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- New Zanies: Mike Nichols Elaine May
A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STIFF
This fine, gentle spray leaves hair soft and shining, never stiff or dry. Its delicate touch holds curls softly, beautifully in place for hours, even in damp or humid weather. Breck Hair Set Mist is good to your hair.

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All through your active day...

new **MUM** stops odor without irritation

_So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day_

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

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

**Contains no aluminum salts**

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. 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?

MUM contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene) ...stops odor 24 hours a day. Won't damage clothes.
In and out of cool, blue waters! ... Enjoying the sudden onrush of waves against the shore! ... Loving the gentle roll of the sea, far out beyond the breakers! On sunny summer days, you seem to belong to the sea! Not even time-of-the-month can keep you out of the water against your will! Like millions of smart young moderns, you rely on Tampax® internal sanitary protection. You know it completely protects, while it keeps your secret safe. Invisible under a skin-tight, stocking-wet swim suit, Tampax won't absorb a drop of water. Let you swim whenever you want to... or bask on the beach...in complete security! You wouldn't dream of using anything but Tampax! For Tampax vanishes chafing and odor. Ends disposal and carrying problems. Helps you forget about differences in days of the month! Tampax is convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. Your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women
movies on TV

Showing this month

AFRICAN QUEEN, THE (U.A.) : Humphrey Bogart's Oscar winner teams him with Katharine Hepburn. As a disreputable river rat and a prissy spinster, they face danger and find love. Funny, exciting, touching.

ANNIE OAKLEY (RKO) : Minus music but with plenty of laughs, the saga of the gal sharpshooter stars a youthful Barbara Stanwyck, with Preston Foster as a fellow marksman in Buffalo Bill's show.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE (20th) : Lively backstage musical finds prizefighter Vic Mature muscling into show business, wooing Betty Grable—who's secretly wed to John Payne. Nice comedy by Phil Silvers, James Gleason, Jane Wyman.

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia) : Clifford Odets' famous play was basis for this first film made by William Holden. Emotionally unstable musician forsakes career in the arts for one in the prize ring. Racketeers bring about his downfall. Barbara Stanwyck handles heroine's role with sophistication. Adolphe Menjou, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia are excellent in supporting roles.

LAST COMMAND, THE (Republic) : First-rate action film traces events leading up to the siege of the Alamo. As Jim Bowie, Sterling Hayden loves Anna Maria Alberghetti. And Arthur Hunnicutt is an authentic Davy Crockett that Pess Parker fans would never recognize.

MY FAVORITE WIFE (RKO) : Deftly 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.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (RKO) : Strong, beautifully made, splendidly acted. Cary Grant is a footloose Cockney tempted toward crime; Ethel Barrymore, his courageous mother; June Duprez, the girl he loves; Jane Wyatt, the girl who loves him.

QUIET MAN, THE (Republic) : Hilarious, lustily Irish, lovely to look at, thoroughly satisfying. Leaving his U.S. prize-ring career to return to his native Ireland, John Wayne marries spitfire Maureen O'Hara, but must fight her dad, Victor McLaglen. Ward Bond and Barry Fitzgerald add rich characterizations.

TENDER COMRADE (RKO) : Oversentimental but often moving story of wives who share a house while their husbands fight in World War II. The romance of Ginger Rogers and Robert Ryan is shown in a series of flashbacks.

THEY WON'T FORGET (Warner) : Suspenseful, vigorous attack on lynching law. Ambitious D.A. in a Southern town, Claude Rains frames Northerner Edward Norris for the murder of a teen-aged girl (brief role introducing newcomer Lana Turner).

WE ARE NOT ALONE (Warner) : Set in an English village during World War I, this delicately unfolding drama casts Paul Muni as a gentle doctor who takes a kindly interest in Jane Bryan, stranded Viennese dancer. Then both are accused of poisoning his wife, Flora Robson.

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

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4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.
Jazz may nip at the heels of rock 'n' roll and Welkiana—if rumors of a show for Ella Fitzgerald come true. A joint dream came true when she visited Sinatra.

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 8
Denmark prefers on go. Carl is not happy with Dody Como. I think this is a mistake. I'm not sure what to think. I don't know what I think. I think I was wrong.

“prince” Victor Borge has bought himself a castle in Denmark. Here, on its steps with wife Sanna and Victor Bernhardt, 3; Frederikke, 2; Sanna, Jr., 13.

Thin Man, Svelte Gal: TV's Thin Man series is in good shape for summer, as is its co-star, Phyllis Kirk, the size-eight beauty with 40-carat eyes. A former model who for many years designed her own clothes, Phyllis says, “I like boys and my purpose in dressing is to attract men.” What kind of clothes attract what kind of men? “I wear understated clothes. The kind that attract men who have the subtlety and imagination to be tasteful.” What type males does she draw? “I date writers, comedians, composers and psychoanalysts. Remember, I go out with analysts—I don’t go to them.” What about bikinis? “I wear one-piece suits. I think the human body, nude or semi-nude, is beautiful. Not vulgar. Vulgarity is the grotesquely tight dress that reveals every inch of anatomy.” The sack dress? “I think the chemise is darling but the tarp and bag are hideous. I prefer conventional design. I don’t eat much and I’m slender and I like to show it. I think if a man came down from Mars, picked up one of our magazines and noted our preoccupation with female chest measurements, he’d wonder what was wrong with us.” Hairdos? “Forget fashion. Choose your own. Sinatra calls me Prince Valiant because of the way I wear my hair, but I’ve worn it this way, with hardly any change, since I was six. I went through a period where I let everyone fool around with my hair and finally asked myself, ‘Where’s that independence you had when you were eight years old?’”

Summer Swim: Dick Clark, TV’s hottest young talent, will cool off this summer on the beach at Ocean City, Maryland, where he bought a cottage. . . . Jill Corey sings at Las Vegas three weeks beginning June 11, and then to Hollywood to co-star in musical film, “Senior Prom.” . . . Como takes his family to Jupiter Isle, Florida, but first son Ronnie, who just completed first year at Notre Dame, will spend a month working as a swimming instructor. Believe it or not, Perry approves of work. For his children. . . Dody Goodman will tour the East and Midwest this summer in stage comedy, “Dulcy.” Side note: Bob Finkel, who is Como’s Saturday night producer, will direct Dody. . . Carl Reiner heads for Fire Island to write another book. . . On May 24, Victor Borge took off for a three-month stay at his castle in Denmark. Borge notes, “In the past, the castle housed four kings. Now it’s got a full house.” He took with him two Tennessee walking horses, his wife and five children. He admits he can remember the names of his wife and horses but misses occasionally on those of his offspring. Says he, “They never come when I call, anyway.”

Quiz Biz Diz: So much criticism on avalanche of new quiz shows we turned to Jack Barry for comment. Jack is not only a star emcee but for 15 years, with his partner Dan Enright, has originated and produced some 25 network shows. So he’s got some answers. Asked if he thought there were too many quiz shows on TV, he said, “Yes, but the public wants them just as they once demanded the mystery saturation.” Does programming of so many new quiz shows help or hurt the high-rated ones? “Over-exposure always hurts. How long can current quiz cycle last?” That’s

Bids are flying from TV men, and Brigitte Bardot is the Gallic bait.

Quiz man Jack Barry may try for a new jackpot in the variety category.

Actor John Bromfield meets the real-life Sheriff Of Cochise, Jack Howard.
family on a Timetable

Mal Bellairs of WBBM is busier than most people, so his family just synchronize their watches.

On radio, Mal ad libs. At home, he reads a "script," a favorite story for Jerry, 10; Patti Lynn, 7; Ricky, 3; Kimberly Anne, 5; wife Jo; and Keith, 13.

Chicago's Station WBBM tailored its programming to add Fashions in Music... and the Mal Bellairs household followed suit and re-arranged its own timetable. Mal, who's host of a number of other shows, presides over the new, all-out, all-live musical program, too. To see each other, Mal, his wife, three sons and two daughters, just synchronize their watches.

"My family is apt to be more prompt than the average," Mal says. "I live on a very tight schedule in order to spend as much time with the kids as I can. They know this and cooperate. I'm only hoping," he grins, "that this fine trait will carry over when the girls are old enough to date!" Actually, depending on the shows he's involved in, Mal manages to spend more time with his family than most fathers. "Often," he says, "I am the only father in attendance at a school program. Then, too, I see the family when everyone is bright and wide-awake, not just during the dinner-to-bed turmoil. This gives me common ground on which to meet "lucky ladies.'"

The ladies Mal refers to are the shoppers he interviews on Lucky Ladies, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2:45 P.M. Mal not only talks family matters with them, he predicts 'em. This all began when an expectant mother told Mal she had five boys and was hoping for a girl this time. "Touch my left shoulder," he told her, "and it will be a girl." A week later, the prophecy came true. "Now it's become part of the routine," Mal says, "the left shoulder for girls, the right shoulder..."
Between shows, busy Mal takes a coffee break and a glance at headlines.

for boys. So far as we know, we have a perfect batting average. At least,” continues Mal, “if we occasionally miss, the gals are polite enough not to disillusion me.”

Back from the grocery stores, Mal acts as “second” to the famous Chicago Daily News sports editor on the John Carmichael Sports Final, each Monday through Saturday at 5:30 P.M. He spins records as number-one man on The Bell-airs Show, weekdays at 6 P.M. Then, weekdays at 7 P.M., he’s the genial and well-spoken host of Fashions In Music. This is a quarter-hour extravaganza, with the 21-piece CBS-Chicago orchestra responding to the baton of Caesar Petrillo and backing up regular singers Bill Lawrence and Patty Clark and also an outstanding guest.

Mal provides weekend music, too, Saturday, from 1 to 7 P.M., and Sunday, from 1:30 to 4:55 P.M. “I juggle a stack of phonograph records,” he explains, “trying always for a well-balanced show, not a piecemeal thing of many segments. As for the talk,” he goes on, “it may be anything from a menu for Saturday-night supper to a discussion of why Bobby Hackett’s trumpet has a chartreuse sound.”

Mal’s music caters to more adult ears than the sounds of the deejays who are spinning the “Top 40.” But the youngsters are listening, too, and the autographs Mal brings home from his sports shows and from Fashions In Music have made him the idol of his Wilmette neighborhood. Mal can’t pause too long to distribute them, though. His family, with an eye on the clock, is waiting.

When Tommy Sands visited Chicago recently, first stop on his itinerary was Mal’s program. On Fashions In Music, Mal greets a “live” guest every day.
Father Temple and husband Charles Black shared a laugh with Shirley when her young daughter didn't realize that mother was the "real" doll.

Back in civvies, Gary Crosby will join Tommy Sands in the Pat Boone starrer, "Mardi Gras."

"Brothers" on TV's Maverick, Jack Kelly and James Garner join up for an off-camera, on-the-town quartet with their wives, May and Lois.

By BUD GOODE

Tommy Sands goes into 20th's "Mardi Gras," which stars Pat Boone. Tommy is working in New York with Lee Strasberg in the hope he can join the Actors' Studio and learn how to act. But he is so busy acting it doesn't look like he's going to have much time free to go to school... The latest from the love-front looks like it's on-again, off-again with Tommy and Molly Bee. When he returns to Hollywood in July for the picture, the answer will be told... Molly, incidentally, is recording her first album for Capitol. Title: "Molly Bee in Love," a sequence album which takes her into love, then mad at the guy, and falling out of love, and finally back in love again. Would a July release date on the album be timely or would it?

This is June and Ann B. Davis is still walking feet off the ground over her Emmy win for her role as Shultzy on The Bob Cummings Show. She and Lyle Talbot will be playing "The Matchmaker" in summer stock at the...
Avondale Playhouse in Indianapolis, for 8 weeks beginning July 1.

Did You Know: All told, the nine Lennon Brothers (the Lennon Sisters' father and uncles) have forty-three children—and three more on the way?...

...That John Payne, whose show is ranked number five this season, only used three Indians in his series from September through June—and they were all in one picture?

Speaking of the Lennons, there are so many in the family, what with uncles, aunts and cousins, when someone comes up the walk to the door, little three-year-old Mimi says, "Is that a cousin or a friend?... Re: the new charismate line in dresses: At Bill Lennon's birthday party, only Lennon sister Mary wore one. When asked if she were to wear the charismate, "Sis" (Mrs.) Lennon said, "Only if I'm pregnant."

Also in the big-family department, NBC's Don Ameche has six children. He says he had to learn to speak with a pearl-toned quality, not because of the radio shows, but so his children would understand which one he was calling: Donnie, Ronnie, Lonnie, Bonnie, Tommy or Connie.

George Gobel wanted to go to San Francisco for some of the Giant games. His director asked, "How will I know you'll be back on time for the show?" Gobel answered, "I'll leave my old buddy, Eddie Fisher, here as hostage."

Groucho finally figured a way to make his new swimming pool pay—he's going to board goldfish for vacationing neighbors. His producer, John Guedel, celebrates his twentieth year in radio-TV packaging business in June. John's wife, Helen Parrish, is recovering rapidly from a major operation.

Fans of TV's Gunsmoke might like to know that Milburn Stone, who plays crusty old "Doc," has a terrific baritone voice and a repertoire of folk songs and Western ballads. On the recent Ralph Edwards juncture to the New Mexico town named Truth or Consequences, Mil, Ralph, Jerry Colonna and Fury's Peter Graves entertained the busload of press and stars with some fine barbershop quarteting. Peter Graves, for your information, is big Jim Arness's little brother—good-looking Pete is only six feet four.

With Elvis gone for two years, there will be a lot of young Hollywood talent trying to step into his rock 'n' rolling shoes. High on the list will be handsome young Dwayne Hickman, whose recent records for ABC-Paramount are selling like crazy. Dwayne proved he had the stuff to thrill the teen-age fans when he appeared before thousands of them at the Truth or Consequences, New Mexico show. They dug him the most.

Amanda Blake and Dennis Weaver of Gunsmoke, and also of the "T or C" Junket, have developed their first act together and are planning a series of one-nighters throughout the summer. ... During (Continued on page 15)
A genial thirty-two years old; Big Bud Lindeman likes to close his eyes and imagine that, on the other side of the mike, or the TV camera, there's a smile as broad as his own. To bring about this result, he conducts The Big Bud Show, heard each weekday from 7 to 9:30 A.M. on WOOD Radio in Grand Rapids. Between the chatter, there's an occasional record, "peppy, but not rocky." Bud will kid himself, his listeners, and even his sponsors on this "happy-eye-opener," as he calls the show. . . . Saturday, Bud has the morning off, but not the afternoon. At 5 P.M., over WOOD-TV, he hosts Bop Hop, with high school students jamming the studio to dance the "Stroll," the "Chicken," or the "Double-Chicken" to records by the sideburns set. There are skits by student talent, contests, prizes, interviews and live music by a local group called the Rockbillies. . . . "I was born in Chicago on August 16," says Bud, "and that was certainly the biggest and really the most interesting thing that happened to me in my early years." At Chicago's Sullivan High and Boston's Emerson College, new things began to happen. Bud studied speech and dramatics and was on stage in just about every student production. . . . He became a Barker at carnivals and circuses. "I progressed all the way up to emcee of one of Chicago's better burlesque shows," he grins. "Then, during my world tour with the U. S. Coast Guard, I exceeded several U.S.O. shows." Back in mufti, Bud went to work in Boston radio. He joined WOOD in December, 1957, and admits to only one problem. "My pet monkey, Little Bop, perches on my shoulder during Bop Hop," he explains. "He's very talented, but he's not house-broken. Need I say more?" . . . Of the many celebrities who've guested on his shows, Bud best remembers the Ames Brothers and Jack Benny. The latter accepted Bud's bet that he could beat him at golf. "Did I collect?" asks Bud. "Not from Mr. Benny! I paid. He blasted me all over the golf course." . . . Luckily, Bud has two sports cars that he often races, so he didn't have to count on Benny for a lift in the old Maxwell. Bud is still talking about a ride he hitched while in the service. "Longest ride I ever had," he grins. The driver was Kay, the pretty miss he married in 1944. They now have two children, one of each kind. The Lindemans live in an apartment in Grand Rapids. "The furniture is modern," says Bud, "and it's all ours." Sacks of mail may come addressed to Big Bud Lindeman, but the bill collector is not one of his correspondents. Except, of course, in a completely non-professional fan letter.
Ways of Loveliness

What can you tell us about the young actress Carol Lynley?

C.D., Spokane, Wash.

Not long ago, you had to guess her identity on I've Got A Secret. . . A "model" junior miss, she prefers comfortable blue denims for casual wear . . . More? She was Dame Sybil Thorndike's granddaughter in Broadway's "The Potting Shed" a year ago . . . and a restless, beautiful youngster with murder on her mind on Hitchcock Presents, last winter. . . With long blond hair and a clear-eyed, peaches-and-cream loveliness, Carol presents a serene image of youth. All the more remarkable, then, is her deft and sympathetic performance of the troubled teenager in the current Broadway hit, "Blue Denim." . . . Carol got started as a child model at nine. A year later, she "walked on" in a Danger mystery. Following that, the breaks broke fast: "Anniversary Waltz" at 14, covers for national magazines, a starring role in Walt Disney's "The Light in the Forest." . . . Except for the Hollywood sojourn, Carol has always lived in New York. Schedules permitting, she attends classes at the School for Young Professionals. Younger brother Danny Lee is also an actor, but they've never appeared together. . . The rule being that theater people are superstitious, Carol is the exception. Thirteen is "lucky" for her! Born on Friday the 13th, on the 13th floor of the hospital, she became a model on the 13th of the month; from her TV "father," she received a baker's dozen of red roses for a Friday-the-thirteenth rehearsal of the TV "Junior Miss"—who was thirteen.

Flash From the Fans

As our readers know, the editors of TV Radio Mirror are always interested in news of the fan clubs. In the March issue, we listed a Georgia club for Marilyn Van Derbur ("Miss America of 1957"), c/o Stephen Batson, Lanier Heights Road, Macon. This is the young man Marilyn mentioned on her Person To Person appearance. Stephen is only eight, but he manages his club with efficiency and imagination. Recently he ran an essay contest, "Why I Like Miss America (Marilyn).") Club member Diane Hinsey won with this entry: "Marilyn is talented and beautiful, but she is not at all selfish. . . Her attitude toward the world is a fine one. . . I hope parents will cooperate with her in making the world a better place."

All Along the Line Up

Please tell me all about Marshall Reed, who is Inspector Asher on Lineup.

M.C., Chicago, Ill.

The yen was a yearning! When Marshall Reed finished high school, he trained horses for a YMCA camp, then worked as a stock boy, mail clerk, addressograph operator, meter reader, bookkeeper, and lineman for a utilities company. But, as he worked, the boy who had started acting at ten kept hearing theatrical voices. . . . He never once lost the cue. In his spare time, he produced, directed and acted for such little-theater groups as the Denver Players Guild, Ramshackle House Theater, and the University Civic Theater of Denver U. After doing professional stock for two years, he moved to California—working at Lockheed Aircraft on the swing shift, and freelancing as an actor, day, . . . Marshall spent the latter war years in the Navy. With VJ Day, he returned to important roles in several Hollywood Westerns and crime films. On TV, he's been a feature player in Boston Blackie, Kit Carson, and Wild Bill Hickok. . . . It's no accident that he's called "Ferris Reed"—every trick and hold in the underworld book. During his West Denver High days, Reed was a top athlete, winner of letters in football, track, boxing and wrestling. At forty, the trim six-footer hunts, rides, goes fishing or skin-diving, but also enjoys just plain "being outdoors in the fresh air." Marshall is happily married and has two teen-aged daughters.

Boy From the Beach

I understand Puerto Rican star Jimmy Diaz will be seen in a forthcoming movie. Will we see him on TV, too?

L.C., New York, N.Y.

Jimmy is only nineteen, but he's right in the thick of San Juan's bustling TV industry. At ten, the handsome young man played "Boy" in a Spanish-radio version of Tarzan. He did daytime drama, deejay work and, when the visual medium hit the island, TV plays. Lately, he is best known to younger viewers who admire his Serruchito ("Little Saw")—story-teller for the cartoon show, Los Munecitos—and for his emceeing of the Diaz-produced Teenagers Club, on Sundays. . . . A San Juan family originally, the Diazes moved across the bay to the quiet little village of Cataño when Jimmy was still very young. The father, Bernardo, a free-lance artist, built their home facing the bay on a beautiful strip of sand beach. A mere glance over the blue is the vigorous new-world sprawl of the capital city—the contrast being symbolic, in a way, of Jimmy's life. . . . A graduate of the local Bayamón high school, the boy went statewide to study TV production at New York University. American-type food has been a great favorite of his ever since. Except for the quickee-lunch, that is! At midday, Jimmy wants a full-course meal in the Latin manner. . . . As for girls, the young star escorts both islanders and mainlanders. The mainland, incidentally, will see Jimmy in two movies—"Machete" and "Counterplot." Can network TV be far behind?

Calling All Fans

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

Jimmy Diaz

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.
From movies to milady, George Willeford of WLW-I has some choice words on any topic.

The birthday fell on the same day, so George and Governor Harold Hondley (at left) exchanged gifts on Movie House. Also visiting was Lawrence Welk. Oh, there was a movie, too.

Music didn’t turn out to be his career, after all, but it was at music school that Helen first heard George sound off with an opinion. Now, music’s a hobby to share with Stephen and Eileen.

You name it and George Willeford will take a stand on it. This dark-haired, thirty-ish sage of the flatlands is the host of Movie House, seen each weekday at 12:30 P.M. on Station WLW-I in Indianapolis. George possesses what some of his lady viewers have called a pair of “bedroom eyes.” With these, he lures ’em to his afternoon movie. Then, between reels, the fireworks begin. “I alienate somebody every day, I suspect,” says George. But, unlike the boys on Madison Avenue, this Hoosier isn’t fazed in the least at the idea. He’ll knock rock ’n’ roll one minute, expound on the “hamminess” of a matinee idol the next, and then bring the mail flooding in with some uninhibited opinions on housewives and/or husbands. . . .

The controversy flies, the switchboard explodes with calls, and the cause of it all sits happily atop a healthy rating. George, by just being himself, has become the housewife’s friend, even when she doesn’t agree with him. . . . George is a hometown boy who’s made good. He was born on November 27, 1920, in Indianapolis, and is a graduate of the state’s largest high school, Arsenal Technical. From there, he pursued the study of music at Indiana University and then went on to earn a Master’s degree in Speech and Music. With this in hand, he was offered a job as instructor at the university’s radio-TV department, and he preached what he now practices until August, 1957, when he joined Channel 13. Two of his former students are now his co-workers. . . . His piercing and off-beat comments are now George’s trademark. Back in college, they introduced him to his wife, Helen. Both were relaxing before class in the Music School lounge when George, sitting across the room, began to deliver a scathing denunciation of the picture that was hanging on the wall of the lounge. Helen decided then and there that this was someone she didn’t like at all. “She later changed her mind,” George grins. . . . The Willefords now live in an old house on Indianapolis’s east side, the same area where George grew up. Pond of ballet, classical music and model-ship building, George also maintains a small zoo consisting of two longhaired dachshunds, two Siamese cats, one parakeet, goldfish and some bluegills. He has a son Stephen, who’s 10, and a daughter Eileen, 13. George is raising them both to hold strong opinions.
up to the public. How long can an individual quiz show run? Some have gone ten years. Will next season see more or fewer quiz shows? More in the daytime. Fewer at night. Do advertisers go for quiz because it’s less expensive than dramatic or variety programs? It’s true that the cost per thousand viewers is lower. But remember, besides that, ratings on quiz shows frequently top the other kinds regardless of cost to the sponsor. What are your personal plans for next season? Besides continuing on my present shows, I’m thinking ahead to winter of next year. I’d like to do variety. This August, during my vacation, I hope to debut as a club entertainer in Las Vegas. I got the confidence to do this in appearing at benefits and such. I found that I could hold my own in a humorous vein. Plus that, I’ve been taking dancing lessons three times a week. I like the idea of being an entertainer, for it would appear that I’ve gone as far as I can in quiz. If I click, I hope it will lead to my doing variety in TV.”

TV in Hi-Fi: Bright guess for next season is that Ella Fitzgerald will have her own program. This past year, she has guest-starred on all the top shows, but her May appearance with Sinatra was a much talked about event. Whenever asked to name his all-time singing favorite, simply says, “Ella.” Ella recalls that she sat so often in the first row of the Paramount Theater admiring Frankie on the stage that Tommy Dorsey would look over the footlights and say, “You here again?” Ella and Frankie are represented at the moment with fine albums. On Verle’s label is “Ella Fitzgerald Sings Duke Ellington” and this is the greatest, with the Duke backing her in such choice classics as “Take The A Train,” “Caravan,” “Mood Indigo,” etc. And, for Capitol, Frankie is up and swinging with “This Is Sinatra, Volume Two.” Enclosed are a dozen of his solid hits. . . . Elvis, who has broken every sales record in the record business, has been immortalized by Victor with a memorial album titled “Elvis’ Golden Records.” Even so the LP is big enough to hold only 12 numbers and he has had 16 singles sell over a million. The fabulous “Don’t Be Cruel,” alone, sold over five million copies. . . . Dot label comes up with “The Moods of March,” on which quizmaster Hal makes like Jackie Gleason leading his rich, lush band in pop standards. The LP is big enough to hold ten numbers and is “Candy,” for his wife. . . . Mort Sahl whose humorous monologues are heard twice a week on NBC’s Nightline, has packed both sides of a Verve album with the most ticklish grooves to be heard anywhere. Typical Sahlism, “If God didn’t really need a bridge, wouldn’t water.” . . . Coral has issued a big line-up of your TV favorites. The McGuire Sisters’ album is titled, “When Lights Are Low.” This contains a wistful, romantic dozen.

Then there is “Steve Allen With Electrified Favorites.” In this cookie, Steve works out on the small electric organ he’s been featuring on the Sunday show. And never least is television’s favorite band, Lawrence Welk, in a new package titled, “With A Song In My Heart.”

Bells are Ringing: Month of June, when more wedding anniversaries are observed, finds two worthy men celebrating their electronic anniversaries: Ed Sullivan, his tenth on television; Don McNeill, his 25th on radio. For the gala night, June 22, Ed’s party will include Hugh O’Brian, Mickey Rooney, Teresa Brewer, Alan King, Hermione Gingold and Billy de Wolfe. (For reminiscence by Ed, see inside story.) Don McNeill’s 25th anniversary comes the morning after, June 23, on ABC. Don has earned the affection and loyalty of millions of listeners for a most worthy achievement—making America smile at breakfast. But where Don’s heart lies is obvious. For his anniversary, he commissioned artist Ben Stahl to visualize on canvas that period on each broadcast called “The Moment of Silent Prayer,” when Don asks his audience, “Each in his own words, each in his own way, for a world united in peace, let us bow our heads and pray.” Mrs. Roberta H. Lawrence of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was selected as the model mother to pose for the painting. Artist Stahl will unveil his canvas the morning of June 23 and then the picture will tour the country. Don says, “Of all our show’s features, this is the one for which we would most want to be remembered.”

Blasting Home: Most of the gals took a beating with their own shows this season. The only ones to finish strong were Lucy and Dinah. And Loretta, too, who picked up a fine new contract from her sponsor. . . . Doubtful that either People’s Choice or Wide Wide World will return in fall. . . . Great expectations: That Shirley Booth may do a TV version of Sinclair Lewis’s “Main Street.” . . . Jerry Lee Lewis pulled a switch. Bought himself a Ford instead of a Cadillac . . . John Bromfield, SHERIFF OF COCHISE, so hot with fans that NT. will star him in new series, U.S. Marshals West. . . . T.V. in conjunction with Cochise . . . Suspicion continues through summer but folds with the fall. . . . Now that we have adult West erns (the cowboy can kiss the girl), next season we are promised adult science-fiction (the hero is in analysis). . . . And September will find Father Knows Best switching from NBC to CBS. Godfrey shifts his Talent Scouts to Wednesday at 8:30 P.M. . . . Climax goes through the summer. . . . Motorola has a working model of a practical portable, battery-operated 14-inch TV set. Still too expensive to market.

Also for the future, Cleveland’s WERE Radio has purchased six unused TV channels for a proposed multi-channel, direct wire, pay-TV system. . . . A conversation that may be of interest to June graduates who hope to go into show business. Caesar asked Imogene Coca, “How long was it before you learned that you could make a living out of show business?” Said Imogene, “I went on the stage when I was eight and it was fifteen years before I learned that I couldn’t.”
ON THE
INSIDE TRACK

Cleveland's Places And Faces take the right of way—thanks to Alice Weston and the WJW-TV cameras

Hostess of a "new look" in programs for women, Alice Weston talks of many things.

Building good citizens is woman's work, says Alice. She does it in the home—as Alice does with her twins Sally and Sue—and out.

Ladies, take heart! The standard woman's-interest format has been given a face-lifting, and the well-groomed result is Places And Faces, seen each weekday at 2:15 P.M., over Station WJW-TV in Cleveland. Presiding is Alice Weston, who has been adding new ideas to homemakers' hours since 1947. On her current programs, Alice includes the contests, interviews, advice on cooking, cleaning and clothes, that she knows the women want. The new look is the variety. Alice has divided the show into three basic categories—people, places and things—one of which is the main subject of each day. . . . For "people," Alice has the talent for asking the right question that comes of being a one-time newspaper reporter. Rather than concentrate on celebrities, though, she's now talking to people who have never been in the spotlight before, people with unusual jobs, for instance. Her guest can be anyone from a billboard hanger to a traffic court judge who explained just what he did, aside from doling out fines. . . . Of "places," Alice runs a short film clip of an area in Cleveland. There's a prize for the first postcard to identify the neighborhood. And, the following day, a new or old resident, or sometimes both, appears on the show to talk of his part of town. . . .

"Things" get into the picture in a number of ways, including the popular "School for Home Buyers", as a regular weekly feature. Another main feature is "Attic Antics," with an appraiser to tell viewers whether those things they have stashed away in the attic are really antiques of genuine value or just sentimental dust-catchers. . . . All of Alice's background puts her on the right track for this lively show. An alumna of Wayne University and the University of Detroit, Alice worked for the Detroit Free Press as a lecturer on food and then for the Detroit News as household editor. She entered radio in 1947, and then went on to pioneer in TV programs for women. In 1955, she won the AFTRA award for the best cooking show in Cleveland and, two years later, another AFTRA award for the "Best Program for Women." . . . A homemaker herself, she is married to Arthur Schowalter and they have twin daughters, fourteen-year-old Sally and Sue. Alice Weston hopes that her work in television will convince other women of the basic philosophy she herself lives by—that a homemaker's tasks can be as rewarding as any career. Alice believes that the biggest part of her job is creating good citizens, not only in her own home but in her community—a world-wide one today—too.
the "T or C" parade, one little girl came up to mustachioed Jerry Colonna and said, "I think your show is one of the funniest on the air, Mr. Kovacs."

Ralph Edwards, wife Barbara and their children are taking a different kind of vacation. They are going to load the kids into the station wagon and tour the Northwest. . . . The Steve Dunne's are going to press-agents Sue and Jim Chadwick's Arrowhead home for a month. . . . Bob Barker is going to have to work all summer. He had to pay the consequences.

Shirley Temple's young daughter frequently comes in with her Shirley Temple doll, saying "Mommie this is a real Shirley Temple doll." She doesn't know yet that Mommie is a real Shirley Temple, too . . . . Two-year-old Jody, Dinah Shore's son, was leafing through a magazine one afternoon as he was being prepared for a nap. He saw a picture of a man, and he said, "Man." He saw a picture of a woman and said, "Woman." Then he saw a picture of Dinah and said, "Chevy."

Daughter Pat Hitchcock is doing one of father's Alfred Hitchcock Presents. Hitch is giving a lot of talented actors an opportunity to become directors. Paul Henried, Don Taylor, Kenneth Wynn all are taking lessons from the old master.

Gary Crosby ended his Army stint on June 1. His first job is a guest spot on an early June Pat Boone show. Gary promised Pat when they got together recently. Pat thinks Gary has great talent. . . . John Raitt starts on NBC, June 22. He'll sing as many hymns as possible because he likes them. He started singing in a choir.

Jim Garner got a kick out of doing the song and dance bit on the Emmy show. Basically, he has a good voice and odds are that he will be doing an album for Warner Bros. records. They should put out a quartet with Clint, Bret, Bart and Will. . . . Look for Will Hutchins to appear "ruggeder" in next season's Sugarfoot. So who is he taking barberl lessons from? Clint Walker. no less.

Lawrence Welk is thrilled by the new tag his associates hung on him—"Grandpa." Daughter Shirley had her first baby, Laura Jean, in Boston, last March. . . . Alice Lon became an aunt for the second time when her sister, Betty Jo, gave birth to a boy recently.

Nanette Fabray was planning on a TV show of her own next season, but, at thirty-seven, decided to devote all of her time to having a completely healthy baby, due in September. This will keep her off TV for at least one year.

John Raitt has six acres at his new home. John built a track down the hill which he and his boys race down in their homemade speed wagons. Everyone who visits the Raitt home has to ride down the hill. There is a hairpin curve at the bottom. John and the boys think it's great fun when they go flying down the hill, miss the curve and throw the surprised occupants into the weeds. The latest victim was Raitt's business manager, Pierre Cousette.

The heart of Hollywood: Danny Thomas has been slowed up by a chronic back ailment. Often he is in pain and discomfort. There are times when he cannot walk and has to amble on his knees. In spite of his pain, he will spend most of June on the road staging benefits for St. Jude Hospital.

... and here is America's outstanding

Chlorophyll STICK Deodorant
loved by millions because it's so reliable
29c ...and so thrifty!
TV favorites on your theater screen

Let's Rock
*Columbia*

An affable tune-film provides a pleasing introduction for Julius La Rosa, though his role often requires him to act a bit sulky. He plays a slipping record favorite who resists manager Conrad Janis's pleas that he switch from ballads to the more popular rock 'n' roll. When love walks in, personified by pert Phyllis Newman, a composer, Julius is further distracted. His romantic songs offer contrast to r 'n' r numbers by such stars as Paul Anka, Roy Hamilton and Danny and the Juniors, while Della Reese turns in fine blues. Wink Martindale, Memphis's singing deejay, registers with appeal.

This Happy Feeling
*U-I: CINEMASCOPe, EASTMAN COLOR*

That "Tammy" girl is back with a bouncy light comedy and another pretty title song, though the movie isn't a musical. Debbie Reynolds charms you again, this time as a wide-eyed girl who becomes secretary to retired actor Curt Jurgens and develops a crush on her suave boss. But neighbor lad John Saxon also puts in a bid for Debbie's affections. There's able work by Mary Astor, as John's mom, and Alexis Smith, as an old flame of Curt's. Highlights of hilarity are furnished by Estelle Winwood, as Curt's wacky housekeeper. It's sexy but sweet.

Vertigo
*Paramount; VISTAVision, TECHNICOLOR*

Maestro of suspense and chills, Alfred Hitchcock confronts James Stewart with a real puzzle in this creepy film. As a former detective, Jimmy is hired to shadow Kim Novak and falls in love with her. After her violent death, he's disconsolate until he finds a girl (also Kim) who looks amazingly like her. As an artist, Barbara Bel Geddes yearns for Jimmy. (Keep an eye out for Hitchcock, who always sneaks into his own movies.)

From Hell to Texas
*20th; CINEMASCOPe, DE LUXE COLOR*

In a refreshing Western, Don Murray has a role well suited to his own personality. He's a cowhand who tries earnestly to avoid violence. But after he accidentally kills a bully, he's hunted down by the dead man's angry family. Wise old Chill Wills and daughter Diane Varsi help him. Himself devoted to the cause of international brotherhood, Don starred in one of last winter's most discussed Playhouse 90 shows, a story closely related to his own work with refugees.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Marjorie Morningstar (Warner, Warnervision): Security or excitement? Facing this choice, Natalie Wood is infatuated with dashing Gene Kelly. As her uncle, Ed Wynn equals his TV hits. Carolyn Jones, Marty Milner also score.

Hot Spell (Paramount, VistaVision): Shirley Booth, as a fading housewife, and Anthony Quinn, as her faithless husband, are excellent. But TV comedienne Shirley MacLaine is a surprise drama click, as the couple's lovelorn daughter.

I Married a Woman
*(U-I): A lively farce supplies plenty of Gobel-type giggles. While Georgie worries about his ad agency job, luscious spouse Diana Dors feels she's being neglected.*
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you cream hair away the beautiful way with neet. New baby-pink neet goes down deep where no razor can reach...leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair finally does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling neet: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way Neet
That Ivory Look
so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Baby is delighted with the loveliness of That Ivory Look—
a look your complexion can have with a simple change to regular
Ivory care. Ivory Soap is so white and pure, smells
so fresh and clean—gentleness itself to give your complexion
that clear, pure look... That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Wash your face regularly with
pure, mild Ivory Soap. Gentle
enough for a baby's skin—the
beauty soap you want for yours.
Husband and family should see a girl's prettiest self, says Polly Bergen. Below, at home, she carries out her theory.

the Polly Bergen LOOK

Make-up (even lots of it) is meant to give a natural look, says this pretty TV star

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Eyebrow pencil is not meant to look like eyebrow pencil, but like your own eyebrows.” That's how Polly Bergen sums up her approach to make-up. “The natural look is the look,” says this actress, songstress, TV panelist, star of her own NBC-TV show. She's the girl with the beautiful big blue eyes (which change to green or gray according to her dress) and the big tortoise-shell eyeglass frames which have become her personal, feminine trademark.

Polly has emphatic ideas about cosmetics and other feminine fixings. Don’t save them for dress-up occasions, she says. No matter what your field of work, your obligation is primarily to your husband and family—they deserve at least as much beauty care on your part as anyone else. She feels that cosmetics are almost like an education because they help a woman discover the best things in herself. Heavy make-up is bad, she says, because it doesn't show a girl at her most attractive.

How to find your own best in beauty? Polly's theory is sound—pick your most outstanding feature, whether it's your eyes or your walk or your hair, and work on that. Keep everything else simple and toned-down so that people are not distracted by four or five centers of attention—or, as she puts it, by “a glob of a lot of too much.” “I make up my eyes (Continued on page 69)
Memorable moments, unforgettable personalities:
TV's super-showman picks ten high points
from ten record-breaking years at the top
On June 22, The Ed Sullivan Show celebrates its tenth anniversary. The show speaks for itself in entertainment values. No other variety program has so frequently included concert violinists, ballerinas and excerpts from opera and fine drama. No program has been more meticulous in propriety—you never see a glamour gal wiggle onto the Sullivan stage in a too-low, tighter-than-skin dress.

These standards in quality and propriety reflect Ed Sullivan and his trust in the public's good taste. Ed himself has chosen the thousands of acts which have appeared in the past ten years. It's accurate to call him a "super-showman"—but he is no superman and no super-egotist. Behind the stony face is a sentimental and deeply humane man. You soon discover, as Ed talks about the high moments in his TV career, that he remembers (Continued on page 77)
It's a potent combination, but
Rick Nelson takes it in his stride.
It takes more than fame to spoil
a family like Ozzie's and Harriet's
By FREDDA BALLING

It was 3:00 A.M. on an autumn-crisp Sunday morning. The two boys in the Porsche had left a teen dance just past midnight, had escorted their dates home, then decided the boy who lived in Westwood might as well spend the night with the boy who lived in Hollywood. Naturally, they drove to Westwood to collect essentials before proceeding toward Hollywood. The streets were practically deserted, so the Porsche was making knots—not exceeding the speed limit, but not embarrassing it, either. Abruptly, the Porsche's front (Continued on page 70)
To Rick, work and play are about the same. Rehearsing a scene for Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet (above, with parents Oz and Harriet and brother David at right) is almost like being at home—except that Rick wouldn't be wearing his hat at the table! Performing (opposite page, backed up by Jim Kirkland on bass fiddle, Jim Burton on electric guitar) is just sheer fun. Rick's latest Imperial: "Believe What You Say" and "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It."

Guitar is his own (as labeled). The motorcycle's borrowed from David. Most such treasures have been given them by their parents—whose greatest gift was teaching them to be considerate of fans. Now Rick finds he enjoys meeting audiences face to face.

Dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with starlet Yvonne Lime is quite an occasion. Usually, Oz and Harriet are amazed at the mileage thrifty Rick can get out of his allowance with movie-going dates, drive-in snacks.
Tennessee Ernie says he's no "ladies' man." Betty Ford has other ideas! She knows all about the gals—from 9 to 90—who admire him from afar

By NANCY ANDERSON

Sensible, smiling, brown-eyed Betty Ford knows all about the "other woman" in her husband's life, and she isn't a bit jealous. In fact, Betty—for sixteen years the bride of Tennessee Ernie—is pleased about the whole thing.

The "other woman" . . . the one who mows lawns, washes cars, and walks dogs just to be near Betty's husband . . . who fights for a lock of his hair, showers him with home-cooked goodies, and occasionally proposes marriage . . . is a mythical figure, a composite of all the thousands of women who consider Ernie Ford a living, breathing, walking dream.

If you ask Betty to describe Ol' Ern's typical woman fan, she can't do it. "She's not a type," Mrs. Ford says proudly. "Ernie gets mail from all kinds of women of all ages and backgrounds. About the only thing that most of them have in common is that they seem to be so fine. Ernie doesn't get silly or vulgar letters. In fact, some of his fans write to me instead of to him—I got a letter from a woman, just the other day, saying how much she likes him and asking me to send his mother's recipe for applesauce cake."

To fans who think of Ernie as a homespun philosopher or a singing rustic comedian, it may seem incongruous to cast him in a romantic role. But women, women, women see in the folksy Tennessean a lot more than their menfolk might surmise.

To some, he's like a son or grandson. "A large part of our mail," his secretary says, "comes from women in their eighties and even nineties. They never seem to be too old to send a jar of pickles or some pretty piece of handwork."

To others, he's a courteous, kindly friend. But, to a substantial and sighing third
the Love Bug

Ernie's own idea of the right kind of glamour for today's girls is singin' idol Tommy Sands.

Among femme singers who guest on his program, he figures Miyoshi Umeki is a real star-to-be.

Yes indeedy, Ernie has fans—in letters and in person. From the talented choristers on The Ford Show to gatherings at the fair grounds, the ladies all love him. "They're so fine—and he's so nice," says Betty. "Bless their pea-pickin' hearts," says Ernie.

The Ford Show, starring Tennessee Ernie Ford, is seen on NBC-TV, each Thursday, from 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, under the sponsorship of Ford Division—Ford Dealers.
Ernie shows off two of his treasures: Above, his 1930 model-A Ford (named for wife Betty). Below, one of the whitefaced Hereford calves from the herd at his ranch.

Son Buck (center foreground) sure enjoys those visits with the Coopers and their young 'uns, at Ernie's ranch in northern California, whenever Dad can take time off.

group, Ernie Ford is a Dixie darling . . . a TV Valentino . . . or maybe a reincarnated Will Rogers with an extra helping of sex appeal.

Ernie, with a modest "aw shucks" attitude, belittles his romantic allure. "Some of the ladies get right enthusiastic," he blushingly concedes, "but they don't get frantic, if you know what I mean. There's a difference."

"Now, honey," Mrs. Ford interrupts, "you know sometimes they've nearly turned over the car. And don't you remember the girl who grabbed you by the hair? Honestly, this cute little girl grabbed his hair and gave a jerk. I thought, 'Oh, here it goes,' but just a little bit came away. She ran off screaming, 'I got a lock of his hair! I got a lock of his hair!'"

"Well, now, Betty," Ol' Ern protests, "you know that makes a man my age feel mighty good."

Ern's rural whimsies have endeared him to hog breeders' associations, fat-cattle groups, and similar organizations. He's invited regularly to attend livestock shows, and was auctioneer at a beef-cattle sale for the benefit of the March of Dimes. But it's not his country-style showmanship that the ladies love. It's the genuine warmth of the man.
"I can't exactly say what I first found attractive about Ernie," Betty confides. "It was just that he's so nice. Really, you know, he is awfully nice . . . good and kind . . ." Ernie's warmth and charm and niceness struck Betty so forcefully, sixteen years ago, that she married him three months after they met . . . and after just four dates. She argues a little about the number of dates. "I believe it was more than that, surely," she says. "No, ma'am," Ernie settles the question, "it was just four. Four and no more."

Betty was a stenographer at an Air Force base at Victorville, California, when Ernie checked in for officer training. Virtually any pretty girl at a desert post, surrounded by thousands of healthy young airmen, could pick and choose her dates, but Betty had an added advantage. As part of her daily routine, she kept a chart on all prospective pilots. Thus, every day, practically every student stopped by her desk to check up on his training score.

Some were interested in scoring in more ways than one, and within this ardent group was a shy-seeming trainee from Bristol, Tennessee. His score as a student, Betty recalls, was just average. But, as a suitor, Ernie scored sky-high.

(Continued on page 68)
Ol' ERN and the Love Bug

(Continued)

Ernie shows off two of his treasures: Above, his 1930 model-A Ford (named for wife Betty). Below, one of the white-faced Hereford calves from the herd at his ranch.

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(Continued on page 68)
LITTLE BOY WANTED

No baby ever had a warmer welcome from a busy, loving family than wee Dave Garroway, Jr.

This is the way he hoped it would be: Dave and his wife Pamela with "readymade son" Michael and newborn son David Cunningham, Jr. One reason for wanting a boy was that Dave has so much enjoyed man-to-man companionship with Mike, who's nine years old.
Those were stirring words: "It's a boy, Mr. Garroway." Pamela had wanted another boy, too, though Dave reveals she wants a girl "next time," even has a name picked out.

Dave's not only a doting dad—he works at the job, knows all the details of baby care and can quote the fascinating changes in Junior's weight, ounce by ounce, since birth.

Never too soon to learn! He wants Junior to grow up with "a complete picture of the world he lives in."

New house (for larger family) meant a list of 286 things-to-be-done. But Dave and Pamela have only 226 left to do.

Biggest and most unexpected bonus of the new town house was space for Dave's dearest hobby—working on his cars.

By GLADYS HALL

In New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital on Sunday, February 9, at the paling pre-dawn hour of 2:50 A.M., David Cunningham Garroway, Jr., was born. At approximately 2:54 A.M., in the anteroom reserved for expectant fathers, David Cunningham Garroway, Sr., got the news for which he'd hoped and prayed. Five words which couldn't have been equaled for emotional impact: "It's a boy, Mr. Garroway." . . . He so definitely wanted a son, did Mr. Garroway. Already possessing a charming daughter by a previous marriage, it was natural (Continued on page 64)

Dave Garroway's Today show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, from 7 to 10 A.M. Dave's heard on Monitor, on NBC Radio, Sun., 7 to 10 P.M. He's host of Wide Wide World, on NBC-TV, alt. Sun., 4 to 5:30 P.M., sponsored by General Motors Corp. (All EDT)
In these precious album pictures, Art and Lois Linkletter re-live his fabulous quarter-century on both radio and TV—knowing in their hearts that “the best is yet to be”
1936: The Texas Centennial in Dallas (above, with Jose Monzanarez and South American band). Link did his first emceeing at fairs, says such experience was invaluable.

1939: San Francisco World’s Fair. Gag shot shows Art “testing outdoor acoustics” with help of Julius Girod, head of Golden Gate Park, and intrepid gal trumpeter.

1942: His House Party first smote the airwaves. President’s daughter, Anna Roosevelt, was an early guest.

Also 1942: Art and Lois reading bedtime stories to first-born Jack, then going-on-five, and Dawn, three.

1945: His first oil well in Texas! ‘Twa’n’t much, draws Link—he was prouder of his broad-brim Stetson.

1947: Second generation discovers radio! Jack was eager ten-year-old guest on dad’s People Are Funny.

1949: Jack hung on to mike, taped home interviews with littler Links —now three girls and another boy.

1950: Time out for Hawaiian vacation with Jack and Dawn, Lois and Art have since traveled the world.

continued
1952: Link always encouraged sons’ activities, was mighty proud of Cub Scout Robert and Sea Scout Jack.

1952: Also proud of sailfish caught off Mexico! (Friend Allan Chase has been his partner in many ventures.)

1953: Link visited war orphans in Greece. He’s foster-parent to four—Greek, Polish, German, Italian.

1955: Interview in Munich, where self-reliant Jack was getting “solo” experience with Radio Free Europe.

1956: Very much in the swim! Top athlete in college, Art enjoys all sports, still plays like a champion.

Today, Link’s workday begins and ends at John Guedel Productions—that’s John G. himself, at the left.

Work starts at nine. Secretary Lee Ray sorts the mail, Link dictates his answers, makes many business calls.


His oil wells do better now: College pal, geologist Gordon Samuels, shows him maps of East Texas field.
Twenty-five years in radio and TV—and busier than ever! Above, production staff meeting. Below left, get-acquainted sessions with youngsters Link will interview on House Party. Below right, three who help prove that People Are Funny—Irv Atkins, Linkletter, Guedel.

Art Linkletter's House Party is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, at 2:30 P.M., for Kellog's, Lever Brothers, Swift & Co., Campbell Soup, Standard Brands, Toni, Simoniz, Pillsbury Mills, and A. E. Staley. It is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 3 P.M., for Carnation Milk, Chun King, General Electric, Hartz Mountain Products, and other sponsors. Link also hosts People Are Funny, as seen over NBC-TV, Saturday, at 7:30 P.M., and heard over NBC Radio, Wednesday, at 8:05 P.M.—both under multiple sponsorship. (All times EDT)
Anything goes, when Mike and Elaine team up for comedy. It's strictly offbeat—but definitely on the beam for success with TV sophisticates

By BETTY ETTER

Born to show biz, Elaine May is a "single" offstage. Mike Nichols is a doctor's son—but he's wed to a professional, singer Pat Scot (below).

Four smiles for one good reason: It was thanks to a boost from manager Jack Rollins (right), with assist from press-agent Curt Weinberg (left), that Elaine and Mike are in the big-time now.

NICHOLS & MAY, Unlimited

There was the usual Sunday-night crowd at the Blue Angel—chic, sophisticated, accustomed to the topflight entertainment for which that New York supper club is noted. Backstage, waiting to go on, were Mike Nichols and Elaine May, an unknown young comedy team from the hinterlands who had never before appeared in New York. They weren't part of the bill; they were merely auditioning, and nobody knew what to expect of them.

"We weren't frightened," they insist now. "We had just decided to do the best we could and let it go at that."... But Mike's one suit was freshly pressed; he was wearing his sharpest tie; his shoes shone. Elaine had shampooed and set her dark hair. Her best black dress, of uncertain vintage, was neat and clean (its greenish tinge, she fervently hoped, wouldn't show under the lights).... They weren't frightened, they say—but between them they had exactly seventy dollars, part of the hundred-and-twenty they had borrowed from more prosperous pals to make their assault upon the big city.

Their moment came and they went on. They did their now-famous disc-jockey interview and their equally well-known teenagers' skit. Did the audience like them, they wondered. Did the club owners? Did Jack Rollins, who had taken (Continued on page 73)
Double duty: Pat combined top performances on his Chevy Showroom over ABC-TV (above) with studies at Columbia University (below) to win degree in June.

Triple threat: The young singer also makes discs for Dot (ten million-sale hits, so far) and movies for 20th Century-Fox (next picture, "Mardi Gras").

Better half: Pat’s wife is Red Foley’s daughter Shirley.

At Columbia University’s graduation exercises on June 3, there wasn’t a prouder Bachelor of Science than father-of-four Pat Boone. Of all graduates, none had worked harder for his degree. Pat’s been very much a young man on the go! When he became a regular singer on Arthur Godfrey’s shows—September, 1955—he and childhood sweetheart Shirley Foley already had a baby girl. Only a month after she was born, his Dot recording of “Two Hearts” took off for outer space—the top ten on the nation’s polls. In the next two years alone, Pat chalked up a phenomenal half-dozen gold discs. . . Signed by 20th Century-Fox, Pat interrupted his college courses early in 1957 to make his first movie, "Bernardine," followed by "April Love." That fall, he resumed his studies—and, in October, debuted his own program over ABC-TV. In a season when other variety formats suffered heavy mortality, Pat’s Chevy Showroom captured audiences, has already been renewed for 1958-59—with an increased budget. . . Pat and Shirley hoped their fourth baby, born last January, would be a boy, but they’re happily adjusted to their all-girl quartet. As Pat says, “The Lennon Sisters can’t last forever!” With humor and love, he regards life as a privilege. The world returns the compliment with its admiration for this very talented young father.

The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom is seen over ABC-TV, each Thursday, from 9 to 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.
First a father just after twentieth birthday, Pat's proud of his four Boone belles: Cheryl Lynn, Linda Lee, Deborah Ann and Laura Gene. Eldest, Cherry, was born in July, 1954; Lindy, October, 1955; Debby, September, 1956; Laury, in January, 1958.
Romance à la Radio
They met in a studio—and it was singing on Bert Parks' Bandstand that made it possible for Richard Hayes to woo and win the shy girl he loved.

The path of courtship didn't run too smoothly for Richard and Monique—but led to a lovely wedding, July 7, 1957, and the magic words, "Just married!"

Furnishing their own place is a delight, after those just-to-the-doorstep dates sandwiched into a busy schedule. Now they expect their baby in time for their first anniversary.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Vocalist Richard Hayes has a personal reason for that extra bit of emotion he puts into his love songs on Bert Parks' Bandstand. Says Richard, "That guy Cupid was just a crazy, mixed-up kid, fooling around with those arrows. For advancing a romance, I'll take a microphone any day."

The particular day when romance and radio became inseparable for him dawned dismal, the last stand of Manhattan winter, 1956-57. Richard's mood matched the day. Pulling his collar close to ward off the bitter wind, he swung off the Fifth Avenue bus at Forty-Sixth Street, bound for local station WNEW and the Klavan And Finch Show there. (Continued on page 82)

Richard sings on Bert Parks' Bandstand, as heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, from 11:05 to 12 noon EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Maestro Skitch Henderson (left) suggests a name for baby, star Bert Parks (right) is set to duet a lullaby with Richard. At home or at Bert's Bandstand, the singing father-to-be never faced a rosier future.
Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott have not only The Best In Music but the best of marriages, as well.

By DELL CHANDLER

Happy circle of triangles: Three goals—music, marriage, parenthood. Three in the family—Dorothy, Raymond, Debbie—up till now! After time out for brand-new baby, Dorothy will resume her stage career.

The best part of working together is going home together." Raymond Scott pays this heartwarming compliment to his wife and working partner, Dorothy Collins, thoughtfully, even gravely. "We've worked together for more than twelve years, been married for six, been parents for three and a half years, and life together gets better all the time." And now Raymond, who was musical director for Your Hit Parade, and his partner Dorothy, who was the Hit Parade's featured singer for seven years, are together once again. This time, on The Best In Music, CBS Radio's Sunday-afternoon songfest. These (Continued on page 80)

Records: Dorothy's one interest is singing or listening, but Raymond's home workshop has equipment for everything—including recording.

Singer Dorothy Collins and composer-conductor Raymond Scott are the husband-and-wife stars of CBS Radio's The Best In Music, Sunday, 1:05 to 2 P.M. EDT.
Clues to an Elusive Bachelor

TV detective Richard Diamond unearths the puzzling case of TV actor David Janssen—who's always wanted a home, but hasn't yet found a wife.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

It's doubtful that another single actor enjoys his life, his home, his bachelorhood, his day-by-day existence, more than TV "private eye," Richard Diamond—alias David Janssen. He has his reasons. Here are the telltale clues:

Take David's home—his first real place to call his own since he was born in Naponee, Nebraska, twenty-seven years ago. David was barely one when his mother—the former Bernice Dalton, "Miss Nebraska of 1928," Ziegfeld Follies girl, photographers' model and actress—took him along when she went on tour with "Rio Rita."

Because his parents were divorced when David was still a tike, he was shuttled back and forth between his far-traveling mother—his father, a banker in Alma, Nebraska—and his maternal grandparents, who lived on a farm near York, Nebraska. "Everybody was wonderful to me," David

Studying scripts is fun, in "a place of your own." David has good reason to enjoy home comforts today.

Best of all—thanks to Richard Diamond Private Detective—he has a place where he can entertain his friends. Above, he greets pretty Ellie Graham. Below, they serve up for David's neighbors, actor Richard Long and actress-wife Mara Corday.

continued
In early teens, he had a bit part as hockey referee in Sonja Henie film, "It's a Pleasure," co-starring Michael O'Shea (right). But, boylike, David was more interested in the sports angle than acting at the time.

recalls. "But I never had a feeling of really belonging—because, no sooner did I get used to one place, than I packed my bags again and moved." He has continued to live out of suitcases, in temporary lodgings, barracks, tents, motels, inexpensive apartments and walk-up flats almost ever since that time...

At nine, it looked as though David had found some permanence when he came to Hollywood with his mother, who remarried a few weeks later. David himself assumed the name of his stepfather, Eugene Janssen, head of a carpet-cleaning concern. But the moving about continued as before.

It was hard enough to get apartments during the war years, under the best of circumstances, extremely difficult with children, next to impossible with babies. And David soon acquired a little sister, Teri. It was his job to baby-sit and keep her quiet whenever his parents went out for an evening. "I was quite inadequate for the task," he grins.

Thin walls, Teri's healthy cries and David's inadequacy as a baby-sitter sent the Janssens to three apartments before they were finally able to settle down in a new development that rented only to families with children. But, just when it looked as though David had found a steady home at last, he moved again—this time, of his own volition.

While attending Fairfax High, he had become interested in dramatics. As a result of his work in several school plays attended by studio talent scouts, he was offered a screen test at 20th Century-Fox after graduation. They gave him what was then referred to as a "test option," which meant that he had to obligate himself not to sign a contract with anyone else for forty-five days, while the studio held his option—without pay. "Since this went on four successive times," David recalls wryly, "for all practical purposes, I was under contract half a year without earning a single cent."

On the advice of a friend, the late Ivan Kahn, who was then head of the talent department at 20th Century-Fox, David packed his bags and headed for the East and summer stock. Two summers in Maine and two winters in New York between seasons gave him
High point in any young man's life—that first car of his own. This was 1947. Later, while he was struggling for recognition, there were to be lean years when there were not only no cars, but not even a cheap hotel room.

some very valuable experience in show business, but offered little stability so far as his mode of living was concerned.

Maine was quite comfortable. His salary at the Ogunquit Playhouse, small as it was, sufficed to pay for a room and three meals a day. But, when he arrived in New York, he had thirty-five cents in his pocket and the address of a friend willing to put him up till he could find employment. When he did get a job, he couldn't exactly afford a penthouse apartment on Central Park South. In fact, he could barely meet the payments on a cheap hotel room.

After unsuccessfully making the rounds of theatrical agencies—with not even promises to sustain any hope—he turned toward more practical means of making a living. He ran an elevator at Russucks, the Fifth Avenue specialty store. If the inability to prove himself in a non-theatrical job was any indication of theatrical talent, David quickly showed himself to be a genius. His job lasted three days—which was two days more than some other occupations which he tried out subsequently.

A few days later, an employment agency asked him if he'd ever worked as a soda jerk. “Sure I have,” David fibbed. “I practically grew up in a drug store ...” Somehow he visualized a job at an outlying place where a kindly manager would break him in gently. Instead, he was told to report to duty at Walgreen's—right on Times Square.

It was undoubtedly the busiest such counter in the world. David worked his way through some seven days of utter chaos before the unhappy manager confronted him: “Tell me, honestly, Janssen, did you ever really work behind a fountain?” David shook his head. “Not really ...” then added hastily, “but I'll save you the trouble of firing me. I quit.”

A few days after that, he also had to give up his hotel room and move into a walk-up, cold-water flat. There he stayed till he returned to California, where he was signed by Universal—International—and found himself a strictly “temporary” apartment. “I expected to get drafted any minute, so I never really felt like settling down. It didn't (Continued on page 84)
UNEXPECTED DIVIDENDS

At home, in As The World Turns, Helen Wagner found that father was right: We all have a share in happiness—if we clip the coupons.

Helen met Bob Willey while job-hunting, didn’t believe him when he said, “I’m going to marry you!” Now they have a home near their good friends, Budd and Bunny Simon (below, at extreme left and right, with their daughter Patsy).

IV family: Nancy and Chris Hughes (Helen Wagner and Don MacLaughlin) in As The World Turns, with Penny (Rosemary Prinz, at left) and Donald Hughes (Dick Holland, standing).

By MARY TEMPLE

Remember, nothing you ever do will be wasted. With this advice from her father, Helen Wagner left her home town of Lubbock, Texas, at the age of nineteen, to study in New York for an operatic career.

“My parents were wise people,” she says. “My father was a doctor. My mother had taught school in Cairo, Egypt, for three years. Both had broad interests, and both did all they could for my sister Ruth.
Music was Helen's first love—and husband Robert Willey's next Broadway production will be a musical version of the best-seller, "Greenwillow"!

and for me. But, above all, they wanted us to have the freedom to be whatever we wanted to be. They brought us up as individuals."

"If you decide you don't want to go on with music," Dr. Charles Wagner had said, "don't be afraid to come back home and do something else." As it turned out, the career in opera didn't happen to Helen. She alternated, instead, between a singing career and a dramatic one, until drama finally won out.

Now—as Nancy Hughes, wife of attorney Chris Hughes and mother of teen-age Don and Penny in the CBS-TV daytime drama, As The World Turns—Helen doesn't sing a note. It's a straight dramatic part. Yet all that she lived and learned, in those early years of music study in New York, has given her greater insight into the character (Continued on page 76)

As The World Turns, created by Irna Phillips and produced by Charles Fisher, is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 1:30 to 2 P.M., EDT, for The Procter & Gamble Company (Dash, Comet, Ivory Flakes) and other sponsors.
New Sound from New Orleans

Hot licorice adds spice to the sweet music of Lawrence Welk's band, via Pete's clarinet. Long a home-town favorite, Pete now has national fame—and a "blues" album for Brunswick.

From Dixieland to Champagne Music

is a far toot on the clarinet,

but Lawrence Welk & Son just knew

Pete Fountain could swing it!

By EUNICE FIELD

It's a cockeyed world—man, it's a weirdy!" That's what the jazzmen are saying as they watch the incredible rise to fame of Pete Fountain, "the hottest man on a licorice stick since Benny Goodman." What makes it seem cockeyed, weird and incredible is not that Pete is getting his share of acclaim, but that he is getting it through the Lawrence Welk band, which is far better known.

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Saturday, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent is seen on ABC-TV, Monday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth. Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music Makers are also heard on the ABC Radio network; see local papers for time and day in your area.
Teenager Lawrence Welk, Jr. (right) has an ear for talent. He not only discovered the demure Lennon Sisters for Dad's shows, but sparked the drive which brought dynamic Pete Fountain from Louisiana to California.

Beard which is now Pete's trademark was only a discreet mustache, for Pete's wedding to Beverly in 1950.

Pete fell in love with the clarinet at nine, has been playing it ever since—with his own groups or with others'. Above, second-from-right in Al Hirt combo at Dan's Pier 600, on New Orleans' famed Bourbon Street.

Inevitable name for his own combo: "Three Coins and The Fountain"—at The Famous Door, on Bourbon Street.

Welk introduced him to TV audience in 1957. Pete faced 'em without any toupee—but he now possesses three!

Walk's Dixieland lineup ready for business—as vibrant as 76 trombones. From left to right, Bill Page, Orie Amadeo, Fountain, Welk, Russ Klein, Jack Martin, Dick Dale. For pictures of Pete at home, just turn the page.

Continued
Can't get away from that clarinet! Kevin, at 3, doesn't want to. As for dancing, the whole family joins in with Pete—wife Beverly, daughter Darah, 5, and baby Jeffrey.

The Fountains were sad at leaving their Louisiana home, but find sun and smiles in California today.
New Sound from New Orleans  
(Continued)

for the "Liechtensteiner Polka" than for "Basin Street Blues." On one point, however, most musicians—be they hot, sweet or cool—seem agreed: It's a tribute to both Welk and Fountain that they have been able to reconcile their very different talents in the interests of good music and a better show.

How bald and bearded Pete came to join the Welk band is a story in itself: During the summer of 1956, a jazz concert was going strong at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium. On stage, plying his clarinet with the hot licks falling where they might, was Pete Fountain, up from New Orleans and making his first appearance at this annual event. In the audience, well up front, sat a teenager, electrified by Pete's daring swoops of improvisation, his tonal range, the "new sound" issuing from the glossy black instrument—and by a tingling sense of discovery. When the storm of applause finally began to dwindle, the young man went backstage and presented himself to Pete.

The New Orleans jazzman gaped at him. Was he hearing things? But his youthful visitor repeated: "I'm Lawrence Welk, Jr. I think you're terrific, and I know my dad would love to hear you. And, when he does, I'm sure he'll want you for his band."

Somewhat dazed ("I'd never thought you could mix champagne with ol' Sazerac"), Pete shook the lad's hand and prepared to rush for the train. "Here's a note from Larry Dean," added young Welk. Rather absently, Pete stuffed the letter into a pocket and dashed for the door and a taxi to Union Station.

It didn't register until a week later, when Pete was back home in New Orleans (Continued on page 62)
The Fountains were sad at leaving their Louisiana home, but find sun and smiles in California today.

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Wife Betty practices what Carlton preaches. For results, look to April, 11, Dana, 7, Spencer, 4. "They're 'hyper,'" he says, "taller, smarter, etc., than others their age."

THE ARTHUR GODFREY SPECIAL
To one package of prepared dried onion-soup mix, add enough sour cream to make a mixture that is a little less firm than butter. Chill and spread on whole wheat crackers, squares of whole wheat bread, or bread that is reinforced with whole wheat germ.

EAR-TO-EAR EATING
Scoop out insides of a persimmon. Mix the pulp with shredded cocoanut that has been softened with honey. If desired, the sweetness can be cut with a bit of lemon juice. Then stuff back into persimmon. "For this one," says Dr. Fredericks, "wear a diving suit."

HOME-MADE "BACON"
Heat some olive oil. Season to taste with salt, pepper or garlic. Then add smoked brewers' yeast to make a paste. Spread on whole wheat crackers, whole wheat bread, or bread reinforced with whole wheat germ. This mixture, high in the B-complex vitamins, tastes like smoked bacon.

FOR SHOOT-EM-UPS ONLY
Add chopped fennel or chives to soft Italian-type cheese such as Ricotta (the Latin version of our cottage cheese) or the Norwegian processed cheese, Primula (the one the Fredericks family prefers). Our domestic cottage cheese or cream cheese may be used, too. Stuff the mixture into stalks of green celery—the green type has more vitamin value than the white. The same mixture may also be used to stuff Bartlett pears whose cores have been scooped out.

CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER
4 chicken livers
1 medium-size onion
1 tbsp. chicken fat
Chop onion finely and fry with livers in chicken fat. Then chop finely together livers, onion and egg, or put all ingredients through a food grinder. Season to taste with salt and pepper. If desired, melted chicken fat may also be added for extra flavor and moisture. Stuff in stalks of green celery or spread the riboflavin-rich liver mixture on whole wheat crackers or whole wheat bread. (Note: Both chicken livers and chopped chicken liver are available in frozen varieties.)
Television, which keeps more people sitting still than any other activity, makes 'em hungry, too. Though the only real activity is an occasional switch of the dial, just plain viewing can trigger the appetite. As food consultant Carlton Fredericks explains, "The excitement and suspense of a program can create a tension that craves release. It's a sort of free-floating anxiety that causes a need for energy—that is, food. If the program bores the viewer, the appetite will still act up."

In the case of a dull show," Dr. Fredericks continues, "the brain decides that, one way or another, it will get its owner to do something. The brain sends hunger signals to the body and these send the body to the kitchen.

To eat or not to eat is not the question. What concerns Dr. Fredericks, and should concern us all, is what to eat. "If you always choose carbohydrates—the sugars and starches contained in peanuts, popcorn, potato chips, candies, pastries, and ice cream—you'll get quick energy," he says. "If at least occasionally you choose protein food, you'll get lasting energy that will keep hunger away." The carbohydrate foods are often the course of least resistance and least preparation. Just open a bag and munch. But, says Dr. Fredericks, just as easy and quick are slices of carrots, bowls of fruit, or platters of cheese, sliced chicken or ham, or leftover lean meats paired with whole wheat crackers or whole wheat bread. More elaborate, but still easy to fix and good to eat, are his recipes for TV snacks (shown opposite).

Dr. Fredericks does not propose a ban on carbohydrates. If you have a sweet tooth, go ahead and bake that cake—but let it carry its own nutritional weight by adding 1 1/2 teaspoons of wheat germ to every cup of flour. Another nutritional bonus in baking that he suggests is non-fat dry milk. Neither, promises Dr. Fredericks, will change the taste. "The danger in non-enriched carbohydrates," he explains, "is that they raise the vitamin requirement—the wicks needed to burn them up—without supplying the vitamins. At the same time, they displace other vitamin foods."

Many Americans can be badly nourished, says Dr. Fredericks, at the same time that they are feasting. A diet must support reproduction, support growth, and maintain the structure. But Dr. Fredericks takes a look at U.S. figures and finds that 25 million people are overweight . . . 17 million suffer from low blood sugar and 3 million from its opposite, diabetes . . . and one out of every four people who visit a physician is anemic. It is Dr. Fredericks's opinion, in looking at these statistics, that a high carbohydrate diet is a factor.

A fast-talking, sardonic "wasp," Dr. Fredericks began his career as a production chemist in a germicide laboratory. The lab experimented on animals and, one day, he noticed that one cage of animals had died of an infection that animals in the other cages had survived. He traced the cause to a difference in diet. The fatal cage was the last one to be fed and had been getting leftovers instead of the balanced diet of the others. "I wasn't interested in repairing mistakes after they'd been made," says Dr. Fredericks, "so I went into the nutrition field to try to keep the mistakes from being made in the first place." He's been broadcasting nutrition advice for seventeen years now. "My appeal is based on the fact that women are masochists," he says with a grin. "I beat them to death and they love it." Or do they just eat it up?

*Television make you hungry? Hearty appetite, says Carlton Fredericks—but tune-out the carbohydrates and put protein in the picture*

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TV, and books, too, rouse your interest—and appetite. Make the snacks as healthful, says Dr. Fredericks, as they're tasty.

Dr. Fredericks is heard on *Living Should Be Fun*, WOR, New York, M-F, 1:15 to 2 P.M. He's on WIP, Philadelphia, M-F, 10:35 A.M.
The Pattern Is Perfect

Heart of the design is wife Margaret and the children, Mary Edwina and Sean. Add a city apartment near work, a country place for relaxation—the picture of contentment is complete.

By FRANCES KISH

All the little jigsaw pieces that make a life seem sometimes to arrange themselves so naturally. One looks back after a while and wonders how each happened to fall neatly into place. For Jim McKay, television reporter of the CBS-TV courtroom drama, The Verdict Is Yours, there has been a series of such happenings, each fitting into an over-all pattern.

After three and a half years in the Navy, serving as the captain of a minesweeper, with the rank of lieutenant, Jim started a career as newspaper reporter on the Evening Sun of Baltimore, Maryland. He covered the police beat, general assignment and aviation, in succession. Then, in 1947, the paper temporarily moved him and some others to its new WMAR-TV station, which was to begin daily broadcasts on October 29. When the new station was launched and manned more permanently, his colleagues went back to their jobs on the paper. Jim elected to stay in television. His broadcasting was entirely ad-lib commentary and interviews with sports and civic figures and the man on the street. There were no scripts, no elaborate studio set-up. With a mobile unit, Jim and his crew went all over the Baltimore area. When there was nothing much happening, they did street interviews. The lack of a script didn't scare him then, and it doesn't now. He has been talking on TV and radio without one ever since.

Maybe he had a few pangs about giving up his newspaper career. He had liked his (Continued on page 66)
For lucky Jim McKay, each piece falls right into place ... Baltimore, reporting, broadcasting—the girl at the next desk ... New York, two new homes—and The Verdict Is Yours.

Newspaper work on the Baltimore Evening Sun not only led Jim to TV, but gave him an ideal background for his job as reporter on The Verdict Is Yours. Here he is, in program's press room, giving viewers a rundown on realistic courtroom proceedings.

Margaret writes a column at home and the youngsters love it, particularly when a star like Carl Reiner (amateur chef, as well as actor-comedian) stops by to be interviewed—and cooks his best dish for them.

Her name was Dempsey and she had boxing gloves. But he wasn't prepared to meet such a knockout—with a truly feminine touch!

The Verdict Is Yours, produced by Eugene Burr, directed by Byron Paul, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT. Jim McKay is also host of This Is New York, WCBS Radio (New York), M-F, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M.
He’s Smiling More Than Ever
between high-flying trips and a hilltop home

Given the time, Jack does all his own homework, from gardening and repairs to reading up “research” on the varied subjects covered by his ABC-TV show.

Tina fancies herself as watchdog and Official Protector of Smiths. But—once callers prove to be friends—she’s a one-pooch Reception Committee whose welcome must be restrained!

Two pounds of animated fluff, "Tina" knows who’s boss of the Smith household, keeps Jack and Vickii lovingly reminded of same. A dram-sized Yorkshire terrier, she has a heart as big as a Great Dane’s.

Jack Smith is host of You Asked For It, seen over ABC-TV, Sunday, at 7 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Skippy Peanut Butter.
Him: I just thought I'd surprise you...
Her: Mmm...you have, dear!
Him: Cute, huh?
Her: Well, it's certainly... un-usual. You don't think with all these feathers it's a bit... mmm... extreme for me?
Him: It's feathers, feathers, feathers this season. That's what Pierre said.
Her: Pierre? THE Pierre? That's the most expensive hat shop in town!
Him: Oh, so that's what's bothering you. Relax, honey. I got it for a song.
Her: What's the tune?
Him: Uh-uh. But I'll tell you what the tag said. It said sixty-five dollars.
Her: SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS?
Him: Now, wait—I didn't pay nearly that—
Her: (ECSTATIC) Sixty-five dollars... oh, darling... IT'S GORGEOUS!

It's THE COUPLE NEXT DOOR... radio's laughable, loveable, new daytime show... a complete story each weekday, starring Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, on the CBS RADIO NETWORK.

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Here are some tales from the musical woods.

Now that “South Pacific” has joined “Oklahoma!” and “The King and I” for the film town’s screen treatment, this little story about a big man, Oscar Hammerstein II, just has to be told. As you know, the second Mr. Hammerstein is co-author of “Oklahoma!” “King and I” and “South Pacific.” Oscar took a quarter-page ad in a well-known trade magazine. Most actors, singers, and producers use these ads to point up their “r-r-really big ones.” Not Hammerstein. He listed five of his own show flops. At the bottom of the ad, in large type, these words: “I done it before and I can do it again.” How does that “South Pacific” tune go? “A Wonderful Guy!”

Even as a youngster, shy-guy “Harpo” was not-so-dumb. Harpist Mildred Dilling had many students, including the then-youthful Harpo Marx. After a recital that he played at her studio, Harpo left the stage. The applause was long and loud. Harpo didn’t come back to take a bow or do an encore. Later his teacher asked him about it. “Why didn’t you come back and acknowledge the applause?” “I couldn’t,” hep Harpo replied, “I was out in front helping to keep it up!”

Harpo was named Adolph Marx. This he changed to Arthur, before donning a wig, learning the harp, forgetting how to talk. Then he became “Harpo” Marx. Even some of you old-timers might be surprised to learn he’s now sixty-five! Victor Borge made his first television appearance in 1948. This was before the record-setting run of his one-man show, “Comedy in Music.” For his TV debut he was nervous, tense. Borge thought his performance hadn’t gone at all well. Show over, he began telling his troubles to one of the television cameramen. “I know just how you feel, Mr. Borge,” he said. “It’s a tough business. I used to be a newsreel cameraman and sometimes I wish I were back photographing disasters.” “Relax,” said Borge. “You’re still doing it.”

Musicians temperamental? Maybe a little? To those who say musicians are no more temperamental than . . . well, disc jockeys . . . hear this: A pianist named de Pachmann showed great annoyance at the beginning of one of his concerts. (Incidentally, he talked to himself while he played.) Seems the stool wasn’t high enough. He asked for a telephone book to put on the stool. He sat. He shook his head. He got up again, tore a single page from the book, then sat down and began to play!

Now a few notes and my song is ended; may the word-melody linger on. All-Time Nickel and Dime Gatherer on Jukeboxes is “Star Dust,” written by Hoagy Carmichael. At last count, it had been recorded about 350 times, translated into 40 languages. More coin-machine money has been spent to hear it than any other song.

Read somewhere that every day, when the people of the U. S. sit down to dinner, there are 7,000 more to reach for a platter. Horrible thought: What if they all decided to join “Eaton for Dinner”? Ooos! I gotta run. Dinner’s ready.
Whirlybirds fly straight up . . . down . . . or sideways. They land on a dime or—

Commuters can watch Whirlybirds and dream. With nary a bump, a 'copter takes off from a rooftop, lands on a dime.

From his bubble cockpit, Ken Tobey finds the outlook is just fine. But his eye was on a legal career at first.

**The Sky's the limit**

THE WEATHER would stymie a postman and the terrain would discourage the most sure-footed of mountain goats. Then it's a case for the helicopter, that crafty flying machine with ski-like appendages on its bottom and an oversize eggbeater on its top. Chasing bad guys and rescuing good guys, the 'copter is seen in action in Whirlybirds, the series syndicated by CBS Television Film Sales.

In this series, the gasoline-burning horse has been replaced by the gasoline-burning whirlybird. Heroes, though, are still in style. Kenneth Tobey and Craig Hill co-star as Chuck and P.T., a pair of young adventurers who operate a charter helicopter service. Girls, too, are still far from obsolete, and vivacious Nancy Hale is on hand as their secretary, Helen.

Ken Tobey, with the agility of a 'copter itself, reversed his career direction while a law student at the University of California. To polish up his courtroom manner, the San Franciscoan joined a little-theater group. Soon, audiences had more lure than juries and Ken accepted a scholarship to New York's Neighborhood Playhouse.

