminine flats moving beside two larger, heavier-soled cordovans, catches a swirl of crinoline or the grin of someone who’s just stepped on his partner’s toes. . . . The host, of course, is the most. Born in Los Angeles, John says his ambition always was to be on radio or TV. When his family moved to St. Paul, John, then in high school, tried for his first job on a teen-age deejay show. He didn’t get it! He had more success when he returned to California to win a scholarship to Fullerton Junior College, where he majored in music. “I studied classical singing for four years,” he relates. “Now, the only singing I do is on the show—sparring—and in the bathroom.”. . . A stint in the Army, though, found John singing for the NCO Club’s band and then broadcasting for Air Force Radio. When he switched back to mufti, he studied at the American Institute of the Air in Minneapolis, then became an announcer for KCAJ in Charles City, Iowa. At coffee breaks, he’d go to the nearby Allen’s Cafe. By the time he moved to Wichita in 1955, John took with him the proprietor’s niece, Jo Ann Esser, as his bride. . . . The Fishers live in a comfortable, two-bedroom house with their infant daughter, Elaine Rochelle. Both Jo and Elaine occasionally visit the Hi-Fi Hop, an added treat provided by John Fisher, the man who’s taken the song-and-dance route to the hearts of teenagers—and viewers in their post-teens, as well.
Country girl and city boy, Shirley Jones and Pat Boone discover a lot in common, at the reins of a racing sulky.

TV goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

TV favorites on your theater screen

April Love
20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
Pat Boone's right at home in a homey, down-on-the-farm musical that returns to the screen the charm of such beloved pictures as "State Fair." He plays a kid who gets into trouble in Chicago and is sent on probation to his uncle's farm. There's an amusing clash between Pat's city ways and the country know-how of a pretty neighbor, Shirley Jones. And his initiation into sulky-racing brings the movie a tang of excitement. You'll be hearing plenty of the tunes from the picture's score, like the melodious "April Love" and "Give Me a Gentle Girl" and the lively "Do It Yourself."

Sayonara
WARNERs, TECHNIRAMA, TECHNISCOPE
As lovers in this deeply touching drama, Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka get fine support from a pair of players well-known on TV: James Garner, Red Buttons. The story is set in Japan, while the Korean War is on. There Marlon, of the U. S. Air Force, and Miiko, of the Japanese theater, meet and fall in love, defying Army disapproval. Garner doffs the Western get-ups of his Maverick role to play an officer who also casts an appreciative eye on Oriental beauty. But it is Red who scores the surprise hit of the film. As a comic, he's been considered through on TV. As a dramatic actor, he begins a new career, playing a GI devoted to his Japanese wife.

Operation Mad Ball
COLUMBIA
You'll have a ball, as noncom Jack Lemmon and his pals plot to get together with lovelies who hold commissions in the Army Nurse Corps. (That's against the rules, men!) Lots of the laughs in this laugh-filled farce are supplied by Ernie Kovacs' performance as a pompous officer, the boys' chief obstacle. And Mickey Rooney, often a TV performer, also shows his all-around skill.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Three Faces of Eve (20th, CineScope): TV-trained Joanne Woodward is an Oscar-bidder as a Southern housewife tormented by her evil hidden self.

The Helen Morgan Story (Warners, CineScope): Ann Blyth plays the unhappy singer; Paul Newman and Richard Carlson, her men. The tunes are tops!
movies
on TV

Showing this month


ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (U.A.): Splendid film version of the beloved classic. As the most famous of castaways, Dan O'Herlihy makes you share each moment of solitude, desperation, peace, courage. James Fernandez plays Friday.

AFRICAN QUEEN, THE (U.A.): Humphrey Bogart's Oscar-winner teams him with Katie Hepburn. As a disreputable river rat and a prissy spinster, they face danger and find love, deep in Africa of World War I. Funny, exciting, touching.


CANYON CROSSROADS (U.A.): Doing a lively switch on the Western, Richard Basehart hunts uranium instead of gold,courts Phyllis Kirk, battles a claim-jumper who rides a 'copter.

DEADLINE AT DAWN (RKO): Modest but effective suspense tale, involving dance hostess Susan Hayward in the danger that threatens sailor Bill Williams.

COG (U.A.): The machines get out of hand in this wild science-fiction item, as U.S. agents Richard Egan and Constance Dowling investigate mysterious havoc at a space-station laboratory in New Mexico.

HEIDI (20th): Films from Shirley Temple's heyday now return to show why she was the most popular of talkie-era child stars. In the charming juvenile story, she is the little girl visiting grandpa (Jean Hersholt) in the Swiss Alps.

KATHLEEN (M-G-M): Sentimental drama takes Shirley into teen years, as a worried youngster whose rich dad (Herbert Marshall) wants to marry a siren (Gail Patrick). But wholesome Laraine Day is around, too.


REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (20th): In a light-hearted musical bearing no resemblance to the old-time favorite story, Shirley Temple's a resourceful orphan who crashes radio. Her dance sequences with Bill Robinson are highlights.

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.): In a rough action story, Lizbeth Scott plays a dame who just loves money. Arthur Kennedy's her honest husband; Dan Duryea, a hood who's not as tough as Liz.

TORRID ZONE (Warner's): Rowdy, risque, entertaining. On a Honduran banana plantation, boss Pat O'Brien slugs it out with foreman James Cagney. Stranded show-girl Ann Sheridan lives the plot further, setting up rivalry.

**OOOH, LOOK**

CUTEX LIPSTICK CHARM BRACELET
4 petite lipsticks, 4 different Cutex colors, with pretty golden charm on jeweler's bracelet. $1.75

---

Tired of lipsticks that don't stay on... that dry...are priced too high?

Change to creamier, longer-lasting Cutex!

**SO CREAMY, YOU'LL LOVE**
the way Cutex with Sheer Lanolin moisturizes and smooths your lips, protects against chapping and roughness...never irritates like drying, "deep stain" lipsticks. The instant you glide on creamy Cutex, lips shimmer with radiant smoothness...feel as soft and luscious as they look.

**SO NON-SMearing, HE'LL LOVE** you for wearing Cutex Lipstick! Color is there to stay, all day...stays on YOU, only you. One kiss will prove it! 69¢

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CUTEX
sheer lanolin lipstick
For a minute miracle in hand beauty—try new Cutex Hand Cream
Life Begins at Midnight

John J. Miller knows celebrities by the column, but the year's leading news item was a young stranger.

When the phone rings for John, it's news—anything from celebrity capers to major or minor mayhem.

When Hollywood filmed "Sweet Smell of Success," a picture of a columnist as a heel, part of the kick was in trying to tag real names to the celluloid figures. The initials J.J., by which the anti-hero is known, and his eyeglasses—"but only the upper part"—can be traced to John J. Miller. "Those are the only things I can recognize as being borrowed from anyone I know," says John. "The picture is great entertainment, but it's science fiction." . . . Columnists aren't cads, says John, who thinks the true picture is that of a fellow who loves the city best from her dusk-to-dawn hours. John's capsule reports on Broadway are heard every hour on the hour on some seventy radio and TV stations around the country. For three years now, or ever since he was old enough to get a drink in the pubs he patrols, he has been bylining the news of his nightly vigils in the New York Enquirer, and his column is also syndicated in six other newspapers. "To me, what I'm doing as a job is really play," says John. "If it weren't my job, I'd be doing it anyway, as often as I could." . . . John's life as a columnist fits nicely with his marriage to Cindy, a former singer a la Jeri Southern. The Millers generally are on the town together until half-past one, when Cindy returns to their East End Avenue apartment and John continues the prowl alone until dawn. With this schedule, they've no complaints about their infant daughter Gregg keeping them awake at night—it's the baby cries at noon that might disturb the Millers, if Gregg's arrival weren't the headline of their year. . . . John estimates that a little more than half of his friends are involved in show business in some way. Some star performers, like Sammy Davis, Jr., are close personal friends. "But that wouldn't keep me from printing an item that might embarrass Sammy," says John, "and what I like about Sammy is that he understands there are two different realms." . . . At twenty-one, John Joseph Miller is probably the youngest syndicated Broadway columnist in the country. But he's been at it since age eleven, when he compiled news from sports pages and sold carbon copies to his family at five cents apiece. Soon, he was selling copies to his schoolmates, too, then adding neighborhood and personality items. The column flourished to the point where its publisher was able to switch from carbon copies to mimeograph. By the time Generoso Pope heard of it and hired John for his Enquirer, the column had a mailing list of 2,500. Seems John J. Miller was born at midnight and has been bewitched by that hour ever since.

John and Cindy tour the town together, though she's more of a homebody, now Gregg's on the scene. "Valentine" approves.
Can a wife hold her world together with her love?

You come from different worlds, you and he. Yet always in the past...your love, your faith in the future, has kept you close. Secure in each other. Now though, comes the real test. Your husband's brother is out to tear down the happiness you've built. He's ruthless...and you're afraid. This time, will the strength of your love be enough? This time, is there even a halfway chance to save your marriage? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen on daytime radio. Hear OUR GAL SUNDAY on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
The Greatest
$64,000 Category of all

Presenting Peter Lindsey March, whose picture was shown on $64,000 Question program when he was only a few hours old. Hal and Candy prep him for second sitting.

To Hal March, there’s no question about it. The category? Fatherhood. And, in baby Peter, Hal and Candy have their own little all-time winner!

By DIANNE SCOTT

Once upon a time there was a baby—a first baby—and in the case of Peter Lindsey, a most unusual baby. He was on The $64,000 Question when he was two hours old. His category was fathers—and he had courageously chosen Hal March!

About the name Peter Lindsey, however, he had no choice. His four-year-old brother, Stevie, named him long before he was born.

“This child of ours would have been named Peter if he’d turned out to be a girl. It wouldn’t have made any difference,” Hal laughs now. “Stevie has been up to his neck in girls since he was born. He had a sister, a mommie, a nurse and, if I was away from the house, he was surrounded

continued
"Country life is great," say Hal and Candy. They moved from city after Peter's birth. With them are Candy's Melissa and Steven, children by her former marriage.

"Suppose God gives you another sister," I'd say, trying to prepare him.

"I've got one sister," Stevie would remind me.

"Well, it's possible for God to give you another one," his mother would say.

"Stevie would think about that. Then he'd say, 'Well, if God gives me another sister, I'm going to throw both of my sisters out of this apartment.' He was quite determined about it. He'd say, 'He's my brother. And his name is Peter.'

"I think we might have had a little discussion about it if he'd wanted to." (Continued on page 79)
Five big smiles for the camera. Loving parents Hal and Candy March, with Melissa, Peter and Steven.

Steven and Melissa have turned into high climbers in their own back-yard playground. Candy supervises play.

Peter Lindsey's not a member of the back-yard set as yet, but commands plenty of attention in his own bailiwick.
For Patti Page and Charles O'Curran, their first European jaunt together was even better than a dream come true

Her two big bags were packed, the precious green passport was safely stowed away in her handbag, the borrowed camera slung over her shoulder, Patti Page took a last look at herself in the mirror and smiled.

It was a nervous smile, but a happy one, too. Six months after their marriage, Patti and her husband, dance director Charles O'Curran, were embarking on their honeymoon—and Patti's long-dreamed-of trip to Europe was about to come true.

A honeymoon, marriage counselors say, is a time set aside after the excitement of the courtship and the marriage, for a bride and bridegroom to get to know each other. And that is exactly what it was to be for Patti and her new husband, Charles. (Continued on page 61)
WESTERN GIANT

Introducing James Garner, star of
Maverick, who may be a tough guy on TV,
but has a heart tied close to home

By GORDON BUDGE

In almost every young girl's life there's been a time when she's fallen in love with some hombre who was never meant to settle down. Such a roamer drifted onto the ABC-TV network last month in the person of tall, dark and handsome Bret Maverick, played by newcomer Jim Garner. In the minds of the show's writers, gambler Maverick is a man's man, the kind who'll chance a bet on the last card, the fastest horse, most killing gun or willing woman. The series is based on Maverick's exploits as he vagabonds his way from one Western town to another. But Bret Maverick is no stereotyped Western hero: He doesn't ride a trained white horse, wears no white hat. In fact, the horse, an unnamed sorrel, is downright mean. The first day (Continued on page 66)

James Garner stars in Maverick, seen over ABC-TV, Sunday, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Kaiser Industries Corp.

Garner is a fine natural athlete, swims at Malibu Beach whenever busy movie and TV schedule permits. Below he appears in a scene from Warner Bros. movie "Sayonara" with Marlon Brando, Red Buttons and actress Miyoshi Umeki.

Daring gambler Bret Maverick, central character of ABC-TV's new series Maverick, is played by newcomer James Garner. His tough-guy role is all an act, since in real life he is one of the mildest of men. Above he's with wife Lois, daughter Kim.
FRANK SINATRA

The Hoboken Kid came up swinging—
to spectacular success. But his
heart is as tender as his courage
is tough—particularly, where
those three youngsters are concerned

By MAXINE ARNOLD

He moved restlessly in the school auditorium,
watching the wings with an anxious blue
eye, a father's anxious blue eye . . . a fa-
mous thin fellow in a conservative suit, watching
for a familiar, bobbing ponytail attached to a fig-
ure in a bright orange-and-green ballet costume
whose performance was all-important to Frank
Sinatra. It was opening night for nine-year-old
Tina . . . her first since she'd been taking dancing
at Vilma Ebsen's School of Ballet. The recital

Though Frank and Nancy Sinatra have been divorced, since their
third baby was born in 1948, Frank is still the most devoted of
fathers. In fact, it was his love for Tina (now 9), Nancy, Jr.
(17) and Frank, Jr. (13) which inspired his current TV series.

Below, with daughter Nancy after
a trip to Australia. He has always
wanted his children to have every
advantage of education and travel.

From the first, he encouraged
young Frank and Nancy to love
music. Now he has reason to be
proud of their budding talents.

The "juniors" accompanied him to 1954
Academy Awards dinner, proved they re-
turned his love in full—with a gift
he treasures even more than his Oscar.

Continued
was to be in the form of a “flower show,” Tina had announced excitedly, and she was a “California wild poppy” . . . one of a chorus of California wild poppies.

Tina’s mother had made her costume and then, at the last moment, she’d had to be out of town. Frank Sinatra had brought Tina—an endearing little pixie whom her father calls “Pigeon”—to the school auditorium . . . and now he waited anxiously for his own particular California wild poppy to come on . . . .

It was a far different local opening from Frank Sinatra’s own. He’d entered the film capital, termed a “freak phenomenon” who wouldn’t last. A new singer with Benny-blue eyes, a warm, electric smile and a sliding-trombone sound—all of them well supported by a microphone he held like it was Marilyn Monroe. He came to town singing “All or Nothing at All” with sexy, long, sliding, soft notes that elicited swoons and a solid soprano squeal from his audiences.

At the Pasadena station, mobs squealed when he arrived, and loudspeakers blared his latest recordings. Looking at Sinatra standing there in the door of the train—a thin fellow almost eclipsed by well-padded shoulders and a red polka-dot bow tie—you wondered where all the music came from. Later, you were to find the music came from a volcano of talent. It was soon apparent Frank Sinatra knew exactly where he was going . . . and his voice had already been there.

Once, amid all the fever and the screams and the whole exhausting show, you’d found Frank at rehearsal grabbing a fast lunch in front of the microphone, as usual. He was eating a sandwich between bars of

The Frank Sinatra Show is seen on ABC-TV, Friday, at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes with Bulova Watch Company.
Proud son of Natalie and Martin Sinatra, Frank wouldn’t be “pushed around” in front of fireman dad he idolized—as a little-known battle reveals.

Filmdom was skeptical when “Swoonatra” arrived there in 1943, at height of bobby-sox acclaim. But he was top news to reporters—including writer Maxine Arnold (center).

Actor: Academy Award in 1954 was humble, surprising answer to previous Hollywood critics.

Musician: Frank has conducted orchestra on tours, as well as for Capitol recording sessions.


Showman: From movies (above, with Kim Novak in “Pal Joey”) to clubs (right, at Sands Hotel in Las Vegas)—and now TV! Show biz wonders how he can stand the pace. But Sinatra doesn’t falter. Always in his heart, there are the children.
Vote for Your Favorite **PROGRAMS** on Radio and Television

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification except
the last two designations below columns)

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Favorite TV Panel Show

Favorite Radio Record Program

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

Once again, your golden opportunity to reward the personalities and programs which have meant most to you during the present year . . . to honor your favorites with TV RADIO MIRROR's highly-prized Gold Medals, as awarded in the only nationwide poll decided by those most important of all critics . . . the listeners and viewers themselves! It's now the eleventh year of this decisive balloting. And it will be "lucky eleven" indeed, for the stars and shows which win your votes. But the votes must be in, to be counted, and they must be postmarked no later than December 10, 1957 . . . so that a staff of independent tabulators can start the monumental task of adding up your choices! Fill in your ballots now . . . the most secret, most


**VOTE TODAY!**

Who will get the coveted annual Gold Medals as your favorite stars and programs? The decision is yours—here is your final ballot.

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television
(Write name of one star in each column for each classification except last designation below column)

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(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

Democratic of all ballots, since you needn't even sign your name—just register your honest opinions. Your votes-of-confidence will not only give credit where credit is due . . . for the many, many hours of enjoyment your sets (TV and/or radio) have been giving you . . . but will set the pace for the editors in the months to come, showing them just which subjects you would most like to see covered in America's top national magazine for radio and television . . . In fact, the parade of best-loved personalities and programs will start with the May issue of TV Radio Mirror, which annually presents all your winners in picture and story . . . Vote today. Remember, your ballots must be postmarked no later than December 10, 1957.
Dorothy Olsen got tired of hearing people say, "You have such a pretty face. Why don't you lose weight?" A well-meaning photographer was the last person who made her feel depressed by saying it. As a result, in the pictures he snapped she looked like a condemned prisoner who had eaten her last meal. Dorothy, the singing schoolteacher featured on NBC Bandstand, had a weight problem because psychologically she was a compulsive eater. Like so many big people who sparkle with fun and laughter, she didn't realize that an emotional drive, not ordinary hunger, made her eat too much. (Continued on page 76)

Dorothy sings on NBC Bandstand, as heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 to 11 A.M. and 11:05 to noon, under multiple sponsorship. She was a winner on Name That Tune, CBS-TV, Tues., 7:30 P.M., sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Kellogg Co. (All EST)

Pretty Dorothy Olsen shed weight through hypnosis, and learned that handsome is as handsome—thinks

By HAROLD BARON
Small fry adored their harp-playing teacher—even those who had to be told why people are different sizes.

Today husband Arni helps Dorothy keep watch on the weight she must lose, in order to look as lovely as her singing.

He's proud, too, when the tape shows another inch gone. Dorothy won't tell measurements till she reaches her goal!

Sewing and cooking are her hobbies. Making new things to wear is a pleasure now. And steaks are still on her diet—so long as she plays "Jack Spratt" and eats only the lean.

Dorothy has also switched from bulky two-piece outfits to solid-color dresses (above, at Jr. Plenty shop) which make her look as trim—if not so tiny—as Susi, the family cat.
Lady Luck
Pitched a Curve

But Danny Costello still scored a hit on the Godfrey shows—because of the pretty miss who's now his missus

Home run led Mary Truitt straight to Danny's heart.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

How does a television career start? Singer Danny Costello, who rode a roller-coaster route of ups and downs before reaching a featured spot on the Arthur Godfrey shows, believes his began—not in a studio—but in a ballpark, when third baseman Mary Truitt Peacock lunged for a ball, missed, and sprawled flat across a field as slick as wet green silk. Mud smeared from the shoulder of her fresh white blouse to the hem of her scarlet Bermuda shorts, Mary picked herself up and glared at him. Says Danny now, "I would never have (Continued on page 74)"

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., is sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Toni Co. Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M. —seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, at 5:05 P.M. (All times are EST)

Music is their life, but baseball is still their love: Ex-pitcher Danny, softball player Mary, and their lively "bat boys," Tommy and Danny, Jr.

Show-biz friends: Max Kendrick (center), Paul D'Amato of 500 Club, Atlantic City.
The public writes, Perry Como sings a heartfelt reply in his album, "We Get Letters."

The private answer to a nation's affection lies here—in candid words of those who know Como best, offstage . . .

By MARTIN COHEN

They say he has a "special magic" for children. This little miss wouldn't use such big words. It's really very simple: She just follows her heart—and Como's.
Bags of letters get dragged into NBC every day. About a thousand of them are addressed to the guy with the magic eyes, Perry Como. The letters come from grandmas in Chicago, teenagers in California, matrons in New Orleans. Men, women and children write, write, write.

"Look, I know what it means to sit down and write a letter," Perry says, "and everyone I get makes me feel wonderful. I just feel bad when someone comes up to me and maybe says, 'I'm the lady who wrote you from Pensacola. Do you remember me?' Well, I only wish I could read all the letters and remember all the names." Perry pauses, rubs his upper lip, then begins to smile. "I had a letter just the other day from a woman in Youngstown, Ohio. She remembered the old times, way back before Ronnie was born. Those years I was singing with Frankie Carbone's dance band around Ohio. I think her letter requested me to sing 'Prisoner of Love,' then she added, 'Do you remember you danced with me one night twenty years ago?' I showed it to my wife Roselle. We've been married twenty-four years. I said, 'Honey, where were you when I was dancing with this lady?'

The man Como is of average height, but the Como grin, the famous shrug and the dark brown eyes are far from average. The eyes speak of warmth and affection, and anyone who meets the guy will vouch that this is for real. Dee Belline, Perry's brother-in-law, who has been with Perry about eighteen years as promotion manager, says, "Perry can't talk to man or child with-
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Pretty "postmen" Dolores Erickson, Pat White, Dori Smith, Aura Vainio deliver mail on show's song-request segment (Perry calls it "the chairs-on-the-table spot," for reasons of his own).

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Program rehearsal: Music director Mitchell Ayres, Perry, Billy Rowland at piano. Musicians have been with Como for years—tribute to a great star’s even temperament.

Recording session: Como strums guitar, Al Caiola plays banjo. Joe Reisman, RCA Victor musical director, is at right—Steve Steck of the Ray Charles Singers, at rear.

out putting his arm over the guy’s shoulder or touching a sleeve. His warmth is so outgoing that someone once advised us to insulate him from outsiders. Anyway, I think this is what the TV audience feels and says in the letters they write to him.”

The letters indicate this by their sentiments and the kind of songs they request. An admirer from Louisiana writes hopefully about the “revival of so many oldies” and says, “I don’t feel too badly asking for this one, ‘When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano.’” From the Bronx, a daughter notes, “Mother and Dad will be celebrating their golden wedding anniversary and this will be quite an occasion. May I ask for a great favor? Will you please sing ‘Anniversary Waltz?’” And from a Texas teenager, “I think that you are the most wonderful person that I have ever seen. You are the only man over thirty-five that I really do like. My favorite record up to date is ‘Round and Round.’ I also like Pat Boone and Tommy Sands but you top them all.” A mother in Altoona, Pennsylvania, writes, “We like every-

Perry would love to be a golf “pro.” Oddly enough, the song he sings on the course, in the shower—anywhere—is one he’s never recorded: “It Could Happen to You.” After-game discussion in club house at Concord Hotel: Perry and his wife Roselle at right, Como’s brother-in-law and promotion manager, Dee Belline, at far left.
Small folk—whether performers or "audience"—willingly flock around their Pied Piper, sensing Perry's love for children.

thing you sing. My four-year-old Ellen, just as soon as your show comes on, steps up to the TV set and kisses you." And so the letters and requests go. Choral conductor Ray Charles, speaking about the song requests, says, "The thing that never stops amazing me are the letters asking for old songs. And what further amazes me is what Perry does with the old songs, even the most hackneyed ones. There are numbers I wouldn't think of suggesting, like 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart.' Perry sings it and he sounds great. I think it's his pure sincerity."

What manner of man is this Como? A guy as simple and sweet as his music? Well, let's see. When Perry is off TV, he is at home in a rambling house distinguished by ten quarts of milk on the doorstep. (Perry explains, "Every time the kids take a forkful of food, they wash it down with a whole glass of milk." ) The house is handsome, with swimming pool. It is located in the very fashionable and wealthy section of Long Island called Sands Point, but that's where Perry's resemblance to a millionaire ends. And the Como way of life is by choice—for Perry makes a million (Continued on page 78)
Why Do Women Hate to Be Called Housewives?

“Too much” to do? Or “too little”? Arlene Francis—who enjoys being a housewife—has an inspiring answer

By GLADYS HALL

Why is it that today’s housewives don’t like to be called “housewives”?
Why—when one of them does use the term—does she almost invariably refer to herself as “just a housewife”? Why that belittling “just”?
Why does Mrs. Average American Housewife implicitly depreciate herself—and the job she does?
Is she ashamed of being a housewife?
If so, WHY?

Good questions, all. Fascinating questions. And no better or more fascinating person to answer them than Arlene Francis—actress, femcee, panelist, head of her own daily program on NBC-TV—but, most importantly in her own mind, a housewife. Not “just a housewife,” but proud of being one. She’s learned how others feel about it, though—both the humble and the proud—from her three-and-a-half-year tenure on NBC-TV’s recent, beloved Home show, which brought her into contact, in person and by mail, with countless housewives all over these United States.

First, as to Arlene’s (Continued on page 72)

Busy TV star Arlene has help for apartment in town but does all her own housework at real home in the country.
Though time-savers have freed modern women to develop other talents, too, Arlene loves to cook.

Feeding the family is still an important job, but she can see why housewives yearn for variety of occupations "outside."

Gardening is one of many "chores" which can lead to interesting projects beyond home itself.
Say music decorates the entrance to "Graceland." But those iron gates, which shut the curious out, also shut Elvis in. Few visitors can see his luxurious new home—except by plane.

Guards round-the-clock must turn away the friendliest of callers. Elvis's uncle, Travis Smith (below), may sometimes take pictures for fans—but dares not let them in the grounds.

As befits the prince of teenagers, Elvis Presley, when he enters his recently acquired Memphis mansion, walks on red carpet richer, deeper and more luxurious than European royalty ever knew. Splashes of gold accent his king-sized, custom-made furniture. To enhance the enjoyment of his leisure hours, there is a splendid swimming pool and a magnificently equipped recreation room. Beautiful Hollywood starlets and aspiring, handsome young actors are numbered among his many house guests. Yet the singer who was known for his neighborliness, when he lived in a low-rent housing project, today complains (Continued on page 70)

Some still prefer taking their own, even if it's only a blurred snap over the top of the stone wall—jagged and barb-wired to thwart "raids" of souvenir-hunters.
for a Private Life
Gay music decorates the entrance to "Graceland." But those iron gates, which shut the curious out, also shut Elvis in. Few visitors can see his luxurious new home—except by plane.

Guards round-the-clock must turn away the friendliest of callers. Elvis's uncle, Travis Smith (below), may sometimes take pictures for fans—but does not let them in the grounds.

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Presley's Fight for a Private Life

Palace—or prison? A revealing glimpse into the home where Elvis hides from the glare of publicity

By LILLA ANDERSON

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YOU ASKED FOR IT

By MAURINE REMENIH

The things you ask for! It might be reasonable to assume that Art Baker, popular master of ceremonies for the ABC-TV series, You Asked For It, acquired his magnificent mane of white hair just trying to keep up with the requests the fans send in. It might be—but it isn’t. That snowy top of Baker’s has been his trademark for years, since he turned prematurely white-haired more than a decade ago.

There are, however, some signs of silver at the temples for the show’s producer, Cran Chamberlin. And here there’s no doubt that the mad chase for show material, over the past six-to-seven years, has been a contributing factor. Backstage television jobs are notoriously hectic, but one of the most hectic operations of them all is within the You Asked For It organization.

It stands to reason. Over the years, the show has been built around the requests sent in by thousands of viewers. Viewers are people, and like the comedian said, “People are funnier than anybody!” But, even though the show provides its originators with a few hair-graying—even a few hair-tearing and hair-raising—moments, it also furnishes them plenty of laughs. Chamberlin, who admits to dreaming up the idea in the first place, claims he created a “Frankenstein monster.” He points out that the show, which he thought would have a life expectancy of several years at best, is now a ripe old veteran, and is getting stronger and more popular as the months

Art Baker and staff will go anywhere, do anything, for their viewers.

But honestly, folks, some of those requests should never have been made!
Above, producer Cran Chamberlin and Art Baker re-live (although they'd rather not) a comic misadventure from You Asked For It. Expert really performed 1,000 push-ups as scheduled—but script and camera crossed him up.

"Fuzzy" (above with Art and trainer Chester Hayes) was a natural. Animal stunts outnumber all other requests, go over big—though "more fun than a barrel of monkeys" proved to be truer for staff than for the TV audience.

Acting as referee for boxing-kangaroo "Bam" and trainer Floyd Humeston was just all in the day's work for Art. Emceeing a wrestling match between man and alligator, however, turned out to be a frustrating battle of wits.

Lineman's demonstration of new method of resuscitation for victims of electrical shock had remarkably dramatic repercussions. At least two lives were saved, in month following, by viewers who learned how from the program.
Russian bears are big business inside the U.S.S.R.—show business, that is. Program journeyed to Moscow to make movies of ursine stars, performing a centuries-old art, never before seen on this side of the Iron Curtain.

You Asked For It

(Continued)

Show's cameras range far afield these days, both here and abroad, covering as many subjects as an encyclopedia. Through cooperation of Cleveland's Chief Story (above with Art), You Asked For It obtained police department films of robbery at St. Clare Savings and Loan Company. Bandit subsequently saw films on TV—and turned himself in!

Part of the show's increased appeal is due to the fact that the You Asked For It staff have extended their boundaries. Where they once covered only the United States, with an occasional spot from abroad, nowadays the whole world is their beat. And Chamberlin, for one, is now anticipating that his job will include international-size headaches, instead of purely local problems.

Those local problems have been funny enough, however, to last most producers a lifetime. One of Chamberlin's favorites came off several years ago. (Or, to be completely accurate, it didn't come off.) The staff had been receiving letters at intervals from various viewers afflicted with nostalgia for the "good old days" and with memories of the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Each and all of these viewers requested another look at Cannonball Richards, a hero in his day who had been one of the attractions at the Pier. In his act, Richards had stood like a man of iron while a cannonball was fired square into his mid-section.

Investigation disclosed that Richards was now a resident of Long Beach, California—just a hop, skip and jump down the Freeway from the ABC-TV Hollywood studios, where the show originates. So a runner was dispatched forthwith to escort Mr. Richards back to the studio. The stunt was set up, the old firing-piece dusted off, and all was in readiness for the show.

Examination had proved that Cannonball Richards was in terrific (Continued on page 82)
Program runs gamut from eternal tragedy to transient comedy. Below: Its cameras take viewers to Hiroshima, Japan, with eye-witness commentary by Nobuko Sakoda—who was nine years old when the A-bomb fell on her home city. Right: In far less serious vein, Art pits his skill against that of a highly-touted “bowling horse.”

You Asked For It—and Art Baker will do anything to oblige. Well, almost anything, except play with these cats! Mixup provided two—one famed as a cowardly lion, the other notorious as a man-biter. But which is which?

You Asked For It, with Art Baker as master of ceremonies and host, is seen over ABC-TV, Sundays, at 7 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Skippy Peanut Butter Division of The Best Foods, Inc.
Hamburgers Hot!

Ralph Camargo, whose forebears were Mexican, warms up a traditional American dish and serves it forth!

Lucky the family in which father has a fine hand with the cooking. And doubly lucky the family in which father not only knows how to grill a steak, but is master of such mysteries as a spicy sauce for hamburgers, a meaty chili, a specially varied green salad. The Ralph Camargos, who live in Connecticut, happily depend on father's kitchen genius. Ralph, who is a veteran radio actor, came by his chefdom naturally. His forebears were Mexican, and the California Camargos—though three generations removed from their native land—had a strong feel for Mexican cooking. Ralph learned the secrets of the spicy Mexican dishes as a boy.

Typical of Ralph's "family fiestas" is the bi-lingual hamburger dish for which the recipe is given opposite. With its sauce, Hamburgers Camargo are designed to warm up a winter menu which includes macaroni and cheese. He also suggests a tossed salad which combines lettuce, romaine, endive, tomatoes, avocado, cucumber, radishes—or other vegetables. Top off this hearty winter meal with chocolate angel-food cake à la mode, with coffee or milk—and you'll have "lived it up"!

Mrs. Camargo, former actress-model Florence Skeels, is also a good cook. She is of English-Danish descent, born in Butte, Montana. The Camargos met in Seattle, Washington, when both were acting in radio there. Now suburban residents, with Ralph commuting from Connecticut to New York for his acting commitments, the Camargos dine "à la father" about once a week. Mrs. Camargo likes her "day off"—and the hamburgers.

Well-bred Bedlington that he is, "Tassie" finds the Mexican-American aroma of his master's dish tempting beyond all barks.
HAMBURGERS A LA CAMARGO

Place in a large bowl:
3 pounds lean beef, ground
Toss lightly with a fork, to break it up. Make a slight hollow in the mass, and drop in the following ingredients:

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- dash of bottled hot sauce
- 4 dashes Worcestershire sauce or steak sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 teaspoon celery salt
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 teaspoon crumbled oregano

Mix lightly with a two-pronged kitchen fork. Then put 2 thick slices of cracked-wheat bread into a little warm water. Press water out with the hands and crumble the wet bread over the meat mixture, and toss with the meat until blended. Always work lightly. Shape into patties as large and thick as desired. These can be cooked on a hot, slightly greased grill, or under a broiler or over charcoal. To get the charcoal flavor when cooking indoors, sprinkle with one of the fine charcoal seasonings available at any food market. Cook 2 minutes on each side for medium and 4 minutes for well-done meat. Serve with Salsa Sauce.

SALSA SAUCE

Makes 1 pint of sauce.
Combine in a quart saucepan:
1 cup canned green chili peppers
1 (8 oz.) can tomato sauce

Unless you want a very hot sauce, rinse chili peppers in cold water and cut or wash away all seeds.
Peel and dice:
1 small onion

Cook it in a little salad oil until onion is transparent, then add it to the chili mixture. Bring to the simmering point, cover and let stand until it is served. If any sauce is left over, cool, then pour into a jar with a tight cover and store it in the refrigerator.

On CBS Radio, Ralph Camargo is Max Sebastian in Backstage Wife, M-F, 12:15 P.M., and Barney Stern in Road Of Life, M-F, 1:45 P.M. He is frequently heard on City Hospital, Sat., 1:05 P.M. (All times given EST)
The Voices of MYSTERY

Mutual's great weekly line-up of well-documented adventure proves crime truly doesn't pay—except for such top “impersonators” as these

THAT MYSTERY and adventure appeal to thinkers, as well as doers, is proved by Mutual’s exciting across-the-board series on weekday evenings—True Detective Mysteries, Treasury Agent, Gang Busters, Secrets Of Scotland Yard, Counterspy—at least three of which are consistently among the top ten once-a-week programs “most listened to” in America!

There’s the ever-present thrill of the chase, of course. But beyond that is the excitement of actuality: These crimes happened. These criminals were caught. (The Scotland Yard series, produced in England by Harry Alan Tower, is based on classic cases chosen by famed British reporter Percy Hoskins.)

It’s a combination which guarantees both entertainment and public service. Over the years, True Detective Mysteries—in cooperation with the magazine for which it is named—has helped capture scores of fugitives, paid out tens of thousands of dollars to listeners and readers, through its special “Line-up” feature.

Stories dramatized on this program are drawn from cases already marked “closed.” Emphasis is on the reasons for man’s misbehavior, rather than his misdeeds (only four shots have been fired in some 1,000 broadcasts). “Dostoyevsky’s ‘Crime and Punishment,’” says scholarly, Manhattan-born writer-director Peter Irving, “had the answers to all modern-day criminal problems. True Detective proves that crime still starts with the character of the individual.”

Fidelity to realism demands the best of acting, and Mutual’s justly proud of its performers. Executive producer Warren Wade (who took over the reins of the Phillips Lord creations—Treasury Agent, Gang Busters, Counterspy—after the untimely death of Leonard Bass last June) is himself a former actor. Born in Akron, Ohio, he began as a “juvenile” under Broadway’s great Belasco, became a pioneer in both radio and TV.

At NBC, Wade did the first experimental telecasts, the first TV dramas, mobile-unit and 90-minute shows. At WOR-TV, he originated the concept of “multi-weekly presentation” now seen nationally in Million Dollar Movie. A colonel in the Signal Corps, he put together the Army’s first TV unit. He knows broadcasting techniques—and what good acting means.

Such acting is the trademark of Larry Haines, alias Joe Lincoln of Treasury Agent—and a mainstay of mystery-adventure on all networks. Born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., he met his wife Trudy during school days there, and they now live in a split-level house at Westport, Conn., where Larry has become quite a gardener in rare leisure hours.

An actor ever since leaving Yonkers College to do stock with the Westchester Players, Larry’s busy day-times on TV as Stu Bergman in Search,}

LARRY HAINES

JERI ARCHER

For Tomorrow, on radio as Lew Archer in The Second Mrs. Burton. He likes the challenge of radio—“because it leaves so much to the imagination of the listener, demands so much from that of the actor.”

Jeri Archer, born in Newark, N. J., started acting with local groups and radio stations in high school. Her career got into full swing when a role was specially created for her, as Mitzi Green’s sidekick in “Million Dollar Baby.” She’s done a number of Broadway plays since, hopes to do others.

At 11, Jeri was already producing playlets with rich character parts for herself. Today, she’s still fond of radio because its versatility (plus her own) permits her to play everything from crusty spinsters to glamorous spies. “At Mutual,” says the
Warren Wade (whose imposing hat is equally famous behind the scenes of both radio and TV) gives on-mike direction to three ace performers: Don MacLaughlin, star of Counterspy; Jeri Archer, featured on many a Mutual mystery-adventure, including Gang Busters; Larry Haines, who's heard as star of Treasury Agent.

tall redhead, “my specialty seems to be the Jekyll-and-Hyde woman—the smooth, dignified swindler who is really an evil witch at heart!”

Don MacLaughlin has not only been David Harding in Counterspy from that series’ first days, back in 1942, but also Dr. Jim Brent on radio’s Road Of Life and, more recently, Chris Hughes on TV’s As The World Turns. Don takes special delight in Counterspy: “What average family man can carry a gun, surround a house and round up criminals?”

Very much a family man today, at home as well as in daytime drama, Don was born in Webster, Iowa, and was educated all over the country—winding up with graduate work at Arizona U. He got his radio and dramatic starts in Tucson, but found his bride, Mary, in New York. Nowadays, they make their home with their three teenagers in a small Vermont town.