Here, the redhead was befriended and encouraged by Gregory Peck. The result was a sojourn in summer stock and on Broadway. In 1948, with Ken the victim of a broken romance, Gregory Peck provided the necessary solace with an invitation to appear at La Jolla Playhouse in California. With Peck still encouraging him, Ken gave movies a whirl. Mostly Ken was the face on the cutting room floor, until he won the lead role in "The Thing," in 1951. Ken's first big movie role coincided with the end of his lovesick blues. A bachelor till he was 31, Ken married singer Penny Parker.

Still a bachelor, Craig Hill has nothing but kind words for the ladies. After all, it was a young actress who encouraged him in his career just as Gregory Peck encouraged Ken. As his family wished, Craig had become a midshipman at Annapolis, determined to emerge a Naval legal officer. Then he met and dated a young actress who talked him into helping her rehearse a play. One listen to the way Craig read lines and this important but unidentified miss was again doing the talking. This time she persuaded him that show business was his business.

In 1950, a theatrical agent spotted Craig at the Laguna Beach Playhouse and, within a week, Craig had landed the role of Jeanne Crain's boyfriend in "Cheaper by the Dozen." Seen frequently on TV dramas, this Los Angeles lad enjoys water sports, snow-skiing, music and parties. And this bachelor can cook!
Looks complicated, but these aren't 'copter controls. Pert Nancy Hale's on the ground at stage-lighting switch.

Bachelor Craig Hill has a fast-talking young miss to thank for his take-off into the yonder of show business.

Like the two other leads in Whirlybirds, California's Nancy Hale has a guiding light in her career, too. The career itself began by accident. At Christmas of 1950, Nancy decided to surprise her doctor-father with a portrait of herself. At a Beverly Hills portrait studio, the cameraman showed her photo to a Hollywood agent. He in turn escorted Nancy through Paramount to a contract.

At Paramount, a friendship grew between the novice and that great lady of the theater, Helen Hayes. "You have a star on your forehead," Miss Hayes told her. Nancy did bit parts in movies, then branched out into TV, where she's done 70 shows.

Nancy is a crack skier, diver and a do-it-yourselfer, too. She tries each odd job once, then masters it and goes on to another challenge. She's found—as have Ken Tobey and Craig Hill—that, when you're going straight up, the sky's the limit.

Automobiles still have their place, say this flying threesome. But, add Craig Hill, Nancy Hale and Ken Tobey, there's less traffic in the sky!
New Sound From New Orleans

(Continued from page 51)
and his pretty brunette wife, Beverly, fished the crumpled note out of the jacket she was about to send to the cleaner. “Well, I’ll be,” said Pete, scratching his head. “That kid knows things from Larry.” Dean, one of Welk’s singing stars, was an old friend of Pete’s, dating back to his days with Jan Garber in the Crescent City. That phone call came from Los Angeles. The Welk office was inviting Mr. Fountain to do a couple of guest spots on the show.

“I wasn’t thinking to act coy,” he explains now. “For one thing, Beverly was expecting Jeffrey, our third. And I still couldn’t see what I could add to the Welk show—except to be doing mighty good without me.” The second time Welk called—“I underestimated that man, I sure ‘nuff did”—it was Mardi Gras time and Pete, belying the oft-made charge that all jazzmen are irresponsible, refused to leave his employers in the hole.

Came April, 1957, and another call from Welk. “He was so nice about it, I had to say okay. I thought it would be another of guest shots.” Then Pete got the greatest jolt of all. Not only did Lawrence Welk, Lawrence Junior, and the members of the band take a special interest in the heart of the audience—some of the Welk great-grandmothers from small towns—did likewise. “When I saw some of those ladies clapping hands and calling out to me, I was floored. The one you never dreamed was Mr. Welk himself. I think he knew it all along.”

Mr. Welk quite casually admits that he did: “Yeah. Sometimes you don’t know what someone wants. First of all, I pride myself on the quality of my musicians. They are all fine artists in their own field. Pete Fountain is strictly Dixieland but a real artist, and fine artists will manage to accommodate to each other.”

Pete’s tone is velvety and doesn’t jar the atmosphere created by the show as a whole. While he’s in the great jazz tradition of New Orleans, he doesn’t use what they call a “dirty tone.” The sound is rich and very flexible. Asked how he comes by it, Pete deflects the question and says gratefully, “It’s God’s gift and I just try and never take any credit for it.”

Thus it was that Pete Fountain left Dan’s Pier 600 and came to Hollywood to stay. “I wasn’t expecting it,” he says. “We had just built us a new home, and all our family live in New Orleans. My only other experience living away from there hadn’t turned out too good. We felt we were giving up security for a big gamble—after all, I was used to a straight jazz crowd. It wasn’t easy to say yes—but it’s a little better than say no to Lawrence Welk, believe me.”

There were many turns in the road that led Pete to his present success as a Welksman. The first was probably when he was ten and had an accident tuned in on a Benny Goodman radio broadcast. It hit the boy where he lived. After that he never missed a chance to hear “The King of Swing.”

When he was twelve, he and his buddy, Made line and Peter Dewey Fountain, Sr., seeing how the wind was blowing, bought their young one a clarinet and enrolled him in Johnny Mandel’s Band. With the music, both Pete and his sister Dolores came by their ear for music honestly. Their dad at various times “fiddled around” with the violin, and a harmonica. Pete Junet, however, was the only member of the Fountain clan to “go pro.”

They were a happy, close-knit group. Weekends they ranners, they journeyed to nearby Biloxi, Mississippi, where the paternal grandparents lived—and where the foursome spent many pleasant hours fishing. (For as long as he can remember, that has been Pete’s favorite form of relaxation.) “My loves are family, music and fishing, in that order—enough for a full life,” he says.)

At McDonough grade school, Pete was an average student. And, although his heart was with the clarinet, he was only an indifferent student there, too. His parents didn’t push him. They let nature take its course and, at Warren Easton High School, Pete made two significant moves. He joined a group, self-labeled the “Junior Dixieland Band,” and he began cultivating his first girlfriend. The “football team started it,” he recalls. “I and one of those girls got to talking about that which I’ve never been without since—for example, on one month and then I got so nervous I couldn’t wait to grow it back.”

Another turn in the road came when Horace Heidt arrived in New Orleans with his talent contest. The Junior Dixielanders entered, won and went on tour. Pete’s desire to become a professional musician was whetted and his efforts to master his instrument grew more intense. When Pete was seventeen, Phil Zito tagged him for his popular touring band. About this time, Pete also joined the Army Reserve and was incorporated into the 39th Infantry Band.

He was now studying the work of the older jazz greats, hunting the spots where they still played, experimenting with styles and devices in a struggle to find his own sound. “I admired Goodman, Sidney Bechet and others, but the man I went all out to emulate was Irving Fazola, one of Crosby’s Bobcats. Before he passed on, he was the greatest. His tone—well, it was like diamonds falling out of a velvet bag.” (The latter phrase, he modestly refrains from mentioning, was what a jazz critic had said about Pete’s own playing.)

In 1950, Pete and five young jazzmen formed the “Basin Street Six,” a co-op combo that for three years did the circuit of New Orleans night spots. “We split the kitty, whatever it came to, six ways. And for a while, we tried our luck at running our own joint. The main trouble,” he grins, “was that we were all slow at figures but too damn quick at swallowing the take.”

Although the business soon faded, Pete gallantly counts that as “the best year of my life.” It was, after all, the year he met and fell in love with Beverly Lang. He was twenty and she was eighteen, at the time. He was playing a open-air pop concert at the Colosseum, and among the people who came backstage were the Langs. It was love at first sight. “He’s a bit of a square,” says Pete, “and I fell in love on the spot.”

Beverly evidently returned the compliment—as they were being introduced, she slipped him a pack of matches with her father’s business advertised on it. Pete’s habit of pocketing things, and then forgetting about them, allowed cost price to his wife. He spent the next two weeks fanaticly trying to contact her, calling all the Langes in the phone book. A mutual friend, taking pity on him, got him in to him.

He was dressing for his first date with Beverly when he started going through the pockets of another jacket—and came up with the matches bearing the Lang phone number.

Once they began dating, Pete and Beverly wasted no time. Their courtship added up to fishing in the afternoon and dancing on temporary.”

With a brand-new wife to support, Pete got busy organizing a new combo, “Pete Fountain and The Memories.” They disbanded when Pete went on tour with the “Tulip” Dixielander Band, playing Chicago’s well-known Blue Note for seven months. Beverly was with him for a while but returned to await the birth of daughter, Cindy. But then refitted her life, “singing Chicago’s Bounding five-o’clock jam,” and that tore it. He packed, handed in his resignation, and went home.

For the first time, the upside-down life of a big-city musician was his. Pete decided he was going to get a regular day-time job and give his family some security. “I landed one, but the funny thing is—I was still evading a living out of wood. Only, this time, it was as a salesman for the A&M Pest Control Company, which was putting on a big anti-termite campaign.”

He worked at this determinedly for a year and did well, but the joy of life was gone. Watching him anxiously, Beverly at last made the decision for both of them. “You’re going back to music, Pete,” she said, “and, darling—thanks for having tried.”

He was in the thick of the riffs at Dan’s Pier 600, in the French Quarter, when Joe Matar, who arranged and invested about each year, asked him to perform in Los Angeles. It was there that Welk’s javelin-throwing son heard him and carried the glad tidings to his father. Pete had already turned down offers to join the Tommy Dorsey and Charlie Spivak bands—because it meant hitting the road and staying away from home for long stretches. I took the other because we couldn’t stay in New Orleans, we could still be together and make our new home in one place.

Moving to Hollywood, and Beverly got busy disposing of their furniture. A faint hope that someday they might return to the city which gave jazz to the world kept them from selling their house. Meanwhile, Pete was happy in an apartment for a family with three children. He had no choice but to buy. With the help of Eddie Miller, a former Bobcat and long-time friend, Paul Lang and Beverly bought a pleasant home near the Millers in North Hollywood, and proceeded to furnish it in what he sheepishly calls a “real bad condition.”

Now he began worrying about how Beverly would react when she got a look at this ready-made home. “Bless her,” he says. “As usual, she rose to the occasion. She gave it a fast double-take,

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counted ten and said, ‘Darling, I wouldn’t change a thing.’"

Pete is now planning a soundproof rehearsal room in or on the garage. "The kids all want a chance to blow a few tunes of their own," he chuckles. "And they’re getting old enough to hold a clarinet." The children—Darrah Ann, five; Kevin, three; Jeffrey, one—and—a-half—are apparently unwilling to settle for toy instruments. It sounds promising, but Pete figures it’s much too soon to tell if they have any talent. As for wife Beverly’s musical inclinations, she smilingly admits, "I love jazz, but I’m afraid my musical ability is limited to turning on the radio and hi-fi. But I can get a much clearer TV picture than Pete!"

Since coming on the Welk show, Pete’s three-inch beard has been spruced up. And he has acquired a smart toupee—or should we say toupees? He has three—a crew-cut, a windblown, and one with a wave in it. Rumor had it that Beverly was responsible for these alterations, but this Pete denies. "My beard’s a sort of trademark. But, for a long while, I felt it needed trimming—and, when people began writing in saying they couldn’t see if I was wearing a tie on the show, I figured it was time. As for the toups, those Hollywood baddies got after me to follow their example and wear a hairpiece. They said it was like running around without a shirt. I’ll say one thing—it’s warmer!"

Most important of the changes for Pete is his sudden vault into the national limelight. He had been earning good money at the time he went on the Welk show, but his fame had been limited to his native city and to the connoisseurs of jazz who had sprung, like him, out of the roots of New Orleans music. Now all this is different. He is rapidly becoming a conversation piece in every household that boasts a TV set. Not only that, but he’s cut several records, and his own Brunswick album, "Pete Fountain Plays the Blues," will soon be out. Blues, he admits, is his favorite music—"because it brings me close to home."

Pete’s fan mail is huge and still growing. Much of it comes from women over forty who feel he has added something to a show they already admired; some say, "I think of you as a son." Many youngsters ask advice on how to improve their technique on the clarinet. He answers these first, "because kids who love music will always come first with me." Another proof of his standing among jazzophiles is the attendance of many musicians, some of them competing clarinetists, when he plays with a hot jazz combo on his nights off. ("It’s in my blood," he explains simply, "and it isn’t like playing for TV. You have the audience practically in your lap. The smoke, noise and clinking glasses are a challenge to a jazzman. He starts to embroider around an old tune and pretty soon, if he’s on the beam, the folks will quiet down and even the smoke seems to hang in the air. It’s a great kick, playing in these night spots; and I hope I’ll always have time to do it." On Mondays, he’s generally heard at Astor’s in North Hollywood; on Wednesdays, at the Mardi Gras in Orange, California.)

Perhaps the most solid proof of his public rating was given recently by a little gray-haired lady from Oklahoma who was lunching in the Brown Derby. The restaurant was crowded with TV and movie personalities, but the visitor was unimpressed. Suddenly she spied Pete in a nearby booth. "Why, dad-burn it," she announced at large, "there’s that young coot with the whiskers and that dad-burned thingamajig that gives me goose-pimples every time I hear him play it!"

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Little Boy Wanted

(Continued from page 29)

that he should. "Furthermore, I am," he points out—then hastily and happily amends, "or was the last of the Garroways. This might have been the last possibility to pick a boy up if I had thought why that's important. Still, it's rather bleak to be the last of anything."

"In wanting a son," he adds, "I had no set idea about what I wanted him to do, or be. And I have no idea. No concern, that is, about his profession—more concern about a free world for him to live in. "If he wants to be a footballer, I'll be unhappy and it will be externalized, but that's up to him. I only hope to train him to see and hear and think and feel for himself, without imposing my way."

The philosophy and ideas there are, to things like wit and humor, as well as music, literature and art . . . to get him to look through a microscope and a telescope for as complete a picture as possible of the world he lives in . . . and then let him go as and where he wants."

An immediate and certainly very tangible reason for Mr. Garraway wanting a boy was that—after his marriage on August 7, 1936, to dark, slim, chic, lovely-to-look-at Pamela Long (Marquise de Coninc), who has a nine-year-old son, Michael, by her previous marriage—Garraway found the companionship of a boy useful.

"It's a change, or a child cries . . . he has to see someone unhappy, or suffering," His particular talent is that he does see and is aware of the problems and needs of others, whether or not these have been caused by his own needs. As an only child, David himself had never known how a child feels at the birth of a baby sister or brother. Yet, nevertheless, he was aware that, in such a circumstance, children do suffer and are in need of help so, he did something concerning the problem, the better to deal with it when it became young Michael's problem.

"According to my book," he says, with a slight smile, "kids are always jealous of the new arrival and tear themselves apart trying to hide it. Recognizably, Mike was doing exactly that, and the reaction to the news of Dave Junior's birth with a roaring, 'Oh, boy, isn't it swell Mom has the baby!'—and, a couple of weeks later, 'Oh, Mom, you're coming home today!'—the whole bit was oöer-reaction. Again according to my book, the child's fear is that his place in the family has been usurped. His immediate need is for assurance that it has not.

"The most effective way to supply this assurance is to give the older child as much attention—and, if possible, more attention—than ever before. With this in mind, Mike and I did all sorts of things together while Pamela and the baby were in the hospital. Dinner together every night, boots and button patrol, special places Mike likes to go. More horseplay around the house. More help than usual with the housework. More time together in our bedroom."

The Little House also made more than one change in the Garraways' lives. "From the moment I knew Pamela was pregnant," Dave says, "I knew I had to get a larger place for the four of us than the apartment in which the three of us were living. The larger place which he got, a month or so before Dave Junior's arrival, is a re-modeled brownstone in New York's East Sixties. It has ten outside steps and five little hexagonal windows, and—five feet long and thirteen feet wide, he grins. "It has been suggested that we call it 'Garraway's Narrows' . . .

 Actually, "The 'weirdo, little house' is a sizable four-storey thousand-room house with a garage in the basement (which is at street level) and a workshop directly underneath the garage. It was, we suspect, the garage (a rare thing to find in a New York town house) and the workshop that sold the house to Garraway. Now, under his own roof, the eight-year-old S.S. 100 Jaguar, which is his pride and joy, and the Jaguar's companion piece, a vintage Rolls Royce. Also undecluttered, he can work on half a dozen needed classic cars, which is his favorite extracurricular pastime.

Dave Garraway is a very adjustable man. For nine years prior to the day he and Pamela married, he lived in a state of bachelordom. "I have absolutely nothing against marriage as an institution for my fellowman," he once averred. "I think of theกา thing as a stamp-collecting club. I'm not again it. Just haven't thought about it. I haven't time . . ."

"Yet when he married: 'I really married four people,' Dave says. "A wife, two houses and a readymade son." And lo, he has time. Or takes time. And he did, that morning of February 9, when, as dawn was breaking, he and his newborn son . . . and went home to bed with his "readymade son," who would, he realized, be having a rather unhappy time of it.

Dave has a particular talent for kindness. "It's more in its attitude," Pamela Garraway says, "and in his everyday action. If, in a circumstance, a child cries . . . he has to see someone unhappy, or suffering." His particular talent is that he does see and is aware of the problems and needs of others, whether or not these have been caused by his own needs. As an only child, David himself had never known how a child feels at the birth of a baby sister or brother. Yet, nevertheless, he was aware that, in such a circumstance, children do suffer and are in need of help so, he did something concerning the problem, the better to deal with it when it became young Michael's problem.

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"We watched television together for the hour a day Mike is allowed to watch it," Dave says. "Excellently, one week, he picks out the programs he wants to see—subject to revision by us. Invariable there are a couple of Westerns on Sunday afternoon. We must watch Omnibus—and, when he, does, we make an exception and allow him an extra half-hour viewing time. Also, Wide Wide World. Actually, he takes it lightly today before taking off for school.

"We played records and listened to music on the radio. We always have music playing around the house, all kinds of music—Sinatra, Chopin, the blues, Brahms—a multiplicity of musical things, so long as they are the worthy kind. I also turned up at Mike's school for a social function. As on previous occasions, my appearance provoked in Mike a sort of ambivalent feeling. He gave me a glass of \ldots not . . . when the kids wanted autographs, the embarrassed feeling was uppermost. There were uneasy protests: 'Aw, gee, kids, cut it out!' and 'Don't do it, Dad, for me.' \ldots When there was a patient professional ushered him: 'You never don't give autographs. Refuse and you lose five friends. Consent, and you gain two. This,' I added solemnly, 'is the only time in my life I have had so much money in my pocket and I have never felt the desire to part with it."

"I have reason to believe that the time we spent together was well spent. Mike still has the normal emotional reaction, but I am satisfied he also has the ability to come to terms with it . . . Speaking of coming to terms with problems reminds me that I—who never in my life had owned a foot of ground—now have two homes and a beach house on the ocean (or in it—any day, I expect to hear it's been washed away) which we bought in West-hampton, Long Island."

Before Dave bought the beach house, two years ago last March, he used to say: 'I am a city feller. I like to see the country.' Now he wants to have a beach house—\ldots and for about two days. Today,' he explains his change of mind: 'As head of a family, I saw the need for a place where the four of us—Pamela and Mike, and I am there to watch them. We could spend the summer months together. As we did last summer. And as the five of us will be doing this summer. Perhaps I should say the six of us for we now have a long-haired dashahund, Joey.'

Dave, of course, finds time for the two homes, as he does for his family, though he's discovered that houses can present many problems and complications. "Last winter, for instance, wild rabbits burrowed through the asphalt driveway of the beach house and destroyed several thousand cans. So you don't know what is in the five hundred cans. You want apricots for breakfast and you wind up with peaches."

"Take the house in town: The garage is so narrow that you can't work on a car in there—we had to break a hole through the floor to the workshop below, so that I could work underneath the car. There was also the project of laying carpet in the entrance hall. This required taking off two doors. The front one is made of steel. In order to get the work done, it was necessary to cut an inch off the bottom of the steel door with a torch. Then it became necessary to raise up the sills with bricks in order to make ends meet, so to speak."

"We had to buy the town house furnished, and were then obliged to get rid of all the old furniture, as well as to decorate throughout. We turned the job over to an amenable decorator, because I have my own very definite ideas. White walls, for instance, are a 'must' with me. But I have money enough to buy in a large scale. And very strong colors, mostly reds and blues and yellows and even some billiard-table green."

"The house is furnished to our taste," Dave reports. "The list of the two hundred-eighty-six things to-be-done which we compiled when we first bought the house—only sixty have been done."

"Somewhere, somewhere, Garraway finds
time for all these things ... time for his beloved Pamela and their family ... even though his working schedule is even more crowded than it was before his marriage. As communicator of Today, he still has to
be on the air at 7 A.M., five days a week. In order to be on the air at seven, he must be in the studio for rehearsal at five—and in order to be in the studio at five, he must (and does) arise at 4 A.M. When Today goes off the air at ten, there are staff meetings until noon—followed by more staff meetings with agency and sponsor representatives during the afternoon. In addition, there is the bi-monthly Wide Wide World—also on NBC-TV—for which he is commentator, and for which he rehearses all day Thursday, Friday and Saturday preceding each Sunday-afternoon telecast. And every Sunday night, from 7 to 10 P.M., he is on Monitor, over NBC Radio.

The pressure of work has grown progressively greater—"perhaps," he admits, "because I am more interested in work than I used to be, especially interested since we have introduced editorial content concerning the condition of the world today and what might be done about it. Only by being aware, I believe, can you—and I—hope to keep our wives and children from the danger that is so close. Wide Wide World has also become more demanding, and I participate in the show more than I used to do."

In addition to rehearsals and air-time, Dave also does considerable supplementary reading, in order to discuss world affairs on Today and to talk knowledgeably with his guests. He must also be informed about the subject or area covered on Wide Wide World.

"At that," he says, "I've cut down on reading books. I still get through two or three a week—whereas I used to read five or six—but no novels now. I find I have a lot to learn. So ... books dealing with economics and politics, books about reality in the world today and history. I've cut out, or cut down on, a number of things I used to do. Most of them nonessential. I don't go out to night clubs—never did, to speak of, but not at all now. I've more or less given up the theater, except for the occasional 'first nights' I cover for the show. About once a month, sometimes twice, Pamela and I dress up and step over to Broadway. The morning after, you hear about it on Today."

"But I have time for all the essentials," he emphasizes. "I get home at five in the afternoon. After duly inspecting Dave Junior, Mike and I have our roughhouse hour. Six o'clock, Pamela and I have a cocktail and I get the report of her day—where she's been, with whom, what she's bought and what we can afford it, et cetera. Then a wonderful home-cooked dinner. Pamela is a superb cook. Rabbit stew in red wine, or one of her fabulous souffles—nothing at all reminiscent of the cold sandwich and glass of milk that were, too often, my bachelor fare! After dinner I read, or we work on some project together."

"Or we talk about the I-don't-know-how-many children we intend to have. Pamela says she wants a girl, next time—a girl named Megan. With the five stirring words, 'It's a boy, Mr. Garroway, still making music in my ears, I'm completely impartial on that score now.' Bedtime's at nine, never later than ten for a busy head-of-the-house who must be up before the sun. A crowded schedule indeed. But, as Dave Garroway himself concludes, 'There is always time—and to spare—for happiness!'"

August TV Radio Mirror
on sale July 3

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The Pattern Is Perfect

Jim was born in Philadelphia—his family moved to Baltimore when he was in his teens, and he was graduated from Loyola High School and got his B.A. from Loyola College. They worked side by side for months before Jim even asked Margaret for a date, and then he did it by telephone:

"I thought she was pretty, smart and nice, right from the beginning. But one day I walked into the City Room and saw her in white blouse and simple skirt, and I thought to myself, This is really a very nice girl. I went out and bought tickets to a pro football game, called her from that office, told her I had the tickets and she should come along with me. She said she knew a little about the game. She also said yes."

The big problem, from that time on, was how to keep the dates they made, how even to dare make them. Jim went on television, worked in long stretches. Margaret was woman's editor of the paper, out interviewing and news-gathering, wrapping all this up in signed feature articles. Her typewriter went steadily.

Somehow they found time to fall in love. They were married on January 16, and the next day they went to London with Margaret's brother, who was an artist. They were married in the Immaculate Conception Church in Towson. They furnished a small apartment and Margaret continued to work on the paper while they did their TV show together for a while, called The Teen-Age Forum.

Margaret suffered a little from camera-fright. Jim took cameras and mice in stride from the first moment at WMAR-TV.

"Where would anyone get the experience in television that we got?" he asks. "Now every job is specified. We went into it knowing nothing. I had never talked into a microphone, but I learned by trial and error. This was all right, because everyone else was learning the same way. I was a TV veteran before I began my CBS weekend radio sports-casts."

By 1950, Jim had done all types of shows. He had the middle segment of Sports Parade, a three-hour TV program in the afternoons. When sports news was scarce, he sang and he talked. A CBS executive spending a couple of days in Baltimore tuned the show in, asked if Jim would like to try his luck in New York. "Margaret and I went to New York for the audition on a Sunday morning," Jim recalls. "It was held in the old Liederkranz Hall, converted into a studio, a drafty place which was cold on that late winter day. Margaret sat on the sidelines hugging herself to keep warm. There was a man to play the piano, a girl named Dotty Mack who pantomimes records on the record player, and another to tell the story to start and keep going as long as I could. Without any script, of course. It was a long audition, an hour or more. Then Margaret and I went out for breakfast."

Jim also recalls that "After weeks went by and July rolled around, with no word from New York, Margaret began to prod her husband. Wife-like. "Here you are, not knowing what's going to happen. Why don't you move on or settle down to writing. Why not find out?" Man-like, Jim didn't want to. ("He's always cautious, I'm the impulsive one, Margaret says.) She practically pushed him to the telephone. "Ask them if it's yes or no. At least, you'll know where you stand."

They spent their first Christmas in New York, was amazed. Someone had been supposed to tell Jim it was yes. The show would start on August 15. Jim still didn't know what to expect when he showed up in New York. They suggested he get there soon and find out. They moved to New York as casually as that, Jim to get ready for the program that turned out to be an hour and a half after dinner, and Margaret to called The Real McKay, on WCBS. Assisted by Mack Perrin, Peggy Ann Ellis and, later, Sondra Lee. He also began some TV sports programs, and worked on some special events shows.

When the break came last year, as reporter on The Verdict Is Yours, Jim had an opportunity to try out other facets that was right for the job. Director Byron Paul had already been called in to work on the program and, when it was clear that the program had certain special qualities, he reminded everyone that there was such a man on the CBS staff. He said the man was Jim McKay. McKay and Jim met, talked, formed the kinescope. Seven months later, the program went on, with Paul as director and Eugene Burr as producer. A winning show, the program was far beyond much of a success that its extension to an additional evening period was thought about almost from the beginning.

As the reporter, Jim McKay "is a sort of the master of ceremonies, reading the story together. A continuing personality on the show. Participating lawyers—real ones, not actors—come and go. Actors change with the stories, playing litigants, witnesses and others associated with the trials. The presiding judge is a former New York City magistrate. Jim ad libs the narration, making it his own. The combination of on-the-spot interviews, brings in newspaper men for their comments (real reporters, who get a bang out of appearing with Jim)."

Actors in The Verdict Is Yours work without word-for-word scripts, have to be so skilled at characterization that they are able to get along. Jim McKay would be apt to say in a given situation. Viewers sometimes get carried away by the realism. "They don't want to believe it isn't true," Jim McKay says, perhaps."

Jim thinks. One woman insisted an actress was a man's real wife, in spite of the usual announcement that these were actors. One lawyer appeared from a New England city to say he had been following the case of a mother who couldn't get support from her children. "I am in love with a poor woman, I would at least like to pay her lawyer's fees," he told them.

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Kathi Norris
Juries are drawn from the studio audiences and from mail volunteers. But, as has been said, the lawyers are for real. One went into a real court recently to ask for the postponement of a real case on which he was working, one in which a short postponement made no difference. He told the judge he would be tied up elsewhere for a week. "Don't tell me you are on that TV program!" the judge laughed. "It's very good. I like it. Postponement granted."

At home, Margaret McManus tries to work her own busy schedule around the time when the show is on the air, so she can watch it. She has the management of the apartment, of a weekend and vacation house in Connecticut, and the two small children, and she is once more a newspaper woman. Three years ago, she began doing a Bell Syndicate TV column, now appearing in about seventy newspapers around the country. Sometimes she interviews the people she writes about at the apartment, sometimes goes out to meet them, but the profile-type pieces are written at home, with the kids knowing that Mother is nearby.

Like the house in the country, the city apartment is homey. "We thought we would have to be more elegant when we moved to New York," Margaret says, "then we decided our Baltimore furniture would be fine, with a few additions for the new place." There is a lot of dark pale blue around. Margaret has a desk in the bedroom on which stands a light blue typewriter and a matching blue telephone, and there is much blue in the comfortable living room.

The Connecticut house is country-red outside, in an acre-and-a-quarter, five minutes from the beach. They had rented in the neighborhood a couple of years, wanted to rent again last summer close to small Mary's best friend, Suzanne Smith. This house was near the Smiths', but for sale. They bought it, wish they could be there more of the time. "$\text{If we moved to Connecticut it would be hard on Jim,}$" Margaret explains. "$\text{He gets home for dinner most of the time now, can stay later with the children, arrive home earlier than if we lived 'way out. We use the house when we can, love it whenever we do. In the summer, we make a point of having the children in the country as often as possible.}$"

Without Margaret to run things, Jim says he couldn't work what is often a seven-day schedule. "$\text{She manages everything, takes care of all the crises, plans what little social life we have time for at the moment. And writes an excellent and successful column.}$"

Margaret considers they are well-matched. "Neither of us is a 'stower.' We do our work the best we can, and forget it. Jim is a terrific worrier, very worried about it, but he doesn't make business problems a matter of life or death. Nor do I. When a show went off, we never 'died' with it. Jim went on to the next thing. We both know we could go back to a paper tomorrow and be reporters again and be perfectly happy, if that's the way things happen to turn out some day."

Although involved in tense and explosive courtroom proceedings all week long, Jim himself is a mild-mannered fellow. "Impossible to quarrel with," his wife says. "Not because he hasn't strong convictions, but he can see the other person's side too. You can't argue with a husband who always sees your side, can you? He's utterly logical at all times."

This flexibility, this ability to concentrate his energies and to overlook or to quickly resolve the relatively unimportant, is perhaps the reason why Jim McKay can do a show such as The Verdict Is Yours without fatigue or fluster. He likes it. As he likes doing the fifteen-minute sportscasts and the special broadcasts for which he is drafted from time to time. The Masters Golf Tournament he does every April from Augusta, Georgia. And his regular week-night program, This Is New York, over WCBS Radio.

"When I stayed in TV," he recalls, "the people on the paper thought I was a little crazy. "You're a good newspaperman,' they told me. 'What do you want with a microphone and a camera, making like an actor?'"

"It's true that he uses a microphone and stares into it, and he makes like an actor. Actually, he is still a reporter. Working most of the time in a courtroom so true to life that he often feels as involved as the lawyer his mother wanted him to be."

All the jigsaw pieces keep falling into their proper places in Jim McKay's life.
Ol’ Ern and the Love Bug

(Continued from page 27) On their first date, they drove over to a "place where you dance" in Colton. That's Betty's description of the many dates Ern and Prissy took. They went directly to the altar, because Ernie was on duty so much he had few free evenings for courting. ("Just four," he reminds. "That's automatically drummed into my parents, but she didn't meet his until they had been married for two months. The romance proceeded without a snag. Her family approved of him, and, philosophically, "Betty and I didn't get to know each other well enough to fuss and fight. We got around to that," he jokes, "after we were married." It's hard to love Ernie Ford are uninhaling in their devotion, and he loves them, every one, for it. When he played a state fair at Columbus, Ohio, he found that five high-school girls from West Virginia had moved lawns, washed cars for months just so they could see Ernie Ford. By scribbling and saving, they had gotten enough money to pay chaperone's expense and come to the fair. Ol' Ern couldn't wait to meet the girls and express his appreciation.

Ernie, Barbra Streisand smiles, "the girls cried like their hearts would break, because they thought they'd never see him again. We left them with autographed pictures and with tears running down their cheeks.

On the other side of the age scale, Ernie has won the affection of an elderly woman who crocheted a tablecloth for his future wife's future bridal center. Betty says admirably, "And it's all done by hand," Ernie adds. "No telling how long it took her to make it. It's just beautiful!"

A friendship which he's found most rewarding is with a nun from New Orleans. She and Ernie have corresponded for a long time, and after she wrote a fan letter to one of his early shows. They haven't met, although Ernie tried to arrange it. "She'd been sent temporarily to Texas, and Betty and I and the boys were going through there on the train. I wrote her that our train would be in Houston for twenty minutes and I knew she could visit with us while we were there.

"Well, sir, when the train pulled into the station, there was a knock on our door, and here stood a little boy with five chicken dinners... five... for my whole family and my secretary. The sister sent a note regretting that she couldn't meet us, because she was in the hospital, but hoping that we would be her dinner guests. She even said she'd asked Mother Superior for a quarter so she could pay the boy, but she'd like to do after we'd finished.

Betty Ford admites her own ideas of the most romantic man in the world would be a combination Sir Laurence Olivier and Richard Boone. "Oh, that rich Richard Boone, she chuckled. "I love him and I love theите with him. I'll bet every woman thinks he's just wonderful. And Sir Laurence? Well, he personifies romance.

But, while admitting that Ol' Ern is very little like either, she wouldn't trade him for the both of them. He is, she asserts, the ideal man to have around the house. He's thoughtful, never forgetting her birthday; he always asks "How are you, and he's always happy to give hand with the chores. "He does everything he can to help me," she says. "Every morning, he fixes the boys' breakfast—and leaves the kitchen clean. He's a very good cook and always does the cooking for the party when he goes on a hunting trip."
The Polly Bergen Look

(Continued from page 19)

rather heavily," says Polly, "because to me they are my best feature. I never wear very dark lipstick because I don't want people to see my mouth first."

Polly's eye make-up may be heavy in quantity, but it never looks that way. She uses it with exquisite skill for a beautifully natural effect.

Want to make up your eyes à la Polly Bergen? Here's how she does it. First a little shadow (usually brown by day, blue or green by night) smoothed over the eyelids. Next, a line drawn with eyebrow pencil or eye-liner along upper lashes only—never underneath, as this closes the eye in. Powder over shadow and pencil to keep the color from smearing, and remove excess powder with a damp sponge. Polly believes in never plucking her brows except for the loose, untidy stray hairs. She pencils to make them look thicker, using a specific lead-pencil shade which matches the Bergen brows precisely. "I like my eyebrows a little bushier than they are because I have a big face. Dinky brows look silly on a large face. A delicate face would go opposite—you would pluck to a slightly thinner line and use much less brow pencil than I do."

Last, mascara applied to powdered lashes. She puts it on slowly with a barely moist brush so that it goes on each lash individually. After the first thin application has dried, a second thin coat is added in the same painstaking lash-by-lash manner, possibly even a third thin coat for a really spectacular effect.

Polly's now-famous tortoise-shell frames are the final touch. "For years," she says, "I foolishly stumbled around losing friends because I ignored them on the street, and getting wrinkles in my face from peering. Finally, I decided that the smartest thing to do is to wear attractive glasses. I own two pairs, both plain tortoise-shell. I use them in my night-club act, on TV, in dramatic things I've done, and wear them with everything from rehearsal clothes to white satin evening gowns."

Girls should take as much time and care in shopping for glasses as they do for the best party frock they own, Polly feels. More, as a matter of fact, since they'll use their glasses more than the party dress. Colored frames to match different outfits are fine, she thinks, if you're so inclined and the budget permits. Most women, she says, choose frames that are much too small for them, with a resulting "pinched-in" look. "I like wide vision," she says, "like in the new cars, so I pick big, big frames for myself."

It all adds up to a sight worth seeing—the Polly Bergen look.

1. Lana Turner
2. Esther Williams
3. Elizabeth Taylor
4. Frank Sinatra
5. Bette Davis
6. Peter Lawford
7. Burt Lancaster
8. Bing Crosby
9. Dale Evans
10. Jane Alphon
11. Gene Autry
12. Roy Rogers
13. Doris Day
14. Perry Como
15. Bill Holden
16. Gordon MacRae
17. Ann Blyth
18. John Wayne
19. Audie Murphy
20. Jonet Leigh
21. Errol Gramer
22. Guy Madison
23. Mario Lanza
24. Vic Damone
25. Dean Martin
26. Jerry Lewis
27. Terry Moore
28. Tony Curtis
29. Piper Laurie
30. Debbie Reynolds
31. Jeff Chandler
32. Rock Hudson
33. Debra Paget
34. Dale Robertson
35. Marilyn Monroe
36. Pier Angeli
37. Marlon Brando
38. Tab Hunter
39. Robert Wagner
40. Russ Tamblyn
41. Jeff Hunter
42. Marge and Gower Champion
43. Charlton Heston
44. Julius La Rosa
45. Lucille Ball
46. Jack Webb
47. Richard Egan
48. Jeff Richards
49. Robert Taylor
50. Jean Simmons
51. Audrey Hepburn
52. Gale Storm
53. George Nader
54. Ann Sothern
55. Eddie Fisher
56. Mamie Van Doren
57. Grace Kelly
58. James Dean
59. Shenise North
60. Kim Novak
61. Eva Marie Saint
62. Natalie Wood
63. Dewey Martin
64. Joan Collins
65. Jayne Mansfield
66. Sol Mino
67. Shirley Jones
68. Elvis Presley
69. Tony Perkins
70. Clint Walker
71. Pat Boone
72. Paul Newman
73. Don Murray
74. Pat Wayne
75. Carroll Baker
76. Anita Ekberg
77. Corey Allen
78. Judy Busch
79. Patti Page
80. Lawrence Welk
81. Larry Dean
82. Buddy Merrill
83. Hugh O'Brian
84. Jim Arness
85. Sanford Clark
86. Vera Miles
87. John Saxon
88. Dean Stockwell
89. Lana Turner
90. Esther Williams
91. Elizabeth Taylor
92. Frank Sinatra
93. Bette Davis
94. Peter Lawford
95. Burt Lancaster
96. Bing Crosby
97. Dale Evans
98. Jane Alphon
99. Gene Autry
100. Roy Rogers
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102. Perry Como
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113. Dean Martin
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115. Terry Moore
116. Tony Curtis
117. Piper Laurie
118. Debbie Reynolds
119. Jeff Chandler
120. Rock Hudson
121. Debra Paget
122. Dale Robertson
123. Marilyn Monroe
124. Pier Angeli
125. Marlon Brando
126. Tab Hunter
127. Robert Wagner
128. Russ Tamblyn
129. Jeff Hunter
130. Marge and Gower Champion
131. Charlton Heston

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wheels struck an unexpected rush of water that had turned the oily street into a skat- ing rink.

With great presence of mind, the driver turned into the skid and kept off the brakes barely missing the rear of the car and the curbs beyond. The car slid down the street against the high curbing of the Sunset bridge path—and rolled over three times.

"Five moments later, the telephone rang on the nightstand in a second-floor bed- room where a mother had been sleeping fitfully as she waited for the reassuring sound of the back door closing and the falling squeak of the stairs.

She answered before the first ringing had ceased. A police officer said with merciful incisiveness, "Your son and his friend are in the Beverly Hills Receiving Hospital. Your son may have a broken leg. The other boy has a pulled ligament. Both have suffered bruises and contusions, but they are going to be all right." "Thank you," the mother answered level- ly. "We will be there as quickly as possible." It was unnecessary for her to awaken her husband—he was dressing with final speed.

By the time they tiptoed into the hospital room, they had already talked with the doctor, who said preliminary examination indicated that their injuries were not broken. Full X-rays would be taken the next day.

"How do you feel?" the parents asked, their faces drawn with worry and relief, looking at the black hours of dawn.

The long form under the white coverlet stirred prostitutingly and the dark head lifted from the pillow. "I'm fine," announced a slighthly pithy voice. "What about you?" "Your car?"

Stewart was fine, they said. His parents were out in the corridor. They would discuss the car later. Right now, he was to sleep.

It was the sort of scene that takes place daily in every large city in America. And, like most of the minor emergencies resulting from transportation in this mechanized age, it passed without comment of press, radio or television.

Yet the boy who had been driving the demolished Porsche was one of the most famous teenagers in America: Rick Nelson.

In view of the headlines usually accorded a pair of locked bumpers on Sunset Boulevard—talk of one of the bumpers happens to be owned by a celebrity—the Jones- Brown-Smith normality of the handling of Rick's accident points up one of the prime doctrines of the Jones-Brown-Smith family: kids be treated like a celebrity if you don't behave like a celebrity.

This level-headed proverb explains why the Nelson family does not have in show business since birth, who have grown up in the midst of Hollywood, and who have now embarked on individ- ual careers, still insist that the Nelson family fame to a new high, yet who are as unpretentious, sensible, and pleasant to know as if they were citizens of Prairie School New England.

Bringing up youngsters is no picnic any- where, but bringing up adorable children in Hollywood presents quandaries under- typical of other families. Fortunately, both Ozzie and Harriet have had such wide personal experience with adulation that they have been able to coach their sons, from the start, in the delicate art of making friends and influenc- ing people.

The first time the boys were asked for autographs, they were having dinner with Ozzie and Harriet at the Hollywood Y's Brown Derby. Ozzie accepted the fan's book and signed, then passed it to Harriet who signed it. Ozzie said, "It's for Dr. David. David did the honors and advanced the book to Ricky, who was so small he could barely grip the pencil just above the lead, as he painstakingly scrawled the letters of his name and "Pete." "Did it look okay?" he asked his mother after the entombed fan had drifted away, luminous with delight.

"You wrote very nicely," was the approving answer.

As a result, the giving of autographs was—for several years—strictly a matter of privilege to Rick. No thought of ego was involved.

Another lesson was given when the en- tire family attended the "Ice Poliines" one night. Ozzie explained in advance the system that he and Harriet (and most of the gracious members of show business) have always used.

"We'll enter the auditorium just a few seconds after the house lights have gone down. We'll walk quickly to our seats, being as quiet as possible, so as not to bother other people. When we leave, we'll go directly to our car. Don't run—that creates excitement—but don't pause, don't hesitate. Don't give anyone an opportunity to ask for an autograph, or you'll be over-whelmed. If you have to leave without becoming involved in a mob, the only fair thing to do is to retreat in good order with speed."

This system has served Rick well during the peak periods of hours that he loves. By the time you read this, he will have returned from a ten-day sweep through the South, and during the summer he hopes to spend two or three weeks in the Hawaiian Islands, and as much as six weeks visiting Midwest fairs.

So far, the most remarkable experience occurred in Columbus, Ohio, where his plane was met by two thousand howling admirers. Popularity is pleasant, of course, but what's it like to be a good sports jacket and a new shirt via claving action, and have to be rescued by a flying wedge of sheriff's men?

Uncomfortable as the experience was, Rick wasn't griping about it, when he returned to California, until Harriet quizzed him about press reports of the near-riot. Said Rick, "Nobody meant any harm. Kids just grip."

His attitude was clear: He was emotion- ally identified with the frantic welcoming committee at the airport. He understood and dismissed the situation. After all, a celebrity endures a crush of fans—but as any teenager understands his contemporaries.

Money, either too much or not enough, is often regarded as a menace to the proper upbringing of children. The Nel- sons, a singularly successful business unit, have handled their young ones in ac- cordance with Harriet's philosophy that "having money will never hurt you, if you won't let it."" The scene live in an aristocratic sec- tion of Old Hollywood, not in Beverly Hills. Bel Air or Pacific Palisades where show business people are inclined to build. The house is rambling, spacious, comfortable and elegant in the manner of fine old houses belonging to fine old families from Bangor to Baja California.

The earnings of both David and Rick, from the moment the boys first went to work on the family radio show, have been invested in an irreproachable trust established by the late Hollywood entrepreneur and ex- man father. His trust fund (with certain restrictions) is now available to David, who is past twenty-one; Rick's will be, too, with his twenty-first birthday.

During the intervening years, each boy has been dependent upon Ozzie for pocket money, clothes cash, and permission to invest in more expensive possessions. Ozzie, like any parent, does not consider the children have been the financial font of the family. "By supporting them, I have retained the right to make major decisions for them, and I have retained the privilege of indulging them—at birthdays and for Christ- mas—in something that they couldn't buy for themselves." (Incidentally, Rick's Porsche was a birthday present. It was re- placed by a Plymouth.)

Each morning, each boy has tapped Ozzie for the petty-cash needs of the day. At first, a quarter took care of candy-bar emergencies. Things had to be increased to accommodate starvation-fend- ing hamburgers and milk shakes. As trou- sers and shoes lengthened and collar girths increased, the weekly allowance was raised for clothes. ("For awhile, it seemed to me that we were buying shoes once a week," Harriet remembers.)

Eventually Rick's need had to be expanded over Saturday-night movies for two, plus a tray at a drive-in afterward. David's college career was financed by his dad, and Rick's succession of guitars have been birthday and Christmas presents.

Far from taking advantage of the situ- tion, both boys seem to have worried their parents somewhat by their cautious thrift. One day Rick arose to the dinner table with the announce- ment that he had a seventy-three cent date with a girl the parent Nelsons are very fond of. "What do you plan to do?" Harriet asked.

Rick considered. "Well ... we want to see 'Peyton Place' again," he decided. "Ann is crazy about the last scene where David and Penny get married. I guess we'll have a Coke and a hamburger ... or maybe a hot fudge sundae ... then maybe we'll come back here and listen to some records, if it's okay with you."

"What do you have to day?"

Ozzie inquired.

Rick grinned. "I have enough. I don't spend much last week. Or the week before that. Is it okay?"

It was. Ozzie and Harriet exchanged glances and smiled.

It was much the same expression of amused pride in understanding with which they had accepted David's an- nouncement that he was going to manu- facture—not buy—the furniture for the empty bachelor digs he is sharing with a friend.

When David became twenty-one, his parents agreed that he should be set free to rent an apartment. He has chosen the single-room apartment he rented originally seemed—naturally enough, in comparison with his own—home to be, cramped, so he and a long-time buddy of the neighborhood have been living above the city on Hollywood's skyhung Mulholland Drive.

Harriet says, "Since we work together all day and practically every other day as a family and enjoy the single life, must become an independent individual before he is ready to become a husband and father, we felt that David was entitled to a bachelor life away from his family. The same goes for Rick when he reaches twenty-one. Don't think that house of ours won't ache

(Continued from page 22)
And in that simple, two-word agreement lies another reason for Nelson's ability to keep his balance in the midst of an avalanche of fame. An older brother is an excellent man to have on the other end of the seesaw.

Harriet says, "The boys grow closer together as they grow older. David is always the busiest man at Rick's recording sessions. He carries Rick's cost—literally and symbolically. He grips the music to death. He repeatedly passes Cokes to everyone, obviously in the belief that all mouths are as parched as his. Then he stands in the control booth and metronomes the beat. When the red lights flash off, he dries his forehead and exhales a long, relieved breath.

"As for Rick, he was even more determined than David that David was to get the 'Peyton Place' part—and that statement doesn't minimize David's own eagerness.

"The other night, I passed Rick's room and caught a glimpse of the two boys in earnest conversation. When I asked if anything special was in the air, I was assured that there wasn't. "They were just 'talking.' Man-talk, obviously, and no place for me."

"There always comes a time when a performer's patience, and his stance with feet firmly on the ground are put to test. Sometimes, but not often, the tests are major; usually they are minor."

Rick was on stage, one night during a tour, and had launched into one of his favorite numbers when a girl—overwhelmed by the splendor of the moment—shouted at Rick, "This is my birthday! Wave to me!"

Rick paused just long enough to keep the beat of the orchestra. Grinning toward the balcony from whence the joyous declaration had come, he shouted back, "Well, Happy Birthday!

It brought down the house.

When comparative quiet finally descended, he picked up his song where he had left off. He was happy, happy lad. After years of performing for Rick Nelson's laurel wreath of fame, and his own, he was counted among his peers. He loves life, responsive, non-Hollywood audiences with a mighty affection.

Says Harriet, "He comes by it honestly. I love people, too."

Says Ozzie, "In addition to his love of people, his greatest assets are his accurate, unaffected appraisal of himself, and his sincere love of what he is doing."

Rick Nelson is now, and is going to be, a delightful human being, well able to carry his guitar under one arm and fame under the other.
He's Smiling More Than Ever

(Continued from page 56)

some months ago, against the advice of some of his friends. He’d been “between engagements” for a longer period than he’d been to his jobs for any two things to do. There were advisers who waited that it was beneath his professional dignity to accept a platter-and-chatter show in which he was not the star. And, whenever he did his work, he had a reputation for saying, “Besides, I work without a script, and the ad-lib portions of the program have been valuable experience for me. Before this, I’ve always been worked with a script, and a teleprompter.”

Jack, in fact, became almost too good at ad-libbing and enceasing—he found himself across the fall from the first fill-in. When Jack Bailey went on vacation from Queen For A Day, Jack Smith was one of those chosen to fill in. He subbed for an ailing Peter Potter on Jake Bond Jury, and for Barry Van Dyke in the role of himself. If Tommy Bartlett had to be absent from Welcome Travelers, they sent for Jack Smith to do the show. For a while, he even had his own show—Jack Smith’s Daytime. And, whenever he did a stand-in for the regulars, letters of approval poured in from the viewers.

All of this weighed heavily in his favor with the producers of the show. On a recent day of the same year, on the fifty-five minutes apart. Just to simplify matters completely, they were married on their mutual birthday.

Although Jack does no singing (at least not yet) on You Asked For It, it would be difficult to dream up any personality more ideally suited to the show’s format. The character is a mix of the far too serious to the richly humorous, from simple, homely subjects to those of a complicated scientific nature. And Jack himself is, of course, a subject of wide interest, and is conversant in many subjects—science, art, music—you name it. He has a delightful sense of humor, and that fairly rare gift for Hollywood, the ability to laugh at himself.

Stage off, when he can find the time, Jack is apt to dive head-first into any one of a score of different hobbies, refining whatever interest he has unearthed in out-of-the-way spots, laying tile in the kitchen and breakfast room, or gardening. Or, as he did during that aforementioned period, actually painting the whole house by himself.

The Smith home resembles a residence from the England of Shakespeare’s time, but is stretched on the ridge, high on top of the Hollywood Hills with the Pacific stretching across the horizon. Visitors enter through a neat and colorful little door-yard garden. The street-level rooms form the ground floor of the house, the second侧 of a tiled staircase to the living rooms, on the upper floor. A huge, beamed-ceiling living room is filled with luxuriously soft divans and chairs, all upholstered in shades of Jack’s loving hands. Across one entire wall stretches a vast picture window, overlooking that fabulous view.

The famous hall dining room is the dining room—also furnished in Early American antiques. Comments about the beautiful lazy-susan dining table remind Jack of an incident several years ago: “I was singing on a show with Dinah Shore at that time. One evening, she and her husband and I were going on a trip for a visit. I don’t think George had been here five minutes before he was under that dining table, trying to figure out how the window paint was going to be put on. During his leave for New York in a couple of days, George asked if he could ‘borrow’ that dining table for a week or so, so I guess he worked on it. He didn’t like the way that glass looked.

“I knew George had his furniture factory out in the valley, so I told him to go ahead and take the table, and do it with what he wants. He had taken the original lazy-susan unit, put it in a graceful standard, and placed it in the breakfast room—where we’ve used it as a breakfast table ever since.”

While in high school, Jack went to Hollywood to see Jack Smith. He and his brother went to Hollywood High. (Jack’s brother later became an actor and dropped the family name, taking his own middle name.) Jack has seen him scores of times as the handsome “heavy” in such TV series as Cheyenne and Sergeant Preston Of The Yukon. Much of the time, however, he was at the golf club. He found out, to his surprise, that he enjoyed harmonizing even more than he did bending over a drafting board, or with music. So, later, he became a musician.

With two other golf club members, he formed a trio. In an incredible streak of luck, the three landed a job at the Cocoa-nut Grove in Los Angeles. He describes the whole time as on the hilltop was coinci-
dentally the opening of a new coast-to-coast radio show originating from the Grove. After such an auspicious plum, you would think he would move into a new business, what needed archi-
tecture?

The trio sang with several touring orchestras, then went East with Phil Har-
ris’ band. After a number of these dates, Kate Smith asked Jack Smith and his pals to join her show. From then on, they worked in radio exclusively. They did fourteen radio shows weekly, including Eddie Cantor, Frank Fay and Rudy Vallee shows. In 1940, the trio broke up, and Jack joined the Prudential Family Hour. A move back to Hollywood resulted in a show on the hilltop, where he did more than 1800 shows for the same sponsor over an eight-year period.

Long before those 1800 shows were finished, Jack had become “Smiling” Jack Smith. It’s a tag which has stuck. In show business, a trademark like that is hard to come by to someone and, especially, if your name is something like Jack Smith. But there have been moments when Jack has wondered about the pub-
lic’s memory, and the possibility of having that trademark commonplace.

A generation or so before Jack became nationally known, there was another popular singer named Jack Smith. And, as Jack became more and more popular across the country, it is understandable that there was confusion in the minds of some about which was “Whispering” Jack Smith and which was “Smiling” Jack Smith. All through their careers, our Jack Smith was constantly being haunted by references to the earlier singer.

There was, for instance, the time in Hollywood during the war, and Jack and Vicki had “adopted” two Dutch children, under the foster children program. When the war was over, they flew to Amsterdam to have a look at their overseas wards, wiser knowledge of their arrival had leaked out, and they were met at the airport by the two young-
sters and a flanking committee of town dignitaries. From the hanger to the plane, the mayor came forward to present a plaque thanking the Smiths for their contributions.

Jack was puzzled, momentarily, by the look of surprise which came over the mayor’s face, and by his murmur “But you are so young!” When he glanced at the plaque, he saw that it read, “To Mr. and Mrs. Smith—In recognition of the fact that the mayor was a bit nonplussed to see such a young Jack Smith.”

On another occasion, the confusion of names caused some very bad misunderstandings. One day, he went to a local store, and was surprised to see a number of our Jack Smith’s friends. This was only a few years ago, when an early evening newscast announced that Jack Smith, who was at the pool, had swum in front of the such-and-such restaurant on the Sunset Strip.”

Dina Shovu, with whom Jack was teamed on a show in those days, heard the announcement while waiting for dinner to be served at a friend’s. The news so upset her that she had to leave for home at once. Several hours later, the possiblility that it might have been the other Jack Smith occurred to her. She phoned Vicki, found out that her Jack Smith was on the Sunset Strip, and she had heard the broadcast. Jack and Vicki were besieged by calls from worried friends throughout the evening.

Jack says he’s been around a Hollywood for so long he knows he considers himself a landmark. And he feels a little sorry for those, for the overnight-sensation types who constantly flash into prominence, and fades as quickly.

“Sure,” he says, “it’s probably an exciting, thrilling sensation to wake up some fine morning and find your name is suddenly a household word. The attention is flattering, the money is intoxicating. But, all too often, the person to whom this happens doesn’t have enough talent to sustain the popularity for the long period of time. He’s only long in the spotlight. It seems to me that the entertainer who is able to make the big-time by a long, steady pull is a bit luckier in-the-

He knows what he wants, he works hard to get it, and has the satisfac-
tion of knowing that he’s earned what good comes his way.

“I’ve come to believe, personally—and, having been around for almost twenty years, I guess I qualify as a veteran. Those of us in the long-hard-

ety fields often have a capital view of the opulent luxuries of the Overnight Wonders. But we have all the material comforts we could want. We have friends who have friends as roommates. If there is such a thing as security in show business, I think we have it. Is it any wonder they’re still calling me ‘Smiling’ Jack Smith?”
Nichols & May, Unlimited

(Continued from page 34) them under his managerial wing but who had never before seen them perform? They knew their routines were offbeat, completely unlike the usual comedy acts. But there had been applause. They thought they had gone over—but they couldn’t tell.

“We waited a long time,” says Mike. “It seemed like hours before Jack and the club owners, who’d been huddling in the office, gave us the word. ‘You can open in two weeks,’ they told us. ‘We have a new show coming in the fall.’”

Elaine and Mike grinned happily at each other. Their brand of comedy, born in an experimental nitey group in Chicago, polished in an offbeat bistro in St. Louis, would, it seemed, entertain sophisticated New Yorkers, as well.

At the same moment—there’s a sort of clairvoyance between them, Elaine insists—they thought of the seventy dollars. Their faces fell.

They had arrived in New York two days earlier, and Mike had parked his suitcase with friends on North 7th Street, on the lower East Side. Nights he was spending on their living-room sofa. Elaine was holeling up with a group of a dozen or more girls in their establishment on Tenth Avenue. “They’re all good girls,” she says. “They didn’t even have a living room.”

But even with places to sleep, assured, they knew they couldn’t hold out for two weeks on thirty-five dollars each. The discerning owners noted their look. “Well . . .” said one of them, “You can fill in down at the Village Vanguard until then. You can start Tuesday.”

“They needed us like another head,” says Mike, “but we played there for two weeks and then went uptown to the Blue Angel.”

And then they were back with it last till payday? “They gave us an advance,” he answers. “We didn’t even have to ask for it.”

It was only a few weeks later that they made their first network television appearance. “We’d been on television before,” says Mike, “but always at some time like nine o’clock in the morning when not many people were watching. And nothing ever happened as a result.”

But now they had an audition for Jack Paar’s show on NBC-TV. “We went up in an old cab and some guy,” they say, “and did a little skit, just to show them the sort of thing we could do. They insisted we go on right away—and that night—and do the same thing on the show. We had only four or five minutes’ time and we weren’t prepared. We were no good at all.”

That was only their opinion, however, and both are modest about their talents. The word got around, and on December 29 they were booked on The Steve Allen Show, where the biggest names in show business are happy to appear.

This time they were ready. So was Steve, and the networks, and the millions of folk who watch the show regularly on Sunday evenings. Everyone was ready except the television critics, all of whom were busy elsewhere on the weekend between Christmas and New Year’s. Not a single review of the show appeared in the New York newspapers.

But their successful appearance with Steve triggered the nitey, and on an Omnibus spectacular, two weeks later, they hit it big, with ecstatic reviews in every metropolitan daily, and a deluge of mail and phone calls from all over the nation. The Como show came next, on February 1,
and since then it's been unbelievably easy.

The Nichols—May brand of comedy which so intrigued TV audiences is as fresh as Elaine and Mike themselves. Their skits are all improvisations and even those that have been more or less "set," due to the necessity for split-second timing on TV, were originally ad-lib. Changed and per- fected from one appearance to another, they have been written down by Elaine and Mike have no problem with writers—they devise and work out their own material.

As they present a vignette—the bird-brain movie acting being interviewed by the disc jockey, for example—they talk to each other rather than to the audience. They are not prepared and they have de- veloped a facility for talking at the same time, and reaching a crescendo together, before one or the other takes over.

On night-club floors they are still doing the sort of impromptu sketches with which they began working together in Chicago. They will ask one customer to call out a first line; another to supply a last line; and a third to suggest a style. And from a first line such as "Don't be a sour apple," a finale of "They went thataway," and a biblical style, they will improvise a sketch that is wholly unique in the theater.

This sort of thing takes background and intelligence, as well as acting talent. It takes an innate feeling for what is funny, and a wordless communication between them that, as Elaine says, verges on clair- voyance.

Yet these two, who have such fantastic rapport, come from entirely different back- grounds. The green-eyed brunette was born into show business. Her father, an actor, was on tour on April 21, 1932. Her mother was, as usual accompanying him. Elaine was, by this chance, born in Phila- delphia on that date. Jack Berlin had a number of stage names, and as the little girl attended some fifty schools during her grammar school days she had difficulty remembering, not only what town she was living in, but what her name was. No wonder that, by the end of her first year in high school, she was bored with formal education.

The family had more or less settled down in California by then and Elaine, who had appeared only once then on the stage with her father, began to study dramas seri- ously under the famous Maria Ouspen- skaya. While she was learning the theory of acting, she was also reading voraciously, writing, and painting. She is still painting —"I use casin," she says, "I never could afford oils"—but her writing these days is largely confined to letters to her mother, who has remained in California since the death of Elaine's father.

It was on the West Coast, where she was excising a precarious living with little- theatre jobs, that Elaine received a letter from a friend in Chicago. He was starting a dramatic group, he said, and perhaps she would like to join it. Thus Elaine joined the Playwrights' Theater, from which later evolved the Compass Players.

Six months before Elaine was born, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Nichols of Berlin, Germany, were proudly announcing the birth of their first child, a son whom they named Mi- chael. Mike was six when, in 1938, his father decided Hitler's Germany was no place to bring up his family. He sailed for America to set up his practice so his family could join him. A year later, he sent for them, but, since Mike's mother was too ill to travel, the seven-year-old was dispatched with his four-year-old brother, Robert. The family—Mrs. Nichols joined them later—settled in New York and Mike's school days were fairly normal. He studied at the Dalton School, went to Walden High School, to the Cherry Lawn School in Darien, Connecticut, and entered the University of Chicago with the idea of becoming a psychiatrist.

But his plans kept getting mixed up with school plays, until he finally gave up the whole idea of psychiatry and headed back for New York to study acting with Lee Strasberg, of the famed Actors' Studio. It was then that Mike got to know how to fend for himself, and to understand what real poverty meant. His father had died; his mother had re-married and was living in Philadelphia; there was his younger brother, who had his eye on medical school.

They helped Mike when they could—but he felt he should go it alone: "I had a room it was about three by nine, a real brown closet—for which I paid eight dollars a week. But I had no money for eating. I used to borrow a dollar a day from a friend for my meals. Later on, I ate off some girls who lived across the street, until I was ashamed to go there anymore. One night, I woke up so hungry that I ate the only thing I had in my room—a jar of mustard."

To live at all, Mike did all sorts of things. He worked as a farm hand; as a waiter at Howard Johnson's. One Christmas, he got a job for a few days with the post office, driving a truck and delivering packages. "I never found a single address," he says. "But I must have loaded fifty pounds of parcels I started out with in the morning."

They were dark days. "I was sure nobody would ever hire me as an actor. I knew I wasn't commercial. I felt the whole thing was a mistake. I was afraid they'd send me away."

"But then it changed. When Mike was offered a job with the Compass Players in Chicago, the Playwright's Theater had heard that he was sound- ed like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. This was in 1952, when truck drivers and window washers were taking home twice as much pay."

A year earlier, Elaine had helped found the group—at a salary of twenty-five dol- lars. "I hated to ask for more money," says Elaine; "because the writer was a friend." But she had to have it or starve and by the time Mike joined the group, her salary, too, was fifty-five. Later on, when they dis- covered that the musicians, "who played maybe five minutes a night," got more pay than they did, they went on strike and were raised to sixty-eight weekly.

It was during that strike that he pres- umed ambitious young actors in the Compass Players and nightly, at an informal little club on Chicago's South Side, near the University, they would entertain. "Someone in the audience was always to take a sketch," Elaine says, "and the actors who put their hands up first would do the ad-lib. As time went by, it seemed that Mike and I always understood what the other had in mind, and we worked more and more together."

It was in this way that their act was born. "Sometimes a sketch would be forty- five minutes long, and we'd do it as a sketch," Mike explains, "but, each time we did it, we would make changes until finally we'd get it set. But nothing was ever written down, and we never made any mistakes, if nothing happened, and we were in front of an audience every night for two years. It was wonderful."

They didn't mind being poor. "We were busy," Elaine adds. "We'd meet mornings to go over our material. Afternoons we'd paint scenery and evenings we'd perform. We didn't even know we were poor; everyone else was."

"We worked steadily, at least," Mike adds. "Think of all the actors who are out of jobs for months at a time. We weren't badly off at all. In fact, most of our friends were unhappy and we used to help them out when they got strapped."

Of course, they saved much money for clothes and they had to furnish their own for performances. But Elaine's moth- er would send her a dress now and then, and Mike developed a facility for chang- ing his clothes so that his one suit looked different each night. (Even a sharply- eyed New York press agent didn't realize for several weeks that his new client was already wearing the same suit."

Like so many experimental operations, the Compass Players came to an unhappy end a year ago, and its members took off for other fields. One of them, Mark Gor- don, who used to play "Compulsion" last winter. Another, Collin Wilcox, decorated "The Day the Money Stopped" during its brief run. Shelley Ber- man, who played the lead, here he is doing well, as a comedian. A fourth alumnus of the Compass Players is in Holly- wood, too, writing scenarios.

Mike and Elaine took off for St. Louis, where they both have been invited to direct, as well as act in, the show at the Crystal Palace, another night club which, like the
Compass Players, offers offbeat entertainment.

They had to take a small salary cut.

Their pay in St. Louis was sixty-five weekly, but there were fringe benefits: they had free lodging in the home of the owner; their clothes were supplied; and, as Elaine says, "there were just a few blocks away, down the alley.

It was late last summer, when their contract at the Crystal Palace had only a few more weeks to run, that they decided to try New York. "A producer friend of mine, Charles Pratt, knew Jack Rollins," says Mike, "and suggested we get in touch with him. We'd never had a manager but we took Charlie's advice, pooled our savings, and flew into New York and spent a weekend talking to Jack."

"We talked the whole weekend," put in Elaine. "But we had never seen them perform, and they never got around to doing a skit for him at that time, but, as a result of their conversation, he agreed to take them on. A few weeks later they arrived in St. Louis and returned to New York, he had already arranged for their audition at the Blue Angel.

Elaine not only had never had a manager—and didn't know exactly what one did—they were just as ignorant of every other phase of show business, commercial style. Even some of its most familiar terms were a blank to them.

When Bob Sylvester, a newspaper columnist, suggested they eat with him one night "on the cuff," he had to explain that this was the bar at which they were booked. And when Elaine read that "the rope was up" at Down in the Depths, a New York club where they starred for twelve weeks last winter, she had no notion that the words meant they were doing capacity business.

As for clothes, when Curt Weinberg, press agent for the Blue Angel, auditioned for Mike and Elaine, too, suggested to Mike that he needed more than one suit and offered to send him to Pat Caruso, a top drawer New York tailor, Mike turned him an earring when they asked him. He didn't know any suit could cost two hundred and seventy-five dollars!

They are learning, of course. After buying two less than big enough, they succumbed to Caruso. It's important, he knows, to be well-dressed for television. And Elaine, according to Mike, is spending every possible moment shopping, though she's still as terri ed of sales clerks as Mike is of waiters. But she still swears by the Salvation Army—recently bought a chest of drawers there and repainted it herself. Meanwhile, she's paid back all the friends who loaned them money in their less prosperous days.

The two are completely unlike in appearance. Dark-haired, green-eyed Elaine is a curvaceous five, five, and weighed 118 when she stepped on a scale. Mike is a six-footer, with extremely blond hair and fair skin. And where Elaine is informal—is a curvy, free spirit in a chair, no matter who is present—Mike is conservative in both dress and deportment.

Not for him are the blue jeans of so many young actors; he wears only one suit, it was pressed every second day. And, unlike almost everyone else in show business, he uses first names only when addressing people on the stage.

But despite difference in background, appearance and deportment, Mike and Elaine have one big thing in common: Both are dedicated to acting. "We're actors, you know," says Mike, when he's asked about their plans and hopes for the future. As actors, they find their horizons unlimited. They are being paged for movies, for television series of their own. They can and choose their night-club engagements. But they are picking with care—doing only what they feel they will enjoy.

They turned down a regular hour series on TV last spring because "we decided we couldn't do two thirty-minute sketches each week, and they weren't well. We felt we weren't ready. We'd like to do a TV show of our own, maybe at regular intervals, but not every week." Meanwhile, they are busier than ever before, busier even than when they were doing one hundred and twenty-eight routines a week at the Crystal Palace in St. Louis.

Mike was married in Chicago on June 8, last year, to Pat Scot, a carrot-top singer who had her own television show there for several years. While Elaine and Mike were conquering New York, Pat was singing out her contract in Chicago and getting her news of Mike by telephone—collect—nightly. "I guess I felt like a success when I quit calling collect and paid for the calls myself," laughs Mike.

Pat has joined Mike in New York now and has settled down, temporally, to being a housewife, and Mike is enjoying being able to buy and tote home the groceries to their apartment in the East Sixties. "Pat's a great cook," he says happily—then adds, "I'll have to start watching my weight or I won't be able to get into those new suits."

There's a third member of the Nichols family, a cat of uncertain antecedents who answers to the name of Sam. With Pat and Sam, Mike has roomed in for several weeks. A big book of books to read (he can buy one now when he feels like it), Mike is happier than he's ever been, as well as busier.

Mike and Elaine don't have to rehearse the routines they do at the night clubs at which they've been appearing regularly, but they spend a great deal of time on new material. Their audiences, they say, expect more of them these days.

"And everything is new—shopping, the dentist, talking to television people. We've even made recordings for radio. I have an appointment book for the first time in my life," says Mike.

Elaine is just as busy. There's the one-room apartment on Lexington Avenue which she is furnishing bit by bit. There's her painting. The business conferences. Shopping. And, of course, dates.

To the outsider, it may seem a strange little group—Mike, Pat and Elaine—but they couldn't get along better, they install, "Pat's in the business; she understands." says Mike. "Anyone could get along with Pat," Elaine adds admiringly.

Mike and Elaine still have a soft spot in their hearts for Chicago and the Compass Players, and on Chicago's South Side there are hundreds of early Nichols—and-May fans who are cheering their success.

Their families are, too, of course. Mike's mother is a housewife, Mrs. Franz Hauberger of Philadelphia, and his brother, Robert, now in medical school in the same city, were two of the most excited people in the Blue Angel audience. Out in California, Ida Berlin, Elaine's mother, is glued to her TV set every time Nichols and May are scheduled to appear. She got her first important view of them this spring, when they played for two weeks at the Mocambo in Hollywood—and hasn't been the same since.

"The Wunderkinder," one New York columnist called them recently—and she had something, "Wonder children," indeed, with a sophisticated talent which leads to unlimited success.

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Unexpected Dividends

(Continued from page 47)

of this woman. And the music is always there, a constant challenge and a constant satisfaction to me," Helen said. Helen's husband, theatrical producer Robert Willey, has bought the best-selling Joy Chute novel, "Greenwillow," and is planning a theatrical production.

Speaking of Nancy Hughes, Helen says: "This is a wonderfully kind and loving woman who has a terrible fear of any changes in her life. She clings to family. I approve of that. But Nancy makes the mistake of tying them all together in one tight little package. No one is an individual—not her husband, not her children, not even her own father. She would not have given me an understanding of a woman of this type, but during my years of study and struggle in New York, she gave me a kind of human, very warm, but finding it difficult to free those they love."

As a little girl, growing up in Lubbock, Helen's world was a comfortable and happy one, filled with music. She had a degree that, after her senior music recital in high school—a recital that was a quadruple-threat performance as vocalist, pianist, violinist, and violist—she vowed that she had all the music she could take for a while. She also firmly announced that she had her own ideas about college. Her parents had gone to Monmouth, in Illinois; her sister was there. Monmouth had been her mother's home town. Helen said she wanted something different. And, very definitively, the only thing she wanted was majoring in music, or in speech. No one pressured her. It just happened that she ended up with a degree in music and in speech—and from Monmouth.

"There is usually one person who comes into your life at a crucial time," Helen explains, "someone outside the family circle who opens your eyes to the things that are happening in the world. That thing, the family has tried to tell you. In my case, the person was my piano teacher at Monmouth, Edna Brown-wen. She furthered my interest in music. When Margaret Huff, my first music teacher, had already given me in the way of knowledge and appreciation. She opened the world of art in all its forms to me. Monmouth meant everything to me, but particularly because of Miss Riggs."

In New York, Helen studied, was a church soloist, finally broke into show business in a deceptively easy way. She was just past twenty, a pretty and graceful five-foot-five, with light brown hair and blue eyes. Through friends of her sister Ruth's, she was summoned by the Manhattan Opera. She was auditioned for a part at the Manhattan Opera Company. She happened to be cast in the musical "Oklahoma!" on Broadway, leaving it between times to tour on a theater guild company doing Shakespeare. She sang in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

It was some of the Greek tragedies. She played off-Broadway, as well as on. It was on one of her job-hunting tours that Helen first met Bob, a good-looking six-footer; blond, with brown eyes. He had been an actor from the time he won a Pasadena Playhouse scholarship in his middle teens. But, after World War II service, he found it difficult to get into production. He was then connected with a theatrical office as an assistant producer, on his way up to a management. But he missed Helen.

"I went to Bob's office about a part," says Helen, "but then another one came along and I turned his down. Now I'm sorry, because it was the only chance I was asked to go. I was very lonely, and I'll never be able to thank him. Nothing he has been associated with since has had a part for me."

"I met him frequently after this, sometimes to talk about the play. He asked for dates, but I always turned him down. Once I was very angry, because I had an appointment to see the producer, Guthrie McClintock, to see about going into Mr. McClintock's waiting room to see him, without an appointment, and got in first. I couldn't wait and had to go back another day.

Some time later, she found herself in Bob's office, about another job, and once more he asked her for a date. "You might just as well start going out with me," he said, "because I am going to marry you some day."

She didn't take this very seriously. Just as she had told herself she wouldn't go to Monmouth and she wouldn't be a music teacher or speech major, now she told herself that she would never marry this man. But she did. "Suddenly, my eyes had been opened to the kind of person he really is. I started to accept him wholeheartedly. Two years later, we were married."

The year was 1954. The wedding was set for August. In June, Helen went out to visit her sister Ruth at her home in Cuchara, Colorado, a remote camping community. Bob telephoned one day to say he was coming out. She thought that was wonderful. "I mean, coming out to the mountains, it was wonderful."

Her wedding dress was bought, but it was in her apartment in New York. With her at the camp were such items as blue jeans, as she had worn when she was a farmer in Illinois; her dress-up costume. From the single telephone in the camp, she gave Bob long-distance details about what to bring along with him. The wedding outfit. Underwear, because he would spend the night in a bachelor-apartment. Fortunately, her roommate did the actual sorting out and packing.

The wedding date was June 21. The minister, an old friend, came to be married. In New Mexico to perform the ceremony. Some of the relatives could come on short notice. Her sister Ruth wouldn't have missed the event. Colorado law demands that both husbands be given by the same doctor at the same time, so Bob was hustled from the plane to a doctor's office. It was all very fast, but it all went smoothly.

"I went to New York," she says, "and it has a mixture now of the things that were in it, the things we bought from the apartment, the things we have been slowly adding. So far, the living room has a new divan and new curtains. We wanted to add a lamp until we found the right one, using a bedroom lamp in the meantime."

Bob's den has a built-in desk, much too big for the Bobs. They bought it for a man who collects stamps and likes to spread them out, album after album. He got a pleasant surprise when he found that his new wife, Helen, had turned it into a place where there are flowers. It is as rabid a philatelist as he is. "Imagine finding you have moved next to the most charming people, Bob and Bunny Simon and their two children, and also finding that the husband has the same mad hobby as yours!"

The Simons "share-crop" together. The Simons have even planted a vegetable garden. The Willeys didn't want to plow up any of their lawn. But Helen wanted to grow some of their own edibles. She has become a cooperative with all families tending it and sharing in the produce. "Now nobody has to eat everything that comes up. My frugal soul wouldn't have let any of it go to waste."

The couple had a second family, to "share-crop" a plot in Monmouth to "grow the tomatoes (best I ever tasted), the beans (not like any ever bought in a store), the asparagus. And two of us to put them in a small vegetable garden."

Helen is the cook, except on occasion. Bob thinks he had enough of cooking in his bachelor-apartment days. He is the handymen."He won't call in an expert unless there's a matter of high importance. Sometimes I wish he would," Helen comments.

Since Helen went into television, she has had less and less time. There have been damaged parts in the night-time shows—"On Studio One, Suspense, and the Robert Montgomery dramas before they went on the air. She played Marge, daughter of Glenn Walken, in The World Of Mr. Sweeney, until Mr. Ruggles decided to take the show to the West Coast. Helen, of course, wanted to stay on the East, where Bob's work is.

It was just about then that As The World Turns was being planned. The director knew Helen and thought she could handle the part of Nancy and went on the air when the show started on April 1, 1955. She's never missed a day, except when her father died last November and she went to Winslow, Arizona, to be with her mother still lives.

Except on the days when she isn't in the script, Helen is on the set at 7:30 in the morning. Rehearsals continue until broadcast time, there's a lunch break, then more rehearsals for next day's show. Whoever gets to the parking lot where Bob and Helen leave the car waits for the other to be washed. So there are two families to eat the tomatoes (best I ever tasted), the beans (not like any ever bought in a store), the asparagus. And two of us to put them in a small vegetable garden.

She remembers that during her first months in New York, she asked her father if he had ever questioned whether he would finally become a doctor. "There were times," he wrote back, when it seemed as long as years. But he always knew that, like my father before me, I could be a good carpenter—and happy doing it—if I couldn't be a doctor."

"And since my own father's life is not the career. She's a dramatic actress. Happy doing it. Knowing that nothing she has ever done will be wasted. Certainly not, with all the bright years stretching on ahead."

76
Ed Sullivan Salutes

(Continued from page 21) Josh Logan, Jack Paar, Helen Hayes, Gina Lollobrigida, and their effect on his ratings—but for their individual traits as human beings. This, too, reflects Ed Sullivan's own character.

Ed has been a newspaperman since he got out of high school and, I think, that short experience played a part in his downward inaccuracy several years ago. Hooking his arm around Ed, he said, 'This thing is really giving me nausea. I mean, when I read how young people have jumped into television to compete with all of us who have been around so long. Now, Edward, my boy, I remember playing the Paramount circuit and General Motors, and other George—George Burns, of the Burns And Allen Show—was the only one there who took up the argument with me for television.'

Today, it's commonplace to see Hollywood films on TV. But, when Ed went out in 1948, the Motion Picture Producers had an agreement among themselves that they would not release a picture, or any part of a picture, to television. Ed was the first to bring Hollywood into the new medium. 'One of my great thrills,' he says, 'is the thought that I was the first to get permission to use the dialogue didn't come easy. I still remember my phone conversation with Nicholas Schenck of M-G-M. He said, 'Eddie, please don't ask us to release our films on television. It is how the producers stand on this.'