Son of an orchestra leader and a “Ziegfeld Follies” beauty, William Redfield was born to show business, in New York. Billy spent his early years in Washington, D.C., wanted to be a ballplayer—till he returned to Broadway to make his stage debut at 9. Radio, TV, stage and screen have claimed him ever since, except for an 18-month hitch in the Army.

Billy met his wife, Betsy, while doing a play with her sister, Julia Meade. They were wed last March, expect their first-born next January. “The girls are Yankee fans,” he grins, “but I’ve been converting them to the Dodgers.” Baby’s bound to be either a ballplayer or a grandstand

DON MacLAUGHLIN
WILLIAM REDFIELD

ETHEL EVERETT

goddess—unless show-biz proves too strong for the third generation, too. Manhattan-born Ethel Everett's family was dead-set against her becoming an actress, wanted her to be a teacher ("I still have the certificate in a bottom drawer somewhere"). Ethel became active in dramatics while attending Hunter College, got her first chance at Broadway when her play group won a competition. The stage proved less lucrative than radio and TV, where she has been much in demand for some years now.

Her roles, she says, seem to fall into two categories: Sane or insane. Ethel's been both psychiatrist and patient, both murderess and victim. "I'm the perfect audience for a mystery show," she twinkles. "I can never guess beforehand who-done-it—even when it turns out I did it!"

Peter Irving has called Robert Haag "one of the finest narrators I ever worked with." Long familiar in daytime serials, Bob likes working with documentary material, instead of fiction, on T.D.M.—"the first 'real'

ROBERT HAAG

LAWSON ZERBE

role I've ever had," he says in the voice that goes with being almost 6-feet-4. "There's a certain satisfaction in doing public service."

Bob, in fact, started out to study law, before little-theater work changed his plans. Born in Cullom, Ill., he attended high school in Springfield, Mass., got his first radio experience at WBZA. Today, he commutes between New York and Wilbraham, near Springfield, and agriculture is his avocation. "When you come from a farm," he says, "you never really get away from it."

Birthplace for Lawson Zerbe was Portland, Oregon, but he grew up in Dayton, Ohio, where he attended the Cooperative High School and later had a scholarship at the Dayton Art Institute. With only vague ideas of becoming an artist, Lawson spent
Peter Irving puts a stellar cast through the paces of *True Detective Mysteries*: Left to right—announcer Dan McCullough, top radio cop Bill Zuckert (standing), T.D.M. narrator Robert Haag, actress Ethel Everett, actor William Redfield.

much more of his time tinkering with cars—and organizing his own stock company, which actually got paid for playing at local clubhouses.

Lawson got some mike experience in Dayton, landed his first real "pro" job at WLW in Cincinnati, eventually headed for New York. Radio there welcomed him from the start—his first big network assignment was a top crime show—and he's been in great demand ever since, for roles requiring high emotional tension.

Bronx-born Bill Zuckert went through local public schools—"but not very far." He quit to run an elevator, passed a Civil Service exam, moved to Washington and found himself in the Office of Indian Affairs—where he stayed long enough to acquire permanent status. ("If the acting business ever goes bad on me, I can always go back to the Indians. It was interesting!")

But Bill counted up and discovered he'd done 50 or 60 community-service shows on the networks for free, in his spare time. He headed back for New York, to make a living at acting—and has scarcely missed a well-paid week on the air since. True to his Government background, he is nearly always cast on the side of the law—but he has also played Dillinger for *Gang Busters*' re-enactments of that crime classic.

All heard over Mutual, from 8:05 to 8:30 P.M. EST: Mon., *True Detective Mysteries*; Tues., *Treasury Agent*; Wed., *Gang Busters*; Thurs., *Secrets Of Scotland Yard*; Fri., *Counterspy*.
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Bronx-born Bill Zuckert went through local public schools—but not very far.” He quit to run an elevator, passed a Civil Service exam, moved to Washington and found himself in the Office of Indian Affairs—where he stayed long enough to acquire permanent status. (“If the acting business ever goes bad on me, I can always go back to the Indians. It was interesting!”)

But Bill counted up and discovered he'd done 50 or 60 community-service shows on the networks for free, in his spare time. He headed back for New York, to make a living at acting—and has scarcely missed a well-paid week on the air since. True to his Government background, he is nearly always cast on the side of the law—but he has also played Dillinger for Gang Busters' re-enactments of that crime classic.

Peter Irving puts a stellar cast through the paces of True Detective Mysteries: Left to right—announcer Don McCullough, top radio cop Bill Zuckert (standing). T.D.M., narrator Robert Haag, actress Ethel Everett, actor William Redfield.
Unlike Joan of One Man’s Family,
Mary Lou Harrington has found just the right man,
just the kind of marriage Father Barbour would approve

By DORA ALBERT

It’s an old-fashioned romance, an old-fashioned marriage. But they met on a blind date—Mary Lou Harrington, the brown-eyed, dark-haired Joan of One Man’s Family, and Joe Dialon, to whom she has been married for the two happiest years of her life. One of Mary Lou’s closest girl friends, Marilyn Wroe, whom she has known ever since they were in the sixth grade together, was giving a Hallowe’en party. For a whole year, Marilyn had been worrying about Mary Lou’s lack of a serious romance. Ever since Mary Lou, who had dated one boy steadily for more than four years, had broken off with him by mutual consent. (They had found themselves drifting steadily farther and farther apart. Though he was six months older than Mary Lou, she was more mature than he in many ways—and both of them realized, possibly with regret, that they weren’t really right for each other.) (Continued on page 83)

Looking at husband Joe Dialon, holding baby Alan, Mary Lou is glad she wasn’t too old-fashioned about “blind dates”!

Unlike Joan of One Man’s Family,
Mary Lou Harrington has found just the right man,
just the kind of marriage Father Barbour would approve
Amateur disaster: Joe's luck has been bad, when it comes to home gardening. His do-it-yourself weed killer stopped growth of all the nice green grass, too. Mary Lou has more faith in their ability to raise happy children, hopes to have others just as lively as Alan.
Nothing that could happen to Patrick O'Neal as Dick Starrett, in Sheldon Reynolds' new Dick And The Duchess series on CBS-TV, could be more romantic and adventurous than Patrick's own experiences of the past year or so. To begin, there was the sheer luck by which he happened to be on the spot to be chosen for Dick—instead of three thousand miles away in California. It had been Cynthia's idea to come to New York to see the New Year in... so there he was, in the right place at just the right time.

There is Cynthia herself and the romantic way in which they met. They had the same agent, who kept trying to bring them together ("Cynthia is a fine girl"—"Patrick is a fine fellow")... but, until she saw Patrick on a television screen, Cynthia hadn't shown much interest in the proposed meeting.

There was their almost impossible plan to be married on the eve of his leaving for Europe last January to make the pilot film for Dick And The Duchess... a marriage in which literally a dozen people helped, many of them perfect strangers to both. And their idyllic two-month honeymoon in Europe, after the film was shot in London and Paris... except that they almost got lost in a blizzard driving over a... (Continued on page 68)
What a year for Patrick O'Neal! Love, marriage, stardom in the new series, Dick And The Duchess—all within just the past few months
Haila Stoddard, of television and theater, has time by the tail. Sample day: She deposits her husband at the 7:12 A.M. train at Briarcliff, New York, returns home to pack her son off to school, complete with lunch, drives off at ten for her 11:15 CBS-TV rehearsal, rehearses from after the show until 5:45 for the next day, reaches the theater at eight for a leading dramatic role—and, all the time, remains on tap to fill in, if needed, on ten minutes' notice, for Rosalind Russell in "Auntie Mame." If she's not in a play, Haila and husband Whitfield Connor spend the evening at work as a writing team. Then they drive home to Briarcliff. Obviously, all this takes organization and self-discipline. "I just don't have time to be (Continued on page 69)
Getting to Know Him

(Continued from page 25)

“We'd known each other for three years,” says Patti, “but we’d never really spent twenty-four hours a day together before. We’d never had time.”

Now, at last, they had it. Six long weeks together, with no separations, no pressure of work, no public appearances. Six weeks when they could be just Mr. and Mrs. O’Curran, American tourists.

They had planned their honeymoon for months, even before they were married last December in Las Vegas. They had talked for hours over the telephone wires from Los Angeles to New York, about where they would go, what they wanted to see. Charlie, who had been abroad three times before, would be the guide, but Patti had some very definite ideas.

“I wanted to see the Tower of London and the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace,” she says, “and all the things I’d been reading and hearing about for years. Paris, of course, and Rome.

“Friends we met in England thought we were crazy, but we didn’t care.”

The sailing was gay and fun, as a honeymoon should be. So was the weather.

They debarred at Plymouth, late in the afternoon, and took a car, instead of the boat train, to London. “We thought we were being pretty bright,” Patti laughs, “but the boat train got to 10:30 P.M. and it was half past one in the morning before we made it. And there were fans, I heard later, waiting at the station in London for me.”

Thoughtful always, Patti disliked the idea of disappointing the young folk who had gathered to see her.

It was on the road from Plymouth to London that Patti got her first taste of England’s non-touristy honesty; they had decided to stop at one of the quaint old pubs which dot the highway.

“Our drinks were lukewarm, but we saw a refrigerator just back of the bar so we thought we could safely ask for ice,” says Patti. “But when we did, the barmaid hustled out to the kitchen and came back with two ice cubes, one of which she dropped carefully into each glass.”

She giggled. “It wasn’t very cold ice, either.”

London in July was London in the rain. And while the drinks were warm, the weather was cold. Patti, who had packed only summer clothes—“I didn’t even take a suit”—scurried out and bought a coat.

Between showers, and in them, too,
Charlie made sure that Patti saw London. The Tower of London . . . Buckingham Palace . . . the changing of the guard . . . Westminster Abbey . . . Soho . . . Madame Tussaud’s Waxworks . . . The House of Parliament with Big Ben on its top . . . everything Patti had wanted to see. And they took pictures. Charlie had said, “Let’s see this to be an inveterate picture-taker, once we’d visited a camera shop in London and learned how to operate the Rolleiflex camera loaned to us by David and Vanderbilt Victoria photographer.” Patti was photographed feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, in front of Buckingham Palace, and at Windsor Castle, for which they made their one jaunt outside of London proper.

One evening they went to the theater, where they saw Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh in “Titus Andronicus.”

“It was the first Shakespearean play I’d ever seen,” Patti says candidly. The play—and the theater—were all Patti had dreamed of. That turned out to be just orchestra seats . . . the two brought to their seats between acts the 7:30 curtain, with time for a late dinner afterwards.

They had nine friends—the Les Browns, Bob Hope, Eddie Albert—and made new ones. And they laughed, curled up together in a big chair in the living-room of their suite, over some of the strange English dishes such as “I” and “bangers and mash” and “spotted dick.”

They saw their first British television. Their suite at the Savoy had been occupied, just before their arrival, by “an ambulance,” of all things, and there had been set installed by wheeling, palm-greasing, and just plain refusing to let anyone take it out, they kept the set.

“It was great,” says Patti. “A fine screen can be produced, which made for a wonderful picture.”

While Charlie and Patti had been dashing around like typical tourists, sightseeing days and dining with friends evenings, the British government had been bombarding them with requests for interviews. “They couldn’t believe that we’d come over just for fun,” Patti says. But eventually she gave in and for a week the O’Curran honeymoon became one press-interview after another.

“One of the things every reporter asked me was my eye my voice was higher on television (Patti’s filmed series is shown in England) than it is in real life. Then one day I went down to the studio to have some pictures taken in front of the screen on which one of my films was being shown.

“That’s too fast,” I told Charlie. They’re playing it too fast.” And sure enough, we discovered that they ran twenty-five frames a second—while we run twenty-four. Just that little difference in speed made my voice sound higher.”

Despite the rain and the cold, “England was a fairyland.” The city of London, with its ancient streets, tall shops, its huge lumbering buses . . . the tiny English cars sputtering along on the left side of the street . . . the luxury of the Savoy was divine, but Patti had little difficulty. She just let Charlie handle the conversations, nodding, smiling, and adding a “merci beaucoup” or a “bonjour, mon pauvre,” and it was all right.

“Charlie’s theory is that he’s fast, whether he says anything or not,” Patti laughs. And it’s easy to see that getting to know her husband was more fun for her than munching French hot dogs in the Eiffel Tower, with all of Paris at her feet.

“He started talking as soon as he saw anyone coming, and he kept it up until we said ‘s’il vous plaît—just take a seat’ and he’d be quiet.”

The days in Paris were rainy, but after their sightseeing jaunts there were the glamorous nights, with visits to night spots in the Left Bank and watching the swanker clubs in the Champs Elysées section. They by-passed the Folies Bergère; saw the floor show at the Lido in the company of Charlie, “pretty girls,” adds Patti.

“Nowhere did Charlie and Patti go the wrong place. It hadn’t occurred to her, obviously, that Charlie had eyes for no one but the girl at his side.”

From Paris it was only a short flight to Switzerland, with Zurich, Lucerne and Interlaken entering them both. “I loved Switzerland,” says Patti, her eyes a little dreamy. “It’s the quintessential picture-postcard villages and the magnificent view of the Jungfrau from their hotel windows.

In Zurich (“Where you can just pick up the phone and dial anyone anywhere in the world”), Patti went a little mad over the food. Before she left, she added a Swiss cookbook to her list of purchases. It’s filled with just enough time later to decide whether the recipes live up to the cooking in the Hermitage.

“They served a veal dish that was divine,” says Patti. “Three strips of veal, cut very thin, with a white sauce over them, and served with rice, or noodles, or those potatoes they call rosti.”

It was in Zurich that Charlie was always more or less busy as an ad man. Patti explains. “He told one that I wanted to go somewhere to hear Scandinavian folk music, and the driver, very seriously, said, ‘Is it imperative?’

But there was rain in Switzerland, too. Patti and Charlie began to feel that they’d been born with wet feet and sodden raincoats. They could go on to Rome and the south of France, as they had planned, hoping to find the sun? Or should they spend the last two weeks of their honeymoon in a spot where they knew there would be sunshine?

It didn’t take them long to decide. Back to Paris, onto a plane. Almost before they had a chance to dry out they were in Palm Springs, California, where they luxuriated in the heat and the sun for two all-too-short weeks.

The Nick Castles were their hosts there and, as Patti watched her husband playing about the pool with the two Castle children, she learned something more about him: Charlie, the bon vivant, the gay man-about-town, was only the shell of the real Charlie.

“I used to be afraid to say I didn’t want to go out at night,” she confesses now, “but we hadn’t been out once since we got home. I’ve discovered that Charlie is happy as a clam just sitting home evenings.”

That’s what they’re doing now, when they can be together. The honeymoon, unhurriedly, is on. And one must be separated for long periods of time.

Patti is kept in New York by her weekly television show while Charlie has commitments in Hollywood. “For the picture to do before Elvis goes into the Army,” Patti explains. “That will be finished before Christmas. Then he’ll have to do a Broadway play.”
That Sentimental Softie: Frank Sinatra

(Continued from page 30)

get one and started and see it through.”

Opinion in Hollywood is divided as to whether this is the wise way—or the time. Whether or not Frank Sinatra's Capitol records, his night-club appearances, and all the rest—Frank Sinatra should be spreading himself thinner with the public, and not concentrating on building his name. But there is no denying his expanding popularity at the box-office.

Typical of this all-or-nothing-at-all star (and of his fabulous career founded on challenge), Frank has gone into the twenty-five-hour-in television—plus spectaculars—at a time when such giants as Sid Caesar and Jackie Gleason and many a top show have been passing by, looking for exposure in the hungry medium of TV.

Sinatra's ace production staff believe that his versatility is the answer...that this ruler will etch a record in the public's memory as he did in the past. As producer William Self says, “We feel the variety nature of the show will fizzle—and Frank can handle anything. I don’t know of any finer actor or singer today than Sinatra. Scripter Bill Morrow confidently puts it this way: “If TV’s knocked out the giants, they’ll need a strong personality. Television will need someone like Sinatra to fill the void.”

Varying his shows in much the same way Frank successfully switches tempos in his Capitol records albums today, he will be putting on his first nine shows and thirteen dramatic shows this season. He’ll host ten dramatic shows, and he will do another one-hour spectacular in addition to the premiere. He plans using the same names in the musicals, and will also feature each of his children on one show.

Seventeen-year-old Nancy and two girl friends, Jane Ross and Binnie Burrell (a very talented young coloratura who’s aiming for a career in light opera), have a role on a radio show called “The Tri-Tones.” They’ll be singing together since junior high, performing at the Veterans Hospital, the Brentwood Country Club, and special assemblies at schools. “On one show,” said Bill Morrow, “the finale, Frank will sing with Nancy—and Nelson Riddle will make an arrangement for a four-part song for Frank and the trio.

“Frank Junior’s a fine pianist,” Bill continued. “He plays classical music—but he’ll probably step down a little bit for our show and accompany his dad on something in the pop field,” he adds with a grin.

“Tina? I think we’ll probably use Tina on one of the live hour spectaculars. She’ll do something with her dad—maybe Frank will put on the ballet shoes and dance with her.”

They planned a “month’s shooting” for all thirteen half-hour musicals. How could they do it? They plan to have Frank singing with his orchestra, but not in music but in all the arts. His ability as an actor carries over into script reading and interpretation, Frank has that sympathy for the written word, whether it’s said or sung.

Versatility. Excitement. Magnetism. Music...They’re all an important part of the Sinatra story. But, so is that other compelling ally in Frank’s corner now—Sinatra himself, today. The fire and the heart and the music of him, all pulling together. He’s a one-man Marine Corps in show business, striking in all directions—but with only one objective.

Right now, Frank is working on how he was accomplishing so much today. Frank’s personal explanation was: “I’m doing things one at a time. You know how I was so free, free, free, free, free, free, free, free...at one time. I used to get so many things on my mind, and I’d get so confused I couldn’t get anything done. Now I’m taking it one step. I’m in the next thing until the first thing’s done. Man, I’m getting a whole lot more accomplished!” The friend laughed. Sinatra is doing just about everything at once and has been plugged by the press into the hungry medium of TV.

Songwriters eulogized Sinatra’s interpretation of lyrics from the beginning, his “nuance,” his ability to make a word, a part of him.” And they were right. Every song was the two meteors—the music and the man—were Siamese twins. The same emotion, intensity, mannerisms that made headlines also early forestall the national actors, and still shades a lyric until it cries the story. “I aim to be a storyteller,” Frank said, the first time we met him in 1942. “One thing I’ve learned is that I have to interpret.”

The lyric is the thing.

Today, he himself tells a happier story— with one ending. He’s no longer pulling him on with his father’s shadow and his nightmares and his anxieties. He has two loves, his children and his career. His goal—which is also for them—is one and the same. Nobody can stop him. But, even when that top might fall off, when his power, Sinatra—son of an Italian fireman, born on a Jersey waterfront—rose to fame such as the world seldom seen.

In analyzing Frank Sinatra so clinically today are like people who arrive at a movie in the middle of the picture—and immediately begin to narrate on the whole plot. You want to tell them, “Wait and see the beginning of the picture, before you’re so sure what the middle’s about—and where it will all end.”

Frankly, of course, Sinatra hasn’t really changed since the day he arrived in Hollywood—except in his objectives. He was a true talent from the beginning. When Frank Sinatra arrived at the Rustic Cabin in New Jersey for twenty-five dollars a week, he was impressed by “his way of talking a lyric—the feeling—the way he made the story come through.”