"But it was a case where friendship paid off, as it often does in any business. I persuaded them, and General Motors finally said, 'All right, you go ahead and use it, Ed, but this will be between you and me. If any trouble comes of it, I'll back you up.' So we did the scene before the cameras and four or five months later, we got permission to use the dialogue. And every one of the producers is and how the producers stand on this.

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Ed presented an excerpt from the movie, 'The Traveling Salesman,' with the emphasis on the scene with George Burns and Walter Huston. "The movie scenes said would never be done."
home at night, she always made me feel like a champ, no matter what had happened during the day.

It was in the seventh lean year that the ultimate blow fell. Ed says, "You've got to understand what Paris represented to Oceane. For many years she was a student and loved the city and what it represents. When he turned on the radio and heard the bulletin that Paris had fallen to Hitler, he must have been very close to tears." Ed says, "When he enjoyed other problems, I suppose it was like a patient getting up to 104-degree fever and he's got to swing one way or another."

He adds: "On radio audience that, after hearing the news, he went to his desk and, for the only time in his life, composed complete lyrics at one sitting. It was the unadorned, the simple form in which he knew Saw Paris." Then Hammerstein, apologizing because he was not a performer, said he would like to recite those lyrics and he did. Ed says, "People hearing this simple speaker, so obviously honest, were deeply moved by his sentiment. That poem had marked the turning point in his career. It was after that Oscar wrote his greatest hits."

For many, another fine moment was the evening Charles Laughton came on the show and read the Bible, an unprecedented feature on a variety show. "On the surface, Ed says, "Laughton seemed to me really a soft egg in the world of show business. But, when I talked to him about coming on the show, he said, 'I suppose this abominable new medium would be horrified if I were to appear on your show.' And I said, 'No, it sounds like a good idea.' Well, Laughton may have been a little taken back by my instant approval, but only for a moment. He then said, 'I don't suppose that you would let me read with this program?' And to that, I said, 'It would make us most happy if you did.' Well, I wasn't so-soft-soaping him. I knew that Charles Laughton knew more about comedy than all the rest of us put together.

"It was a lesson to all of us in direction," Ed continues. "He had marked his script for us. For example, he polished off his glasses for a punctuation. When the glasses went on, it called for a headset. It was such a brilliant performance that a producer, Paul Gregory, watching the show, was so impressed that he started to work with Laughton. And out of this performance originated Gregory's whole series of concert readings by Laughton and the success of "Ed and Oceane.""

As time passed, when Laughton's Hollywood career had come to a standstill, I'm not saying that we re-discovered him—for this is a great talent who would have come back, regardless—but, at the time, it was the exposure on our show that brought him back to the public."

At this point, Ed said, "I want to digress for a minute. Gregory's name reminds me of something. He is quite a guy in my book. Paul Gregory has never been interviewed that I know of. Few of you know the great respect I have for his successful readings on our show. Jack Benny is like that, too. He is never interviewed but he mentions that he made a special effort to work with him for the show."

But Jack is so sensitive. After his first appearance on our show, I called him out for a second and told him what I thought was just sensational." Well, tears spurted right out of his eyes. And the last time he was on the show, just before he went over to NBC, in the audience, he was singing the theme of his new program, and again he broke down.

There has always been great interest in the beauties Ed has had on the show. Ed had some of the most beautiful women we've ever had on our stage. When I think of great foreign talent, I think of Gina and of Anna Magnani. But quite a few of them never came, because she is positively not self-conscious about it. And she's a real pro. By that, I mean a woman who knows her work and performs it well. A pro is neither petty nor jealous nor envious nor temperamental. And that is Gina. The first time I worked with her was at the Cirque d'Hiver when she was making a motion picture with Burr Marshall. Gina was such a wonderful woman because she has the most beautiful body in the world."

"Gina again showed her professional quality when she came on the program. "Here," the director, George Cukor, had assigned her to a thirty-minute schedule. It was a schedule that would have broken the back of Jack Dempsey. She had to pose for a fashion magazine and meet senators. She had to stand for fittings and she had to sit for interviews. In the middle of this, Ray Bloch came up to her suite with a piano to do a film score for the show. You would think she might blow up and say to heck with the whole thing. But she didn't. She was kind and pleasant. And Andy was very much the same when she came over to the theater."

On May 17, 1953, Ed presented "The Josh Logan Story"—and what Ed himself describes as "our most emotional moment together." Josh Logan, a director and producer, is a Pulitzer Prize winner. In the course of the hour presentation, highlights were offered from the great presentations he was involved with, such as "Picnic," "South Pacific," "Mister Roberts," "Wish You Were Here," "Annie Get Your Gun." But, during the show, "prior to the actual telecast, Logan had discussed with me the possibility of his discussing mental health on the air. This is his great interest, and himself had been in a sanitarium and eury.

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“Do you still want to do it?” he said, ‘I want to.’ I picked up the backstage phone and got Ray Bloch on the inter-com. Sheilah Bond was doing a big production number and I told Ray, the next time he came to a musical flourish, to bring it to a close, give them a bow and close in the curtain. That happened and I walked out on the stage and simply said, ‘Ladies and gentlemen, Josh Logan’ — and left him there. Now, you know Josh is a fine writer, but it’s another thing to find yourself in front of a camera with no rehearsal and nothing on paper.

“Well, Josh started off by saying he was grateful for the show, then said, ‘But, actually, the one thing I can contribute to the country is something I got.’ I had a mental breakdown and, when the doctors told me I had to go to a sanitarium, it was as if the world had ended. I refused to believe it because this thing can be cured.” So I went into the sanitarium, and the day came when they knew it and I knew it. Now the only important thing that can be said about sanitariums is this—the important thing is that I didn’t win my Pulitzer award until after I came out of the sanitarium.”

Ed says, “During the speech he was so tense, the audience was in a state of complete suspension. They understood that this tremendous talent, a very wealthy and successful man, had—out of the goodness of his heart—lost millions. Josh went on to talk of the need for support of mental health projects, then concluded, ‘Now I beg of you—if anyone in your home is driven with this, don’t hide him in the attic, but take him to a sanitarium. Treat this openly. The only thing to be afraid of is fear itself. Mental sickness can be cured, just as typhoid or scarlet fever can be cured.”

Ed recalls, “The audience, seeing the man humble himself in order to be helpful, was moved beyond measure. I don’t think there has ever been an emotional experience on television comparable to that moment. Furthermore, it accomplished more than we could have hoped for. A few weeks after the show, we had a letter from Justice Marshall of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. Musman told of a woman who had suffered a mental breakdown due to family problems, plus the tragic death of her husband. Those legal problems had left her custody of her child and was again refused custody by the lower courts when she came out of the sanitarium pronounced cured. But, with the financial support of her neighbors, she appealed to the Supreme Court, and there the justices established a new dimension of law, and I think if a person is pronounced cured, they regain all rights, including custody of their children. The court supported its opinion on the basis of what Josh had disclosed on the show."

“Later, when I was speaking at a luncheon in Oklahoma City, the director of mental health in the state came up to me and told me that another problem is that mental health always has been a dread term, and we could never get money for doctors and drugs and facilities to take our program out of the ball-and-chain stage. But, the morning after your program, the brochure commissioner called me. He and other members of the commission had seen the show with Josh Logan and, during the interview, walked out on me. He decided to give us a million-and-a-half dollars. When you see Josh Logan, tell him Oklahoma says, ‘God bless you.”

One of Ed’s greatest thrills occurred outside of the studio. “It was in 1948, when we first went on the air. We were working hard. Our only experience with television was in our own theater. Our budget for each show was seven hundred dollars. An act like Martin and Lewis got two hundred. The June Taylor Dancers got, believe it or not, seven dollars apiece. That first year, my producer didn’t make a cent, and I wound up losing a few hundred. But it was during that tough period that I had one of my greatest thrills. It happened a few months after our program had moved to Philadelphia to make a speech. Now, I’d been taking the train to Philadelphia for years and years as a sports writer, but this particular day I didn’t know if I would make it. The moment I boarded the train the people stared at me as if I were wearing my tie backwards. All of them. Creating. I felt so uncomfortable that I left the car and went into the next. The same thing happened again. I couldn’t figure it out. I began to think someone was playing a practical joke on me. Then, when I got off in Philadelphia, the porters rushed up to me—

‘Can I carry your bag, Mr. Sullivan?’ I wondered if I was mad. I got in a cab and the driver said, ‘Smiley, how are you? I got off at the hotel and on the streetcar on the streetcar. There I began to applaud again—

‘Then it came to me. Television. I had played the major theaters with vaudeville. I had by-lined a Hollywood and Broadway column. I had been on radio. But never had I seen this kind of recognition. Now that I knew what it was about, I began to talk to these people. They remembered the day so-and-so was on the show and wanted to know when he would be back. They remembered particularly one Sunday’s program because they had been celebrating a birthday in the family. They said their children were allowed to watch."

Suddenly, the rating figures I’d been seeing were translated into terms of people and loyalties. It was a staggering experience. When I got home, I told Mrs. Sullivan about it. You know, I had once dropped out of radio because at the time I didn’t feel particularly suited for it and I didn’t need the money. But, that evening, I told Mrs. Sullivan I was going to stay in television until the last man was dropped and we began to applaud again—

“Since then, the show has become as much of my life as my own home. I’ve never faced a Sunday night wishing I were in your living room. I even left the hospital against the doctor’s orders, when I was undergoing treatment for my pestiferous ulcer. I just had to be there. And I’d like to be there for the next ten years. But, of course, that’s up to the public.”

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Sweet Song of Home

(Continued from page 41)

two musical bright lights are doing what they like—best—making beautiful music together.

Chatting with them in their lovely North Hills home in Manhasset on Long Island's swank North shore, of a quiet, day-after-the-show afternoon, you know how sincerely Raymond means what he says of his pretty, talented wife. There is so much understanding, so much devotion to good music-making—whether it be singing, composing or conducting—that one talks easily for the other.

Did they have any rules for getting along in this triple-threat, full-head hair set? An intimacy of work, marriage and parent—hood? "It's simple," says Raymond, "no screaming allowed. Courtesy in marriage, as well as in business, goes a long way." Dorothy answers that dark-haired, vigorous Raymond is amazingly even-tempered for a finicky, hard-to-please musician. But she adds her own intensely feminine, quietly perceptive opinion: "There is no competition between Raymond and me."

The interview takes place only shortly before the birth of their second child. Dorothy is chie in this triple-threat, full-head hair set. The chemise, brightened by a white organza collar and a twin-heart diamond pin (a gift from Raymond). She says, however, "The chemise is all right for now, but I'm not sure I'll wear it when you're born comes."

Raymond affects horror even at the possibility: "Hide her beautiful figure in a sack?"

You quickly understand why Dorothy is so easy to live with, work with. She is completely feminine. She can imply a compliment with a look, or a passing attention, and needs no gushy words. She generously acknowledges Raymond's infallible musical judgment, his broad intellectual interests. For her own talent, she insists, "I've been lucky." It is for Raymond to explain: "Whatever Dorothy can do well, she plays down as being easy. In our high-pressure business, Dorothy has never been into brasillности, and boy—role of tooting her own horn. People succumb to her charm and toot for her."

One reason for this is that Dorothy so obviously loves whatever it is she is doing. "I love to sing. I always harp on pop tunes and jingles to light classics and show tunes. Therefore, what he has to say about Dorothy's influence on him is even more significant. "She's got him made over—half a dozen times."

Dorothy keeps getting richer. That's what the Thunderbird in Las Vegas and the Copacabana in New York, a brand-new, sophisticated singing personality has done. And her marriage has shown her a fine actress in such varied roles as high-spirited Laurie in "Oklahoma!," the dreamstruck Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," the ill-starred Magnolia in "Show Boat." And all this happens to a young woman whose main ambition in life is to be a good wife and mother.

You only have to see Dorothy with Raymond and their precious Debbie to know that this is no mere pose. "I have always been very happy in my work. But I'm just ecstatic when I'm home. I guess I've always been lucky."

That's Dorothy's explanation of how a high-school girl, who happened to love to sing, got to be one of America's entertainment favorites.

As the darling of Four Hit Parade, Dorothy made herself known and recognized all over the continent. The dainty, soft, waist-blouse, with its chic ribbon tie, her neat, narrow—but-not-naughty straight skirt, her proper, pretentious style. But now, with the uncommon sense and good taste that stamps everything she does, Dorothy notes, "It would be silly to try to look like a schoolgirl forever."

Raymond, who prides himself on being tough-minded and analytical, has a slightly more complicated explanation for Dorothy's success: "First of all, I think you can fool people when you're on TV, but only if you make occasional guest appearances. I'm surprised how many are hard to please. You can get across any personality you want to. But you can't fake and pass yourself off as a nice, warm, decent human being."

Dorothy agrees. "I'm not going to give a whoop about the public. The public very quickly isn't going to give a whoop about you. Dorothy has that warmth."

"Another thing," he adds, shaking his head in wonderung, admiring the bewildering array before him. "Dorothy, and my in-laws weave some kind of magic on even tough, hardened customers. People can't ever do enough for them. Everybody always wants to do something for them—or take care of them . . . or help them."

Raymond marvels over how much magic the gentle Dorothy has worked on him. For example, her looks. Raymond has said that Dorothy's beauty is rugged, boyishly rugged good looks. Raymond is a shrewd businessman, a first-rate, highly respected musician with a dozen movie scores, and a couple of hundred musical compositions to his credit. Dorothy's influence on him is even more significant. "She's got him made over—half a dozen times."

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with them agree. Dorothy, in her own way, has become just as much of a perfectionist in music as Raymond is. ("And, boy, is that ever something!" as one of his musicians sighed.)

Then, the half-year-old Deborah Scott enters the living room, there is no mistaking the biggest influence in both Raymond's and Dorothy's life. Debbie, with her soft brown curls and shining short bangs, is delicious to look at—the latest Paris fashions never got a better debut than Debbie in her tiny accordion-pleated red skirt, with its white cotton character which seems larger than a scant six or eight inches of skirt showing. She is also a delight to know. Poised and friendly, she is eager to show the visitors around the house, alongside the baby grand piano. And the music, writing stand "that my daddy made," she points out with solemn childish pride. It's where he first treads the stage, but of the type that shows Dorothy has played—Debbie has seen them all. "When I go on the road," says Dorothy, "it's hard on Raymond because I take Debbie with me to visit for long weekends. Sometimes for a whole week. And that helps. I couldn't bear to be alone, away from both of them, for so much as a day."

It is almost too much to watch Raymond trying to restrain himself when he speaks of Debbie. "When she was less than a year old, she could imitate Dorothy's voice and style of talking—only grandmothers, but even impartial strangers, could recognize it. You know, by the time she was three, she could sing a song she'd heard only once twice. She knows all the verses of '76 Trombones,' and it isn't even Dorothy's record."

"Once, I decided to really test her," Raymond continues, "to see if she just had a knack for mimicry, or ..." but she was out driving with her one afternoon—it must have been near Christmas, otherwise I don't know why I was humming Jingle Bells, and she sang it right after me. I sang it again, this time a step higher. Again she sang it right after me... also a half-step higher. And all this time she was just looking out the window, playing with her toys, and after it six times, a half-step higher each time. And each time, cool and without seeming to make a special point of it, Debbie sang it exactly as I sang, got a wonderful beat, Dorothy's swing and resonance. The kid's fantastic," he ends helplessly.

"Debbie," says Dorothy, "is just thrilled with the idea that she's going to have a baby. She and I used to imitate her daughter's high childish voice—'I'm going to teach my songs and I'm going to play ball with it and I'm going to put makeup on her for a show.' So I suppose it will take her some time to adjust to the real baby, but sometimes even grownups have to make believe for a while before they can accept the truth," Dorothy remarks realistically.

Long before she had any children, Doro-
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Romance a la Radio

(Continued from page 39)

Gene Klavan and Dee Finch were his friends. It was great that they had promised to play his new record, but he felt almost as though he were imposing on them. Nevertheless, when Dr. Finch asked if he would do something to help with the show, he accepted.

Only Raymond’s workrooms aren’t the least bit simple. Frank feels that everything is a responsibility and cheerful, nothing down here will ever get to be junk.” Raymond’s idea is that money should be spent on “anything that will make the sun seem shinier.” And he can think of no way, except to the most people to make the sun seem shinier. For example, an elaborate photography dark-room that he may use only three times a year. “But, Raymond,” you felt like working, you’d feel good working in here, wouldn’t you?” After walking along corridors of beautifully waxed floors and past everything but the back stairs, the visitor finally comes to one room that is bare. “For radio—the equipment hasn’t come yet,” Raymond murmur apologetically.

“Maybe I would mind the many hours Raymond spends in his lab,” Dorothy says, “if he went to an office, came home and then disappeared again. As it is, if it makes him happy, it suits me. Raymond is the kind of man who thinks all the time. What do I care what he thinks about—just so long as it isn’t about other women.”

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at the studio. When she walked in, ahead of the regular audience, Richard was polishing an apple to be used in a warm-up stunt. Monique, thinking it for her, said, "What a beautiful apple, and how nice of you to bring it for me!"

Dumbfounded, Richard thought fast. He wouldn't ask her to be in the stunt. The stunt was that old Halloween trick in which the apple was dangled between a boy and girl until they kissed it. He wasn't going to have someone else kissing "his" girl.

In an inspired moment, he recalled the myth in which a nearly colorblind boy once sold an apple on the beautiful Helen of Troy. Richard, with a flourish, did likewise. "I thought you'd like it." A few minutes later, Robert Long, studio bound, confided with Richard, rushing them to the hall. "Where you going?" he demanded. "To find a grocery store," gasped Richard. "I've got to get another apple."

That evening, they planned a pattern for their meetings. Monique, after finishing work at WNEW, either went to night classes at Columbia University or came over to Richard's studio. They dined together every night and Richard drove her home. It was a time for getting acquainted, for matching up what had happened in each life before they met.

Monique, born January 13, 1937, in Brussels, Belgium, had been but a baby when her parents, Marc and Rose Tenenbaum, fled the Nazis. Her father, a watch manufacturer, re-established the family home at Great Neck, Long Island. For two years, she had gone to the University of Syracuse, where she was graduated. They had moved to Brooklyn. In 1958, they returned to their old home, where she first fell in love with Richard.

"The girls thought 'Monique' was too hard to say. My voice was so deep it was almost a growl." Neighbors advised my mother to take me to the doctor. They were doing something wrong."

He told her that his family and his career. Born January 5, 1930, Richard is the only child of Sydney and Fay Hayes. His father is a guard at the Monroe-McCormack penitentiary. Most of his former employes now live at Woodside, Long Island, but he grew up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn. He stumbled into radio while still at Boys' High School. A friend, who wanted to bet the pattern, asked Richard to go with him to WWRL, one of the smallest stations in the New York area. "Since I was there," says Richard, "I figured I might as well do something, too. I sang a song and they gave me a show, every afternoon, five days a week."

After high school graduation, he toured with Teddy Phillips. Offered a recording contract, he left them at Atlanta, Georgia. "Before I could get home, the fly-by-night company had gone out of business and I had sunk every miserable little joint in New York."

Richard's bookings took an uprising after he won on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. His first break came when Mitch Miller, then artiste performer at Marcy, heard him sing at Leon and Eddie's and asked him to cut a record. "That was 'The Old Master Painter'." Richard explained. "I sang with pride when it sold a million." Hit followed hit: "My Foolish Heart," "Too Young," "Out in the Cold Again," "Our Lady of Flatbush" with them bookings on top TV shows.

Then, with his induction into the Army, there was nothing. When he reached Fort Dix, his group of inductees pulled ten days of dirty detail. Even before uniforms were issued, they were ordered to clean debries from a burned out garage.

They were crawling flat on their bellies when one recruit remarked, "Hey, guys, do you know we get a celebrity in this outfit?"

Another asked, "Who's that?"

"Singer," Richard replied. "One else piped up: 'Who cares? We'll never see him. He'll never draw duty like this. They've got him on a soft job somewhere and pulled him out of the dirt and announced, 'That's where you're wrong!'"

Much later, he was put on recruiting duty, appeared on radio and television and was seated with some of his friends. "The Army and I got along pretty well after all," he told Monique. "They still call me back to make films at the Army Pictorial Center."

"Then why didn't they let you record?"

"Just luck," said Richard. "I hit the period when they were enforcing the rule that no service man could replace a civilian on a job."

"Well, that luck's going to change," said Monique positively. "I just know it."

Perhaps the reason they came with the extra confidence Monique's interest gave him. With their first date, Monique's icy aloofness vanished. Reared in the European tradition, her formal code of manners was lost for her as she dived within the little circle of her personal world, she had warmth of affection and depth of understanding. With a touch of the old-time Home and Away, she could make Richard feel like the most important man in the world.

Now, most of all, he wanted to be able to show her family that he could be a good husband to Monique. For there was no doubt in his mind.

Heartened, Richard tackled the problem of more bookings. Within a few weeks of his first date with Monique, he had arranged to be on television. He couldn't wait until evening to tell her, he phoned her office to announce that Parker Gibbs, producer of NBC Radio's Bandstand, had called him. "He wants me to pinch-hit for Dick Haymes."

"That's wonderful," said Monique. "I'm sure it will lead to something."

Again, she was right. Shortly, he had a regular, once-a-week engagement on the program. Within a few months, it was increased to two appearances a week. Richard was in the enviable spot of singing on two networks.

His other venture, weekend bookings at the Catskill resort hotels, the famed "Borscht Circuit," produced a crisis. On the way back from his first date, Richard had learned that Marc Tenenbaum held firmly to the European attitude that a young daughter should be well chaperoned. "My father doesn't want to hear it," he told him, "but he's also very strict."

Richard began to doubt the "darling" part of her statement when, on the first pleasant spring weekend, he suggested that Monique go up to the Catskills with him. "We could drive up after the radio show on Friday night."

"My father would never allow it," said Monique, who would never willingly stay in a hotel, by myself, overnight."

"That's nonsense," said Richard. "I'm playing at Grossinger's, and Jennie Grossinger will chaperone you. She's been keeping the American girls for forty years. She'll even telephone your father if we ask her to. . . ."

Monique stopped him. "It's no use."

Lately unable to see Monique for three days, Richard evolved a rigor-
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CLUES TO AN ELUSIVE BACHELOR

(Continued from page 45)

matter to me where or how I lived, just as long as she was a success and had a good place to sleep in." As expected, eight months later, he got his call from Uncle Sam and moved again—this time into an Army barracks at Fort Ord which, to him, was paradise. Unlike what he had anticipated, the Army provided him with the best living accommodations he had enjoyed so far. After basic training, he was assigned to Special Services and even received complete quarters for the camp. For the time being, at least, David had a "permanent" job and home.

When he got out of the service in 1954, the movietown clippings were still around U-I was still in force, but the poorly furnished bachelor apartment he rented in North Hollywood was just another place to hang his hat. And when U-I didn't renew his option, and his funds took a downward dive, he moved back in with his parents. Not until Richard Diamond Private Detective promised him the first degree of security, did he dare take a chance to look for the kind of place he had dreamed about all his life—a place of his own, furnished according to his own taste. He was at least as ready, if not more, of easily, yet big enough to entertain in.

He discovered what he was looking for through his friends, Dick and Mara Long, who told him about a small inn outside of Los Angeles. English Tudor country house they were living in, which had been converted into two apartments. Here David found an attractive living room with fireplace and bar stools, a kitchen half a floor up, a bedroom a floor above that, and a walk-up bath another half-flight up.

For David, who was not known to be difficult for David—who, conveniently enough, happens to be going with a pretty interior décor- tor. The result is a symphony of charm and comfort. The apartment is a dream. So much so, in fact, that David insists: "I can't afford to get married. After all the work I've gone through finding a place of my own and fixing it up, I don't want to start all over again with a new woman who's going to change it all again." Then, with a grin, "And I haven't met a woman yet who didn't want to change something!" And that's why David suggested David's reluctance to give up his bachelor- hood. It's based on more than a desire to enjoy his newly furnished home. He remembers all too well the day he almost lost it. While stationed at Fort Ord, he fell in love with a very beautiful young Service Club hostess. They went steady and, after a few weeks, became engaged. When David was discharged, she had everything a man would want in a woman—except one thing: An understanding of his profession. When he talked about life in the service, small things, about the mere thought of having to adjust herself to the hours, the people, their interests. She never openly objected or criticized David, and he never felt that they would really share their future together, the more he realized the potential mistake of including her in it, and so did she. They agreed to call off the engagement.

Curiously enough, it was more than this
lovely girl's inability to adjust herself to his kind of life that worried David. Now, he suddenly realized that he wasn't ready to settle down. For him, marriage used to be synonymous with having a home of his own. The thought of buying a piece of beautiful furniture now that he had a home, marriage was beginning to take on different proportions.

"I don't just want someone to fix my meals and keep my house," he insists. "It's a thrill to fix my own meals for a change—all the mistakes I make included—and a guy doesn't get married just to find company. What a gal wants is to be loved for herself, and not just for the fact that she can make life easier and more comfortable for me."

He's in no rush. Being completely on his own presents a number of challenges and thrills he wouldn't want to miss. Take cooking, for instance. While eating at diners in Maine, cafeterias in New York or inexpensive restaurants in Los Angeles, he always ordered the same type of meal, year in and year out. "Orange juice, a couple of scrambled eggs, toast and coffee," for instance, became such standard fare he never even asked for a breakfast menu. He became so indifferent to the food itself that it mattered precious little how it was prepared.

All changed the day he brought home his first frying pan. Suddenly he discovered that cooking, and eating, could be fun. And, if his tastes are somewhat extreme at times, it's due to the monotony of what he was used to here-tofore.

His first shopping trip to the Toluca Market was a typical example. After looking up and down the shelves for ten minutes, he selected an onion at the bottom of a bin of coffee and about fifteen pounds of yellow onions.

The checker stared at him in disbelief. "Are you going to buy all with all those onions?"

"Have them for breakfast," he replied. "You aren't serious," the other man gapped.

"Sure I am. French fried. Can you think of any reasons why I shouldn't?"

While some of David's choices are a bit more controversial, generally his style is characterized by its variety. He's so anxious to try out different foods that he seldom attempts the same dish twice. Now he's even reached a point where he wants to show off what he has done. So he has carefully chosen as guests only his closest friends—with good digestion. As two couples found out recently, they also need a more than adequate breathing system.

He had prepared what everyone had told him would be the easiest of all meals: Steaks. Barbecued steaks. When David first moved in, he had noticed the portable barbecue in the backyard. The next day, part of the party, he purchased charcoal, lighter fluid, special gloves, forks, spoons and paper plates—he admits the one facet of homemaking he enjoys is the washing dishes—and enough other equipment to supply a small store. Everything was prepared and ready for his skills when his friends arrived.

One look at the barbecue and Dick Long cried out, "You can't use that—it's rusted!"

David was in no mood to give up that easily. His fireplace in the living room had a barbecue fixture. If he couldn't have a barbecue outside, he'd do it in the house. . . . Fifteen minutes later, all the neighbors were running out of their houses because they thought David's home was on fire. Smoke was pouring out of every window.

"What do you suppose happened?" he asked Dick—who didn't have a solution. But another neighbor suggested: "I don't think that chimney has been swept since the house was built."

The next day, a sweeper was summoned and David is now looking forward to his second attempt at barbecuing.

The only real drawback to David's present way of life, he insists, has nothing to do with either his home or his bachelor status. "It's lack of time," he explained. "I'm grateful for the opportunity of appearing in a television series and wouldn't trade places with any one. But I wish I could participate in sports more than I am able to do now . . . ."

He used to play tennis before his accident, but since he couldn't compete, he prefers watching his new favorite sport, baseball. Last week, was over, a new photographer asked him to take one more jump across the ten-foot-high pole, to get a picture for the daily papers.

I must have been a ham already," David admits with a grin. "When I got off the ground, I became so preoccupied with this thing that I didn't watch my position. Instead of landing on my feet, I fell on my legs and cracked a knee in the process. That stopped my athletic career." It also kept him away from a number of athletic scholarships offered to him.

Luckily, he has recovered sufficiently so that he could take part in almost any sport he chooses.

One of the most enjoyable advantages of his present status is his ability to go out and buy practically anything he wants, without having to forego lunch for a week to save bus fare, as he did in New York.

David has always been conscious of money, both when he had it and when he didn't. But what he brings in today probably dates back to the indoctrination by his grandfather Meyer, on his father's side, who owned three liquor stores in Alma. Because his grandfather had a virtual monopoly on the liquor business in the small Nebraska town, potential competitors were always on the alert to find some excuse to close his stores—like catching him selling liquor to minors. But many occasions, David saw his grandfather demand proof of age from a customer.

Citizens of Alma still recall the afternoon a grizzled old miner walked into the store where Charlie Meyer had his business in the back room. "Can you help me, sonny?" he asked seven-year-old David, who was leaning against the counter, gawking sales pop.

David replied eagerly, although he'd never waited on anyone before. "What would you like?"

The miner pointed at a fifth of Bourbon.

"That one, sonny."

David looked at him uneasily. "That's liquor, sir."

"Of course, it's liquor. What do you think I want—milk?"

"I don't think so, sonny."

The miner then asked staunchly. "Are you over twenty-one?"

The miner laughed so hard that Grandfather Meyer promptly rushed out from the backroom. After completing the transaction, turning "a few dollars" right, he told him. Then, trying to keep a straight face, "You can never tell. If that beard had been pasted on, I might be a ruined man!"

So David has always been careful. But now Richard Diamond has put him on Easy Street, so far as expenditures are concerned. "That presents a challenge," he admits. "If I hadn't taken a business manager to keep me in check, I might be flat broke again."

But that's just about the only "obstacle" in the bachelor life of David Jansen.
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Cover portrait of Dick Clark courtesy of ABC-TV

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. Allow 1-2 weeks for change to be made. All other countries, $9.00 per year.

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Cover illustration by Gerald Leibowitz.
Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you cream hair away the beautiful way with Neet. New baby-pink Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach ... leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft.

And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair finally does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way Neet
Jim Walton was "just passing through"—but he stayed to wake up WHAS listeners and viewers to a Crusade for Children

Clothes make the man, but even in tweeds, Louisville's Jim Walton is a knight. Sterling in character, Jim bypassed the armor suit in the museum, buckled his heart to his shirt-sleeve, and led four children's crusades to victory over WHAS-TV and Radio. Probably unique in marathon programming, the sixteen-hour "expeditions" were goaded to aid the physically and mentally handicapped children of Kentucky and southern Indiana. "Four crusades," explains emcee Jim, "have touched the lives of more than 200,000 Kentuckiana children." And, be it known, raised over a half-million dollars. . . Come September, the fifth annual Crusade for Children will get underway. Live wire Jim will jam Memorial Auditorium with a huge studio audience, guest celebrities, social workers, educators, and the WHAS technical staff. On stage virtually the whole time, Jim breaks for a cup of milk now and then, and, on Sunday mornings, enjoys a shave and a change of clothes. The responsibility is grinding, but Jim insists: "If we've been granted the privilege well-being to do a show like that, it's up to us to do it." . . . With the exception of a three-year leave to serve overseas in Army Intelligence, Jim's been a shining light at WHAS since 1939. On his way to Peoria to audition for an announcing berth, Jim stopped off at Louisville to say hello to a fellow Floridian. In good time, as usual, he greeted sportscaster George Walsh (now program director) just thirteen minutes before a regular announcer was missing his spot announcement. Jim was hired. . . First drawing coast-to-coast notice as the romantic voice wafting poetry out over a late-evening 50,000-watt area, Jim drew a jumping audience for his afternoon Walton's Wax Works. It melted eight years ago, but Jim was quite a pitchman. He remembers one "loyal" letter: "I use all the products you advertise, so I know that Walton's Wax works. But where can I buy it?" . . . Currently, Jim's marked for the 6 a.m. farm-show commercials. From 7:30 to 9, he's Barker for Fun Fair, a cheerful, live-talent wake-up hour. Saturday, Jim invites his audience to participate via Coffee Call, a-brewing since '48, and about to klatsch with its 200,000th guest. Monday through Thursday at noon, there's a quarter-hour TV version of Fun Fair, and Wednesday afternoon, the kids all swing to Teen Time Dance Party. . . . Jim's from Newport, Kentucky, originally, but left for Florida at age five with his mom and dentist dad. Growing up in St. Petersburg, he made an enviable scholastic record, and planned to major in economics at the University of Florida. Jim worked part-time as a typist in the University's radio station, but became an announcer when his boss—deciding he couldn't take that hunt-and-peck stuff outside his door announced Jim as far away as possible, to the studios. That very day, Jim read a book review over the air: "Everglade Romance: A Tale of Alligators." Dumping the economics, Jim stayed on mike. . . Since it's Walton who wakes the farmers up, he wakes with their chickens. But he's careful not to disturb his city-slicker family at that hour. The five Waltons—Jim and Esther, Monnie, Connie, and Jim Jr.—live in a comfortable old home with twelve rooms and an elevator. Something of a handyman, Jim has his basement equipped with power tools and a model railroad. For a "knight without armor" like Jim, the fittings are a bit updated, but essentially he's right in his medieval element. Claiming that everyone talks about his home being his castle, Jim emphasizes: "When I say my home's a castle, I mean, 'My home is my castle.' No split-level dream, this! Crusader Jim Walton's stormed the battlements—of a life and a knight-worthy career.
Who's king of this castle? Genial Jim Sr. says there's no hierarchy—it's just that he always carves the meat. Above are, l. to r.—Jim Jr., 9; Monnie, 14; Connie, 11; and Jim's lovely wife Esther.

"Back of the moat," Jim bets knights of old never ate wienies like these.

Cub from Den 4, young Jim's "lion" appetite can't compare to "Silver's."
Bus-boy—then overnight song success. That’s Elvis’s story in his last pre-Army film hit, set in New Orleans night spots.

TV favorites on your theater screen

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

King Creole

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Elvis Presley does his strongest acting job so far, as a New Orleans kid who thinks you have to be tough to get ahead. His singing success finally entangles him with a gangster—and the gangster’s girl (Carolyn Jones). But sweet Dolores Hart stands by. There’s plenty of music as well as plot, the tempo shifting from folk song to rock to tender ballad. Elvis has given his fans a movie to remember him by during the coming two years.

No Time for Sergeants

WARNERS

While Private Presley goes his way in correct Army style, Private Will Stockdale again drives the Air Force crazy. This is Andy Griffith’s big role, seen in the Broadway hit—and before that in a TV version of the hilarious romp about the hillbilly who innocently breaks up military routine. Andy’s a lovable, laughable hero as the indestructible Will.

Gunman’s Walk

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Tab Hunter takes time out in this solid Western for one song, “I’m a Runaway,” and that’s a goofy barroom ballad. For Tab plays as ornery a polecat as you’ve ever met, a gun-happy youth who follows a path of increasing violence. Pop Van Heiflin, younger brother James Darren, half-Indian maiden Kathryn Grant—all get a pushing-around from Tab. Unsympathetic as his role is, he enjoys his first Hollywood chance to show the acting power he’s displayed on TV.

Kings Go Forth

UNITED ARTISTS

Back in Army uniform (as in his Oscar-winning “From Here to Eternity”), Frank Sinatra creates a deeply appealing character, a GI in France. Both he and pal Tony Curtis are attracted to Natalie Wood, beautiful American living abroad with her mother (Leora Dana). A crisis is reached when it’s revealed that Natalie’s late father was a Negro.

The Light in the Forest

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

Latest in the Disney-produced series of sagas on pioneer America, this pre-Revolutionary drama teams youthful James MacArthur and Carol Lynley. TV-trained, they scored together in a spring General Electric Theater show. Now Jim’s a boy captured in childhood by Delaware Indians and raised as a chief’s son. When a treaty forces his return to his white parents, he is homesick and rebellious. But Carol and scout Fess Parker befriend him and champion him against Indian-haters.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

This Happy Feeling (U-I; Cinemascope, Eastman Color) Bouncy light comedy casts Debbie Reynolds as a wide-eyed girl who develops a crush on boss Curt Jurgens, while young John Saxon woos her. It’s sexy but sweet.

Vertigo (Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor) In a creepy Hitchcock chiller, ex-detective James Stewart falls in love with Kim Novak. Believing her a suicide, he discovers her exact double (also Kim).

From Hell to Texas (20th; Cinemascope, De Luxe Color): Truly refreshing Western. Peaceable cowhand Don Murray kills a bully by accident. Diane Varsi helps him when he’s hunted down.
movies on TV

Showing this month

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (U.A.): Splendid film version of the adventure classic. As the most famous of castaways, Dan O'Herlihy makes you share each moment of solitude, desperation, peace or courage.


BROTHER RAT (Warner's): As cadets at Virginia Military Institute, youthful Ronald Reagan, Wayne Morris and Eddie Albert cavort through a lusty comedy. Jane Wyman, Priscilla Lane are co-heroines.


KON-TIKI (RKO): Unassuming and thoroughly authentic, this is the record of a recent real-life adventure. Thor Heyerdahl and fellow Scandinavians voyage by raft across the Pacific, to test a theory.

LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE (U.A.): Delightfully comic, deeply touching. Two Scottish orphans (Jon Whitely, Vincent Winter) go to live with their gruff grandpa on a Canada farm. Lonely for a pet, the small boys find—a baby!


NAVY BLUES (Warner's): Musical farce boasts a better than full house: A pair of queens (Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye) and four Jacks: Oakie and Haley are gobs who gamble on their ship's gunnery expert; Carson and Gleason have small roles.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS (Columbia): Excitement, color, sharp dialogue, expert acting. Flyer on a dangerous run in Latin America, Cary Grant loves showgirl Jean Arthur. Early hit for Rita Hayworth, in a minor but sexy role as wife of Richard Barthelmess, pilot with a past.

SECOND HONEYMOON (20th): Gay comedy of the screwball school confronts Loretta Young with a handsome problem (Ty Power). On a Florida honeymoon with the stuffy Lyle Talbot, Loretta again meets Ty, her devil-may-care first husband. Claire Trevor, Stuart Erwin lend support.

TENDER COMRADE (RKO): Oversentimental but often moving story of wives who share a house while their husbands fight in World War II. The romance of Ginger Rogers and Robert Ryan is shown in a series of flashbacks.

WITNESS TO MURDER (U.A.): In a tension-packed suspense film, Barbara Stanwyck happens to see a murder committed by George Sanders—who convinces the police that she isn't sane. Detective Gary Merrill is skeptical but sympathetic.

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

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath for times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine
...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath
WHAT'S NEW
ON THE EAST COAST

Newlyweds Bobbie and Jack Linkletter are summering in New York. He's emcee of Haggis Baggis, but only at night. The daytime version competes with his dad.

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 10

Mary and Peter Lind Hayes have two hits—one on radio, one on Broadway.

By PETER ABBOTT

Dimples & Dumplings: Ed Sullivan's first two shows in July originate from The Desert Inn, Las Vegas, and, believe it or not, Ed himself will sing. . . . In N.Y.C. or L.A., Thin Men's Phyllis Kirk prefers the present laughter of comedian Mort Sahl. . . . Pat Boone, now in Hollywood filming "Mardi Gras," will definitely do next season's TV show out of New York. Chief reason: He's planning on intensive dramatic study at the Neighborhood Playhouse. . . . TV whodunit, Richard Diamond Private Detective, about to become a corpse. . . . Andy Williams reports honest-to-goodness overhearing a customer in a Manhattan greeting-card store asking for a sympathy card for a friend whose TV set was on the blink. And they had one. . . . Betty Johnson, dimples and all, heads for Atlanta next month to star in musical, "Wish You Were Here." . . . The new Garry Moore Show comes on in the fall, Tuesdays, 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. Where The $64,000 Question will go is unknown. . . . There seems to be a shift of policy regarding the decision that Garry will not take any of his old buddies into night-time. Strong possibility now is that Durward Kirby will go along as chief announcer. . . . Dept. of Linkletter vs. Small Fry: Art: What upsets your father? SF.: He has to do errands. Art: What upsets your mother? SF.: He doesn't do them.

Big, Bold Men: The cowboys thundered into Manhattan. Zorro's Guy Williams modestly disclaimed being athletic, then walked reporters through Central Park at such a pace that they had nothing but sweat to show their editors. . . . Maverick sibling Jack Kelly, on the other hand, stretched out in his hotel suite and talked blissfully of his marriage to May Wynn and of the wonders of love, love, love. . . . The Californian, Dick Coogan, coming on strong with a year's renewal, came into N. Y. C. with a grin. A husband
Lander's Great New Chlorophyll Roll-On

 NOW 39c

DOLLARS CAN'T BUY A BETTER, SAFER, NICER ROLL-ON DEODORANT

- Rolls on Instantly • Protects All Day

Lander's New Chlorophyll Stick Deodorant...loved by millions because it's so reliable 29c...and so thrifty!

and father of a nine-year-old, he first talked about juvenile delinquency—his own: “It was confined to junior high school but the school principal was good enough and smart enough to pull me out of it.” He set Dick to work on chapel entertainment, which led to a dramatic scholarship and acting career, but there is still some of the daredevil in Coogan’s make-up. He likes to drive fast, sail on the ocean and does all the trick-riding on his show. The last worries his wife Gay, who doesn’t worry about their son being exposed to the violence of TV Westerns. “Rickey accepts the Westerns as make-believe, just another game of cowboys and Indians. On the other hand, he has stopped watching one outdoor ‘juvenile’ series because it disturbs him to see painful things happen to nice people and nice animals. The realism of most children-and-animal shows affects him emotionally. The Westerns just make him noisy.”

Send Me A Signal: Sinatra show definitely off next season. But if he and Lauren Bacall should decide to marry—and do it on TV—it would be the spectacular of the year. . . . Over 50% of the past season’s new shows flopped . . . Maverick will be seen on an additional 28 stations come fall . . . Loretta Young perked up June in Manhattan by coming in to town for her son Christopher’s graduation . . . Lowell Thomas celebrated his 15,000th newscast and it took only 29 years . . . Full page New York Times ad announced a new fall series, Men Without A Gun. However, just so no one would get the wrong idea, there was a photo of two men in a violent fight . . . NBC-TV telecasts the All-Star Baseball Game on July 8. Good chance next summer will see the Yankee games on a network schedule . . . Young Dr. Malone now in its 20th year on radio, which should make the young Doc close to fifty . . . If you visit N. Y. C.

Now that he’s The Californian on TV, Gay and Dick Coogan live there.

With two local Emmys, Shari Lewis tries for network kudos next season.

this summer, please to hear that Arlene Francis has been named official hostess for the city’s Summer Festival. TV-wise, Arlene has a situation-comedy series up for sale. In August, she goes into rehearsal with Joseph Cotten in a new Broadway play, “Once More With Feeling,” co-produced by her husband Martin Gabel. At the moment, Arlene is relaxing at her Mount Kisco summer place with Martin and their eleven-year-old son, Peter.

TV in Hi-Fi: While Mr. Saturday Night fishes off the Florida coast, you can hear high-fidelity echoes of Perry in a new Victor album “Saturday Night with Mr. C.” Como comes on with 18 songs, assisted by the Ray Charles Singers and Mitch Ayres’ band.

When Uncle Miltie returns with his new variety show this fall, he will be featuring Louis Prima and Keely Smith, who won the National Academy of Music Arts TV Award as “TV’s most promising new personalities of 1958.” For a preview of these bombastic entertainers, their new Capitol album is highly recommended. Title: “Las Vegas — Prima Style.” This is music at its fun-best . . . Colorful, powerful big-band jazz is represented by Stan Kenton in Capitol’s “Back to Balboa.” In between a packed schedule of TV shows, Kenton produced this package on location at the Rendezvous in Balboa, where his broadcasts originate, and the acoustics make this a live disc . . . Few singers perform hymns with as much reverence as Ernie Ford. His new Capitol “Nearer the Cross” is particularly recommended for its deep feeling . . . Is your blood tired? Then try Coral’s “Dody Goodman Sings?” Well, does she? Dody says no, but this has very funny stuff featuring such dizzy ditties as “April in Fairbanks” and “Pneumatic Drill.” . . . One of our all-time romantic baritones, Lanny Ross, now opening his 25th show-biz anniversary (Continued on page 13)
Emcee Bill Leyden is a valuable—and heavily insured—property to NBC. TV "career" ups Ann Sothern from Private Secretary to a hotel exec.

Tommy Sands and Pat Mitchell hand-in-handing it at Phil Harris's Hollywood Boulevard Record Shop. Phil's swingin' turntable is now the rendezvous for Hollywood's younger set. . . . Tommy's gal fans are still screaming about the crewcut he is wearing this summer for his role with Pat Boone and Gary Crosby in 20th's "Mardi Gras." . . . There'll be a Tommy Sands Night at the Hollywood Bowl in August. Some twenty-odd years ago, it was Bill Lennon Night at the Bowl. Boy singer Bill later went on to father the famous Lennon Sisters—and six other youngsters just as talented. Wonder if anything like that is in store for Tommy? . . . Dwayne Hickman and Celeste Shane at the Avant Garde in Hollywood. Dwayne and his brother Darryl will take a real swinging nightclub act on the road this summer. . . . Recession not affecting TV. Summer show budgets higher than ever. Then Westinghouse, after taking Studio One to the West Coast for public burial, gave Desilu twelve million to fill its hour next season with 48 new shows. Desi Arnaz will host on the Desilu Playhouse. Once a month or so, he and Lucy will appear in special shows.

Radio, getting bigger muscles every day, reclaims Tennessee Ernie Ford on the CBS network Ford Road Show for a daily fifteen-minute songfest with old friends Molly Bee, Doris Drew and the music of Jack Fascinato—as of July 1. . . . Art Linkletter's associate producer, Irv Atkins, will be tagged exec-producer on his own Bid Or Buy show, to preem on CBS-TV as this summer's replacement for The $64,000 Challenge. Dean Miller is the emcee and will beam live from Hollywood.

Art, meanwhile, will be reading scripts for his next G. E. Theater appearance. Wants to do both a mystery (the inspector) and a Western (the good guy). Meanwhile, back at the studio, Art has celebrated his 25th year in the radio and TV industry. Which is no mystery to us, as he really is one of TV's good guys.

From a good guy to a bad guy: Rick Nelson makes the transition in one fast draw in his newest venture—as the gunslinger in the John Wayne-Walter Brennan-Ward Bond pic, "Rio Bravo." Bets were on Wayne when the cast and crew laughed it up in a mock fast-draw contest between John and Rick—Rick won. Bets were on Rick when Wayne pulled out a guitar one evening as Rick entertained the crew with a song—but Wayne surprised them all with his fancy plucking. . . . Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, meanwhile, are back at the studio pecking out a pretty mean tune of their own. Their first new album in years—titled "Ozzie and Harriet" (what else?)—is filled with oldies—but-goodies. Rick thinks his folks' album is the most . . . Speaking of the most, Lawrence Welk thinks that young Pat Lennon, who made a recent guest appearance on the Saturday-night show, has great potential talent. After Pat's appearance, Lawrence sent him a fan letter: "Dear Pat"—it read—"Thank you for appea-
Recession? Lucy and Desi Arnaz haven't noticed. They've just signed a twelve-million-dollar deal with Westinghouse. Desi's patches are strictly for laughs.

ing on my show. We enjoyed you so much and I am enclosing your 'payment.' A fifty-dollar and seventy-five-dollar bond were enclosed—which Daddy Bill and "Sis" Lemon hadn't expected. Said Bill, "Now those are the kinds of fans you can really appreciate!" . . . Pat's sister Diane (Dede) is not so happy these days—beau Dick Gass went into the Army a couple of weeks ago, will be gone two years. The boys in the band made up a calender for Dede which is hanging on the back porch. Each square represents one day, and the boys wrote a small note on each day—example, "Boo-hoo, Dede—you'll be smiling again if you don't count the days." Everyone in the family thinks highly of Dick—they should, he was a high-wire man for the telephone company.

Gisele MacKenzie and her husband Bob Shuttleworth are taking a belated honeymoon, via shipboard, to Europe. "Gisele has just completed a strenuous TV season," says Bob, "and a tough singing schedule in 'The King and I.' Now I'm taking my 'Queen and I' off to Europe for a rest." . . . Waiting for the option to be picked up can be pretty deadly, but there are always those folks who, in the meantime, go out and do things about it. Take Harry Von Zell of the Burns And Allen Show. He wrote a Western which he promptly sold to Wagon Train, under the title, "Doctor Willoughby's Story." This is Harry's first sale to TV, and he says, "I'm only afraid George will learn I can write—before long, I may be working twice as hard."

Clint Walker and his wife are picnicking off a large rock in the Mojave Desert. Clint, big as a horse and just as stubborn, is not signing on for any more Cheyenne's unless Warner Bros. lets him do featurepix. He's saved up $20,000, and will live off the desert, prospecting for gold and uranium. He's already got a poke full of gold dust to prove it can be done. . . . Meanwhile, back at the studio, Clint's sidekick, Will Hutchins, bought one of Clint's two Vespa motor scooters, has taken to chompin' on protein pills as much as his hero. Will gulps down sunflower seeds (Continued on page 15)
The city that put America on wheels gave it a song to roll by. Detroit “makes way for youth” over WJR and the CBS network

Director Don believes in lots of theory (right), brings training class and performing chorus up to the pitch of perfection.

**MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH**

They sing the tune of the poet’s dream, and achieve a musician’s exacting reality. Detroit’s 60-voice “Youth” chorus—a “teenager” itself—come September, when it starts its thirteenth year of broadcasting—has been creative of top choral excellence all along its way. Heard over WJR and the CBS Radio network, Make Way For Youth maintains community prestige as high as its musical standards. But the pitch piped from Detroit rings ’round the world. Part of Voice of America’s Far Eastern program, “Youth” is highly commended for its job of uniting youngsters of un-common background in the common bond of song. . . . Goals for the group were, from the beginning, as much social as musical. In 1946, WJR’s musical director, Don Large, sent out a call for talent as his part of a community effort to combat delinquency. Eighty youngsters were chosen for Don’s voice-training “clinic” and radio chorus. Since then, some 2,000 boys and girls meeting “Youth’s” high requirements of “ear” and musicianship have raised their voices to the airwaves and earned a musical education. . . . Many have put it to professional use: The Spellbinders, for example, need no introduction. Pretty alumna Maureen Bailey has been featured on the Robert Q. Lewis Show. Others have gone into teaching or choral conducting. Al Bruner, a young Canadian chorister, used to hitch-hike from his hometown of Leamington, Ontario, to the twice-weekly rehearsals in Detroit. Graduating to a touring spot with Wayne King, he tenor-soloed at WJR, and now sings and sells time for his own station, CJSP in Leamington. “Our graduates,” says Don, “do not stop singing when school days end.” . . . Don was born in Owen Sound, Ontario. His tenor dad was well-known throughout the Dominion, and Don himself started in radio as a tenor soloist at WJR. Married and father of two teenagers, at last countdown the “Youth” director was holding the musical beat firmly against the rock—both on the home front and on the air. . . . Explaining “Youth’s” perfectionism, Don is casual: “Anyone gets bored quickly with a carelessly done job.” But he’s convinced the group’s objectives are being met in manifold: “Besides getting an education in music,” says their founder and director, “the youngsters are learning a lot about getting along with people.”
on CBS, has cut a new album under the Design label, "Silver Sounds of Lanny Ross."

Two Talent Scouts Alumnae: In 1950, Denise Lor appeared on the Godfrey show, then followed it up with an eight-year engagement with Garry Moore. Today she is on her own. "I'll never do another show like Garry's. After eight years, you've had it. Just as Garry has, I gave all I could to morning television and I'm ready to move on." For summer, she is booked for clubs and a musical. Her press agent said she was becoming sexy. Denise, bored by the project, said, "With Garry, I was more often dressed in galoshes and had blacked-out teeth for comedy skits. In a club, you've got to look pretty. That's all it amounts to." Denise is looking trimmer. "I've lost 15 pounds, which I could never do on the Moore show. Every day, I'd think about dieting but put it off. Maybe it was too much security." . . . A Talent Scouts winner of 1951, Shari Lewis hopes to make her network debut this fall. This past spring she won two Emmy Awards. She was named New York's most outstanding personality and her local NBC-TV show was selected as the best children's program. These are not slight honors in a city that boasts seven competing stations with some of the world's best talents. Shari, a beautiful redhead, performed for the first time on TV, pulling a rabbit from a hat. Her mother is a public-school principal and her father is a university professor in child guidance: "But I was monstrously spoiled as a child." Yet she admits that her date of birth was lucky: "If I'd been born ten years earlier, I wouldn't be on TV." She is such a magnificently charming puppeteer that one N.Y. critic complained that her talents were wasted on children. They aren't wasted. The children are enthralled. One child wrote, "I don't have a mommy and wish you would be mine." A five-year-old's mother wrote, "Mine is a tough guy, but so worried about your taking your vitamins . . . He keeps a picture of you over the bed, which he turns to the wall when he gets into his pajamas." If you want to delight your children, note that Victor has recorded Shari's magic in a album titled "Fun in Shari-land."

Chit, Chic, Chat: Nick Todd, while sweating out his Army call, finds comfort in the company of Victor's teen-age singing star, Jennie Smith. . . . Most compatible marriage: Ed Murrow now sponsored by cigarette maker. . . . More fact than fiction is "Rock," starring Julius La Rosa. Story of a ballad singer who is persuaded to sing rock 'n roll although he dislikes it. And Julie really dislikes it. It's not such an earthshaking fact when you consider that Dick Clark, rock 'n roll's top TV exponent, has a collection of some 500 jazz records in his home, but nary a rock 'n roll disc . . . Educators now doubt usefulness of TV as an educational aid in schools, based on recent experiments. . . . One of Paar's favorite singers, Diahann Carroll, off TV temporarily to make movie, "Porgy and Bess," but Hollywood is up to its old tricks. Diahann will have her songs dubbed in by another. . . . Peter Lind Hayes has terminated his contract as Godfrey's pinch-hitter. All amicable. Peter and Mary are just too busy with their Broadway hit and CBS radio program. Mary, noting that both their play and radio show are set in a living room, says, "Peter is rapidly becoming a wall-to-wall ham." . . . Jack Linkletter and bride Bobbie are living in New York for the summer whilst he emcees the night-time version of Haggis Baggis, new NBC-TV quiz show. Jack would have loved to do the daytime version, too, but found out it was scheduled to be seen opposite his dad's House Party show on CBS.

Rex Is King: Dean of TV's commercial announcers, Rex Marshall has put in ten years of mouthing for sponsors and has nothing to show for it except a $3,000 weekly income. "I don't like to talk about money, but everyone else tells me exactly how much I'm making so it couldn't be much of a secret." A genteel, erudite man, he highly recommends a career in commercial announcing although the life must, by necessity, be dull: "Sponsors don't want a representative who makes the gossip columns." But "dull" isn't hard to take when it includes a beautiful home, a lovely wife and three bright children. And Rex made it the hard way. After high-school graduation, Rex went out on his own with a $2.47 stake. He put in some ten years in radio before the TV break came. He has carried the commercial announcer's prestige to the point where he now works under one-year and two-year contracts for sponsors. He says, "If I had it all to do over again, I think I'd do it all over again."

Rock & Reel: Famed Firestone Hour returns for its 31st season with new format. One evening the music will be all classical, the next, semi-classical and the third, popular. But no rock 'n roll. . . . Climax! cancelled for summer, but Chrysler would like to bring it back in the fall on another network. If CBS will sell the title. . . . End of season found Maverick, Sullivan and Allen finishing in that order, but neck and neck. Steve's ego slightly hurt with temporary loss of three out of four sponsors, but he'll definitely be back in the fight next fall. . . . Como finished so strong that, as far back as April, he was completely sold out for the '58-'59 season. . . . Sallie Blair sizzles on Sullivan's show July 6 . . . Absolutely untrue: That there will be a new fall show, Divorce, in which unhappy wives present their grievances and win a trip to Reno, plus a millionaire Texan.
THE RECORD PLAYERS

This space rotates among Joe Finan of KYW, Torey Southwick of KMBC, Gordon Eaton of WCCO, and Josh Brady of WBBM

There's a "new" June Valli—and deejay Josh Brady likes the sound.

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

By JOSH BRADY

I GUESS THAT, of all the reasons a star becomes a star, the one that crops up most often is that of being in the right place at the right time. So it was with June Valli.

Her big break came when she was just out of high school and working as a bookkeeper. June's mother and dad were supposed to attend a neighborhood wedding when mother became ill and couldn't attend. It was decided that June should go to the wedding so that the family would be represented. This was the time and the place.

It was at this wedding that some of June's friends suggested that she sing a song for the bride and groom. At this stage of June's young life, she had no illusions of being a singer. In fact, the only song she knew was not exactly appropriate for the occasion. It was a song she had learned by singing along with a record. But we've all been in a similar spot—it's like a wiseacre nominating you for secretary of the club. Everybody thinks it's a good idea, and just try and get out of it.

Fortunately, June couldn't get out of it, and she sang "Stormy Weather," just for kicks. Well, it so happened that in the group of wedding guests was a man with a pretty good musical ear. He turned out to be Abe Burrows' uncle. At any rate, he liked June's voice and arranged for her to audition for the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts show, which she won on June 15, 1951.

After that, June was swept off her feet with offers to appear on most of the big radio and TV shows in town. In March of that year, she signed her first recording contract, with RCA Victor. Then she replaced Kay Armen on Stop The Music. And we all recall June's performances on Your Hit Parade, in '52 and '53.

June's big record, which reached the million mark in sales, was "Crying in the Chapel." There have been no really big ones since then. Of late, June has been playing the clubs with a nifty act that was choreographed by Louis Da Fron of the Perry Como show. Perry, by the way, has been an idol of June's since she was president of his fan club, back when she was attending Washington Irving High School in Manhattan.

At this writing, June is very serious about getting out a new record that will be another big seller. How serious is this five-foot, hazel-eyed cutie with the dark-brown hair? Well, she's got a new road manager, and an efficient one, Eddie Matthews. She has switched to a new record label, Mercury, and to the William Morris Agency. With material so important in pushing a tune through the maelstrom of labels and artists that actually clutters the deejay's desk these days, June looks forward to the able assistance of Mercury boss Art Talmadge in finding the answer. "With Mr. Talmadge it's not a question of 'You do this record, period.' He gives me the chance to sing it to see if it fits my style and to get my reaction," says June. "However, if Mr. Talmadge is really sold on a tune, it's usually a good one and I'll take his word for it."

What does June think of rock 'n' roll? Well, June likes all music as far as listening. For singing, she likes the ballads. However, she doesn't like to see one type of song corner the whole market, as it seems rock 'n' roll did for a spell. According to June Valli, there is room for all types of music. "And there is nothing wrong with country music, either," she adds. "We adapt many of our so-called popular tunes from country music."

She recalls that her big one, "Crying in the Chapel," was a country tune originally. June is coming back strong with a little change in her style on her new ballads for the Mercury people. "You may notice," she says, "that I'll be a little more intense in my delivery."

As the song goes, there is another time and another place. And instead of somebody's uncle, you may be the judge.
like they were raisings (he eats those, too) and braga the protein pills pep him up for the heavy scenes.

Watch for John Russell, one of the most photogenic faces in Hollywood, starring in the new Lawman series. John could be the biggest thing in TV since Clint Walker and Jim Garner hit the tubes. The new format, which change this season, be ABC-TV's Tales Of Frankenstein. We've had 'adult' Westerns—now we've got 'adult' horror. Just what we need. This Is Your Life, for the first time in its history, will not do summer repeats. It's being replaced by Ralph Edwards' It Could Be You, starring Bill Leyden. Bill's hobby is sports-car racing, and he'll fly all the way to Hawaii to enter a good race. Ralph's attitude toward his fast talkin', fast movin' emcee: "NBC has him insured for $50,000—I hope they never collect." Edwards is also producing Fast Money, a fast moving quizzer with comic-actor Richard Llewellyn emceeing. Ralph heard Richard doing a simple radio commercial, liked his speed and style, hired him when he saw his smile. That's how stars are born.

Ed Wynn has begun his new series at Screen Gems, called The Ed Wynn Show, featuring him as the guardian of two teen-age kids in a light domestic comedy. Ed will continue to do dramatic roles on the outside. New faces on the Walt Disney lot include Tom Tryon. Walt has chosen Tom to do eight one-hour John Slaughter pix next season. Also, Ralph Brand, the Squaw, will play the gimlet-eyed Sheriff of Tombstone, Arizona, one of the most feared lawmen of the Old West. Also included in Mr. Disney's plans is a series built around the fabled "Nine Lives of Elfego Baca"--a fast-drawing New Mexico, San Antonio, El Paso, Texas, from the Zorro series, may get the lead. Ann Sothern and daughter, touring the Desilu lot, where Ann is making her new series, were pleased to learn that her new show was sold to its new sponsor in record time—26 minutes—just long enough to run the pilot film. Annie will move up from a Private Secretary to the role of assistant manager of a smart New York hotel. Desi Arnaz is moving up in class, too—he's now the owner of a really high-priced stable. But it's costing him money. Last season he bought a colt, later turned into a great horse which has won his heart. When "Darlin" works out, Desi leaves his conference table. Desi has always been the kind of guy that couldn't be pulled away from work by anything except horses. The format of The Walter Winchell Puzzle show this month will include more footage of Walter as an actor. As a young newshound, Walter risked his neck to gather the raw material this series is built on. Now he has to go through double jeopardy to put same on film—but that's Hollywood.

New shows: The Texan, starring Rory Calhoun . . . Dead Or Alive, starring Steve McQueen . . . and Public Enemy, starring Frank Gifford. They all add up to next season's line up. Speaking of Lineup, Tom Tully, from this well-known CBS show, was finishing the last scene of the series one day last week and was anxious to make a fast getaway to his planned fishing vacation. Producer del Vallee practical joke, handcuffed Tom in the scene to a pretty blond actress he was holding under arrest. Then del Vallee claimed he'd lost the key! Tom, afraid the girl would have to go with him on the train to San Francisco, stood anxiously watching the time for fifteen minutes. Del Vallee finally admitted the hoax, produced the key and released Tom—in plenty of time for him to make his train. "But you know," said Tom, "she was a very pretty girl—and I really didn't mind." Agent Lilian Small is decorating Nanette Fabray's nursery in yellow and purple—because they naturally don't know if the baby will be a boy or girl and Nan wants to get the work done before the September arrival. Nanette, who will be almost 38 when her first baby is born, is eagerly looking forward to it and will probably stay off TV for some time to devote full time to having a really happy, healthy child.

Gale Storm, recuperating in Jamaica with husband Lee Bonnell and her three boys, has left her daughterSusanna with mother during the vacation. Gale's major abdominal surgery left her somewhat weak, but she is putting on weight now and will be ready soon to do the next thirty-nine Oh! Susanna shows—to make a total of 130 consecutive weeks for her new show. Myron Floren, adept accordionist on the Welk shows, and press agent Ralph Partner has been chosen to take "Peter and the Polka," which the Lennon Sisters hope to make into a big hit. Lawrence Welk fans across the country are already planning their vacations so that they can be in Southern California in August, when Lawrence throws his annual fan club picnic. Last year 5,000 showed up—and Mr. Welk picked up the tab. That's a lot of sardine sandwiches. Fortunately, Mrs. Welk doesn't have to make them—tis a catered affair.

Shirley Temple will be playing Christmas in July when she films her Mother Goose show this month which will be seen Dec. 21. Shirley would like to do pictures, but as yet she says she hasn't founded any way to do one in two days. That's what it takes to film one of her TV shows and she doesn't want to stay away from her family any longer than that. She's not averse to having the children in pictures, either—in fact, the youngest will probably be in this month's filming. Tennessee Ernie Ford looking for a Broadway musical. He's also producing his own summer replacement, Buckskin. Jeff Donnell hoping to marry soon. That's it from the West Coast.
In New York, Randy and Evelyn were Minnesota boosters. Daughter Sue has her own home now; sons Tom and Mike have a "contract."

**THE HEART IS HOME**

Randy Merriman's home again, on

**WCCO-TV**, after the "longest darn audition"— six great years on **The Big Payoff**

With a grin, Randy Merriman presented his ticket to the train conductor. The conductor returned the grin for two reasons. Firstly, he recognized Randy as the fellow who'd been on coast-to-coast view on **The Big Payoff**. And, secondly, he noticed that the ticket was some six years old. . . . When Randy left the Twin Cities area for New York, he bought a round-trip ticket. During the time that he clung to the return half, he was on **The Big Payoff**. "We're the only show," its producers would say, "with a permanently built-in chamber of commerce. Randy never misses a chance to talk about Minnesota." This winter, Randy resigned his emcee spot on the program, "to do some of the things I've always wanted to do, but never had the time to do." . . . High on the list was his return to Minneapolis. "My roots always have been in Minnesota and I never had the feeling that I had left it on a permanent basis," says Randy. "Actually, I have just completed a six-year audition on two major networks to qualify for the exacting demands of WCCO-TV." . . . Having passed the "audition," he now presents **The Randy Merriman Show** on Channel 4, each Tuesday and Thursday at 2 P.M. The audiencemembership show originates from the auditorium of Dayton's department store in Minneapolis, where 250 people gather for fun, prizes and a chance for a "live" look at Randy and his "Money Machine." Coincidentally, for two days the show displaces **The Big Payoff**, which is seen in Minneapolis-St. Paul on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. . . . Bred in Minneapolis, Randy was ten when he produced and performed in his own back-yard circus, using real paint for the clown faces. "I failed on every attempt to qualify for a part in the school plays," he admits. "Then, I ran away from high school to join the Ringling Bros. circus. Later, I came back to finish school, and I don't recommend the running-away as a course of action to present high-school students." After high school, Randy hit the vaudeville and nightclub road, marrying a pretty blond comedienne, Evelyn, on the way. He started in radio as an emcee and deejay in 1941. . . . Randy and Evelyn have three children: Michael, who's now 16; Tom, who's 12; and daughter Sue, who has presented them with two grandchildren. They're planning a new suburban home, to be called "El Rancho Randy." "One of the commitments I made to the boys was that, when we moved to Minnesota, they could have two dogs and one horse," Randy smiles. "That was one of their bargaining points in our new family contract." As to Randy's own contract with WCCO Radio and TV, it includes that best "bargain" in the whole world—and that's home.
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Now—enjoy twice the convenience, twice the ease, in restoring softness to wash-hardened clothes, with this marvelous washday twosome. The Lady Kenmore features an exclusive, self-cleaning lint filter . . . all-porcelain finish inside and out . . . and, a dispenser that adds Sta-Puf automatically to the final rinse cycle. Just pour Sta-Puf Rinse into the dispenser, set the new "programmed" dials, and Lady Kenmore does the rest automatically . . . no lint filter to clean, no washing speeds or water temperatures to worry about, no wondering which rinse temperature is right.

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Visit your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office . . . get a generous 8-ounce sample of Sta-Puf and see the beautiful new Lady Kenmore.
Sweet Smell of Talent

Would you please give me some information on Tony Dow, Wally on Leave It To Beaver?

L. S., Wayne, Michigan

For all of his twelve years, the Van Nuys, California boy had been under the noses of producers. But it took the initiative of an actor friend of the family to put the scents on the scent. He brought Tony Dow to the audition set of Leave It To Beaver, where the lad impressed everyone thoroughly—and walked off with the part of Wally Cleaver. . . Tony’s mother had been a Mack Sennett beauty; his brother Dion, now a psychologist, had an early fling at the movies. Tony himself had acted in two pilot films for the projected Johnny Wildlife series, but he was in no sense a “professional” child. “Everything’s pretty much the same,” says he, “since I started working in Beaver.” So much the same, in fact, that it was several months before his friends even knew he was the ubiquitous Beaver’s brother and co-conspirator.

The blue-eyed hundred-pounder is a talented swimmer, gymnast, and player of chess and two musical instruments. According to one admirer, Tony is “a genius of coordination.” Speaking for himself, Tony says he likes acting, but has another, less certain ambition, as well: “If I could sing.” Tony muses, “I’d like to. . . but I can’t.”

Shipshape Sheriff

I would like to know something about John Bromfield, Sheriff Of Cochise.

M. R., Wausau, Wis.

John Bromfield is shipshape for the rough-and-tumble action required by his Sheriff duties. While a senior at St. Mary’s College in California, John was lightweight intercollegiate boxing champ, and also played right end on the football team—never missing a pass in four school years. Indiana-bred and California-bred. John was a Navy man during the war. Afterwards, he kept his sea legs in stride with summer tuna-fishing jobs. Spotted by a movie scout, John was turned from his plan to become an athletic coach. His film debut in “Harpoon” required six months of location work in Alaska, where John learned the Eskimo trade of harpoon-whaling. On his return, he was initiated into the Whaling Society of New Bedford (Mass.) as one of its youngest members. . . John went on to harpoon some choice roles in “Sorry, Wrong Number” and “Easy to Love,” and then netted the Cochise assignment for TV. . . Thirty-six years old, John is a crack shot and excellent horseman. He is married to Larri Thomas of “Guys and Dolls” fame, and they make their home in Hollywood. John is still very much a fisherman, enjoying nothing so much as hitting the surf, of a weekend, with rod, reel, and a protective coat of Cochise desert tan.

He Acts His Age

Please write something about George Sanders, who guested on The Perry Como Show. I didn’t know he was a singer.

O. L., Sedalia, Mo.

George Sanders likes his privacy like any man. But one thing he doesn’t mind who knows is his birth statistic. He was born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Russia, in 1906, of English parents. As schoolboys, he and elder brother—actor Tom Conway—spoke both English and Russian, and learned foundations of several other languages as well. At the time of the Revolution, the family was forced to flee the Reds. Back in England, George finished his schooling, went into textile research, and then in an adventurous spirit, headed for South America on a tobacco venture. . . The Depression having brought the aromatic blend to an end, George found himself back in England—and unemployed. An uncle suggested he try show business, so George, ready for anything, trained his voice and brushed up his piano and sax. He landed a small singing part in “Ballyhoo,” progressing brilliantly from there—understudying Noel Coward in “Conversation Piece,” and starring in several British films. . . Arriving in Hollywood, George made hits of “Lloyds of London,” “Rebecca,” and “The Lodger.” Fans of these piz would never have known he’d got his start as a singer. Lately, George has been getting back to it, via television. He’s guested with Ed Sullivan and Perry Como. He’s most famous, of course, for his TV series, The George Sanders Mystery Theater. . . Sanders (pronounced in England, to rhyme with “launders”) is a large, well-built man of 6’3” and 215 pounds. He is an able swimmer, likes travel, FM radio, and lots of sleep. He is “not 39”—and “glad of it.” George feels it’s very nice to relax and act his age, without having to “pretend all my life to a romantic 39.”

Calling All Fans

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

Kelo Henderson Fan Club, Pearl Owens, 1042 Yuba St., Aurora, Colo.

Marjorie Lord Fan Club, Nadine Schiern, 1207 S. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Rocky Rockwell Fan Club, Patricia Young, 1018 West 38th St., Baltimore 11, Md.

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.
You saw them there... waltzing to the music of a cab radio. Or maybe it was a dream... *their* dream. But for a moment you shared it on **WHISPERING STREETS**. For this new radio drama takes you wherever life leads, makes you part of the people you meet on the way. Each day, as only she can, **BETTE DAVIS** story on Whispering Streets. Join her. Monday through Friday on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**. CHECK YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION.
The tall youth loped across the parking lot outside the WFIL studios in Philadelphia to intercept Dick Clark as he stepped out of his station wagon. Gilbert Martinez, age sixteen, had an urgency born of disappointment. The doorman had turned him away from American Bandstand. But he approached Clark with the confidence of one asking a favor of an old friend. "Hi, Dick, how's about getting me into the show?"

Dick never before had laid eyes on Gilbert, but he understood the situation. Through watching the program, Gilbert
felt he knew Dick and assumed Dick should know him. Dick accepted him on his own terms. "We're filled up, I take it?" Gilbert nodded. "And you've come quite a distance?"

"From Bethlehem," said the boy, meaning Pennsylvania, not the Holy Land. "We got the day off from school."

"Come along," said Dick. "I guess I can manage it."

That was nearly a year ago. Today, Dick Clark would find it more difficult to extend such an invitation. Not that Dick has changed. Despite the pressure of

Continued
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That's the magic combination luring audiences to American Bandstand. The format is simple, the music is danceable—proving Dick knows just what teenagers want.

Continued
Teenagers say of Dick: "He understands our music—and helps make our parents realize it's all right." Parents agree, in letters to Dick and producer Tony Mammarella (below).
Audience members participate in "The Judges' Stand," rating the new record releases Dick has corralled. They dance, too—both in the studio and across the nation—and take pride in living up to the oft-repeated description: "The nicest looking bunch of kids in the United States."
Teenagers say of Dick: "He understands our music—and helps make our parents realize it's all right." Parents agree, in letters to Dick and producer Tony Mammarella (below).

Dick knows Bandstand members by name and school, chats with them in Philadelphia's WFIL-TV studio, where the ABC-TV daily show originates.

ever-increasing demands on his time, he remains more friend than star to those who see him every day. The change has come in the number of young people who want to dance on American Bandstand. Since it went on the ABC-TV network, Philadelphia has become the mecca of the traveling teenager. Individuals turn up every day. School tours put it in their itinerary. A national organization, holding its convention in the city, requested one hundred reservations for the children of members.

When Tony Mammarella, producer of the program, explained the latter posed a problem, the chairman replied frankly, "It's a problem for us, too. None of us ever thought we could drag our kids to a convention by the scruff of the neck. But—since we're meeting in Philadelphia—they insist on tagging along to Bandstand. What have you here, anyway?"

Certainly, American Bandstand offers little of the physical glamour of television. There's a small podium for Dick, a row of pennant-decked, unpainted pine bleachers where the kids roost, and a small (Continued on page 80)
a Salute for Private Presley

Cropped, uniformed, Army Serial No. 53310761 has come through with flying colors. This exclusive report from officers and men at Fort Hood tells why they like Elvis
Gone are the famous sideburns, as Elvis gets Army haircut from James B. Peterson, at Fort Chaffee, Ark.

Now inductee's garb is strictly GI. "We sure don't look like movie heroes in these duds," he grinned.

But—if he thought he was leaving fame behind—crowds and cameras all along the way tell a different story!

By EUNICE FIELD

It was ten o'clock at night in Fort Hood. The lights were going out in the row of barracks housing Company A, 2nd Medium Tank Bn., 37th Armor, 2nd Armored Division. From inside came the usual last-minute yells, bursts of laughter and dropping of shoes, accompanied by an occasional groan, "Oh, my aching back!"

In one of the darkened barracks an extraordinary scene was taking place. Twenty-one newly inducted GIs were lying in their bunks, listening to their "acting corporal." He was singing softly, almost to himself. Only his shadow could be seen, briefly lit from the outside, as his deep voice delivered the lines of a popular hymn known to them all: "There will be peace in the valley for me some day..."

"Gosh," breathed one of the young soldiers to his buddy, "I used to buy his records and go to see him at the movies. But I never thought I'd ever have him sing for my benefit—and for free. Wait till I write my kid sister about this!"

The presence of Elvis Presley among them had lent a touch of the unusual to the proceedings from the start. There was, for example, the incident in North Carolina. The chartered bus that was carrying them for (Continued on page 84)
Johnny Cash was born an Arkansas traveler, a troubadour of the lonesome road. But his heart's in Memphis with the girl who inspires his songs.
Above, guest-star Johnny with his host on the Saturday-night *Dick Clark Show* from New York. Below, sightseeing in Times Square with wife Vivian—the pretty little Texan he literally "bowled over," roller-skating in San Antonio!

Wherever he goes, coast to coast, the Sun recording star strikes just the right note for spellbound listeners. In the East, police barricades were needed to hold back the crowds clamoring for Johnny, at his Clark show appearance.

Out West, he got a rousing welcome from both fans and stars, on one of the great Lawrence Welk shows. Above, with maestro Welk. Below, with three teen-age queens and their princess-sister: Diane, Peggy, Kathy, Janet Lennon.
They Sing Hot,

Summer is fun, summer is for singing and dancing and romance. Here are the talented young voices giving you the background beat for this wonderful season in the sun.

**By HELEN BOLSTAD**

Never have teenagers had so much music to choose from, never have so many new young artists rocketed into fame, never have so many records been released.

One report of the quantity came from *The Billboard*, a weekly show-business newspaper. Within three months, they received 1,111 records for review. People asked, "Where do all these records come from?" The answer was, "From the young people themselves." American Music Conference estimated that 3,750,000 teenagers play musical instruments. A youngster who was a record collector one week might—if he had a tune in his head and was able to play or sing it—be a recording artist the next.

Laurie London, the English schoolboy, was an example. Another Britisher, Frankie Vaughan, bid for an American audience. Other interesting young singers who have made news include Frankie Avalon and Scott Engel, two well-trained teen-age veterans who have been in show business since childhood. The Diamonds got their second million-seller.

Girls have had a hard time getting into the charts, but Connie Francis made it with "Who's Sorry Now?" Pat Suzuki showed her versatility in a Vik album. Country boy Vernon Taylor forged ahead.

But strongest of all, in the trend, was the influence of music in the family. New artists with famous names included Ronnie Burns, Lindsay Crosby, Rick Nelson, Guy Pastor.

Two sets of brothers who helped each other in the climb were Sam and L. C. Cooke and Johnny and Ralph Mathis. In the Cliff Thomas Trio, two brothers and a sister made their debut.

Many a made-at-home song has come to the top, brought there by kids recently unknown who sang up a storm. This is a season when the young talent is coming into its own.

**Veteran** singer at thirteen, Scott Engel introduced new Orbit platter on *The Eddie Fisher Show*. Eddie generously gave Scott big build-up, recalled how Eddie Cantor had done same for him.
They Sing Cool

Philadelphia's Frankie Avalon was trumpet virtuoso at thirteen, launched his second career as singer of songs for Chancellor label. Peter DeAngelis, one of firm's owners, accompanies Frankie on piano in rendition of "Dede Dinah."