Occasionally, of course, Sinatra wasn’t impressed by Frank joining the band, the first date he played with them—in Baltimore, Maryland. Frank wasn’t satisfied, and he didn’t know his name. But they were standing at the stage door, yelling for him... Jo Stafford, a “Pied Piper” on old-time radio, was impressed by Frank’s voice. His orchestra wasn’t impressed that first day he walked on the stage—to “but, by the time Frank had finished singing eight bars, I thought this is the greatest sound I ever heard! He’s a born singer.”

But he had more than that...just call it talent.

He was born exercising his American privilege. He had an uproarious laugh and speech. Success in no way ever concealed that his talent. Certainly his challenge and controversy—in whatever proportion—never slowed him. From the beginning, he was on top, that was when he was going over the bell ring. And you often admired him—because he so often said what you would like to say and didn’t dare—at one time when he shouldn’t have dared, either.

According to musicians and friends, this was always true, too. Although Tommy Dorsey’s band was the top spot for a vocalist, Frank didn’t hesitate to take a walk and sing Leadership. “Frank buying himself a drink from his own band’s bar” was also typical, though little-known. It was the last day of the band’s engagement in Indianapolis and Dorsey was kidding around with his trumpet player till the last number while he was singing. He’d do it many times before—and Frank had laughed. But finally it was too much...and, besides, Frank’s father was in the audience.

“I’ve had enough,” Sinatra said. Three words which were to prove the turning point, more than once, in Frank’s life and career. And no general could ever give them more decisively. From the beginning in Hollywood, with just one foot inside the sound-stage door on a movie lot, he would protest when established stars didn’t dare—when he hadn’t been identified. He just wouldn’t report to the set. Frank would take on a top executive, in whom he felt authority had been confused without so much as a blink of his big blue eyes.

His confidence was always exceeded only by his talent. He used his career as a base for building others’ egos, too, and giving them breaks that changed their whole futures. Stories are legion of his generosity in giving others a chance in the sun. Many of Sinatra’s old cronies—such as Skitch Henderson, a fine pianist, was just out of the Army, looking for a future, when Frank starred him on his radio show, and he never wanted to see people light up, Frank used to say.

He was the first pop singer to sing in the Hollywood Bowl...and he was in it. His career as producer of others, longhorns who frankly questioned the wisdom of Frank’s Sinatra’s replacing opera-concert star Gladys Swarthout, who couldn’t appear. It was the fact that the Bowl was operating at a financial break—without Sinatra, some symphonics then were afraid the hallowed surroundings would never be the same.

Then there was the time he had them hanging from the Milky Way that night. Every celebr in Hollywood who had a daughter was there (including Bing Crosby, who hadn’t). The fans were screaming, “Sing to me, Frankie.” Right in the “Take Care of Number One” Man River,” a battery of photographers yelled, “Smile, Frankie, smile.” And Constatin Bakaleinikoff, who just preceded him in the Bowl, couldn’t say, “The Nutcracker Suite,” was a genially bewitched fellow. He kept saying, “Not even the Russian Revolution—even...up, up, and down and up the ladder...” Frank Sinatra’s had quite a few “firsts.”

Frank has termed the year 1951 the darkest for him professionally. “I couldn’t get away from work with Frank, couldn’t be the Nut thing.” He will be ever grateful for the boost Bob Hope gave him at that time. “Bob gave me a spot to do in one of his TV specials,” Frank said. “He did that one-hour TV show. All the industry was watching to see whether I could get off the canvases and come around again. And Bob took me up so beautifully on the show...arranged for me to have all the laughs.”

It was “Maggio” who put him back into the big money, however. And, typically, this was Frank’s gamble...and his victory. He was five-hundred miles in 63
the interior of Africa, discouraged, and relatively broke—billed by the government for around $100,000 back income tax—and no good offers to alleviate it. He was torn between his second marriage and his career, flying around the world like Captain Jet, trying to keep nightclub dates and rejoin wife Ava Gardner on foreign locations. Show business said Sinatra was virtually on his way out. The old magic no longer seemed to have them in his spell. The Hoboken Kid was going down for the count.

But the Hoboken Kid was just getting his second wind. He'd had his heart set on the role of Maggio in "From Here to Eternity" before Columbia Pictures even bought the book. Frank felt he knew the tough-talking, wisecracking, warm-hearted Italian as well as his own skin. He went in swinging for it personally—"I didn't even send my agent." He talked to producer Buddy Adler "and anyone else who would listen to me." Production was a long way off, but Frank wanted to get his licks in there first.

He watched—and read items—and waited ... while others were signed for the picture. Finally, thousands of miles away in Africa, a disheartened Frank got the good news that the studio was making tests and would test him if he wanted to come back—at his own expense. His own galleries.

Within thirty-six hours, Frank was in Hollywood. Producer Buddy Adler handed him the test scene—the drunk scene—and Frank took one look at it and handed it back. "I don't need this," he said. He already knew it. Later, the producer admitted his feeling at the time was: "Well—that's what you think. We'll see about that." But, as he added, "I didn't feel he had a Chinnam's chance, anyway, so I just said, 'Well—okay.'" Frank was the last to test, and late in the afternoon, Buddy Adler got a call from the director, Fred Zinnemann, saying, "You'd better come down to the set. You're going to see something unbelievable."

When the word spread about his performance in "From Here to Eternity," Frank had the world on a string again. But—paradoxically—by then, his second marriage had failed, too, and he seemed too disheartened to care. Film and television offers were pouring in. He'd turned down "Waterfront" because he had so many previous commitments—"it's just cutting the time too close." There wasn't enough of him to go around for all the mediums wanting him.

"I'm beat," he told us one night at a television rehearsal. "I'm doing three radio shows a week for NBC, I've been recording things in Hollywood—sort of here all day—" He said it all like a man just repeating words. No spark. No big victory. Too drained of all emotion to care. He didn't go along with all the talk that the man might pay for an Academy Award. "Oh, no—I'm not looking for any Oscar. It's just because it's offheat for me—you'll see." He only brightness once ... when he said his daughter Nancy had seen the picture—and she loved it ... their mother took all of the children to see it.

By the time of the Oscars, however, it was a different Frank, a jubilant Frank, who went to the Awards dinner, flanked by Nancy, Jr. and Frank, Jr. ... and gripping in hand the medalion the children had given him, with his guardian angel on one side, a little Oscar on the other, and inscribed, "To Dad—From Here To Eternity."

"I'm very, very happy Frank who said, after that evening, "Everything is ahead of me. Man—I'm on top of the world. I'm buoyant."

Today ... the "freak singer" who came to Hollywood leaning on a microphone has fifty-five people working for him in connection with his career and his various enterprises. As Frank has said, with a grin, "Suddenly, I'm a one-man industry." And he is. At Columbia studios, where Sinatra was paid eight thousand dollars for "From Here to Eternity," he recently got a reported $150,000 for "Pal Joey" ... and twenty-five percent of the picture.

He has a healthy percentage of Paramount's "The Joker Is Wild," in which he plays comedian Joe E. Lewis, and of his current "Kings Go Forth," co-starring Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis ... to be followed by "Jazz Train," with Sammy Davis, Jr.

Throughout "Pal Joey," he was confering, between scenes, with his television staff about his weekly ABC-TV show. He was recording at Capitol Records at night until one o'clock. In between, he was making personal appearances on weekends. Between pictures—if there's an extra week—he plays a date at the Sands Hotel. When he's in Hollywood, you'll usually find him, late in the evening, gladhanding the patrons and doing everything but baking bread. In Seattle, a downtown café—of which he has a percentage.

Suddenly, he's a one-man industry ... and nothing but sevens.

The recent showing of "The Joker Is Wild" recently, Nancy Sinatra, a very fair critic, told friends she considered this "the best thing Frank's ever done." So it's him—Joe E. Lewis in some scenes, if it's a little Academy Award.

Portraying the belovedquila personality was one more challenge for Frank Sinatra, and one he took but seriously: "It was a role that I'm not really—I'm not a funny man. It was doubly hard—because Joe E. Lewis is very much alive and has thousands of fans who would gladly boil me alive if I didn't do it right by their hero."

But it was a picture I had to make. I've loved the guy since I met him in 1938, and I wanted this film to be made with understanding and loving hands.

The picture shows it. Frank's comment, when he saw it for the first time, was, "Boy, we've got a gasser, a real pizza. If the people don't like me in there—I'm not going to be hazarded... I guess that, if Joe E. Lewis's fans didn't like him in it, he was likewise through... soon on his way to parts unknown.

He's as Hollywood's brightest new star. On a two-a-day concert around the country, just recently, Frank proved the old Sinatra magic still has them. In St. Louis, Albuquerque, Denver, El Paso, Phoenix, Seattle, Vancouver—at the Cow Palace in San Francisco—it was the same story. An ovation wherever he appeared. The soprano squeals have given way to thunderous applause from both sexes—and all ages.

The same public Frank Sinatra is now meeting on TV screens across America. He was in New York last week with it. Frank worked all week before the cameras on "Pal Joey," and made flying appearances on weekends, accompanied by a twenty-six-year-old soprano, and a comedian. He played twelve stops in three weekends, an afternoon show in Albuquerque on Saturday and a night show in Denver. For El Paso and Sunday night in Phoenix. And so on. But the welcome he received everywhere was worth it.

With his warm, intimate way of talking to an audience, his quick wit, his songs—his way with words—Sinatra had the audience hanging on his every word—spoken or sung.

The Sinatra versatility at work. The same magic, the warmth, the humor, the music. For Frank, meeting his public face-to-face across the country and being welcomed so warmly was a rewarding and heartwarming experience. Expanding himself on weekly television is no real gamble ... just another challenge in the life of Francis Albert Sinatra. Television can't drain him professionally. He's too much talent—and too many men.

Then there are those who view music passively the adventure of living—and so critically view those who live it more adventurously—Frank is always somewhat of a mystery. You want to say, "Quit trying to explain him, people. It's Joe E. Lewis and his music and his magic. His bright, hot, exciting talent that touches and brightens the drabber lives of many, many fans who live it up a little more through him."

Today's Sinatra, however, has changed in the one all-important way which releases all cylinders for the future. He's no longer torn between two lives—professional and professionally. The music and the emotion are channeled one way—his future and his family.
His family still live in the Holmby Hills estate he bought, with its swimming pool, projection room and rolling lawns. But they live relatively simply. There's a playroom that can accommodate a hundred guests, but the only time it's used is when Nancy, Jr. entertains her club at University High, numbering about forty girls. Nancy Sinatra talks occasionally about selling the house. It's Frank who talks against it, saying, "Keep it for the kids." There's a Japanese couple, but Nancy makes many of the children's clothes—and cooks most of the meals. And Frank drops by to see the children frequently.

Frank and Nancy Sinatra are an intelligent example of how to be parents though divorced—how to see to it that the children never lack for love or attention from either side. They share the responsibility. They talk over any problems and, if there's any minor disciplining in order, it's Frank who lowers the boom, grounding them from a movie or a party or some pleasure.

Of Frank the father, a close friend of the Sinatras says, "If Frank were a father living at home, I don't see how he could be more generous or considerate or thoughtful or affectionate."

When Tina had measles not long ago and had to be closeted in a dark room for ten days, her father bought a new record-player and a batch of kiddie records—and called her constantly through the day, keeping her company. For Nancy, Jr.'s seventeenth birthday, Frank surprised her by driving over a pink Thunderbird with white leather upholstery, and the family dined at the Villa Capri together.

Frank has unqualified admiration for the wonderful job Nancy Sinatra's done raising the children. They're poised, intelligent and unspoiled. They've never attended private schools. Their mother believes in public schools and has wanted them to grow up like the wonderful normal kids they are. She's kept them out of the spotlight as much as possible. Frank, Jr. gets a weekly allowance of seventy-five cents, and Tina's was recently raised from a quarter to thirty-five cents. All three children take piano and are talented musically, and Frank couldn't be more delighted. When Nancy, Jr. was younger, her father used to talk about how happy he would be if she loved music as he did. "She has a great ear for music now," he would say, "and, although she isn't conscious of it, I'm training it all I can." He used to wear out his collection of classical records playing them for her absorption. Nancy, Jr. is very talented in composing and arranging music now.

Frank, Jr., who resembles his dad very much, is a musical wizard. He's been taking piano eight years and he's a brilliant young pianist. He hears his father's numbers and works out his own interpretations on the piano without music. He's quite a clown and shows a real flair for showmanship.

On one weekend concert appearance, Sinatra took Frank, Jr. along. When the plane was airborne, Frank brought his son down the aisle and introduced him to Harry Klee. Young Frank had just gotten a new flute a few days before, his father explained, and he'd brought it with him: "Look—will you talk to him about his flute?"

"Are you going to give up playing the piano now?" one of the musicians asked. "Oh, no," Frank, Jr. said quickly. "I have too much time in on that to think of giving it up. It's all to my advantage to stick with it now."

Frank, Jr. would usually ride with his father from the plane, but, when the musicians got to the auditorium, he'd be standing there with his flute. "Maybe we only had three minutes to talk—but he was ready and waiting. I've never seen a more intelligent thirteen-year-old. He's real sharp and he can come out real fast—but he knows when to be quiet, too," says Harry Klee.

Frank, Jr. talked about the seventy-piece school orchestra at Emerson Junior High. He talked about his composition class and the arrangement he had to make for the seventy-piece band. "He was so smart, he talked so intelligently, and he knew so much about music—by the time he'd finished talking, I was ready to go to work for him," Sinatra's flute player laughs. "They have a wonderful grown-up relationship, Frank and his son."

When the bandwagon first rolled and the teenagers were swarming around him, Frank used to look at them—and talk about what he wanted for Nancy, Jr. when she was seventeen. What he wanted to be able to give her. The home he wanted her to have... one she could be proud of—and bring her friends to. The college education... the musical training. He wanted her to be able to realize the importance of environment—"the neighborhood where I was born was... not so good." Today, Nancy is seventeen. Their father is able to provide his three children with the college education he didn't have. The advantages he didn't have. The environment he didn't have. And the residuals from Frank Sinatra's weekly television show will be a trust fund—a legacy—to insure the future he wants for them... and there is another legacy... that of a scrappy kid from Hoboken, a volcano of music and talent, who—with no advantages, no education and no environment—came from behind twice... and made history in show business.

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of filming, it threw Oklahoma-born, saddlebred Garner on his ear, grining Warner Bros.' back-lot dust into his silver-buttoned eyes and black hair. Professional ex-footballer, rolled safely out of harm's way, good-naturedly accepted the jibes of the camera crew.

Gambler Maverick, as producer Bill Orr sees it, is the natural, destination anywhere, willing to take chances on life, laughs or love. Independent and rootless, he's tumblerfree. His prime motive is money. For his happiness, better or worse, doesn't necessarily play according to the rules. Bret Maverick is out to get everything he can without hurting anyone else, too much.

Garner comes into the TV game of chance with a fat poke—namely the powerful and combined backing of Henry J. Kaiser Industries, Warner Bros. and ABC-TV. This is a headstart on two, it is hoped the new Maverick show will be able to hold its audience against the charms of Allen and Sullivan.

A range six-foot-three, darkly handsome Jim Garner is perfectly cast as Maverick. Besides this physical identity, Garner's youth, charm, and personality are good modern-day counterparts to the early adventurer.

Garner was born to Weldon and Mildred Garner, of Norman, Oklahoma, April 7, 1928. His mother died when he was five, he was raised by his father and two older brothers until he was fifteen. Jim's father was in the upholstery and carpeting business, and also kept a small country store. "The best part about the store," Jim remembers fondly, "was the peanut butter—in bulk." He muses, "Remember when it was sold that way? I used to live in that store, every time I walked by the peanut-butter crock I'd dip in and swipe a gob. Delicious."

Jim went to grade school in Norman, but his father's job moved the family to a nearby farming community. By this time, however, they didn't get him interested in his studies. One of the reasons was that Jim didn't see any use in school—he was getting rich on the outside, he thought, mowing lawns. He says, "While the other kids read a chapter of Ivanhoe," I could earn twenty-five cents. My brother and I were known as the richest kids on the block." When asked about summer vacations, Jim hesitates, then says, "I didn't have a summer vacation—you could say I was on vacation all the time." He offers his own low opinion of his scholastic ability, Jim earned enough credits to come back later to Oklahoma University, where he studied business administration for a time, though he was never graduated.

Garner describes his childhood and teens as one big vacation. But he also worked hard. He clerked in his father's store. He cleaned chickens. "I worked at that job the shortest time of any job I ever had," says Jim, "but I suppose somebody has to clean chickens." He worked on the family farm. He next graduated to cleaning out at the University. "I was thirteen years old when I got this advancement to janitor. One of the best jobs I ever had, but the boss, I was even met with the occasional threat of violence. Used to get up to three-thirty in the morning, wind blowing, ice a half-inch thick and trudge off to the school. Made five cents an hour."

It was a job really wasn't as bad as I made it out—actually fun, for we used to sled downhill on the ice to work."

Garner never in his wildest dreams thought of himself as an actor or performer. He was an introvert, dreaded getting up in front of his class to recite. Generally affable and easygoing, Jim's expression grows serious as he recalls this early period of his life. "I hated it. I wasn't that good at it. I wasn't that good of myself. As a result, I was the sort of kid who always hung around in the background at parties, I can't explain it, but generally I'm a shy individual."

Jim's good looks didn't make it easier. He had one family friend in Norman, Oklahoma who insisted on getting a talent scout or coach up to see Jim, to encourage his application to the motion picture business. "I didn't want to appear in front of millions of people on a screen," says Jim, as he recalls this crisis. "Why, if I was late for church Sunday morning, I'd be embarrassed."

Garner was signed to a contract with Warner Bros. and presented with a professional baseball player, now intends becoming a professional golfer, and my other brother, Charles, is a teacher. I guess not knowing what I wanted to do..."

So, at sixteen, Jim was off to New Orleans, where he signed on as a seaman aboard a sea-going tug. He spent one year returned to high school after a year. When he graduated, his father moved to Los Angeles and went into the carpet-laying contracting business. Jim joined his father there, worked in high school his "first job was driving cabs in a big city, driving a taxi, and helped his dad in his spare time. But Jim was not too happy in Los Angeles and decided to return to Norman, Oklahoma, where he completed his high-school education. He also joined the Oklahoma National Guard. Garner was one of the first Oklahoma infantrymen to land in Korea, served fourteen months in the Peninsula, with the Fifth Battalion, Combat Team of the 24th Division, was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered in action, Jim Garner comes by his fighting ability in Maverick the hard way. Garner was born in Los Angeles. "My dad came to me one day," reports Jim, "saying, 'Look, you don't want to lay carpets all your life. We don't get paid on our own. There's a more interesting, something you could better use your talents on."

"I sat down one night and tried to look at myself subjectively: So I had height, fair looks (without braggadocio), and I kept hearing all those people saying, 'You ought to be in pictures.'"

All right, I figured I'd been around the world, seen how it is, and I'm willing to take a chance under all sorts of circumstances, maybe I'd learned enough to be an actor. I decided to give it a year's try."

"When I first arrived in Korea, Jim had made friends with a young soda-jerk named Paul Gregory. Jim happened to spy his name on the front of a La Cerna building one day shortly after he'd finally made up his mind to try to crack the entertainment industry. Gregory the soda-jerk was now Gregory the producer ("The Caine Mutiny Court Martial") and Jim confronted his old friend about a job in movies. Gregory found a spot for the good-looking young man he thought had talent. But he was not the easiest or most meditative individual. He dropped his footloose-and-fancy-free ways when he and his wife Lois were married in 1956. Lois So, John brought a mutual, friendly hope. He describes his initial reaction.
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67
Romance in a Whirlwind

(Continued from page 58)

mountain pass in Switzerland . . . and Cynthia was hospitalized briefly in Rome. (She did a marvellous Camille," says Dick.)

Now to pick up the story on the eve of their second trip abroad, for Patrick (the only American player in the cast) was making the film Dick Starrett, American insurance adjuster assigned to London and married to the daughter of an earl (played by the well-known British stage and screen actress Circuit Court), whom Dick teasingly calls "the Duchess."

The next day, Patrick and Cynthia were flying to Switzerland for a trip they had planned to feel the mood of Old England, although the place was still New York, at the O'Neal apartment. Patrick had instructed you: "Come to this block on Third Avenue at you find a store called Bazaar. Ask for us. They will know." He was quite right. They did. The bazaar was an old curiosity shop, straight out of a stage play, except that the trim air and modern young man with a nice smile waves the way through the delightful clutter of objects to a little white-railled stairway at the rear leading to the upper floor where they had a room furnished with antiques—but in less profusion.

Cynthia's brown bob is shoulder-length, her hair is becomingly serious, her hands deftly denoting Patrick's, or maybe his seems bluer because his hair is so dark. She is fairly tall for a woman (five-seven), as is he, to a man (six-three). You notice his strong features and darkly marked brows, his laughing kind of face and the way his eyes seem to sparkle while he talks. He was just thirty this September 26. She was twenty-three last April 19.

"I was an actress," she says. "Was, because now, whatever else I may do, I mainly want to make a home for Patrick. Oh, I may see some of the London fashion magazines while we're over there and try to do some modeling. I might even do an appearance in Dick Starrett and the Duchess with Patrick. But I don't see how I can be a wife, and make a home, and look forward to being a mother some day, and plan a full-time career too."

Patrick interrupts. "They wanted to test her," he says quickly, "when they were looking for an actress to play Marjorie Morningstar—Natalie Wood got the part—but she turned it down and they wanted to do it with another actress. She had been telling them she had this wonderful actor from New York, and I knew then what he meant. I thought he was great."

"I went to a swimming party at a writer's home in Beverly Hills, the first day we met," says Patrick. "It was rather instantaneous for us both, but we waited another three days to make a date, until Cynthia was through with her show."

"After that," says Cynthia, "we saw each other every day we could."

Seven months to the day after they met, they were engaged. Dick And The Duchess speeded up the wedding date. They were East on vacation, San Francisco-born Cynthia Bax- ter, twenty-one, and actor Peter O'Neal, seen Times Square on New Year's Eve, or at least she was crowding all over the city of New York.

"Cynthia was staying with a girl friend of a guy friend of mine," Patrick recalls.

In Swiss, the couple stayed in the Bar- Milinaire, Sheldon Reynolds' executive producer and right-hand, had to find someone immediately, because they were filming The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. Actors must have read for the part—I stumbled over quite a few when I went in. We talked, and I read, and in a few days Nicole called me up and said I had the wedding ring for him, a wide gold band, to terms, and I was set to fly to Paris at once and then go to London. I broke the news to Cynthia."

They had a day to cool off, and Cynthia picked him up at his apartment. He had been delayed, was still in the shower. She waited, holding back tears at the coming separation. "I think more clearly when the smoke clears, you know? Whence the blues."

"I've known them for some time, too," Patrick twirleds 'and I decided we should get married right away. I yelled to Cynthia from the bathroom—"If you can't handle it, we can get married!"

Cynthia sat down on the floor near the bathroom door and cried so hard she could hardly answer Patrick. The rest of the day went for nothing but gibber, she swears. "I was in charge of everything."

"I am in charge," he admits, "but I was like an automaton. I don't know if that's normal or not. My parents had come up from Florida to see him off. Cynthia's father flew in from California. Patrick's father found a lawyer friend who knew a Sheeven Court judge who could help them comply with the provisions of the three-day law governing marriages in New York State but might be able to speed up the various steps."

They were at the State office at ten-thirty in the morning. Someone wired Washington and the passports were issued in a few hours, instead of days later. "The baby's here," was the word. Reports which usually take a couple of days were back in a couple of hours.

People were dispatched all over New York on errands. Patrick's father got the wedding ring from a famous jeweler, correctly worn above a narrower matching band. Cynthia's father picked up her suit at the shop where it had been ordered. Patrick's mother and even her mother-in-law were at the tailor's.

Their lawyer friend sent one of his young men over to the ground the young couple would have to cover in a pre- signed time, since their plane was leaving at a particular time that evening, and every moment would count. The man rehearsed and timed the whole procedure, going on foot from building to building. They were there at all the advance arrangements, clocking the time needed to get the marriage license, even running up the steps of the registry itself, down again, to the halls. The judge, imposing in his black robes, recessed court to sign the required three-day waiver.

"Our folks," says Cynthia, "waited at City Hall and we had to go back there. We ran all the way, to be married in the most unromantic ceremony anyone ever had, by a man who rattled off the words like a tobacco auctioneer."

They made a seven o'clock plane that evening, celebrated with champagne, landed in Paris . . . and Patrick was on the set of Dick And The Duchess. The next day, he went to some of the Dick And The Duchess scenes, then back to Paris for two more weeks of filming. Afterwards, they were on their own seeing all the romantic landmark. After a vacation week in Paris, they were off across Europe on that two-month honeymoon.

First, in Switzerland, with no food between them except one chocolate bar, they started up over a mountain pass late one night, after plowing through a small snow-covered village, finally decided the blizzards was too much. They had better just get back to the little inn and stay over-night. Next morning, they learned that the road ended a few miles beyond and the pass was snowed in completely for six months out of twelve. In Rome, Cynthia picked up a debilating virus and spent a depressing week in a hospital. They were in their whole trip was so wonderful that neither blizzards nor "bugs" could have spoiled it.

Patrick had become an actor, in the first place, by what he calls "a process of elimination." He took mathematics at college (the University of Florida), but didn't like it well enough. For the same reasons, he was also interested in engineering, into which many of his friends were going. He liked history, but didn't think he was good enough at it. Business didn't appeal to him. "I used to lean more towards Dramatics. He was good at that. And he was graduated with a B.A. in Theater and stayed with it.

He has had a great deal of experience has included plenty of summer stock, stage plays—notably the Broadway production and a summer tour of "Oh Men! Oh Women!" with Franchot Tone, Bette Davis and others. In Hollywood movies—"The Black Shield of Falworth," with Tony Curtis, and "The Big Magic," with Vincent Price. For good measure, he's got a big picture on TV. On television, he has appeared in almost every dramatic program, on one or more of their shows. ("Good shows, but not always big parts."). In the United States, he was assistant television director in the TV Squadron, where he felt right at home.

Recently, Patrick has been doing some writing—also some acting which is working on a screen adaptation of a story by the noted author, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who comes from his own area in Florida (she's from Ocala). He wants to produce or help produce it himself.

There's a role in the story for a girl and Cynthia might like to play it, but this is somewhat against husband and wife working together (except, perhaps, for an episode or two in Dick And The Duchess, which would be fun). Explains Patrick, "As a producer, I have to work for a living, it should be the man. That means me. I'll take care of all that, and Cynthia will take care of me."
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January

TV RADIO MIRROR

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(Continued from page 60)
Presley's Fight for a Private Life

(Continued from page 44)
to long-time friends that he is lonely. At the same time, an army of devoted fans daily besiege his gates. It would surprise virtually all of them to be told that Presley's work is somewhat hard, at times, feel cut off from the human companionship which they are all too eager to give. Yet, when one visits Memphis, the evidence mounts that it is his very admittance to the isolation forced upon him. He struggles to attain that freedom of movement and choice of interests which most Americans hold as a birthright.

Elvis told one old friend, "I got the feeling I had to get out. So I went downtown and I bought me a make-up kit." He went far enough on the false-whiskers-putty-nose routine. He did say he wore a hat. He also admitted he was somewhat less deceptive than Lon Chaney. "I tried to sneak out the back door,' he said, 'but they wouldn't have no use. When I hit the road, they were after me."

Elvis has learned that there are penalties as well as privileges, attached to being, at twenty-two, a singing, acting, jet-propelled self-made millionaire. Unlike most of his fellow millionaires in a day when high taxes have cut both income and potential income, Elvis' high iron gates, guarded twenty-four hours a day. Elvis bought the fourteen-acre estate early in 1957—"on the spur of the moment, for only a few hundred dollars," as he describes it to a friend. It formerly was owned by a physician who had a stable of prize-winning show horses. Doubtless there are some people who have felt they were re-ported eighteen rooms a burden, in these days when domestic help is scarce, but it suited Elvis even when—as he told a friend—"it was filled with cowwebs and the plaster was cracked." Before the main-hol-ywood to make a picture, he ordered its renovation and decoration, and phoned his mother every day to learn how the work was progressing.

The house stands on the crest of a wooded ridge, its white paint gleaming through the tall trees, quite the picture of what Northern fans believe a Southern mansion should be. Behind the man-portico, one could set down the small East Tupelo house where Elvis spent his childhood years—and have room left over. To the north, Elvis has a huge kidney-shaped swimming pool, to-gether with cabanas for his guests. On summer nights when parties are in progress, the blue-green light reflected from the pool outlines the hill and silhouettes the trees, a beacon for those who must view from afar.

And "afar" is the spot from which most people view Elvis' new elegance. Reporters and photographers, as well as fans, are barred. This ban has included one newsmen who numbers himself among the "fans." He, however, have presented himself at the gates one evening, only to find that in the court of the rock 'n roll king he was suddenly persona non grata.

Attempting to secure an accurate description of the furnishings is akin to seeking information on the latest atomic device. Decorator George Golden, whom some people describe as "the living genius with modern design," has been pledged to secrecy. Friends, too, are expected to hold their tongues. Some people say Presley has shocked the New York press by implying he expected to be paid by interviewers, suggest a reason for the secrecy. They predict, "His manager can make money on anything. He'll sell the exclusive story to some magazine for a pretty penny, you'll see."

This much trickles through the Presley curtain: That splendid red carpet reached from the front door to all the drawing room, music room and dining room. The walls are Wedgwood blue, the warm and dusky shade which one sees in antique Washburn furniture, in contemporary styling, harmonious, however. Elvis' upholstery is in white and a blue which matches the walls. The dining room is in black; white and gold.

But for one of the wages earned at a tool factory to make a down payment on his first plain little piano, now has, in his music room, one especially finished in in the false-whiskers-putty-nose routine. The party rooms of the house are located in the basement, where Elvis has installed a hi-fi set which is the envy of all his musical friends. For those who like the kind of music there is a fine billiard table. A twenty-foot sofa is fronted by a kid-shaped coffee table, eight feet long, mounted on cross box stretchers and decorated with bars of Elvis' hit record, "All Shook Up." The notes are executed in bright plastic.

The loveliest room of the house, according to those visitors who will talk, is Elvis' own bedroom. All the patterns are modern, and bedspreads are royal blue. The carpet is white nylon, an inch-and-a-half thick. The bed itself makes anything Napoleon drew on its own, the room, the frame and matrices are eight feet by eight feet, but the white tufted leather headboard stretches a full twelve feet. Two tables were mounted and placed side by side. Built into this imposing structure is an electronic switch box which controls every lock in the house. Should Elvis choose, he can open from his own bedroom and ever liftting his head from the pillow.

The bathroom, too, causes exclamations. Among its fancier details is a carpet of mutton fur.

Graceland, since Elvis moved in, has become a magnet which draws his fans from all over the world. In one four-hour period on a summer Saturday, a reporter took a census of fans as they arrived from eighty-eight cities and towns in twenty-three states—plus Thailand, Hawaii and Canada. For all their journeying, the fans do not, however, have the first things Elvis did was to order the construction of a high stone fence, jagged at the top to discourage climbers. In the beginning, a sharp-tongued observer thought it totally bereft of architectural beauty. "Looks like the wall of a prison," was his comment.

The high iron gates, decorated with guitars, afford a view up the long and winding drive. They also constitute a traffic-hazard—because motorists slow down and stare.

How to penetrate the sacrosanct precincts of Graceland has stimulated the imagination of many a teenager. Naturally, as the Presley tour so draws tighter, the fans grow more curious and more determined, putting their ingenuity against the security service provided by two of Mrs. Presley's brothers, Travis and Ed Edmunds. There is a get-drivetime early morning until six P.M. Uncle Ed then takes the night shift.

Uncle Travis has become quite a photo-motive force, as well as being the one accepting a camera which is thrust through the bars and into his hands, drive up to a vantage point and snap a picture of the house. It's when they get past his vigilant eye that he worries. "Elvis blows his top when I let one get through," he admits.

Two who managed this difficult maneuver did so under cover of a rainstorm. Uncle Travis spotted the two drenched girls through the lattier split of the fence and took after them in his car. They reached the house and were leaning on the doorbell by the time he caught up. Travis went to the back and got word of them, came out on the porch, chatted for about ten minutes, then posed for a picture, his arms around their soaking wet backs.

An extremely athletic young admirer scaled the six-foot barbed-wire-topped fence which runs through the back of the property and was discovered hiding between two bushes by the police. Another was pulled out from under a Cadillac. One found back of a bush was scared to death. "Don't call the police," she begged. "I'll repeat it again." Uncle Travis conducts such over-ardent youngsters back to the gate and lets them go.

Trespassing took more serious aspect, the night Uncle Travis discovered a half-dozen men breaking into his iron lawn furniture over the fence near the little house where he lives. Elvis heard his shouts, piled into a car, dashed out and chased the men. He forced their car to the curb, but when they begged him to let them go, he agreed.

But riders, however, thought this was the time to take a stand. They called the sheriff's office. Deputies, investigating, first thought the marauders had escaped. Later, they were identified as coming from the inner South. Gladys Presley, Elvis' parents, appeared in court against them, but when the now-frightened kids pleaded it was just a thoughtless prank, they agreed to their release—with a warning.

What effect has all this had on a young man who, for all his fame, is only twenty-two years old? A young man who came from a family unaccustomed to the constant glare of publicity?

Among some of his old friends, there is a deep sympathy, an admiration for the way he has handled this challenge, and sometimes a gratitude for his favors.

In the sympathetic group, you'll find some of the men who first helped him get his start. If he chooses to drop in at their homes for a visit—usually late at night—they can be counted on to welcome him, entertain him, and never to consent to the conversation. Said one, "We'd like him to know that, in our home, he is a welcome guest, not a celebrity. We want him to feel that here, he is, too, in a private life. Elvis is, and always will be, our friend."

One who doesn't mind being quoted is Captain Fred Woodward of the Memphis police. He, too, says "Elvis is, since he was a student, a friend. We, the citizens, respect Elvis. We don't furnish Elvis any protection, officially," the Captain points out, "except when there is some public function where he is supposed to appear, like the Danny Thomas benefit show for St. Jude's Hospital, or the Blind Benefit football game or the opening of the range where the police department is hunting the drunks. Then he is entitled to an escort, just like anyone else."

Unofficially, on-duty hours, however, Captain Woodward visits the Presley
Why Do Women Hate to Be Called Housewives?

(Continued from page 42)

qualifications for a currently herself believes should be at the top of any woman's. Arlene is the wife of actor-director-producer Martin Gabel. She is the mother of ten-year-old Peter Gabel. And she takes these “most important” jobs most seriously. “I have breakfast fast with one of the kids each morning. Arlene. I am almost always there when he gets home from school. We always have dinner together. We take vacations together. We all love kids. We are baseball fans, Martin and I, baseball being Peter’s dish of tea. We have common interests—and the time to share them.

The Gabels have an apartment in New York and a country house in suburban Mt. Kisco. In town, they have a couple to “do” for them. In the country house, where Arlene works as much as other time as possible, there is no help. “Up there,” Arlene says, “I do the housework myself. Roll up my sleeves and get dinner. My husband and I son think I’m a sensational cook—and, after all,” she laughed, “how many people do I have to please? Did the whole house myself, too—the interior decorating, that is. A large house—bedroom all red and white, downstairs all orange and yellow and white, with accents—a green chest here, a tiny green Victorian sofa there. When we first bought the house, my husband and I spent our weekends painting. At country auctions, we picked up chests for ten dollars or so, did them over, antiques some of them, marbelized others, made them look pretty fancy.” Arlene also laid the carpet herself—wall-to-wall, the length and breadth of the first floor. (“Carpet buyer,” she admits, “who explains, “with adhesive on the other side. Easy to do.”)

To me, ‘house’ and ‘home’ are, of the most, the most important words in the world,” Arlene says. “And of the two, the most beautiful. And ‘housewife’ a very good thing to be called—for to run a good house, to keep house well, well, and, and comfortable for the basic job of every woman in the world. Yet housewives, and many of them, do resent the term ‘housewife.’ I know they do, because they say—

“As to why they do, I just think the term ‘housewife,’ which has the connotation of washing and ironing and cooking and scrubbing and putting up bunches of flowers and getting the kids off to school, all the things the wife at home is in charge of and does—and should do, it’s her job— is not quite the same as the lady who would like it to be! Nor as satisfying to the ego as the terms that refer to other jobs, such as artist, actress, airline stewardess and so on. I think the housewife feels she doesn’t give her an identity, a place in the world comparable to that of the career woman or working girl. I think it is the lack of recognition that is the problem.”

“I also think,” Arlene adds, “that, while being a housewife may be her basic job, it need not be her only job. I think that the housewife of today, the ‘just a housewife’ is being defensive because she knows that being a housewife is not a full-time job, in most cases nowadays. Today, according to statistics, three out of ten postwar mothers have earned income of twelve million in all—wage-earners as well as housewives. Can it be themselves, I wonder, that the seven out of ten housewives who are working do not have time for marriage and open eyes, open heart, tolerance, and an understanding of people and of how they behave which only being out in the world can give.

Conversely, I feel that the woman who is a housewife is the kids all day, especially if she lives in a crowded apartment, feels frustrated, takes to fretting, becomes suspicious of her husband — Why is he so late? What is he doing?—which can only cause trouble in a marriage.

The happiest homes I know—and my own is one—are the homes in which the wives and mothers have interests other than cooking and baking in their own four walls. Mary Martin is an enormously happy girl. So is Phyllis (Mrs. Bennett) Cert. So is actress Kitty Carlisle, and playwright Moss Hart. So are most of the modern housewives I know, whether they be secretaries, hairdressers, seamstresses or Broadway stars.

But what of the child of the career or wife whose spouse is away from the house? Doesn’t he feel deprived, and ‘different’ from the other kids, because of an absentee mother? To be honest about it,” Arlene says, “when a child is very small, I suspect he does wish he had a Mom like the Moms of the other kids. He sees his classmates being picked up by their mothers after school and taken to the park, or wherever, and he craves, ‘Who am I? Why not me, too?’ When he is very young, I am pretty sure he thinks and say exactly that,” Arlene smiles that from-the-ear heart smile. "When Peter was a very little boy, about three years old, he admonished me one day. ‘You go to too many works.”

"Not for Charities. I didn’t pick Peter up at school and take him to the park—because I couldn’t—we would have a special adventure of our own. A boat trip around Manhattan Island. A baseball game, a movie. ‘Mommy and me. Heart-to-heart talk at bedtime. An hour spent with a child, the interest and attention focused on him, is more important, to my mind, than twelve hours of just being with a child around the house.