In TV Radio Mirror's 1957 round-up of new recording stars, thirteen-year-old Scott Engel was entered as "the dreamboat for the lollipop set." In his first recording for a minor label, he belted out a ditty titled, "When Is a Boy a Man?"

Appropriately, this season he answered his own question by appearing on The Eddie Fisher Show to introduce his new Orbit platter, "The Livin' End" and "Good for Nothin.'" In a year, Scott had shot up faster than a rocket, growing four inches (but gaining only two pounds) and was ready to pitch for full-scale popularity.

Another young man who's moving fast on the hit charts is Frankie Avalon, who celebrated his high-school graduation by making a musical comeback as a singer—Frankie had been a child prodigy on the trumpet. In less than a year, he had his first gold record as a singer, "Dede Dinah," plus another well-started on the charts.

He also has satisfied a long-held ambition as a talent scout by bringing to Bob Marcucci and Pete DeAngelis (his Philadelphia neighbors and owners of the Chancellor label), a singer he considers will develop into an authentic teen-age idol. Frankie's friend Fabian—he's using only the single name—is fifteen years old. Frankie believes Fabian can sing. Chancellor has cut a record. Frankie is coaching Fabian in ways of show business. It will be interesting to see whether they can both get recordings on the charts at the same time.

At about the time Frankie Avalon was hitting high on the charts, international recording news was made by two young Britishers, one who moved with a trend and another who reversed it.

In a cheerless early spring, an exultant young voice restated the promise of Easter and Passover with such jubilant faith that fourteen-year-old Laurie London's record,
Fourteen-year-old Laurie London, whose Capitol record "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is a world-wide hit, is managed by his father, shown above with mother, sister Rosalind and her fiance.

Curly-headed dreamer, but Laurie's dreams come true. Young London is now darling of British stage and TV.

"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," became the song everyone wanted to hear. It carried swiftly from his native England to America and then around the globe.

To achieve an instantaneous worldwide hit broke precedents. While it is true that popular music moves from one country to another, the mechanics of record distribution are such that an American chart-topper often reaches the British hit list six months later. A year or two may elapse before it reaches other foreign markets.

It is also axiomatic that music moves from west to east. Few British artists or songs have cracked the American charts.

Frankie Vaughan, the British hit king, who this season made his bid for American popularity by coming over here and virtually starting from scratch, explains, "Our songwriters just haven't been able to give us the material which makes a top tune in the States. If we 'cover' an American hit, why should American kids want to hear our version when they have the original?"

Laurie London, the boy who broke through the barrier, had the answer. "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is a spiritual which at least two great American artists, Marian Anderson and Mahalia Jackson, have interpreted. Yet Laurie had not heard them. He did not do an imitation. He made the song his own.

To get your first hit is easy, say the young recording artists who have accomplished it in the face of today's competition. But the second hit is tough, they all admit.

The Diamonds, who had a one-and-a-half-million seller in 1957 with "Little Darlin,'" bounced into the multi-million class, thanks to a musical assist from Nancy Lee, the pretty little fourteen-year-old girl who wrote "The Stroll." Nancy is the daughter of Jack Lee, professional manager of Meridian Music Corporation.

The Diamonds originally organized in Toronto, home base for a number of chart-riding singing groups. Ted Kowalski and Phil Leavitt met while attending the University of Toronto. They were having so much fun singing together that Mike Douglas and Bill Reed joined in. Bill Reed's father, who had sung with a barber-shop quartet, coached them. Another local group gave them some help and they broke in on school dances where they got the usual ten to fifteen or zero dollars a night.

There have been three shifts in personnel, but today Kowalski, Douglas and Reed are back together, with Dave Somerville replacing Phil Leavitt, who has gone back to the University. When they first auditioned for the Canadian Broadcast-
ing Company, Dave was a radio technician at the network. Also at CBC, they enlisted Nat Goodman as their manager.

First venture to the States was on Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts. Art Talmadge of Mercury Records saw The Diamonds when they appeared later on Bill Randle’s TV Dance Party in Cleveland. Result: A contract with Mercury, with “Little Darlin’” a winner as their first hit.

Two more of brothers began this year to make big news in recordings. Sam and L. C. Cooke and Johnny and Ralph Mathis may prove to be modern-day versions of the Dorsey Brothers.

The Cooke boys grew up near Chicago, where their father, the Reverend Charles Cooke, was pastor of Christ Temple at Chicago Heights. Sam says, “A big family is always fun and we all sang. The big deal during summer vacations was for all of us to pile into the car and drive down to visit my grandmother, Annie Mae Carrol, at Greenville, Mississippi.”

Sam did more traveling when he joined The Soul Steerers, a gospel group which sang all over the country. Young Cooke’s urge to strike out as a single and venture into the pop field was intensified when Bumps Blackwell became his manager. Says Sam, “I knew it was going to be slow going at the start, so I saved my money and got ready for it.”

“Slow” soon became “standstill.” Sam did a recording session at Specialty, but the company did not release the records. Says Sam, “We had to do something, so Bumps decided to buy back one ‘master.’ That was all we could afford. We chose ‘Summertime’ because we thought that was my best.”

“Summertime” just happened to be backed with “You Send Me.” Sam says, “My kid brother L. C. Cooke wrote that. I liked the tune, but I didn’t think much about it. I just threw it in.”

Keen Records released it and Sam haunted the Keen office. “Man, I was in that place every day. When the first orders came in, I practically wrapped the packages and shipped them out myself. At first, that is…”

Shortly, he had to get out of the way or get caught in the rush, for Sam’s record took off. Disc jockeys ignored “Summertime.” It was L. C.’s little number, Sam’s throwaway side, “You Send Me,” which went up in the charts and sold nearly two million of the records.

A year ago, Johnny Mathis said in an interview, “Sure, I’d like a hit, but I’d rather develop into a distinctive, dynamic personality—someone like Nat ‘King’ Cole, Sinatra, Lena Horne or Belafonte.” Since then he has done so.

Now Johnny’s younger brother Ralph Mathis has his first Ebb release out, “Never Let You Go.” He is featured on the recording with The Ambers. Ralph wrote the lyrics of the song and the group “put the record together” on their own. Will Ralph be able to equal Johnny?

His family hopes he won’t—not for a while. Their father, Clem Mathis, says, “Ralph has to finish school. I don’t want him to go out on a limb in show business, because I was in it as a kid and it is the most uncer-

Continued
Newest Sun Record entry in the music sweepstakes is The Cliff Thomas Trio from Jackson, Mississippi. This versatile family group was encouraged in music study by their parents, performed for local friends before turning professional. Above (l. to r.), Ed Jr. (piano), Barbara (singer), father and mother Thomas, Cliff (who plays accordion, trumpet, guitar and clarinet). Group has built up repertoire of songs written by Ed Jr.

Master of his own TV show on WTTG, Washington, Vernon Taylor records for Dot Records. An eligible bachelor, Vernon charms the girls—whether it's a group of femme fans or his charming mother—who lovingly feeds the inner man.

Johnny Mathis from San Francisco has developed star status quickly, in spite of his father Clem's judgment that show business is "uncertain." Now younger brother Ralph, singing with The Ambers on Ebb label, makes his bid for fame.
A flash success with his first disc, Rick Nelson was forerunner of a group of singers with famous dads.

Another talented young Southerner is Vernon Taylor, the five-foot-eleven bachelor who records for Dot and has his own TV show on WTTG, Washington, D.C. Homespun harmony, in the style of Eddy Arnold, was Vernon's starting spot, but today he swings with ease from a country ballad to a hymn, to rock 'n' roll.

Taylor's first record for the Dot label was "Losing Game" backed with "I've Got the Blues." His second was "Why Must You Leave Me" and "Satisfaction Guaranteed." He's due for a hit soon, has the drive and talent to make the charts.

A second generation of music makers took off in mid-1957 when Rick Nelson stood up on his own two feet and belted out a song which didn't depend on the family name to make it popular. And this first instantaneous hit was followed rapidly by others. First half of 1958, he was riding high with "Believe What You Say" and "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It," for Imperial.

Rick was only the first of a group of sons of famous show-business families to make a bid for success through recordings. Also making their first appearances as singers are three boys with famous names.

Lindsay Crosby, Bing's twenty-year-old, is one. Lindsay, like his brother Gary, is in the Army. But he got a pass from Ford Ord, California, to record for RCA Victor the song "Friendship Ring" and, on flip side, "Why-Oh-You." Then, on a leave in New York City, Lindsay made the rounds of deejays to introduce it. One critic described him, "He's got a fine voice quality like his dad, and a teen-age beat."

Ronnie Burns, son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, visited the TV show of an old family friend, Jack Benny, to launch his Verve disc, "Kinda Cute." Ronnie, born in Evanston, Illinois, July 9, 1935, has already proved himself as an actor on the Burns and Allen CBS-TV program. He'll carry on with George, next season, now that Gracie has retired, and has prepared himself for the many family business enterprises.

Guy Pastor, launching his career, found that the hardest one to convince was his own famous father, Tony. Tony wanted Guy to go into any profession but music. However, he did promise Guy that, if he got good grades during his senior year, the Tony Pastor band would play for his graduation dance. At the dance, he would give his son Guy a chance to sing. That settled it. When Tony recorded a Roulette album soon after, he suggested that his son sing one song, A & R men were doubtful, but they let him try—and shortly re-issued Guy's number, "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," as a single. The young Pastor has his own album out now and its title virtually states the theme of this group of young singers. It is

**SPECIAL ROUND-UP: NEW YOUNG SINGERS OF 1958**

**Continued**
entitled "A Guy and His Dad."

Girl singers have had to have plenty of drive to get a hit over since the rock 'n' roll era began—and few have made the top. But this season a graduate of George Scheck's kindergarten for stars, Star Time, jumped right into the magic circle of top hits. Five-foot-two, auburn-haired Connie Francis sang for M-G-M Records, "Who's Sorry Now?" An impressive number of record collectors indicated they thought it was exceedingly pleasant to have Connie around.

Connie has been singing since she was a toddler. Daughter of George and Ida Franconero, she was born in Newark, New Jersey, December 12, 1938, now lives with her parents and her brother, George, in Belleville, New Jersey. The Franconeros are a musical family—including Connie's dog, Mambo. She describes him, "He's an 'all-American' breed with a high baritone voice."

The stardom road was longer, harder, for Pat Suzuki than any other young singer in this group. She was born September 23, 1934, in Cressy, California. Her father, a prosperous fruit farmer, named her Chiyoko, "a thousand times good," but a neighbor dubbed her "Pat." She was eight and proud of learning to sing, "Shout It Out, Wherever You May Be—I Am an American," when her family, with others of Japanese descent, was moved to a Colorado detention camp after Pearl Harbor. Pat grew up behind barbed wire. A tenant family ran their farm until they returned.

Graduated from Livingston, California high school, Pat took her B.A. in fine arts from San Jose State College. A disciplined painter, but a wild singer, she explains her shift to music: "When you're given too many rules, you don't go on." Skeptical of her future, she took off for New York, became "understudy to a walk-on" in "Teahouse of the August Moon." She jumped show in Seattle when, during a cast party at Norm Bobrow's Colony Club, Burgess Meredith said, "Let's have Pat sing. It's our only chance to hear her." For Pat, it turned into a four-year engagement.

Shy and afraid of fame, she delayed three months signing the contract which Vik records offered; accepted it only when her father advised, "If you have a talent, you must use it." Bing Crosby volunteered liner notes for her first album, "The Many Sides of Pat Suzuki." Since it moved into the charts, she has been on major TV shows and now has released a single, "Black Coffee," backed with "Daddy." She balances a torchy song's excitement with her own naivete. "If it's too sophisticated for me, I kid it a little."

These seven pages of text and pictures serve only as a brief introduction to the twenty-three talented young people whose music and songs you'll be hearing this summer. More anecdotes and additional biographical material follow.

(Continued on page 81)

SPECIAL ROUND-UP: NEW YOUNG SINGERS OF 1958

Exotic Pat Suzuki's known as Miss Ponytail. Big talent in a small package, her first release is on Vik.
Frontier editor Jefferson Drum believes in brains over brawn—but actor Jeff Richards also has the muscles to back up Drum's decisions.

Power of the press—even an old-fashioned one such as that operated by Jeff in the new NBC-TV series—was never better demonstrated than in the exciting stories of Jefferson Drum.

Barefoot boy at heart, he's loved all outdoor sports since childhood days in Portland, Oregon. For indoor recreation, it's record-playing at his bachelor home-on-the-beach.

By KATHLEEN POST

Morning at Malibu. A beach party notes a tall, tanned and rugged young man, running at full speed to plunge headlong into the surf. "Golly," breathes a pert teenager, "what a handsome hunk!"

The others laugh, but the mother of the girl is oddly provoked. "Handsome is as handsome does," she snaps. "I have no use for these—these muscle-rippers!"

"But, Mommy," protests the girl, "that's Jeff Richards. He was in 'The Opposite Sex' and now he's Jefferson Drum on NBC-TV, and—"

The subject of the debate has emerged from the water and is toweling his six-foot-three frame vigorously.

Suddenly, the mother walks up to him and says sharply, "Young man, perhaps these silly girls have given you a swelled head, but I'll have (Continued on page 64)"

Jeff Richards stars in Jefferson Drum, as seen on NBC-TV, Friday, 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by P. Lorillard Co. (for Old Gold Cigarettes) and Chemstrand Corp. (Acrilan and Chemstrand Nylon).
One look at a TV set, and teenager Bettie had found her Prince Charming. One look at Bettie, and Ferlin Husky found his Cinderella. But between those two "looks" was a long time when they'd never even met! Today, they have a home on the Cumberland River (for the boating Ferlin loves) and a family of three—with a fourth child on the way. Pictured below are Donna, 12, and Danny, who's going-on-six.
"I'm Going to Marry Ferlin"

A foolish boast for any fan to make from afar? The surprising answer is that Bettie is now Mrs. Husky!

By HANNAH LILLESAND

The junior high school huddle around the TV set was in full swoon. Single-minded in their adoration, a half-dozen girls followed every move of guitar-playing Ferlin Husky, who, with Smokey Rogers, presented a daily show on KFMB-TV, San Diego. His blond handsomeness, his exciting vitality, his quick wit, were balanced by a straightforward sincerity. He also could sing. When he did a romantic number, they sighed; when he went into a comedy bit, they giggled. Between times, they talked.

Nothing they said would have made a bit of sense to an eavesdropping adult, for theirs was a private language, (Continued on page 78)

Grand Ole Opry (WSM, Nashville) is heard nationally on Monitor, over NBC Radio, Saturday, at 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco for Prince Albert.

Triple-threat Ferlin sings on radio's beloved Grand Ole Opry, records for Capitol, co-stars in the Paramount movie, "Country Music Holiday" (below). Experts have recently been impressed by his acting ability and would like to lure him away to Hollywood.

Though Missouri-born, Ferlin feels right at home in Nashville. It's one of the great music capitals of America, and Tennessee Governor Frank Clement (above, right) is a great booster of its talents.
Born to Be TROUPERS
How big can you get? The boys did five shows last season with Ed Sullivan, who thinks they're great.

Here's how to tell the Everly Brothers apart: Don's serious and dark—Phil's a bit lighter and livelier.

But Don has a broad smile for his friends, too—and, most especially, the members of the Everly Fan Club.

The Everly Brothers knew hard times before they hit the big time. They've been singing ever since they had to stand on chairs to be seen.

By MARTIN COHEN

BACKSTAGE at New York's Paramount Theater, a couple of young men were in a hassle. That could have been headline news—for these two happened to be the Everly Brothers. Don and Phil Everly are among the top-rated singing stars of the country. In the past year, they have sold over three million records. In the same period, they have guest-starred with Pat Boone, Patti Page, Kathryn Murray, Perry Como and Ed Sullivan—setting a precedent on the Sullivan show by making five appearances in a single season. "They are one of the few combinations of youngsters who can really sing," Sullivan says, "and they are a pleasure to work with. They accept direction and get along so well."

So how come the fuss backstage?

"I'll tell you," says Don, the older of the brothers: "When we are having an argument, it sounds like a war. You would think we were really mad at each other. The funny thing is that we never argue about important things."

The Paramount hassle illustrates more about the boys than they realize. Their manager, Wesley H. Rose, who was present, explains: "All the fuss was about a shirt. The boys dress alike on stage and, for the next (Continued on page 70)

They sing "All I Have to Do Is Dream," on the Cadence label. But their mother, Margaret Everly, knows how they worked to win their present fame.
Jan and Toni proudly present the whole Murray family: Down in front—Howard, Diane and Celia; rear—teenager Warren.

FRIEND INDEED
Comics don't cut each other down, says Jan. They help each other, like each other. Proving him right is this laugh lineup of, from rear, Steve Allen, Jan, Milton Berle, Harvey Stone, Phil "Bilko" Silvers, Billy Vine, Sid Gould, Hal March, Phil Foster and Buddy Hackett.

Comedian's comedian,
creative producer,
Jan Murray gathers in a wealth
of love and gratitude
both on and off TV

By PAUL DENIS

In the frantic world of television, Jan Murray stands out as a symbol of the steadfast friend. His home, his TV dressing room and his office are constantly being visited by other entertainers, as well as non-TV friends and fans. They come to chit-chat and reminisce, to encourage Jan, to tell him their problems, to inquire about Jan's wife and children, to offer help if help is needed.

This great outpouring of love, given and received, is both a joy and a problem to Jan. A joy, because Jan simply cannot live without friends . . . a problem, because it eats into Jan's precious time. After all, Jan emcees six Treasure Hunt programs weekly on NBC-TV, created and is executive producer of Wingo (seen on CBS), and runs a big TV packaging firm which occupies an entire floor at the Hotel Wellington in New York.

He rarely gets home for dinner before 10 P.M., and he doesn't see his children as much as he yearns to. But he never resents the demands of friendship. As his wife Toni says, "Jan loves (Continued on page 66)

Jan's home is a new-fangled, white-shingle "castle," with the moat replaced by an "open-door" policy. It's come-one come-all, with a well-stocked larder to back up the invitation. Mornings, when Warren, Howard and Celia take dad at his open-door word, Jan gladly loses the shut-eye.

Jan Murray emcees Treasure Hunt, seen on NBC-TV, Monday-Friday, 10:30 A.M. EDT.
Half an hour after finishing his morning chore as host and star of Don Ameche's Real Life Stories, Dominic Felix Ameche comes walking into the light-filled living room of his penthouse apartment overlooking New York's East River.

A healthier, happier-appearing man you couldn't hope to find in all the Americas. He is healthy: "Being a performer, I have to keep myself in shape, so I exercise a little more, eat a little less (never eat lunch), do calisthenics every morning and, whenever possible, walk to wherever I am going." He is also happy—for reasons we shall presently discover.

And handsome. Six feet tall. One hundred and sixty-four well-distributed pounds. Dark brown eyes with a smile in them. Dark hair. Olive skin. White teeth. Don Ameche, in fact, looks exactly as he looked twenty-five years ago, when he was a movie idol under contract to 20th Century-Fox and starred in a succession of hit films, including "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" (in which—as everyone knows by now—Don Ameche invented the telephone).

Both before and during his picture-making days in Hollywood, the young Ameche also made a name for himself in radio as star of such top-rated programs as The First Nighter, Grand Hotel and the immensely popular Chase And Sanborn Hour, for which he was emcee, as well as doing a fifteen-minute acting "spot" with each week's guest star. And he has always sung. Just two seasons ago, his singing voice—a baritone ("but I can get it down to bass-baritone")—was applauded by audiences and acclaimed by critics when he co-starred with Hildegarde Neff in the Broadway musical-comedy hit, "Silk Stockings."

How does a man become a star in movies, the theater, radio and television, without ever once creating a scandalous or tragic headline? (Continued on page 68)
Don Ameche's own "real life story" can be an inspiration to everyone, in or out of show business.

His name is Dominic Felix Ameche—and Felix means "happy." But all happiness, Don believes, begins with the family. His and Haney's four sons, growing up, are home only for vacations and holidays now, but the two beloved girls, Bonnie and Cannie, are with them—and their pet "Baba"—all except during school hours.

Good food is his weakness. Haney's an excellent cook, Don has his own specialty—but they're proudest of their "recipe" for raising children. Seeing Bonnie off to a party, Don has no qualms: "The girls are as well-adjusted as any adults I know!"

Don Ameche's Real Life Stories, produced and directed by Himan Brown, is heard on NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, 10:30 to 11 A.M. EDT.
Summer Skating is Fun!

Out Hollywood way, the Polar Palace offers a gay afternoon on blades to Annette Funicello and her friends.

At Mac's Skate Shop, across from Polar Palace, from l. to r., Annette, Sammy Ogg (her date), Bobbie Hyatt and his date Shelly Fabray select skates.

Skates are checked for fit before the boys shell out a quarter a pair. Annette took size-5½ skate, "but they were a little big for me even at that."

Skates fit, gang leaves Mac's for the ice rink across the street. Annette carried portable radio to check tunes she might buy later at Music City.

Bobbie and Sammy buy four admissions for the afternoon's skating. Annette says, "I think the boys should pay—unless we agree on Dutch ahead."
First down! Annette hits the ice. "No goof, this—I just couldn't keep my feet. That ice is slippery, but most of all, it's wet!" Actually, Annette skated well.

Fun for Funicello and Friends might be an alternate title for this picture story of a gay summer date. In Los Angeles, when the temperature zooms, the Polar Palace offers exercise in one of the coolest spots in town. And there'll always be a Polar Palace, too, since funds for its maintenance were left in an irrevocable trust by a wealthy Californian. Annette, one of your favorite Mouse-keteers, loves to double-date. She says, "I think it's good for young kids to be with a lot of kids their own age." She generally dates only once a week at night, usually on Saturdays for dancing or a barbecue. Six or seven of the Mouseketeer mamas take turns throwing the parties at their houses. Result is a low-cost high time for all the lucky Mouseketeers.

Shelly cuts a neat caper, while the others admire her skill. Shelly (Nanette Fabray's niece) has been practicing for about two years, is now quite expert.
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Continued
Kids formed circle on ice, "the better to help us all stand up," says Annette. It worked fine.

Exercise makes thirsty skaters. The gang downs soft drinks at Polar Palace's lunch counter.

Bobbie shows Annette some fine points about target shooting. Investment in machine was 20c.

Popcorn break, too, before the group goes back on the ice. On second ice session, all did fine.

Two hours of skating—they leave Palace with king-size appetites.

Summer Skating is Fun!

Continued

Hamburgers and Cokes at Stan's Drive-In. Then on to The Music City Record Shop. They study list of the Top 40 before they select records they want to listen to, perhaps buy.

Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club is on ABC-TV, Monday through Friday, 5:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Four in a booth. Annette says, "If I like a record, I can play it all day. Shelly and I sometimes play them over the phone. I even listen to records while I study."


The four kids each bought a record, bringing cost of afternoon date to about $5 a couple. As they left the record shop they met Tommy Kirk, star of "Old Yeller."
By FRANCES KISH

Phil Silvers is probably the clammiest man in show business," said one of his co-workers. We were discussing the real personality of the sensitive performer now hiding behind the brash façade of one Sergeant Ernie Bilko. "Phil clams up, the minute conversation gets personal," the co-worker explained. "He seldom talks about his private life, except maybe to close friends. I'm not sure he even tells them much about what is on his mind."

This reticence leaves only a couple of means of getting the accurate and warmhearted story of the star of The Phil Silvers Show, "You'll Never Get Rich." First, the hundred-and-one small ways in which he has revealed himself, unwittingly, to (Continued on page 76)

The Phil Silvers Show, "You'll Never Get Rich," is seen over CBS-TV, Friday, 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (for Camel Cigarettes) and Procter & Gamble Company (for Joy).
The Heart of BILKO

So the sergeant's a bunco artist, brash and bumpitious? Meet the real Phil Silvers, as only his wife and closest friends know him!

Co-workers marvel at Phil's know-how in all forms of show biz—burlesque, vaudeville, Hollywood movies, Broadway hits like "High Button Shoes" (above) and "Top Banana" (below, with Joey and Herbie Faye).

Friends knew he loved children, rejoiced when Phil's and Evelyn's baby was born last year—and aren't surprised he totes photos of Tracey Edythe everywhere!

Master of all performing arts, Phil displayed new talents—his own and others—in special live, full-hour "intimate extravaganza" for CBS-TV this spring.
Marriage has meant problems for Sandra and Grayling Dennis (played by Hal Holbrook) in The Brighter Day. But life has been more generous to Gloria Hoye and her husband, Leonard Patrick—particularly since the arrival of their son Michael, who's going-on-five.

Talking about Sandra Dennis, the girl she plays in The Brighter Day, on CBS-TV, Gloria Hoye punctuates her words with quick movements of her blond head. Her large, dark brown eyes are serious, although usually laughter lurks in them. A crisp, blouse-and-skirt type of girl, five-foot-four and slim-waisted, she says, "An actress is bound to be identified with a part she plays continuously, as I play Sandra. People see you close-up on television. They can almost watch you think. They get glimpses of you as a person, although you are playing a part that fits into a particular story.

"Sandra's problems are very different from mine, yet I can put a great deal of myself into her. She lacks many things I have. Her marriage to Grayling was upset for a long time by serious misunderstandings and separation. She desperately wants a child, and has been told this cannot be, and perhaps this is the reason for her restlessness."

Over coffee, in the living room of her pleasant midtown New York apartment, Gloria is thoughtful about the differences in their lives and the similarities of their ideas. Her eyes watch the clock for the time when she'll pick up small Michael (who will be five next October) at nursery school. She talks about her marriage to Leonard Patrick, Broadway stage manager, and the romantic way they met and fell in love. "We have been married for eight years. Our marriage was a good one before Michael came, and just that much more wonderful since. A child gives an anchor to marriage."

"I believe this is Sandra's feeling, too. She is beginning to adjust to her problems; to adjust to life as it is, instead of the way she would like it to be. I like to see this happening—because I like this girl very much."

The ability to project herself into the lives of others must have stirred early in Gloria Hoye, because she wanted to be an actress from the beginning. Her father, in vaudeville a while before he married her mother, had died when Gloria was six. All she remembers of theatrical influence were his old photographs and meeting some of his friends. Her mother had gone back to a business career when she was left to provide for herself and her child. For Gloria, she hoped for a non-theatrical career and a happy marriage.

"She was always wonderful about helping me, even when she didn't entirely approve," Gloria says. "I was in the usual school plays, acting leads. Maybe because I couldn't sing, they let me do the acting. And because anyone could see (Continued on page 59)
The big apartment development where the Patricks live provides everything mother and son could wish—from large play area to a convenient shop for the movable toys which captivate Michael.

Michael even has his own workbench for "truck repairs." It was made for him by Granddad—Gloria's adored mother and stepfather, Lisa and Donald Lent, are frequent visitors. For the actress and her stage-manager husband, their life together magically combines both home and the career they love. They met on a USO tour, still work together occasionally in "Pat's" summer productions.

*The Brighter Day*, produced by Therese Lewis and directed by Del Hughes, CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, Crisco.
Mary Margaret McBride offers molded-to-taste recipes for cooks who like to do-it-themselves

She's from Missouri, but Mary Margaret McBride was willing to be shown. When she arrived to conquer New York, Mary Margaret found there was a world of new foods to be discovered, too. She brought a reporter's curiosity to the many strange cuisines that confronted her. Since then, she's become "the first lady of broadcasting." She has also— as she explains in her introduction to "Harvest of American Cooking"— "eaten my way appreciatively across America, collecting recipes discriminatingly and pounds rather less so." ... Mary Margaret, who is credited with inventing a new type of personal broadcasting, started her revolution in 1932, when she went on the air as WOR's "Martha Deane." She was supposed to represent an elderly grandmother, but, after a few programs, she protested. "I am not a grandmother," she announced. "From now on, I intend to talk about myself." Quietly, disarmingly, she did just that, and managed to get her guests to do the same. Her current Mutual program, a series of talks with notable guests, concerns itself with "the family and its problems." And when Mary Margaret thinks of the family, she thinks of home-cooking. Even gourmet dishes may be bought ready-made these days, but, says Mary Margaret, there's really nothing like starting from scratch. "I made it myself" are thrilling words. Here are six gelatin-salad recipes to say them about.

Conversations With Mary Margaret McBride, in cooperation with the United Church Women, is heard on Mutual, Sat., at 1:15 P.M. EDT. (Miss McBride is also heard on WNTA, Newark, M-F, 1 to 2 P.M.)

APPLE-STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD

2 packages strawberry-flavored gelatin 2 cups diced apples
3 1/2 cups hot apple juice 1 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup lemon juice 1/2 cup chopped pecans
Salad greens

Dissolve gelatin in apple juice. Add lemon juice. Pour into ring mold and chill until firm. Combine apples, celery, pecans and salad dressing. Unmold gelatin; fill center with apple mixture. Garnish with greens. Serves 6-8.

TOMATO-AVOCADO MOLD

1 envelope unflavored gelatin 1/4 cup minced onions
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 cups tomato juice 1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf 1 cup chopped celery
3 whole cloves 1 cup diced avocado
Salad greens

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine tomato juice, bay leaf, cloves, onions, salt and pepper. Simmer 5 minutes; strain. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in avocado and celery. Turn into 1 1/2-quart mold and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with greens. Serve with French dressing, as desired. Serves 6.

EGG-SHRIMP ASPIC

2 packages unflavored gelatin 3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cold water 1/4 cup sherry
2 10 1/2 ounce cans (2 1/2 cups) 1 pound cooked shrimp
consommé

Soften gelatin in water. Heat consommé to boiling point; add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and sherry; chill until slightly thickened. Arrange shrimp in 8 individual molds. Add enough gelatin mixture to cover shrimp. Add eggs. Pour remaining gelatin mixture over eggs. Chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 8.
Add shrimp to egg to aspic for a dish Mary Margaret "appreciated" on her travels. Above, with A. Myfanwy Roberts, United Church Women, National Council of Churches.

**HOLIDAY SALAD**

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin  
2 cups cranberries, ground  
½ cup drained canned crushed pineapple  
1 cup diced apples  
½ cup orange sections  
¼ teaspoon salt  
Salad greens  
Salad dressing

Prepare gelatin according to package directions. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in cranberries, pineapple, apples, orange sections and salt. Pour into 8” x 8” pan and chill until firm. Cut salad into squares and arrange on greens. Top with salad dressing. Serves 6.

**RIO GRANDE LIME SALAD**

1 package lime-flavored gelatin  
1 cup boiling water  
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple  
1 cup cottage cheese  
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento  
1 3-ounce package cream cheese  
2 tablespoons mayonnaise  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
Salad greens

Combine gelatin and water; stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in pineapple, cottage cheese and pimiento. Turn into 8” x 8” pan and chill until firm. Combine cream cheese, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Beat until light and fluffy. Cut lime mixture into squares and arrange on greens. Top with cream-cheese mixture. Serves 6-8.

**DILL TOMATO ASPIC**

1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce  
½ cup water  
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento  
1 3-ounce package cream cheese  
2 tablespoons mayonnaise  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
Salad greens  
2 tablespoons vinegar  
1 teaspoon horseradish  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
½ teaspoon sugar  
¼ teaspoon dill seeds

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine tomato sauce and water; heat to boiling point. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into 2-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with salad greens, as desired. Serves 4.

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YOUR GUESS IS GOOD

Dotto's incomplete portraits, teaser questions, keep 'em guessing till loot is won. Home viewers get their innings, too.

And it may pay off for you, too,
as TV keeps adding new quiz games
which can be played for fun and
profit—both at home and in the studio

By ALICE FRANCIS

Along about this point in the summer, you don't need us to tell you that television has launched some satellites of its own. These take the form of "game-quiz" shows, beeping their way 'round and 'round the dial and 'round and 'round the clock, recording all sorts of fascinating information about people, their assorted knowledge, skills and aptitudes, their hidden talents and their sportsmanship.

Quizzes on TV and radio aren't new, of course. We've had them in one form or another since the beginning. They reached a peak in the big-money programs of the past few seasons, shows which called for highly specialized knowledge and "total recall"—such as The $64,000 Question, The $64,000 Challenge, and Twenty One. But the trend since last spring has been Complete portrait of Jack Narz, Dotto emcee, reveals a personable young man who likes people and has met them everywhere. Jack was born in Louisville, wed in California, now lives near New York City, where his quiz show originates.
How Do You Rate? This CBS-TV program measures mental and manual dexterity in many ways (not always with bagpipes!). It also includes home "aptitests."

Anybody Can Play—starting this month—and nobody could stymie an emcee like George Fenneman, after years with Groucho Marx on You Bet Your Life.

Emcee Tom Reddy was born in Iowa, bred in Nebraska, "aptitested" his own TV-radio talents on top shows in both the West and East.

Gene Rayburn (above) gaily "auctions" musical memories on NBC-TV—for both studio and armchair contestants—via Dough Re Mi (at left).

Continued
Play Your Hunch is a new daytimer. Host: Merv Griffin, who can ad-lib, sing, dance, act—play 'most anything.

changing. The newest ones are mostly fun shows which mix questions with variations on the games of our childhood, and they are strong on home-viewer participation. There are tests of skills and powers we use every day without perhaps realizing we have them. Ways to discover the speed with which we act and react; to show how much we really see when we look at the everyday things around us; how correct we are in our judgments, how quick we are to recognize sounds and musical notes. Even how good we are at guessing.

You don't have to be an "egghead" to win. It's entertainment at the family level, in which even the younger members can join, often by special home-audience participation ideas, or by identifying with the studio contestants so closely that our own excitement must be almost as great as theirs.

As this is written, our crystal ball doesn't say exactly which shows will be on your TV screen when you read these lines. We can only report it is clear that anything can happen and undoubtedly will! Around the networks and packaging companies and agencies, there has been talk of rocketing new ideas that may or may not get off the ground by midsummer. The blast-off could come any day for some, be delayed for others. Some old favorites may take a hiatus, some decide to give up completely. We're trying to give up-to-date data on those which are "new" this year.

Earliest of these was Dotto, which began last January 6. Based on an old game for children, Dotto has been seen weekday mornings on CBS-TV, is expected to add a Tuesday-night version on NBC-TV during summer months. In either version, a couple of studio contestants play against each other. Each sees a portrait of someone whose face is well known—drawn in dots, ten of which are connected every (Continued on page 72)
This Is Her Brighter Day

(Continued from page 32)

how much I wanted to." When she enrolled in junior college, it was mostly to please him, rather than me, for I should, of course, qualify for a job and earn enough to help pay tuition at dramatic school. "I went through the whole thing in a kind of trance. My only reason for working was, I think, to try to prove to myself that I was entitled to a chance to become an actress."

When I finally got my first job in business, I was terrified. My skills were none too great, but I lived the highest, and when I went to the Feigen School to study drama and to find out if this really was the thing I liked. Of course, I loved it.

With her money saved to help finance a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, she felt she was on her way to forgetting business, not reckoning with the fact that she would have to fill in many weeks of work later when acting jobs were few and far between. But, for the moment, she was doing exactly as she dreamed.

It was a dream year, anyhow, because it led to her meeting "Pat," the dark and good-looking Pat who once was in the Army and was back in New York, before we went overseas.

"Pat saw me crying afterwards and suggested I might feel better if he took me out to dinner. I accepted his invitation, and we went on the way for a drink and a snack. We went to a rather well-known bar and restaurant and, when the waiter asked for our drink order, I said I wanted a strawberry ice-cream soda. Pat's expression on Pat's face was something to see that moment!

"He hadn't realized how very young I was. He hadn't the least idea how old I was when I joined up." Later, he told me that he had been thinking, This girl is kind of cute and we are going to be away from the company for a while.

"I knew I had a head start dating her. Now his attitude became more protective. The tears and the soda had done it."

The USO tour lasted nine or ten months. They stopped off at Honolulu on the way out and back, playing every spot around there where troops were quarantined. "Perhaps we began to fall in love, a little, but perhaps Pat was sure I was a very pretty girl and didn't feel much about it."

"In the United States after the tour, Pat went to summer stock. He began to pound pavements, looking for work. The first job he had easy, but now she had to make rounds, get to know the right people, pick up a previous experience she could—use in theaters, to keep some folding money in her purse. ("A difficult, closed circle and I was the only girl."

"Perhaps we should have to work the second balconies, but I didn't mind, and I saw a lot of plays that way.

She sold things in stores. She did modeling. She did some work in an office. Every time she got a chance at a tiny acting part, she gave up any other job, then had to find one again. She did a lot of work in summer and winter stock, and it all began to add up to some sizable acting experience.

Pat began working in New York, mostly out. They bought heaps of postage stamps and paid mountains of telephone tolls. "I had come back from the Pacific in love with show business, and I was anxious to go to Paris to meet and be.initiated about meeting a wonderful man."

Then I was back at home, happy to see my mother again, and it all began to fade into a little acolyte's memories."

"But Pat and I were separated most of the time. We never seemed to be even in the same state, much less the same city."

In the winter of 1949—50, Gloria was doing stock in Albany, New York. Pat was on tour again, stage-managing a show. "I was unhappy about being separated, because by this time we knew we were in love, Pat really proposed to me over the telephone, and I wrote my mother the news. Pat wrote at the same time, and she was touched that this grown man, so forceful and self-assured in his work, should be as considerate as that of her feelings. The letters were sheathes of paper, making her, in view of our mad correspondence and the telephoning that had gone on."

"They were married in New York, June 2nd, in the little church in the corner (their little boy was christened there, some three years later). Pat was busy in New York with a play, but, just two weeks after the wedding, Gloria had to play three weeks in Vermont."

She was still a bride when she was called to do an audition for a Du Mont television show. Pat had told her not to cook and keep house. "I was a natural," Gloria says. "They were telling me about the kind of girl I was going to play, a sort of dumb little bride, there was plenty of identification with the part! Every week, a famous chef came on the show to teach me—and, of course, the viewers—how to prepare some special dishes.

"We did the fanciest things on that program, all for one little bride and her husband! I learned a lot about cooking and baking, but mostly about being on television. Viewers certainly saw me as the bewildered girl I was supposed to be, asking foolish questions. But, by the end of the show they knew 'Bre' and I were both much smarter!"

"When Betsy Brewster went off the air, the station wanted Gloria to go on another show, but she held firm to her original purpose. She was an actress, and back she went to the world of theater, and to theater on television. To dramatic parts in Du Mont shows; to a part in Studley Bradshaw, and to a few in the summer stock."

"A day came when both Pat and Gloria were unemployed at the same time. They had some money saved. They had been sharing a dream, the dream of another trip to Europe, a moon trip—before anything happened to prevent it. "We went to Paris," she says, "and lived in a little apartment on the Left Bank. We were now attending a few classes at the Alliance Française in Paris, helped me along when I went to the market in the market."

"One evening, while I was watching television, I had learned to concoct on television. We had to watch our pennies. But I never had so much fun. We loved every day of it. "We were there, in Paris again, besides I had learned to concoct on television. We had to watch our pennies. But I never had so much fun. We loved every day of it. "We were there, in Paris again, besides I had learned to concoct on television. We had to watch our money. But I never had so much fun. We loved every day of it."

"We were there, in Paris again, besides I had learned to concoct on television. We had to watch our money. But I never had so much fun. We loved every day of it."

Some day they left Paris, they splurged and bought the copy of a Vlaminek paint- ing that now hangs in their living room, over the couch. They couldn't resist it. They arrived in New York with forty-five dollars in the bank. (Continued on page 59)
According to the dictionary, a master of ceremonies is "a person who directs the entertainment." But, says Monty Hall, that's not really the answer. In Canada, Monty had shown 'em what an emcee could do. They'd listened ... and looked ... and liked him. Then, when Monty crossed the border and started making the rounds in New York, he found he'd changed from a household word into an unknown quantity. He'd appear at an agent's or producer's office and announce that he was an emcee. "A singer or comic can show their 'bit,'" Monty explains, "but what does an emcee do? Nobody knows what an emcee's job is until they hire some actor to emcee a show and they find he is an actor but not an emcee. The emcee's job is to bring the show to life." New Yorkers have a chance to see Monty do just this on Bingo-At-Home!, televised each weekday from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M., over WABD, Channel 5. The video version of Bingo is Monty's biggest American success so far. Seen only in the New York area, it had 'em talking from coast to coast. And, beginning June 27, everybody had a chance to see what the furor was about.

Emcee Monty introduced Keep Talking, the new guess-the-phrase panel comedy that is seen on CBS-TV, Friday at 10:30 P.M. EDT. Monty is also a communicator on NBC's Monitor and substitutes for Jack Barry when he vacations from Twenty-One. He'll be heard again in Canada, beginning September, when his syndicated radio quiz Who Am I? returns. "I'm a cross between the old Bert Parks emcee and the new Hal March type," he says. "I'm involved with the people and I won't make them look foolish. It takes a certain amount of exuberance to lift the show off the ground. But I'm not so exuberant that I don't know what's happening on the ground." Monty's mother is a well-known stage and night-club performer and he himself began performing as a child in Winnipeg. "I hated other juveniles," he says. "That was my reaction when I met my wife Marilyn, who was a child star, too. Twelve years later, I still hate child actors. They are not prepared to do their own children will not be child actors, or actors at all, if I can help it." Monty's own goal, as he worked his way through the University of Manitoba, was medicine. "If I had it to do over again," he says, "I wouldn't be a doctor, as I had once planned. As I grew older and had children and saw them through their illnesses, I realized I wouldn't have made a good doctor. I become too involved. This quality of sympathizing with people helps me as an emcee," he continues. "I can talk to anyone about anything. I genuinely like people and that's something you can't fake on daily television." At home in a Dutch Colonial house in suburban New Rochelle, Monty and his family are organized into a "Buddy Club," Joanne, who is eight, handles the agenda. "The Buddy Club voted for it," says Monty, "and that was the one time we used the Bingo set at home. Another time," Monty recalls, "Richard, our six-year-old, announced, 'The Buddy Club will now take a hike in the family car.'" Wife Marilyn is now working on TV scripts. "Her greatest frustration is that she hasn't acted since our marriage. But she's active in things like the P.T.A. and," Monty grins, "she's a heck of a cook." An admitted egghead, Monty is also a Mr. Fix-It — "but reluctantly," he says. "I'll hammer away up to a certain point, but then I call the carpenter." It's the pros, like Monty Hall himself, who do the best job.
At home, he's versatile, too, playing Grieg with Joanne or golf with Richard.

"The Buddy Club" convenes in a Dutch Colonial home in New Rochelle. Monty and Marilyn follow an agenda planned by Joanne, eight, or go along with Richard, six, when he proposes picture-taking, card games—or "a hike in the family car."
I hate "Women's Shows"

The Alice Bahman show, says
its WIZE hostess,
is definitely not one of them

Comic Jonathan Winters was standing—or rather sitting—in for the host of The Jack Paar Show. His guest for the evening was Alice Bahman, who was making her TV debut. "Just think, Mother," he said to her, "you're being seen from coast to coast. Think of the millions of people who are watching."

"Just think," his guest retorted, "of the millions of people who are snoring their heads off at this very moment."

"Well, don't be nervous," said he. "Just be yourself."

"I wouldn't think of being anything else," said she. "I couldn't be anything else."

And with that, the nation had a look at the charm and crisp intelligence that has been delighting Springfield, Ohio, for fifteen years. The Alice Bahman Show is heard over Station WIZE, each Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M. and again at 1:15 P.M. "I detest women's shows," says Mrs. Bahman, "and mine is not one of them. My show is for everybody." Mrs. Bahman will take an article she's read in a magazine and talk on from there. She interviews the faculty from nearby Wittenburg College, representatives of local civic and charity doings, and such passing-through celebrities as Cleveland Amory or Ogden Nash.

"I just think of myself as talking to one person," she explains, "just you. I've never met anyone who was not interesting and I've never met anyone who didn't have a sense of humor. After all, a person's sense of humor depends on whom he laughs with—you or somebody else."

Mrs. Bahman has a flair for the comic and it shows. "If you try to be funny, you fall flat on your face," she says. "But it's easier to suppress a depression than to hide a joie de vivre. I just go on saying things like 'A perfect wife is one who makes her husband laugh and smells good.'"

The deliverer of this perfume commercial is herself—the wife of an engineer for the Buckeye Incubator Company. "We live in a house that actually looks like a house," she says. "It's not one of those ranch-type affairs. It's a simple country house and it looks lived in and is. We love it in spite of itself. The furniture is mostly inherited," she continues, "old pieces that belonged to our grandparents and, of course, the portrait of great-grandfather over the mantel. They're the sort of things that would make any place home, even if times got bad and you had to move over the delicatessen."

Her family arrived in Springfield in 1834. "They were headed West," says Mrs. Bahman, "but I guess they got tired after they'd crossed the Alleghenies, or we'd be living in Pasadena." Mrs. Bahman is the family pioneer in show business. "They were looking for somebody to do a radio show on behalf of Bundles for Britain," she explains. "It was one of those 'no-I-can't-do-it, you-do-it-ourselves,' and I ended up doing it. Anyone who can read and enunciate and who loves people could do it."

She was show-wise enough to spot a budding comic in her son at an early age. "He'd make outer-space noises at school," she recalls, "and then screw up his face into an innocent 'who, me?' expression. I'm afraid he gave them a hard time." Mother and son understand each other and get on well. "But naturally, with two people as talky as we both are, there's bound to be a conflict as to who talks first," she says. "And then, on my visit to New York, I met Martin Goodman, Johnny's agent, and he began calling me 'Mom.' Well, I told him that I may be Jonathan Winters' mother, but I wasn't Whistler's mother. I hate the word 'mom.' I hate any word that can be spelled the same forwards and backwards."
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big feature tells you how.
Pioneer With a Purpose

(Continued from page 36)

you know, he’s sort of think Gable and he’s a lot better-looking than you’ll ever be.”

Jeff’s brown eyes crinkle. “Ma’am,” he says, “I only hope a nightcap will keep you to me. You are Gable—but neither of us should get credit for looks. The credit should go to our parents. . . .”

In spite of herself, the woman laughs. “Well, that’s someone is as handsome does, I always say.”

It was not the first time that the new heartthrob of the airwaves has felt that good luck had preceded him. Yet times were different when it was Jeff’s future seemed very much tied in with the condition of his muscles. He was not an actor then, but a ball player. “I drifted into a lot of things in a while,” he admits without hesitation, “but now I really feel I’m going where I want to go and where I’m most suited to be.”

To friends who visit him in his unpretentious four-room cottage at Malibu, he confides, “Between the studio and my place here—between my work and the outdoor life I can enjoy here in peace—I think I’ve found happiness and a purpose in life.

Jeff’s search for the meaningful life began when he was born thirty-three years ago in Portland, Oregon. His mother, Beryl Walker Taylor, supplied the meaning and purpose when she told him, “Why, you named Jeff christened Richard Mansfield after the famous actor. He was five when the family moved to Seattle. A sturdy boy, agile and energetic, he was cut out for athletics and announced that he was going to be a major league baseball player when he grew up.

A lot of early athletes dedicated their careers by knocking a ball through a window. With Jeff, it was the other way around. He was playing with his electric trains in his room when the ball, his first baseball, splattered the window, bounced on the bed, and hit him in the chest. Jeff grabbed it and rushed outside.

Hearing Mrs. Taylor coming, the older boys came to a fast decision. It might go easier with them if Jeff were on the team. By the time Jeff’s mother arrived outside, her son was lined up, looking as guilty as the ball. The only thing the boy wanted to get on that team. She simply shook her head, threw up her hands and went back in,” Jeff chuckles.

In baseball, he proved to be a “natural.” But there was hardly a game in existence that he didn’t play well. Afternoons were spent at baseball and basketball on a vacant lot, then basketball got its hour after dinner. He and his older brother Clyde would dribble and pass and toss the ball through a hoop attached to the garage. His parents always knew where to find him Saturdays. “I’d be knocking myself out at the Civie Hockey Arena. But baseball was my big passion.

All through school he played center on both the gridiron and the diamond. He played center for the football team, and in baseball he was officially at third base but was frequently called on to fill in at every infield position.

At Lincoln High in Tacoma (where the family was then living), athletics were his only chance at the top. Like other average student, very poor at small talk—and when it came to dancing—all the girls agreed he was “strictly square.” The one time he took a girl to a big prom, he ruined his date’s shoes. He also ruined his chances with the date.

In frustration, he joined the “Boozer Boys Club,” where he was pretty much what its name suggests. “We thought we were pretty hot stuff, all right,” Jeff recalls. “We wore T-shirts, riding boots and heavy brass chains with bottle-openers at the ends. Actually, we were a lot tamer than we looked. Aside from a few very mild beer parties, nobody now we were all brag and little else.”

Then came what Jeff likes to call “a slight interruption in my athletic career.” World War II broke out. The Boozer Boys (as Jeff then called his band) volunteered to load and unload ships at the shorthanded Tacoma docks. They worked nights and weekends, earning a good sum for their troubles. “It was a good patriotic duty. At the end of one week, Jeff had made about fifty dollars, and this happy arrangement went on until graduation. With his diploma, Jeff received three athletic scholarships—to Northwestern, Georgia Tech and Washington Tech. “I was in the process of talking these over with my parents when another bid arrived. It was from the Draft Board.”

The service of his choice was, of course, the Navy. He had always been fascinated by the ocean and had sailed every chance he could get. It was the kind of jobs he chose; mechanics and this now paid off. The Navy, after a look at his induction tests, decided to send him to the Chicago Naval Training Center for preliminary training, then on to the primary school at Treasure Island, and finally to Corpus Christi, where he spent nine months.

On his first long furlough, something happened which was a forecast of things to come. With a few Navy buddies, he hitchhiked to Los Angeles, eager to see the city of movie glamour. After some time, one of his buddies called him over to a& B wonder list. They were taken to Paramount, where Betty Hutton was belting out a song. Jeff was enjoying the scene when he observed a man studying him. The man introduced himself; “I’m Milton Lewis, with the talent department here,” he said. “Have you ever thought of acting?” Thinking it was a joke one of his buddies had rigged, Jeff shook his head. Milton Lewis said slowly, “Well, you have the essentials—the ruggedness of Gable and the attractiveness of Ty Power. Here’s my card. If you’re interested, write me out of uniform, look me up,” Lewis said.

Realizing it was no joke but a legitimate offer, Jeff thanked Lewis and promised to think about it. But the incident left a lasting impression. Throughout the war, he thought constantly of the day he would change Navy blues for baseball gray. On the very day he was discharged, he reported to Treasure Island, boarded a plane, and by the time he reached Los Angeles, he had moved out to Beaver Field and asked for a tryout. He made a fine showing and the club signed him for their farm team.

But back to baseball. His dreams, now shattered Jeff’s hopes. A ligament injury incurred while teaching servicemen how to play basketball, tripped him up as he was sliding into second. After a two-week layoff to rest, he returned to baseball. On the very day he was back in the lineup, he was injured and could not be allowed to play for a year, and then only if he submitted to a test operation.

Jeff was crestfallen. How would he support himself until his leg was in shape again? Aside from radio mechanics—and he’d had his fill of that in service—what could he turn to? His old Navy buddy gave him an answer. “What about that fellow in Hollywood? Why not give him a blast?”

Jeff put his experience thumb to work hitching a ride to Hollywood. He was in luck. Lewis was still with the studio, and Jeff was screen-tested and signed. Returning to his room, he found fate’s little ironies still at work. Offers had come from both the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees.

“Why my ambition was realized—and suddenly I didn’t want it,” he recalls. “My contract stated that I was an actor. And, if I were to be a player, the club had to pay me fifty dollars a week. I said to myself, ‘You were named for an actor—an be’.

But show business was still to be wooed and won. The prime requisite of an actor is to be able to act. Jeff had no training, no experience. And the studio was not about to waste valuable film on him. Fretting about this, Jeff enrolled at the University of Southern California under the GI Bill, pledged Sigma Chi and moved into the fraternity house.

With the 1947 recession, the industry was cutting to the bone. Jeff’s option was not picked up, but he scarcely had time to worry. Within one week, Warners’ signed him at two-fifty a week. “Second studio, second option. I was about to be let in as humorously. ‘Six months and aham! Out!’ He was not greatly perturbed. Perhaps acting wasn’t for him. He was happy enough through ineligible, for athletics because of his pectoral, but now he had become one of the most sought-after males on campus.

One of his Sigma Chi brothers recalls, “He was terrifically popular with the men, and the girls practically hung out of windows when he went by. Rich (his college friend) and I used to say to ourselves, ‘We have to be aware of the impact he was making. Everyone expected him to be a lady-killer, but he’s not that type. He’s the real type—strong, genial, and always kind.’

By the time graduation rolled around, a fraternity brother had introduced Jeff to one of filmland’s better agents, Vic Orsatti, who now went out for Jeff Richards. He took him to M-G-M and, when a contract was offered, at half the amount he’d received from Warners’, Orsatti persuaded Jeff to look around. “You can make good money in both television and drama, and the studio will build you up gradually.”

At M-G-M, Jeff began to be noticed. A bit part as a policeman in “Fall Target” was followed by ten lines of dialogue—led to three assignments in the familiar role of a ball player. They were “Kill the Umpire,” “Angels in the Outfield” and “Big Leaguer.” Then came the hit musical, “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers,” in which he played one of the brothers, giving a performance which induced witty Dore Schary, then studio chief, to remark, “He’s Tarzan with talent.”

Up to this period, Jeff had been living the romantic carefree life of a bachelor. His main concern had been his career. He bought a four-room bungalow as soon as he could afford it. Sailing was still one of the passions of his life and, through it, he met Humphrey Bogart—the man who, up to now, was the only one to be able to shatter Jeff’s dream of being a big star and strongest boosters. “Bogey,” says Jeff, “taught me more about sailing than I thought it was possible to learn.”

Jeff has bought a 40-foot PIC sloop which he kept docked at San Pedro. For a while, he made it his home. To slip rope, hoist anchor, and sail out over the choppy, cream--crested sea meant more to him than all the cocktail parties and night clubs in creation. His love of sailing gave him time to think. He felt it would be great to have someone to share it with.
On a publicity junket which took him to Florida, the handsome bachelor met the girl he was to marry and divorce in rapid succession. Shirley Sibree, a professional water-skier at Dick Polk’s fabulous Cypress Gardens, caught his eye and they soon discovered they shared a common love of water sports. It came as rather a surprise to his studio when the first publicity shots to arrive showed Jeff with a pretty girl perched on his brawny shoulder—said girl being identified as his bride. Back in Hollywood, the young couple moved into an apartment and set sail over matrimonial waters which were to prove too rough for them both. They parted.

The apartment vacated and the sloop sold, Jeff moved into a beach house shared with fellow actor Rod Taylor and Revue Productions casting director Bob Walker. Then—impulsively again, after a friendship of less than two months—Jeff married for the second time. In December of 1953, he took Vicki Plaxman, a physical education teacher, as his bride. Again all signs seemed favorable. They were deeply attracted to each other, they loved the outdoor life, and they had a genuine desire for building a family. The birth of a daughter, Nina, added another factor making for happiness. Yet their love was shaken by repeated storms. They quarreled, separated, reconciled. Again and again, they passed through the heart-breaking cycle. Finally, in the early part of this year, their paths parted for good.

It is typical of Jeff that he has steadfastly refused to make any comment on his marital troubles. “What can one say about a divorce?” he demands frankly. “It’s a failure, a defeat, and only a sore loser runs around trying to pin the blame on others.”

But a friend, close to Jeff, has this to add: “Jeff’s career, the concentrated effort of an ambitious young actor, had a lot to do with breaking up both marriages.”

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Jeff was cast in two challenging roles, the cowboy-singer in “The Opposite Sex” and the roving-eyed Navy officer in “Don’t Go Near the Water.” Both performances drew reams of critical applause and floods of fan mail. But star status was still in the distant future. He took a long chance. He had $4,400 in pay collected “between jobs,” and he turned it over to the studio for release from his contract. Then he began a new and more vigorous search for work. It proved fruitful. Alan Ladd gave him a principal part in “Island of Lost Women,” and he was tapped for several TV roles.

“It seemed to me that I had been waiting for the big break most of my life,” says Jeff. “I’d been sweating it out eight years in Hollywood. But, when it came, it was still a surprise, still a miracle.”

He refers, of course, to Jefferson Drum. Matt Rapf, a former M-G-M producer, had gone over to TV and was preparing a new series. He had always felt that Jeff, because of his good looks, was being underrated as an actor.

“The character requires reasonableness, virility, magnetism,” he told Jeff, “but, above all, acting know-how. Two years ago, you had every quality but the know-how. Now, after watching your latest performances, I’m convinced you’ve acquired that, too. You’ll note,” he added, with a laugh, “that we even named the main character after you.”

And so Jefferson Drum, crusading newspaper editor of the early West, and actor Jeff Richards became one and the same. “All I ask,” says Jeff humbly, “is to prove worthy of my good luck and the people who believed in me for so long.”

As the mother said at Malibu, “Handsome is as handsome does.” Jeff himself would be the first to add: “Lady, I couldn’t agree with you more . . .

New Patterns for You

9211—Just what the lady ordered—a sleek, smart chemise with those easy-flowing lines. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. State size, 35¢

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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.
Toni, a tall, shapely redhead from Georgia, expresses, "Jan is the best woman I have ever met. He loves all human beings. He is never jealous or envious of other performers. He wants all of them to do well, and he feels it’s their fault if they don’t do well. They sense his complete honesty; they know he’s their friend, not their competitor."

Jan, a more comedy-pathetic comedian, the one they all like, the father-confessor of them all. Not because he is the richest (he is not), nor the most famous (he is not) . . . simply because he is Jan—Jan, the man. Jan grew up in the Bronx, New York, one of two sons of hard-working immigrants from Europe. His father was a successful businessman until the 1929 financial crash. Fortunately, this did not affect Jan’s family, so his family could live. But Murray Janosky—as Jan was known then—remembers the joys of a home filled with friends and understanding. "There was no money in the house," he recalls, "but plenty of love. It was a house with an open door. Mom and Dad encircled friends, neighbors, and acquaintances. When he married Toni, ten years ago, Jan explained how friendship was a part of his heritage, and that he expected her to have the same. Whatever the type of home—"with enough in the kitchen so that, no matter how many come, there is always enough." Toni, who was practical, pointed out that this could be very expensive. "I know," said Jan, "but I don’t gamble and I am not foolish with money . . . let this be his birthday present." Toni smiled as she told him, "If the bill is for your own fault, then I have no complaint!"

Jan has never had to remind Toni; she has never forgotten. Today, they live in a brownstone in the vibrant, crowded, suburban Rye, New York—and the busiest place in the house is the kitchen. Two big freezers and the large refrigerator are always full. Jan, who is in the process of searching the gray walls of his NBC studio dressing room as he gropes for words to explain his wealth of friendship. "How can I say it? It’s hard to say when so many great people have befriended me in my many moments of great need? So many times people have saved me from the depths of despondency . . . people who didn’t really know me very much."

"For instance," he says, relaxing his six-foot-three, 190-pound frame into a chair, "there was the time I was a kid, about twelve years old, and I went to the Miami Beach Club, and not doing well. One night, the great Al Jolson and bandleader Ben Bernie came in, dressed in turtleneck sweaters, with the sweaters on their heads, and they treated me carefully. Then they sent me a note to see them in their cabana the next day."

"Well, during the rest of my engagement, I went to see them every day, and I heard their words of wisdom. Jolson told me, ‘You’re still a kid, and the time will come when you’re discouraged . . . but don’t let that happen to you.’"

"We have never actually written in-" Jan and Toni's recollection of their lives together is naturally. "I meet somebody and I say, ‘Come over.’ And, before I know it, I’ve invited a bunch, and we’ve got the party going."

Now, more on their own babies: Diane, four; Howard, seven; and Celia, eight. Warren, sixteen—Jan’s son from a previous marriage—comes over for weekend get-togethers. He is responsible for Jan’s office and TV studios, helping dad and learning the TV business.

Jan’s interest in his fellowman doesn’t stop at other entertainers and relatives. It extends to all of society. He has, he says, come convinced that a person is talented, he becomes that person’s greatest booster. His Jantone productions ("Jantone" being a contraction of Jan and Toni) are staffed with people he’s introduced to TV.

Jan first saw a singer-turned-emece, Bob Keeshan, a second-rate New York TV quiz. Recently, when Jan’s new show, Wingo, was sold to CBS-TV and Jan was too busy to emcee it himself, he decided to send them Keeshan. "I was singing at the Latin Quarter club was stunned. He didn’t think anybody remembered his local show, and he didn’t know Jan. Then, he was stunned. He said, ‘Jan’s character,’ very much, reminded Jan that Kennedy was no network personality and offered him instead, a score of established network emcees. But Jan stuck to Kennedy, and Kennedy got the job."

"I think Kennedy is the greatest, but he never had a real chance to show his stuff," Jan insists. "I believe TV needs people who have strong opinions and aren’t afraid to back them. It should always open the door to new and creative people."

Jan is proud of other performers who got their head of production job through one of his shows: Evelyn Patrick, who’s now Mrs. Phil Silvers, got her first TV job on our Dollar A Second. Tina Louise, who’s now Joan Blondell, got her Little Lacer, got her first TV job on Dol- lar A Second, too. Pat White, now an important actress and model, had just come up through the ranks when she made her TV debut on our show."

Jan was impressed by Herb Strauss, a young NBC unit manager assigned to Jan’s show. Jan’s, and Herb was, very creative, and asked NBC to permit him to switch to Jantone Productions. NBC released Herb and he became associate producer of Wingo. Bus, had no success, and also singer Kitty Kallen’s husband, was once Jan’s publicist. When Jan discovered Bud wanted to get into TV production, he offered him a great producer of Treasure Hunt. The network and agency people were horrified at the idea of a newcomer entrusted with such responsibility, but Jan told Bud on the job for a month, to watch the outgoing producer (who was switching to Hollywood), and then let Bud take over. Now he’s firmly in the job. Stan Drell, a pair of two writers on Treasure Hunt. When Stan got out of the Army, he ran a bar and grill until it went bankrupt, then became a postman. But he was a “natural wit” and was thus introduced to Jack to take over the job. He didn’t want to pay me money for gags," Stan recalls, “and the only one to encourage me. The others wouldn’t even see me. Jan told me, ‘Go to TV comedy. He opened a new life for me.’"
Then there's the case of Barney Martin, a World War II vet and New York policeman, who was a contestant on Dollar A Second four years ago. He told Jan that he wanted to get back in show business. Impressed by his strong personality, Jan hired Barney, gave him bit roles and let him hang around backstage. Now Barney does the studio warmups for Jan and is associate producer of Treasure Hunt.

Then there was Dave Brown, an advertising agency man assigned to Jan's show. Jan found himself asking Dave for advice more and more, and became convinced he was "a very bright showman." So, when the show's director went to Hollywood four years ago and Jan needed a quick replacement, he asked the agency to release Dave to Jan. Then Dave became producer of Wingo.

At one time, Dave left Jan to become producer of the Buddy Hackett show. Jan gave him a big party and gift. Later, when the Hackett show folded, he invited Dave to return to Jan. "Jan always puts himself in the other person's position," Tony points out.

George Schreier, Jan's publicist for the past four years, observes, "I've handled scores of stars, but never one like Jan. He never calls anyone a name, and he's never heard anybody at Janette. He likes people about him. When he goes to a movie, he invites everybody to come along until the crowd looks like a small Webb. When he plays the Concord in the Catskills, he always comes back to the cafe after he does his show, invites his pals to a big table—and entertains them."

Of course, Jan enjoys his business success, but he worries about his responsibilities. "There are a lot of people depending on me—forty-five employees, a weekly payroll of $20,000—and I've got to provide security for my own wife and children. Maybe, his voice trails off, wisfully, "when I've got a strong enough organization, I'll begin to relax at all."

He rarely gets home for dinner before 10 P.M. A round of golf Saturday is his only outside relaxation. On weekends, he romps with his children on the three-acre lawn encircling the big house. The kids follow him into the basement gym, where Jan exercises and helps them play with the toys. It's like taking them to school. The house reflects Jan, explains Tony. "He's so fastidious. He can't even stand a bit of dust on a shelf." Jan's dressing room, adjoining the master bedroom, is a marvel of organization. There are two rows of suits hanging from bars, in closets up to the ceiling. Closets for haberdashery, arranged in shelves, cover another wall. "Jan puts away his own clothes," Tony explains. "He knows where everything is; I don't dare to touch a thing."

Tony is still decorating the big new house. Her priorities, the living room, the only room without a TV set. It is white, with white-lilac wallpaper, black, gold and white period furniture, a big fireplace, and several of Arnold Hoffman's paintings. "I guess I'm crazy," Tony smiles, "to have a white-and-antique room, with kids around... but so far we've managed."

To Jan, the best part of the house is the door, because it is a symbol. "The thing that grieves me about modern life," he explains, "is the lack of warmth. People are so polite in public talk, and don't mean it. They meet in restaurants and offices, but that's not enough. To me, home is the best place. That's where I welcome people—not cocktail lounges, but the home. And a home is not happy if it's a closed home. That's why the open door is the best part of the house."

1. Lana Turner
2. Alan Ladd
3. Esther Williams
4. Elizabeth Taylor
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Rory Calhoun
7. Peter Lawford
8. Burt Lancaster
9. Bing Crosby
10. Dale Evans
11. June Allyson
12. Gene Autry
13. Roy Rogers
14. Doris Day
15. Perry Como
16. Bill Holden
17. Gordon MacRae
18. Ann Blyth
19. John Wayne
20. Audie Murphy
21. Janet Leigh
22. Farley Granger
23. Guy Madison
24. Mario Lanza
25. Vic Damone
26. Dean Martin
27. Jerry Lewis
28. Terry Moore
29. Tony Curtis
30. Piper Laurie
31. Debbie Reynolds
32. Jeff Chandler
33. Rock Hudson
34. Debra Paget
35. Dale Robertson
36. Marilyn Monroe
37. Pier Angeli
38. Marlon Brando
39. Tab Hunter
40. Robert Wagner
41. Russ Tamblyn
42. Jeff Hunter
43. Maureen and Gower Champion
44. Charlton Heston
45. Julius La Rosa
46. Lucille Ball
47. Jack Webb
48. Richard Egan
49. Jeff Richards
50. Robert Taylor
51. Jean Simmons
52. Audrey Hepburn
53. Gale Norrm
54. George Nader
55. Ann Sothern
56. Eddie Fisher
57. Grace Kelly
58. James Dean
59. Shirley MacLaine
60. Kim Novak
61. Eva Marie Saint
62. Natalie Wood
63. Deborah Kerr
64. Joan Collins
65. Jaime Mansfield
66. Joni Mills
67. Shirley Jones
68. Elvis Presley
69. Tony Perkins
70. Clint Walker
71. Pat Boone
72. Paul Newman
73. Don Murray
74. Pat Wayne
75. Carroll Baker
76. Anita Ekberg
77. Corey Allen
78. Judy Busch
79. Patrice Poli
80. Lawrence Welk
81. Gary Lewis
82. Buddy Merrill
83. Hawk Lassiter
84. Jim Arness
85. Sanford Clark
86. Vera Miles
87. John Saxon
88. Dean Stockwell
89. Diane Jergens
90. Warren Berlinger
91. James MacArthur
92. Lena Horne
93. Kay Kendall
94. Delores Hart
95. James Garner
96. Everly Brothers
97. Erin O'Brien
98. Sandra Dee
99. Lili Gentle
100. Robert Culpep
101. Michael Ansara
102. Jack Kelly
103. Nick Adams
104. John Kerr
105. Harry Belafonte
106. Jim Lowe
107. Jonas Patten
108. Dennis Hopper
109. Tom Tryon
110. Tommy Sands
111. Will Hutchins
112. James Darren
113. Paddy9. Pat Boone
114. Tony Nelson
115. Faron Young
116. Jerry Lee Lewis
117. Perlin Husky
118. Dolores Hart
119. James Garner
120. Everly Brothers
121. Ernie O'Brien
122. Sandra Dee
123. Lili Gentle
124. Robert Culpep
125. Michael Ansara
126. Jack Kelly
How to Be 100% Happy

Don Ameche never expected to be an actor. All through his college days, first at Georgetown University and then at the University of Wisconsin, he planned to be a lawyer. He loved the theater—from out front—and took part in college dramas. But he was a pre-law student at Wisconsin when he went one day, for the first time, to buy a ticket for a matinee performance by a local stock company—and Fate pulled the strings. The theater manager had just learned that the company's leading man had been injured in an automobile accident. The curtain was due to rise in two hours, and where could he possibly find a replacement to meet that deadline?

The distraught manager looked up to behold our Mr. Ameche standing at the ticket window, recalled that he'd seen this handsome fellow in student productions, and made a brief but impassioned plea. With him in a matter of minutes, pre-law student Ameche found himself backstage, feverishly learning lines while he applied the inevitable greasepaint. By the time the curtain fell, to ringing applause, several hours later, the bar had lost a promising jurist—and the theater had found a promising new recruit.

For a time, Don suffered the lean and hungry days that are the lot of all young would-be actors. The pavement-pounding. The chin-up one-assuming call—'we'll call you'—routine. But, eventually, the jobs began to materialize. There was a season on Broadway in a comedy, 'Jerry for Short.' There was a tour in vaudeville with Texas Guinan. Then one day, in Chicago, young Ameche heard that a radio audition was being held that afternoon in the NBC studios. He went down, competed with hundreds in the tryouts, and got the job—a featured lead on The Empire Builders. A radio star was born.

It was a time of 'big money,' too, when the famous 'My Little Margie' was heard over the five- acre ranch we bought in Encino, some twenty miles out of Hollywood, with cows and chickens, citrus trees and a truck garden. The boys were fine, the girls and I were the babies who came along, in fairly rapid succession. Dominic Felix Jr. was the firstborn. Two years later, Ronal John Bowman Jr., was born. Finally, as four boys were born by Caesarean section.

"After Lonny's birth, Honore was told there could be no more babies, and she was bitterly disappointed. She so badly wanted another little baby, and when I was five, we adopted two little girls of almost the same age—just two-and-a-half weeks' difference. We named them Barbara Bianchina and Cornelia Robert," Don says tenderly, "and without Bonnie and Connie—as they came to be called—I doubt that I could ever lay claim to being one hundred percent happy."

Too much money too soon—and too many temptations—are the reasons most commonly given for the unhappy headlines made by Hollywood stars. As a Hollywood star in the day of the over-heavy bios, Don was certainly one of those who made "too much money." As a young and handsome actor, he must also have met temptation. "I don't think the money affected me, one way or the other," he says now, "Money never meant that much to me, and it doesn't now. We lived well, in those flush days, but we never went in for the extravagant scale of living. It's often said that the children of movie stars are spoiled, but I don't believe that could have been said of ours. We gave them a lovely home, good schools and the best religious training we could get for them. But not lavish presents, not ridiculous things. The kids had their chores to do, and they had to go out and work. When the boys were old enough, they all worked during the summer."

"As for the temptations, I don't suppose there are any great dangers these days, for they are for the heads of big corporations or other wealthy men. Still, actors do play love scenes requiring close proximity with the opposite sex, and the girls are abundant in the world. Any performers who say they don't feel any emotion, when they're playing love scenes, don't belong in the acting business. There's no doubt it takes a lot more guts to stay straight in an emotional atmosphere than it does in a bank or a..."
supermarket. In my case, I give thanks first, to my religion—secondly, to my family—and third, to the responsibility a performer feels because of his impact on other people.

"I probably had fewer temptations than a lot of others, because I didn't go nightclubbing or partying around. One reason I didn't was that I often gave fifteen hours a day to my work, and that was enough for me. I feel the same way about it now. One of my most fervent convictions is that I don't think you are ever going to get anywhere if you don't do something extra, both in time and in energy.

"Looking back," says Don, "I averaged as much time as any workingman does with his children. To give of yourself and of your time is the most important thing you can give your children. How else are you to train them in the way they should go? You have to talk with them, play with them, be with them, in order to get across to them the values you want them to have.

"Always at home, when we sit around before dinner, the children are with us. When they were small, they'd tell me things they'd done I hadn't taught them at, and there'd be laughs. Later on, we had more serious discussions about life and how it can best be lived. On one such occasion, I remember saying that to have control—to learn to completely control yourself—I feel the same way about it now. Eat too much, and you get fat. Drink too much, and you get drunk. Lose your temper, and you might do anything.

"It was when we were sitting around the fire one evening that I told the little girls—who were between four and five at the time—that they were adopted. I don't remember what I said. It just came out spontaneously, naturally, as it should. To-day, at thirteen, they are as well-adjusted as any two youngsters—or adults—I know. Whenever there is a reason for them to say, 'We're adopted,' they say it as un-selfconsciously as they would say, 'We're girls.'

"Our children are pretty well grown now," Don observes. "Donny, twenty-four, is all the grown—working for a stock brokerage house in Chicago, happily married and the proud father of one-year-old Kevin Ameche. Ronny is in the Navy. Tommy is at school in Phoenix, Arizona, and Lonny at school in Ojai, California. But they come East for Christmas, the holidays and summers with us. The little girls go to day school here in New York—St. Lawrence Academy—and so are with us all the time, we're glad to say.

"Would I want the children to be in my business? In discussing their futures, we always told them that we want them to do what they feel God Almighty wants them to do. That's all we've ever said. But if one or more of them should choose my business or profession—yes, I would want it for them. It has been awfully good to me, allowed me to live a pretty full kind of life, enabled me to do things for people I wouldn't otherwise have been able to do. It's allowed me to travel, which I love to do, and to meet great people of my generation. I would never have been able to meet otherwise.

"They were wonderful years, those years in Hollywood," he will tell you. "Such a wonderful kind of life, the picture business so glamorous then, everyone so charming to everyone else. I enjoyed picture work very much, would be happy to do it again. By the same token, I am very happy to be doing radio and television—and an occasional play—here in New York. So long as you are working at what you do best, and are giving it all you can, the sense of achievement and fulfillment is the same in one medium as in another.

"As for radio, it really feels good to be doing radio again. In my very 'umble opinion, radio is a very distinctive medium, one all its own, with more perquisites for actors, directors, producers, technicians—and the fellow that foots the bill—than any of the related media.

"There can't, for instance," Don explains, "be anything but a perfect 'set' on radio, for every set is built by the listener in his or her own mind. There's none of the sweat and strain and staggering cost involved in building sets on movie and television sound stages. Furthermore, there can't be anything but very handsome men and very beautiful women on radio—for the actors, too, are conceived (presumably without fault, flaw, or unfortunate camera angle) in the listeners' minds. On radio, you can remain forever young. Geographically, you can be—merely by saying so—"Tongue of the moon, night of New York. Radio is limitless, as limitless as the imagination.

"I am also very happy about the stories we are doing on Real Life Stories. The writing on the show is excellent. And they are real life stories of the experiences that can and do befall real people ... normal people—like me," Don smiles. Then, more soberly, he adds, "Radio... after all, my first love. That I love it is proved by the fact that, after my debut on The Empire Builders, I remained on radio for twenty-two continuous years—from 1930 to 1950. During all that time, I never left it for more than a month or two at most. All the time I was in pictures, I stayed on radio. And now I am on radio again."

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T VR

69
Born to Be Trouper

(Continued from page 41) performance, Don wanted to wear a white shirt. Phil had decided on gray. They raised their voices and, if you'd been passing by, you'd have thought they were going to bust up the act. Neither would give in. Neither would compromise. So, when it's time to go out on the stage, what do you think happened? Don, who wanted to wear white, showed up in a gray shirt to please Phil. Phil, who had fought for gray, was wearing a white shirt to please Don.

No one who knows them was the least surprised, for the brothers have been together through the good and bad. They are genuinely fond of each other. More than this, it's against their nature to be inconsiderate. "The boys are young," says Wesley Rose, "yet I've never felt that I had to go on the road with them. I take this attitude knowing that, wherever they go, they are made a big fuss over and there are all kinds of temptations. But it's their nature to be gentlemen. They are clean-cut and wholesome. They're the kind of boys you'd be happy to have your own teenager associate with."

For the record, the Everly Brothers are really brothers, the only children of Ike and Margaret Everly, who were professional singers. Both boys were born in Brownie, Kentucky: Don, on February 1, 1937; Phil two years later, on January 28, 1939. Both are a slim five-eleven. Both have grayish-blue eyes. Don, on the quiet side, has brown hair. Phil, who likes to be on the go, is a dish-water blond.

"I like foreign sport cars," says Phil. "I just got myself a black hardtop MG and I'm going to put a supercharger on it. I've always liked sports, but it's hard to work out on the road—so I got myself a fencing outfit and I hope I can get Don or one of the Crickets to fence with me. And then, of course, I like to get out and date a lot."

"I'm more conservative," says Don. "I drive an American sedan. I like to sit around and listen to music. My chief hobby is art, painting and sketching. And, when it comes to girls, there's just one for me—that's why I'm married."

Don married Sue Inghram, a pretty brunette, when she was nineteen, and he was a month short of being twenty. "They asked me sometimes if I'm sorry I gave up my bachelorhood at nineteen," Don says. "The answer is no. I'm very satisfied with the whole thing. Wouldn't change it for the world. But don't ask me if I believe in teen-age marriages. It's too confusing for me to say. I wouldn't want to be giving advice."

Don and Sue met in Nashville. Don smiles as he says, "I don't think I even proposed. In fact, I guess it was all arranged through mental telepathy."

He goes on, "I didn't consider the arguments pro and con at the time. Marriage was the only thing I could think of for the person, regardless of his age. Dad always said, 'A person should feel like they've grown up when they married.' I felt grown-up—but, I guess, to prove that you're ready, you've got to make it last."

"I didn't buck Don's marriage," Phil recalls. "Our parents have always given us responsibilities. We were always treated as if we had enough sense to know what we wanted to do." He grins. "Now, about my own stand on marriage, I don't believe in young marriage or old marriage. I just believe in marriage when you're ready—and I'm not ready."