"I think it pays off in the end,” she says. ‘The many times I—and Martin, too—have had a job are compensated for by the fact that the child should realize he is not always going to have someone there. And if he is brought up, as Peter is being brought up, in an understanding, open, and under- standing and compassion and individual independence, he will be, as Peter is, a very secure and very happy child. ‘I just don’t believe there is any valid reason, or any excuse,” Arlene asserts, "for a woman today to be ‘just a housewife.’ Even if she hasn’t any particular particular job, she can develop her own resources, extend her interests and her horizon. Every town has its clubs where women can meet and exchange ideas. Garden clubs. Book or reading clubs. Hobbies and interest and discussion books. Town meetings which they can attend, for the purpose of discussing ways and means of improving the community, understanding and compassion and individual independence, he will be, as Peter is, a very secure and very happy child.

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most appeals to her or for which she feels best fitted. And she doesn’t have to be rich to do it, either. My secretary, Muriel Fleit, recently took a course at the YWCA in,” Arlene laughs, “package- tiring! A six-week course. Price, nine dollars. At the Y, you can learn to rhumba, type, take shorthand, make hats, massage, bathe babies, swim—and, for all I know, skin-dive!

“If the housewife doesn’t need a paying job, or doesn’t want to work the nine-to-five, she still suffers from the common malady of ‘just housewives,’ which is monotonous—she can do part-time work. Social work of some sort. Civic work. Neighborhood baby-sitting. Or there is always a hospital where she can roll bandages. (It sounds Pollyanna, I know, but only by doing something for someone else can we reach self-satisfaction.)

“I am all for marriage and a career,” Arlene says, in an all-out tone of voice. Or, if ‘career’ seems too pretentious a word, for marriage and a job of some sort outside of the home. I believe that the woman who makes contacts of her own, on her own, can only bring something of value to her marriage—open eyes, open heart, tolerance, and an understanding of people and of how they behave which only being out in the world can give.

Conversely, I feel that the woman who is a housewife is the kids all day, especially if she lives in a crowded apartment, feels frustrated, takes to fretting, becomes suspicious of her husband — Why is he so late? What is he doing?—which can only cause trouble in a marriage.

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more than 'just a housewife.' She can take time off the time to improve herself. She can become familiar, through reading, with the great art of the world, the great literature of the world—with the great world, period. The great world of the past, the great and challenging world of the future. If a housewife just sat down and read a newspaper every day, that would be a step forward. And, by improving yourself, you are doing something creative, too, for yourself. If you improve yourself, you are improved, the world is improved.”

Arlene is glad, she says, and deeply grateful that she is a housewife and a career woman. She understands, the many different people, being "out in the world" has permitted her to meet and know. She regrets the passing of the day she says, "because after those three or four years, I miss the people the show afforded me the pleasure and privilege of working with. Goodbyes I find hard to say." Because of her interest in people, she has always included, as the memorable one she did, shortly before "image" went off the air, with poet-author Carl Sandburg and his wife. And she plans to "case into" some of these former features, such as the interviews, which will be easily adaptable to her present show.

"I also like to think," she says, "thatif The Arlene Francis Show will be so successful that I can 'travel it,' so to speak, as I did for the Home program, when I went to Japan, Holland, Mexico, and the rest of Europe, I would love to do the same. And if I could, I would love to go to the West Coast, Cape Cod, Florida, and so on. We were pioneers—even before Wide, Wide World—and in the wide-for television department. We're not doing the service departments, such as we did on Home, but service is so well done today, on so many levels—in magazines, newspapers and other media—that it is, I feel, the household in household hints now and then," she laughs, "ad lib a bit. Let a new egg-beater be born, I am certainly going to mention it. I'll try the offer, program, this variety show of mine, all on an entertaining basis.

"Dearly as I love television, however— and radio and the theater—if, tomorrow, all three medium ceased to exist, I could arise from the face of the earth, I would not settle for being 'just a housewife.' I would never be content not to work—and, preferentially, outside the home. A sort of work of some sort, perhaps. Civic work. But, whether in the home or out of it, I would have to set goals for myself in certain definite lines of endeavor. A certain number of books to be read in a certain length of time. A correspondence course of some kind. A language, perhaps. Or, more languages?

"I would hope to live my life as full as Mrs. Leonard Lyons (wife of the columnist), who writes, makes speeches at school, plays baseball with her husband and four sons. She has also done a little of civic work, is aware of—and fascinated by—everything that goes on in the world. Extremely witty and bright, Mrs. Lyons—who doesn't hold a job—wage-earning jobs. She has a career as such—and would certainly list her occupation as that of 'housewife,' And housewife she is. 'Just a housewife,' she is not," Arlene laughs.

"Nor would I be, even if were never to face a microphone again. Nor do you need to be, Mrs. Average American Housewife, wherever you are. And don't, please, tell me otherwise. For, if any woman tells you otherwise, I'll bet she is one I spend my time talking them out of it," says Arlene Francis, who knows every housewife should be proud and happy—even if she has to be talked into it.
Lady Luck Pitched a Curve

(Continued from page 36)

it made it through all these seven lean years if it hadn't been for Mary—and I won't allow that to happen. Mary if I hadn't first made her mad at me.

It happened in Tallahassee, Florida, on a June night in 1950 when the game of the night was a baseball game (farm club of the Pittsburgh Pirates) was rained out. "But the rain didn't stop the girls' softball league from playing," Danny recalls. We left the lights on, then started the game. We soon found it would be more fun to watch the girls than to go to a movie.

He was Danny Costello, southpaw pitcher, had already the hard-luck kid. Born in Jersey City, in the "little Italy" section, he grew up with baseball in his blood. When Danny was seven, his, too late, Dan Costello married Michael Loretto, who is now a labor arbiter for the International Hod Carriers Union. "My stepfather is the greatest guy that ever lived," says Danny, "and he could pitch ball. He was one of the best natural hitters ever to come out of Jersey. People still talk about the day he belted a ball five hundred feet."

When he passed his baseball baseball on to Jean's small sons, Frank and Danny. By the time Danny was a sophomore in high school, professional baseball contracts were being offered. He followed in the Pittsburgh Pirates and everyone thought he was headed straight for the majors.

He was warming up, playing in one of the Pirates' farm clubs when Lady Luck pitched the first of many fast curves. That first one wasn't so bad. It even had a few advantages. The Army tagged Danny at first, but did not score, so I knew that if I didn't apologize, I was liable to come over to our game the next day and heckle me right off the mound.

Apologize Danny did and he also invited her to the Pirates' game and to dinner after the game. "I'll never forget how she looked," Danny says. "She went into the clubhouse a ballplayer, mud streaked and made up to the same, she came out giving showers a beauty, with her hair curling in dand ringslets across her forehead. She was wearing the prettiest flowered dress.

The dinner and the long walk home the next evening gave Danny a chance to learn more about this ball-playing glamour girl. She told him, over and over, what he said the Welfare Department. She lived in a brick house surrounded by wide white porches. She was usually called, after the Southern fashion, Mary, but her name of her small brother, James, was called "Sonny." Her father, James Lamar Peacock, was in the shoe business. And he's pretty much a Suitor, and more than likely and I would support her. If I didn't need to go back into service right away, I'd sing, I'd carry bricks, I'd dig sewers, I'd take any work, just to get to somewhere that I could have that little time together.

When he telephoned to ask if she would come North immediately, Mary proved that the kind of luck that let her hit .300 might be pressure, on the softball field, also carried over into everyday living. Away went her plans for a white-satin wedding. With family and friends leaving and close, "I decided that a suit which I had would do," says Mary. "The only things I bought were a new hat, gloves and purse."

Danny Costello and Mary Truitt Peacock made amends by a justice of the peace on September 27, 1950. Four weeks later, the Roman Catholic ceremony took place in the rectory of the church. "We were poor," says Danny. "We didn't know it's for keeps."

Danny's parents made them welcome until they found an apartment, which from a Pennsylvania office to a high climb to get to this attic, and there was a low ceiling when you got there. I bumped my head every time I stood up—and my money went down to nothing every time I paid the rent of eighty dollars a month.

Their struggle for survival was intense; Danny's battle for bookings seemed hopeless. "If you could just to get a job, I'd get dressed up and go across the river to Manhattan to make the rounds of the agents, looking for bookings. The traveling was hell, but it paid well. I'd go home at five o'clock. Or out to a club. Or somewhere. Anyhow, by the time I got there, they weren't in their offices."

I grew discouraged and wanted to quit. "That's when I found out what a great guy my dad really is. You know the way they find an 'angel' to put on a job. I've got an angel. I got an angel for Mary, too, and it's my dad. When we'd get down to nothing, he'd always have the money for the rent or whatever we needed. Dad believed in me. Just like he once wanted me to play big-league baseball, now he wanted to see me make it as a singer."

Danny knew he had to make what he
calls "that almighty move." Encouraged by his stepfather, he quit his construction job and spent full time making the rounds. At Johnny Dell's office, he got a hearing. And, while he was at the Fuller Shop, a veteran ASCAP songwriter, wandered in from the next office and asked, "Who's the boy?"—and, after hearing a few more bars remained.

For Danny, it was the start of a friendship. It also led to Danny's engagement to sing with the band on a cruise ship bound for the hundred dollars and had the boat trip," says Danny, "Then I didn't work again for a year. Sure, they liked me. Some of the passengers even wrote letters to the line. But it didn't do me good. They had their entertainment booked ahead, twelve months solid."

They moved, according to Danny, "from attic to basement before their son Tommy was born on October 25, 1951. "Actually, it was a nice little apartment, and we had fun. There were a lot of other young couples in the neighborhood and we were all getting started."

Then the young couples became the yardstick by which Danny measured the difference between his new ghetto life and his former one. As the young men learned their jobs, they got raises in salary. They bought that first car. As their families increased, they bought houses and moved out of the project. The older brothers were the only ones left of the crowd.

Danny wanted to quit. His stepfather replied to that by giving him forty dollars to break his present job and try one more audition. The "fours" proved to be Danny's lucky number—for that audition was his fourth for the old TV show, Chance Of A Lifetime. Danny won it, and he got the talent test for five consecutive weeks. The prize was a thousand dollars a week. That simmered down to $3,500 take-home pay.

Then Mary said, "Let's invest it." Danny asked, "How?" Mary said, "That's easy. In the investment which will pay you the highest dividends. You."

Mary and Danny can still count up the extent of their splurge. Danny spent a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a dinner jacket. It was his first, and classified as well dressing. He was given their thirty-five-dollars-a-month basement flat to one on the third floor which cost fifty. They bought a few extras.

The best was it, they say, "went into the act." Sixteen hundred dollars for special song arrangements and scripts. Six hundred dollars for photos to send out to the theaters that tested him up. Mimeographing was needed. It mounted up. Before they knew it, they had only four dollars left. 's that when we thought we had gotten something for nothing. I was wrong. Mary and I, we bought a sleeper couch. On time."

The publicity and interest generated by Danny's appearances on Chance Of A Lifetime created quite a stir in the newspapers, but the public forgets fast. Danny hoped for a recording contract. The record companies were having a bit of a famine themselves. Danny was told again and again, "You'll have to record it yourself. If you've got a master, maybe we'll release it for you.

Danny checked costs. To set up a private recording would cost twenty-five-hundred dollars. "That's when I got out my card from Laborers' Union, Local 232, Jersey City, showed it to my dad and announced our intentions. I'll try."

Show business was fine for a guy with money back of him, but I had had enough."

Mike Lorrello had a different idea: "I'll furnish the money," he told Danny. With hopes high, Danny cut two sides, "My Own" and "We're Not Children Any More." M-G-M released it. Danny compresses the outcome into a few words: "It was a bomb."

Bitter over his disappointments, Danny sought solace from his friend Bill Dana. Dana and Wood were a long-time comedy team. Bill is now a TV performer. "I went to his apartment looking for sympathy," he found, instead, what Danny calls, "The four hours' talk that changed my life."

Danny says today, "He sure straightened me out in a hurry. I realized it wasn't enough to have some natural talent. I had to polish it, work, learn, find out what it takes to get that extra sparkle, so that I'm the guy they pick at the auditions."

Danny went home to Mary and announced his decision, "Put away the union card. Now I know what I'm against and I'm going to lick it. I'm going to go to school." School, for Danny, was no formal enrollment in the classes of any institution. Instead he chose personal coaching, voice lessons. Diction lessons. Later, acting lessons. Two weeks later, he auditioned for the first time for Above Godfrey's Talent Scouts. He was told, "Come back in six months."

Danny cites the turning point. "This time, I wasn't disappointed. I took their advice to get more experience. I found a job, the best I could. They's a lot of work. I added the job for bookies. It was a great day for me when Miss Esther Stoll, who ran the auditions, said, 'Go, brother. You're lucky.'"

With Mary as his talent scout, Danny went on and won. There was only one drawback. Mr. Godfrey was on vacation. Jack Paar was sitting on Talent Scouts' panel. He did not know up or down. The judge decided once a month for six months. It sure was a great day for Miss Esther Stoll, who ran the auditions, said, 'Go, brother. You're lucky.'"

For Danny, it has led to repeated appearances, on the program and another recording, this one on the Carousel label, titled "That's Where I Shine," and "My Creator," a religious number. "You can't do that in a radio spot," admits, "it's a step in the right direction."

However, the real turning point in Danny's career came the day Janette Davis introduced him to Max Kendrick, who associated with Warner Bros. Publishing Co. "That was my lucky day," says Danny. "He liked me and took a personal as a professional interest in me, and taught me the ropes."

Another two months as Max learned in all the years previous in show business. Max is just about the best friend a guy could ever have."

Several the record company passed since that first meeting. And, with Max and Danny working together, things are really beginning to happen. Already, TV films, motion picture contracts, even a Broadway play, are being discussed. Like Mary, in that long ago ball game, Danny can count some hits, some errors. But it looks as though he, too, is about to hit that home run."

And Mary and Danny have their idea of a home completely defined. Danny, Jr. was born on June 5, 1955. Says his mum, "We've got a new baby, we'll be raising two thousand-dollar players. We figure we need about nine hundred acres and a house with double doors, doors we can fly open in the morning and say, 'Okay, kids, it's all yours. Go ahead and run.'"
Dorothy had tried many times, but only with temporary success. Once, when she was in her early teens, she went on a cottage-cheese diet and lost thirty pounds. "I had an aunt with beautiful size-fourteen clothes, and I wanted to wear them," she explains. "Except for clothes, being big never bothered me. Pretty dresses only went to size-eights and I had to lose fifty more pounds. Every time I lost weight, I'd end up gaining it back—plus a little more!"

In Turkey or Central Europe, where ample proportions are stylish, Dorothy felt she was the only little girl. "I'll never be skinny," she said, "but I don't want to be that kind of glamour girl. Some skinny girls are mean because they're hungry."

No one with rolling-humor like Dorothy's could be "mean." Radio listeners often write to ask: "Who's that girl with the big head? Has she won any art contests?" Her philosophy was: "I cheer me up." The response to her warmth is particularly evident in children, because they don't hide their feelings. Several years ago, when Dorothy was teaching school, however, one little girl was afraid of her.

"She was one of those adorable Dresden-china type girls," Dorothy remembers. "I'm outspoken, robust, and I could see her withdraw. A week after school had started, I sat on a chair in front of the class and said, 'Some of you are afraid of me. I'm a little larger, a little louder, and I'm bigger than the other teachers. But I promise that, before the term is over, you'll realize I'm like the dog that bit the mop. I'll barks and I'll laugh. That little girl is afraid of me. I was once told the best way not to be afraid of someone is to think how funny she would look in her petticoats. You try that with me, and you'll laugh instead of being scared and learn in the way that happy children can."

Dorothy's intelligent curiosity led her to investigating foods and new foods interested her. In restaurants, she ordered the specialties, no matter how loaded with calories they were.

One dog with this big, bright, artistic, scholarship and singing with her home-town band, Dorothy decided to lose weight if she had to hire her jaw shut. She went to a reducing school, ended with a skin condition. Another time, she decided that she wanted to be a professional singer, so she dieted down to size-sixteen from size-fourty-two. Then she went into show business. She talked to the booking agents. "You have a nice face, a nice voice," agents would say—and then add, "but why don't you lose some weight?"

"That straw broke the camel's back," Dorothy says now. "I have a big frame and I decided that, if I had to be skinny to play the role of a schoolteacher," Up went her weight again.

While she was still studying to be an elementary-school teacher, she met and married a friend of her brother Harry, a comely troubadour. "It was like art. Arti had been a whaler in Norway and because of that unusual occupation, the CBS-TV program Name That Tune wanted him on. Dorothy, the Olsen had filled out audience-participation cards. Arti was at sea when a call came, but the man liked the jolly quality in Dorothy's voice and the program had her come in to be screened. Fortunately, she took her brother, Harry Bell, who has acted as her actress, with her.

"It was that after the audition and said he wanted to use Dorothy but he was afraid she might fall and hurt herself because she was heavy. On the program, two people race up to ring a bell before answering the questions. Harry assured him that she was a good dancer and light on her feet from running with the herring on the playground.

On the night of her first appearance, Dorothy was disheartened when she saw that her opponent was tall, thin, and lovely. "I didn't know," she said, "that I had missed one song which Dorothy was able to name and she went on to win the $25,000 prize. Meanwhile, Steve Sholes of RCA had signed her to record "The Little White Dove," which she had sung on the program. It quickly sold 150,000 copies.

After making personal appearances to promote the record, and seeing herself on the TV monitor, she knew that she had to lose weight. "I went to a doctor outside of New York state," Dorothy says. "He gave me a bag of cottage cheese and I lost five pounds, but I got dehydrated and my skin broke out. Frightened, I went back to my own physician, Dr. Vincent Fiocco. He had me stop medication, the condition cleared up—and I gained the weight back.

Then Dorothy began to appear with Dr. Frances Dorwin on Dong Dong School. "Miss Frances used suggestive psychology with me," Dorothy recalls. "She talked about losing weight herself and gave me suggestions about how to dress more becomingly."

"I knew that I had a weight problem but what I didn't understand was that, basically, I kept overeating when I was under stress, and had always been a source of comfort to me.

"I loved to sing but I didn't have enough faith in myself. I remembered watching Bert Parks on many shows, and it was hard to accept finding myself on the same side of a mike with him, singing on NBC Bandstand."

In November, 1956, Dorothy read an article about Dr. Milton Kline, Director, Institute for Research in Hypnosis at Long Island University. It interested her and she wrote to him, asking for a check-up and his approval, Dr. Kline was willing to proceed.

In the hands of anyone but a competent therapist, hypnosis—this supposed medical technique—can be dangerous. A person under hypnosis seems like a sleep-walker, except that he believes and does, within certain limits, what the therapist says. He will have a particular experience of reality through the therapist, rather than through his own senses," Dr. Kline once said. "If the therapist says, 'It is dark,' then the hypnosed patient will face the darkness and reacts as if it were dark."

In Dr. Kline's office, before he hypnotized her, Dorothy asked if she could take a bath. "Then, while she concentrated, he talked to her slowly and in..."
Dorothy felt as if she were sliding down a coal chute inside herself, the feeling she has just before falling asleep.

"I always knew what Dr. Kline was saying," Dorothy has told me, "and, even after I was interviewed, I'd think to myself that I could raise my arms if I wanted to—but I didn't want to."

Before leaving her, Dr. Kline told Dorothy that she had been interviewed in food, think less about it, but she would have a feeling of well-being. "I woke up feeling bright-eyed and bushy-tailed," Dorothy says. "When I look at Dr. Kline ask if I can wear my shoes on. One patient had walked out and forgotten her shoes.

How can hypnosis help an overweight person? I interviewed Dr. Kline and he told me that many people seek psychological help for overweight, particularly when they can't control their eating. With hypnotherapy, or with other physical help, a patient can deal with some of the feelings and emotions which created an undesirable pattern of eating, and thus gain more voluntary control. So long as the desire to eat is voluntary, it's all right to eat a lot—if that's what we want. The problem arises when we eat involuntarily, when we become passive observers, and the desire to eat takes hold of us the way fatigue does.

Therapy under hypnosis can help a patient stay on a diet. But more important is being able to recognize what experiences in his life made him seek emotional satisfaction in food instead of in his daily living. If these past experiences and emotions are as obvious as a punch in the nose, the problem would be simple. Usually they are so subtle and deep that it takes psychotherapy over a long period of time to find out. How long this depends on how deep-rooted and complex the problems are.

"I was afraid I'd make a mistake, when I first began to sing on NBC Bandstand," recalls Dorothy to her former conductor, and he terrified me, although people on the show assured me there was no reason for it. I couldn't get my mind around the feeling of singing. The band had to keep playing and afterwards I wept bitter tears behind the curtain at the back of the stage.

I talked with Dr. Kline and gradually, like seeing a doctor, the reasons I was afraid of Skitch came to me. I respected him from far off and wanted his approval. I didn't have enough faith in myself, my father—without realizing it—had set impossible, rigid standards. With such negative thoughts in my mind, it was inevitable that I would be afraid. But in trying to discipline myself the way my father had disciplined himself.

"Finally, I was able to see Skitch the way he was kind and helpful. I was no longer afraid when I saw him. I was able to screw up my courage, throw my arms around him and say, 'I'm not afraid of you any more.' In fact, everybody on our show has been helping and encouraging me."

When she was recording "The Little White Duck," Steve Sholes asked Dorothy to sing the last verse in a minor key.

"Oh, I can't," she said.

"Don't say you can't," her brother said.

"If you can't sing it, I'll sing it."" He was right," Dorothy smiles. "It turned out well. I used to say that I couldn't sing in harmony. Now I say, 'Help me and I'll try.' The same holds true with my dieting. Dr. Kline told me to find out why I was eating too much, and now I can keep from gorging myself with food the way I used to."

Dr. Kline never told Dorothy specifically what to eat. Her overeating was not due to ignorance of what was fattening. Now she can stick to a comfortable, low-calorie diet. For breakfast: Tomato juice, two eggs, and coffee. In a mid-afternoon snack, she doesn't look at a menu, so she isn't tempted. She orders chopped meat broiled, sliced tomatoes or green salad, and coffee. For dinner: Lean meat, baked, and fresh fruit, gelatin, or canned dietetic fruit for dessert. Instead of the French cookies and pies she ate before, Dorothy treats herself to an occasional piece of hard candy. Sucaryl sweetens her coffee and Dr. Fiocco has prescribed vitamin and mineral pills. During rehearsals, she may occasionally eat a piece of Fish and Skitch, she doesn't eat any herself.

There is more to Dorothy's changed appearance than losing weight. A friend of hers has noticed her less nervousness in exercise and posture. "I've learned how to pull back my ears and stand more erect," says Dorothy, "Having a smiling face is important, too."

There's no reason why a large woman can't be attractive: "I wear plain V-necklines and sleeves that come below the elbow. No more heavy material, flared, or patterned materials. Instead, solid-color dresses self-belted or with belts the same color. I sew much of my clothes myself. "Once I find a good pattern, I stick to it. I choose materials that are comfortable, not just what I want to wear straight skirts. Besides, they pull above my knees when I sit down to play the Golden Autograph. At a party or at work. I was self-conscious about it. I'm sitting. I'm more interested in what's going on around me. And, finally, I have found a store that caters to large-sized young women—the Jr. Plenty department at Lane Bryant."

"Instead of oxfords, I wear heels now, I buy pretty shoes and small, unusual hats. I never wore hats before, but bought for the opportunity in my old days with Skitch Henderson, our conductor, and he terrified me, although people on the show assured me there was no reason for it. I goofed my mind around the feeling of singing. The band had to keep playing and afterwards I wept bitter tears behind the curtain at the back of the stage."

When I first began to sing on NBC Bandstand, I was afraid I'd make a mistake. When I looked at Dr. Kline ask if I can wear my shoes on. One patient had walked out and forgotten her shoes and the desire to eat takes hold of us the way fatigue does.

Therapy under hypnosis can help a patient stay on a diet. But more important is being able to recognize what experiences in his life made him seek emotional satisfaction in food instead of in his daily living. If these past experiences and emotions are as obvious as a punch in the nose, the problem would be simple. Usually they are so subtle and deep that it takes psychotherapy over a long period of time to find out. How long this depends on how deep-rooted and complex the problems are. The problem arises when we eat involuntarily, when we become passive observers, and the desire to eat takes hold of us the way fatigue does.

Dorothy finds healing substance that relieves pain—shrinks hemorrhoids.

Science finds healing substance that relieves pain—shrinks hemorrhoids.

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, when gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinking) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppression or treatment form under the name preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee.

Piles & Hemorrhoids

Special New Tablet Relieves Monthly Cramps for 3 out of 4 in Tests!

Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

If you dread those "difficult days" each month, listen! Science has developed a special new tablet relieves pain, cramps, and tense feelings of monthly periods!

It contains a unique combination of medicines— including blood-building iron. Thus offers more relief than plain aspirin!

In doctors' tests painful distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn't suffer even on the first day! They also escaped much of the fitters and unhappy tension so common as you approach that trying time of month.

So don't suffer needlessly. Ask for "Lydia Pinkham Tablets" at drug stores.

No prescription needed. See if they don't help you feel worlds better—both before and during your period!
Como: The Pied Piper of TV

Goodie explains that the most popular kind of comedy on TV is built around the insult joke—but Perry can't tell one. "It would take me too long to think it out," he says. "And, as a matter of fact, Perry has never insulted anyone. An insult joke wouldn't ring true. For him, we write the gentle joke. But, ac- tually, Perry has a personality with experience and a great sense of timing."

One big problem during the season is to get Perry to accept awards that come his way. He insists on still being told and be told how wonderful he is. Goodie says, "We are pleased that he gets awards but he complains that it's embarrassing to have them on television."

Como, in appreciation of the wholesome entertainment you have rendered et cetera, et cetera." Perry maintains it bores the hell out of him that it makes him self-conscious. So we whispered to the make a joke out of any award he receives. He has to sort of kid him into accepting it.

Perry, of course, is noted for being easy to get along with. But he is also, tireless in rehearsal. He will go over a bit of dialogue or action any number of times until it comes out right. He takes criticism and suggestions and goes for them. Perry, it seems that he always has a lark around him, doesn't merely swim along with the crowd."

"We have differences," Goodman Ace says, "but I don't mean temperamental differences. We talk it out. Sometimes we want him to cut down a song and he refuses. Sometimes his reason is that the song has been sung to death. We have to remind him that many people want to hear Perry's voice."

The most popular musical feature on the weekly show is the "We Get Letters" segment. Goodman Ace originated the idea. He says Perry is a good one for singing for the old songs. I thought we ought to put a few minutes aside in each show for the great standards. Now everyone likes the idea. Perry calls it the chairs on the table spot. He says that it reminds him of the days when he sang in night clubs. After the show, when the chairs were on the tables, the band would loosen things up a bit, and the audience, Perry, and the musicians. This, of course, is the kind of singing a performer likes best."

Perry's new Victor album is titled, "We Get Letters, What Else." He sings on TV during the past couple of years. There are a dozen wonderful standards, including "Somebody Loves Me," "Sleepy Time Gal," "I Can't Take That Away From Me," and "South of the Border." For this album, there were no regular musical arrangements. Mitch Ayres picked eight men out of the regular band and they just sat down with Perry and made music. Mitch, incidentally, has been with Perry ten years.

"Not many people know that Perry is a firm musician," says Mitch Ayres. "He is right about this. He has a good feel of a piano."

"I can do something few other singers can. He can take a new number and read it right off the paper first time."

Mitch tells you how merrily Perry is at these sessions. "He feels that his record he makes he has to live with.

And Como is also sensitive to the feelings of the musicians. During the recording sessions, they like to be in the studio, not in a huge hall."

"When you see Como on television, you're seeing the same personality we know off camera," says Goodman Ace. Perry's personality, Perry says, for Perry 'as is. He's a family man and happy about it. So into the show go lines about his children and his wife. When a guest is in a cab, he asks. Perry doesn't ask about the man's new record or latest movie. Instead, he will say, "How are your kids?"

Perry, when he says with a grin, "Did Mitch tell you about that? Well, the truth is that I don't know why I've never wanted to record it. Maybe some day I'll record it and play the shower with a pinto for accompaniment."

What Mitch has been with Perry for ten years has become. There are also true stories of the eighteen musicians you hear on the show. This, too, is a tribute to Perry's lack of nerves and temper. He's never seen Mitch aside and said, "Get rid of that trombone or that guy in the reed section."

And when the show originated in Florida, all eighteen musicians went along, plus his regular cameramen, technicians and even the boys who hold up the cue cards. Perry wouldn't call this loyalty or generosity in handing out a Florida trip. It seems that Perry builds up attachments."

"Of course, it works both ways. We're comfortable with Perry, too. I wouldn't have been around ten years if I couldn't live with him. If I weren't happy in what I've been doing, I could have left."

In ten years, Mitch has heard a lot of Como singing and he, too, has his favorite Como. "I get the biggest thrill when Perry is showing off. He feels so good about it and he's feeling for that music."

When he sings "Kol Nidre" or 'The Lord's Prayer,' I get goose pimples—and, believe me, I've heard a lot of them."

Mitch adds: "Of course, it works both ways. We're comfortable with Perry, too. I wouldn't have been around ten years if I couldn't live with him. If I weren't happy in what I've been doing, I could have left."

Perry's love of golf is the greatest romance of the day. Dee Belline remembers one day Perry was playing with a pro he very much admired. The pro said that he should be in the pro tea, Mitch said, "I'll trade you even." And on the course, playing with Dee or Mitch, Perry shows no mercy. Says Mitch, "We play to win, Perry doesn't believe in giving up for long, especially with friends, so we play just one- or two-dollar Nassau."

When I win and Perry has to shell out a couple bucks, he always says, "Mitch, that bank will be paid out of our show business."

This is a joke, for Perry doesn't like special treatment at any time. Mitch recalls an incident at a restaurant where they were eating late one night. "Every time we got in there, the owner would set up a pile of Como records. We knew that he had soled. After each play-back, he would turn to the musicians and say, "How was that with you? Are you happy with it?" As a matter of fact, Perry has a ton of sympathy and charm you'd enjoy if you were on hand when "the chairs are on the table."

Perry's own favorite song is a private joke between him and Mitch Ayres. Mitch says, "This is funny. You know the number, "It Could Happen to You." Well, Perry sings it on the golf course, back in the showers, in his dressing room at the show. Lots of people have one song running through their minds, but this one has been in Perry's head for years. I don't know how many times I've had it on the stand at a recording session but Perry will pass it."---Ask Perry about it."

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Actually, there is no false modesty with Perry about his music. He knows what he can expect, and if you go to a recording session he goes to a recording session which should normally take about two hours to cut a single record. If it doesn’t sound right, the session may go four or five hours and, even then, he may throw it out. Sometimes he takes the acetate, the rough recording, home to get the family’s opinion.

“Pennywise” once explained to Perry, “You see, I’m forty-five and I’ve lost the commercial touch. I still like a song that’s sweet and simple. Well, that’s not the kids’ song, but what do I care? Sometimes Ronni will listen to a new recording and say, ‘You sing well, Pop, but I don’t get the message.’ He listened to ‘Hot Diggety’ and told me, ‘That’s a gagger.’ And he gave the okay to ‘Round and Round.’ They both went over a million. Ronni said, ‘I told you so.’

None of the Cono children show any special promise as vocalists, although the kids love music. Ronni, whose ambition is to be a schoolteacher, plays the guitar. The other children take piano lessons. David, who is in the cowboy stage, prefers the back of his cap gun to a ballistic. For Perry’s little girl, Terri, father can sing no wrong. She loves everything he sings. Though Ronni and Perry’s teen-age nephews, who should fear him, have a fondness for his records, out at a dance they are typical rock ‘n roll fans.

There’s no such thing as ‘bad music.’ Perry sang so much popular music that has a bad influence. Sure, some rock ‘n roll numbers have racy lyrics. But, usually, the way they are sung, you can’t understand them, anyway. In my day, we had the Miller and Goodman bands to dance to. They had a beat. That’s what the kids want and get in rock ‘n roll. That’s all it is.”

But Perry’s teen-age fans number in the thousands. You can see some of them in the theater on Saturday nights. Perry is proud of them. They are enthusiastic but well-behaved. In all of his years of radio and TV, he never had any trouble with teenagers. They haven’t screamed off the studio roof or torn his coat or bloodied his nose. To them, Perry is the guy next door — looking after the thirteenth type. There was a teenager named Dibbie who came around to the stage door for years. She was the president of one of Perry’s fan clubs. When she fell in love, she brought her dance to meet Perry. Then Perry got a wedding announcement. Eventually, she was at the stage door once more. This time with a seven-weeks-old baby. She wanted Perry to see her first child.

But those who can’t bring babies send letters and they continue to come from everywhere, reflecting Perry’s warmth. “Thank you for all your kindness. God bless you and your family,” says one. A fifteen-year-old writes, “You are the one man on TV who most resembles the man I wish I could be. My mother, father, sisters and all my friends like you very much. You are the ideal husband and father.” And another closes with the thought, “I thank you and wish you and your family health and happiness”—which is exactly the way Perry feels about his audience.

The Greatest $64,000 Category of All

(Continued from page 22)

name the baby Evelyn or something like that. But Peter’s a nice name. We didn’t argue too much about it.

The middle name, Lindsey, was, however, his parents’ own choice. “Peter Lind- sey March,” his father would say, savoring it. “If he’s going to be an actor anyway — why should he change his name later?” Hal says. “Let’s start him out with a good name,” Pliny, their father, reasoned. And so Peter Lindsey March, a name that began with a man weighing in later at five pounds, thirteen ounces, was influencing a family’s future — and his father’s present — long before he appeared.

Hal has been married some sixteen months — and very happily — to his beautiful Candy. He loves her son Stevie and daughter Missy, aged 2. With their own first-born on the way, Hal’s been dreaming of getting out of the city apartment to the open country. He envisioned a back porch that faced a lake and where sturdy children could run and play.

“It’s just unfair to the kids,” Hal would worry paternaly to Candy — who agreed with him. “Look at Missy, going down in the elevator today. candy red sail-boat through the window...” Then he would say, “It’s just unfair to the kids.” And — now — with Peter Lindsey coming ...

So Peter’s going to have an immense brick house with an acre-and-a-half of yard out in suburban Scarde, and they also eyed a lovely fieldstone country place to buy. “Dad, can’t we just buy a farm?” Peter said. “I want a farm.” “Well, it’s a very successful farm,” his father would say. “You’d have to work very long hours.” “I’d work very long hours.”

If that first-born proved to be a boy, Peter’s godfather-to-be, NBC executive David Tebet, was already making enthusiastic plans to put him through Princeton. ... Also, of course, there awaited Peter Lindsey March a ready-made audience of half million fans. As one technician, however, he was not to keep them waiting long.

Paramount had wanted Hal March to report for “Hear Me Good” in Hollywood the month before, but Hal had said, “No, I won’t leave Candy under any conditions now.” Candy had the finest of doctors, their very good friend, Dr. Jerry Salvato- tore, whom they’d met when he was a medical student at the local university. “His category was Food and Cooking,” Hal grins now. But Hal wanted to be near Candy throughout the whole thing, and so he took his wife and baby home safely from the hospital that memorable day.

Increasingly ... with the production date on the picture bands to dance to ... with Candy growing more and more uncomfortable ... Candy and Hal kept worrying about coordinating the family’s activities.

One day, about five days before the baby was supposedly due, Candy and Hal drove over to New Jersey to the doctor’s. In the course of a routine examination, the doctor asked Hal if the baby comes — and Hal can’t be here? They can’t push the picture back anymore,” she added. shining weakly.

”Well, we’re induced labor, if you want to,” the doctor surprised them by saying. Hal and Candy looked at him questioningly, and then at another. Induced labor? That was this! The doc- tor explained that things were too risky involved, so long as the doctor was there every second watching very carefully. Would you like to go home and think about it — or would you like to make up your mind now?” he asked.

And, as Candy recalls, “We discussed it in the office, and then Jerry said, ‘Well,
In Hollywood again . . . after years of skimping and working and hoping . . . he realized the fulfillment of a twenty-year dream of the ambitious teenager, Hal Mendelson, who'd had such glowing visions—impatient visions—of life beyond his father's deli-canned steak in San Francisco. One day he'd hitch-hiked to Hollywood with only his dreams to sustain him. The dream of being an actor, a success in show business . . . but, most of all, becoming a motion picture star.

Starring in "Hee Haw Good" at Paramount Studios, Hal March was only a few blocks from the nursery where he'd lived in an attic (and mostly on hope) for so long. But he was so lonely for Candy and the family, half the thrill was gone.

"We'd only been married a year and a half—but I really can't remember what it was like, the other way," Hal was saying slowly now. "I don't like being away from Candy. And the risk of abandoning maudlin—we'll never be separated that long again. Then, too, it was so hard on Candy, having to move to the country all by herself."

In spite of missing Candy—and visualizing his young son growing up without knowing candy—Hal had been plenty of laughter on the sound stage at Paramount. Together with producer-director Don McGuire and the cast and crew, he'd reveled in the mechanics of making movies for the whole industry, starring in a "quality" comedy which was shot in eight days! Hal's tough conditioning by television—show business in every medium and his infallible timing for comedy were invaluable. Studio executives and other stars were constant and admiring visitors. 

I was on the set, with the camera and crew all there planning the shots. It wasn't too tough, really. My conditioning is that way—"In TV I'm pitch perfect and marvel me," Hal says modestly of his part in this fabulous operation.

Hollywood was also impressed by Hal March's humility, his open appreciation of his "good fortune," and his complete lack of temperament. Studio publicity men marveled at his graciousness in welcoming visitors and in signing autographs for them in his hotel lobby.

Before Peter arrived, at a cerebral palsy telethon Hal headed in Jacksonville, Florida, the public pledged $10,000 in the baby's name. "It's not a joking matter," Hal has often said.

When he was born, there were hundreds of wires and letters. The response from fans who saw his picture flitting on the screen on The 64,000 Question when Peter was two hours old, was almost unbelievable.

"People have sent him so many gifts. Things women crochet, like sweaters and bonnets. Things they have walked miles to make. People sit down and make that take hours," Hal says gratefully. They're over-flowing Peter's room in the large comfortable brick house the Marches are renting in Scarsdale now.

The Marches are reveling in their suburban living. "It takes forty minutes to go to work and back—and not a single map—and it's fun. The kids have a little plastic pool in the back yard and we all have bicycles," Candy notes.

They have a year's lease on the com- fortable 2,800-square-foot, beautifully landscaped yard "all fenced in the back, with so much running room for our three kids" and their diminutive coffee-colored dachshund, Demitasse the Third.

"There's a very pretty fieldstone house we have our hearts set on to buy in the Fox Meadow section of Scarsdale. It has three bedrooms and two maid's rooms now, but we're going to make four bedrooms and one maid's room—which is about right for our family." They plan traditional furnishings, generously interspersed with Candy's beloved antiques. As the family, it's one of those houses built to last by Aird the Builders—which is also right for their family.