Handsome and high-spirited, Phil has no trouble getting dates. He says, "I don't prefer any special pattern in girls. But it's no good if a girl's pretty—and that's all I like a girl who says something worthwhile when she talks. I like informal dates, something spectacular. I like a girl who dresses casually in a skirt and sweater. I don't go for fancy dresses and earrings."

On the road, there is no dating. Don's wife stays at home. The boys bunk in together and spend their time with the other performers. The Crickets are especially good friends. Together, they play poker for low stakes, hunt out restaurants with foreign foods and spend hours in long bus sessions. When it comes to work, they share responsibility equally.

The boys have been sharing and looking out for each other their entire lives. For years, they had only one tuneved between the two of them and could never go to the same formal dance. They never dated the same girl but once. "I was dating her but Don took her away from me," says Phil. "I thought she was too bad for you," says Don. "Is that why you did it? Well, I didn't care anyway," Phil grins.

In the past, if one has been broke, the other dug into his savings. When Don was about twenty, he lent him four dollars toward buying the wedding ring. Before they hit the big time and big money, they were batching at their home in Madison, a couple miles outside of Nashville, with their parents, working in Iowa. Don had to cook. "I wouldn't exactly call it cooking," he says. "I'd get two slices of bread, put some lunch meat in between, and serve it up with a glass of water."

Don and Phil were born into the entertainment business. Their father, Ike Everly, was a singer and entertainer most of his life. I've not been to any of her six years old, respectively, he brought them into the act, which—together with their mother—was billed as The Everly Family. The boys were on many radio stations, including WJJJ in Waterloo, KKFN in Shendahoah, Iowa, WROL in Knoxvillle, Tennessee. They sang in public auditoriums, on the street for politicians, and in brothels.

Sometimes it was rough going, and the hours were odd. "Out at station KKFN," Mrs. Everly recalls, "we were on the air from five-thirty to six in the morning, and winter mornings in Iowa are bitter cold. We'd get out of bed about four, and the first thing on our mind was whether the car would start—and, if it didn't, how far we'd have to walk to get to the station."

Phil recalls a tour of Arkansas in 1952. "We were driving a small sedan. Mother played the bass fiddle, which rode in the back seat. When we'd pull into a town, we'd drop out of the curve, it would drop over and slap us across the heads. On that trip, we were looking for work and had to save money, so we kept a cooler of milk in the car and slept in the sleeping bag on the back seat. The driver would stop at a gas station to clean up and change our clothes."

I had several letters from the beginning and took the good with the bad. On stage, they wore cowboy suits, but the family income couldn't keep up with their growth. Often the boys would go in stockings and a shirt and never change. One time, they bought a shirt and put on their boots—because they pinched so much. They learned to keep smiling, no matter what happened."

The kind of situations we sang on was always having power trouble," Mrs. Everly recalls. "We'd be singing and, unexpectedly, the lights would go out. The boys would expect the audience to go to sleep, and would turn off the lights and put out the lights and the rest of them were all tugged up in the chair! But he kept going and the audience gave him a tremendous hand. When he got off stage, he cried so hard. He wasn't hurt—he thought that he'd messed up the show."

It was taken for granted that the boys would be simply pampered and kind. They were kind and patient, taught them everything he knew about music and show business. "Dad had us telling jokes to the audience," Don says. "He'd have a fishpond where he'd put the fish in. He'd make a huge fishpond, with the fish all swimming around. And he'd make a joke. We were learning to be funny."

Although the boys were neither pampered nor pushed. "We've always treated them as equals," Mrs. Everly says. "If there was a decision to make, or something about our ranch, they were in it. They did help. And we listened to what they had to say. The boys got to where they knew more music than I did, and sometimes covered up for me because I could only play in two keys. I'd take their advice on anything. Even clothes. We respected each other. We all

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What happens when a teenager chases an older man? Don miss "DANGEROUS CRUSH" in August TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newstand.
had chores. There were no special privileges for anyone. The boys didn’t even have allowances. We just shared and helped each other.

It was before they broke up as a family act that Don began to sell his songs. His first sale brought six hundred dollars and encouraged him. When he was sixteen, he wrote “Thou Shalt Not Steal” which was recorded by the Brothers together. The boys wrote “Here We Are Again,” which Anita Carter put on wax. The flip-sides of their big hits for Cadence have been re-released on several original and new releases. "The Every Brother's" includes several original tunes.

The boys have always been so wrapped up in music that there was no question of their continued interest in making good in the business when their parents decided to retire. "Daddy and Mom decided they would learn a new trade," Phil says. "Mom went into beauty culture and Daddy took up barber's. They were in Iowa but decided we should stay in Nashville, where we would have more opportunity.

"At first, we were lucky, Anyway, we thought so. We made a recording for Columbia and it was released in December of 1955—the same time as Elvis’ Heartbreak Hotel. Well, we were lost in the shuffle and never played in this town. We got singing jobs here and there, but weren't making much money.”

It was about this time that the boys were being booked for TV shows, including square dances, dances, or any kind of public appearance, for their singing. They were known to sing with the band, and the band would be paid, but the boys were not. They were paid $10 a night plus their expenses for the hotel and travel. 

That was early in March of 1956." Wes says. "That was when we signed our first record label contract. After that, we'd sign any contract, as long as we were paid. We signed a contract to sing for the American Federation of Labor and a contract to sing for the National Federation of Teachers. We were paid $100 a night, and we were able to sign contracts for the rest of the year.

Wes picks up the story, "Back in my office, I put a call through to General Manager Bleyer at Cadence. He was coming down to Nashville to record Gordon Terry and I told him about the boys. He said that he would be glad to give them a good break and he would record them. Archie liked what he heard and immediately set up a quick recording session. One of the tunes Archie brought down from New York was 'Bye Bye Love.' Don and I really enjoyed this song and bought it after one hearing. The combination of Everal, Bleyer, and Rose starting work, and the results were beyond all expectations.

So, within a week, the boys had recorded their first single, "Bye Bye Love" which, incidentally, was published by Wesley Rose. It began selling like a hot cake and was the biggest hit they ever had. It brought them their first gold record. Their second, "Wake Up, Little Suzie," has also gone over the million mark.

"I don't think success has changed us," Dan says, "although it's nice to have some security. We aren't spending much, but it's good to be able to buy the things you need. The rest of it, though, is being accepted for your music—because I'd like to make music my life. I'd like to go on writing songs and recording, but I guess you can't expect such spectacular success as this so long to last more than two or three years."

Show-wise people like Ed Sullivan and Wesley Rose, who have an awareness of real talent, would say they're astounded. They don't agree. They think the Every Brothers will be around a long time.
Your Guess Is Good

(Continued from page 38)

Pantomime Quiz, a real TV veteran, has long been one of the popular standbys of the summer season. It is far from exceptional. On ABC-TV, Tuesday nights, since April 8, this parlor game is almost as well known to see than any other. In Hollywood, it played for years at parties and was called the "Game." In the East, it was better known as "Charades.

Old friends know that Mike Stokey emceed the first two competing teams are made up of three "star" emcees and one weekly guest. The panel members change from time to time, as they leave for other commitments, then are welcomed back into the panel of emcees. Among those who have been are Howard Morris, Carol Burnett, Milt Kamen, Dorothy Hart, Carol Haney, Tom Poston, Stubby Kaye, Hans Conried and Dennis Darsel, help in the panel weekly.

Stokey, host and producer of Pantomime Quiz, was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, now lives in Hollywood but maintains an office and produces his show from New York. He has been a stage producer, director of radio programs, a radio and night-club emcee and a pioneer in television, and hosted this particular show in 1939, when he had a panel of va-gue in the public's eye. In 1947, his was one of the first and best known of the quiz type programs to be brought to TV in America. During Spring Mitchell, a diminutive blonde, and they have a small daughter, Susan Melissa.

Beginning Friday, July 11, on ABC-TV there's an innovation in games or quizzes—or whatever—in a show to be called ESP (if our crystal ball tells us truly). ESP is an innovation in the historic interest in "extra-sensory perception," a term now made famous through the work of the parapsychology lab at Duke University. ESP sounds altogether too formidable, don't let it scare you. It is to play it with cards, testing participants' sensitivity to telepathy and such kindled talents as clairvoyance and psychokinesis. Do be well scare you, either. They're scientific terms for being able to sense what may happen, or to influence the movement of objects—and some say that, in modern times, these are perfectly normal human talents.

At this writing, the exact form the show will take and the prizes it will offer have not been formed as yet. We don't have the gift of clairvoyance. Un- doubtedly, there will be full participation and who knows? You may discover that you're the gifted one who has ESP.

In general, two participants will compete against each other guessing the "runs" of cards and other symbols which will be used as "targets"—we don't have the gift of clairvoyance. Undoubtedly, there will be full participation and who knows? You may discover that you're the gifted one who has ESP.

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Top personality on this show is Merv Griffin, who won TV Radio Mirror's gold medal this year, as your favorite male singer on radio. Now you can see him daily on TV, as emcee of Play Your Hunch. An expert at ad-lib, Merv's a talented lad who not only sings but plays a variety of musical instruments. He was born July 6, 1930, in San Mateo, California, now lives in a New York City bachelor apartment, where friends gather 'round his piano for many an informal songfest.

CBS-TV has another quiz coming along in mid-July for married couples, this one a Tuesday-night show called Number, Please and packaged by the bright-idea team of Mark Goodson and Bill Todman. Already bowing in as a summer replacement for Person To Person, I Keep Talking, a panel show hosted by Monty Hall, which pairs off some of TV's top personalities in a novel guessing game. (See page 80 for our story on Monty.)

Harry Salter, creator of perennially popular Name That Tune, has another teaser in Music Bingo, these Thursday nights on NBC-TV. The same net has at least four more new games which should be reaching your sets by now. For an hour, each weekday afternoon, there's Lucky Partners!—which really takes viewers and studio audience into the participate with two veteran contestans—followed by Haggis Bagggis, based on an old Scottish phrase and giving photo-identification winners a choice from two prize groups labeled "Haggis" and "Bagggis."

The latter show also has a Monday-night version and offers Art Linkletter's son Jack his first big network show on his own (Steve Dunne is the daytime one). Also on NBC-TV's summer schedule are two other evening quizzes—The Big Game, on Fridays, and Pick A Winner, Tuesdays. All told, the nets are giving people plenty of chances, day and night, to exercise their wits and fill their coffers.

If any shows have been overlooked here, it's because nobody could ever keep track of them all. Some are panel shows, some straight quizzes, some of the new quiz-game type, but all have their devoted fans and thousands and thousands of the faithful who will do practically anything—except miss a show.

As we mentioned in the beginning, our crystal ball is still a little clouded, so don't hold us to it if some of these we have listed earlier haven't got on the air by the time this issue is on the newsstands. Or—traitorously thought—if some have come and failed to stir up sufficient interest, and gone, and are now almost forgotten. Some may change format as the weeks go by, to make them easier to understand or more exciting to watch. Some may change days of the week or broadcast hour.

What we have tried to do here is give you just an inkling of what may be coming your way, what you can enjoy right now, and then you can participate directly or indirectly. We suggest you watch the shows themselves and get up-to-date on all rules and regulations.

Finally, we want to quote from Mark Goodson, in an article in the broadcasting trade publication, Sponsor. Mr. Goodson, half of the firm of Goodson-Todman, creative producers and owners of some of the best audience-participation shows on the air—What's My Line? I've Got A Secret, Beat The Clock—and a string of others as long as your arm, to say about 'good, original, audience-participation shows': "They have the pulse of reality, the drama of the unwritten ending, the flavor of 'nowness.'"

Did you ever stop to think that it's you—the contestants in the studio and the participating home viewers—who really write the ending? Perhaps that's the secret of popularity: They're your shows.
happy-ending version, “Ballad of a Teenage Queen” into the pop hit charts. In person, as well as in spirit, Johnny fills the true description of a bard. His hair is black as coal and his gold-flecked dark eyes can smoulder. His smile breaks slowly. At twenty-six, an intense, quiet, serious man, he is the pop recording sensation of the moment. To interpret him, he draws on a phenomenal, total-recall memory. The sequence of “train” songs, which first brought him to the public’s attention, is a very real impression of Old Ninety.” Says Johnny, “It would tear by at 5:30 A.M., sounding like all creation busted loose.” He thinks in pictures, expresses his emotion in music.

Music is his heritage and the line of song runs back through generations. His parents, Ray and Carrie Cash, are not professional entertainers. Their singing has been confined to their home and to church choirs. His mother says, “We sing because we enjoy it, but we can’t sing like Johnny. Johnny has a voice just like my daddy’s...”

Carrie Cash’s father, J. L. Rivers, home-steaded two hundred acres near Kingsland, Arkansas, forty miles north of Pine Bluff. “He was a farmer, growing cotton and cane and corn, but he also taught what, in those days, we called ‘singing school.’ They say, too, that his father was a music teacher back in Georgia.

The Rivers home became an entertainment center for the community. “We had an organ, a bass viol, a guitar and a mandolin. People would gather together for musicals. We’d take turns playing the different instruments. When my husband came courting, he joined right in with us, singing the old home songs.”

Johnny, who was born in Kingsland, on February 26, 1932, the fourth child of seven, remembers the charm of those musicals when the Rivers children brought their own youngsters back home. Johnny loved the old house, and his grandfather remains one of his particular heroes.

Johnny explains that J. L. Rivers was a man who could plan ahead and think of everything. “First off, when he came to Arkansas, he built the house. Did it himself. He wanted a house 40x100, storey high, but it stood on tall brick pillars. That was so his children could run underneath on hot summer days and have a cool and shady place to play. All us grandchildren loved the place.”

But, for all the patriarch’s planning, “the bad times” came. The land wore out. “By the time they knew, about what cotton took, they was out,” Johnny explains, “it was too late.” Depression and drought deepened the distress of the hill country. In 1936, as a recovery measure, the Governor gave the Rivers family sixty thousand acres and assigned them acreage in the newly-established Dyess resettlement colony.

With the uprooting, Johnny, age four, finished school in the store,” he says, “and was later, in a jungle sort of place, the darkest and bleakest that you ever did see, heavy with vines and trees and full of bobcats. It took him years to make a friend. But, when they did manage to clear the land, it grew cotton like crazy.”

For the interim subsistence, the resettlement administration had provided buildings and stock. Hard work and thrifty planning added to the Cash family’s goods.

At the end of the first year, they had a house, a barn, a smoke house, a chicken house, a mule, a cow, three or four pigs, some chickens, bees—-and a mortgage. They also had The River. The Mississipi, Johnny—who wrote “Big River Blues,” which he recorded on the reverse side of “Ballad of a Teenage Queen”— started to learn about the river when he was five. The Cash farm was twelve miles from its banks. But, as soon as the Memphis radio stations were filled with people along the lowlands that the water was rising, the family began to mobilize.

The Center, where administration building, school, store, and churches were located, was two and a half miles away. They owned no car. Johnny says, “The other families along the road were in the same shape we were, so the County agencies took over. They mobilized us to help them keep the ditches clean, and carry them away.”

At the last minute, Ray Cash made the heartbreaking decision to stay behind. He wanted to save what he could. If the water should come up that far, he promised he would get out fast. A man alone could manage. Frightened, worried, they started their journey. Johnny says, “The bus took us to Memphis by the river. When we got there, they put us on the train, The Lone Star. It was an overnight trip, stopping at every town to let people off to go to their relatives in the hill country. My grandmother met us with a wagon to take us home.”

Three days later, one worry was lifted. His father arrived. There was no use his staying longer at Dyess. The river had overflowed and blocked the doors. You could see the high water mark on the walls, and the mud was still three inches deep on the floors. We all pitched in, but it took us the whole day to get it up. That flood was quite a setback.”

In the Cash family, everybody worked. For Johnny, cotton picking took the place of picking strawberries. The same season, but we didn’t mind too much because our daddy always paid us. Not much, to be sure, but he was careful to see each of us got our share.”

Music was their recreation. On Sunday afternoons, the churches sponsored a community sing which lasted into evening. It is characteristic of the Cash family that, despite their distance from town, they bought a piano before they bought a car. Johnny explains, “It belonged to a lady who worked in the administration building. We paid thirty-five dollars for it. My mother sold magazine subscriptions and we boys put in what we’d saved from picking cotton.”

Two tragedies had an effect on their music. When Johnny was twelve, his brother Jack was killed in an accident in the woodworking shop at school. “Johnny had been the laughing, happy boy,” his mother says, “but after that, he seemed to turn serious, almost somber.” I was glad he had Roy to keep him singing. They’d work out songs together.”

Cash had the only four-piece combo which played on KNCN at Blytheville, Arkansas, and drew big crowds at dances. Then World War II hit, and they all enlisted. Three were killed. Roy Cash has never played again. Down here we have a field representative for Chrysler Motors.

Six weeks after he finished high school, Johnny took off on the long road. “I got up the money to ride a bus to Detroit and got me a factory job.” His boarding house was cheerless; he had to wake at 4:30 A.M. to get to work. Back home, he says, “I bitterly hated it. It seemed like I was nothing—just a zero. I got so homesick I could die. When my first paycheck came, I went back home.”

The country was still fighting the outbreak of the Korean war. Johnny enlisted in the Air Force, was sent to radio technical school and given an assignment which remains to this day “you don’t talk about it” classification.

Sixteen days before he was shipped out to Germany, the most important event of his life occurred. He went roller-skating in San Antonio. Says Johnny, “I was pretty wild on skates. I was just plain showing off when I knocked down this pretty girl...”

The pretty girl was Vivian Liberto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Liberto. Her father, an insurance man, also gives magic shows for charity affairs. Like many people of Italian origin, they’re mad about music. Vivian says, “We were opera fans. We had never listened to hill-billy. But we liked Johnny’s singing. He fitted right into our family.”

Before he left, Johnny and Vivian had an “understanding.” A transatlantic telephone call turned it into an engagement. Johnny mailed her ring from Germany. And Vivian, who was waiting at the airport for him with Johnny’s parents, the day he returned. They were married August 7, 1954, in San Antonio, with her uncle, Father Vincent Liberto, officiating.

Johnny found a job at a Memphis household appliance company. He also enrolled in a radio announcing school. They rented four rooms in a house and bought a car. Vivian’s version and Johnny’s version of that first year differ. “I always trusted Johnny to take care of us,” she says, “We were as happy as two people could be.”

Johnny, who has always wanted to hand his Vivian all the good things of the world on a silver platter, remembers every extra-ordinary gesture which has given up his CI life insurance; how he worried about buying Vivian maternity clothes when she learned she was pregnant; how he sent her to a beauty shop where she wouldn’t have to climb stairs. “I was the world’s worst appliance salesman,” he recalls. “Now and then the boss heard a rumor that I was working there, but I sure didn’t sell anything.” However, he had one asset no finance company could touch—his ability to sing. He also had a guitar. He’d bought it in Germany, “for about five dollars,” walked miles through
Johnny gathered up his nerve and asked for an audition. He and Sam had written two hymns that had impressed the Sun. Sam had bad luck with the few religious records he had issued, so he advised Johnny to work up a different song and come back. Shy as Johnny was, that ordinarily would have been a squelcher. But Vivian was pregnant, Johnny says, "I knew I just had to start selling." His brother Roy, who then worked at an automobile company, helped him. In the shop were Luther Perkins and Marshall Grant, two full-time mechanics who were part-time musicians. Calling themselves "The Tennessee Two," they agreed to back Johnny with electric guitar and bass, in his arrangement of "Hey, Porter," a poem of his which had been published earlier under the title "Stars And Stripes.

It was the first of Johnny's "traveling" songs, numbers written when he was far away from Vivian, longing for her and wanting her to be faithful. Another in the same mood, "I Walk the Line," brought him his first break-through into the pop music field and stayed at the top of the country-and-Western charts for more than a year. Johnny's devotion to his wife was the extra factor which, added to his talent, tipped the balance.

Bob Neal, who has been Johnny's manager since the days he first needed a manager, describes how a song happens to Johnny: "We'll be out on the road, working one-nighters, and Johnny will get more and more lonesome. He'll see something, hear a phrase which triggers his imagination. He scribbles it down on a scrap of paper. By the time we get home, he'll have dozens of such scraps in his pockets, green. He'll sluf himself up in his den and turns them into a song.

Scrupulously careful about credits, Johnny wants it understood that he did not write "Ballad of a Teen-age Queen." "Jack Clements was a genius when the Sun and liked it so much I asked if I could cut it. It was a lucky hunch."

Johnny is asking the fates for another bit of luck from the Sun this summer. He wants a boy. Their daughter Rosanne was born May 24, 1954, and Kathleen arrived April 16, 1955. With a new baby expected, Johnny says, "I'm sure proud of our girls, but they need a brother..."

To prepare for the big event, they bought a new house—"about a mile and a half from Sam Phillips' and a little further away from Bob Neal's. It's right on Memphis city limits," Johnny has appropriated one of the four bedrooms of the spacious ranch-style house for an office and music room.

Vivian likes the efficient kitchen and the big fireplace which gives an extra air of hospitality to the living room. Johnny likes to cut wood for that fireplace. "There's a stand full of black oak in the house. I get me a workplace whenever I come in from the road. Then, for summer, there's room for a swimming pool, if we ever want to put some in."

As a modern minstrel, Johnny Cash will always wander far. To major television shows, to personal appearances, perhaps to motion pictures. His flow of songs of love and loneliness is limitless for, wherever Johnny may be in person, his heart is always home.
The Heart of Bilko

(Continued from page 50)

those who work with him constantly. Second, the way his wife, Evelyn Patrick Silvers, a girl of sunny and outgoing temperament, talks about him.

Evelyn Patrick, vivacious and beauti-
ful brunette, and Phil were married in 1936. Still in her early twenties, she gave up earnings that are said to have been around sixty thousand dollars a year (doing commercials on CBS-TV's The $64,000 Question at the time of her mar-
riage) to become a home-keeping wife and a mother. Their daughter, Tracey Edythe, named for Evelyn's sister, was born on June 27, 1937.

Before their marriage, Phil, in his mid-
forties, had been quoted as saying that he had missed only a good marriage and fatherhood, and except for these he had no complaints about what life had handed him. "He sometimes seemed lonely," a friend said of him. "He had friends, good friends from years back, a great deal of attention and affection. But, when some of the boys went off for weekends with their families, Phil looked a little restless.

"We all knew about his soft spot for kids. When any child came on the set, just any kid for any reason, Phil stopped production to talk. If it was a crippled child or any child who was having a rough time, he would clown and practically put on a whole show, while everything else waited. Now he brings out pictures he has taken of his little girl, shows them almost sheepishly, says, 'I never thought I would carry around five or six pictures of a baby and show them off, but here they are.'"

"When Tracey Edythe was only a few months old, he would tell how Evelyn and the nurse insisted she was clapping hands. 'She goes like this,' he demonstrat-
ed. 'Her hands don't meet. They pass. But I'm told that's clapping, so I believe it.' On days, he's proud because someone says the baby looks like him. The next day, he will swear she's the image of Evelyn, and he's even prouder. The baby now has brown hair with little reddish tinges at the edges, and eyes that seem to change every time you see her, depending on the color she wears."

Tracey turned her father into a photo-
fan. "There is hardly any kind of photo-
graphic equipment, still and movie, that Phil has missed out on, since the baby's arrival," his wife says. "The fact that he never took a picture before, with so much as a Brownie, has made for some very funny results, but now some of the pic-
tures are good."

"He is very good at helping with the baby, with diapering and bathing her and putting her to bed. Of course, he had to get used to hearing her cry. The first time we took her out in her carriage, she cried so hard we turned around and came straight back home. Some day we want a house in the country, but not while Phil has to work such odd hours and it is such a grind. It would be too much to ask him to come in from the country and be on a set at eight in the morning. The baby doesn't mind the city. She isn't. Not yet, at least. We live in an apartment across from Central Park and she is out there all day when the weather is nice. A park fifty-
one blocks long and forty blocks wide is really quite a front yard."

Perhaps no one guessed, when he was a bachelor, that Silvers is a homebody at heart. His life in show business began when he entered his teens and joined "Gus Edwards' Schooldays Revue," an act that played the vaudeville circuits—
including the New York Palace Theater, where he first met Evelyn. From there, he worked his way down through years of vaudeville and one-night stands across the country and back again many times. Through the Catskill circuit, through a period of radio, a tour of vaudeville, and into Broadway musicals, notably his first big hit, "High Button Shoes," and his most recent one, "Top Banana." By the time Evelyn married him, he had seen it all, the top and the bottom of show business. Loved it and been a part of it for more than thirty years.

Perhaps Evelyn was the first to recog-
nize that the sophisticated and knowing performer had another side. "Home, com-
fort, slacks and slippers, a paper and TV—
Phil was made for these," she says. "When we went out with people we knew (of purpose, he will find out only when he reads this) two old pairs of slippers he had clung to for years. They were so worn. So mishapen. But he loved them and the way they were, and sometimes my con-
science bothers me a little. Only a little—
because he has some now he is fast getting into the shape of the old ones." He likes to see women dress comfortably and simply and very femininely, dislikes too feminenesses that look too feminine—those looking hats. "I sent one back this season when Phil said it wasn't feminine enough."

Silvers never goes out when he is working. The shooting days of the show are Thursday, Friday, and these are the frantic ones. They stay home about ninety-five percent of the time since the baby came, anyhow, so when they go out they go on a night when Phil isn't working. Evelyn care about big parties, preferring a few close friends. They prefer dinners in quiet restaurants, a neighborhood movie, a night at a circus. Phil is an even-tempered sort of guy never too pleased with them, but has fond memories of such films as "Cover Girl."

People who work with him now know he is a "mad sports fan"—mad about al-
most any sport. "I believe he knows more about baseball than most of the players themselves," one of them said. "He gambles—profits and losses. Every time. He knows football. He's a golfer. He is even interested in table tennis."

When Silvers watches his TV show on film, he sometimes laughs out loud at a scene or reaction that was in the script. His sense of comedy and timing make him unhappy at the slightest wrong move or word, knowing that these can throw a whole scene off. Phil is only really happy when the comedy situations are believable, Evelyn explains. "When he is learning a script, I can tell whether he thinks it is a real good one with a par-
ticularly funny situation, because he knows it forward and backward then, after only a few readings. If it is not so good and his lines are not as funny as he would like, it is almost impossible for him to remember. If I make a suggestion and it happens to be good, Phil has already thought of it. His mind works quickly."

"No one is a better audience for the humor of our own writers. Even mine. I don't tell any jokes—but, if I just happen to say something amusing or clever, Phil is the most appreciative audience I know."

His feeling for a funny situation or line is well-known to the men he works with. "Phil is a creative man, not only an actor. He thinks in the middle of a scene sometimes and says, 'This is wrong'—and he can't go on until the scene plays right. I have seen a real dead spot in one of the shows, with Silvers sort of walking through it, and one character make him come to life when the cameras started. Phil can often give a dull scene a lift. That's what makes him such a great performer on the stage, though he is not a great stage performer. He likes to have time to work on something until every movement of an eyebrow is meaningful. I understand he is constantly looking over his script while he stage-manages and would never be surprised if he took one. It's his first love, although he likes TV immensely."

Silvers is known to have a phenomenal memory, not only for old songs and such things as telephone numbers but for old comedy routines. "He knows all there is to know about comedy and comedians," one of his friends says, "and can tell you every routine of every old comedian, who played this character or that, who did this particular softshoe, who told these jokes. On the set, he is known as a man who is

Her Stolen Moment of Sin...

Her Stolen Moment of Sin...

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"I'm Going to Marry Ferlin"

(Continued on page 38)

invented as she was doing. Any word would do, so long as it was different, and each vied with the other to find a new way to say that she felt Ferlin Husky was the most. Then one little beauty toppled them all by using words which have never changed in meaning since English first was spoken.

As apt as if she were lost in space, Bettie Westergard fluttered long lashes across dark eyes and murmured, "I'm going to marry that man." Not "I wish," nor "Wouldn't it be wonderful," but the flat statement, "I'm going to." 

For an instant of shocked silence, the TV set had full audio control of the room. Saying such a thing just wasn't done. To say you'd marry a man who never had had any chance or square can you get? Derisive, the girls howled Bettie down, asking pointedly: "Does he know?"

Caught in her own story, Bettie stubbornly tried to carry it off. "Not yet, but he will. I'm going to marry Ferlin Husky." A year later, she did.

She confesses, however, that—at the moment she said it—she didn't have the slightest idea how I'd ever get to meet him. Fate, in the guise of a Saturday-night dance, solved that. Due mention was made that third Friday, to Bettie to call. "There was this long line of girls going up to the stand to wish him happy birthday and I thought I might as well get in on it."

Shaking hands and signing autographs, Ferlin spoke with the line moving, Bettie, was aware that her watching friends recalled her indirect prediction, approached with shaking knees and a quavery smile. If only he'd be a little speechy to her, something more than "Hello," it wouldn't be so bad. . . Miraculously, he did. When he looked down, blue eyes met brown in a glance that held. It's not supposed to happen, but between the novelists, but Ferlin, too, fell in love at first sight.

His handshake became a gesture to turn her away from the line for an instant. "What's your name?" he asked. He's just being polite, she thought, as she answered, "Bettie." "What's the rest of it?" he persisted. She told him—then he asked, "Are you married?" There was urgency in his abruptness.

Fifteen-year-old Bettie had never before been asked that question. Totally bewildered, she could only blush and shake her head. Other birthday greeters were pushing close. Aware of them, Ferlin said hastily, "We can't talk now. Will you wait for me after the dance?"

Tongue-tied, Bettie nodded. For the remaining hour, she alternately hoped and feared that impossibly cold common sense. Fright was ferociously proving itself might feel she knew him, but what was he really like off-screen? Would he think she was just a cheap and silly pick-up? Recollecting her mother's admonitions and all the warnings she had heard about "strangers" combined to another her heart's happy chant, He likes me. What would she do if he asked her to take her home? Should she refuse and chance never seeing him again?

Ferlin saved the decision. Hurrying off, he said, "Bettie! Will you give me your phone number? May I come over tomorrow and meet your folks?"

He was there at noon and brought his guitar. "He talked to my mother and dad than he did to me. Then he sang to us. My brothers were crazy about him. I thought I'd never get a chance to talk to him alone."

"I knew what I was doing," Ferlin says. 

"I had to make friends with her family and get them to like Ferlin. And all got acquainted, I took Bettie out to a Chinese restaurant to have dinner and I asked her to marry me, right off the bat."

Not in her wildest dreams had Bettie envisioned that. "I just thought he was kidding."

Ferlin proved he wasn't, but to court a schoolgirl while working on a daily television show and playing distant dances at night posed a problem. Ferlin solved it by turning up each morning to drive her to school.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orelle Westergard, raised the usual objections to her going steady. She was far too young. Yet they couldn't help liking this boy who never asked for anything. His friends related how he grew up in the country. A straight-shooter," said her father. "Considerate," said her mother. "Gee, he knows all about bronco-bustin' and huntin' and fishin'," said her kid brother.

As for Bettie, she seemed to grow up, all of a sudden. Her folks sensed she was in love, to stay. She says, "I'd lost all interest in other girls. I'd tell her to stay away."

Once he received her parents' consent, Ferlin lost no time. Art's house was permitted faster marriage than California's. He whisked Bettie off to Yuma. With her family in attendance, and with Bettie wearing a white suit and carrying a huge bouquet of white carnations, they were married November 25, 1951.

It was the start of a good life. Ferlin says, "It's funny, but that's when things started to work. It was a funny name, Ferlin."

It was about time that Lady Luck smiled on him, for back of him he had two broken marriages and a career which held more switchbacks than a mountain road.

A setting hen caused the first one, when he was nine years old. Born on a farm near Carlent, Missouri, December 3, 1925, Ferlin is the son of Louis and Daisy Husky. He has a brother, Harold, and two sisters, Doris and Marge. He always could sing, but they thought he was getting too big for his britches when, at nine, he started teacupping for his family.

In those drought years, the Huskys had no more cash than any other farmers, but his mother sensed the guitar was important. His father, who drove out to take Sunday dinner at the hospitable Huskys' was one who owned a guitar and wanted a setting hen. Mrs. Husky had the hen. They swapped.

But not for long, Ferlin recalls: "We carried the hen into town and carried home the guitar. But soon we had to return the guitar and take the hen back. The pesky thing refused to sell!"

Santa Claus proved more dependable. But, even after his folks had given Ferlin a guitar, he wasn't interested in his assertion he was going to be a singer, just like on the radio. His mother wanted him to be a preacher. His father mentioned the practical, immediate matter of farm chores. Ferlin fled from both. Guitar swung over his back, he took to climbing the barn and searching far and wide for a possible spot. "You could hear me for two miles. Neighbors would stop work to listen."

Later, he began "singing in church, at suppers and commencement exercises." When he entered San Joaquin Community College, he fell in love with his town. Sunday afternoons, he walked through the towns. He didn't know the names of the streets, but he knew they were everywhere. He was a small-town boy.

He began working at a newspaper. At 18, he fell in love with his first wife, Betty. They lived in an army tent, and later, at home with his parents. He tried hard to be a musician, but the music wasn't there. He gave up and went to work for a furniture store.

He moved to Nashville in 1948, and the music returned. He sang with some of the biggest names in country music, including Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, and Roy Acuff. He eventually landed a job at WSM, the Grand Ole Opry, and began making records under the name of Ferlin Husky.

In 1951, he married Betty and the couple had a daughter, Sherry, in 1952. They later divorced, and in 1955, Ferlin married his second wife, Betty Jo. They had a son, Tim, in 1957.

Ferlin's career took off in the early 1960s, and he became a household name. His hit songs included "The Drunken Driver," "Mamas Don't Allow Ya to Marry a Cowboy," and "You're the Reason God Made Oklahoma.

Ferlin Husky continued to record and perform throughout the rest of his life, and he remains a beloved figure in country music. Today, he lives in Tennessee with his third wife, Carol, and their two children, Tim and Sherry.

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Cover Duo

Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme head a parade of favorites, both solo and duet, in September

TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand August 5
They began reaching out, experimenting. Ferlin realized that country-and-Western music was changing: "It had to turn into more than a whine and a holler." He tested his theories by re-recording "Gone." "I always had believed it could be a big hit. We talked it over with Ken Nelson, our artists-and-repertoire man, we brought in a chorus, and we cut.

Skeptics had a field day at its release. There were those who asked Ferlin, "What are you trying to prove?" But the kids of America understated that Ferlin had put all of his own drive and vigor and out-of-the-road lonesomeness into it. They bought more than a million copies. Its success brought Ferlin his first guest shots on network TV shows, and out of these came his first straight acting role, on Kraft Television Theater, last August.

Although he has never set foot inside the Actors Studio, he has his own "method." Betty—who also fandoms that Ferlin can do anything—describes it, "He has a photographic mind, I guess. He just looks at the script and he not only knows it, he is the character."

Professionals agree with her. Producer Ralph Serpe met Ferlin when he did a brief number in the Alan Freed movie, "Mr. Rock 'n Roll." Impressed, he signed him to co-star with one of Ferlin's best friends, Faron Young, in "Country Music Holiday," a picture which takes much of its plot from incidents in Ferlin's and Faron's own lives. Studios are bidding for him for both comedy and serious drama. One picture being discussed would be based on the life of Hank Williams himself.

Perhaps motion-picture success will make it necessary for the Huskys to move back to California. If they go, it will be a wrench, for Ferlin and Betty have, at Madison, Tennessee, exactly the kind of home and life they want. They live in a thirty-room modern mansion on the Cumberland River, surrounded by plenty of play space for both adults and children. Ferlin's daughter, Donna, now twelve years old, lives with him and Betty. Ferlin have Danny, who was born December 12, 1952, and Dana Rene, born January 19, 1956. Another child is due.

The boat which Ferlin keeps on the Cumberland serves his love for adventure: "I like to take it out at night and hunt the channel in the dark, same as we did in the Merchant Marine during wartime."

Family cruises are often shared with the Faron Youngs, who also have a boat. Says Betty, "We'll load up the kids and a picnic lunch and set out for some spot in the wilderness as far away from crowds as we can get."

Both Ferlin and Betty like to hunt. She had never touched a gun until, early in their marriage, she went with Ferlin to Canada on a tour of one-nighters. He carried his guns with him. Says Betty, "We were in the middle of nowhere when he stopped the car, hoping he might get a shot at a jackrabbit. There weren't any jackrabbits, so he set up some coke bottles as targets, gave me the gun and dared me to hit them."

To her delight, Betty outshot Ferlin, and they have hunted together until this past season, when being pregnant kept Betty at home. When she protested that it was perfectly safe, Ferlin devised an alternate plan, "He figured," says Betty, "that, when our son Danny is fourteen years old, we're all going to Africa to hunt lions. I won't let him forget. I'm really looking forward to that."

Since Danny won't be six until December, that sounds like a considerable projection. But, in the adventurous life of the Ferlin Huskys, it doubtless will happen ... and doubtless, too, it will be quite a trip!

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79
Dick Clark and Company

(Continued from page 22)
corner for commercials. Certainly, too, Bandstand must be one of the lowest-budget programs in network television. The kids wander in when they fit, flashy records are played, and they start to dance. Three gifted cameramen, who double on lights, shoot the show unrehearsed.

What are the extra factors which make this show a truly high-tension, launching pad which nearly every recording artist seeks when he is about to re-release a new platter?

Our friend America to see, is Dick Clark. Dick got his first big break as a commercial announcer on the Paul Whiteman teen club. He inherited Bandstand when he was only twenty-eight, and they bring in money and three infants. Tony Mammarella, ex-medical student, ex-actor, television producer, is the father of four—seven, twelve, and three infants. Tony has produced Bandstand since it began six years ago as a local program, and is largely responsible for its success.

Bandstand is America's favorite television program, and has become so popular that it has been given the nickname "Bandstand's America's Medium," and is the most-watched program in the United States that is not a news or sports show.

There are practical advantages in having a membership card, but, for the kids, there's a lot of magic in that piece of pasteboard. Vincene and Barbara, the pretty girls from Easton, sought a sense of "belonging." "We felt more a part of the program while watching at home."

Vincene, a senior who wants to go to art school next year, has tried to sketch some of the cars from the program. "They looked so perfect on the screen."

Meeting them was confidence-building: "I was surprised to see how much makeup was on the girls."

She might have been interested to know that sometimes Dick is equal parts guiding hand.

He understands, however, that experimenting with makeup is intrinsic to being a teenager. Vincene's companion, Barbara, brought out another of Bandstand's attractions, the romantic angle, when she shyly confessed that her boyfriend, "one of the kids," is here today. Maybe someday.

For cameo-faced fifteen-year-old Frances Giordano, the romantic promise has its sequences, dancing, stepping on Bandstand, and no problem. When asked "How long?" she replied, "Three weeks."

Dick's answer to this announcement was: "That's typical. He's seventeen and parents often make too much fuss about kids going steady and cites the authority of both experience and observation. He feels that when some kid gets a steady girl, and she breaks him up, he keeps on Bandstand, and it's no problem.

However permanent or transient Frances's current heart interest may prove, she is building another part of her future on Bandstand, for Frances wants to be a model. So she got her acting break off steady and again, and when he was established as an announcer, got married. Give a kid enough to do, a place where he can make friends, and where he can make enemies, and the last time he has a chance to meet your kid, he is bound to see a Bandstand because he wants to be there for the cameras."

Boys, as well as girls, pay careful attention to their clothes because of being in the public eye. Dick Clark has been quoted as saying, "Dick Di Rocco, senior at West Chester High School. Handsome, hazel-eyed Richard would fight the guy who called him "a clothes-horse," but he does have a half-dozen sports jackets, plus a collection of slacks, and he mixes them up. "I try to look different every day." He also rushes back after school to don a clean shirt before driving twenty-five miles to the program. "My mother doesn't mind doing up all those shirts. She's glad to see me tidy and washing behind my ears."

Not all the young people who dance on the program have wardrobes so extensive, but there's no doubt many a boy has learned to hang his best suit and many a girl has taken the trouble to press a dress before they appear there. The kids keep on Bandstand the next day. They all take pride in the letters and published reports which refer to them as "the nicest looking boys and girls in the United States."

Some of their outfits can get imaginative, but they willingly adhere to the regulations about clothes. The rules are that they must be neat and the clothing can't be any longer than the length of the kid's shoes.

"We are no dressers," says Richard. "We demand standards about the quality of the clothes, and certainly none about quantity. We only insist that a boy wear a tie and a jacket, and a girl wear a dress and a coat when she's on the team and the sweater is the button-down kind. A girl must arrive in a dress suitable to wear in the afternoon. School uniforms are okay, but jeans, too."

"We don't go wild," he says. "You can't go wild."

Gilbert Martinez counts another advantage from Bandstand which he is not alone in enjoying: Recognition as an individual. Born in Puerto Rico and living in an area which has not been notable for assimilation of these new immigrants. Gilbert is from the minority group in Liberty High School: There can't be more than three or four of us. But I don't have any trouble. I just don't get along all right at school.

Gilbert and Richard together bring up what may be Dick Clark's most significant contribution—that of being, in effect, an educational counselor. Says Richard, "Dick's older, but he understands our music and he doesn't condemn it, and it helps make our parents respect us as well as the records."

Gilbert pays tribute to the hours which Dick spends listening to records, talking to disc jockeys, reading letters. "Man, does he know his stuff. He'll have a number on his Top Ten long before it shows up anywhere else." To Gilbert and Richard this is important and they tend to find in the letters a kind of personal, and occasionally, professional ambitions. Richard plays piano, cornet and tenor sax. With his brother Anthony at drums, he leads a five-piece combo and plays school dances and anything else we can get."

Gilbert and his brother, Manuel, have a vocal group. "We've three baritones and a bass," he explains. They have written a song—"It catches on around home, maybe we can get it recorded." Both boys talk eagerly to the recording artists who appear on Bandstand and advise them. Of the many articles written about him and the many letters written to him, those which Dick Clark himself most appreciates are the ones which indicate that the program and the kids have helped them into record hops has pleased both adults and teenagers: "Kids are dancing again, in gyms, lodge halls, church parlors, anywhere. Richard plays piano and start feeding a stack of records. They can afford the admission prices, which run from twenty-five cents to a dollar."

On American Bandstand itself, the dancing is free—in the studio or in many the cases of the big hit groups. Teenagers (and their parents) pay only with their gratitude. If that were money, Dick Clark and Company would all be millionaires!
They Sing Hot, They Sing Cool

(Continued from page 34)

Jet-propelled speed was no new thing for Scott Engel, who is now recording on the Orbit label. Scott was born in Hamilton, Ohio, January 8, 1944, son of Noel and Betty Engel and grew up "all around the country," for his father was a frequently relocated oil geologist. In Midland, Texas, when he was five, Scott learned to ride a bike. In the 10th grade he earned his first dramatic role in a long-running local production, "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Scott's parents were divorced in Midland, and he, his grandmother and his mother moved to Denver. In 1954, they went to New York during Scott's Easter vacation from school. Almost upon arrival, Scott was asked by family friends to appear in a benefit show. His performances were so well received he was asked to play in "Plain and Fancy" and "Pipe Dream." In 1956, Scott joined George Sheek's show, Star Time.

Betty Engel had grown up in California and both she and Scott were restive in a city apartment. Scott said, "New York's no place to own a dog, ride a horse or shoot and smoke." In August, 1957, they went to Los Angeles to visit Mrs. Engel's sister, Lucille.

"We thought a term of just going to public school was performing would be good for Scott," Betty Engel "but he's too super-charged to stand still." When he began fidgeting to go on a TV show, Mrs. Engel called a long-time friend, Miss Tina Hill, who had become an agent.

Miss Hill obliged by putting Scott on The Tex Williams Show and Panorama Pacific. Scott enrolled in Hollywood Professional on a one-weekend, and went with his mother to Palm Springs.

Says Mrs. Engel, "That boy always manages to turn every holiday into a job. Ray Ryness, producer of the El Mirage, is a family friend. When he asked Scott to sing at Sunday brunch, of course Scott was glad to do it.

One who heard him at Palm Springs was Eddie Fisher's secretary. Some time later, Scott, all on his own, turned up at the Fisher office. The secretary remembered the boy and told Fisher, "I think you'll want to hear this youngster.

For Eddie Fisher, meeting Scott Engel was virtually a flashback to the time when, with the same kind of trust and youthful enthusiasm, Eddie Fisher and his pal, Bobby Frank, had asked for the same kind of boost in launching his career.

Fisher decided he wanted to continue the tradition. It was a pleasant happening, too, that Mr. Cantor was on hand for the dress rehearsal. As enthusiastically as if he also had discovered Scott, he applauded Scott's number, then did a double-take and rounded on the boy. "What's the matter with you?" he said, "cabin fever!" and Scott passed on, fuming, but not slugging. "I said, 'Mr. Cantor, I'm not a person and I'm just geting thing wrong with the way that boy looks.' He studied him intently. "I know. It's his hair.'

Mrs. Engel enjoyed the next bit: "Scott's aunt, uncle and I had all been fussing at him to get his hair cut short, but the other boys in his crowd were wearing ducktails, too, so Scott had given up. But he couldn't refuse Mr. Cantor. They broke his ducktail and trimmed Scott's hair short, right there."

Fifteen minutes before air time, Scott got his real thrill. Eddie Fisher called him into his dressing room, and, to slick off his own tie and put it on Scott. "That's for luck," he said. "I wore Eddie Cantor's tie my first time on air."

The good luck charm worked—Scott was fine and has since appeared several times on the Fisher show. As a singer, Scott is definitely in orbit.

Frankie Avalon was born in South Philadelphia, a section rich in music-loving Italian families. Among those who played piano and guitar, just for the fun of it, was Nicholas Avalone, Frankie's father. When his wife Mary bore him a son on September 18, 1939, Nicholas naturally hoped that their Frankie would like music, too.

But Frankie, up to the age of ten, was a fugitive from the piano bench whenever he could find an excuse. An afternoon at the movies changed his life. After he saw 'Young Man With A Horn' in which Harry James played the trumpet solos, Frankie was a gone guy. Two days later, his father bought him a trumpet. A year later, his teacher said Frankie had learned as much as he himself knew. Shortly thereafter, Frankie was playing at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. He didn't get paid for it. That didn't matter, at the moment. Music-loving relatives who lived in Jersey City took him into their home. After a season of playing four shows a day, Frankie was rich in experience. At thirteen, RCA Victor gave him a contract to record on one of their labels. Big-name radio and TV stars invited him to appear on their programs.

But, once Frankie had made the rounds, he'd had it. The big, touring room full of people didn't get him into his life. He went to work in a steel mill. His life was long; night clubs serving liquor couldn't employ an under-age entertainer. Frankie was a child prodigy, fresh out of bookings.

Two who worried about it were his neighbors, Bob Marcucchi and Peter DeAngelis. Now owners of Chancello Records, they then were struggling young songwriters. Bob, Pete, Nick Avallone and his brothers sat down for an impromptu bit of brainstorming. Out of the session came the idea of starting a teenage-night club. Frankie would gain an outlet. The club might help combat juvenile delinquency.

With the anti-delinquency purpose in mind, they chose a location where such a club could do the most good. Frankie describes their first customers: "Their nicknames alone were enough to scare you! 'Sluggers,' 'Killers,' 'Rocks,' 'Slabbers.' But it wasn't long before those kids were our best helpers. They found it was more fun to dance than to go on a rumble, so they pitched in."

Frankie and Pete worked together a band which ranged in size from five to twenty pieces, depending on who turned up to work.

Pete DeAngelis and Bob Marcucchi continued to be among Frankie's most interested boosters. Frankie, in turn, tried to help them. When, soon after they had started their recording company, Bob said, "Gee, Frankie, we sure need a teen-age idol," Frankie started scouting. Time since that same, he'd call up to say, "I heard about a kid who can sing real great . . ." but usually the audition proved disappointing.

The suddenly, in October, 1956, an overheated chimney at Frankie's Embassy Club burst late at night. Fire destroyed the building. Frankie thinks of the ensuing months as his "lucky" period. He merely studied voice, kept up his trumpet practice and concentrated on finishing school. Now and then, he would play a club date.

He was appearing at a New Jersey spot when the manager told Marcucchi and DeAngelis: "I think I've got just the singer for you . . ." Also, for the umpteenth time, Bob and Pete drove out to listen and shake their heads.

Then the obvious hit them. Bob and Pete took a real look at Frankie up there on the bandstand singing away. Why not

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make Frankie into the long-sought idol? They cut his first record, "Cupid," on May 31, 1957. Frankie, in the midst of final examinations, could not go out on the road to introduce it. After graduation, he had agreed to work with a friend's band, Rocko and His Saints. It was September before he was ready to tour the deep southern states to release his second recording, "Teacher's Pet."

It was far from a hit but Bob, Pete and Frankie stayed on the road even after sales of "Cupid" had dropped. Says Bob, "Frankie was making friends, they knew he could sing."

On the surface, Laurie London, whose hit record, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," made history early this year, is a typical well-mannered, soft-spoken English schoolboy. Not yet five feet tall, he has a shy and introspective air.

Steve, with his slim, angular face, is a tall, slight individual. His light-colored hair is kept short, and he often stands with one hand in his pocket. His voice is soft and gentle, and he talks slowly and deliberately. His eyes are large and expressive, and he has a gentle smile. His movements are graceful, and he is often seen carrying a book or a notebook.

Steve is the type of person who is easy to approach, and he is popular with his fellow students. He is both intelligent and creative, and he is often seen working on projects or experiments in his science class. He is also a talented musician, and he is often seen playing the guitar or the piano. His love of music is evident in his choice of extracurricular activities, and he is a member of the school orchestra.

Steve is a hard worker, and he is always willing to help his classmates. He is a kind and caring person, and he is respected by his teachers and his peers. He is a true leader, and he is often called upon to speak in front of the student body.

Steve is a person who is easy to trust, and he is always willing to listen. He is a person who is easy to be around, and he is a true friend. He is a person who is easy to love, and he is a person who is easy to respect. Steve is a true gentleman, and he is a true friend. He is a true leader, and he is a true hero.
this prominence has given his brother L. C. "He's been singing with a pop group, The Magnificents. Now he's going out as a single and record for Keen." The Cooke brothers

The development of The Cliff Thomas Trio on Sun Records presents a different sort of family story. It actually starts with Edward Thomas Sr., now a prosperous wholesaler, and his vivacious wife, Victoria, who explains: "Both of us played violin—our parents came from Lebanon and, in an old-country way, decided what we should study and wanted to play piano. So, when we got married, we decided that we'd see to it all our children got piano lessons."

Barbara, born February 9, 1935, was the first Thomas child. She took her degree at Millsaps College, is a member of Kappa Delta sorority, and is now a promotion writer at WLBT, the NEC affiliate at Jackson, Mississippi. Edward Jr., born October 24, 1936, was graduated this year from Notre Dame University, where he majored in business administration. Cliffon Thomas, born June 18, 1941, will be a senior at Provine high school this fall.

As their parents planned, all three of the elder Thomas children were trained in music. But, if they preferred singing more than she did about piano, but Ed Jr. well satisfied his parents' ambition to have a pianist in the family. He won a state music contest and, with it, a high school scholarship to the University of Mississippi. Cliffon plays accordion, trumpet, guitar, clarinet.

Just having fun at home, the Thomas Trio worked up quite an act. But, when people began to listen, life became difficult, and father put his foot down. Clifton was the first to evade the ban on public entertain ing. "I got me a little band," says Cliff. "Just some of my good school, and we started playing in some little joints. Now, Daddy didn't go so far as to say I couldn't do it. But he did make me join the musicians' union. That took care of the band. The then-Billie Thomas couldn't afford scale. We had to quit."

In this amiable tug-of-war between business and show business, Ed Jr. thought he had found a compromise. He could write songs, Why not try to sell some to be recorded by other talent? He could still join the family firm after his graduation from high school and, perhaps, turn his home-taped songs the trio had made to Sun Records in Memphis.

Sun, since its success first with Presley, Carl Perkins, Carl Smith and later with Jerry Lee Lewis and Bill Justis, has been the goal of many young men with the same idea. When Ed Thomas Jr. came calling, Sun's artists-and-repertoire man, Jack Colin, tactfully told Ed that Sun had all the talent it could handle.

"But," says Barbara, "Brother's a salesman, too, just like Daddy—Daddy could sell your baby. So, naturally, Ed persuaded him to listen."

After a few minutes of that listening, Jack called in Jud Phillips, Sun's promotion man, and soon Jud called Sam Phillips. Sam said, "You can't even listin' all of you get up here to record?"

Ed was startled. "I hadn't figured on that. I just wanted to sell you some songs."

"Nonsense, you do. They don't do them better than the group that worked them up? And that's how "Treat Me Right" and "I'm On My Way Home" happened to appear on Sun Records' spring release list.

Dot Records claims a great future for another talented Southerner, Vernon Taylor. Vernon was born at Sandy Springs, Maryland, but his brothers taught him the basic chords on a guitar. To give Vernon a better chance to attend school, the family moved from their farm into the town of Spencerville, Maryland, where Vernon formed a trio for dances.

With a local radio show of his own, he gave the big school a ready-made idea that a high-school diploma was valuable and returned for graduation. Don Owens, disc jockey at WARK, Arlington, Virginia, heard Vernon, decided this boy had a future, and began to guide his career. Owens is now both his manager and announcer on Vernon's program, TV Jamboree over WTG in Washington, D.C.

Connie Francis, one of the very few highly successful girl singers, is a wonderful example of how an early start and continued hard work can bring success.

Connie's introduction to music came early. "Every night after dinner, Daddy would play a little old concertina. It fascinated me, what did he do but go out into back yard and make music that was bigger than I was!" She was three when her adoring father delivered Connie and accordion to a teacher, with the request that she teach the child to play. By the age of four, Connie was appearing at benefits. Not much later, she made her bow on WATV, Newark.

Her music, the late Gus Ferrara, was certain Connie would be God's gift to Frey. His letter put her on a Christmas program. Thus encouraged, Connie's father set out to get her on George Gershwin's St. Louis Symphony.

Star Time proved valuable training for Connie. In addition to appearing on its weekly telecasts, she began to get work on Gershwin's shows. Young Joe Kahn, who was producer of Star Time, speaks of Connie's lack of temperament and healthy appetit e. "On early morning rehearsals calls, the rest of us would ourselves up with countless cups of coffee and in would come Connie, eating a salami sandwich. She does the same thing on recording sessions, only now it's hamburgers."

Connie, as things go high school like a breeze, editing the school paper, writing and appearing in musical productions and winning a state typing contest.

On the same day that she received her M-G-M Records contract, she was also awarded a scholarship to New York University. But college studies lasted only three months. Connie's first platter, "Fred-die," she had to take off on a disc-jockey tour.

"That trip taught me something I never would have learned in school," she says. "I was real great in New York, and I guess I had started too late. But, when I got ten miles out, I was cold."

Connie set out to learn the entertainment business, playing night clubs, theaters and TV shows. Each subsequent recording climbed a bit in sales.

The fact that "Who's Sorry Now?" broke slowly gave Connie what she now considers as three months' vacation. "I was going around with kids from Long Island University. Parties every weekend and more bids than I could accept. I had a ball.

"Having changed that. 'There just isn't time, and boys never really understand when a girl says, 'This is business. I just can't get away.' She never takes you back out on the road. 'I have to know the people.' Her mother, father, or a girl friend always accompanies her on tour. When some one asks her to go out, Connie has a standard reply. 'Yes, and what?" She adds, 'You'd be surprised how many good dinners I miss that way."

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83
A Salute for Private Elvis

(Continued from page 25)

basic training to Fort Hood, Killeen, Tex-
as, had pulled up at Andrews Cafe for
breakfast. As they'd piled through the
door, the help had greeted them with
sympathetic smiles that said in all but
words, "We know, boys. No longer ci-
villians, but not yet soldiers—it's rough."
Today's busload, yesterday's, tomorrow's
at Killeen was all very much the same
as any other—lot of hungry kids, in spite of their noise
and capers, a trifle nervous and forlorn.

This time, there had been one differ-
ence. Before the bus had begun rolling
out from Killeen, the lights of Fort
Hood were shining about a mile out on
one of the streets. It read: Elvis Sat
Here!

All the way to camp, the words of the
billboard sped before them. Variety-style headlines in the Temple
Daily Telegram: Elvis Opens at Fort
Hood for Eight Straight Weeks. Head-
lines in the Killeen Daily Herald, Elvis
Will Train Here.

Waiting their arrival at camp was a crowd of local reporters,
photographers, off-duty GIs, women em-
ployees, in and out of uniform, along with a large
number of small children of Army personnel.

A shout of welcome met the tired idol of
show business as he stepped down the
second in line. There also to cheer him had
among them a band from base housing, too,
also to hurl his star into orbit—his manager,
advise and friend, Col. Tom Parker.

Elvis glanced at the waving, shouting crowd, and a smile broke over his face.
In a word, he was good. Never mind only in looking dazed. "Who'd have
figured this, sir," he muttered apologetically
to an equally dazed non-com with fifteen
years in the Army. "I might as well be
Elvis."

Elvis was as well liked in service as he was
when he threw huge audiences into frenzies
of delight. According to his squad
leader, Sergeant First Class William Frey-
ley, "Elvis is the kind of guy you stand in line
for: "I think some of the boys were pre-
pared not to like him. They didn't know
what to expect. A lot of rumors had
reached them before he arrived that he was
going to be flown in by special plane. He
was coming in a white Cadillac driven by
a chauffeur. Major General W. Paul John-
sen, an old Army pal as he can. While
hand to give him a personal greeting.
Major John Odom would be here with a
band. Girls would be posted along the
road to throw flowers in his path. It
was all bunk. He came in like all the
rest—by bus, looking just as tired, dusty
and nervous.

"The rumors being the bunk helped
him," continued Sergeant Freikey, who saw
service in Korea, the Far East and Ger-
many. "Also, right off, you could see he
was regular. He made friends fast and
then he'd talk off on his own about
him. Not only isn't he a goldbrick, but
he shows real signs of leadership. That's
why he's been promoted to acting as-
ned officer of the squad leader—the equivalent of
sergeant rank.

"So far, everyone seems to feel he's
come through with flying colors. He's a
big-hearted kid, you know. Every ready
to stand a treat if a buddy runs short before
payday. But the fellows don't take
advantage. They know he's limiting
himself to close to Army pay as he can. While
he isn't tight, he doesn't try to buy
his way, either, or throw it around and play
big shot. He's respected for that, too.”

This view of Elvis is borne out by Lieu-
tenant Melvin Meister, who said, "In my
indoctrination speech, I pointed out that
personal cars aren't allowed during the
first eight weeks of basic training. Then I
asked them to raise their hands if they
were planning to send for their cars after
this period. Elvis was not one of the boys
who raised his hand. This was appreci-
able. More than likely the fellows who
afford cars. I understand one of
them told him later on, 'Say, don't do without
your car on account of us.' Heck, you
can always buy a car here in Killeen.
"Lieutenant Meister also credited Col.
Parker for a generous assist. "You know,
the Army has quite a job handling the
ordinary run of mail. But, since Elvis
receives so many letters and cards to
soldiers a day, most of them addressed sim-
ply: Elvis Presley, Fort Hood, Texas.
Well, Parker was very helpful. He ar-
ranged with local authorities to give him
his Nashville office for handling there.

As to the car situation, Lt. Meister ex-
plained that many GIs use motorcycles to
good—but with, and that it was entirely
possible that Elvis might do the same.

Just as rumors preceded Elvis to camp,
so they dogged his steps while in train-
ing. Some of them are humorous, others
fiction, or perhaps they are mere boredom.
Captain Henry King, the officer in charge
of Company A, believes those rumors fol-
low a pattern: "They seem to crop up
when GIs are in the mood for entertainment.
Everything the celebrity does or does not do
becomes a myth in the making. Take
the one about Presley not being able to
drive a car. It came into being because he
wasn't seen driving. When he was seen
in a car, the downers supposed it-missed revelle—just that same Army
folks. They tell the same story about
every celebrity. The fact is, trainees
are so busy being in training they
have a soldier on duty in each barracks
every night who wakes the boys at five
A.M.

As I said, when I hear, Presley sleeps
soundly but gets up as fast as the next
gnome just as much—but no more
—and hustles out for roll call and the
mess hall like everyone else. And," the
Captain said, "I don't think people like
training. But when he gets a chocolate bars in his shirt to tide him over
during the four-hour study period or
while out in the field. They're not allowed
drinks, but the local merchants extra
it's an old Army custom to grab a quick
bite while the instructors conveniently
look the other way.

Another rumor, on the rocks, was:
"Arms out," according to the rumors, Captain
King said he was "amused and amazed
"at the number of places Presley is sup-
poused to be at one and the same time.
I've been to the PX and automatically
is promptly mobbed. At the same moment,
another unsuspecting GI goes into town
and comes racing back with a bunch of
autograph hunters on his heels. The joke
here, King said, is that Presley is giving
his first month, and while on the base must
wear fatigue (covers) most of the
time. In those clothes and without side-
arms and insignia, Presley is not a
characterization of Presley even if he did come by.

Captain King concluded by saying,
"He's trying very hard to live up to the
sailor—of course. But, when he was in
New York last season, he does bound to prove useful to him later in
life."

To most of the population of Killeen,
Elvis's presence in their midst was barely
a matter of passing curiosity. They were
content to follow his progress in the pa-
papers and saw no reason for traveling out
to the camp to see him in person. "This is
easy to understand," said Gresham J.
Chambliss, editor of the Daily Herald.

"Celebrities are nothing new at Fort
Hood. Eddie Fisher trained here, as did
not only that, but at least that around
enough for pretty fast. Our place was crowded
with people who were hoping to get a peek at
Elvis. This Parker is a wonder. If he'd
played another week, he'd have been one
of the most popular men in town." Before
leaving, Parker presented the Brinton
with an autographed photo of the singer
and a check for $2500 in distribution for
Elvis's local fans.

One of the surprises at camp was the
remarkable adaptability of the rock 'n
roll singer. According to Sergeant
Henry Coley advanced a theory: "A per-
former, if he's any good, has to learn dis-
cipline. Putting on a show means you've
got to follow certain basic rules and see
them through. We have no stag show—but, with respect to discipline, it's
the same. Everyone must do his part, no
more and no less, and pull together for
even if we think Elvis had good training in show business for
what's happening now.

Similar sentiments were put forward by
Lieutenant Melvin Meister, though for
somewhat different reasons. "I have
fifty-five young men under me here, and
I've learned that it's human nature to
procrastinate. Given a chance, most peo-
ple will put off an unpleasant duty. That's
one of the toughest things to adjust to in
the Army. An order given today must be
carried out today. No manana. Now, I
imagine that's where some of them have
had trouble in that sort of thing. You have a list
of scenes to be shot within a stated time,
and a postponement of even one scene can
destroy the whole sequence. It's a trying
task. That's why Elvis is one-up on some of the
men who never had to deal with dead-
lines and on-the-spot action before.

A day in the life of Elvis at Fort Hood
was simply a duplicate of a day in the life
of any GI. It was mainly spent within
the reservation of Fort Hood, a rectangu-
lar area roughly bounded by the towns of
Killeen, Copperas Cove, Gatesville and
Flat, and covering about 207,000 acres.
Fort Hood is actually a self-sustaining
town in itself, with everything from
bars, to plays, to swimming pools. There's
dium seating 60,000 spectators. There are
chapels of practically every denomination
on the base. Almost every type of sport
imaginable can be found within a fifteen-
hobby, craft, automotive-instruction and
other shops in the self-improvement categ-
ory. Some of the GIs have boats which
they sail on the lake near the town
by. There are also snack bars, theaters, a
printing shop and athletic fields.

For relaxation, Elvis kept to the exam-
ple of others. He was Clifford "The
Number One Movie and Snack Bar, clos-
est to their barracks. Movies have al-
ways been the singer's favorite pastime.
Since he doesn't drink, the fact that Fort
Hood was a dry county in no way spoilt
his fun. Good at most games, he is par-
tial to football—a sport he gave up in high
No Nagging
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MUM contains M-3... stops odor 24 hours a day

( BACTERIA-DESTROYING HEXACHLOROPHENE )
Looking up
to better things!

Happy you! You’re the kind of girl who won’t settle for sameness. You try whatever’s new and wonderful—new lines, new shapes, new colors—smart new ways of living. Like so many of today’s smart young moderns, you choose the nicest in sanitary protection, too...Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Because it’s invisible and unfelt when in place. Because it’s so dainty to use, to change and dispose of. Because you never have odor worries or carrying problems. Because with Tampax, you can all but forget about differences in days of the month! Who wouldn’t use Tampax, you say! It’s the modern way! Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
Don’t risk “razor shadow” on legs and underarms. It’s so easy to avoid “razor shadow”, that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you cream hair away the beautiful way with Neet. New baby-pink Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach... leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there’s never a hint of “razor shadow” because when the hair finally does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet: either lotion or cream—you’ll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way Neet
Pink-Haired Momma: The pres and veep of Desilu checked into the Waldorf-Astoria in a gala mood, for theirs is TV's coup of the year—a cool twelve million from Westinghouse to fill Studio One's time. Pres Desi, handsome and prematurely gray, said, "Yeah, I'm president but Momma's the boss." Momma, with her pink hair and saucy blue eyes, called this a flip remark. Said Lucy, "I don't even have a desk. I do no executive work. When I'm not in a show, I'm at home with the kiddies." Then she turned to a reporter. "Are you a good father?" He nodded. She said, "That's good." The Frawleys will be back and Maurice Chevalier guest-stars on the first show (October 6). Discussing plans for the new series, which will be called Desilu Playhouse, Desi noted, "Seven of the season's programs will be 'Lucy' features. The others will be Westerns, suspense, comedy. We will have no psychotics or neurotics, no adultery and no unhappy endings." He added that Vivian Vance has already been set to star in a one-shot production of "Guestward, Ho." Then the Arnazes talked of watching their own show at home with their children. "The kiddies turn to us during commercials and ask, 'How did you get out of the box so quickly?'" Together, Lucy and Desi proved as charming as their ratings and Desi proved his accent was authentic. He prefaced one statement by saying, "These are the dos and don'ts of the show." He concluded the interview with, "Our next stop is Pizz-Bug."

Short Stuff: Phyllis McGuire is in love with a Los Angeles business man, and so outspoken about it that even her sisters think she may be secretly married. . . . Diana Lynn will be conspicuous in TV originating from N.Y.C. this fall. She has enrolled in neighborhood Playhouse, where she will have Pat Boone as a classmate. Pat's looking for a larger house, but only in New Jersey, where he can be close to his friends. . . . CBS-TV latches onto science-fiction trend with two new fall series on Wednesday nights. At 7:30, it will be The Invisible Man, and, in the title role, of course, there will be no one. At 8:00, World Of Giants debuts, with Marshall Thompson starring as a six-inch-high hero who is carried around in a briefcase and lives in a lamp. . . . Vacationing Phil Silvers loaf's in Manhattan this summer, swinging his baby and burping his clarinet. . . . Top Dollar is replaced on August 16 by The Texan, with Rory Calhoun. Rory, à la Paladin, wanders about sticking his six-shooter into the problems of others. . . . Your Hit Parade crosses Madison Avenue from NBC-TV to CBS-TV this fall. Comes on Fridays at 7:30.

$$ for Five-Eyed Gals: There's big money in TV modeling and it helps if you're neither glamorous nor sexy. Candy Jones, director of the Harry Conover Television Agency and also

**WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST**

By PETER ABBOTT

Too sexy? Ed Sullivan said yes, but Bob Crosby, above, didn't raise an eyebrow as he cast dancer Gretchen Wyler as a regular on his "family" show.

Helping her fledgling models with new hair-dos, Candy Jones has thoughts on sex and TV, too. Wholesome types, says she, get the video modeling jobs.
Emcee Hal March needs the money like "A Hole in the Head." And that's the play he's rehearsing. L. to r.: Avril Gentles, director Michael McAlaney, Hal, Michael Westfield, Bill Tierney, Ronnie Gates, Teena Starr, leading lady Donna Pearson.

Also acting in summer stock are Jan Miner and husband Terry O'Sullivan.

Meanwhile, back at the isolation booth, Jack Barry asked questions, Elfrieda Van Nardroff seemed to know all the answers. Her future plans? More study!

Harry's wife, says they are desperately in need of new faces. "The famous fashion and magazine models are generally no good for TV," Candy says. "They are too exotic, too thin and lacking in animation. For TV, we want believable beauty, the wholesome type no one resents." There are about a thousand gals making a living out of TV modeling and some are in lovely income brackets of $20,000 a year and more. Any girl, between 16 and 26, who is interested, can and should write a model agency and make an appointment. It costs nothing.

Qualifications: Height, five-two to five-eight. Measurements, 34-24-34—and these are maximum. (Says Candy, "A girl who is too busty causes camera distortion when they focus the camera on the product.") Education, high school or better, with emphasis on English. Experience in amateur dramatics or vocal training is an asset when it comes to timing. The topography of the face is very important. Says Candy, "It should be a triangular, wholesome face. With a string, you should be able to measure your head off in equal thirds—top of head to center of brow, then to nose base, then to chin. 'Five eyes' are an essential. Looking flush into a mirror, your face should be just so wide between your ears that you could fit in five eyes horizontally." Martha Hyer, Grace Kelly, Joan Caulfield, all ex-models, are typical of what they want.

Snappy for Pappy: Jimmy Dean is now under personal contract to CBS and big things are ahead for his country-style talent. Good possibility he may take over Beat The Clock time-slot with a variety chore. . . . Imogene Coca has signed to do a Broadway show, but with loyalty to TV and the provision she may have time off to face the video cameras. . . . And, although ABC said they wouldn't let Sid Caesar go under any circumstances, he reverts to NBC to do two special shows in the Chevrolet series. . . . Don Fredericks, who plays title role in Steve Canyon, NBC-TV's fall entry for Saturday P.M., has had to dye his hair (Continued on page 81).

For What's New On The West Coast. See Page 6
Gracie exits laughing, but George Burns insists he's "too old to retire."

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4

SUMMER Romance Department: Like a red-hot football team in a pre-season scrimmage, Tommy Sands is shifting from Cathy Crosby to Judi Meredith, Judi co-starred with Tommy in his recent CBS-TV Studio One shot. Tommy's got a yen to buy out Phil Harris's Hollywood Boulevard Record Shop—he's in there every day spinning the pop discs. His favorites? Anything by Sinatra, or Frankie Laine's latest album, "Torchin.'" Could be he's still thinking of Cathy? Or Molly? Cathy, meanwhile, is once again living at home—for the summer at least, while her father, Bob Crosby, is subbing for Perry Como in New York. Hope she'll stay at home when Dad returns and a reconciliation may be made.

Come to think of it, they could call this the summer of reconciliations: Bob Culp of Trackdown is back with his wife, Nancy; Dale Robertson is again seeing his ex-wife, Jackie; and Jack Webb just wed Jackie Loughery, whom he first dated after his divorce from Julie London. Meanwhile, Julie is still engaged to ABC-TV's Bobby Troup, who was introduced to Julie by Herm Saunders—one of Jack Webb's best friends. There's a plot for a motion picture in all that somewhere.

The romantic countdown has begun for handsome, young Lawman Peter Brown and 20th Century's Diane Jergens. . . . John Smith, the new co-star with George Montgomery in Cimarron City and one of the most eligible bachelors in Hollywood, has but one love, a beautiful thing with lovely lines by the name of Pocahontas. John is a skin-diving, boating and fishing enthusiast, and Pocahontas is his trim little sailing rig.

Department of No Greater Love: A large fishing-tackle manufacturer of-

Golf cart's a necessity to another George (here with his Gobel femmes).
fered George Montgomery an opportunity to spend the summer casting into twenty-two of the world’s greatest fishing spots. George turned down the all-expense-paid tour to stay home with Dinah Shore and the children. . . . Shirley Temple and husband, Charles Black, however, took fishing poles and children in hand and trooped off to Lake Tahoe. “We stayed at a lodge,” says Shirley, “where last call to breakfast came at 9 A.M. Now, I ask you, what kind of a vacation is that?” Pretty-as-a-rose Shirley came home to find that the California Orchid Society had named one of their blooms after her.

Meanwhile, Gale Storm, husband Lee Bonnell, and their army of boys—Phillip, Peter and Paul—marched through Georgia in a four-week trip of the East Coast’s historical landmarks. . . . Every week during the summer, too, Mike Ansara has been making personal appearances to publicize Broken Arrow’s Cochise. Mike has only seen his new bride—the lovely Barbara Eden, from NTA’s How To Marry A Millionaire—on an average of once each week. That’s no way to treat a squaw.

Diane Lennon, who, with her sisters and the Lawrence Welk band, has been making personal appearances all summer, too, can’t wait to get back home from even an overnight junket to see what the mailman has brought from her soldier friend, Dick Gass. On the recent weekend trip to Denver, not one, but three, letters awaited her return. Since Dede and Dick have been gaining quite a bit of attention lately in national magazines, she sent him a gag birthday gift, a pencil and pad. Wrote Diane, “Now that you’re famous, you’ll want to sign autographs for the fellas at camp.” But Dick’s campmates only wanted a part of the chocolate birthday cake Dede had baked and enclosed. Later Dick used the pad to write more letters home to Diane.

Lawrence Welk went fishing for one week in Colorado, then back home to welcome daughter Shirley and her family to California. Shirley, her new daughter, and husband will take up residence near the Welk family home. . . . Pete Fountain and his family off for a two-week “ball” in their beloved home town of New Orleans. . . . Annette Funicello, busy making personal appearances, is excited over getting home to her new, black cocker spaniel puppy, “Zorro.” . . . Lee Aaker ecstatic at being able to throw away his crutches after a broken leg had healed. . . . Donna Reed making mental notes of redecorating ideas for the new Beverly Hills home as she also prepares scripts for her new fall show.

Flashes: Rory Calhoun, of CBS-TV’s Texan, and wife Lita are expecting . . . Ditto Jack Linkletter and Bobbie. The kids were at Art’s Holmby Hills home and Bobbie was trying to be very coy about the announcement. “Congratulations,” she said to Art Linkletter, who was engrossed in a newspaper. “About what?” Art asked, without looking up. “You’re going to be a grandfather.” Dead silence. “Ah, go on,” said Art. His wife Lois piped up, “That’s right, Art. It’s true.” Art thought a moment. “This is worse than being cancelled,” he said, then joked, “I can’t be getting that old. I may be going to have a grandchild, but I’m not going to be called a grandfather.” Later, Jack added, “Oh, Dad will be a grandfather, all right, and he’ll love it. I’m counting on him to be the most experienced baby-sitter in the business.”

Did you know that . . . When singer Jimmie (Continued on page 69)
The Lucky Pennies: L. to r., Penny West, Wally Proctor, Dean Richards, Tommy Watson. Frankie Taylor's on accordion.

Zeke and Slim offer comedy and contrast. "Slim" King is a quiet six-three, Zeke Turner's a talky five-five.
Hipsters are missing the beat if they fail to climb aboard with Paul Dixon on Midwestern Hayride

The Midwesterners swung-their-partners straight to the National Square Dance Championship and an eight-way career.

the feast is a hoedown of talent. Bobby Bobo, for example, can send his deep voice ranging over three octaves as he calls the square dances. Born in Brookfield, Ohio, he's twenty-six and even taller than host Paul. The lad who began broadcasting at age nine stands a lanky six-foot-five.

The Midwesterners are the champion square-dancers for whom Bobby does his calling. Four girls and four men, they turned "pro" after winning the National Square Dance Championship a few years ago. They've been featured in network TV, movies and in-person tours. More music is provided by The Lucky Pennies, a show-stopping instrumental group who also do vocal specialties. They've been country-and-Western headliners on network shows since 1945. The Home-towners, with Kenny Price as their featured soloist, offer vocal and instrumental harmony. And for laughs between the lilts, there are Zeke and Slim. Zeke Turner, five-foot-five, is the talkative player of the bass fiddle, guitar, mandolin and harmonica. "Slim" King, who sings baritone and bass and also plays guitar, is a quiet six-foot-three, 200 pounds. Rounding out the program are Phyllis Brown and Helen and Billy Scott.

The program "swings," as the city folks might say. It's right fine, their country brethren answer.

Paul Dixon says he's "just a country boy"—which makes him exactly the right emcee for Midwestern Hayride doings.

Bobby Bobo is the lanky, likely lad who calls the turns in three octaves.
Proud foster-pop Jerry Lewis shows off a small relative of Baccaloni, Connie Stevens.

Wrong side of the bars for Hugh O'Brian, who has a dangerous cellmate (Robert Evans).

Courtship back in 1884 takes Shirley MacLaine and Tony Perkins far away from today's rocking tempo. The dancing's different; sentiment's the same.

TV Radio Mirror goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

The Matchmaker
PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION
Dancing or clowning through her frequent guest appearances on TV, Shirley MacLaine usually looks whimsically out of this world. Now Hollywood tosses her into the innocent world of the last century, where, as a New York milliner, she's involved in the phony marriage-arrangement schemes of charming Shirley Booth. Paul Ford (you know him as Bilko's colonel) thinks he is to be paired off with the pretty young New Yorker. But Tony Perkins, as a skylarking clerk in Paul's store, has other ideas. Start to finish, it's all in fun, done with wonderful dash and style.

Rock-a-Bye Baby
PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR
Once again the sweet-natured dope, Jerry Lewis here becomes full-time baby-sitter for triplets born in secret to movie star Marilyn Maxwell. She's been his idol since their childhood together, but it's Connie Stevens, her pert kid sister, who is obviously meant for him. Jerry and Connie (a new recording star) join in on the pleasing musical numbers in this occasionally risqué but well-intended comedy.

Quick Draw
20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
Defender of the law as Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brian goes wrong in a fast, violent Western. But he lines up with the good guys when mad killer Robert Evans goes on the rampage, even threatening Hugh's wife (Linda Cristal). If you've enjoyed the memorable Richard Widmark chiller 'Kiss of Death' on recent TV showings, you'll take special interest in this new version of the shocking story.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

King Creole (Paramount, VistaVision): Elvis Presley's strongest acting job, as a New Orleans kid entangled with gangsters. Folk songs, r 'n' r, tender ballads.

Kings Go Forth (U.A.): Powerful performance by Frank Sinatra highlights the dramatic story of two GIs (Frank and Tony Curtis). Both are attracted to Natalie Wood, as a half-Negro girl.

Gunman's Walk (Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor): In a solid Western, Tab Hunter's the ornery son of rancher Van Heflin, sings just one barroom ditty.
New Patterns for You


4618—Neat co-ordinates ring the bell for a back-to-school wardrobe! Printed Pattern in Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jacket and jumper takes 3% yards 35-inch fabric; blouse 1% yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4769—Wonderful apron for household chores; make it in absorbent terry cloth to bathe the baby! Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Medium Size takes 23/4 yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

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-98, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL
SITTING PRETTY

In St. Louis, the Bruce Hayward Shows are “live” and kicking. And, like most “secrets" worth their weight in gossip, this scoop on Bruce was pretty well bruited about and bandied. It's just the trade—Bruce's colleagues at KXOK—who need convincing. The weekday news-music-and-talk shows are programmed 9 to 11 and noon to three. But one day it happened that Bruce had just launched into his 9 A.M. show—at 9 o'clock—when, without notice, the station left the air. A few seconds of silence were followed by the mournful bars of a musical "in memoriam." All at once, the KXOK switchboard was alight with calls from Hayward devotees. "Hey," they queried, "is Bruce Hayward dead?" . . . Bruce and the show were very much alive . . . and still talking. It seems the cable connecting Radio Park studios with the transmitter fifteen miles across the Mississippi had been cut by a grading operation, and the transmitter engineers had to grab the nearest record at hand—a portion of the late F.D.R.'s radio memorial. Late tuners-in heard the inexplicable dirge, and Bruce is still struggling to impress the punsters around KXOK that his shows are "live”—of, by, and for the living . . . Though born and raised a Minnesotan, Bruce admits there's a happily wayward side to the Hayward nature. In '56, he toured the Iron Curtain countries. Other reportorial jaunts have taken Bruce and his lovely wife Phyllis to major European capitals. For such feats, Bruce must be air-minded in two senses. As the airlines go, so goes Bruce, and he's back on the airwaves before you can tune to Hi-Fi Cloud Club, Hayward's Sunday noon-to-five musical. . . . Four years with KXOK, Bruce first "naturalized" to St. Louis some fifteen years ago. He worked his way through University of Minnesota by radio jobs in and around his native Minneapolis. But now, in St. Louis, he's sitting pretty at the top with a "houseful" of six good reasons why: First, there's Phyllis, then Brian, Gregory, Pamela, Cheryl and Douglas, ranging in that order, from 11 to 2 years old. During his 80-hour radio-TV week, Bruce must often catch his shut-eye on the run at Hayward's Hideaway—a room at KXOK equipped with sun lamp and vibrator lounge. But Saturdays are earmarked for feeding the "houseful." Bruce confides that his indoor cooking is confined to popcorn, but that, outdoors, he's "a tiger at the barbecue pit." Hayward's Hideaway was never like this! That's no secret.

Ticking off, counter-clockwise, is a houseful: "baby" Doug; mom Phyllis; Brian, 11; Cheryl, 4; Pam, 7; Greg, 9; and Big-Man-On-Carpet, Bruce.

"Live" wit like Jonathan Winters regularly sparks Bruce Hayward Shows.
The stars come marching in—
from Dixie or from 'way out
—as Bobby Troup leads
the ABC-TV parade of jazz

T HE SAME NETWORK that brings you Lawrence Welk has
dipped into the other end of the sound grab-bag—
and come up with Stars Of Jazz, seen Monday at 9 P.M.
EDT over ABC-TV. This is the show that has filled its
city with just about every award you can win in Los
Angeles. Now it brings its dimly-lit, bare-stage, all-star-
sound format to the national scene. Bobby Troup—who
has been called the West Coast's answer to Leonard
Bernstein—is the host-narrator, with the biggest cats of
'em all joining in with music that is strictly from Hitville.

A crew-cut composer-singer-pianist, Bobby Troup is
a luminary himself. He's best-known, perhaps, as the
composer of "Route 66" and "Baby, Baby All the Time." He's engaged to his very favorite star of jazz, Julie
London, whom he discovered as a singer. They met four
years ago, when Julie stopped by to hear Bobby and
his trio.

"I saw that beautiful red hair of hers," he recalls,
"and I kept hitting the wrong keys." "I thought Bobby
looked like me," says Julie. "We both have rather flat
faces with foreheads that run right into our noses." He
first heard her sing at a party. "She was as shy as the
smallest bud in a field of roses," he grins. "In fact, she
would only sing for us if we stayed in the living room
and she could remain alone in the kitchen." Bobby
couldn't persuade Julie to do an audition, but he did
persuade a club owner to hire her without one. When
"Cry Me a River" sold a million, the shyness was gone.

Bobby himself needed less persuasion. His father ran
a music store in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Bobby
learned to play most of the instruments. He, too, scored
on his first time out—with a song he'd written for a
University of Pennsylvania "Mask and Wig" show. In
the audience was Sammy Kaye, whose disc of Bobby's
"Daddy" made the Number One spot 17 times running.

Making news in the music world, Bobby and Julie
naturally make "items" in the gossip columns. Each
has been married once before, and their engagement is
likely to be a long one. Both want to take plenty of
soundings before they take the plunge again. But till
they turn to Mendelssohn and his march, no one can
deny that they make beautiful music together.
Putting the “con” in controversy, guest columnist Joe Finan of KYW says what he thinks about Top 40 programming

WHEN KINGS STEP DOWN

By JOE FINAN

There's a great abdication taking place, today, in a larger and larger segment of the radio industry. In their desire to be top rated, program directors and station managers are shirking their responsibility to program the widest possible variety of music. They've pushed the panic button marked "Top 40."

What is Top 40? In any given area, Top 40 lists are based on record sales in the stores. From week to week, the lists change—with some discs climbing close to the top to stay awhile or some dropping out altogether. But I see it as a formula that approximates automation through the repetition of these topmost numbers. Over and over again these records are plugged, without so much as taking into account the various age groups or intellectual levels of the listening audience. I'm sure most of the people tuning in to radio stations today have at one time or another wished that—once in a while—they could hear a Benny Goodman, a Fats Waller, or an Ella Fitzgerald instead of one more saturation play on a rock 'n' roll number.

But it happens that this is practically impossible at a Top 40 station. The over-all sound of such programming is automatic, repetitious and uninteresting, and sooner or later the listener will be driven to another station whose policy is not so rigid.

It's true, of course, that, in the last two years, many stations have been successful in using a Top 40 format. In many cases, vigorous and dynamic station management has made a success of the format, in spite of lack of variety in station programming.

But no radio station in a purely metropolitan area—such as New York, Cleveland or Detroit—can depend on a Top 40 list alone. The personality of the station, its policy on music programming—for all ages—and the job that station does making itself an integrated part of the community, are all equally important. In our own market in the Midwest, here in Cleveland, Top 40 has seemed ineffective in delivering the top audience. On the other hand, KYW, with an over-all appeal to all age groups, has drawn ahead.

Mitch Miller of Columbia Records summed it up in a speech at the disc jockey convention this past summer. He accused program directors of stepping down, abdicating their music policies. Into the power真空 rush the teenagers, with phone-in requests and mail storms. But what of their parents, grandparents, and people who just don't like rock 'n' roll? And there are many!

Radio surveys have revealed that 60% of the radio listening audience is female (over 21), 25% male (over 21), and 15% teenagers. It is this 15% that control the pop single-record industry. And it is the taste of this young audience which many radio program directors have permitted to dominate their programming. Such favoritism ignores the differing music tastes of the other 85% of the radio audience.

Station KYW's over-all policy of music includes all age groups. Sure, we play rock 'n' roll. But, for recorded music, KYW depends on the more adult music, albums and standards. And it looks from here as though the next year or year-and-a-half will prove who's right in the pro and con of Top 40 programming.
Compound Interest

Please write something about Dick Roman, young singer who won on Talent Scouts.

F. C., Columbus, Ohio

A few months ago, Dick Roman went investing. Now, he's already earning his dividends, and compounding them. Winner of the second $5,000 award on Talent Scouts, Dick decided the first thing he'd do—after buying his parents a gift—would be to sink the winnings in coaching, arrangements, etc., all the necessaries of a young singer's career. The investment was recession-proof, for Dick was soon signed by M-G-M Records. His first disc, "First and Last Romance," won't be his last on the charts. . . . Tall and handsome, with wavy blond hair, Dick qualified for the finals only a week before the big night, last spring. Winning the award and the recording contract were high points in a career that began at eight, when Dick played the lead in a summer-theater production in Northport, Long Island. Since then, Dick's done numerous club dates and spent one summer touring in a road company of "I Remember Mama." . . . Acting and singing are, of course, the big thing in young Roman's life, but, at present, he's shopping for a new hobby. Baseball was his former enthusiasm—specifically the baseball Giants of New York, who've gone West. Dick, too, is on the move—upwards.

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's Teenagers and Adults,
Chaw Mank, Box 30, Staunton, Ill.
Eydie Gorme National Fans, Brenda Weinman, 305 E. 1st St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
International Red Buttons Fan Club, 
Mary Kucera, 430 Emerald Ave., Chicago Heights, Ill.

Once upon a time, Carol Lawrence and Cosmo Allegretti both discounted marriage. Now, happily wed two years, they admit to having pre-judged a bit.

Greenwich Village Story

I'd like some information on Carol Lawrence, seen on recent Ed Sullivan shows.
M. B., Sun Jose, Calif.

They'd both made promises to themselves. Young Carol Lawrence had sworn she'd never marry—her career was all-important. Cosmo Allegretti had long before discounted all "actresses" as prospective brides. . . . Now, after two years of marriage, Carol and "Gus" are assured of their happiness, despite the contradictions inherent in two careers and typical show-business schedules. . . . For the past year, Carol has been charming Broadway audiences nightly with her singing, dancing and acting in Bernstein's hit musical, "West Side Story.

But Gus, at the other side of the day, is up at dawn for his role of puppet-master on Captain Kangaroo. They're together most every afternoon, though, and Carol, a magnificent cook, insists Gus have a good dinner before she leaves for the theater. . . . Weekends are different. Then, it's long walks about Greenwich Village, where Gus was born and Carol is an enthusiastic adoptive resident. They're looking for a house, but it has to be the just-right one, and it must be "Village." . . . Born in Illinois, Carol danced at seven. When her parents accompanied her to New York to "see what auditions are like," Carol didn't watch—the auditioned, and won roles as featured dancer. Of Maria in "West Side Story," Carol says, "It's the perfect role. I'm sure I'm terribly spoiled, and that I'll never get another one like it." . . . Any-

Teens Talk

On a recent Steve Allen show, guest Dick Clark of Bandstand reported on latest additions to teen-age slang:

Are your flappers plugged?—can't you hear me?
Big bug—popular guy
Brain-bomb—an idea
Chicks and daddybirds—ladies and gentlemen
Cube—a square in 3-D
Death on the drumsticks—hard on the legs
Fallout—inspiration
Hot biscuits—good records
Pound your flippers—applaud
Ripe—OK
Squeal—cross between square and creep
You're pretty ape—you look good

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.
Dennis James records a Kellogg Corn Flakes commercial on video tape at Telestudios, Inc., in New York City, the first independent firm to produce commercials and pilots on video tape. This revolutionary process records picture and sound, can immediately be projected.
What video tape means to TV viewers.
The fascinating story of
the newest 20th-century miracle

By HELEN BOLSTAD

For the first time since television began, program planners can arrange their fall schedules so that almost every viewer in the country may watch a favorite show at the most appropriate hour. In effect, they now have it within their capacity to wipe out time zones and make it, simultaneously, 8 P.M., straight across the broad breadth of the U. S. A.

The advantage of lancing the troublesome conflict between sun speed, signal speed, clock time and human habit is obvious to any viewer who, because of his location, has been offered a major drama just when he wanted to eat dinner, or, at late night, has had the weird experience of watching the second half of the Jack Paar show “live” before the kinescoped first half could be delivered to his screen by his local station.

The technical advance which makes this matching-up possible is video tape recording. It has three advantages over film methods: (1) Without further processing, it can be played back immediately, if desired, or may be saved for future broadcast. (2) It can be erased and re-used. (3) It is said to be cheaper.

Given its first full-scale workout during the past summer, its primary purpose was to unscramble the mess daylight saving time usually makes of schedules.

Even this limited use has fired the imaginations of some of television’s most talented people, who see in it the dawn of a new era. Prophets hold forth in every studio corner, and their predictions are limited only by their own imaginations and the credulity of their listeners. Its influence in programming, administra-

tion, engineering, labor relations and the personal lives of people who work in television is already being felt.

Dennis James is one who sees it as a solution to a personal problem. Dennis, in some twenty years, has worked through television’s faltering era, “live” era, and film era. But Dennis, now one of the highest paid commercial announcers, has always hated film. He insists on working “live.” He will rehearse all day for a few spots on a Kellogg-sponsored program, but he cannot, he says, prepare a whole schedule of them on film. “Once a producer stops me in mid-sentence to change lighting, I’m through. I can’t work three days in thirty-second ‘takes.’” Just as it was in the early days, when his shouts of “Oh, Mother!” wooed ladies to wrestling telecasts, his personal enthusiasm remains his greatest asset.

Dennis’s world changed, the night he watched his friend, Sam Levenson, do a commercial. Phoning their mutual press agent, Nat Fields, Dennis said, “How come I just saw Sam do a ‘live’ commercial? I thought he was out of town.”

“That wasn’t ‘live,’” said Nat, “that was tape.”

“Tape!” shouted Dennis. “Then that’s for me.”

The day Dennis completed his own first tape run, one would have thought he had seen a miracle. As he finished his last word, the producer called out, “Okay. We’ll spin it back and you take a look at it. If you don’t like it, we can erase and start over.”

Dennis watched wide-eyed. “That’s me, all right. You’ve got Dennis James ‘live,’” (Continued on page 85)
Bud Collyer—For Real

The host of Beat The Clock and To Tell The Truth is "the genuine article." To quote wife Marian, Bud's just as good as he is handsome!

Beat The Clock: Long-time emcee Bud has never met a contestant who wasn't a good sport. They all enter into the game's hilarious stunts wholeheartedly, although he notes a difference in the attitudes of men and women.

To Tell The Truth is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Geritol and Marlboro Cigarettes. Beat The Clock is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

By FRANCES KISH

To tell the truth, Bud Collyer—host of the CBS-TV night-time show of that name, as well as of the daytime Beat The Clock—doesn't know the real person from the two impostors any more than the panel does. In the beginning, he was told the truth beforehand, but soon decided it was more fun trying to guess.

Ask him how good he is at guessing, and the answer comes fast: "Only average. No better or worse than the panel." That, of course, means "regulars" Polly Bergen, Kitty Carlisle and Hy Gardner, plus an interesting guest-star panelist each week.

Along with viewers all over the country who join in the game in their own living rooms, the Collyers at home like to play along with Dad, the panel and the studio audience. Mrs. Collyer (actress Marian Shockley), twenty-year-old Patricia (Pat), eighteen-year-old Cynthia, and sixteen-year-old Michael Clayton (Mike) all gather around the set and vote. They keep score of their own hits and misses—which, like Bud's, run about average.

The home-viewing Collyers are intuitive-type players, depending more on hunches than hints. "We don't even wait for the questions," Marian Collyer says. "We look at the trio of challengers and decide which two are the 'phonies' before they even walk down the stairs, even before they announce: 'My name is Such-and-such.' We just typecast them."

Some home viewers think they're better than the
differ, too. Pictured here (left to right) are Polly Bergen, guest "guesser" Ralph Bellamy, Kitty Carlisle, and Hy Gardner.

Playing games comes naturally to the Collyer family. Son Mike, daughters Pat (left) and Cynthia have the same sense of fun as Bud and actress-wife Marian Shockley.
Food and fashion are the concern of Pat, Marian and Cynthia, but Bud lends helping hand—or eye—on request. Below, Marian displays turn-of-the-century gown lent for her "Now and Then" scholarship-fund benefit.

Bud Collyer—For Real

(Continued)

With the two girls all set in college, the Collyers are ready for not-too-distant day when Mike also goes away to school.

experts on the show. They write Bud and tell him so. The conductor on the commuter train he rides from his home in Connecticut to the CBS studio in New York will tell him that he had a small bet with his wife the night before and won a quarter. Cab drivers, waiters, elevator operators, salespeople talk to Bud, say things like: “Oh, I knew Polly Bergen was right last night and the others were wrong,” or “Man, wasn’t that panel on a winning streak this week!”

A winning streak is part luck and part perception. Both Bud and the panel have discovered that there is absolutely no foolproof system for separating the two impostors from the genuine article. “Actually, I’m like a referee at a tennis match,” Bud says. “I watch the ball go back and forth. I have the fun of playing the game but it’s the panel that has to do the work, and they go through some black periods of indecision.

“Every once in a while, I see them huddling together, sure that they’ve discovered some magic system. One
Now that he's 16 (Pat's 20, Cynthia's 18), Mike has his driver's license—and permission to drive the family car.

week, they'll decide they can tell at first glance, by the way a person stands or walks, whether he or she is a golfer, dancer, polo player, model, fighter. Kitty Carlisle thought the real person would smile a little when giving his name and be more relaxed because he wasn't playing a part.

"All good ideas, but they didn't work—because the real person is trying hard not to give himself away by his appearance, while the two impostors are trying equally hard to appear genuine. Now, they have tried and discarded so many systems they've come to the conclusion that there is no sure-fire system."

The men on the panel have a more hard-hitting, district-attorney technique in their questioning. The women are more casual and deliberate. Polly, in particular, hates to be hurried, and she and Bud have a running fun-feud about it. Every week, Bud gets letters from viewers, mostly complimentary but some asking, "Why do you rush Polly so?" Actually, the half-hour show is paced so (Continued on page 70)

Family musicales are frequent. Pat's a fine "long-hair" pianist, but Bud also encourages her to play "pop" stuff in which they can all join. He himself plays banjo and guitar, has taught both instruments to Mike.

Poodles "Mark" and "Jennie" are only two of many pets in a laugh-filled but orderly household where discipline is never a problem—because it's based on love and trust.
Serenade to a Bachelor

So talented, so eligible . . . this is Andy Williams—his likes and dislikes, his dreams of the future

By MARY JAMES

He likes cigars, blondes, stewed prunes, vanilla yogurt, Matisse and rare steaks—but can't stand fried onions, Popeye, paper napkins, and cocktail parties. ("I get very dizzy at cocktail parties, and I don't drink.") He likes TV Westerns, progressive jazz and poker—but is bored by grand opera, Mickey Mouse, whipped cream and bikinis. ("A bikini is too much of too little. After all, you can always overdo a good thing.") He is Andy Williams, who stars in The Chevy Showroom these Thursday nights on ABC-TV.

Archie Bleyer, who records Andy at Cadence, says it with verse: "Andy's all male—and catnip to quail." Andy, at twenty-seven, is a bachelor with brown hair, blue eyes—and gold. He struck gold in the past few years, yet has remained a man of mystery. There have (Continued on page 80)

Andy stars in The Chevy Showroom, ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT, for the Chevrolet Dealers of America.

He doesn't like parties, prefers privacy, has an eye for pretty girls—especially blondes.
Above, with Archie Bleyer, for whose Cadence label Andy records. Below, with Pat Boone, whose Chevy Showroom Andy’s taking over for the summer.

His personal life may be private but his voice is a well-known “public asset” — in night clubs or on TV guest spots with such stars as Shirley MacLaine.
Serenade to a Bachelor

So talented, so eligible . . . this is Andy Williams—his likes and dislikes, his dreams of the future

By MARY JAMES

He likes cigars, blondes, stewed prunes, vanilla yogurt, Matisse and rare steaks—but can't stand fried onions, Popeye, paper napkins, and cocktail parties. ("I get very dizzy at cocktail parties, and I don't drink.") He likes TV Westerns, progressive jazz and poker—but is bored by grand opera, Mickey Mouse, whipped cream and bikinis. ("A bikini is too much of too little. After all, you can always overdo a good thing.") He is Andy Williams, who stars in The Chevy Showroom these Thursday nights on ABC-TV.

Archie Bleyer, who records Andy at Cadence, says it with verse: "Andy's all male—and catnip to quail." Andy, at twenty-seven, is a bachelor with brown hair, blue eyes—and gold. He struck gold in the past few years, yet has remained a man of mystery. There have (Continued on page 80)

Andy stars in The Chevy Showroom, ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT, for the Chevrolet Dealers of America.

He doesn't like parties, prefers privacy, has an eye for pretty girls—especially blondes.

His personal life may be private but his voice is a well-known "public asset"—in night clubs or on TV guest spots with such stars as Shirley MacLaine.
On TV, Mona Bruns is Aunt Emily, sister of the beloved Rev. Dennis on *The Brighter Day*. At home, she’s wife of actor Frank Thomas Sr. and mother of actor Frank Thomas Jr. All three are avid TV fans, watch each other’s performances whenever time permits—and think the greatest holiday is one spent on the water.
Mona Bruns and her all-acting family
have so many Brighter Days, both
on and off TV, they hardly have time
to stop and count their blessings

By ALICE FRANCIS

Many a modern woman leads three lives—as
worker, homemaker, wife-and-mother—but,
in Mona Bruns' household, there are so many
extra lives its members have almost given up
counting. Mona herself, of course, is best known to
CBS-TV viewers as Aunt Emily in The Brighter
Day. Husband Frank Thomas and son Frank Jr.
("Frankie") are familiar faces, too, because
of their own roles, past or present, in so many of
the top television dramas.

Troupers all, they're quite accustomed to leading
double lives, one in the public eye, the other
in private. But, beyond this, they're a close-knit
family and their sense of mutual identification
is so strong that, as Frankie puts it, "If someone
hadn't beat me to the title, (Continued on page 74)
Sun-lovers all, the Lennons and friends stake a claim to a section of beach and await arrival of Lennon cousins.

Welk's favorite all-girl quartet takes to the briny, accompanied by seven immediate relatives and a happy assortment of uncles, cousins, friends!

Diane, Peggy, Kathy and Janet, who sing on the Lawrence Welk shows, are only four of a group of 43 fun-loving Lennons, children of the five Lennon brothers. On this wonderful day in the sun, 38 of the cousins gathered on "Jim's Beach"—so-called because Uncle Jim Lennon ran a hot-dog stand there, years ago, when Diane was still in the play-pen stage. Current play-pen tenant is Joey, Bill and "Sis" Lennon's youngest. The food, beach umbrella, bats, balls and blankets made a formidable check-off list. Sis says, "By the time we load all this loot, we're lucky to get in, ourselves. Today, Dick Gass and Chuck Wilson, two of the girls' friends, helped out with their cars or we never would have made it." But make it they did, for a salty, whoop-it-up good time.

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, for Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent (ret. Aug. 25), on ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Dodge and Plymouth. Other Welk programs are heard on the ABC Radio network; see local papers.

Start of the take-off: Diane guides Mimi and Billy, as Janet tussles with six inflated rubber toys. Beach gear also includes play-pen, umbrella, back-rests, 12 towels.
When Brooklyn boy weds Bronx girl, it’s like Romeo and Juliet. The two New York boroughs are as far apart as the poles, and meant long courting trips for Steve—till he married Eydie and they took an apartment in Manhattan.

Their singing’s just too good: It got them together on Allen’s old Tonight show, then kept them apart—and away from their new home—filling individual night-club and recording dates after their marriage last December.

Starring for the summer in Allen’s big Sunday-night spot, the Lawrences make like newlyweds in their lovely home. It’s really their honeymoon—though this bride already cooks so well they have to watch their weight!
Men must get down on their knees and give thanks to God, if they want to grow straight and tall—and true—like the marshal I play on TV.
On stage at the Sahara in Las Vegas, they're "The Wildest," enthralling audiences with music both hot and sweet.

**By DEE PHILLIPS**

To show business and their host of fans everywhere, they're "The Wildest." Louis Prima and his wife, Keely Smith, are the hottest thing in town—whether it's Las Vegas, where they hold Sahara Hotel patrons spellbound, season after season—or NBC-TV's national network, where they will appear regularly on Milton Berle's new show this fall. Their music is solid but mad—when Louis rides that golden horn into the stratosphere. It's sad but sweet—when Keely sings a ballad in that warm and haunting voice. And their humor is unpredictable, always—whether Louis is trying to break up Keely's supernatural calm—or Louis serenades Keely with his trumpet and sweet-talk, is delighted when he finally "breaks up" her deadpan calm.
Off stage, with daughters Luanne Frances and Toni Elizabeth, the Primas are "The Mildest," contented in their home life after years of trouping.

The team of Louis Prima and Keely Smith possesses wild talent and a happy marriage, too. This fall, they'll be Las Vegas' gift to the new Milton Berle show

Continued
At Las Vegas, breakfast for Toni and Luanne is bedtime snack for late-working Louis and Keely. They all take naps during day—and both Toni and Keely collect dolls.


Everybody loves them. Few people know them. There are reasons for their reticence, of course, but you can get the private, personal story of Louis and his Keely if you catch them offguard—between the acts, and with their family—as we did recently, during their latest record-breaking stay at the Sahara in Las Vegas.

Finishing one of their many smash performances with Sam Butera and The Witnesses, the Primas head directly for the coffee shop. It is there, with people to see and business to be done, that the undercurrent of conflicting desires—the crossroads these two have reached—first becomes evident. Off stage, the madcap musician is a serious, deep-thinking planner. He goes immediately to the table where Barbara Belle, executive director of KeeLou Company—songwriter, manager, business associate, all in one package—sips coffee, waiting to get busy. Barbara Belle is the gate to the outside world into which Louis and his Keely walk so gingerly, when not on stage.

Meanwhile, Keely, with her natural quiet charm, may have stopped to ask some patron where she got her clown doll (clown-collecting (Continued on page 83)
Playtime: Keely dons pedal-pushers to join her young 'uns. Louis is dressed for the golf course, looks forward to the day when all three of his girls can "walk around" with him.

Even while doing the team's "paper work," Keely keeps an eye on her children. Their family means more to the Primas than all the fame their years together have brought them.

Making music is sheer fun. Songwriter Louis does singer Keely's arrangements but her actions aren't rehearsed. She does what comes naturally, was puzzled when a TV director asked her to cue him for the camera when she was going to scratch her nose—she wasn't aware of this on-stage habit!
He Can Sing Anything

Toss a tune in the air, and

John Raitt can catch it . . . and send

it back to you smooth as velvet

By MAURINE REMENIH

He may be too big and brawny—and, above all, too masculine—to fit into Dinah Shore’s fabulously feminine wardrobe. But how the man can sing! There’s no doubt John Raitt fills a niche all his own, appearing on The Chevy Show this summer. Past triumphs on stage and screen have more than proved him ready for big-time TV, and the audience was waiting.

Seemingly, John was born for show business. Actually, for the first eighteen years of his life, he ran away from it as fast as he could go—and he was a track star. Back in Fullerton, California, where John grew up, nothing interested him much except sports. Work wasn’t at all appealing. He would gladly expend vast amounts of energy on track or football field, but the only jobs young John ever held were those practically forced on him by his grandfather.

Grandpa Raitt, who had founded one of the first dairies in Santa Ana, back about the turn of the century, was justifiably proud of Raitt’s Rich Milk. John’s father had gone into Y.M.C.A. work, and John looked like the most likely candidate to carry on the dairy business—though his (Continued on page 86)

John Raitt is one of the top summer stars on The Chevy Show, colorcast over NBC-TV, Sun., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.

John once sang too much! Richard Cummings (below) helped bring voice back, is still his teacher.

TV first felt full impact of stage and screen star Raitt with Mary Martin in memorable production of “Annie Get Your Gun.”
In person, Bill Page brings people—young and old—the same magic he "sells" on the Lawrence Welk shows.

By LILLA ANDERSON

Elkhart, Indiana—home of the world's largest manufacturers of music instruments—welcomed Bill to huge North Side gym.

Even the small fry got to stay up late, the night the Music Man came to town, for he made music as exciting as a basketball game. There weren't quite the proverbial 76 trombones and 110 cornets on stage, but Bill Page played fourteen different wood winds and backing him was a 134-piece band. In addition to its trombones and cornets, it did include six sousaphones, eight flutes, three marimbas, three baritones, a piano, some basses and enough timpani to all but raise the roof of Elkhart, Indiana's huge new North Side gym.

Officially, it was called a music clinic and concert.

Continued
Modern Music Man Comes to Town

(Continued)

starring Bill Page of the Lawrence Welk TV programs, accompanied by the Elkhart High School symphonic band and the school’s dance band. But the show was, almost literally, a Chapter II—what happened next—for Meredith Wilson’s Broadway hit, “The Music Man.”

Mr. Willson set the scene of his play in Iowa, forty-five years ago. The fictional fun begins when the engaging “Professor” Harold Hill, salesman for band instruments, fast-talks a town into outfitting a boys’ band—then skips, without having taught the kids to play a note, for the simple reason he can’t read a note. Caught by indignant parents, he is redeemed by the love of the town librarian and justified by the inspired kids who parade in his honor, showing off their experimental tootling.

In the 1958 for-real version, the fun was there but the chase was missing. Thousands of musical notes sparkled from Bill Page’s fourteen instruments and, during his teaching sessions, he answered every question which the entranced students from five high schools could throw at him. Today, the Music Man has become a “clinician.”

Sponsored by C. G. Conn, Ltd., the world’s largest manufacturers of orchestra instruments, he’s still a direct descendant of that fast-talking traveler who invaded Iowa and points east and west. C. A. Doty Jr., director of educational services for that company, will tell you cheerfully, “Willson’s ‘con man’ was a Conn man.” But there have been some changes made. The five clinicians which Conn now sends out around the country are noted performers in their own right. They are not instrument salesmen.

As Bud Doty explains, “We call the clinic-concert plan a ‘declared dividend’ to our friends, the music educators.”

It proves to be a way to bring excitement to learning. In advance, the band director and the clinician work out a concert program. The music arrangements are made and the band begins rehearsals. The promise of playing with Bill Page or some other admired performer challenges each young musician to do his best. Having a name star also helps sell tickets. This money goes into the band’s own fund to buy uniforms, instruments and music, or to pay for the band’s trips.

One could see it begin to work, the moment Bill Page reached Elkhart. Bill, in the busiest “three days off” in TV, played Lawrence Welk’s Top Tunes And New Talent on Monday night. Tuesday, after a recording session at Dot Records, he kissed his wife and son goodbye and rushed for the Hollywood airport. On Friday morning, he had to be back to rehearse for Saturday’s Lawrence Welk Show. Almost every hour between was packed with activity.

A volunteer crew of Conn executives and students carried Bill’s 190 pounds of instruments into Elkhart senior high school’s band rehearsal room. As soon as he (Continued on page 72)
Father and son spend many an enraptured hour in assembling the model planes Scotty loves. Bill brings back new ones from each out-of-town trip.

Dinner is usually the only meal Bill can eat with his family. But the menfolk often snatch a snack together, and Bill's quite a barbecue chef.

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Modern Music Man Comes to Town

(Continued)

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A volunteer crew of Conn executives and students carried Bill’s 730 pounds of instruments into Elkhart senior high school’s band rehearsal room. As soon as he (Continued on page 72)
MENU
Madeleine Carroll’s Shish Kebab
Rice with Pine Nuts
Boston Lettuce Salad
Dried Figs, Dates and Fresh Grapes
Small Sweet Pastries
Coffee

MADELEINE CARROLL’S SHISH KEBAB
To make 8 kebabs
Use:
- 4 lbs. cubed lamb shoulder
- 1 pound bacon
- 2 lbs. mushrooms, well washed and drained
- jar of bayleaves
Cut fat from meat, and, if necessary, cut meat into even-size cubes. Cut slices of bacon into pieces of the same width and length as the lamb. Sprinkle lamb with salt, freshly ground pepper, and brush lightly with olive oil. Arrange on skewers, inserting a square of bacon, a mushroom, and a piece of bayleaf between each cube of meat. Cook over charcoal, turning every once in a while until done. Serve with Boston Lettuce Salad and rice.

RICE WITH PINE NUTS
Serves 8
Measure:
- 2 cups rice
Put in a strainer or colander, and run cold water over it. Add 2½ cups boiling water, cover and let stand until cold. Drain. Bring another 2½ cups water to a boil, add:
- the rice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
MADELEINE CARROLL'S

Shish Kebab

A savory summer supper ... easy to prepare in the kitchen, then whisk outdoors for barbecue cookery

Every weekday afternoon, *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry* brings to radio listeners the outstanding talent of Madeleine Carroll, in the dramatic story of a woman physician. As Dr. Anne Gentry, Madeleine portrays a woman adjusting to her professional life in a man's world, without in the slightest relinquishing her femininity. Such a role is very natural to Madeleine, known and loved by moviegoers, until her "retirement," as one of filmdom's most charming and beautiful actresses. Madeleine is in private life the wife of Andrew Heiskell, publisher of *Life*, and the mother of young Anne-Madeleine. When she undertook the radio series, which has now endeared her to a totally new audience, she did so because of the assurance it gave her of being able to handle her dramatic career with no possibility of conflict with her responsibility to husband and daughter. Starring in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, she can arrange her work schedule to fit the domestic chores she enjoys. A wonderful gourmet-cook, Madeleine loves outdoor casual meals, tends to give even a simple salad the small extra touches in flavoring which turn it from "just food" into a special taste treat. The recipes here are among her favorites for accomplishing just that.

Madeleine Carroll stars in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, produced and directed by Himan Brown, NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.

Cover and cook over very low heat until rice is tender and water almost absorbed. Place in a skillet:

2 tablespoons butter  
1/4 cup pine nuts

Cook over low heat until nuts appear toasted. When serving rice, sprinkle nuts over the surface.

**BOSTON LETTUCE SALAD**

Wash the lettuce by holding the head under gently running cold water, allowing the force of the water to separate the leaves. As each leaf folds back, break it off. Let drain on a towel, and place in a salad bowl so that the head looks whole again. Sprinkle the leaves with oil and fresh, finely cut tarragon and chervil. Season with freshly ground rock salt and freshly ground black pepper.
How the Marshal
GOT MARRIED
Gunsmoke's Matt Dillon is a confirmed bachelor. So was Jim Arness—and poor, too!—till he met Virginia and learned how rich life could be.

Today, ex-beachcomber Jim couldn't be happier that he exchanged his status of bachelor for that of husband, father—and general bicycle-repairman, not only for his and Virginia's brood of three, but for the latter's young friends, as well.

By MARGARET WAITE

The slight, dark-eyed girl tossed her head in chagrin. "You don't love me," she accused. "You won't kiss me, and now you won't even buy me an ice-cream cone." The lean, lanky young man hunched down deeper behind the steering wheel of his car and stared gloomily into the warm summer twilight. How could he tell her that he couldn't buy her an ice-cream cone because he didn't have ten cents in his pocket? And that he couldn't kiss her—not in front of the director, the cast of "Candida" and the entire Pasadena Playhouse—because he loved her too much?

Young Jim Arness didn't mean to get involved. He had taken elaborate precautions to preserve his bachelor status—the poverty that was so carefree and picturesque, the gay camaraderie of the San Onofre bachelors who worked when there was work at hand—and, when not, spent sunlit days surf-riding or skin-diving, and moonlit nights settling the world's problems, philosophizing on women and how they were the ruination of man.

It all began when a friend took him to a rehearsal at the Pasadena Playhouse and introduced him to Virginia Chapman, the dark-eyed slip of a girl who was playing the title role in Shaw's "Candida."

"He was so sweet," Virginia describes that meeting in retrospect. "I'll never forget the long, (Continued on page 78)
Eighteen years of fun, and never a harsh word.
(But it's not, Betty hastens to add, that Bob can't fight—when he really has good cause!)
for the Bob Paiges

Bob and co-star Bess Myerson (below) are both pleased when they can prove to a lucky viewer, by phone: "It pays to watch The Big Payoff."

Wife Betty is Bob's own "grand prize." He's proud of her looks, her taste in clothes—even her new hairdo, which almost caused their first real quarrel in years of marriage.
the Blonde with the

Wendy Drew and her Afghan, "Wajid," outside her Manhattan apartment. Both have a talent for being blonde and being noticed.
Brunette Personality

"I feel like a brunette," says blonde actress Wendy Drew. She develops the feeling with dramatic make-up, exciting fashions.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Some blondes are all pink and white, cuddles and cuteness. Not Wendy Drew, the fair-haired girl who plays Ellen Lowell on As The World Turns (CBS-TV). It would be easy for her to be all frills and bows with her 98-pound, size-five figure, and naturally fair complexion. Instead, she chooses a more dramatic and striking look. Starting with her make-up, she subdues the pink in her skin with honey-toned beige make-up foundation and face powder. Sun or sunlamp lend a year-round golden tan. "I like a one-tone hair and skin effect," she explains. Wendy feels that dark lipstick is hard-looking on a blonde, so she makes up her full, soft mouth with shades of pink, apricot, terra cotta or brownish coral. She accents her eyes with brown mascara and pencil by day, blue or green mascara and eye shadow for evening. A soap-and-water girl, she finds that frequent sudsings keep her oily skin fresh and clear. Because she knows there are no oil glands under the eyes, she wisely pats on a rich eye cream before bed. Her hairdo, a modified "bubble" or "pouf," is cut fairly short and set like a pageboy bob on very large rollers. In her TV role, she wears it less full and slightly longer. For body and brightness, she shampoos three times a week and sets with beer. "A soft permanent helps retain fullness if hair is too soft to hold its shape," says Wendy. She loves perfume and bath oil, uses both generously. Her fashion favorites include slim knits, nubby tweeds, and full, fuzzy fabrics which only a slim figure like hers can wear to advantage. Like most blondes, she often chooses blues and greens (her apartment is blue and green, too). But she also favors sophisticated earth tones, black and pale beige, big hounds-tooth checks and Oriental paisleys. Proud, she admits it, of her pretty legs and feet, she adores colored cotton stockings (muted green, gray, black, camel, red, blue), seamless tinted nylons (plum, peacock blue, muted green, according to her costume), and shoes in many hues, including olive green and gold. "Pointed shoes were made for me," she says. Wendy and her sister Allegra Kent, a solo dancer with the New York City Ballet, share a step-down apartment in Manhattan ("Grandma calls it a basement") with a tiny garden for a fair-weather living room. Regardless of weather, sunny and warm is usually Wendy's own prevailing climate.

Wendy loves flowers—below, in her robe and slippers; at right, in her dining corner. Her apartment has antique touches (note brass bed and carriage lamp) and paintings of unicorns and sad-faced lions.

Studying script in her garden, Wendy wears knit tights, velvet top, and desert boots.
Chicago's Clan McNeill

Quite a trio Don and Kay McNeill take fishing—their "shortest" son is six-feet-four!
In family portrait on facing page: Don with Tom, 23, and Don Jr., 22; Kay with Bob, 17.

At 25, Don's Breakfast Club is older than his boys. Cutting cake—Dick Noel, Carol Richards, Don, Fran Allison, Sam Cowling.

Don has been a big man on Breakfast Club for a quarter-century.
And, to three strapping young men, he's nothing less than "the greatest"

By GREGORY MERWIN

You've got a hard thing to write," Don McNeill Jr. observes, "because Dad's got this intangible quality. I know that on Breakfast Club he's a pepper-upper, a talker, and humorous. But, around the house, he's quiet and reserved. He's never preached at any of us. He's never tried to dominate us. For me, he's a saintly man. You meet people like him occasionally—my roommate at school was like that, too. 'Charitable' describes him, but I don't know how you'll get it on paper."

This past June, Don McNeill observed his twenty-fifth year on ABC Radio. In that time, he has awakened, cheered and inspired

Continued
Like her husband and sons, Kay McNeill's a keen competitor at sports.

Just as his own dad did it, Don teaches his boys the joys of fishing.
Don sets more store by spiritual values—and a sense of fair play and fun with sons Bob, Don Jr., and Tom.

...treat is one of few McNeill "material possessions." At home, more activity—at basketball set-up behind the garage.
Chicago's Clan McNeill

(Continued)

three generations of Americans. But, off-mike, he has been less than extroverted, almost shy. He understates himself: "I'm a pretty simple guy. Fishing, hunting, golf and family life seem to satisfy me. Every once in a while, the family does something special, like going to Europe or Honolulu, but we're always glad to get home and back in the old routine. I guess the show reflects my attitudes and philosophy."

Don is reflected in more concrete examples in his three sons. They are giants: Tom, 23, stands six-four and sweeps the scale at two-twenty-five; Don Jr., 22, peaks at six-six and weighs in at two-twenty; Bob, 17, stands six-four at one-ninety. Each is different, an individual in personality and appearance. Tom, a redhead, is reflective, suave and personable. Don Jr., with brown hair, is sensitive and emphatic, exuberant and charged with restless energy. The youngest, Bob, with black hair that matches his father's, is analytical, intense and competitive.

All three have been honor students. Tom and Don were graduated summa cum laude from Notre Dame. Tom, a law school graduate this June, was election to the Lawyers' Staff. Don was president of his senior class. Bob, who will be a (Continued on page 76)

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, now in its 26th year, is heard over ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, from 9 to 10 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
WIN . . . FREE! a fabulous $24,800 Story-Book Home complete with INDOOR SWIMMING POOL PLUS:
Full-Size JUKE BOX for your game room
Colonial HUTCH for the living-dining room
FULL SET OF CHINA for entertaining
BABY GRAND PIANO for your living room
BEARSKIN RUG for the rumpus room
SUNBURST WALL CLOCK for the game room

House built for the lucky winner by Macfadden Publications, Inc. and The Flintkote Co., in cooperation with "THE PRICE IS RIGHT"

Tune in—Thursday nights—August 14—21—and 28
NBC-TV Network—10 p.m., E.D.S.T.
(See local newspapers for time changes)

Here's all you need to do to win: Simply guess the total, combined price of all these handsome prizes. The person who guesses closest to the correct total price of the Story-Book Home plus the other prizes (without over-pricing!) will win them all! House built for the winner anywhere in the United States.

Note: You do not have to see the program to enter. All our readers have a chance to win! But you'll see more, know more, if you watch the show. So tune in!

Write your guess—just the total dollars-and-cents price—on a postcard, together with your name and address. Mail it to the address below. You may send as many guesses as you like; but each entry must be on a separate postcard with your name and address. (Do not send entries in envelopes!)

In case of a tie, there will be a bidding run-off. The decision of the judges will be final.

Entries must be postmarked before midnight, August 29th, and must be in the hands of "The Price Is Right" judges before midnight on Monday, August 31st. The winner will be announced on a later show.

Mail all entries to:
Home Showcase, "The Price Is Right," P. O. Box 645, New York 46, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA
Rand Construction Company
6363 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles 46
Model: Sanddale Tract
Riverside County
(Open 1520)

FLORIDA
A. Paul Young
Boynton Beach
Model: Schul Isle
U. S. A. 1 A, near
Boynton Beach

INDIANA
Root Lumber Company
527 Sheridan Street
Crown Point
Model: Rose Ellen Drive
Crown Point

KENTUCKY
Town & Country Homes
Louisville, Ky.
Model: Merryman Drive
Jeffersonville, Ind.

MARYLAND
Humphrey Builders, Inc.
301 Brookridge Drive
Silver Spring
Model: 12001 Springtree Drive
Springwood Sub-division
Silver Spring

MASSACHUSETTS
Custom Construction Co.
Steve Dwyer, Realtor
Route 3a
Cohasset
Model: Whitter Drive
Sculpture
Model: Woodland Drive
Cohasset

MISSOURI
Nathan Wolff
3958 West Pine
St. Louis
Model: Paradise Village
St. Charles County

MONTANA
Bailey Construction Company
2900 Broad Drive
Billings
Model: Yellowstone Country Club Heights
Billings

NEW JERSEY
Princeton Manor
Construction Company
10 Nassau Street
Princeton
Model: 87 Randall Road
Princeton

OHIO
E. M. Schuler, Inc.
1481 Middle Beltville Road
Mansfield 5
Model: 1555 Gallia Drive
Southern Estates
Mansfield

PENNSYLVANIA
A. L. Pennwell
Pikermont Drive
Gateway Terrace
Wexford
Model: Pikermont Drive
Franklin Estates
Wexford

TEXAS
Kenneth L. Musgrave
Construction Co.
P. O. Box 1743
Abilene
Model: 3520 Hunters Glen Rd.
Abilene

WISCONSIN
Pioneer Builders, Inc.
3505 West North Avenue
Milwaukee 8
Model: 14440 West Ulysses Heights Dr.
Brookfield

Furniture in model home by Princeton Furniture Mart

. . . As we go to press, 267 other builders in other states have purchased complete plans and specifications, but had not as yet reported starting their models.
**The Story-Book Home**

**OF THE YEAR!**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELFER-MAYO**

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**THE BIG FAMILY DREAM HOUSE**

that grows into an 
all-year'-round 
paradise at a price 
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Five exciting models, 
all with same 
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**Go buy yourself a part of America—a piece of this blessed land—and build yourself a paradise for you and yours.**

There is no safer, sounder, or saner thing to do. It will help insure your family's future and increase Father's earning power. It will help raise happier, healthier children... keep your family growing together through the years. And it will help preserve the love and romance that every normal man and woman needs for real happiness.

It is little wonder that America has changed, in less than a single generation, from a nation of renters or tenants to a nation of home-owners. More than half the readers of this magazine now own their own homes.

This fabulous Story-Book Home was designed by and for our readers, most of whom have large families with more babies still to come. To the ideas of our readers were added the new wonders of science, to give you a home where you can live in comfort and pride and privacy, and bask in “sunny” climate all-year'-round. You can even swim in “tropical moonlight”—lush, warm, and lazy—every single night of your life, summer and winter.

Loll around in privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big indoor pool before you go to bed. And then—the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful.

This is the Story-Book Home, now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back.

Read the thrilling story of this new young working man's paradise—that you can afford today—or build in three easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story.
FOUR BEDROOMS!
Separate children's wing • 28-foot living room

$1,100 Owner finished
$2,500 Custom built

All this, and
a kitchen, too,
in the center
of this
"DREAM
HOUSE."
Owner-finished,
only
$18,700;
Custom-built,
$24,800
complete with
INDOOR POOL!

BIG FAMILY-TV ROOM ....
with adjoining 3 bedrooms and extra bath
form separate children's wing that parents
asked for. Children enter from covered car-
port, leaving mud and wet clothes behind.
Floor is easy-to-clean vinyl-asbestos Tile-
Tex, made by the Flintkote Company.

HUGE 28-FT. LIVING ROOM ....
(with special dining area) is really just for
Mother, Dad, and their friends. Looks through
window walls, across water of indoor pool,
into the garden. Walls in rich cherry Weld-
wood and washable Kalistran (optional)
promise to last a lifetime with no upkeep.

THREE BEDROOMS FOR CHILDREN ....
In daytime, Kalistran-covered folding wall
opens two bedrooms into one large room for
choo-choo trains, games, and fun. At night,
walls separate rooms again (with double-
dockers sleeping four). Third bedroom can be
used as a guest room when needed.

MASTER BEDROOM ....
—paneled in Korina Weldwood—is just
where mothers wanted it—close to the
kitchen, and close to the children, too. You
can come and go to your kitchen without
being seen when the doorbell rings . . . also
you can step from bedroom to outdoor
terrace through jalousied French doors.
TWO BATHS!

family room with fireplace • 28-foot rumpus room

$14,000 Owner finished
$16,900 Custom built (You do no work)

$3,600 Owner finished
$5,400 Custom built

The indoor pool requires little or no work... the filtering and cleaning are almost entirely automatic. Filtered water requires changing less than once a year. Then you can use the water on your lawn or garden during a dry spell, and you don't waste a single penny!

And... your huge INDOOR heated SWIMMING POOL

PHOTO BY H. MELFORD
FOUR BEDROOMS!
Separate children's wing - 28-foot living room

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BIG FAMILY-TV ROOM . . . .
with adjoining 3 bedrooms and extra bath from separate children's wing that parents asked for. Children enter from covered car port, leaving mud and wet clothes behind. Floor is easy-to-clean vinyl-asbestos tile, made by the Flintkote Company.

HUGE 28-Ft. LIVING ROOM . . . .
With special dining area. Just right for Mother, Dad, and their friends. Looks through window walls, across water of indoor pool into the garden. Walls in rich cherry wood and washable Kalistron (optional) promise to last a lifetime with no upkeep.

THREE BEDROOMS FOR CHILDREN . . . .
In daytime, Kalistron-covered folding wall opens two bedrooms into one large room for choo-choo trains, games, and fun. At night, wall separates room into twin double-deckers sleeping four. Third bedroom can be used as a guest room when needed.

MASTER BEDROOM . . . .
Painted in Karina Weldwood—like those mothers wanted it—close to the kitchen, and close to the children, too. You can come and go to your kitchen without being seen when the doorknob rings—also you can step from bedroom to explore terrace through unclassified French doors.

The indoor pool requires little or no work . . . . the filtering and skimming are almost entirely automatic. Filtered water remains changing less than once a year. Then you can use the water on your lawn or garden during a dry spell, and you don't waste a single penny!
Here’s the story of how it builds family love, children’s popularity, better discipline. The kids are pals, but not underfoot. . . . Here too are marvelous new ways it makes family living easier for Mother. . . . And how the fabulous, heated indoor swimming pool can help pay for itself

ANY WOMAN WOULD ENVY THE

THE STORY-BOOK Home is not just a shelter, like so many houses. It’s a family kingdom where all members of the family can work and play—together when they want to be, or quietly alone, if they prefer. The parents’ portion can always be ready for guests. Teenagers can take over in their own wing of the house. Children can build their friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. Mother and Dad can have a social life without spending hard-earned cash in town. Any day—every day—can hold the glamour of a summer resort.

The soft “tropical” climate of the indoor pool is for all to revel in day or night. Most families spend more money in just two weeks’ vacation each year than the entire cost of financing their swimming pool at 6% interest! And swimming, as exercise, is worth a fortune to family health. Some mothers and fathers give neighborhood swimming lessons and make the pool pay for itself many times over. Some organize swimming clubs, and everybody else chips in with the refreshments.

The house has no waste space, no waste motion for Mother. And only the finest materials! American-Standard bathrooms, in lovely colors; folding walls made of wonderful, washable Kalistron, that looks like leather and lasts longer; panelled walls of beautiful V-Plank Weldwood, that will stay beautiful for the life of your home; floors covered with extra durable, easy-to-clean Tile-Tex vinyl, and in the living room with soft, quiet Tile-Tex rubber-tile, that needs no waxing or polishing. Husbands will recognize the value of Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles by Flintkote; fireproof Van Packer chimney with round, prefabricated flue, saving time and money; the pool walls and ceilings moisture-proofed with a scientific plastic (polyethylene sheet). No humidity problems in this swimming pool home. You make your own climate. When you want moisture added to dry, heated winter air, crack open the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, just keep the door closed. Furniture never “dries out” one minute, “swells up” the next. Doors and drawers don’t stick or bind.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house “for sale,” and you’ll be on your way to a new, happier life—now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family!
Extra children's bath with American-Standard tub that saves hot water. "Coronation" Micarta walls, with their smooth, gleaming surface, Kalistran wall covering, and vinyl Tile-Tex floor make clean-ups quick and easy.

In this big 28-ft. rumpus room, bright and cheery with (optional) V-Plank Weldwood paneling and asphalt Tile-Tex floors, you could also set up a work bench for Dad. Fun for all, gives kids extra play space, keeps living rooms clean.

Extra children's bath with American-Standard tub that saves hot water. "Coronation" Micarta walls, with their smooth, gleaming surface, Kalistran wall covering, and vinyl Tile-Tex floor make clean-ups quick and easy.

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MOTHER IN THIS Story-Book Home

No stoop, no stretch, no step-ladder! Mother can reach every towel and blanket in this linen closet, as she stands on stairs to children's wing!

In this luxurious combination bathroom, with its American-Standard plumbing fixtures and marble-like Micarta vanity and walls, hubby can shave as wife applies make-up.

Now it's a powder room—simply by closing the folding divider! Guests enter from living room panelled in rich cherry Weldwood.

Here is living room in Colonial model, with pool area converted to indoor garden. Soft rubber Tile-Tex floor is comfortable underfoot, requires no waxing, and helps to deaden rumpus-room noise. If you prefer to add your indoor pool or garden later, you can put a flagstone terrace just outside the sliding glass doors.
EVEN HOLLYWOOD MOVIES NEVER

IF YOU'RE TOO OLD TO SWIM and the children have gone, pool area converts into a handsome dining room and garden where you can entertain with your Community silver and best china. There is plenty of room for all your guests.

THIS SHIMMERING "TROPICAL PARADISE"—your 32-foot pool—lets you swim and sun-bathe even in coldest January. Helps Dad relax after work. . . . Makes home a teenagers' center. . . . Keeps Mom in all the family fun.

THIS BEAUTIFUL INDOOR GARDEN, and the dining room shown above, can be built instead of the pool—or converted later by simply filling pool with earth and adding a flagstone floor yourself. Keeps outdoor beauty indoors all year.

Four other models
(All have same)

THIS FABULOUS Story-Book Home was designed to satisfy almost every taste in architecture. The five versions have the same basic floor plan—and can all be built for approximately the same price. Also, all can be built in three stages, except the 20th Century model. This model has an extra

REGENCY—a massive looking house in traditional design. Side-lighted front door, huge bay window, and bright shutters give it real Story-Book Home distinction and character.

COTTAGE COLONIAL—Bright and white with its wide bay window, shutter-windowed children's wing, and brick swimming pool wing. . . . It builds easily complete, or in 3 stages.
SHOWED YOU A BETTER Home

MOTHER WATCHES children swim as she gets lunch. Westinghouse electronic oven, range, dishwasher (optional) are only a step away.

IN THIS EFFICIENT KITCHEN all Westinghouse deluxe appliances are within reach. Micarta walls, lunch bar and work counters, Tile-Tex floor, make clean-ups easy.

MAGIC "ONE-WAY" window lets Mother look in on sick child without leaving her bed! Panelled door over window for sound-proofing.

CHILDREN GO from pool through Weldwood panelled, Tile-Tex floored rumpus room. Living area stays dry.

COOK-OUT ENTERTAINING is easy, and weather-proof, with this barbecue in the carport-terrace. Wonderful for kids' parties and picnics, too! It adjoins TV-game room.

UNDER A SUN-LAMP, you relax on the "chaise lounge" that covers the basement entrance to the pool—and keep your tan all year! Even Dad will enjoy "sunning" himself here.

to choose from...

basic floor plan)

dining room, and costs slightly more than the others.
The double garages shown, and the over-size swimming pool, if desired, are extra, of course, and require large plots.
Complete plans and specifications for each model are available. Houses will fit on even 75x100 ft. lots.

CAPE COD COLONIAL—Gray shingles, mullioned windows, and shutters capture the enduring warmth of this popular style... Yet it's modern as tomorrow—a real dream house.

20TH CENTURY—Here's beautiful, modern styling that will stay "new" for years. Note how living room and pool area blend brick, glass, and redwood into a magnificent exterior.
HOW YOUR FAMILY CAN OWN A

Story-Book Home

See your local Savings and Loan Association:

Every one of these mortgage-lending associations knows about these wonderful Story-Book Homes. A number of them have already financed construction of models in various areas of the country, and will gladly discuss how you can arrange to buy one for your family.

John R. Gallaude, of the United Savings and Loan Association of Trenton, N.J., says: "We should like to compliment you on the many new ways these homes will serve family living. We consider them a fine investment, with their excellent planning and convertibility."

If you have some cash savings, if you own a piece of land, or if you now own a house and would like to change to a Story-Book Home—go to your local Savings and Loan Association. They will explain how a mortgage can be arranged for you—whether you plan to buy a home, have it built, or finish it yourself. Elsewhere in this magazine you will find a list giving the names of builders of the Story-Book Homes ... and the address where you can visit their completed model houses. Of course, you can see one of the original models in Princeton Manor, at Princeton, N. J. If there are none close to you, the bank will know and recommend reputable builders who will construct your home according to the plans and specifications you select. Even if you are thinking of moving to Florida, you'll find a Story-Book model home on Sabal Island, post office Boynton Beach, Fla. (Builder: A. Paul Young)

You will also be able to get help from your savings bank if you want a builder to erect the "shell" and finish much of the interior yourself. Many builders now offer to do this.

"Owner-finished" cuts costs way down:

The plans and specifications tell "what" and "where" materials go. Then you do all the painting, lay your Tile-Tex floors with a do-it-yourself kit, and panel your walls with floor-to-ceiling sheets of prefinished Weldwood by U. S. Plywood. Clever "do-it-yourself" men can easily finish the home, swimming pool and all, for less than $19,000. Or they can finish the main house for only about $14,000, and add the pool, carport, and garage later. (Note: All house prices quoted are estimates, and vary by locality. Costs of land and kitchen appliances are extra.)

A Big Swimming Pool, Complete Kit only $795.

You can also build a swimming pool, out of doors, close to your house, and cover it later. Or, do this for your present home. Story-Book Homes (a non-profit, cooperative organization to aid in home building) will procure for you a complete swimming pool kit for a big 16 x 32-ft. pool for only $795, plus freight charges. This includes everything for a complete pool (the same as one named after a famous TV star and champion swimmer). This includes the plastic pool, the filter, the knock-down forms that bolt together, all the fittings, pipe, vacuum lines, etc. Everything you need for a pool that would cost thousands of dollars! Write Story-Book Home Editor, State Rd., Princeton, N. J.

Send for complete plans
Only $1.00!

For only $1.00 you can get a complete set of plans and specifications that give you, your bank, and your builder the full details necessary to finance and build your Story-Book Home. Simply fill out the coupon at left ... enclose $1.00 for each set of plans you select ... and mail to the Story-Book Home Editor, Princeton, N. J.
8 P.M., U.S.A.

(Continued from page 17) in a can.” Then it hit him. “Just think of the sound of the telephone!”

Even technical men, disinclined to wax eloquent, put video tape recording into the miracle class. The Ampex machine traces its development back to 1933, the first successful tape maker, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, terms it “the tape almost impossible to produce.” No one can estimate how many nervous breakdowns it has taken to make this equipment available.

The Ampex Corporation describes its machine in terms of a ketchup can: “In 1933, the first size and shape of a kitchen stove... packed with 1,350 pounds of electronics connected with supporting equipment.”

A reel of tape slips through a recording head on a machine called the Constantat, $45,000 for black-and-white, plus $29,000 for a color unit. It is the 1939 antecedent was the Telegraphon, a magnetic wire dictating machine invented by a Danish engineer, Valdemar Poulsen. While Americans, beginning with Edison, advanced recording on plastics, the Europeans, particularly the Germans, concentrated on video and magnetic oxide tape machines. When the Allies smashed through in 1945, they found a dandy. The Signal Corps team which “liberated” the Magneto-phone or Ampex Corporation, led by H. F. Ranger, Herbert Orr and John T. Mullin, who continue important in the recorder field.

The frequency range of the Magneto-phone could be extended to 15,000 cycles. Never had they heard sound reproduced so true. They put it to work on Armed Forces Network and also sent parts, instructions, and a few tractions to scientific groups such as many a war-developed electronic plant into recorder manufacture.

Ampex Corporation, a firm which had manufactured precision motors for radio, retained Mullin as a consultant and built a wire recorder patterned after the Magnetophone.

Wire recording development far surpassed tape advances in 1946 when Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, had, by then, sealed many a package decided to find out how to improve recording tape. Dr. W. W. Wetzel, one of the world’s most brilliant physicists, headed the research project. He produced a superior plastic tape for sound recording.

In California John T. Mullin was working with this tape the day a man from Bing Crosby Enterprises came in to say that Bing was having problems. Since 1944, he had balked at live broadcasts, but recording and editing discs was no fun. To skeletonize what happened next: Mr. C. went to tape and, in 1948, the networks did, too, using it first as a means to break the 6:30 daylight—time.

Audio tape became radio’s workhorse and, for the next ten years, video tape became the engineers’ challenge and aim. A much over-simplified explanation of what magnetic oxide tape can do is that a sound on a magnetic tape can be recorded, and that recorded sound can be replayed, and that replayed sound can be converted into electric signals which can be transmitted over wires.

But—

Dr. Wetzel, now general manager of the magnetic products division of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, says he was never troubled by the recording problems: “You must be able to pack at least ten times as much information on tape in video recording as in sound recording. Then you might record 2,000 bits of information on a single inch of tape track, whereas in video recording, you must record some 20,000 bits of information.”

Dr. Wetzel can now speak confidently of “packing 20,000 bits of information on an inch of tape.” But, when experiments began, “they didn’t end,” he said. “They wouldn’t say how much of Bing’s money went into it.” They did say it took two years of laboratory work and that they did not intend to reveal anything about that experiment only in research. Eventually, they sold it to Minnesota Mining.

Advances were made by RCA, and one of the many Andronicos of the Ampex sort of machine remained elusive. It was April, 1956, before Ampex announced they had solved the problem. They mounted four recording heads in a cylinder which turned steadily, were inserted into pockets, and it could slow down speed to move tape at the rate of fifteen inches per second. This put sixty-four minutes of tape on a twelve-inch reel. The networks and independent stations placed four-and-a-half million dollars’ worth of orders within five days.

The tape date for operation was Daylight Saving Time, April 28, 1957. From there on, it was a tape-maker’s race and a tough one. That hour—show reel had a recording area the size of a tennis court. Every reaction was made on a perfect disk spinning at 14,400 revolutions a minute. Each head makes a magnetic impression ten thousandths of an inch wide. Using two-inch tape, they recorded across the width of the tape. They knew they could slow down speed to move tape at the rate of fifteen inches per second. This put sixty-four minutes of tape on a twelve-inch reel. The networks and independent stations placed four-and-a-half million dollars’ worth of orders within five days.

The Scotch won. Late in April, 1957, Minnesota Mining produced one hundred rolls of tape. Rejecting eighty, they selected twenty of these proved of broadcast quality but, erased and re-used, they eased the day-light saving confusion, and gave promise of video tape’s full effectiveness which was realized in 1958.

With the technical men’s primary job accomplished, it is the turn of adminis-

trators to go about how best to use this new tool. Operational changes have occurred and are anticipated in many areas:

Programming: Producers like tape. By taping certain shows, they have the necessity of quick changes, go on to new scenes, inject new variety. They can also hold live show excitement and quality while having the economy of an automatic recording. They can play back their scenes immedi-

ately and revise if necessary. With film, they had to wait until it was de-
veloped before they knew what they had. By then, sets were struck and players dispersed. Tape is a safeguard for the unpredictable “animal act,” the protect-

or against the two-inch reel. And, in the case of a couple of pre-taped shows in reserve, the pressure on a star eases.

There is promise, too, of new ideas, new types of programming. There is much within reach of a tape machine. Success-

ful local programs have greater chance for network exposure or syndication. Among the first to experiment is Edward W. Bing, Jr., owner of W. E. Bing Enterprises, Inc., Frankfurt Messenger, the independent network of the Jazz Don Mahoney Ranch Party, and Confession St. Originating in Hollywood, was tape-tested on WBKB, Chicago, for 15 minutes. It was most successful and a definite asset for the network as a summer replacement for The Voice Of Firestone. Ranch Party brought its local color right from Texas and landed on WOR-TV, New York, and other stations. On Confession, from WFAA-TV, Dallas, a convicted criminal tells his story and a panel discusses what motivations led to his self-deception. Other shows are, among others, to send out their best to new markets.

Independent packagers see tape as the only method to get a home audience. Early on, the first to tape a pilot was Video Varieties working in Telestudios, New York, and presenting a half-hour program starring Peggy Fears. The idea was the simplicity of the network or syndication. Or, they would buy an hour of program to show in the pilot. They make their programs and send them to the top stations. Besides, they need their shows in quantity, and if you buy 20,000 spots, you haven’t thrown all that film money down the drain. You can always go back for more. Tape gives you more chance to test.

Economy: Minnesota Mining charges $306 a roll for video tape and claims it will last for two years. That’s eight times, thus bringing the tape recording cost down to $1.50 to $3.00 an hour. They cite a comparative cost figure of $88 per hour for film which can be used only once. What about the price? It would go along with this drastic comparison, insisting a tape can be used only twenty to forty times. On this score, greater use, alone, will provide the answer.

What the economy executives do anticipate is a more orderly scheduling of their own facilities. They look forward to having fewer studios spread out across New York, and using those studios more hours. They anticipate shooting a week’s episodes of a daytime serial at one session, thus saving much production time. They aren’t willing to go along with this drastic comparison, insisting a tape can be used only twenty to forty times. On this score, greater use, alone, will provide the answer.

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Labor relations: A touchy subject at the moment, a union clash at one studio may cause a strike from another. They aren’t willing to wipe out overtime and weekend work. “Tape will let us plan better,” said one executive.

Coverage: Already tape has brought convenience to interview shows. Spot news coverage will improve, but at present there’s still the problem of getting a full crew out and back in roller-coaster time. They look forward to the first day of the hand-held tape camera.

Summary: Tape will solve some problems, create others. But, in the long run, the viewer is bound to benefit through a greater variety of good quality shows.
He won the role of the Old Ranger on Death Valley Days—and then Stanley Andrews suddenly found himself living the part.
When Stanley Andrews first came West to California, he might never have left Broadway. He and his actress-wife Fran moved into an apartment, and the only thing they raised was their standard of living. After years of touring, Stanley was now regularly featured in the movies. But then, in 1952, after sixteen years in radio, Death Valley Days went video. Tall and rugged, with a booming voice and robust health, "Andy" won the role of the Old Ranger. And, quicker than it takes to make a pilot film, he found himself really living the part.

Andy bought Derbyridge, a ranch in the San Fernando Valley where he raised cows, pigs, English bulldogs and rutabagas—"everything," he grins, "but salt and pepper." He began boning up on Western lore and became an authority and a friend to the youngsters in the neighborhood. Even to such "Eastern" notions as dieting, he brought a Western flair—simply omitting the potatoes from his morning steak! At the moment, Stanley may lose some of his land to a new housing subdivision. "Maybe we'll buy a new, larger place further out," he says, "and we can have our animals back again. I'm sixty-six and we've been married forty-three years. We're supposed to be looking for a rocking chair and a comfortable pair of slippers about now, but frankly the idea never appealed to Fran or me. We love to be active. If you stop living," he points out, "that's when you begin growing old. We've still a world of things we want to do and a world of places we want to see. We have our health and we have a full life."

Chicago-bred, Andy had been a loyal listener to Death Valley Days when it was on radio. He's always admired the great detail and honesty that its author, Ruth Woodman, brings to the show. Though Mrs. Woodman lives in Rye, New York, she's been researching and writing these stories for twenty-five years, with regular trips to the West to talk to the old pioneers and their descendants. Though it's the oldest of the "Westerns," Andy doesn't consider that the show really fits in the "Western" category.

"We don't have 'bad men' shooting at 'good men,'" he explains. "Our stories are about people and their problems and they are all true. These people came out here to settle down, to open a small store... to farm... to find a new life. Not one in a thousand was a 'gunslinger.' True, there were a great many hardships in the pioneer days," Andy continues, "and a great many exciting adventures. 'Who can draw the fastest' and 'Don't call me a liar' are expressions that may have been used, but not as frequently as television would have us believe. Why, I saw more men killed on TV last week alone than probably were killed in all of California during the pioneer days. If the pictures we see of the West had been true, there wouldn't have been anybody left alive to build the West." The Old Ranger is the sturdy pioneer who introduces and narrates the stories. As Stanley Andrews plays him, he's a man who really might have been—just as Death Valley Days is a "Western" that isn't.
Buck was surprised by gift horse on Bill Leyden's show. Not so, WOOD-TV's Don Melvoin (right), who arranged it.

In showman tradition, Buck admires late "Buffalo Bill" Cody, once patterned a show after his.

WHAT YOU CAN'T SAY, sing! Buck Barry did, and in two languages. No longer the "silent partner" in rodeos and barn-dance shows, Buck currently ropes 'n' rides, sings and says on five radio and TV programs at WOOD in Grand Rapids. Weekdays at 5:30 A.M., Buck's heard on RFD 1300. At 6:15, he spins out music and yarns for The Buck Barry Show. Saturdays are reserved for young bucks and lasses. Come 9:45 a.m., they gather—some five dozen of them—to learn square-dancing and calf-roping on Buckaroo Rodeo. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4:45 P.M., Popeye Theater is open to viewer suggestions. Buck goes along with 'most anything. But when it comes to galloping his Palomino alongside a high-horsepower sports car, Buck henceforth declines. The one time he tried, horse and horsepower finished in a dead heat. "On a suggested second time through," adds Buck, "the car's accelerator jammed and scared my horse. He fell, and I jumped off and broke my arm." Less lively but lots of fun is Rowena Roundup, Thursday at 6:30, when Buck runs an informal pet-adoption service.

Born in St. Joseph, Missouri, this "Midwestern cowboy" always loved animals. Growing up next door to a stable, he was riding at six, performing at twelve, and, a year later, traveling with a circus. After high school in Chicago, Buck worked dude ranches in the West. But, in relation to a performing career, he had a major handicap—stuttering. The Army unwittingly provided the cure. It was Buck's habit to entertain his buddies with a few rope tricks, now and then. Gradually, he added some songs to the act—first, the old familiar Western tunes, then the Japanese songs taught him by children on Okinawa. Soon, he was singing on Armed Forces Radio, and speaking, too, with a great, even flow of words.

Back in Chicago, Buck did Western shows on the air and on the road, and, in '53, joined WOOD on the strength of a verse of "Happy Cowboy" and one Japanese song. Buck feels his work is the greatest. "In fact," says he, "if my employers knew how much I enjoy it, they could get me a lot cheaper."
Being a mom keeps Shirley Temple happy and busy—even on "vacation."

Rodgers fishes for trout, he uses worms? He and his wife, Colleen, are spending their vacation by an Oregon lake near their home. . . . George Gobel uses a golf cart to drive from the auto gate to his golf course, because the grounds on his new estate are so expansive. George laughs, "If times get tough, I can always build motels on the place." . . . George Fenneman, popular emcee of ABC-TV's Anybody Can Play, was born in Peoria, Illinois. . . . Alfred Hitchcock intends to double his own directorial chores on the upcoming CBS-TV fall series.

End of an Era: The last day of shooting on the Burns and Allen set had drawn to a close. The cast and crew, many of whom had worked with George and Gracie for the six years on film and two years "live" were gathered around a buffet stacked high with party goodies. There was a lot of happy chatter and noise, though every once in a while you might have sensed a false gay note. The party members stood in groups, hands in pockets, waiting. Gracie and the goodbyes rose arrived on the set at the same time. As always, Gracie played her last exit with a light touch. As she made her way through the crowd to the stage door, she pulled the roses out at one a time, handing them over to some of the girls who had been closest to her—hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, publicity gal, and so on. When she reached the exit, there wasn't a dry eye in the house. But Gracie merely waved goodbye to all, just as if it were the end of another season and not the end of an era. That's the heart of Hollywood for you.

October TV Radio Mirror on sale September 4

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Bud Collyer—For Real

(Continued from page 21)

expertly that Bud and everyone else on it is subject to definite time limitations. Bud has spent most of his career on TV shows on radio and television, Bud has a knack for taking even the most nervous contestants and putting them at ease. He has done it for many people, and discovered that he got to like them more and more as he worked informally with them. On Beat The Clock, which he has emceed for half a dozen TV shows, he has never met any contestent, win or lose, who was a bad sport. In general, he believes, women are more interested in the fun of playing than in winning and also that much emphasis on the winning. On a show where couples work together to win, this makes for good husband-and-wife cooperation.

When they bring on their children, Bud is in fine fettle. As the father of three, and long-time superintendent and teacher of a Sunday school in his home community, he is a man who gets along wonderfully with youngsters of all ages. He asks the parents not to worry about what the child will do or say, but to let him take over for himself.

"When a parent tells a child exactly what to do," he says, "I notice that the child begins to be self-conscious and to resist. Let him be himself, let him remain natural in spite of microphones and cameras and an audience out front. Parents have a tendency to worry that Aunt Susie or Grandfather, back in the home town, will spend an hour watching and critiquing. But, when a younger is having a good time, he is usually making a good impression.

"We had a little girl on Beat The Clock one day who went simply wild about the colored balloons used in a stunt her parents had to do. She got hold of one and followed it all the way from the coast to New York City. We tried everything to get her away from the show. Sometimes we were able to do so, and sometimes we had to let her alone and it was a high point of the show."

Away from the studio, Bud leads the life of the average family man, householder, and community member. The Collyer house in Connecticut is the same one in which the kids have grown up. French Norman in architecture, with a round tower, set in spacious lawns on the top of a hill.

Besides the family, it houses two French puddles named Jennie and Mark, two parakeets named Caesar and Pompey, a cat which Mike found as a stray and Pat promptly christened Orbis for ‘orphan’ (she was studying Latin), and a canary named Penelope. One morning, Bud found a mongrel dog in a bed of leaves on the lawn. He hadn’t the slightest intention of adopting it—but, when the dog decided to stay and no claimant appeared, the Collyers found themselves adopted. "When a dog licks your hand and looks up at you," says Bud, "you just have yourself a new dog."

This fall, Pat will be entering her junior year at college, and for the first time Cynthia, too, will be away, beginning her freshman year. Only Mike, a senior at high school, will be at home.

Marian Collyer has told herself that next year, when Mike goes to college, she will get back to being an actress. "This is my last year of stay-at-home motherhood and community service," she has warned. "It has been wonderful. Nothing could be more satisfying and rewarding than to have the children and the home need me and to serve the community. But now I can do other things with a free mind."

Marian is president of the parent-teacher group at Mike’s school. They put on an annual fashion show, and this year she worked out the idea of a "Now and Then" theme, contrasting new fashions with the old. Two hundred women worked on the project, which took about four months to get ready and raised $7,500 toward the school’s scholarship fund. They scoured attics for old costumes and props, and a smart New York City shop provided the up-to-the-minute styles.

When Marian Shockley Collyer gave up an acting career to become strictly a home-maker, she was well known as a feminine lead in such important radio shows as The Road Of Life and Ellery Queen. Last fall, she had a brief fliing in television. She was one of the mothers in the Studio One TV drama, "The Night America Trembled." Every so often, she has gone back to do a radio or television stint that her heart has been with her family.

Bud would like to see his wife return to acting if the right thing came along: "I believe that staying close to a talent and holds back from using it is never entirely satisfied. Marian had such a strong sense of responsibility to all of us that she put it before everything else. But now the children are older, and she is公社 working on her own affairs. The household runs on a routine basis and we have good help. Besides, she’s such a heck of a good actress, I wish she would take it up again."

The Collyer household is not all work and serious projects. "We all make hilarious puns," Marian says. "In fact, our dinner table is real corny when the whole family is around. It is just such a way. Mike clowns most of the time, and when Cynthia is in the mood, she can be hysterically funny. It may well be that Cynthia will be our genius, because she’s the one who is either ‘way up on the ceiling or ‘way down in the cellar. Isn’t that exactly the way geniuses are supposed to be?"

Pat, majoring in music, is a fine pianist. This summer, she has been taking some additional courses. Cynthia is an artist who works in watercolors and oils, sketches in black and white. "He has discovered a new medium in mosaics."

Bud is happy that the girls, as well as Mike, are developing their talents. "Pat and Cynthia are doing their thing, and they’re doing it well," he says. "They look forward to marriage and happy family life, but their training will always round out other interests as well."

"But, after all, I am a bag and baggage musician, but I keep prodding her to do some popular stuff just for the fun of it. I started to play the piano a couple of years ago, but have to drop it because I’m too busy."

Mike has a flair for music, learned banjo and guitar from Bud, but his big ambition now is to study law—following in the footsteps of his father, who was graduated from Fordham University Law School and spent two years in a law office before he gave it up for show business.

Mike isn’t interested in law merely because of his father. He maintains, "although law is traditional in our family. My father was a lawyer, too."

"Show business is also traditional in Bud’s family. His sister is actress June Collyer, wife of actor Stu Erwin. His mother was an actress and his grandfather was Dan Collyer, a well-known actor of his time."

There has been study in the field of government and foreign policy, probably because he is on his school’s debating team, and thinks he might like to go into government or diplomacy. A few years ago, his big interest was aerodynamics, and he has a good head for mathematics. "For a sixteen-year-old, Mike is very well-informed and intelligent," says Marian. "If we buy him something he thinks should come out of his allowance, he insists on reimbursing us. He has a very clear sense of what is right. In fact, all the children have."

"I’m sure they get it from Bud," says Marian. "I say this all the time, but I’ve never said it publicly before. Goodness knows I seem a little dull sometimes about it, but I assure you it is not at all dull when you live with it. My handsome husband is just as good on the inside as he looks on the outside. I’ve never known anyone more fair-minded, more tolerant or more patient. To tell the truth, my husband has that wonderful quality of self-discipline which has rubbed off on the children. I don’t know any greater thing he could have given them."
Big Payoff for the Bob Paiges

(Continued from page 48)
show business—"When I was in my teens, I began singing on radio at a dollar a day." His handsome features got him into the movies as a leading man but have also been a nuisance—"Every once in a while, I meet a guy who resents my face and wants to alter it."

Bob is a reluctant ex-patriciate from California. But, while hosting The Big Payoff and appearing in the Doris Day movie, "Miss Casey Jones," he's been subletting Nanette Fabray's Manhattan apartment. Mrs. Paiges is obviously a remarkable gal and a most unusual landlady. When we moved in, the apartment was comfortably and tastefully furnished, replete with a view, vision, mahogany and a full refrigerator.