There's no commuting problem in the country. Hal goes to New York twice a week to fill his new CBS-TV show, What's It For? But he leaves late enough in the morning to miss those who are jetting to their jobs along the freeway. Every Tuesday, he leaves the house around seven P.M. for a leisurely drive in for CBS-TV's The 64,000 Question. "There's no traffic on the east side of the highway at that time of night," Hal says. "It's a forty-minute drive—a beautiful drive," he enthuses.

"Carefully considered opinion, he's a very good father. "I think I'm a darned good father, really," he laughs. "Of course, we have the other two children, Stevie and Missy, by Candy's former marriage (to Mel Tone), and I'm completely devoted to them. We were married when Missy was ten months old and when she was seven, we were married. That's a baby," Hal says."

But however conditioned the father, an infallible father, and now he offers a few problems neither Hal March nor even psychology books available for research can answer satisfactorily. "I've read the books and I think books make a lot of sense, but I've never read books and I've run to the books—and I can't find the answer," Candy laughs now.

The book we've read really is Dr. Spock, and he tells you about child behavior. It tells you almost to the word what a child is going to say at two and two-and-a-half—exactly the philosophy of a child. It doesn't, however, fully cover what a parent should always do by way of reply. "It only lets us know our child is not unusual," smiles Candy. "I'm sure our child is what to expect . . . well, usually," Hal amends.

Together, Hal and Candy immediately shared the problem of getting Missy to accept her baby brother. "When Peter first came home, Missy would gladly have stuck a knife in his back," Candy recalls. "But when he was born and I made sure she got her proper attention. We'd go into the nursery and see him when Missy was asleep. Then, out of curiosity, Missy would go into the nursery and talk to him, and she couldn't care less. One day he started to cry and Missy ran crying to say, 'Peter's crying—Peter's crying. Mom.' I offered to go into the nursery and made her take it out—and she couldn't care less. One day he started to cry and Missy ran crying to say, 'Peter's crying—Peter's crying. Mom.' I offered to go into the nursery and made her take it out—and she couldn't care less. She threw her arms out and took him away from him and she said to him and he's her brother—but it took a little time, you know."

"Basically, our philosophy with the kids is to give them discipline and authority and plenty of love," says Hal. "And, above all, our relationship with them is completely honest. All questions are answered honestly. No, I won't answer yet. They're not old enough. Right now, it's pretty even—because I think like a four-year-old. When Stevie gets to be six, he may be a problem in this department, he laughs.

"When I got married," as Candy says now, "Stevie acquired another dad, and
business has been wonderful to me. If
Missy were to go into show business and
get married—like her mother. You know
Candy was well on her way to a very
successful career when she quit. In fact,
they were both married, she'd had
a million offers to go back.

Today, Hal March's own success in show
business is assured. His public returns
have been breathtaking. There's The $640,000
Question on CBS-TV. And What's It For? on NBC-TV. Paramount is all
daves about his first starring movie, "Hear
Me Good." Spectaculars are being planned
with him, and movie scripts are being
showered on him.

But, as Hal says, "I'm still under con-
tact with Republic. Republic can't let pictures
during the summers. If I get lucky with
my first—if there is going to be a
motion picture career—we'll headquarter
in the country at Scarsdale, with our family
dogs. He's going to be the big boy in the family—
his going to take care of the other two
kids . . . and so he's got to be ready,
Plus, he's got to be well-rounded, or good—but
we're trying," Candy adds.

"I wouldn't want him always to be
good, honey," Hal says quickly. "When a kid gets a little bad, he feels bad. He'd be the
dullest kid in the world if he were
good all the time. Every once in a
while, when he gets rough, he's going to
get a little rough. He's got to have
it out of him once in a while. He's
in San Francisco far behind him—has found
brighter lights than he ever envisioned.

But his chief concern is his
dreams. But he's thankful that
he's able to struggle getting there. For the
experience.

"I'm an insurance agent and a
father is Hal March's favorite role. And
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family life—measuring success and happiness ac-
cordingly . . . Hal Mendelson—who set
out in a rain storm across the Oakland
Bay Bridge only to get a spot on a
ship headed for San Francisco far behind him—has found
brighter lights than he ever envisioned.

But his chief concern is his
dreams. But he's thankful that
he's able to struggle getting there. For the
experience.
You Asked For It

(Continued from page 48)

physical shape for a man of his age. But it seems that the yearning, and a bond kind to his body, his memory had been less fortunate. When he instructed the crew about how much of a charge of poison was necessary to knock a beast unconscious, Chamberlin instinctively sensed trouble. He tried to suggest, as tactfully as possible, one rehearsal of the stunt. The old hand, of course, thought he said he could do the set blindfolded with his hands tied behind his back. Chamberlin agreed that he was certain this was true, but quietly and firmly insisted that this man was the one he had chosen for the stunt went on camera. With a futile little "Ploop" the cannon ejected the cannonball, which soared weakly in a sad little arc and landed on the toes of Canonball Richards!

By far the greatest number of requests coming into the studio office concern animals. And of those requests, a large percentage involve alligators. Chamberlin admits to being somewhat puzzled by this fascination the predatory swamp monsters have for the American televiuing public. But he's agreeable, and goes about trying to set up as many of the suggested stunts involving alligators as can be worked into the show.

There's one such stunt, however, about which he'd rather not be reminded. It was to involve the classic wrestling match—between a man and an alligator. An elaborate set was built, so that on camera it would appear as though a chunk of Okefenokee swamp had been transported to Hollywood. Into the pool on this set of ground had been shipped an alligator not just one. This was a sort of insurance, Chamberlin felt. If one alligator seemed disinclined to wrestle, they'd have a stand-in handy. So he thought.

The rehearsals went along beautifully. The man who was to do the wrestling came on-camera, poked a long stick down into the studio-made swamp, and up reared an alligator. The two set about with a great thrashing, and with grunts, groans and growls which would have done credit to a match between Gorgon George and Pygmalion. When the rehearsal finished, everyone dashed around congratulating everyone else on what a wonderful, stupendous, thrilling stunt they were just going to see.

Everyone, that is, except the alligators. Now a small bit of nature lore which Chamberlin had yet to learn—alligators are lazarians. They don't like to be crowded, not to wrestle, if they can manage to sneak out of it. And sneaking out of things is one of their great talents. So these two fugitives from a ladies' handbag pocketed around that man-made pool, and found a hiding spot under a ledge.

Comes time for the show. On-camera grinned at best, and the studio, a convincing parcel of muscles. He pokess his long stick into the pool. No alligator. He pokess again, but still no alligator. The cameras are grinding away, the second hand on the big clock is making dizzying revolutions. Still no alligator. Last thing he remembers is that the man was scheduled to have pinned the beast's shoulders to the mat—there was still no sign of an alligator. The power of the camera poked frantically, but futilely, about the stage pool. Off camera, Chamberlin claims, great tufts of hair littered the studio floor, mixed there by despairing technicians who had torn it from their own scalps.

Chamberlin diagnoses the trouble on that one as "too much rehearsal." There was a feeling in the crew that the stunt was going to be the highlight of the night, that all the announcers were going to hit the air with an unannounced "You Asked For It, where animals were involved. Take the case of the walking fish. Yes, he really walked—projected himself up and down the studio floor, even into a tank. The only trouble there was that the director insisted on so much rehearsal that the fish became fatigued. When the time came to shoot, the said fish couldn't so much as flutter a fin.

The same type thing happened with the monkeys. Someone wrote in suggesting that they prove or disprove the old saw, "Every action has an equal and opposite monkey." Were a barrel of monkeys fun? they wanted to know Chamberlin has the answer. In rehearsal, they're a ball! There's no way they can be smothered or smothered simians had been set down inside a wooden enclosure. Into the walls of that enclosure, small apertures had been cut for the lens of the cameras to peek through. Through one of these, the camera was poked out of that barrel, heels over head, scrambling out in a perfectly riotous fashion all over the interior of the enclosure the monkeys were never conceived at their antics. But that was at rehearsal.

By show time, those monkeys had smartened up. Once the trap-door-type top of the barrel had been pulled away, the stunt went on the air, they'd improved their escape time. They were out of that barrel so fast the cameras couldn't even catch the action. They not only left the barrel behind, but streaked through the lens-holes in the enclosure, and out over the shoulders of the cameramen, into the studio. It took a spectacular feat of inactivity on the part of the Monkeys aren't very funny to You Asked For It staffers anymore.

With an active six years behind them, there were quite a few of the Barrett crew had been pulled away. The stunt went on the air, they'd improved their escape time. They were out of that barrel so fast the cameras couldn't even catch the action. They not only left the barrel behind, but streaked through the lens-holes in the enclosure, and out over the shoulders of the cameramen, into the studio. It took a spectacular feat of inactivity on the part of the Monkeys aren't very funny to You Asked For It staffers anymore.

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course. A few have been tinged with tragedy. There was the reunion of a company of old-time firemen, complete with the horse-drawn engine they’d used. It was a nostalgic bit, and obviously too exciting for one of the old-timers. Within hours after they were off the air, he suffered a heart attack and died.

Other dramatic repercussions have had happier endings. On one show last year, a new method of resuscitation was demonstrated, a method highly recommended for use on victims of electrical shock. When the object was presented, the staff received two thrilling letters. One told how a man had saved the life of his partner at work, when the partner accidentally touched a high-voltage source. The method closely when it was shown on You Asked For It, the man was able to apply it, and revive his partner. A few days later, a second letter arrived, telling how a woman motorist had come across an accident victim alongside a highway. Her car had hit an electric line and left her quite drunk. The man. He was in shock when she reached him. She, too, had “learned” the method from You Asked For It—and saved the stranger’s life. Among the memorabilia these letters, Chamberlin is able to shrug off most of the times when the stunts didn’t quite jell.

There have been a few things viewers asked for, but when staff found impossible to provide. Not long ago, after one segment showed by speeded-up photography the frantic antics a housewife goes through to get her children out the door on a single day, a viewer wrote in with a brilliant suggestion for a variation on the same theme. Why not show, she suggested, that President Eisenhower does in a single day, using this same speeded-up movie technique. It would have been a wonderful bit, Chamberlin is quick to agree. But they knew, without asking, that it would be impossible to obtain. A president who couldn’t be fulfilled have been those asking the identity of the girls in the Old Gold dancing cigarette packs—a view of The Lone Ranger, unmasked—the identity of Jimmy Durante’s “Mrs. Calabash.” For various and undoubtedly valid reasons, Old Gold and The Lone Ranger’s sponsor and Window Display have all refused to divulge the information requested. Not a few of the requests which come in from viewers ask that Art Baker participate in some stunt. But the one thing that is certain, as far as Chamberlin is concerned, came from a disgruntled viewer who suggested: “Have Art Baker go jump in the lake.”

A day later, the crew moved, bag and camera, out to suburban Tolula Lake. Art poised on the edge of this body of water (impressive in size in Southern California, but scarcely a self-respecting duck pond in the Midwest). And then he jumped in, with the camera following him the whole splashing way. It’s dubious if the lake, which enough for Baker to have got wet all over in just one jump—but, on camera, it came off fine.

And the thing which reassures Chamberlin is this: Although they’d have three requests, and Baker to jump in the lake—they got nine letters from viewers who vigorously objected. In no uncertain terms, they huffed and puffed about “Art Baker, being Baker” being subjected to such indignities.

“And as long as our audience is three-one for us,” Chamberlin points out, “we’re in business.”

Love at Second Glance
(Continued from page 58)

When this romance had ended, Mary Lou’s family was worried as to how she would take it—and so was Marilyn. Would she sit and brood, moop over the past, and refuse to meet new men? After all these years—she had been a real exception with “George” (that isn’t his real name), Mary Lou herself wondered if she would be able to adjust herself to new dates with other boys. But Marilyn was determined to see that this didn’t happen. She kept urging her to go out, and she arranged her first date after the break-up.

"It was," Mary Lou confides, "like going on a high-flying trip in my life. After talking to one boy for so many years, it seemed to me I wouldn’t know what to say to anyone else. But, once I got to Marilyn’s house and met him, it wasn’t so bad. I don’t know what in the world I would have done without Marilyn.”

Marilyn was obviously determined to play Cupid. And, one night in October, 1954, she really succeeded in this role. That was the night she was giving a big Halloween party. It was to be informal (no costumes) but lots of fun. Marilyn had a hunch that Mary Lou and Joe Dialon, the brother of one of her girl friends, would like each other. Acting on that hunch, Marilyn set up a date for the two. Then she said, “Would your brother be interested in coming? We’d love to have him. I know a girl I’m sure he’d enjoy.”

Since it was to be an informal party, Mary Lou dressed very simply, in a gray skirt and gray sweater. Her mother sighed, “My goodness, you look dull.” But Joe obviously didn’t see that way about it. His dark brown eyes lighted up when he saw Mary Lou. And Mary Lou certainly felt no pain meeting Joe. (“He’s five-feet-eleven, with curly dark brown hair,” she says, “very good looking, though I wouldn’t call him handsome.”)

She found he was great fun to talk to. At the time, even (he’s now newsreel cameraman for George Putnam), but his conversation wasn’t limited to shop talk.

Marilyn told her about her love for skiing, Mary Lou was very honest with him. (It isn’t in her to be anything else.) “I don’t think I’d ever enjoy skiing,” she said.

"I’ll teach you some day," he promised, and I’ll bet you won’t be.”

Later, when he took her home, he asked for her phone number. And shortly after, a film he had edited was being shown that night, and he wondered if she’d like to see it.

Since it meant being with Joe, she was very willing, and they sat through a movie which both of them admitted was bad. Another girl, after the movie, might have pretended that it was a great picture, but not Mary Lou. Both she and Joe agreed that it was just one of those things—an independent venture that had fallen flat on its face.

What about her honesty, as well as her attractiveness, that appealed so much to Joe. At any rate, the more they saw of each other, the better they liked what they saw.

About two months after he had met her, Joe knew that he was deeply in love with Mary Lou—that she was the girl he wanted to marry. Mary Lou was in love, too.
One night, after they’d had dinner together and gone to a movie, he stood at the door of her parents’ home in Holly-
wood. He had something on his mind.

The moment he started talking, Mary Lou had a pretty good hunch what it was.

“I have something to ask you,” he said.

“Okay, Joe,” she said. Her dark brown eyes danced im-pishly.

“Well, this is very important to me, to us,” she added. “Did you mean it when you asked him if you could marry me. I know it’s supposed to be old-fashioned, but would you mind?

“I don’t mind. He wouldn’t have minded anything that night. He was in seventh heaven. So, like a true old-

fashioned beau, he asked Frank and Effie May Harrington in for a drink. They spent two wonderful days in the living room of Mary Lou’s home. First, they drove through rain, then through snow. But when they got to Yose-
mite, it was beautiful there. They spent two wonderful days in the living room of Mary Lou’s home.

Mary Lou had met Joe’s folks, even before the engagement party. She loved them and they loved her. Joe, his mother and sister have a cabin at Running Springs, in the Sierra Nevada, and they have everything just right for the momentous occasion.

Joe had to work late that night, on his job as newsreel cameraman. But he was free the following weekend and eighty-three, so he received their guests at their open house, everything festively deco-

rated for Christmas. Mary Lou’s parents—Frank and Effie May Harrington—had worked in their home to make it a very un-actorish home. The only sen-
sational thing about Joe’s life is that, as a cameraman, he sees the news of the world be it the forest fires, the Confed-

eral courtroom trial, crashes, accidents, and other newsworthy events.

In many ways, they are a couple typi-

cal of today’s suburbia. They bought their home back in the thirties, so to speak, and it was one of the good things (if they hadn’t, they would have guessed, from the happy light in Mary Lou’s eyes).

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Contrary to her prediction, she hadn’t chinked out on the small hills: “The first few times, I did well going down these hills. The next result of the day was a couple of wards, I got the flu. We didn’t go back again for about two months. Perhaps if I’d been able to keep at skiing persist-

ently, I might have become pretty fair at it. But the interruption must have discouraged me.”

She kept telling Joe she’d do fine by herself. Joe kept her in the chair lift and up to the higher slopes. So he finally did. Mary Lou did some skiing by herself. “But I quickly lost interest,” she remembers. “I even pushed myself off the hill, but I must have done something wrong. By the time I got to the bottom of the hill, I was in a sweat. I’d had enough skiing for the day.”

“I started to take off my skis on the parking lot, but fell flat on my face. I picked myself up, picked up the skis, started to walk to the garage. Then I looked down to see what was the matter. Two buckles on my ski shoes were locking. No wonder I couldn’t walk! The next day, Mary Lou noticed it wouldn’t be right to put down new carpeting in a house that hadn’t been freshly painted. She and Joe worked all one night and the entire next day painting room after room.

Joe and Mary Lou meet their prob-

lems in a way that’s typical of young suburban couples everywhere. And their experiences are very similar. For in-

stance, Joe put in the walk leading to the house, and used a good weed-killer to keep weeds from the stones.

Then, imbued with enthusiasm, he de-

cided it would be a good idea to use the same weed-killer on the lawn, where the weeds were thriving.

“Joe worked beautifully on the wees, and just as beautifully on the nice green grass. The result? Today, the grass is, as Mary Lou says, “a nice, early-autumn, dark brown shade.”

Joe and Mary Lou, like most parents, decided that when they had children they would allow them to do whatever they wanted. “But how do you keep from doing it?” Mary Lou asks, very reasonably. “I have a feeling that, when Alan is playing very happily by himself, I should just let him go on that way, but I can’t resist joining him.”

“The other day,” she laughs, “I heard an ad that went something like this: ‘Is your child in a pruning stage?’ Wouldn’t you as a parent like to know she like to spend some time in the living room? Well, no one has to feel sorry for me. I’m certainly no slave to the kitchen. I also have lots of time in the living room playing with Alan.”

“After dinner, I don’t feel I have to do the dishes immediately. I don’t do them till the next day. I feel that it is just terrible to let a dish lie unwashed for five minutes. But I think you can be sensible in these matters. You don’t have to be like Craig’s mother—who, if I remember correctly, seemed to care more about her home than about her husband. Joe and Alan come first with me.”

On the rarest of all, the days of love, understanding and play, Alan has thrived. When he was first born, Joe and Mary Lou had reason to be concerned, as he was an incurably premature baby.

Everyone had been sure that Mary Lou, who is beautifully built, would bring a thriving seven- or eight-pound baby into the world. But two and a half pounds, six ounces, when he was born—and the powers-that-be kept him in the hospital for a full week after she had been discharged.

At the end of the week, the doctor said that he was doing so well that they would let him go home, even though he was still slightly under five pounds. But even this five and a half pounds in a week thrilled them to believe that they didn’t have to worry about him. They were right. Today, he is a sturdy young man, toddling around the house on very sturdy young legs. He has blond hair and brown eyes, and looks very much like Joe.

Many of their grandparents idolize him. There were three previous grandchildren (sister Sheila’s children) for the Harringtons, but he is the very first grand-

child to be born of his parents. The big fuss over Alan. The living room is filled with his toys, including gifts from his grandparents.

Because they live happily and fully, the days are not long enough for Joe and Mary Lou. In the evening, while Mary Lou knits or paints, Joe paints, builds a cabinet, or works on his model airplane. If he is at home, Mary Lou makes the dinner. The plans is in our bedroom, the motor in the garage. It hasn’t gotten off the ground yet, but Joe says some day he’s going to send it off into the air. I hope, when that day comes, it won’t crash.”

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