The Paiges have been married eighteen years. "Betty and I met when I was under contract to Paramount," Bob recalls. "She was a secretary to one of the directors, Eddie Dmytryk. I thought she was more attractive than the actresses I was working with. We started dating and married eleven months later."

Betty is a lovely five-six blonde. She is bright, animated and proud of her marriage: "We've never thrown a vase or a hat at each other. Well, we're at cross purposes, we'll have a discussion and, at the worst, a mild argument. If we reach an impasse, we turn silent. Bob is slightly built, lankily, without a limp. I make up first. I can remember only one time that our silence lasted overnight."

She grins as she recalls the incident. "When we came East, I was wearing my hair in a chignon or page-boy style. Bob always insisted that I wear my hair long, so I wore it out. But the type of boy needed a chignon, but he wouldn't be convinced.

"That was one time I decided that I would not be the first to say, 'I'm sorry,' and it was around this time when he apologized and admitted he was wrong. A couple of months later, Betty adds, 'agreed that I might cut it short. I went down to Helena Rubinstein's and told her I wanted a close cut and any but a chignon, but I wouldn't be convinced.

"That was kind of an emotional" Bob pauses and says "Several years after, we moved to the New York recruiting station. We both had to go down to the Army recruiting station and I had a football knee that I got boxing but that's another story. Anyway, the medic wouldn't pass me, but I didn't know that. The sergeant came along and said, 'You go down to the room at the end of the hall.' I did, and I raised my right hand and I was sworn into the United States Army.

"Then the sergeant came in and said, 'What are you doing here?' I told him what I had done. He said, 'Get out of here.' I thought he was being tough. He said, 'Pretend like you've never been here.' I said, 'No, I want a discharge.' He said, 'Get out or I'll wrap a broom around your neck and roll you out.' Maybe I shouldn't even tell this story—but the Army may decide I've been AWOL for fifteen years."

During the 1951 metamorphosis in Hollywood, Bob made the transition to television, acting in Fireside Theater, Cavalcade Of America, Four Star Playhouse and other anthology series. "This is another phase of TV," he admits. "I've always spoken, like dialects and character parts. In radio, no one saw my face, so I played English butlers, Irish bricklayers, French gigolos, Japanese. But, in television, I always had to be the bright, young leading man who came dashing in on a white horse with a blunt spear." He recalls the greatest change, career-wise, was in 1953, when he became emcee on ABC's Paying The Judge. "That was a challenge. My first job was keeping the wrong things moving along without a script."

In 1956, Bob won the coveted Emmy Award as the outstanding male personality heading up Hollywood Best, an NBC-TV regional show frequently seen on the national network. He makes no bones about being proud of his Emmy—and his wife. "I never thought my career was as good as it is today. I'm in sport, and the hole-in-one was a big thrill. I remember that day. The ball dropped on the green and rolled right up to the pin. I watched as the water stopped. I said, 'Jeepers, almost a hole-in-one. But just as we reached the green, a breeze caught the flag, moved the pin over—and the ball dropped in.'"

Bob and Betty came East last summer. "It killed me to leave. We have a red and white farmhouse on a hill in Sherman Oaks. From the front porch you can have a great view. The house is furnished in Early American—I made a few pieces of furniture myself just to prove I could do it. Look out of the house and you see the house and sports cars. I'm a car nut."

"And we had to leave Pudge behind. He couldn't have adjusted to the city. He's got some years on him and he always thought of himself as a rattlesnake-killer, but last year a snake got to him first and he nearly lost his life."

Bob notes, "I got Pudge out of a drugstore a few days before the war and I was a boy, we always had part-terrier in the house."

Bob tells you he felt a little strange, at first, about the fashion talk on The Big Payoff. "At first I thought it was a rackets, but as I got used to it I looked nice, I knew it but didn't pay much attention to the style of her clothing. To me, a chemise was something a woman wore under a dress and belonged in a circus. But, with the help of Bess Myerson, I've learned about female fashions. Of course, I could have learned at home, with Betty. You can't have a boy and make up on, and she's wearing it."

The Paiges have no children. Bob says, "We're not sensitive about it. As every young couple hopes for children, so did we. But when we found we weren't going to have them, we adjusted ourselves readily. They don't lack for friends, since both are well-liked. Betty has a reputation for helping people who seek help. Bob is greeted with open arms at a party for his amiability and his reputation as a skilled story-teller. But, essentially, he is a man who likes regular help."

He likes peace—"but not at the expense of his dignity. It isn't that Bob has a temper. Betty points out. "He's never been a soft touch during his marriage, and that's a record. But, occasionally, if someone pushes him too far, he gets angry. He contains himself so well that if I didn't accept him, I watch his nose—and, when the tip gets white, I lead him away."

Bob grins. "That's something no man should be without—a wife who can read his nose." For the Paiges, it's just a "plus" in a marriage which has been their own Big Payoff for eighteen years."
Modern Music Man Comes to Town

(Continued from page 42)

had shaken hands with John Davies, di-
rector of instrumental music, Bill stripped
off his coat and set up the wood winds in a
big band... .

A bit breathless when he finished, he
drew his first laugh from the kids when
he picked up his clarinet and said, "Here
goes... I don't know what will come out.
There's nothing like beginning a rehearsal
all relaxed. You know what the books say... .
 everyone should warm up for half an hour before getting something going.

He got his second a few minutes later,
when someone hit a clinker and everyone
stopped to correct it. Bill waved them on.
"Watch this... . If you make a mistake, play it out. Make it a good one. It might even be interesting."

Between numbers and later at the clinic,
the music of the children's band and Bill
Elkhart found out about Bill Page, and Bill,
with equal gusto, found out about Elkhart and its place in the music world.

A frequent question to Bill was, "How
did you learn to play so many instru-
ments?"

Bill answered, "When you blow into a
mouthpiece, it's the same column of air
which supports the tone, whether the in-
strument is a flute or a saxophone. Once
you realize that, you only need to learn
the subtleties of each one. Keep on learn-
ing."

Bill has done this since childhood. He
was born in Chicago, September 11, 1925,
second of the three children of Bill and
Lillian Bornhoeff. (He took the name
"Page" when he took his first screen test.)

His father is an assistant postmaster
general. His mother is a homemaker.

Bill, growing up on Chicago's northwest
side, made his professional debut at the
age of six at the Chicago World's Fair. "I
had a little cornet... ."

All you could see of me was two little
feet sticking out the bottom, and once in
a while a hand flipping a drum stick over
the edge.

His first achievement was not in music
but in art. He won a scholarship to the
Art Institute. "That was still useful. When
in our new house, we needed a big picture over the fireplace, I
stretched a canvas to measure and painted
a still life... ."

His Saturday-morning art classes served
his interest in music. "I'd finish my lesson,
then run lickety-split over to the Chicago
Theater and hang around the stage door
to watch the bands come out."

The clarinet was his first instrument and
he finally got through the Chicago's stage
door when his parents engaged Sarty
Frunyon, one of the theater's staff mu-
sicians, to teach him saxophone. "That
was a big thrill. I'd take my lesson in the
band room between stage shows."

Bill won first prizes. The band he
organized while in high school played its
first major commercial engagement aboard the Lake Michigan excursion
steamer, City Of Grand Rapids. "We signed
on as merchant seamen. I signed off one
night when it was too stormy to sail. I
got up my nerve, slosh down Wacker Drive
and boarded the train. The conductor said,
"They booked me with Boyd Rayburn.
That's when my folks got me a good sax."

Bill was drafted while he was playing
with "extremely" popularwestern band at St. Louis, Missouri. "While I was
with them, I had it made when they put me in the
90-piece Second Air Force Band. Then the
Army threw me all into the Infantry as re-
placement troops. I got to Germany just
in time to make the Rhine crossing with the
Fourth Armored Division."

He again turned musician after V-E
Day, and organized a unit which backed
Mickey Rooney in a one-nighter tour of
the camps. Later, Bill had his own pro-
duction of the CBS Network tie-in show,
played at a club at night. There, working
with a show made up of displaced persons,
he met a pretty girl named Musa Tscher-
kowski, later Mrs. William, who was
broadcast by the Nazis at Odessa, where
she had been shipped to Ger-
many to work in a factory.

Bill says, "During that brief period when
I was back in the states after the second
war, everyone thought it was great that
Musa and I fell in love. But, after I went
home, it took a United States Senator and
a special plane to get her across the boarder
for her to come to the United States."

While waiting for her, Bill attended
Colorado College. He was back in Chicago,
working with the Teddy Phillips band at the
Wrigley Building, and decided to go down to Ocean Park
where they were playing to say hello."

On meeting Bill, Lawrence Welk asked
him to join his staff. The family said, "I
had me a ball. I made the rounds, bor-
rowing instruments, until I had played
virtually every wood wind in sight." When
he joined the Welk band, "That was quite
a feat and quite an audition, too.
How would you like to join us?"

Viewers have enjoyed Bill's virtuosity,
but his biggest thrill has been with them
in California, which turned Bill into a music
clanician. "They took a poll to name the
performer they would most like to have
play with their band. The first I heard of
it was when they invited me to join them
in a concert. Was I surprised!" Bill made
it a show. Executives at C. G. Conn, Ltd.,
heard about Bill, and Bill fitted right into
plans which have been three-quarters
of a century in building.

Bill learned the story when he came to
Elkhart to work for a recording session.
He congratulated him, "You are one
of many of them. In this city of 38,000,
there are some fifteen musical-instrument
factories. You are a major industry."

It started when Charles Gerard Conn
returned from the Civil War. Captured by the
Rebs when he was seventeen, he was released because of
growth, re-enlisted and became a cap-
tain.

After such adventures, the family gro-
cery and baking business seemed dull.
In Chicago, he put a club at the end of his cornet with the town band. He could
rip out a spirited chorus of "Bring the Good
Old Bugle, Boys" and he could also
defend himself in the face of the band director who states that his first invention was a rub-
ner washer placed in the mouthpiece of his cornet to protect an injured lip.

Bill told the band, "How did he injure the lip?" With typical Hoosier candor, he was told: "How do you
suppose? He got it in a fight. He was al-
ways fighting when he was a boy, you know."

In later days, those fights transferred
from street corners to politics and business
competition, but they always remained
colorful. Once a colonel in the Indi-
ana National Guard, was twice mayor of
Elkhart, served as a state senator and
U.S. congressman, and—to advertise his
musical instruments—founded The Mu-
sical Truth, which is now The Elkhart
Truth, the city's daily newspaper.

After World War II, Bill became the in-
strument manufacturer when he made some
more of those mouthpiece pads and sold
them to his friends. In 1974, in a factory
bought from the workers of the first
Conn cornet. In 1888, he brought from
France fifteen instrument makers. In 1889,
they turned out the first American saxo-
phones. Bill managed to make the cornet
out of that storm came silver-cornet band,
town bands, school bands.

Adventurous Colonel Conn lived to the
age of eighty-six and died in Elkhart in 1931. But, in 1915, he was running
out of steam. He sold his factory, his
newspaper and his Elkhart real estate to
Greenleaf for a half-million dollars.

Schorlcy C. D. Greenleaf had played
into born in his school band, had gotten
the University of Chicago he had majored in
geology and had hoped to make it his
profession. The illness of his father brought
him to Elkhart and his family to the area. He
bought Conn, in 1915, he intended it
only as an investment, but things didn't
work out that way. Times were changing and
Greenleaf building.

Reminiscing, he told Bill Page about the
"payola." In speaking of it, he main-
tained a dignity of phrase which befits a
gentleman of eighty-two, but his alert
mind had no doubt of what he thought
of it. "Mr. Conn's chief advertising—and ours
also—for some time had been through the
publication of what was called Conn's
Music, a Monthly Book, containing a
testimonial book giving the pictures of mu-
sicians who were using the Conn instru-
ments and recommending them. In many
cases, the musicians had been signed. I early
concluded this was not a sound basis on
which to build a business."

Drily, he admitted that some musicians
of that day, for"真实性" and" predicta-
dire consequences when their subsidies
were cut off. Unperturbed, Mr. Greenleaf
followed the lead of the nearby automo-
bile industry. He actively participated in
improving the quality of the instruments,
making them cheaper by modern tooling
and advertising them legitimately for what
their users desired and needed."

He realized, too, that the desire to learn
music was growing and that few schools
had met the demand. Such teachers as there
were had been trained in piano, voice
and violin. He helped out by contribut-
ing most of them. Conn established in Chicago a school to train band leaders. School bands
got another assist when two teachers, Joseph
E. Plunkett and Mr. Greenleaf to publish their text books, out-
lining a method for young bands to use.

School bands increased. They got their
first big break in 1933, when some music-instru-
ment manufacturers sponsored a national contest in Chicago. Later, band contests were supervised by the
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Aunt Emily's "Extra Lives"

(Continued from page 25)

I could write a book called "I Lead Three Lives"—my own, my mother's and my father's," Mona laughs, and nods agreement. "Don't we all. We lead our own lives to the hilt, but each is vitally interested in what the others do."

Frank Sr. picks up the conversation: "That's why you're not likely to have family opinions about a performance. We enjoy doing things together—going out on our boat, playing bridge. We take it as a family. Even when Mona and I go off alone, Frankie is apt to turn up for a weekend to take me on a game of golf."

The Thomases live in the heart of New York now, in a comfortable, homey apartment furnished with things they have enjoyed through the years, plus a few new pieces. "We reherited a lot of the latter," Mona says. "The Thomases,artistic and tasty, take care of themselves."

Mona is chief cook and bottle-washer. "Frank's a good 'camp cook' and can take over at home when I'm too busy," she says. "He's interested in everybody, and he knows and likes them all."

The Thomases, as arrangements, has always been interested in real estate, and has always had good ideas about the development of property. At one time, they owned the famous Frank Bonstelle Theatre in Chicago, and sold it for a handsome profit. It is now a home for children, and is named after them.

They own three small properties, one of them a lovely house on a hill, in New Jersey. "We love it," Mona sighs. "But sometimes we feel that we need a little more land, a little more room to roam."

Frankie has napped on many a make-up shelf, she smiles. "He was only nine years old when he went on the stage. Some little part in Frank Bonstelle's stock company in Buffalo, New York. Miss Bonstelle had told us that she didn't like to take a man in the cast. She was quite willing to try him, but she was a little nervous about him."

We said we would take a nurse along and keep Frankie under wraps, and no one would know about him. "We took him to the theater, and for a couple of weeks everything went smoothly. After a matinee, some of the girls followed us home, waited until after we went to bed, then rang the bell. The maid came to the door, and our secret was out. Everybody fell in love with Frankie, so it never made any difference after that. Wherever we went, he was a star."

It was probably inevitable that a boy who literally was brought up in a trunk, and whose familiar playground was empty stages and empty parts, would become an actor. "Our plans for Frankie included the usual course of hands-on training, seeing as many as possible of the plays at high school, and then college," Mona reminisces. "His father went to Butler University in Indianapolis, and he wanted Frankie to have a college education, and then choose what profession appealed to him. But, when he was nine, the plans changed abruptly."

"The Depression had hit the theater as it had all other things. Frankie and I had been in a number of flops. We had moved to New Jersey and then to New York and they decided to take it. Mona used to take Frankie to nearby Central Park to play. On the way to the park one day, they met an actress friend who asked Mona if she could have Frankie's working. Mona had to admit they were both "at liberty." The friend suggested there might be a part for him in a new play being cast, Larry Nataroff, of which Blanche Yurka was to direct. (Such present-day greats as James Stewart, Mildred Natwick and Myron McCormick were in it.)"

"We'd go there first, and then I'll take you to the park," Mona told Frankie. When the producer saw him, he said: "Why, Mona, this part is not for you. It's for a child!"

"But there's a part in the second act that Frankie could play."

"Oh, no," Mona remonstrated. "Frankie isn't old enough to play it."

"He has a lot of schooling ahead of him."

"But why not, Mother?" Frankie spoke up.

Not once have all three Thomases worked in the same play, the same movie, the same radio show. Between them, Frank and Frankie have made about two hundred Hollywood movies. Frankie must have registered straight-faced for some time, about 1920, he went into the theater profession in stock and in Broadway productions. During the course of the New York production of "Blue Bonnet," in 1921, starring Ernest Torrence, the thirteen-year-old Frankie played a gun-slinging boy who was about one-fifth the age of his mother. Mona was shocked when she read the part of the child was to be played. The child, a nine-year-old, was to die. "I was so sorry," Mona said. "But the part was such a good one. Frankie was a great success."

Aunt Emily's "Extra Lives"
Schaffner. Wesley was broadcast live from a studio in the East Fifties in New York. At the same time, Mona was also playing the Senator’s wife in the Judy Holliday–Paul Douglas hit play, “Born Yesterday,” at a theater in the West Forties.

“Every Tuesday, the day Wesley was broadcast, was a nightmare. I’d race to the studio to do Wesley, then I’d race to the theater in time to appear in ‘Born Yesterday,’” Mona recalls. “I couldn’t have done both shows without Frankie. He had a car waiting at each end, and he never let even a ‘big date’ interfere until after he had delivered me to the theater on time.

Frankie—who looks a lot like his dad and is the same height, almost six-feet—is still a bachelor. “We make him too comfortable at home,” his mother says. “But, one of these days, it will happen.” “It took quite a while for it to happen to me,” says his father. “And it was worth waiting for.”

All the Thomases have had long experience in radio and television, in the big night-time drama shows, as well as daytime serial dramas. Frank had a long run in Portia Faces Life on radio, followed it into television until it went off the air. He played the newspaper owner of Love Of Life until the part was written out. He was the judge in the series, The Black Robe, has appeared in The Verdict Is Yours, and a long list of others. His most recent Broadway role was the General in "End As A Man." Mona has done Studio One, Hallmark Hall Of Fame and many others. Frankie has been in more dramas than he can count.

At one point in her mentor’s career, when they were all working and living in California, Mona went into semi-retirement to act as Frankie’s agent and to give more time to home and family life. Then, when Frankie got into World War II in 1941, they came back to New York, where for two years she took over the role of Miss Sally in "Chicken Every Sunday." This was followed by her four-year stint in "Born Yesterday.

Television now plays an important part in the lives of all the Thomases, with three careers so closely involved with it. That’s more, they like TV and are fans themselves.

“Creating and playing Aunt Emily in The Brighter Day has given me a kind of serenity that I never had before,” Mona confides. “Maybe it’s because I really like her and want to be like her. Quiet and serene, but with a good sense of humor. I never have to ‘reach,’ the way one sometimes has to do to understand a character. I never have to analyze. There Emily is, just waiting for me to take over.”

It’s the living, breathing world where Mona leaves off and Emily begins,” Frank says. “It’s a wonderfully sensitive part for Mona. We have all been so lucky in the people we work with.”

“Yes, I’m very lucky,” Mona agreed. “There’s a good feeling all the way down, from our agency supervisor, Bob Leadley, producer Terry (Theresa) Lewis, director Del Hughes and executive producer Sam Hall, to the whole cast and crew.

“Between Aunt Emily and her brother, Reverend Dennis, and the other characters, there is a quality of love and understanding that is only possible because we, who have played these parts so long, share personally in some of that feeling. It’s the living, breathing world that has drawn close together the Thomas family—Frank, Frankie and Mona. Even while each has been able to maintain his own freedom as an individual, there has been a linking of careers, an understanding of one another’s problems, a strong bond of interest. That’s how the Thomases have continued to live at least nine good lives!”

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Chicago's Clan McNeill

(Continued from page 54)

senior in high school this fall, has proved to be a mathematical wizard.

Don, the father, says, "I'm aware that there are more than I ever dreamed they'd be. A lot of it is due to luck and their own doing. Of course I'm proud of them."

But his pride is carefully restrained at their home in Winnetka, Ill. To a casual observer, Don McNeill might appear to be an indifferent, even disinterested father, but to the boys, there has never been a material reward in the shape of a sports car, or even a bowtie, for outstanding achievement—never even the faintest hint of any kind of gift for a birthday, anniversary or graduation.

Yet the relationship among Don and his sons is unique in that they all play different kinds of sports. The truth is rather subtle and you get it through fragments of the past and observations made by Mrs. McNeill and the boys. You find that the only time, perhaps, that outright competitive boastfulness was twenty-three years ago.

"When our first son was born, it would be an understatement to say I was excited," the elder McNeill says. "I had been told several times by doctors that we shouldn't expect to have children, so perhaps I had more reason than most men to be excited. Kay and I had been married about two-and-a-half years when Tom was born, and I was doing the morning show. Well, for a week I failed the air with news of the baby. Finally, they called me to the front office, and they said, 'We presume that someone else has had a baby before, and perhaps it would be just as well for you to program a little music and something else, for a change, and shut up about your baby.'"

They were living in a small apartment and, at 5:30 A.M., Don, Kay and the baby were just getting settled in the bathroom crowded with wet laundry. Kay McNeill says, "It was a jumble, with me bathing the baby and Don trying to shave. Someone must have dialed wrong, for the radio was playing the radio was playing "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." We presume there was aatte little downpour, and Don was made to hang a towel over the light. Poor Don. With every other stroke, he'd catch the razor in the towel and pull it off and I'd quick make him tie it back!" But Don was as good as gold.

"There was one night," she recalls, "Don came home with orders from his boss to write a new script for Father's Day. The baby was crying and Don said, 'He's only fooling.' We went into the living room, where Don took out his typewriter. The baby was crying again, and there was a deathly silence in the bedroom. We rushed in and found Tom holding his breath. Don picked him up, soothed him, put him down. We went out and Don began to type again. Tom repeated the breathing. Don was afraid of losing his job if he didn't finish the script, so the pressure was on both ways. But he actually did finish it. He didn't finish the script—but, luckily, he wasn't fired."

Mrs. McNeill did most of the disciplinarian things, but Don, particularly Don was called on to apply stern measures. "It always unnerved him," Mrs. McNeill says. "Sunday mornings were the only times they would catch up on their rest. Tom and Don, who were about eight and six, would plague him with noise. Sometimes he'd spank them. He'd come away from it all shook up, but the boys—and they admit this now—would go into their rooms and talk it over."

Neither Kay nor Don took the boys' shenanigans too seriously. As Don says, "Children have a lot of steam to get rid of, and the most efficient way to do it is with the boys and girls."

Don grins and adds, "Anyway, the spanking didn't go on beyond the age of twelve for any of them. It would have been too hard, because they were taller and taller than I was. About that time, too, they began to have special problems just because they were my sons."

Don Jr., who has been most successful of the three, says he didn't know how tough it was to be on a basketball court or baseball diamond. "Wherever we were playing, the opposing team and cheering section would try to befriend us."

Tom McNeill, says, "Dad never preached to us about making the world better, but he has subtly influenced us to this way of thinking. Perhaps he sensed his values and feelings about things. Like the other day, I saw a magazine piece which described him as the highest-paid performer in radio and then went on to itemize his material possessions. I think that kind of thing makes him unhappy, for his concern has always been with his family and human values. That may be why we never seem to lack for funds."

But, he adds, "We were brought up under the modest allowances but always had money left over, because there was never this drive to go out and buy something out of pure whim. A lot of high-school students have it easy. When I was a student-until my last year in law school that I got a car. Donnie and Bob still don't have one."

The McNeills live in a handsome, comfortable home in Winnetka. Beyond this, Don's only other substantial material possession is a forty-acre woodland, forty-five acres of which are used to type 200 yards from his house. The boys hunt, fish and swim. Don has always encouraged his sons in sports. "I was a tall, unagile, sickly kid," he explains, "and I always thought that the better a person goes at something, the better you feel about it. If a boy is taught from an early age that he's a good listener, that there are ways a boy can go at it, then he'll have a better chance of finishing what he's started."

Don McNeill's son, Tom, says, "I'm a good listener, and I think Dad brought this in. When I was twelve, I had my first gun. That's much I tried to pass along to my boys."

The boys have been successful at sports, as well as their studies, and in such extracurricular activities as R.O.T.C. and social clubs. But Tom, notes, "Dad has never let us get too big for our britches. He has an intuitive reflex when he thinks we're getting cocky. This is part of his own modesty. You know, it was only in the past year that we learned Dad was a graduate of his own class at Marquette University. And he doesn't even own a copy of Dad's Old Yearbook and discovered this."

Competition runs high among the boys and they make no bones about it. "There are ten of us," says Don Jr., "and that even includes Mother and Dad. We seldom compete with each other. But when we're out with Dad—whether it be golf, basketball, hunting or fishing—we're looking for the best shot or the biggest fish. On the golf course, Dad is very pleased when we're in good form. On the other hand, he likes a good drive, and gets a long face when I go bad."

"There are great things about Dad in sports," adds Don Jr., who teamed up with his father in the golf tournament. "I've noticed his friends love to play with him, because—even on the course—his charitable nature is obvious. Under pressure, as I've seen him in tournaments, he does a better job than any other."

"I don't know the greatest thing about him: Even when he has a bad day, he's back again the next, and trying again."

In the past twenty-five years on the air, Don has transmitted a sense of goodwill among his listeners. His philosophy is that broadcasting is a way to spread Catholic, but his philosophy, as expressed daily in the prayer section of the broadcasts, brings him letters from people of all beliefs who are certain that his faith is theirs. He deems it without sermonizing. His influence at home, as well as on his audience, has been subtle and cumulative.

Mrs. McNeill notes that she and Don have been deeply moved by their son's desire to help others. She says, "There is the instance of a couple of boys who were about to flunk out of school. Donnie took them under his wing and the boys eventually graduated with honors. When Don and Tom were just children, they found a playmate had taken to stealing—he stole from the of his box and the boys eventually graduated with honors. They were given a lot of the water, and Donnie took them under his wing and the boys eventually graduated with honors. When Don and Tom were just children, they found a playmate had taken to stealing—he stole from the of his box and the boys eventually graduated with honors."

Mrs. McNeill adds, "I see this in the boys today—the hope to make things a little better, the will to help their friends."

Aside from serious discussions, of course, the boys have also been exposed to their father's wit. "Not in a hurting or snide way," Tom smiles. "It's as if a father works because he has to do it, but you can't do it. No, Dad brings us closer. If Daddy is getting hot at the pool table and we can see that he's getting pleased with himself, we'll just pass the cue to bump his elbow as he's about to shoot."

Don himself enjoys the give-and-take, and he doesn't take it lying down. 'They kid me a bit,' he says, but they're getting a little soft themselves.' He
notes that the gibing about his household chores is based on fact. "I've always hated the little jobs around the house and, if I happen to spend a couple of hours mani- curing the hedges, one of them is bound to drop the remark, 'Well, the old man finally got off his duffer.'"

The free talk ends when it comes to sentimentality or pride. Don's affection has never been expressed beyond a hand-shake. "But the boys know he is crazy about them, even if he doesn't say so," Mrs. McNeill points out. "He has never patted them on the back. I've said, 'That's wonderful'-but I can tell you how he was at the boys' graduation. They say usually women are weepy, but it was big Dad who sat there with tears streaming out of his eyes. Donnie made a speech that was so great, with so much poise, that big Don couldn't even nudge me.'"

Throughout primary and secondary schools, both parents worked with the boys—Don says, "Ray and I feel as if we'd both gone through high school four times." But it was Don who emphasized that school is for learning and that grades are incidental. It was Don who decided that the boys were to go out only on weekends. "This was hard to take," Tom recalls, "for my friends were dating on weekday nights. I argued that, but Dad has always made the point that we don't do things just because other people do them. We may be the only children in the country who don't receive gifts on Mother's or Father's Day, but we do honor and respect our parents. On those days, we always try to get together, even if it's only to go to school. It's being together that is the important thing."

Mrs. McNeill says, "Don may seem reserved, but we all lean on him. In a crisis, he does exactly the right thing. And we've had our share of bad times. I think the most horrible thing that ever happened to us was Tom's polo. We had this great doctor who came to the house when Tommy was ill and said, 'Let's go downstairs and have a cigarette.' I didn't want to smoke, but I took the cigarette and he said, 'I have some news for you that isn't too good, but I want you to take it in the right way. With the faith you people have in prayers, I don't think it will be any problem. Tom has polo.'"

"We could hardly believe it, as he went on, 'The thing to do is not get upset. I want you to wrap Tom in an old blanket and follow me over to the hospital. 'We did, and then we waited in the hospital. The doctor came out and told us, 'Yes, he has the highest count in the hospital, and he's paralyzed.' He sent us home to wait. 'We'll never forget dinner, that night. Don was at the hospital. He said, 'I know we're all upset. Instead of eating and getting sick, let's put the food aside and plan something that will really please Tom.' So I cleared off the dishes—and we sat around the table drawing cartoons and writing poems and messages to Tom."

Mrs. McNeill observes, "In his own way, Don had brought this out of a state shock into a state of hope and faith. Tom completely recovered, but those were bad weeks."

Tom himself recalls, "Mother was there every day to change clothes. We've always said, 'Dad is the pepper-upper, from nine to ten in the morning, then Mom takes over.' But Dad would come to see me every few days and he was so good he gave me the will to get well and feel as if I ought to be doing something about getting up."

Perhaps the best description of Don McNeill, as a man and a father, is the expression used by Don Jr. He calls him: "The quiet leader."
lanky boy who pulled himself out of that car—he never seemed to end!" But Jim took pains to be very impersonal. He made quite a good act of it, but he didn't get any ideas about seeing him again.

Virginia was intrigued. She had never met anyone quite like this. He was unassuming, unattractive—and probably broke. But, with no encouragement from him whatsoever, she automatically wrote him out of her life.

Dr. Morrell turned those circumstances which can alter a whole lifetime, the actor who played Dr. Morrell in "Candida" was suddenly called to London. Jim's friend dragged him back from the beach to try to make a replacement actor.

Right from the start, the director was disturbed because the replacing Dr. Morrell failed wreathedly in the love scenes; he professedly refused to kiss Virginia. Virginia took Jim aside and lectured him:

"Look, Jim, you've simply got to kiss me. You're not going to be able to hold onto this role if you don't make love to me."

Big Jim would agree, awkwardly promising to remedy the situation. But, when he was back on the rehearsal stage, when the eyes of the credulous crew were focused upon him, he simply couldn't.

Looking back, Jim realizes that there were two reasons for this failure: In the beginning, he wanted to kiss Virginia because he was fighting involvement—he loved his uncompleted bachelor life. And then, after he was hopelessly involved, in the second instance, he didn't want the kiss. He didn't want the kiss because he loved to be bestowed—just because it was a stage direction.

But his background, and her background, he realized that the whole thing was pretty hopeless. Jim had grown up in Minneapolis in comfortable circumstances. Without Family stability. As Jim grew to manhood, his parents separated. "I had no pattern or precept," he says, "to create in me a driving need for having a happy home of my own."

With his brother—now known on the screen as Peter Graves—he grew up in a pickup bungalow in the suburbs, playing and fishing. "I didn't have much use for girls in those days," Jim says, "and girls didn't have much use for me. I was more interested in Contact and in the future."

Jim had no ambition whatever. He never fast could away from home and see the world.

When he was scarcely seventeen, Jim shipped aboard a freighter out of Galveson as a member of the crew. Returning reluctantly to finish high school, he put in one semester at Beloit College in Wisconsin; then he gravitated to Hollywood, caught up with him in a big way: He was nabbed by the Army and, all too soon, found himself involved in the bitter fighting of the Italian Theater, a member of the 86th Infantry Division. He was wounded on the deadly Anzio beachhead and spent a year in Army hospitals before his discharge.

Jim intended to go back to college, but an interim job as announcer and general utility actor in a Minneapolis radio station sold him on the virtues of a life in greasepaint and a sailor suit. It was a surprising (and, as it turned out, very misleading) run of good luck that landed him in a top picture role while he was still new to Hollywood, and a project which had him in a little-theater production got him an important role as one of Loretta Young's brothers in "The Farmer's Daughter." Jim's work was received with enthusiasm, and the future looked bright.

There was only one thing wrong with the picture: The war was ending, and the first-string actors were returning to Hollywood and being given top priority in casting. Jim Arness, the youthful giant fighting.”

Jim realized that he had to play lesser roles, and then no roles at all. He became carpenter, salesman, and finally day laborer, digging foundation ditches—this was what he was doing when he met Virginia Chapman.

Virginia, the background was different. She was a California native, born to a prosperous family. She owned a China-importing company in Los Angeles. But the war had left its mark on Virginia, too. She had made an unfortunate marriage, which lasted just long enough for her to have a baby, a baby which now depended upon her entirely for its support. She went to work for her father in the importing business because she could take her small son with her.

With good looks, and considerable acting talent, Virginia entered the Pasadena Playhouse for studying nights. But always foremost in her mind was the necessity of supporting her son. In her own way, she was fighting involvement, too. The very fact of having a baby, a child in love with was one who didn't have a dime to buy her an ice-cream cone.

Jim had a small disability check from the army and was working at a restaurant. He blow it all in one gala evening, and then live on crackers until the next check came. Virginia just couldn't see this kind of life for her, and the next day she was coming increasingly intrigued by this improbable and improvident young man who didn't want to kiss her.

Jim was downhearted. His "Candida" was beside himself with frustration, Virginia herself found the solution in typical feminine fashion. One night, as Jim was driving her home, Virginia, she whispered sleepiness. Her head drooped, gradually, then came to rest on Jim's substantial shoulder. She stirred slightly in her "sleep," and Jim's arm tightened around her neck, he stopped the car, bent over—and kissed her.

From that time on, they were inseparable. "Jim never had any money," Virginia remarks. "But you could talk him into anything.

For example, a couple of years ago Jim bought a sailboat. We went cruising and got locked in a trap by the Customs people who said we were going to have to return it. It was a very lovely craft and Jim was beside himself because he thought he'd have to lose it. So I organized a fund to save it. We paid the bill and the thing is still around."

So Jim Arness and Virginia Chapman started going steady—he vowing not, under any circumstances, to propose to her—and she vowing not, under any circumstances, to accept him in case he did.

But before long, they found themselves being drawn into a trap. "Jim was covering me with so much love and affection and concern that I couldn't resist him," Virginia says. "He did everything for me—even to baby-sitting when I stepped out on him with my mother."

It suddenly came over Jim, the block-busting knowledge that he just had to marry Virginia Chapman in spite of the advisement of her friends and his own devotion to the film business. The conviction came to him so suddenly and hit him so hard that he got up before daybreak and drove in from the beach to propose to Virginia, stopping only to buy flowers with his breakfast money.

This was the day, of all days, that the Chapmans had chosen to visit relatives all day in an outlying section of town. So Jim, bursting with enthusiasm and forced to find the high-resolution wind completely blown out of his sail when he rang the doorbell and found nobody home.

He sat down on the doorstep, waiting for her to return. ("And I've been sitting on her doorstep ever since," Jim says.)

A steady relationship vied this budding romance with considerable alarm. She had made one quick, unhappy marriage, and they wanted her to think a long time before they would consider the young couple could get thoroughly acquainted, under normal, day-after-day circumstances, they invited Jim to spend a week with the family at their cabin in the High Sierra. With the mutual interest of the Pasadena Playhouse, they reasoned, Jim and Virginia would have a good chance to find out if they were truly in love.

The experiment proved a happy one. If Virginia had any doubts before, they were dispelled. Only a few kilometers south of his home, he lived in a small woodsman in his own environment, with the wind in his hair and the tall pine trees all about him, she knew beyond a hundred percent of a doubt that this was what she wanted.

The Chapmans immediately made overtures for Jim to come into the china-importing business. This he resisted. "To hell with it all," he told them. Instead, he went to work as salesman for a plywood firm. At that time, a huge, all-concrete housing development was being started on the outskirts of Hollywood. Jim bid for the order for plywood to frame the concrete forms, and it appeared certain that he would get it—a giant order which stood to mean several thousand dollars in commissions.

Jubilant, they told Virginia's parents that they could stand on their own two feet, that they had no need, now, to accept parental help. They were so jubilant, in fact, that they named the date for their wedding and sent out announcements.

But Jim, out of sheer desperation, went out to work for the Los Angeles Examiner, selling classified ads. But Virginia had no place to go, so she started a hair salon and cut her course. "I married Jim purely for love," she says. "For love, and for fun. I never had any expectations that he would succeed as an actor and support me in first style. I never had any expectations, in fact, that he would go on working, and we would always be poor.

"The one thing that I did have faith in complete, wholehearted faith—was in Jim's ability to make me happy. Nothing else really mattered."

And so they were married.

Returning from their honeymoon on the romantic Monterey peninsula, the James Arnesses set up housekeeping on the second floor of an ancient Victorian house overlooking the harbor. They spent the night in the market. We learned how to cook together."

Meanwhile, Jim stuck to his job selling advertising for the paper, and Virginia continued working for her father, with her young son still in a playpen in the
same old stand—at the back of the office. But almost immediately their life began to change—as though Virginia's profound belief in Jim worked some mystic alchemy to bring them all the things she never asked for, never expected.

Only a few short weeks after their marriage, Jim was suddenly offered an excellent job in Los Angeles. It has been said that an aspiring actor needs only one good role. This was it, for Jim. During the next three years, he appeared as a featured player in over thirty Westerns.

When their daughter, Jenny Lee, was born, the Arnresses shopped for a new home. It was a brown shingle Cape Cod cottage in the Pacific Palisades section of Los Angeles. There were deep organdie curtains at the windows—and everywhere, trees, trees, trees!

Signed by John Wayne's producing company, Jim's career picture. With the arrival of another baby—a boy named Rolf—they went house-hunting again. It took them a year to find just what they wanted—a rambling rustic farmhouse in a setting of huge live-oak trees.

Meanwhile, Jim had switched his talents to television and became an overnight star in Gunsmoke. As the series picked up momentum, Jim's characterization of Marshal Matt Dillon became a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. Gunsmoke ran two weeks in the Arnresses' living room. In his spare time, if any, Jim has to handle his publicity requests, make personal appearances and do his share in expediting the prodigious amount of fan mail.

But when the "gunsmoke" rolls away, when all the responsibilities and obligations are discharged, then Jim returns to his "Yur," and the three children in their happy home that love built, among the trees. The house itself is constantly undergoing change—new rooms are added, old rooms and windows are changed. Even the very new lawn, for example, sprawled over several levels, and a visitor comes away with an odd impression of having been in a tree-house.

The very lowmerry level is a child's paradise. There are playhouses, and club houses, and dog houses. There are sand piles and jungle gyms, slides and see-saws. Meandering around and about this lower level is a sidewalk, designed and built for roller-skating and tricycle-riding and games of hopscotch. Pacific Palisades is a neighborhood of large estates, with spacious lawns and winding roads through the trees. But the Arnresses hold to the belief that every child needs a sidewalk, so they built their own.

They live very quietly; their social life centers about their children and the people who live on their street. For Christmas dinner, they entertained a widely assorted group which included their gardener, Jim's stand-in, the psychiatrist from across the street, and another doctor from down the block.

They do not have a four-time maid as yet; there is a homemaker, a cleaning woman, and a cook who comes in twice a week to prepare dinner. On one of these nights it is the family custom for the children to take turns watching them. They invite their own guests, dress for the occasion, and perform all the duties of a young host.

Through it all, Virginia sometimes finds it a struggle to maintain her own identity. "Jim is a big man," she says, "he's important and his life is complex. I never can seem to manage to get caught up with the things our life demands of us. I sometimes feel like I'm turning down the tracks ahead of the locomotive, and it's gaining on me faster than I can run!"

Big Jim only smiles. "If things get too rough," he says, "we can always chuck it all. I'll buy you a book store up in Carmel, and help you run it!"
been so few printed details of his personal life that you expect non-questions, in an interview. Instead, you find that he talks frankly and generously. You find he is pleasant, intelligent and quick-witted. But he admits to yen for privacy. It's so easy in show business to get lopsided and dull if you don't have other interests. Show business is by no means the only thing in life. This is one of the reasons I'm interested in art and reading, tennis and golf.

Andy lives in a brownstone building in Manhattan's East Sixties, a stone's throw from Central Park. As you enter the sizeable three-room apartment, you are at once dazzled by oranges and reds. The walls, from floor to ceilings, are covered by paintings and prints ranging from the impressionist to modern schools. He has collected about eighty pictures, and some fifty of them are hung. He has chosen all of the furnishings and these, too, are unique.

"For years," he says, "I was the youngest brother in the family quartet. I was about sixteen when the three other Brothers began traveling with Kay Thompson. Then I began to think of having an apartment of my own and I began to collect furniture. That came-backed chair is a Louis XV I got for $50 and a Auberon, my wife bid on at an auction in New York. I found the bell-like chandelier in Venice." Andy has been on the move since childhood. As an adolescent, he went on a eleven-month tour with Kay Thompson and then began to think of having a place of my own. But the chance to replace Dina Shore's fifteen-minute show on NBC-TV. Well, I knew early this spring that I would be replacing Pat Boone this summer, too. It's off to Europe in April." When Andy first got into the business, it happened unexpectedly—and rather inappropriately—in Iowa. "I was born in Wall Lake, Iowa. We had 729 people, thirteen churches and twenty-three filling stations. Everyone was thrifty and religious. The choir at the church we attended consisted wholly of my parents and my two older brothers, Bob and Don. Then Dick, who was next in line, joined, and I was in the choir at six."

Andy's father, Jay Williams, was fascinated by show business. At home, he organized a group of a dozen or more singing, and the group would appear at the local schools. Andy was eight and his oldest brother, Bob, was seventeen, they got a job singing over WHO in Des Moines, Iowa. "When Mom and Dad went to California, I was in my junior year at High School. We went to California, and we got jobs for the next ten years," Andy says, "but his job was with the postal department. Every time we moved, Dad had to find work for me. I was always with him. In every case, this meant he would lose seniority. We went from Wall Lake to Des Moines. Then he sent a recording to some radio station in Chicago. They wanted us, and Dad took another job in Chicago. It was his dream to have a recording on radio."

But the senior Williams was a good business man, who figured there was money in show business. At first, the quartet was earning twenty dollars a show. Then they made a demonstration record, and in that record was the hit song, "Goodnight, Irene," which was a hit in Chicago but, in Cincinnati, they began to gather loot, earning as much as five hundred a week. He kept the family together and had the best interests of his children at heart.

Their singing was restricted to radio. He never booked them into barnstorming tours that would take them away from their schools and jobs. "We had a good and happy family," Andy says. "Mother is a gasser. Pretty and animated. Kind of reminds me of Vivien Leigh. Dad is serious, but then he didn't have an easy time rehearsing us and keeping us together. We were so spread out in years. Dick and I were still kids and had no idea what show business was. Every once in a while, there was a crisis. For example, Don wanted to quit the radio show so he could play football."

Their last move, as a family, was to Los Angeles, where the Williams Brothers were under contract to M-G-M. They made a half-dozen movies with such stars as Joan Davis, Deanna Durbin and Donald O'Connor. Andy remembers, "That was the heyday of Bing Crosby, 'Swingin' on a Star,' sold over a million. Then came World War II, and the three older brothers were drafted. Andy was the only one left.

After the war, the Williams Brothers teamed up with Kay Thompson. Kay, who is well known both as a writer, for her stories about the French, and as a composer, has been head of the M-G-M music department. With the boys, she formed a night-club act booked as Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, and the boys began to work before live audiences for the first time.

"We were with Kay six years," Andy says, "and just can't say too much for her. Kay got us interested in art. Between shows, she stimulated our thinking. She put good books in our hands. Wherever we traveled, we took into museums and galleries. And that's how my liberal education began."

In 1953, at the conclusion of a tour, the brothers decided to disband. Bob wanted to go to New York, and Andy returned to the West Coast: "He is now working as a purchasing agent for a aircraft plant in Los Angeles. Dick lives in New York and records in Deca. Don is in Las Vegas with the Troubadour Hotel and the Williams Singers. They're all doing well. My luck began when I met an old friend in Manhattan."

Andy's luck was in New York to promote his first recording as a singer. On the street, he met Bill Harbach, an old friend from California. "I asked Bill to have lunch with me. He was working for NBC as a producer, and he said that he had to go on to a studio where they were auditioning male singers for a new night- time show for stations in the Midwest."

"So we said goodbye. I got part-way down the block and thought, Why don't I audition? Bill had the same thought, and both of us decided to go. We went on to the studio, auditioned, and got the job the same day."

"Those two and a half years with Steve Allen were a great experience. Besides singing, I was usually the host. Do you remember how the camera would switch out on the street and show people rushing into the building? Or the camera might poke into a room, show a gal screaming and, above her, a gorilla hanging over a window-sill. Well, I was usually the gorilla!"

Andy's stay with Steve Allen's Tonight show until it was discontinued. By then, he had a half-dozen recording hits, including "Canadian Sunset," "Butterfly," "Billboard," and "Lilac". When the record business, choosing him as a promising young singer of the year. As a star in his own right, he has been busy with television appearances and night- club engagements.

Two years ago, a wish became reality when he established his own apartment in Manhattan. "I wasn't too happy with his business. The rooms were narrow, dark and ugly. The floor was painted black. We, I had the floors scraped and found beautiful wood underneath. I paid a light beige carpet and peted the floors with beige."

The ceiling is eighteen feet high. Over a ten marble fireplace, Andy has hung an early eighteenth century French tapestry and eight feet in height and live in "I picked that up at a secondhand store for thirty-five dollars. Then I found another big one for the bedroom, right on the street. I sent it to a down town building—all that cost me was six dollars to have it carted over. Picture frames are very expensive, so I went into junkyards and bought pictures and put them in a or two and had them cut down to size."

"At first, I bought inexpensive prints. Now I have about twenty originals. To me, 'The Watteau' by Jean Marco Bardouq is probably the best picture I own. The lads are the same thought—beauty is beauty."

His record collection includes progressively big-beat jazz albums, and half-dozen vocalists, including Sinatra, Sarah Vaughan and Tony Bennett. The apartment reflects all his interests—with one omission. Barnaby, his boxers, is not allowed in the apartment. "Kay Thompson came back from Paris with two three-month-old boxers. One was for me and the other for herself. Kay's, unfortunately, was killed by a car. Barnaby and I began traveling with us. His real name is Young des Louvettes and his grandfather was the most famous boxer to come out of Italy. We have traveled the world together, and we spend a lot of time in California. Andy always talks to Barnaby. "Even when I'm in Los Angeles and I call the house from downtown, Mother will say, 'Barnaby wants to talk to you,' and he gets on the phone. He's intelligent and understands many words in English or French, but he's not a 'talking dog.' He kind of whines at the end of the phone." When Andy's in California, he spends many afternoons with Barnaby. "It's kind of a ritual. My nephew and nieces come over and we all drive up into the hills. We usually go up behind John Wayne's house, where there's a lot of country. While Barnaby runs, the kids and I play games."

Andy makes no bones of his love for children. "They are the great joy of my life, but have never made up my mind about their prospective mother, as yet. When I think of exciting women, I think of Marilyn Monroe and Brigitte Bardot. I guess I have a slight preference for blondes. I like a girl who has nice taste— in clothes, furniture, the way she acts, and everything she does." Andy Haas says, "What types of women are as long as the bells start ringing. Isn't that the way love should be?"

"He's a guy who likes to laugh and have fun and he has some perceived ideas about cooking or other domestic chores. He is tolerant and honors home and privacy. One mystery surrounding bachelor Andy Williams is why the right girl hasn't found him.
blond. No problem. His wife runs a beauty parlor. ... Jackie Gleason returns to CBS-TV Friday nights beginning October 3. He has his weight down to fifty pounds and has been listless in the low eighties. ... Dotto is a success in England and, on this side of the wet, Jack Nanz is finally convinced that he is here to stay. He is selling his California home and setting up permanent residence in Mamaroneck. ... NBC excited and slightly tremulous about a new series, Peter Gunn, co-starring Craig Stevens and Lola Albright. ... Bob Hope has been playing for Maurice Gosfield (Doberman of Bilko's platoon), who is touring summer theaters in comedy, "At War With the Army." ... The New York Miners recently opened the Playhouse at Webster, Mass., with "Anniversary Waltz." ... Hal March, starring in comedy, "A Hole in the Head," rang the ringer from Broadway to Louisianna to New England. Week of Aug. 4, he is in Boston; Aug. 11, Davenport State Fair; Aug. 18, Gounguitt, Me.; Aug. 25, Philadelphia. During a coffee break at rehearsal, Hal discussed himself and his plans. Summer theater: "It's a life-saver. I had to work. I had to do something. Just doing the TV show one night a week with nothing else happening." TV plans: "Well, $64,000 Question comes back in September and we have a firm 26-week contract." He talked a little about his new comedy series, The Life For Me. The pilot was made this past spring and CBS-TV picked up part of the tab. "The network is sold on it and is waiting for someone to jump in. One night a week with nothing else happening." TV: "It's a big hit and we have the idea of a mid-season when it goes on." His family: "Fine, and we finally got that house in Scarsdale we've been after for years." Incidentally, the husband, the son, and the child, Ronnie, Gates, in "Hole in the Head," are both veterans of many TV shows. Michael McAloney, director, is from Pickerington, Ohio; he's tickled with Hal. I've met Jack Rayan, Massey, Cedric Hardwicke, and many others, but I've never known a man so easy to work with as Hal. Everyone in the cast has come to me and told me how much they love him."

**TV in Hi-Fi: 1/4 of Four Star Playhouse's stars has waxed a tender album recommended to lovers of any age. It is "David Niven Reads the World's Most Famous Love Letters" (Roulette) and includes the poetic love letters of Napoleon, Browning, Shelley and Lincoln. On the up-side are platters by two TV personalities who can't read music. Both of these men have been playing the piano and then call in schooled musicians to score their music. Capitol offers "Gleason Presents Riff Jazz." The mellow tangy strings are used as an overture or as a backdrop for some free-blowing by jazzmen Charlie Shavers, Charlie Ventura and others. ... Corny calls its issue "Steve Al- Plaat A Music for Influentials." The title itself has to do with the music. It is beyond comprehension, but it's one of the most interesting and tasteful of Steve's recent sessions, which is understandable since Neal Hefti did the arrangements. ... Not all of the clever announcers are on the network. One of the brightest wits on any wave-length is Regis Cordic of Pittsburgh KDKA. Regis has written, produced, and narrated for Victor, "Omieron and the Spunik," a strange and funny tale for children."

**The Dame Is a Lady:** "My agent kept calling Ed Sullivan. Ed said that though he liked my dancing, he thought it was too sexy for a family show. Yet here I am starring with Bob Crosby in very much of a family show." So speaks Gretchen Wyler, a five-seven blonde with blue eyes and silvered fingernails, "I'm eleven years of Bartlevis, Oklahoma. I began studying ballet at three and used to crack the ceiling plaster when I practiced upstairs. In her mid-twenties, her father sent her, properly chaperoned, to N.Y.C. for two summers to study dance. "I fell in love with the musical theater. When I got out of school, I began to work in Chicago. I played in 'Charley's Aunt,' replaced Gwen Verdon in 'Damn Yankees,' and jumped under the work in 'Silk Stockings' to the lead when that show went on TV, she has worked, in the past, with Kate Smith, Phil Silvers and in The Investigator. About her beautiful figure, she admits it wasn't a figure. "I weighted 154 and it was solid, for dancing makes you muscular. I knew that I ought to lose 25 pounds but I didn't have the will power. Not until I started work on 'Silk Stockings' and into the lead of 'Silk Stockings.' They've come in me a purple corset and set me on a stage with a spot light in front of Broadway audiences. All those eyes just melted away, too excess weight."

**Diller-Dollar Scholars:** When future historians review General Eisenhower's career, they may not one challenge be avoided. As President of Columbia University, he never had a chance to compete on $64,000 Question or Twenty One. This is brought to mind by a press release from Columbia U., in which it is pointed out that the big biz winners have been Columbia students or faculty members—Dr. Joyce Brothers, authors, winner of $120,000; Charles Van Doren, who recently revealed his fame; and Elfrida Von Nardroff, who earned almost twice as much as either of them. Elfrida holds the all-time record for endurance and study of Dr. Wright, producer and creator of Twenty One with Jack Barry, says, "Vonnie is one of the nicest people we've ever had on the show. She's gentle and soft-spoken. She's not ret-uring but, on the other hand, not extroverted." After her eighth appearance, she was in the big money and like a guy who has just sweated out his tax season and needs another like he could use a hole in the head. Reporters were tiring her with repetitious questions. What would she do with the money? "Travel and study for her Ph.D. in psychology." Had she been nervous? "Very tense. Very. very, Why did she keep going? "I knew I shouldn't. I never could have a thought about it. But Van Doren and Brothers, she didn't labour in wisecracks. Like these others, her strength as a contestant was in her family background, with a cultural knowledge background. But, at times, in the television booth, she often wished that—like the Columbia University head who became President of the United States—she could look out at Jack Barry and, in response, to a question, simply say, "No comment," and go home."
The Faith of “Wyatt Earp”

(Continued from page 32)

a bouquet for my mother, and ran home.

At first, when my mother saw the flowers, her tired face lighted with a smile. Then she must have realized that I had found someone's property to take them, for she asked, “Where did you get these?”

“From Mrs. Brown's yard,” I admitted. I could not bear to see the sad look on her face. “It was thoughtful of you, Hugh,” she said, “to want to cut a bouquet for me. But it was her yard; these are her flowers. You shouldn't have taken them.”

I begged her not to miss them. There were so many bushes, and Mrs. Brown is too old to enjoy them.

“That's not important,” said my mother. “Mind enough to do what is good by people. The point is that they didn't and don't belong to you. Someone may have a surplus of something, and you may need it—that still doesn't give you the right to take it. It's still theirs.

That was the way my mother taught me the importance of not taking things that didn't belong to me. It may sound like putting yourself to a bouquet of lilacs. But it's wrong. It's best not to be on someone else's property, and it's always wrong to take what belongs to another.

My parents were good, God-loving people. I came from a wonderful family. My father was very strict, my mother more liberal, but both in love. I was baptized as a child, and I went to church as far back as I can remember.

My mother had wonderful illustrated books about the Bible at home, from which she often read to my younger brother Don and myself. Still, we were brought up not so much with a Bible in the hand, as with the Bible in the heart. I learned early in life that there was a great deal more to faith than learning the Ten Commandments. One learned the importance of faith itself, that if one had as much faith as is measured by the grain of a mustard seed, all things would be possible.

An almost unbelievable incident that occurred when I was about eleven reinforced this belief. By this time, my family, which moved around a lot, was living in Wilmette, Illinois. One day, I was bicycling down Greenleaf Avenue, when I entered Central Park. At this point a train, an electric train, came right through the middle of the town like a streetcar. As I turned onto the street, I realized a train was approaching.

I was caught. I couldn't go left because there were parked cars; and I couldn't turn right because another train was coming. I didn't have enough room for handlebars between cars and train. My momentum slowed down. I ricocheted from the packed car into the tracks between the train and the street. I was tossed out, thrown out to the other side. I was knocked out and landed on the other side of the tracks, having gone completely under the train.

The train had still been coming from the other direction, I would have been thrown from that train in front of the other—but it had just rolled by. The engineer was coming around a curve. There was just enough room for handlebars between cars and train. My momentum slowed down. I ricocheted from the packed car into the tracks between the train and the street. I was tossed out, thrown out to the other side. I was knocked out and landed on the other side of the tracks, having gone completely under the train.

If the train had still been coming from the other direction, I would have been thrown from that train in front of the other—but it had just rolled by. The engineer was coming around a curve. There was just enough room for handlebars between cars and train. My momentum slowed down. I ricocheted from the packed car into the tracks between the train and the street. I was tossed out, thrown out to the other side. I was knocked out and landed on the other side of the tracks, having gone completely under the train.

Injuries. When my parents found out what had happened, we all went down on our knees and thanked God.

Many times since, I have wondered whether it was my mother's wonderful faith and her constant communication with God through prayer that saved me in that crucial moment. At eleven, I was deeply interested in the teachings and the teachings of the Bible. One phrase in the Bible made a lasting impression on me: “What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

Brought up as I was, I had a great anchor against doubts and lack of faith. Though I was normally skeptical and fitted in the number of all boys, I hardly think I was “delinquent.” Certainly, I kept out of scrapes with the law and—after the episode of the lilac blossoms—kept my hands off weight.

Still, just before my eighteenth birthday, I was to face a period of great confusion. This was when I enlisted in the Marine Corps.

In the Marines, we talked of many things—among them our religious beliefs. A very active young people's association, which became the nucleus of the Hollywood Christian group. The group included Jane Russell, Colleen Townsend, and my future husband, Louis Evans Jr., who was then studying for the ministry and who is now a dedicated minister.

I discovered much of my perplexities with the church. Through talking to Louis Evans Jr. and the others, I came to realize that it isn't God who changes; He is eternal and unchangeable. It isn't truth that changes—it is you and your relationship to it. As you change, your beliefs sometimes change.

At a certain time in life, your belief or faith may become solidified. Whether it does or not depends on who you meet and associate with during these formative years. Due to my meeting with the wonderful young people who became the Hollywood Christian group, my belief is stronger than ever.

I am very grateful for my faith. It has given me an anchor, a sense of security that is becoming solid when you are in a business as insecure as acting.

Eight years ago—when I was twenty-five—faith helped me over one of the worst tragedies I have ever known. Fortunately, when I first came, I had already had the good fortune to meet the wonderful group that helped to shape my thoughts.

The crisis of my faith—and its triumph—occurred not long after I had become a Christian.

It was the first Christmas in years that my family had had an opportunity to be together. I had just completed a highly desirable role in my first picture, “Young Lovers.” Though I had appeared in many plays, this was my first screen opportunity—it was directed by Ida Lupino, who gave me the opportunity to play in it. I answered to dreams and to my mother's prayers.

So this was a very, very happy Christmas. With high hopes, I went to Oakland to be with my family. But when I arrived, I discovered I was overjoyed because I had gotten the biggest break of my career up to then. I looked forward to being able to make life easy, pleasant and restful for my parents.

That night, we all opened our gifts. But, in spite of the beautiful things we gave my mother, I knew that her greatest Christmas was the joy of reaping over my first screen opportunity. She went to sleep with a happy smile.

But she didn't come down to breakfast the next morning. She had died in her sleep.

I could hardly believe it. I couldn't understand it. Since she had prayed so hard for my success, how could God, I wondered, take her away at the very time when she might have been able to see her prayers answered? Wondering about this problem and grieving for the loss of my mother, I spent several sleepless nights.

Sometimes God's reasons may not be understandable to us or our friends. But, being an answer, I finally found one that gave me some comfort: My mother had spent so much of her time praying almost ceaselessly for me. God could give her a better job in heaven, where she might help look after other souls and other lives.

I do not pretend to be psychic. I have no illusions about the other person's physical presence since she left this world for an even better one. I do not pretend to myself that she is physically sitting near me. But still I don't feel that she has left me. Her spirit is not too far away. I can't help feeling that her spirit hovers protectively over those she loved on earth. But I do know that she is up there, where she may be and where she can be the Helper—she who has given her more important responsibilities—helping others, as much as she helped her two sons here on earth.

Though I believe she is in a better world, I naturally miss her physical presence, and the words that spoke her radiant faith. But I know she would not want me to do too much mourning.

I believe that while we are alive we should appreciate the goodness and the beauty of this world. An anonymous writer said, "I have planned a garden, I know what faith is. I have seen the birch trees swaying in the breeze, so I know what grace is. I have listened to birds caroling, so I know what music is. I have seen flowers after showers, so I know what beauty is. I have read a book beside a wood fire, so I know what contentment is. I have seen the miracle of growth, so I know what grandeur is. And, because I have perceived all these things, I know what wealth is."

I, too, have planted flowers, so I know what faith is. There are all kinds of faith, including faith in the world, and in life in general. I also believe that, in addition to the other important things, that I believe in a Power capable of all the fantastic, wonderful things we are blessed with.

Faith breeds faith. My mother's faith in me helped me to achieve success on the screen. The memory of that faith helped
Big Louis and His Keely

(Continued from page 36) has become a passion with Keely). She may stop to talk about a donation for the Walter Winchell Damon Runyon Cancer Fund (of which the Primas are proud to be new directors). Or to fill out passport papers for a possible trip to the Brussels World's Fair (for which she's been "paper working"). Or she may sit down to talk about the Primas.

"Louis is the boss," she says then. "Everybody calls him the 'Chief'—he's strictly boss at home and in business. It doesn't really matter to me. When he and Barbara finally decide, they tell me, and I go along. "What I haven't learned, I've heard in ten minutes to hear me read it. I knew it so well I could have recited it backwards. I was tempted to tell Ida this, but she's had learning of her own. But silence is often the better part of wisdom. So I kept my mouth shut, and read the scene from the script. When I finished, Ida said: "That's the best cold reading I've ever heard, Hugh. You've got the part."

About three years and more than a half-dozen pictures later, I met Ida at a dinner party one evening, and told her the true story of my "cold" reading. She laughed heartily.

After that first picture, I began getting work at different studios, and I also played dramatic roles in about a half-dozen Loretta Young shows on TV.

Indirectly, it was because of my experience in the movies that I won the title role in "The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp. Stuart Lake, the creator of the series, was looking for someone strong and capable of a hard quality—lean and not a pretty boy—to play Wyatt Earp, and decided that I might convey the tough, hard quality he wanted Wyatt Earp to show. Four years ago, I was given the opportunity to do the pilot film of "Wyatt Earp"—and have been playing Wyatt ever since.

After completing "Quick Draw," and enjoying a short vacation, I did the play "Picnic" in Westport, Connecticut and appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show in New York. Now, on the TV horizon, there are thirty-nine more Wyatt Earp films.

Whenever I make an appearance as Wyatt Earp, I ask the youngsters who come to see me, "Do you want to grow up to be tall and straight men like Wyatt Earp?"

Enthusiastically, they all yell, "Yes!"

"All right," I say. "Then get down on your knees at least once a day and thank God for his blessings."

For it is then, when we are grateful to God for the blessings He has poured on us that we can be in tune with the wonderful universe He created. This is my faith.

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For him, though, is the beach. He has his beach house. He sets a date in Los Angeles for their day off, for Keely to make two records. He accepts another TV spectacular for the summer, but his main interest is on the sailing to Europe for the Brussels fair—the only project he discusses which sounds even a little like a vacation.

"Well, at dernier moment, Keely," the New Orleans man says, "I am also anxious to supervise the last nine holes of the eighteen-hole golf course on his very practical dream, Pretty Acres, in the Washington Heights area. The latter is a typical example of Louis' refusal to take "no" for an answer. When he bought it, he was told he couldn't possibly make grass grow because of the hot sun and the alligators. It was a half and a half from New Orleans by bad roads...it couldn't possibly be a good commercial venture.

Ignoring all this, he and Keely have sunk the entire economic resources of their ninety-seven acres—a motel, a country club, restaurant-swimming pools, a one-mile practice race-track, the golf course. And the grass is very green. Louis himself moved into his plush house. Pretty Acres is in the black. After Louis bought the acreage, the state put in a causeway and it's now only twenty minutes to the city. With Mama Prima presiding in the restaurant, Pretty Acres is open for business.

Keely can vouch for the fact that not accepting "no" for an answer can pay off. Prima-style: "You see, I have this problem. I'm me—just me. I've been completely honest all my life, and I just don't know how to lie. So when somebody says me what I think of another entertainer's work, I tell them. When writers ask questions, I can't be anything but honest. On the other hand, if I like a person, my personal life, my children, my home, as any working mother would. All women have areas of their life they want to keep to themselves.

"So I'll probably say I don't want to talk about it. Or, whatever they ask, I'll talk about so honestly I'll be misunderstood, I hope. I've always been comfortable within my own personality.

"Somebody in Hollywood was trying very hard to fill me in on the other day, about a show that was coming up. "Sometimes I go to Hollywood to record without Louis, and vice versa. My pal was pointing out that no matter what, even if I am with Louis, he would never have me "just" do the same thing. I shouldn't ever be seen with a man. This she said, would start talking immediately. My reaction was just. I've got to eat, so what? Sometimes I want to say, and doing what I want to do. I know what's important, and I know the basis for my personal and professional happiness and satisfactions, and I do it.

The "Chief" glances at the watch, then looks across at Keely. It's time for another performance. The look of intense concentration leaves his face. He becomes the singer, the dancer, whom the Keely both love to make music for the people—their own honest enjoyment of their work carried to an audience—and so it is with the one-half hour of business. For their three-thirty show, entertainers from all the hotels have dropped in to "The Wildest.

At 6:05 A.M., "The Wildest" jump into their car and head for home. When they open that door, they become "The Middle". For him, that is the time. It is four years now, and they are here for two more months. Years of one-night stands, hotel rooms and loneliness in crowds, home is to be fought for with a primitive passion. Nothing must interfere with that.

Time-wise, of course, their home life is like an upside-down cake (and if Louis, chef and gourmet, heard that description he would laugh,) for they are the girls, and they are only the cooks and the recipe for the best upside-down cake). If the girls are already awake and dressed, the Primas have what would appear to them to be a little "sleeping" time. But if Luanne and Keely are really having breakfast, but Keely and Louis are having a before-bedtime snack. They go to bed by seven.

He has no other time with his daughters—that's when the real man shows. He is a melting, open patsy for his girls. When he's at home with Keely, not in the public eye, you can feel he has all he needs in the world.

Keely gets up about 12:45. The four of them have time together before the nurse gets the girls ready for naps. Since Louis is always worried about his daughters and Keely has been working off, he has time together with his daughters—that's when the real man shows. He is a melting, open patsy for his girls. When he's at home with Keely, not in the public eye, you can feel he has all he needs in the world.

"I guess I'm an old-fashioned mother," she says. "I want to love them the right way. I know the knowledge that we were trained to discipline them through love. Happily, they both have sunny temperaments, so we have more love around this ranch than discipline.

"I don't believe in doing things half-way, Keely grins, as she surveys their Las Vegas home. "When we chose this place, I bought it to the true gambler. Luanne and I draped it—all in one week. It's taken so long to get a home, I was in a hurry.

"In August of this year, we will have been married for one year, Keely adds. I remember he was playing Atlantic City. My family was there on vacation. I'd never seen him, but I was crazy about his music. I don't know how he did it, but he accepted I had put his records, and I kept listening and singing with them. The boy I was going with at the time didn't care for it at all. When we married, it was because Prima was singing with his group.

"Then Louis played at the Surf Club in Virginia Beach, close to Norfolk. My brother, Piggy, found out he was looking for a girl vocalist and arranged an audition. I was working at a restaurant as a waitress, it was my big day in my life. I sang 'Embraceable You' and 'Sleepy Time Gal.' Louis liked my voice, but he was worried about the weight. I was one month as an older and more very fiercely, 'If you promise not to smoke and not to drink, work very hard and listen to me, you've got a job!' I was more than willing. That night, August 6, I was the girl singer in Louis Prima's band.

"I took to the new life easily, even though it was quite a contrast to my former life. I had been a carpenter. He was a wonderful man. We were poor but happy. We are a close family. My three brothers—Buster, Piggy and Tim—outriders a very early breakfast. Toni and I miss having extras. When I needed a gown for a show, Mother earned it for me by taking in laundry. We all had pride and there was no shame in hard work. But when I was on television, it made us ashamed of being poor. That's why I can say I enjoy nice things, but I'm sure I could get along without them.

"Anyway, Louis and I started shaping me—and I didn't even know it, most of the time. He worked on my arrangements, my phrasing, the little bits of me—naturally that he wanted kept in. He picked out my costumes. One time, I wore patterned flannel skirts and sweat-ers with Peter Pan collars or turtleneck. Another time, he tried 'skinkies.'

"I found two originals by Angela (from San Fernando Valley, naturally) that were just right, Chifon, cocktail-length, tailored top, full skirt. Louis says I can't work, they all go with my personality. I have nine of them now," Keely's hand pat her black-haired pate. "At one of our one-a-month shopping trips, we hardly know the way I wanted mine. So? Louis looked at her hair, looked at my long hair, and agreed. He cut it just the way I still wear it.

"Then, in 1953, our mutual admiration, respect and liking for one another turned to love. We were married."

The day of the big bands was fading, and Louis Prima, brilliant brain, not only was aware of it, he was working toward a solution. When Keely became pregnant, Louis decided that while he had still the time he wanted a home for his wife and family. He broke up the big band, put together an act with Louis and Keely, Sam Butera and The Witnesses. He accepted a two-week booking into the Sahara Hotel lounge.

At that time, Las Vegas' hotels thought of lounges and shows as a convenience only. It was a place near the game room where gamblers could rest their feet, have a drink, talk a little, and go back to the tables. Louis Prima decided that a great attraction in the lounge would pull more people, in the long run, than ever before. On November 16, 1954, Louis Prima, with Keely by his side, went out on his first "firsts." Other hotels have followed this example, but the Sahara lounge, now called the Caesar Theatre—featuring Louis Prima and The Witnesses, thirty weeks a year—is the unprecedented top.

Happy to have a stationary base for the first time in a long, long time, Louis sees the Las Vegas citizens. At home, they eliminate as much work as possible from daily life. Each day, while in Las Vegas, they're all at home, dirt cleaner, and then go to bed early. At six, Louis and Keely eat. By seven, they're in bed again. At 11:30 P.M., they arise, dress, and—at 12:15 A.M.—walk into the Sahara ready to go to work.

Because "The Wildest" have become "The Hottest," new problems have arisen. After listening to Louis working, entertaining, being with his family, and realizing his complete understanding of what's before them, the conflicting desires are apparent. Louis Prima is and has been a big name ever since his intention to make the name Keely Smith synonymous with success, too.

And there's the conflict. To do this, Louis and Keely have to give up their pictures, television shows, knowing that he will subject himself and Keely to the by-product of this new fame—publicity. But there is also the inspiration of the inspired, zany performances on stage—are two solid citizens with the same dreams and desires and many of the same problems.

Louis Prima and his Keely have earned every bit of their life together. From her honest, candid black eyes to her senti-mental heart—from his big, kindly eyes to his gentle heart—they are two in whom all show business can take pride.
Belated Honeymoon

(Continued from page 30)

couple. They are so hot in show business that, this past spring, they were ap- proached by a major network and offered a salary for a huge salary. They accepted the offer and decided to take on an entire season of shows to come in as summer replace- ments. In replacing Steve Allen, they are taking over one of the week’s top-rated shows.

Steve Lawrence explains how they came to decide on the Sunday slot: “There’s a peculiar attitude about summer replace- ments. Most stars have a budget that runs around $100,000 a week during the regular season. When summer comes along, it is cut to perhaps $40,000— yet the ad agencies and sponsors still expect them to do a $100,000 show. It’s not reason- able.”

“Well, the budget Steve Allen’s office offered ran higher than the others. That was the one we accepted. We felt they offered a better deal. Another factor was that our pro- ducer and director, Nick Vanog and Dwight Hemion, are old friends from the Allen show. And then there was the strictly sentimental reason—Eydie and I first met and worked together on Allen’s Tonight show.”

Steve Lawrence, a Brooklyn boy, be- came a member of the Tonight show at the tender age of eighteen. Actually, his training and experience in music began in early childhood. He was a member of the well-known Kings of Brooklyn, and was a student of the piano and saxophone. At seventeen, he won top honors on a Godfrey Talent Scouts program. A recording contract followed, and the release of “Poinciana” was a national hit. But his first really big break came in July of 1953, when he joined the Tonight cast.

Eydie, born and bred in the Bronx, ex- hibited vocal talent as early as five, when she was a toddler. A year after she was out of high school, she gave up a job as an inter- preter with an export company, to sing with Tommy Tucker’s band for two months. This led to the vocalist job with Tex Beneke for a year. She then em- barked as a “single,” playing night clubs and theaters across the country. She scored with a couple of recording hits, notably “Frenesi.” She joined Tonight in the fall of 1953.

“Eydie and I first met in the producer’s office,” Steve says. “We met at the meeting, for we knew each other’s work and liked each other musically.”

Eydie says smugly, “I fell in love with him immediately and then spent five years working on him.”

In the beginning, they were thrown to- gether frequently in their work. They went out for a sandwich with the gang. “But, after a while, there were just the two of us going out for coffee or dinner,” Steve says. “It was an unspectacular transition. We met in the same place that, just ordinary dates. A movie. Or dinner. You see, Eydie lived in the Bronx with her family and I lived with my folks in Brooklyn.

“Well, I don’t know that you know how it is— but, if you grew up in Brooklyn, it’s with the understanding that you’ll never date a Bronx girl. It’s almost like an oath you take. You see, there’s the problem of transportation. To get between the Bronx and Brooklyn, you must use three differ- ent subways. Even if you get a Bronx girl home, you have to bring her to Broo- xlyn before two in the morning.” Steve grins and notes, “Yet it’s a funny thing. A lot of Brooklyn boys marry Bronx girls.”

On the courtship, at times, was a little deceptive. While Steve and Eydie agree fundament- ally in terms of values, as well as music, they are dissimilar personalities. Steve is the relaxed, Como-type. As an illustration, Eydie recalls this past sea- son when Steve was working on the General Motors Anniversary television show. I hadn’t seen Steve in a couple of weeks and got some scenes from a lot of Brooklyn show. We got there about a half-hour before showtime and Steve couldn’t be found. The rest of the cast were on hand and all keyed-up, for this was a bit show. But we looked high and low for Steve. Finally, ten minutes before air time, we found him. He was napping in his dressing room. Can you imagine getting just a few minutes before he went on!” Eydie makes no bones about it. She could no more nap before a show than she could fly. She is intense, hard-working, and always ready to talk to her.

This personality difference between the two accounted for their occasional lover spats. “Oh, a couple of times,” Steve says, “she had me so angry, I couldn’t even talk to her.”

The first incident occurred when To- night was doing a remote telecast from Florida. Eydie and Steve were to sing a duet from a high diving-board. It was cold for Florida and the water was chilled to about thirty-seven degrees. Andy Wil- liams filled in for a few minutes while Eydie was drenched, way up high in a diving board. Andy then jumped into the pool. For a few minutes, away from the diving board, and Eydie笼罩, balled up, to that got into the boat with an oar. It was all for the good of the show, she reminded him, but he just glared at her for a few days.

“Usually I can kiss him out of a mad,” Eydie adds.

“So Eydie pushed him, Steve remembers, ‘I was so angry I couldn’t talk to her for a week.’

“A few days later, on a Florida remote, it was cold water that got them into hot water. They were doing a duet in a rowboat and were to capsize the boat after their number. Again Steve resisted. Eydie knocked him out of the boat with an oar. It was all for the good of the show, she reminded him, but he just glared at her for a few days.

“Usually I can kiss him out of a mad,” Eydie adds.

“It took a lot of kissing both those times,” Steve recalls.

These were exceptional incidents, for Eydie and Steve were usually happy and enjoying the sweet harmony of young love. The most difficult period in their relation- ship was to come when the Steve Allen edition of Tonight left the air. Eydie and Steve began to make personal appearances, but in different cities.

“It’s just plain misery being separated when you’re in love,” Eydie says. “And long-distance phone calls are inadequate. I can’t explain it. When we got on the phone, for the first few minutes everything would be just great, and then the frustration of being apart would set in. Finally we’d have to break up.”

They had no formal engagement but, for a year, they tried to get married. The problem was in setting a date when they were on the road. A date they would have preferred to marry in New York, so that their respective families could be present, but finally settled on Las Vegas, where Eydie was singing. Steve had a few days off.

“It was a wonderful wedding,” Eydie says.
saying, "A lovely Sunday and we had a wedding breakfast and champagne. We were married at noon in the cottage of Beldon Kattelman, owner of El Rancho Vegas, where I was singing. It was unforeseen events prevented them from being there, but they couldn't have made the air trip alone both ways. Luckily, most of our close friends came in. That was the wonderful surprise, that was so expressing, being apart right after we got married."

One of the rewards of the summer television show is that Eydie and Steve, man and wife, get to live together as man and wife, with all the domestic trimmings. Eydie is a great cook. Her family is of Turkish and Spanish extraction, so her dishes are out of the ordinary. "And for me," she says, "cooking is a wonderful diversion from my work."

Because television cameras add about ten pounds to anyone's appearance, both have been watching their diet rather carefully. "Our only problem," Eydie says, "is with rolls and bread and butter. We both like them better than cake or sweets. I'm so used to toasting my bread that I think I'll eat too. I can't think of anything more incompatible than having a husband stuffing himself while I'm dieting!"

Against the foyer wall, there is a floor-to-ceiling Italian breakfront at least five feet wide. "I liked it so much and bought it even though I thought it might be too big for this apartment," Eydie says. "But, in a sense, this apartment is temporary. It has only one bedroom, and we want room for a family. We both love children and would like to have at least two close together."

When they're in Manhattan, they like to visit with old friends and see the shows they've missed while they were in Ohio. Eydie listened in their ears for a four-seater, a hard-top convertible Thunderbird in gunmetal gray. They frequently drive out to the homes of their parents in the Thousand Islands, "which is neat," as Eydie learned her cooking. Steve says, "Her mother is a great cook. Of course, mine is, too. They are both the kind of mothers who are not happy unless you get up from the table with heartburn."

Their days are very busy with rehearsals, business meetings, fittings for Eydie's television sessions. Both have had great success as recording artists. Eydie's current album for ABC, Paramount, "Eydie Gorme Vamps the Romantic 20s," is out again. Eydie employs with the kind of vocal thrills that identify her. Steve's new Coral Album, "Here's Steve Lawrence," is his best to date. He ranges from swing to sentimental, the latter by Jack and Steve Kane. "Jack is Canada's top orchestra leader," Steve notes. "He's as big on CBC as Lawrence Welk is here. And he's one of the reasons that we are so enthusiastic about our television show—Jack has come down for the summer as our musical director."

Despite differences in temperament, Steve and Eydie are seldom in disagreement on the production of the show. As Eydie says, "We think alike musically and have the same tastes in performance and production."

Steve admits the pressure is on, at times, "But I just can't get upset. I'm happy. I mean, how lucky can you be? At our age, to think of the fact that I am in the fantastic position of having our pick of replacing the best summer shows. We've had luck with our recordings. We haven't wanted for club work, and we've been the talk of the town. All this and love, too. What more could you ask for?"

It's corny but apt—Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lawrence make beautiful music together.

He Can Sing Anything

(Continued from page 39) cooperation was something less than complete and wholehearted. For instance, John didn't appear before civic groups, such as the Lions, Kiwanis Rotary and Optimist clubs, to interest them in cooperating with the Y program. Since he could sing, he was almost always asked to contribute a song or two to the program, which paid for his lunch or dinner.

At the insistence of acquaintances who had been associated with him in the past, John finally secured an audition for the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera company and landed a job in the chorus. He remembers the time, "I made $50 a week, which is the magnificent salary of thirty-five dollars a week. He continued to accept invitations to banquets, whenever proffered, so that he could quite literally sing for his supper and stretch that salary as far as possible. Later, he promoted a job as assistant stage manager, which brought a five-dollar-a-week raise."

It was inevitable that tall, good-looking singer John Raitt be tapped for the movies. M.G.M tested him, gave him a contract, and—"in the usual Hollywood fashion—put him to one side. Only five years later, his first picture, "Flight Command," was also Red Skelton's first. John can be spotted if you watch very closely Red Skelton's two pictures, "Fiddler on the Roof" and "The Kid." John sang a little in one scene—which was cut out of the final version. In "Ziegfeld Girl," with Lana Turner, John didn't excite anyone, least of all, himself. It was during this time that John went back to Redlands for an alumni production of "The Vagabond King." His leading lady was Marjorie Raitt. He met his wife, Mary Jane Raitt, at the auditions to this show. They were married and they were married in her senior year at Redlands.
to get home, each day. But she proved that a Methodist minister’s daughter can rise to any of them, and was able to bring her restored voice to instructor Richard Cummings, who re- mains her teacher to this day. Gradually, John has learned to use his voice—coax back his voice. When it did come back, under Cummings direction, it was fuller, richer, more powerful than it had ever been.

In 1944, John sang with the American Theater’s production of “The Marriage of Figaro.” Word of his terrific success in this got back to New York, and the Theater Guild sent for him to come to New York to audition for “Oklahoma!” It was then that Marj’s faith in John’s talent, her willingness to pitch in and help, and her gamble in coming east began to pay off. John was signed to play the role of Curley in the Chicago company of “Oklahoma!” Chicago critics, who have seen many a role in the course of their careers, were ecstatic over John’s performance. He was in! From this show he went directly into the lead role of Billy Bigelow in “Carousel.”

For three years, the musical play ran on Broadway, with never an empty seat in the house. The first of the Raitt trio of offspring, Steve, now ten, was born during the run of “Carousel.” John claims, in fact, that they’ve been very lucky in timing those three offspring. Entertainers are frequent- ly away from home for extended periods, on tour or on location, and this too often means they’re many miles from home when their youngsters are born. Not John. He was right on the scene for Steve’s birth.

Later, when Bonnie, now eight, and Dave, now a ripe old five, made their appearances, happy coincidence had it at home, too.

“Carousel” was followed by another Broadway smash hit—“The Pajama Game,” with John appearing opposite Janis Paige for a long run in New York. John and Marj bought a three-acre home in Westchester county. Then he was summoned to Hollywood, to do the movie version for Warner Bros., this time with Doris Day as his heroine. That Westchester place is now rented to Johnny Carson.

John has made frequent appearances on television, as a guest star. Last season, he was suddenly called back to his country after his appearance opposite Marj in the NBC-TV spectacular, "Annie Get Your Gun," Felts who had caught John in "Oklahoma!" on "Pajama Game" or "Carousel," or the roles he was doing in the Indianapolis, San Francisco stage production of "Annie," didn’t need to be told about the rugged Raitt appeal. From those who hadn’t seen John before, the one they kept asking was: "you been hiding him all this time?"

Now that John seems destined to be working in Hollywood for some time to come, the Raitts have settled down on the West Coast. They’ve taken a house still unoccupied. It’s located just off Coldwater Canyon Drive, a stone’s throw beyond the Beverly Hills hotel, and next door to the old Jimmy Cagney bum, who has his own quarters in a commodious guest house, and John and Marj and the two younger Raitts are slowly filling the main house with their own furniture.

Most of this consists of “marvelous bargains” Marj unearths in out-of-the-way shops. The Raitt fortunes may be ascen- ding, steadily, but it’s respecting Methodist minister’s daughter is about to buy everything new, if she can do just as well with refinished second-hand pieces. As for Marj, she does better.

Shining example of this ability of Marj’s is the dining room. Flooded with sunlight, it has all the feeling of dining out but the comforts of home. And Marj has added and abetted that feel- ing by filling the room with exquisite wrought-iron furniture, the octagonal table, the alabaster sconces, the green velvet truck- sied quietly in a second-hand shop. She bought it at a fraction of its original cost, added a few more dollars and had it re- finished. It was an exceptionally well- aged antique in gold. The effect is as lavish as if she’d spent the whole Raitt income for a month.

This is John’s special pride of his wife’s talents and virtues, a subject on which John happily expounds at the slightest opportunity. Since their first days together at Redlands, Marj has served as his accompanist. She knows his style, his timing, perfectly.

And she is his severest critic. Having her degree in music from Redlands, she is academically qualified for this. But it is much, much more than this purely theoreti- cal knowledge of music, which qualifies Marj as his critic, John points out. She simply knows what is right for him and what is wrong for him, and what brings out the best in his voice, and what he should avoid.

Before any major performance, Marj continues to go over the Raitt repertoire with him quietly. She is as fussy as the whole show is put together. Inevitably, she comes up with a few succinct suggestions—how John might improve a phrasing here, alter his timing there.

"It’s always constructive criticism, always kind and helpful. Marj is constitu- tionally unable to make carping criticisms. I value her advice far more than her criticism," John declares. "She has a sensitivity about whether I’m doing my best, and I lean heavily on that.

"It can be difficult to find anyone in Hollywood happy with his current set- up than John Raitt. He’s working hard at something he loves to do—singing. All summer long, every other weekend takes him off the home scene, to the city, to Louisville, New York, San Francisco. The plans underway for his future—for television appearances, recordings, movie appearances—are challenging, interesting, exciting.

And, making it as ideal as any man could ask, his work is spaced so that he still has days at a time when he can be at home, with his family. He can take Steve to a Dodger ball game, or supervise Bonnie and Dave as they splash in the pool.

And he can putter. A real Mr. Fix-it at heart, John loves improving surroundings around the place. He is a man capable of vast enthusiasms about small things, as well as large. He can get himself worked into a lather discussing the proper inter- pretation of a Menotti opera. And he can show the same fire of enthusiasm displayed a series of decorative plates his sister-in-law painted, to be hung on the Raitt wall, commemorating his appearance in each of his stage hits.

John Raitt may have run away from singing, and from show business, as fast as he has gone to it, but he hangs on in his teens. He may have built his career in show business slowly. But it was a solid, sure career a-building. And a man who has built up his good looks, and his contagious enthusi- asm—plus one of the most magnificent voices in the business today—is going to be around for quite a while.

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Meet my folks, said Patti Page, but Charles needed UNIVAC to count 'em.

Danger, Keep Out: TV producers are acting flish about Jerry Lee Lewis. Tommy Leonetti will not return to Your Hit Parade. Dorothy Collins, after a year's absence, returns. Oldtimer Johnny Desmond will be a new face in the show's line-up. Cheesecake a-plenty on CBS-TV, September 6. That's the night of "Miss America" telecast. Former "Miss America," Bess Myerson, planning a quiet Mexican divorce after many attempts at reconciliation. . . .

Recession Note: Robert Q. Lewis will pass up his annual European vacation. . . . Research outfit in New Jersey reports a recent survey shows that Sinatra-Boone-Como fans make B or better in their high-school courses. So, if you want to score in Latin, grab up Pat's new Dot album, "Stardust," really a lovely collection of love songs which establish Pat as the best balladeer since Crosby. Or solve your trigonometry with Victor's new album, "Como's Gold Records," which includes all of Perry's best-sellers. Better get both if you want straight A's. . . . Victor Borge switches to NBC this season. . . . Too Late, Too Little Dept: Charles Van Doren, winner of $120,000, now has a tax deduction, baby Elizabeth, presented by his wife, the former Geraldine Ann Bernstein. . . . To each his own: Garroway relaxes by thumbing through a dictionary. . . . It's a woman's world: Kathryn Murray refused a summer show, said a fall slot or nothing, and so she gets a half-hour in NBC-TV's fall schedule. . . . The new Donna Reed Show is being described as a kind of "mother knows best." . . . And fact, not fiction: A tobacco sponsor is having his announcer hypnotized before filming cig commercials. Now, how sincere can you get?
Rugged Ed Murrow, the newsman who wins the most awards and smokes the most cigarettes, has a mad on.

Republican Alan Bunce plays Democrat Al Smith, with Henry Jones as Louis Howe, Ralph Bellamy as F.D.R.

Bunce with a Bounce: Celebrating his twentieth year in radio is Alan Bunce, famed as Albert in the Ethel And Albert series, and still playing Peg Lynch’s “husband,” five days a week on CBS Radio’s The Couple Next Door. Alan recalls, “I was the first Young Dr. Malone. My third child, Virginia, was born during that period, so they decided to call Dr. Malone’s new baby by the same name. Both girls are nicknamed ‘Jill.’ Jerry Malone’s Jill is still in the dramatic series, and mine is now a young lady of seventeen who served as an apprentice this past summer at the Westport Playhouse.” He has two sons, both in overseas service. Besides radio and TV, Alan is playing Gov. Alfred E. Smith in the Broadway production, “Sunrise at Campobello,” starring Ralph Bellamy as F.D.R. This is Broadway’s biggest dramatic success, with an assured long run before translation into a movie. Backstage, Alan responded to several questions. Is his schedule rough? “No. Neither radio nor stage requires preparation and I love both. I’ve been Peg’s radio husband about fourteen years—ever since Richard Widmark left the part of Albert for Hollywood—and it’s so much fun. Peg Lynch, who not only plays the wife but writes the whole show, is a genius in creating domestic comedy. Well, everyone knows that.” How does he feel as a Republican playing Al Smith? “Well, I’m not party-bound. Sure, some of my Democratic friends call me a reactionary. But, up in Stamford, where I live, they know me as an ardent Roosevelt man and call me an abandoned liberal. Anyway, the play is about a guy—not about politics—with great human values, and every night we have dozens of (Continued on page 15)
WHAT'S NEW
ON THE WEST COAST
By BUD GOODE

Ernie Ford vacationed in Islands, while Molly Bee kept tabs on Darryl.

Crew's in, but "Mardi Gras" stars got liberty only after shearing by studio barbers. L. to r.: Richard Sargent, Gary Crosby, Pat Boone, Tommy Sands.

On leave from Bob Cummings Show, Ann B. Davis rode 20,000 miles.

YOU SAY "grandfather" and Art Linkletter grunts. Art certainly doesn't look like a granddad, and chances are he'll still be going strong twenty years from now, at which time he'll probably be Hollywood's youngest looking great-grandfather. . . . Son Jack Linkletter writes from New York that the worst is over and that he and wife Bobbie are having a ball seeing all the shows, getting grand treatment from the Easterners. No matter what happens to Haggis Baggis this fall, Jack will definitely return to Hollywood to finish his senior year at U.S.C. and for Bobbie to have her baby. . . . Speaking of fall shows, we're still betting Cheyenne's Clint Walker, newcomer Ty Hardin, and Sugarfoot's Will Hutchins will be seen together next season. Maverick's Jim Garner is showing Ty the ropes. He introduced him to his business agent, and takes Ty golfing with him every Sunday. Ty is grateful enough to let Jim beat him every third game.

Speaking of being grateful, plans are being made for all of the Mouseketeers—whose contracts were dropped by Walt Disney—to do a local Hollywood TV show of their own, slotted opposite the network Mickey Mouse Club.

Tommy Sands looks great with his new "crew" haircut. Tommy, Pat Boone and Gary Crosby were all sheared for their roles in 20th's "Mardi Gras." The boys sing four trios in the picture. In one, Pat and Tommy are supposed to hoist ex-footballer Gary onto a top bunk. But Gary, who came out of the Army with added muscles, wouldn't budge. . . . Rumor says Gary will have his own show on ABC, à la Dick Clark. . . . Meanwhile, back at the estate, Pat Boone has had to ring his 100-foot-high balconies with chicken wire, so the kids won't fall off.

Speaking of high places, pert new actress Judi Meredith and a handful of friends, accompanied by a married chaperone, are taking sleeping bags on a hike along the John Muir Trail, which stretches from Canada to California on the top of the Sierra Nevada range. Judi says, "It may take us fifteen years, but we intend to get over the trail, little by little, during each vacation."

Alfred Hitchcock and his wife have taken their sports cars to their Northern California ranch, where Hitch is spending his summer relaxing—and making wine. Hitch, a connoisseur, admits he only uses his wine for cooking.

Did you know . . . Hugh Beaumont, who stars as Ward Cleaver in Leave It To Beaver, is a licensed Methodist minister. . . . Fury's Peter Graves is big Jim Arness' brother. . . . Will Hutchins' favorite color is blue. When he and his mother had their house painted recently, Will wanted it blue, naturally. But his mother wouldn't have it. So they compromised and Will has the only house in Hollywood today with a blue chimney and blue mailbox.

Hollywood Hero: Tennessee Ernie Ford is a big man in the eyes of his two young assistants, Jim Loakes and Ken Thompson. Ernie, on vacation at the Hawaiian Village in Hawaii, is picking up their tabs, too, for a six-week stay. Ernie has just finished setting up a scholarship for agricultural students at Fresno State. And, next season, à la Godfrey, he will do several shows from his California ranch.

Have Car, Will Travel: Ann B.
Grateful for his success, Maverick's Jim Garner—here on This Is Your Life, with daughters Kimberly, Greta, and wife Lois—is helping another newcomer.

Davies, Schultz on The Bob Cummings Show, started out to do a two-week summer-stock appearance in Chicago. Emmy-winner Annie was so successful that the show was moved from Chicago to Indianapolis to Philadelphia. Driving her own sports car, Ann's two-week stunt turned into a 20,000-mile tour.

Molly Bee and Darryl Hickman made a pact to see each other no matter where the other was appearing. So Darryl hopped over to catch Molly's act at a Houston night club and then, the very next day, Molly flew over to see Darryl in a summer-stock appearance at La Jolla, California.

Alice Lon is spending a quiet summer in Hollywood, while her three little Indians are visiting their grandparents in Kilgore, Texas. Alice says the peace and quiet are lovely—but, every once in a while, she'd enjoy hearing just one little war whoop. . . . There was a dark spot on Myron Floren's vacation this year—we should say "spots," for his children came down with measles. . . . Pete Fountain saw spots of his own—on the speckled trout he caught at Shell Beach, Louisiana.

Hugh O'Brian, back from a working vacation, refurbishing his new hilltop home. At present, he has nothing in it except a stove and a bed.

Rusty Draper says they called young Hollywood hopefuls "starlets" in the old days, but nowadays they just call them "one of the Bob Cummings girls." Incidentally, CBS is thinking of making Rusty's night-time radio strip into a daytime strip and then giving it the "simulcast" treatment (meaning TV, too).

No Greater Love: From their first appearance, the Lennon Sisters had a favorite fan family, the Casons, from Portland, Oregon. After two years of encouragement, the Casons are finally moving—lock, stock and barrel—to Venice, California, where they'll become nearly-next-door-neighbors to the girls. Sis Lennon, the girls' mother, is "expecting." The baby, which will be the tenth, is due the first week in February but, should it arrive a few days early, Sis points out the family will have a birthday in every month of the year.

Ever since her accident last year, Kathy Nolan has been having headaches and hearing bells ringing—might be the romancing (Continued on page 11)
Her neighborly deeds are no longer a surprise. But Rozell herself was caught unawares at an on-the-air birthday party.

In Columbus, Georgia, there's a lively lady who roams as freely and as far as did the famed discoverer. Rozell Fair Fabiani has decided that almost anything under the sun is fair topic for her 'women's interest' show. In a typical week, on At Home With Rozell—seen weekdays at 9:30 A.M. over Station WRBL-TV—the line-up might include flower arrangements; instructions on how to prepare a complete Chinese dinner at home; demonstrations on food-freezing or gardening; a visit from the Fort Benning chorus; a lecture-demonstration by the Health Department; and an interview on a school of speech.

Most of Rozell's traveling is in the realm of imagination. Last November, though, she logged many thousands of actual miles, going as far as Germany to help her neighbors. When Rozell learned that the U.S. Army's Third Infantry Division was shipping out from Fort Benning to Germany, she did a series of programs designed to answer the Army wives' questions on their new home. When she started, Rozell knew as little as her audience. By the time she'd finished, she'd so impressed the Defense Department that they invited her to prepare a film on life in Columbus, for the Tenth Division which would return from Germany to replace the Third. They flew the film to Germany, then sent Rozell along, too, to accompany it with talks and to take films for completion of her "course" on Germany for the wives about to be shipped there.
That's the happy feeling that goes out over the WRBL-TV beams and makes viewers feel so at home with Rozell

What goes into "women's interest"? Everything, says Rozell.

Rozell's living-room set at WRBL-TV has long been a "home away from home" for her viewers and her television guests. She even redecorates it each year, just as she's constantly on the lookout for new decorating touches for her real home. That one is Early American in style, and she shares it with her mother and her son Don, who was graduated from high school this year.

Cleveland, Tennessee, was Rozell's first home. She and Don came to Columbus to live eleven years ago. Soon after, Rozell was walking down 13th Avenue, past a big building which was nearing completion. She decided that might be a nice place to work and applied for a job. It was WRBL's new building and she was hired for the only job open—receptionist. Rozell had her foot in the door and she quickly moved ahead to the copy department. Next, she began doing some of the commercials on the air, eventually becoming head of that department. Finally, in 1954, she premiered her own show.

"There's some doubt about the quality," says Rozell of the poetry she writes, "but I had one published!" She enjoys interior decorating, record collecting, dress designing, flower arranging, and good books and magazines. She's a Sunday-school teacher at the Church of Christ and she's president of the local chapter of American Women in Radio and Television. "I like to do so many things," she says, "I hardly know which you would call a hobby. But I suppose I'm best at cooking. I love people and I love my work. Fact is, I just love living."
The Naked and the Dead
WARNERS; WARNERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR
This adaptation of Norman Mailer's tough-talking best-seller makes a two-and-a-half hour attempt to match the record length of the novel itself. The result is a slam-bang action epic of a Marine combat landing in the Pacific. The bitter fighting makes men of some of the members of the platoon, reveals the weaknesses of others. Raymond Massey is the cynical general, Aldo Ray is the tough, efficient sergeant, and Cliff Robertson is the lieutenant who dares to taunt a general. Joey Bishop, the comic guest of so many TV shows, plays a brief, poignant role.

The Whole Truth
COLUMBIA
About to launch her own television show, Donna Reed scores in this film version of an ingenious tale that was a sensation on TV and also on Broadway. Donna plays the wife of a film producer—and she really is one in private life. Her husband here is Stewart Granger, a handsome fellow who returns to her after a brief affair with his fiery leading lady. But then the lady love turns up murdered—or does she? Therein lies the mystery, with George Sanders arriving suavely on the scene as a bogus detective.

Andy Hardy Comes Home

The slang and the music are different from the days when Judge Hardy's boy was a symbol of the American teenager. But the things the Judge taught his son about loyalty and honesty are still true. As Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney has a chance to prove them true when he runs up against a crooked real-estate dealer. Fay Holden and Cecilia Parker re-create their roles as Andy's mother and sister and such former girlfriends as Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Esther Williams are seen on film clips from the old series. Joey Forman is Andy's pal and, as Andy Jr., there's Mickey's own son, Teddy Rooney.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters
The Matchmaker (Paramount, VistaVision): In a skylarking trip to the age of innocence, Shirley Booth is a sly marriage broker trying to find mates for Paul Ford (Bliko's colonel), Shirley MacLaine, Tony Perkins—and herself.

Rock-a-Bye Baby (Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor): An occasionally risque but well-intended comedy stars Jerry Lewis as a sweet-natured dope who baby-sits for his movie star idol.

The Fiend Who Walked the West (20th. Cinemascope, De Luxe Color): TV's Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brian, plays a wrong guy in this fast, violent Western.
she's been getting from young Nick Adams. . . . Wayde Preston and his actress wife Carol Ohmart divorcing, she to make a second go at her career and he into twelve more Colt .45's. . . . Phyllis Avery and Pete Sabiston romance on and off and on again. . . . Lola Albright, divorced from Jack Carson and one of the co-stars on NBC-TV's Pete Gunn show, is running for Bill Bradley. . . . Cathy Crosby proud to be living "away" from home with a new gal friend. . . . Rick and David Nelson will be doing a Western movie together in which they'll play—that's right, brothers. They are going to plunk their earnings into a ranch—Rick already has a horse. . . . Danny Thomas gave up his summer vacation to raise money for his St. Jude Hospital. At present, building the hospital has been snarled by legal problems, which is so depressing, in view of the fact that it's such a worthwhile affair.

For years, Bob Hope has sponsored Johnny Grant, a local Hollywood deejay and comic. Not many people know it, but generous Bob has given Johnny access to his gag files, the kind of comic wealth money couldn't buy. Today, on Johnny's jaunts from Korea to Alaska and back again, he's known as "the poor man's Bob Hope." But bouncing Bob always has the topper. The last time in Alaska, he said they greeted him as "the rich man's Johnny Grant." Until July, Bob had wanted to do a show from Jordan. Oil that's changed now. Oops, sorry, Bob—look for John Raitt to do his first nightclub date at the Mapes in Reno, October 2. On September 18, he'll be a guest on the Ray Bolger show, on which Raitt will dance, Ray will sing.

No matter what, Milton Berle will do four shows away from Hollywood next season. . . . In spite of the fact that John Payne's Restless Gun is among the top-rated, he feels that 1960 will see the demise of many Westerns, and is already preparing a pilot for his own replacement! That's show business.

Alaskan nip made "Rich Man's Grant."
Bob Hope, yearns for warmer climes.

Jack and his bride Bobbie play the waiting game—with chess set and indispensable instruction book. Come winter, they'll make dad Art Linkletter a granddad.
THE RECORD PLAYERS

This month’s deejay columnist, Bud Connell of WNOE, tries the Cinderella shoe on Roberta Sherwood—and it fits!

The applause was deafening. Deejay Bud Connell was surprised to find that he was leading the ovation for Roberta Sherwood. He’d only come to be “shown.”

She’s Got a Right to Sing!

By BUD CONNELL

One evening during Roberta Sherwood’s recent engagement at the Roosevelt’s fabled Blue Room in New Orleans, I sat as far away as one could get from the stage, overlooking a monstrosely small, wood-smoky room, with no table or chair unoccupied. My objective was to observe reactions—to see if people really were “spellbound” during her performance ... to see if they actually did applaud, applaud, and applaud, as I had so frequently read in her club-date reviews. I soon gave up the idea. My attention kept trailing back to Roberta Sherwood. And during the practically deafening applause, I discovered my own was the loudest.

In whatever medium she is operating, when she graces you with her very special talent, you know Roberta Sherwood is belting out that blues or knocking out that rocker for you—and nobody but you! There’s something in every song for everyone and Roberta Sherwood can deliver it ... to one or one million.

In the past 26 months, her success has grown in a fantastic way. Columnist Walter Winchell started the firework shortly after he walked into the Silver Slipper, a Miami night-club where Roberta Sherwood was performing. Winchell liked Sherwood and said so, syndicated. Public response soon placed Roberta Sherwood right where she belonged all along—among the top music greats—beside Tony Martin, Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra. Just a few short weeks after Winchell’s broadcast, Roberta Sherwood was appearing at New York’s Copacabana. Endless encores and a standing ovation from an entire crowd were instrumental in her receipt of one of show-business’s most coveted awards, the Copa Bonnet.

You really have to have done something before Edward R. Murrow wants to speak Person To Person. Well, she did something and Ed did something about it. Recently, Ralph Edwards said, “This Is Your Life, Roberta Sherwood” and the whole nation heard and saw it. Her This Is Your Life bracelet, which she wears always, commemorates the occasion with a charm for every major occurrence in her life and career, from room to Copa. Roberta’s first TV spot with Tennessee Ernie Ford drew his top fan mail for any one-week period, 155,000 letters ... honest count.

Look for Roberta Sherwood on the Tennessee Ernie Ford Show (bless his pea-pickin’ heart) the first of Fall. She’s scheduled for four appearances, cymbal and all, with Ol’ Ern and the Top Twenty between them and Christmas.

One of Roberta Sherwood’s teen-age sons said, “Mother, you should do a rock ‘n’ roll!” That was the seed of what can be a new hit single blooming on Decca. Ask for “Blue Moon of Kentucky”—that’s the side WNOE picks. Also, look for a new Decca album titled “Country Music for City People.” I think you’ll really go for that. Roberta’s earlier albums contain the finest material ever penned and are performed with that incomparable feeling and fire of Sherwood styling. Still available are the albums “Introducing Roberta Sherwood,” “Show Stoppers,” and “I Gotta Right to Sing.” She sure has.

That’s it from New Orleans! Until you flip these pages and find my by-line again, live it up.

Bud Connell is heard via WNOE in New Orleans, on Top Fifty Show, each Monday through Saturday, from 3 to 6 P.M.
Buskin to Boot

I would like some information on Pat McVey, seen in Boots And Saddles—The Story Of The Fifth Cavalry.

C.N., Port Blakely, Wash.

Many's the attorney who turns in his briefcase at the stargazer for a ten-night run behind the footlights. But Pat McVey was two years into a good law practice in his native state of Indiana when he checked in all to carry a spear in "Julius Caesar." . . . Born on St. Patrick's Day ("How lucky can you get?") Pat grew up in Fort Wayne where he starred in football and basketball at North Side High. After receiving his LL.B. from Indiana University and passing the state bar exam, he returned to practice in Fort Wayne. But the amateur theater beckoned. When his high-school dramatics teacher urged him to join a local theater group, Pat set aside his law books for the buskin—for good. Enjoying local successes, Pat headed West to join Pasadena Playhouse. To support himself during the runs of some 50 productions, Pat worked at Lockheed Aircraft, and became a social worker, for a time. He made one movie, "Sergeant York," before joining the Army and serving as an Infantry sergeant. Following his discharge, Pat returned to Hollywood and was seen in a number of experimental TV dramas. On Broadway, he appeared in "Crime and Punishment" and "Detective Story." He's best known to television audiences, of course, for his role as the crusading Steve Wilson in Big Town. . . . Pat feels very much at ease in his new characterization of the hard-bitten commanding officer in Boots And Saddles. However, when asked to describe his current series, he was brief and to the point: "No women," said Pat, who is himself a happily married man. His wife is the former Courteen Landis, actress, and niece of the late baseball czar, Judge Keneaw Mountain Landis.

Comeback . . . At 17

Please print some facts and a picture of Lori Nelson, one of the stars of How To Marry A Millionaire.

G.K., Seattle, Wash.

There aren't many child stars who get started on their careers at two and a half and "retire" at seven. But "Little Miss" Christine Dixie Kay Nelson, daughter of a movie technician, was just 30 months old when, as Santa Fe's "Shirley Temple," she trouped with a USO company entertaining Uncle Sam's soldiers stationed around New Mexico. At five, she was named "Little Miss America." Two years after that, she played a stage lead, became a famous model, was screen-tested, and then, abruptly, "retired." Lori had contracted a rare blood infection and had a bout with rheumatic fever. . . . Fighting her way back to good health, Lori studied acting assiduously during high-school days at Canoga High in Los Angeles. She appeared in several plays and won a score of beauty contests. On her seventeenth birthday, she signed a long-term contract with Universal-International. Having attained star billing, with a role opposite Tony Curtis in "The All-American," Lori began to fear being typed as an ingenue. She asked for and obtained her release, and, on a free-lance basis, made six films in one year, including Liberace's "Sincerely Yours." Her most recent films include "Untamed Youth" and "Gambling Man." . . . Five feet three and a half, Lori weighs 108 pounds, has blue eyes, and hair the color of champagne. She's single, but is learning all about How To Marry A Millionaire.

Pat McVey

Work and Co., Impresarios

Please give us some background on singer Chuck Berry, who wrote "Johnny B. Goode."

W.L. and J.C., Bismarck, N.D.

These earnest days, Lady Luck is losing prestige while Mr. Hard Work toots up the stars to his credit. Twenty-seven years old, vocalist Chuck Berry is a star who admits to some breaks, but it was the years of preparation and struggle that gave him the edge. St. Louis-born in 1931, Charles Edward Berry grew up in a musical home that boasted choir-singer parents and two talented sisters, Lucy and Thelma. . . . Chuck was encouraged by his Sumner High music teacher and joined the glee club as a bass. In a junior-class revue, Chuck warbled to the backing of a student-guitarist and was so impressed with the instrument that he decided to learn. He bought a second-hand guitar for four dollars, and a set of home-study books. Soon, Chuck got his start as an entertainer, working house parties and church socials. Days off, he helped his dad in his country store. . . . In 1952, Chuck formed his own combo, playing several clubs in and around St. Louis. Then, vacationing in the Windy City, he looked up Muddy Waters, and discussed the possibilities of making a record with him. Muddy could only advise, "Chuck, go see Leonard Chess." It was a good lead. Within two weeks, Chuck had signed a record pact with the Chess brothers. "Maybellene" was his first hit, and it brought him the major circuit—the Dick Clark show, the touring rock 'n' roll groups. . . . Tough critics of Chuck's, but his best boosters, too, are his wife, Themetta, and their two daughters—Ingrid, 7, and Melody, 5. "Themetta has been a real inspiration," says Chuck, "you know, the woman behind a man's success." Since his follow-up hits, "School Days" and "Johnny B. Goode," this busy young man hopes to be able to relax and travel some with his family—and his gun and cameras.

(Continued on page 18)
Share and Share Alike—that's an old tenet of friendship. Ken Collins and Larry Kane have carried it so far as to divvy up between themselves a good part of the radio day at KXYZ in Houston. Ken mans the mike and turntables from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. Larry follows right on his heels from 2 to 6 P.M.

Ken was already an established deejay when a mutual friend introduced him to Larry. The meeting had been arranged so that Ken might give Larry some advice on how to break into radio. It was good advice, Larry vows, and it worked. Acting on it, Larry had become one of Houston's top radio personalities by the time he joined Ken under the KXYZ banner last year.

Ken is twenty-five, Larry's twenty-two, and the pair of deejays add up to two of Houston's busiest young men. Each Sunday, Larry runs a Teen Hop at the Houston Executive Club. Between 350 and 400 youngsters turn up each week to join in the terpsichorean fun and to meet their favorite record stars in-person. On a typical Sunday, Fats Domino might be up on the bandstand with Larry, or, another week, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme might be doing a newlywed duet. They're happy to appear, for Larry is show-wise.

Just a Perfect Friendship

One deejay helped another

... until both Ken Collins and Larry Kane were at the KXYZ mike

His sure sense of what's right in pop music has led him to become Jimmy Duncan's manager. Jimmy is the Houston composer whose song, "My Special Angel," recently sold more than two and a half million copies.

That's the number of requests, it sometimes seems to Ken Collins, that he gets asking him to make personal appearances. Ken says "yes" to as many as he can, and has emceed and helped to put on a variety show for just about every high school in the area. Off mike and at the office, Ken still revolves faster than a turntable. In addition to being a deejay, he's promotion manager for KXYZ and this means writing publicity stories, making up ads, creating contests and handling other assorted chores. It would be a full-time job for most men, but Ken takes it in his stride.

A talented cartoonist, it's also Ken who wields the pen on much of the art that appears in KXYZ's newspaper ads. It was one of Ken's many ideas for a deejay newspaper column to provide behind-the-scenes glimpses into the radio and record world. The fruit of this is Larry Kane's "Mr. Music" column, appearing every Tuesday in the Houston Press. It seems this pair of deejays are hand in helping hand.
Republicans crying their eyes out." Which medium is his preference? "I've done some twenty-five Broadway shows and over 10,000 broadcasts and telecasts. As an actor, I've feeling the excitement and take them as they come. But, as a medium, it reminds me of my grandma picking fresh peas just before dinner. To me, radio is like canned peas, TV like frozen peas. And the theater is always garden-fresh."

You'll Be Seeing Them: Strap on your six-shooters again. There will be twenty-two bang-bangs on network TV this season, six more than last. ... Como lazes back on Saturday nights, beginning September 13, with only one format change. This season he will scratch his left ear. ... You can expect Dr. Joyce Brothers, $64,000 Question winner, to be talking commercials at you. She's signed up with Candy Jones Conover. ... Industry eyeballs will fix on the new Gleason show to determine whether comedy is due for a comeback. ... As an actor, I've feeling the excitement and take them as they come. But, as a medium, it reminds me of my grandma picking fresh peas just before dinner. To me, radio is like canned peas, TV like frozen peas. And the theater is always garden-fresh."

To Chemise or Not Chemise: Marjorie Lord, "year-old" bride on the Danny Thomas Show and a "two-month-old" bride in real life, stopped off in Sardi's after a six-week honeymoon abroad. "On Danny's show, I'm supposed to be the perfect wife," she said, "but I don't know exactly what that means." She turned to bridgeroom, producer Hart- ford Hale, "Do you know?" Grinning, he said, "I'd rather read about it after you explain it." Sipping her lemonade, the reddish-blond shruggled and noted that the fun on the show had been equal to ninety-three performers. She turned to producer Sheldon Leonard's. He's always scrumming around for new story ideas. One came out of fan letters. "We were having coffee—Danny, his wife Rose- mary, Sheldon and myself. They men- tioned a letter complaining that Danny had no characteristic. Sheldon said, 'He always shouts. It's only to people he doesn't like that he talks quietly. If he stopped shouting, I'd think he didn't love me.' So Sheldon said, 'There's an idea for a script and we used it."

Marjorie, very pretty in a chemise dress with hair to her waist, said, "Danny hasn't seen my new haircut. Last season he disapproved the chemise hairstyle. I couldn't cut my hair. Now it is a fait accompli. Of course, they could put me in a wig until my hair grows back, but I'm going to fight for the new hairdo." She lifted up her lemonade grimmly. "Well, we'll see," Dill in the first show, October 6, to see who wins.

An anybody Here Seen Keely: Louis Prima and Keely Smith backed out of Milton Berle's show. Main reason was that, as entertainment personalities, they objected to being turned into a position as just a musical supplement. Prima claims he didn't know he would be expected to wield the stick for the studio orchestra and, as everyone knows, "sticks and batons can break my bones." But Dinah Shore is already after Prima and Keely, selling cornflakes and she've had other offers, so you will have sev- eral opportunities to catch their tremen- dous act. ... The Verdict Is Yours, a big hit, has an unusual audition. The actors and actresses are briefed on a case and then the producer puts them in the position to solve the case. And it's all ad-lib. ... Ventroll- quist Jimmy Nelson hoping to sell a show he calls Mahogany Panel, Jimmy's moderator and all the panelists are dummys. ... Happy days on Dot's "Don McNeill's Breakfast Club Silver Julep" for another year. June McNeill's twenty-five years on the air and fea- turing personalities on his show. ... It was written in young Jack Linkletter's contract that he had to spend a couple of months in Manhattan—just the hot, humid ones—but, if Haggis Baggis continues, it may move to Cali- fornia on September 15. ... Right around the corner is 3-D TV. It will function as a fourth network with Di- mensional Picture Corp. lining up in- dependent stations. First stations ex- pected to be WOR-TV in New York and KJH-TV in Los Angeles. Programming will include first-run pic- tures, Westerns, etc., and the idea is the picture on your set will be made compatible with a simple, inexpensive mask.

Who Shot My Dog? Handsome, amia- ble Richard Crenna ambled into town. As Luke in The Real McCoys, he's al- ways in coveralls. As Walter in the constantly rerunning Our Miss Brooks, he's always in a sweater. He notes, "If I wear a tie and jacket, it's seldom any- one recognizes me. Besides I'm a blond and they all expect me to be dark." Dick's career began at eleven, when he borrowed five nickels from his mother. First nickel was to phone about an au- dition and the others were for bus fare. He got a job in radio and began earning $8,000 a year, added a TV contract, and he's all my own idea and they banked all of my earnings for me. At sixteen, I insisted they let me pay for my own clothes." Never in movies, he's been in hundreds of TV and radio shows, including Gunsmoke, Johnny Dollar, Whispering Streets, a long run in Date With Judy and a sixteen-year run (1942–58) as Bronco Thompson in The Great Gildersleeve. He began playing Our Miss Brooks' Walter at 19. When it went on TV, he was 25. "If I thought I was too old to play a high- school kid and they tested everyone else first. Finally, I made the test with the understanding that, if I didn't like my- self as a teenager, I wouldn't do it, but it turned out all right." Now he's got another long run on his hands in The Real McCoys. He says, "It gets to be a grind with six days a week of filming, but so long as there are lots of laughs on the set, we get humor in the show. Director Hy Averbach may come in and say, 'Today I feel like Fellini,' and we rehearse the show in Italian dialect. Or he makes like Otto Preminger and we do it in broad (Continued on page 16)

Once a teacher, Jacquelyn McKeever is now the apple of Sullivan's eye.
New Patterns for You


9026—Practical twopiece outfit, to mix with your other separates, is pretty in checked wool or winter cotton. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 12–20; 40. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size, 35¢


4855—Jiffy-cut apron pattern—with each apron complete on one piece of tissue. Pin to fabric, cut all parts at once. Three styles are included and each takes 1 yard 35-inch fabric. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Medium Size only, 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.

WHAT’S NEW—EAST
(Continued from page 15)

German until it’s time for the take.” Walter Brennan has a line reserved for fatigue and tension. “When things get rough, Walter gets a sour expression on his face, stares hard at all of us, then snarls, ‘Which one of you no-goods shot my dog?’ That’s always good for a laugh.”

Co-Star Yourself: Most unusual do-it-yourself project has been created by Roufette Records and it is called “Co-Star, The Record Acting Games.” Stars act out scenes from plays, pictures and novels, allowing blank space for you (well, why not?) to read back. It can be done for fun at parties or in all seriousness as an aid in studying drama. For only $3,98, you can co-star with Basil Rathbone, Arlene Dahl, Vincent Price, Tallulah, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Don Ameche—or, if you want straight teenage appeal, with Jimmie Rodgers. . . . And speaking of stars, U.S. Steel Hour has contracted Helen Hayes, her son Jim MacArthur, Eli Wallach and Burt Ives for the new season. All for individual shows. . . . Patti Page took her husband Charles O’Curran to Oklahoma to meet her seven sisters, three sisters-in-law and only UNIVAC knows how many nephews and nieces. Patti, one of the few singers to survive last season, returns weekly on ABC-TV beginning September 24. Her second show, October 1, will be pre-empted for the first of the two Bing Crosby spectaculars, although she will join his star line-up. . . . CBS is broadcasting Giant football games. . . . Budget-conscious NBC is cutting operatic specials to three this season. . . . Old Soldiers Never Die: In October, The Original Amateur Hour, with Ted Mack, moves to CBS-TV at 5:30 on Sundays. It has now played every network, plus some that no longer exist. . . . And who needs oil wells? Goodson-Todman sold What’s My Line? to CBS for $1,240,000, with an additional $800,000 to come if the show survives another five years.

Buttering Toast of the Town: For the first time, Presley is topped in fees. Ed Sullivan notes he’s paying Canada’s Wayne and Shuster more than he paid Elvis. (Elvis got $50,000 for three appearances.) Next date for the comedy duo is September 21. . . . On September 14, Ed unveils something special, the talents of 24-year-old Jacqueline McKeever, who grew up in Catasaqua, Pennsylvania, and until two years ago was a schoolteacher. Jackie was teaching music in New Jersey and commuting to Manhattan to study concert piano. No ambitions, no dreams of show business. While Jackie was a student at a summer music workshop, the director of a neighboring playhouse heard her sing, talked her into joining his chorus. Next summer, she returned to sing ingenue roles in “Oklahoma” and other musicals. This past Broadway season, she held a lead in “Oh, Captain,” starring Tony Randall. She’s no longer a teacher but a shooting star with two movie offers and TV awaiting her free evenings. She says, “I don’t think I could ever teach again. This life is so exciting, a whirlwind.” As musical supervisor for 1,500 children, she recalls, “I’m working on Grim. The paper work, I mean. I enjoyed the children. I used to play piano to get them interested in music.” Her attitude toward marriage has changed. “If I had continued teaching, I’d be married by now. Probably out of boredom, if nothing else. Now there is so much to do and I hardly have time to date, let alone fall in love.” On Ed’s show, Jacqueline will sing two love songs.
The climate is Californian, the accent's British, as John Bentley and son find an unusual home on African Patrol.
whatever you do... be ahead in beauty

Just run a comb through your hair and you’re ready for anything from a bargain hunt to a “special” date or a last-minute invitation. That’s the beauty of a Noreen Rinse; you know your hair always looks lovely. Yet only you know it’s the color magic of Noreen... color-toning each hairstrand evenly... giving your hair a sparkly, youthful look all over. Even unwanted gray is discreetly blended in! Noreen takes only minutes to apply, but stays color-right until next shampoo. Today, choose from Noreen’s 14 colors the shades best suited to your natural hair beauty. Send for literature and free sample offer. Noreen, Inc., 450 Lincoln Street Denver 9, Colorado, Dept. S-8 39¢ and 69¢ (Plus Tax) at cosmetic counters everywhere

COLOR
HAIR
RINSE

INFORMATION BOOTH
(Continued from page 13)

Calling All Fans

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

Hugh O’Brian Friend Club, Joan Rice, 11 Elyar Terrace, Middletown, N.J.
Official David Jansen Fan Club, Millie Vilmer, 3800 Edgerton Road, Brecksville, Ohio.
Everly Brothers Fan Club, Carol Sommer, 65-52 160th Street, Flushing 65, N.Y.

We would like to note a correction on the Mark Rydell club listed in our May issue: The club is in care of Miss Lynn Matusow, at 1100 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N.Y. We are sorry if this misprint has caused our readers inconvenience, and hope prospective joiners of Mark’s club have not been discouraged.

Artist... in Greasepaint

I would like to see a write-up on Lee Marvin, currently in the series, M Squad.
B.J., Raleigh, N.C.

Just ten years ago, actor Lee Marvin was a plumber’s assistant. He never got his license. Sent out to a summer-theater encampment on a job, Lee heard that one of the bit actors had been taken ill. The director, having noticed Marvin’s fine speaking voice and natural projection, offered him the job. Lee caught on fast, and by the season’s end, landed a lead.... Back in New York that fall, Lee worked in TV and off-Broadway drama, and then spent a year on the road. In 1950, he went to Hollywood, where he got all the TV and movie work he could handle.... New York-born, Lee careered through eleven public schools, until the firm discipline of a Florida military academy gave his energies a new direction. He was graduated with top military and academic honors, and enlisted in the Marines. Wounded on Saipan in 1944, Lee spent 13 months in the hospital before his discharge, and then, with no definite goal in mind, just took the jobs as they came. “I disinfected chicken houses all over Delaware,” says Lee, who then tried plumbing. As co-producer and star of the top-rated M Squad, Lee finds the schedule tough but satisfying. Fond of sports cars, hunting and fishing, hefigures he could do without the first if he ever gets to vacation in Tahiti with wife Betty and their four children. “I’d like to take it easy,” says Lee, who dabbles in oils, “.. do the Gauguin bit with the paints and brushes.”

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 YOU'RE READY to watch your favorite program on television and the set suddenly goes on the blink, you're ripe for playing sucker to one of the unscrupulous TV repair racket—if you don’t learn the facts about them. For, at that moment, good judgment often flies out the window and, in a frantic effort to get speedy service or a bargain job, you can be victimized by one of the most costly gyps peddled today.

In New York City alone, the State Attorney General recently charged a single repair firm with defrauding its customers of more than one million dollars in the past five years. So you can imagine what vast sums television set owners waste each year in phony repairs—even though most service firms are honest.

To help guard against the bad practices of the relatively few service dealers who damage the entire industry, there are some simple facts you must learn. They can help you avoid an operator who makes a business of taking advantage of customers and filching dollars from your pockets in false repair bills.

How does he operate? Why can this happen? How can you protect yourself?

According to Victor H. Nyborg, president of the Association of Better Business Bureaus, the thousands of complaints about poor television service rank among the most frequent that come in each year. "As we get more and more gadgets in our homes," he says, "we become hopelessly dependent on repairmen."

Twelve years ago, when television was in its infancy, there were 18,000 technicians engaged in servicing. Today, according to RCA, we have approximately 150,000 technicians whose job it is to service and maintain 45,000,000 television sets so their owners won't miss their favorite programs.

One wit has remarked that—with the possible exception of a wife—the TV set is the most complicated gadget in any home. No question that TV is the greatest entertainment miracle in the world—when it works well. But its mechanism is so complex that, when it breaks down, we are at the mercy of repairmen who may be either experts or gyp artists.

Your television set has about 2,000 different parts and, if you've seen the underside, you know it includes an intricate arrangement of colored wires and solder connections. Added to this are twenty or more electron tubes. There are three or four times as many parts as in a radio, and all must function perfectly to give a clear picture and good sound.

Do you think, with a home-repair booklet, you can repair this maze? Generally speaking you'd only disturb the delicate balance of your set as soon as you began to tinker with its innards—then finally surrender it to a serviceman. Such amateur fiddling has its dangers, too, because of electrical shock or picture-tube explosion. (Even an old, cast-off picture tube can be dangerous and should never be kept around the house.)

A couple of common-sense tips can help you insure expert and honest service. For example, a conscientious repairman almost always (Continued on page 59)
Larry Dean Sings Out
By MARTIN COHEN

All the excitement about young Larry Dean, featured vocalist with Lawrence Welk, is easy to understand. Larry, with his hazel eyes and curly brown hair, is the kind of lad who makes many gals sigh and feel far out—a romantic concept enhanced by the duets he sings with Dianne Lennon. Dianne’s father, Bill Lennon, gives Larry a wink when they meet, and says, “Looks like we got a big romance brewing here.” Larry winks back with a grin—for he knows, as Bill does, that it can never be. Larry explains, “Most of my fan letters suggest that Dianne and I should hurry up and get engaged. I answer every one of the letters and tell them that I already have a family. The funny part of it (Continued on page 75)

With Dianne Lennon on the Welk shows, it’s a romantic duet to music. With his beautiful wife, it’s a romantic duet for real.
Sweet as Sugar Candy

Dancing and singing make gay “work” for the young Lennons on the Lawrence Welk shows. Above, square-dance practice with Myron Floren, maestro Welk, kid sister Janet and bearded Pete Fountain—just before dress rehearsal—catches Dianne with hair still in pins. Below, she runs through one of the romantic duets with Larry Dean which are often featured on the TV programs.

Dianne of the fabulous Lennon Sisters looks at the world with sense and sensibility . . . and loves it all

By EUNICE FIELD

Many are the loves of Dianne Lennon—and yet she is not in love. At eighteen, when most girls are in a romantic dither, searching for “the man of their dreams,” the eldest of the singing Lennon Sisters has taken a straight, hard look at the real everyday world and found it good. Dianne “DeDe” Lennon, sweet-voiced, blue-eyed and utterly feminine, may not be in love with love, but she most certainly is in love with life.

Perhaps the greatest love in DeDe’s life is her family—the fun, security and

Continued

Welk’s proud of his talented quartet: Peggy, 17; Dianne, 18; Kathy, 14; and Janet, 11. There are more little Lennons at home—four younger brothers and a baby sister. “DeDe” (Dianne) adores them all, has always preferred familiar places and faces, even on dates. Dick Gass (facing page) attended same school and church, but has only seven brothers and sisters compared with her eight!
“Jim’s beach” (so-called after a Lennon uncle) is one of DeDe’s favorite spots. She often swam there with sister Kathy and Dick Gass. Below, with Dick, on one of last “civvy” dates—he’s in the Army now.

excitement of having lots of brothers and sisters. “I’m not saying that brothers and sisters are always perfect little angels,” she says. “They can be pesty, mischievous and a problem. But they can also fill your life with hundreds of interesting experiences that will always be with you to warm your heart, no matter what happens. From the parents down, each member of the family relies on the others, and all of them feel needed and useful. Nobody ever feels left out of things, lonely or lost. I can’t imagine anything more wonderful than being part of a big family.”

DeDe’s immediate family consists of father Bill; mother Isabelle (everybody calls her “Sis”); Peggy, 17; Kathy, 14; Janet, 11; Danny, 8; Patrick, 6; Billy, 4; Mimi, 3; and baby Joey, one. It is DeDe’s proud boast that she has diapered and helped raise every one of the happy brood since Janet. “I’m just piling up experience,” she twinkles. “I expect someday to outdo my parents by at least a couple of babies, and I want to be ready.”

DeDe also has a love for familiar places. To some people, Venice is the name of a far-off romantic place in Italy. To many Californians, it is just another small town near the Pacific Ocean, an hour’s drive from the heart of Hollywood. But, to DeDe, it is not (Continued on page 68)
When Dick visited DeDe at rehearsal, they couldn’t resist the danceable music. They love classical jazz, like nothing better than hearing Pete Fountain play.

1914 Dodge was used as "prop" on a Welk show. (One of DeDe’s best-loved memories is of the little Len nones pooling their pennies to buy gasoline for "Daddy’s vacation.")

They both think “glamour” is a big deal. Hairdresser Althea Cole takes job more seriously for TV, though DeDe’s fresh charm needs little help for the cameras.

Still saving money? Two straws for one soda is strictly a rib, though Dick and DeDe both prefer quiet-type dates—movies, church socials, even babysitting for friends.

*Lawrence Welk’s Dodge Dancing Party,* on ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk’s Top Tunes And New Talent* is seen on ABC-TV, Mon., from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Plymouth Dealers of America. His “Champagne Music Makers” are heard on various programs over ABC Radio, including *The Lawrence Welk Army Show,* see local papers.
“Mr. Television” speaks out about why he’s resuming his love affair with the viewers of America
By HERBERT KAMM

At nine o'clock, New York time, Wednesday night, October 8, a "prodigal son" will smile his Bugs Bunny smile into a television camera and resume a cross-country romance that went on the rocks two years ago. You'll recognize him the instant the magic of electronics flashes his famous physiognomy on your home screen. Milton Berle ... Mr. Television ... Uncle Miltie ... will be launching a "comeback" after a widely chronicled estrangement from his beloved video public.

Except for a few special appearances—notably a dramatic performance on Kraft Theater, the Emmy Awards show, and a fill-in for Red Skelton—Berle has been in a TV blackout since June, 1956. Now, with NBC providing prime time and full color facilities, he stands poised to bid for weekly welcome into American homes again with a half-hour variety show he promises will be smooth, slick, and properly silly.

In many ways, Berle's rapprochement with television is a curious one. He needs money like Bardot needs falsies. He could kiss TV goodbye forever, and still collect an annual bundle under (Continued on page 70)

The Milton Berle Show will be seen on NBC-TV, Wednesdays, 9 P.M. EDT, beginning on October 8, under the sponsorship of Kraft Foods.

Television missed Uncle Miltie, but perhaps never realized how much, until he literally stole the show as an emcee at this year's Emmy Awards Dinner (above with Dave Garraway). Such occasional glimpses aren't enough—for either audiences or Milton Berle himself.

Milton gives many reasons for being willing to face the weekly battle again, but most important is his devoted wife Ruth. Many TV stars are cheering, too—including Jan Murray, who gave the Berles a big welcome-back party [with cake] in New York.
Busiest couple in show business, Peter Lind Hayes
and Mary Healy still find time to enjoy home and family.
By ALICE FRANCIS

There's an English Tudor house in New Rochelle, New York, described by its occupants as a "put your feet up wherever you want to" home. A roomy, rambling, inviting house which seemed almost too big when they moved into it, a few years back. Somehow now, the walls have shrunk, since the owners have added to their interests, their possessions and their pets. These last include, at the moment, a parakeet and a Java bird and the real boss of the place, a French poodle aptly named "Pierre." Among the other occupants are nine-year-old Peter Michael, known as Mike, seven-year-old Cathy Lynn, and their parents, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy.

Peter and Mary are the husband and wife team who romp through ten minutes of song, sense and nonsense on CBS Radio every weekday at five minutes after noon. On both radio and television, for four and a half years, they substituted for Arthur Godfrey on his morning shows, whenever he was away. (At least, Peter was the official substitute and Mary was always on hand. "I had so much fun on the show, no one could keep me away," she says.)

This season, in addition to radio and TV, Peter and Mary starred in their first Broadway play together—a hit show with the incredible title of "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?"—which opened in New York at the Martin Beck Theater last March 3. Neither Peter nor Mary is a stranger to Broadway, but, until this year, they had been together in every other medium except the legitimate (Continued on page 74)

CBS Radio's Peter And Mary Show is heard M-F, 12:05 P.M. EDT, for A.E. Staley Manufacturing Co.

Outside their suburban home, Peter and Mary play together on the nearby golf course. Inside, they have all the tools of their trade—from music to recorders—for building and bettering their professional partnership.

Their children shun press cameras, but the pet birds and "Pierre," the poodle, are natural hams. The Hayes-Healy boat, Queen Mary II, is not only a hobby but mighty handy for commuting to busy New York schedule.
If there are sharper cracks to be made, let Groucho sharpen them up.

But, back home at the hacienda, Marx is putty in the hands of his two favorite girls
Despite the ironic leer, Groucho's a loving father and considerate husband. Daughter Melinda has him helping with homework (even math), and wife Eden—as the camera proves—has him eating out of her hand.

By EDEN MARX
as told to Maxine Arnold

When I met him, I had been laughing for a long time at the man I was to marry. I hadn't seen all his movies, but to me—along with many others—Groucho Marx meant an amorous mustache punctuated by a cigar. An undiluted wit who waggled his eyebrows and walked in a lope, usually stalking some glamorous game across the screen. He was also conducting a mad game-of-knowledge of sorts on radio. I loved his uninhibited humor and I seldom missed a show.

So I was already his fan, when I wandered on a sound stage at RKO studios several years ago and met the "men" I'm married to now. . .

My sister and I had come to Hollywood for a career then. I was doing some modeling and I'd done a few bits in motion pictures, nothing memorable. My sister was working at RKO in "A Girl in Every Port," starring Marie Wilson and Groucho. I met him when I visited her on the set, we started dating . . . and a career became of diminishing importance to me. The odds for happiness were with him.

Ours was a very quiet wedding, which was the way we both wanted it. We took Groucho's daughter, Melinda, to Sun Valley, Idaho, ostensibly for a vacation, and we were married at the Lodge there. As I remember, it was a surprise to the press, but I'd been going with Groucho for four years then—so it wasn't a surprise to me. My reaction was "Ah-h-h, at last." I considered it more in the nature of a victory.

The years we've spent together since have in no way altered that opinion. The Groucho I know now,
Tough-talking Softie
(Continued)

Because Eden studied art, Groucho left the interior decorating to her—except for his own room. He thinks hers is wild, with its king-sized circular bed. Eden hardly knows what to think of his, with its "electrifying" bed which sits up and does tricks.

Modern styling doesn't free him from old California the homemaker, the husband, the father—and the wit—is deeply intelligent, warm, sensitive ... with a heart as uninhibited as his humor. As he's pointed out to me, there aren't many old-fashioned husbands left today who will build a woman a new $200,000 home ... just because she wants a sunken bathtub. Which, he estimates, makes ours the most expensive bathtub since the Roman Empire.

It's true that the whole idea of building our new Modern home in the hills off Sunset started because I'd admired a sunken tub I'd seen in Groucho's brother's home. They dig them like pools, and the second floor of the two-storey house we were living in then offered a problem.

Groucho likes the cleanswept lines of Modern, and he'd gotten a little tired of the rambling old Mediterranean-style house we had, which was so big and so—Beverly. He was, however, a little heartbroken when he had to leave the beautiful avocado trees and fruit trees he'd raised there. When my hus-

The Best Of Groucho is seen on NBC-TV, Thursdays, 8 P.M., through September 18, sponsored by the De Soto—Plymouth Dealers of America and The Toni Company. Beginning September 25, Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life will be seen on NBC-TV, Thursdays, 10 P.M., sponsored by Toni and Lever Brothers. The radio version of Groucho's popular quiz program is heard over NBC, Mondays, 8:05 P.M. (All times EDT)
custom—cleaning pool. (He prefers leaves on trees.)

band talks to a contestant on You Bet Your Life about trouble with his avocado trees, he knows what he’s talking about. Groucho is a little in love with trees, really. He’s a very active Sunday-gardener and spends a lot of time pruning the young kumquat and lemon trees at our new home now.

The house, however, was something else. He loves it as much as I do, but, throughout most of the whole operation, Groucho was an interested but detached bystander. He didn’t want to have anything to do with it, really, except pay the bills—for which, by then, there was no alternative.

Architect Wallace Neff, who’d built homes for all the Marx brothers, planned our nine-room Modern home just for us, with a barroom that doubles for a guest room. I’ve studied art and I do some painting, and Groucho was more than agreeable to leaving the interior decorating to me. He was always standing by to approve the final results, but—like many men—he wanted no (Continued on page 65)
Tough-talking Softie
(Continued)

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Modern styling doesn't free him from old California

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The TEXAN
Takes It Easy

Rory Calhoun has learned a lot from his TV work . . . his wife Lita . . . and most of all, their tiny daughter

Californian by birth, Texan by TV-adoption, Rory has enough energy—and projects—for two men. Suddenly, he realized how little time he allowed himself for his home and lovely wife Lita (above and on opposite page).

Little as she is, it was Rory’s and Lita’s own living doll, Cindy Frances, who taught him how to relax. Now he has the time—and patience—to sit still, holding a pet kitten, and to cheer on a wee rider of a hobby-horse.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

When Rory Calhoun sat down behind his executive desk, it was neatly arrayed with a half-dozen scripts, several pads of paper and two dozen freshly sharpened pencils. As he has done frequently since he started to work on his new TV series, The Texan—in which he stars and which he co-produces with his agent and Desilu—Rory had put aside three Sunday afternoon hours to work through the following week’s schedule.

He had just finished his first notation, when Cindy Frances Calhoun, his eighteen-month-old daughter, pushed open the heavy door leading into the den and toddled up to her father’s desk. “Help . . . Daddy . . .” she cooed coaxingly. Rory looked down with a smile. “You want me to help you with anything, honey?” “No, Daddy. I help . . .” (Continued on page 71)
The Secret Storm: Thoughts of possible re-marriage for her widowed father (played by star Peter Hobbes) lead Susan Ames (Mary Foskett) to the coolest of greetings for Myra (Joan). Off-TV, romance gets a warmer welcome from Joan and Robert Foster, a director-producer—wed just this June.

By PAUL DENIS

Some people would call it fate. Others might say it's just coincidence. The fact remains: This year, Joan Hotchkis is a schoolteacher on TV—lovely Myra Lake of The Secret Storm. Just four years ago, Joan was indeed teaching little children in New York City—with a secret storm brewing in her heart. In the years between, Joan has found peace of mind—and a happiness she had never even imagined. . . .

She had been so tired, that spring day of 1954, as she walked home from the Boardman School. It was not, she assured herself, that she didn't adore the youngsters. She just felt exhausted. But she brightened as she 'met Sheila Pinkham, who had been her fellow student at Smith College, majoring in drama while Joan herself was majoring in psychology.

"I'm going to my acting class," Sheila told her cheerfully. "Why don't you come along?"

So . . . Joan went with Sheila, sat watching the class of budding actors and actresses taught by Alexander Kirkland. She liked what she saw and heard, asked if she could drop in again. Soon, she enrolled in the class . . . for fun. But it wasn't long before Kirkland told her she was really good, that she was burying her talents in the teaching field. And then the great personal conflict began.

Since Joan left Smith, she had been studying, teaching and doing field work among the less fortunate in slum districts. She loved it, yet she was tired and restless. But—after her weekly class in acting—she felt lively and happy. She began to suspect that she was in teaching, not because it was the right career for her, but because...
it was "the right thing to do" . . . that, deep down in her heart, writing and acting were the only things she really enjoyed doing.

When vacation time came around, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Hotchkis of Los Angeles, invited her along to Europe. Her dad, United States representative to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, was on his way to Geneva. Joan went with them as far as Paris, stayed there a few weeks, then went to Scotland to see her relatives. All during her trip—and on the voyage home—she considered the problem. Wondering about her future, she looked back to the past . . . to her childhood and the large ranch at Long Beach, California, which had been in the family four generations.

Born September 21, 1932, Joan had been brought up in a household where weighty subjects were daily conversation. Her father, insurance executive and civic leader, was also senior adviser to Ambassador Lodge at the U.N. Her mother had once played Juliet—at Miss Ransom's School for Girls—but no one in Joan's household ever thought of acting as a career.

Joan recalled how happy she had been, at the Huntington School in San Marino, because of her activities in dramatics. At Polytechnic Elementary School, she had taken cultural courses. At Westridge School for Girls, in Pasadena, she had taken part in plays and had been class valedictorian. Indeed, she had gone on to Smith because she’d heard it offered fine drama courses.

Once there, however, she had denied her heart and had majored in psychology . . . because it was the only subject she liked, besides drama. Looking back, she realized she had lacked confidence in her artistic yearnings: "So I had chosen a field, social work and teaching, where I knew I could efface myself."

She had been a fine student, on the dean's honor list. But she had been withdrawn, reserved, and painfully thin. She had only one date during her freshman year. She never (Continued on page 80)
Joan has always liked to cook, was delighted to learn that Bob not only enjoys good food, but is quite a chef himself.

Home blends new items with older ones from "bachelor" days. Joan began collecting art with her first TV money.

Outstanding feature of their New York apartment is the second-storey terrace, which reminds Joan of California architecture.
**Love Isn’t a Sometime Thing**

Thinking of marriage, Ronnie Burns is guided by a mighty fine example: George and Gracie—in person

By NANCY ANDERSON

Humming absently, Ronnie Burns reached for a towel and dabbed the final traces of lather from his cheek. He was feeling good tonight, relaxed and hungry after a day in his boat, and looking forward to his date for the evening. They'd go to dinner somewhere, at a quiet place with good food. Then they'd go to his sister's to baby-sit with the nieces and watch television. He hummed another snatch of melody and reached for the comb.

“'The girl that I marry'... suddenly Ronnie broke off humming in the middle of a bar. Why, he wondered, was he singing that particular song? It was good, sure... one of the loveliest from the lovely score of "Annie Get Your Gun." But did it have a deeper significance—for him? Maybe, subconsciously, he was thinking of getting married. Ronnie gave his brown hair a lick with the comb and tried to analyze his emotions. No, he decided, he didn't have a definite girl in mind just now. He liked too many of them too well. But he certainly did want to (Continued on page 63)

The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show, CBS-TV, Mon., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Carnation Milk and General Mills.

Ronnie’s parents prove his theory: "A couple should work as hard to guarantee their marriage as to earn a living." Though she’s only now retiring from the long hours of show business, Gracie's always been a full-time wife and mother.

Two young "pros"—Ronnie, and Rick Nelson—talk shop on McCadden lot (George Burns' TV producing firm).

As baby-sitter for sister Sandy’s little Lissa and Lori, Ronnie adds an extra—he teaches 'em to swim!

At Scribner's Drive-in, with dee-jay Lash Lazarr, the new disc star autographs "Kinda Cute" for fans.
“TODAY IS OURS”

Patricia Benoit—actress, wife and mother—lives the title of her new daytime drama both on and off TV

By FRANCES KISH

Entering through the long hall of Patricia Benoit’s New York apartment, you pass a variety of objects. First, a man’s bicycle. This belongs to Peter Swift, man of the house. In private life, Pat is Mrs. Swift, and Peter uses the bike to get back and forth through crowded city traffic to his job with a magazine.

A little farther on is a tricycle, belonging to three-year-old Jerry (short for Jeremy). Parked beyond that is a baby carriage, the property of Nicky (short for Nicholas), not yet a year old. A stroller and a kiddie-cart stand at rakish angles. A rocking horse has just been abandoned, but the gallant steed still quivers from its young master’s brisk cantering down some road of his imagination.

It’s a big apartment, described by Pat as "undistinguished, but a place that’s a mixture of things the children can’t hurt and everyone can live with comfortably and feel at home." Done mostly in beiges and browns, with enough touches of bright color to attract the eye.

On television, Pat Benoit (pronounced Ben-wah) is feminine star of the NBC-TV daytime drama, Today Is Ours. (Continued on page 67)
MAVERICK

TRAIL TO ROMANCE

Jack Kelly (alias "Brother Bart") believed in traveling alone . . . till he met Donna and discovered that life's greatest journey is made by two

By MARGARET WAITE

MAVERICK is not only the title of ABC-TV's popular adventure series, and the last name of its brother-heroes, Bret (James Garner) and Bart (Jack Kelly). It's a time-honored Western term for an unbranded calf, a roving man without family ties—anything which wanders off the beaten path or balks at being roped into the herd. And, romance-wise, Jack "Brother Bart" Kelly was following a maverick trail indeed . . . until that night in a little Arizona town . . .

Jack Kelly held his Donna close, there in the clear moonlight. They had traveled all day through the hot and dusty desert. The only way they'd known they

Continued

Brothers Bart and Bret, played by Jack Kelly and James Garner, are roving-eye bachelors on Maverick. Off stage (and on opposite page), there's a pretty Mrs. Kelly—nee Donna Lee Hickey, better known to fans as May Wynn.

Jack calls her "Donna." They've been inseparable since their marriage, and even write scripts together. Jack's also busy working on a fountain outside their bedroom window because "Donna thought it would be romantic."
had finally reached their destination was the sign, "Quartzite, Arizona—Let's Be Friends: Let's Get Married." It was a proud announcement, a debonair suggestion. But around Jack and Donna were only a half-dozen stores, a few rather dilapidated buildings—one of them a wedding chapel—and then vast expanses of sand...sand...and more sand.

They had already awakened the justice of the peace, and followed his instructions along a dirt road three miles down the pike until they reached a ranch house where a sleepy-eyed woman had provided a marriage license. Now they were back again at the J.P.'s, standing in the middle of a desperately lonely night. Donna was wearing black because it was the best thing she had to travel in, and there were no flowers...the trip had been too long and hot for them to last, and no florist was open now in Quartzite.

Suddenly overcome with the shabbiness of the whole procedure, Jack said, "Honey, this is meant to be a sacred ceremony. Are you sure you want to go through with it in this kind of unrealistic setting?"

Donna looked him squarely in the eye. "No."

Kelly's jaw dropped—but only for a moment. Donna's gay laugh rang out, and they were in each other's arms, laughing and crying over the sure, secret knowledge that no material things could ever come between them and their love. The wondrously clear desert night was full of stars. "There will never be anything ugly in the world for us," Donna told him, "as long as we look up. We can always rise above the things around us, so long as there are stars above us."

And so they were married, bringing together two of Ireland's oldest and proudest clans...

Jack Kelly and Donna Hickey (May Wynn of TV and screen fame) had known each other for a long time. They had worked together in two pictures, "The Violent Men" and "They Rode West," but had never become a Hollywood twosome. Somehow, however, Donna remained in Jack's mind and he remained in hers.

Today, he is able to recall specifically on just what occasions he saw her at public functions, whom she was with, and what she was wearing. She, too, kept the big, goodlooking Irishman fresh in her mind...so that one day, some five years after their first meeting, when she was on the Warner lot and learned that Jack was working there, she asked Solly Baiano, the casting director, if she might go on the set and visit him. "It's quite a walk," Solly pointed out to her. (Continued on page 78)
kitchen—"Hickey" hopes they also have a snack for poodles.

Jack cuts up his own firewood, and he himself has made most of the improvements around the honeymoon cottage, just big enough for two. No longer footloose, he explains: "I'm a home-stayer, course-charter, a follow-througher!"

There's usually a game going, too. Jack and Donna have 'em in progress all over the house, from chess to Chinese checkers. The Kellys are making up for lost time now—all those dates they missed, in the first years after they met.

Jack Kelly co-stars in Maverick, ABC-TV, Sun., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Kaiser Industries, Kaiser Aluminum, and The Drackett Co.
Jack believes in serenading his fair lady, Donna, even after he's won her.

MAVERICK
TRAIL TO ROMANCE
(Continued)

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Ralph Edwards' Reunions

Millions thrill to these dramatic moments on his great shows.

Few know the enormous work, the uncounted hopes and fears, each one involved

Reunion within a reunion, on This Is Your Life, was a single project accomplished by Edwards' amazing staff. That memorable night, Ralph not only brought together the four Keyser brothers and their mother—lost to each other for years—he also reunited Roy Keyser with his six children, separated during guerrilla days in the Philippines.
Daughters regained: Above, with Ralph on *This Is Your Life*, Emma Jo Wengert, wrongly imprisoned for murder, is welcomed by the parents who had believed her dead. Below, with Bill Leyden on *It Could Be You*, Hannelora greets her mother after rescue from behind Iron Curtain.

Father's day, as Bill reunites Milan Senic with the baby girl "lost" during war. "My daughter, my tall daughter," said Milan, unable to believe his eyes.

By FREDDA BALLING

If this were a TV drama, the story might open in the small living room of a modest Los Angeles home, with the camera slowly moving closer to a woman who huddles in one corner of the sofa, crying as she studies the photograph of a golden-haired little girl. A tall man enters, takes her in his arms and says soothingly, "Now, Elvie, it won't do any good to sit here like this, night after night. Everybody is doing everything possible to rescue Hannelora." Leaning against her husband's strength, the woman can only answer in a muffled voice, "I will never see her again—my baby with the blue, blue eyes."

Drama, yes. And TV had a hand in the story's subsequent development. But this was not television "theater," with professional performers. These were real people, facing a personal tragedy. Months later, all across America, viewers of *It Could Be You* were to rejoice in the happy ending which TV wrought for a grieving mother.

This is how the story began, over in Germany, where Elvira married Horst Liebke just after the war. In 1950, their daughter Hannelora was born. Because Horst Liebke's family lived in East Germany, Elvira followed her husband behind the Iron Curtain. Only then (Continued on page 72)

*It Could Be You*, emceed by Bill Leyden, is seen regularly on NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 12:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship—and also as summer replacement for Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* (returning Sept. 24), on NBC-TV, Wed., at 10 P.M., sponsored by Procter & Gamble.
Smorgasbord in Season
Be it hot or cold, Alice Frost of The Second Mrs. Burton has just the answer for a tempting buffet

MEATBALLS

Makes 10-12 servings
Combine:
2 pounds lean beef, ground  2 teaspoons salt
1 pound lean pork, ground  ¾ teaspoon black pepper
½ pound veal, ground  2 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Mix well. Then combine:
1 cup grated white-bread crumbs
1 cup milk

Let stand until thickened. In meantime, cook in skillet:
1 onion, chopped
3 tablespoons butter

Add to meat with soaked crumbs and stir with long-handled fork until mixed. Continue adding milk until as much as possible has been absorbed. The more this mixture is stirred, the greater the volume and the lighter the meatballs become. Set aside in a cool place for an hour. Then dust hands with flour, shape mixture into small balls and fry slowly in butter or margarine until brown. Remove from skillet with slotted spoon and keep warm, covered in a serving dish over very low heat. If desired, serve with a gravy made by thickening slightly the fat left in the skillet and adding broth or water to desired consistency. Season to taste.

QUICK PEA SOUP

Makes 8 servings.
Heat three cans condensed pea soup, diluted according to directions, with finely cut cooked ham.

OPEN-FACE SANDWICHES

Alice suggests planning 3 or 4 to a person. Use thin slices of dark or light bread, well buttered, for each of the following open-face sandwiches:

- Mix small pieces of cold lobster and asparagus with mayonnaise. Spread on small lettuce leaf atop buttered bread. Garnish with asparagus tip.
- Slice a hard cooked egg, “fan out” slices across bread. On this, place a thin slice of tomato and 2 or 3 anchovy fillets. Top with a bit of watercress.
- Spread thin ribbon of scrambled eggs (delicious, even cold) diagonally across slices of fresh smoked salmon. Garnish center with finely chopped chives.
- On one-half, place overlapped slices of hard cooked eggs. On other half, overlap slices of tomato. Down center, overlap about four finely sliced onion rings (not slices). Garnish center with watercress.
- Cut slices of liver paté and top with thin slices of pickled cucumber. Garnish center with a few cubes or small bits of jellied consomme.
- Cover bread with slices of roast pork. Decorate with pickled cucumber and sliced beets.
- Use slices of cooked beef. Decorate with chopped pickle at one end, fresh shredded horseradish at the other—slice of tomato in center.

Imagination will suggest other combinations (such as shrimp salad) and variations of the garnishes mentioned above. And don’t forget cheese, good and sharp! Either sliced on sandwiches or—if there’s room on your table—separate plates of the various distinctively Scandinavian cheeses, to be cut at will by your guests.

Doughter of a Swedish Lutheran minister in Minnesota, Alice Frost is truly a fair-haired Scandinavian. Today, she’s best known as Marcia Burton Archer, sister-in-law of The Second Mrs. Burton. But there’s a Nordic nip, not only in her own name, but in her early long-run roles as the distaff side of radio’s Mr. And Mrs. North and “Aunt Trina” of TV’s Mama. On Broadway and CBS Radio, Alice’s versatility covers an international range of roles, including heavy drama. In private life, her taste tends toward the light and spicy Scandinavian when it comes to food. That means “smorgasbord,” a word which can cover as many courses as a state banquet or be as simple as a family picnic. The only essentials: Both hot and cold dishes, seafood and meat, a variety of cheeses—all served buffet style, come-and-get-it. Alice’s husband, Willson Tuttle, is an advertising man, and entertaining must be fitted into a busy schedule indeed—particularly since Bill’s work often calls him to the Coast. For small gatherings of friends and fellow cast-members from The Second Mrs. Burton, Alice has found a simplified smorgasbord invaluable . . . open-face sandwiches provide the necessary variety without a multiplicity of plates, meatballs are a warm and filling main dish, and your choice of soup can be served hot or cold, depending on the weather. Any way you dish it up, smorgasbord is always in season—and always satisfying to both eye and palate.

Alice is Marcia Burton Archer in The Second Mrs. Burton, as heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 2:15 P.M. EDT.
TNT Boy from TEXAS

Jimmy Dean has it made—as a TV host with the most. Here's the picture story of his career.

Boyhood days in Plainview, Texas. Dean family was deeply religious, regularly sang hymns together. Here Jimmy and brother Dan (left) are on their way to church.

Jimmy's mother was a mail-order taught piano player, taught Jimmy to play when he was about ten. He later picked up the accordion, guitar and fiddle, kept on singing.

Air Corps, 1946. Jimmy wrote on back of picture, "On left, Payne. That fellow at right, I don't know, but if his ears were a little longer, he'd pass for a donkey, yes, sir."

Wedding day for Jimmy Dean and Sue Wittauer, the pretty girl who came to a Washington night club with friends, met Dean and shortly married him. Jimmy had always been shy, says he was never really in love until he met Sue.

In late June of 1957, Variety, the bible of show biz, filed a prophetic bit of copy about Jimmy Dean. "Dean is a potential piece of entertainment TNT—he can explode into a top name at just about any time." The explosion came with a bang almost exactly one year later, when the CBS network signed Jimmy to a long-term exclusive contract—then plunged into active plans for his Monday-through-Friday daytime show on CBS-TV, now being planned as a general variety divertissement for viewers who yearn for relaxation in the early afternoon.

Just turned twenty-nine, Jimmy takes this remarkable career jump with a charming "gee-whiz" attitude. Asked point-blank why he figured the CBS people considered him as a potentially hot TV host and performer, he said, "Gosh! I never thought about it." Jimmy himself is the first to admit that, though he records as a singer for Columbia Records, his voice is no super-smash and, while he plays piano and accordion, plus some fiddle and guitar, he never expects to be a really top-notch instrumentalist. One thing Jimmy Dean does have, in double-barrel volume, and that's a relaxed, natural charm. This quality of niceness is comparable to Garry Moore's "lovable" quality. Both men are capable, seemingly with no effort at all, of projecting character out

CBS-TV's Jimmy Dean will switch from Sat., 12 noon EDT, to a new variety format, tentatively scheduled M-F, at 2 P.M., about mid-September.
Texas-born singer Jimmy Dean records pop songs as well as country-and-Western and religious music. His latest on Columbia label is "You Should See Tennessee, Mam'selle," with "School of Love" on the flip side, backed by Ray Ellis band.
Broadcasting from WMAL, Washington, D.C., Dean and his troupe of country-and-Western singers and instrumentalists began to build an audience with good-humored, folksy tunes, sparked to something out of the ordinary by Dean's own grass-roots wit. Nationwide success came with the coast-to-coast show on CBS-TV.

Not the least of Dean's accomplishments is his wish to showcase new talent. Here, in the early days of show on WMAL, Dean shoots the breeze with Elvis, then a little-known touring singer from Memphis. Dean has also featured George Hamilton IV, many others.

TNT Boy from TEXAS

(Continued)

of the TV screen and making the viewer say, "I like that man." To an objective observer, Jimmy Dean is indeed—because of this golden natural asset—a package of entertainment TNT.

Jimmy Dean's life started out on a farm near Plainview, Texas, with a music-loving family whose greatest pleasure was to sing hymns together. His mother had learned (via a correspondence course) to play the piano, and hiked Jimmy onto the piano stool when he was about ten to learn piano, too. A natural music talent soon emerged, and Jimmy mastered piano, accordion, guitar, and fiddle—meantime singing up a storm with gospel tunes and the region's country and Western songs. In 1946, when he was 18, Jimmy joined the Air Corps, spent part of his service days at Bolling Field. While there, he and some Army buddies formed a combo and played local spots for $5 a night, plus tips. After discharge in 1949, Jimmy and his friends moved into Washington and tried to make a go of it as performers. Some pretty grim days followed, until the group was spotted by Connie B. Gay, country-and-Western impresario, and signed for several tours out of the country to entertain American troops. Gay also

The land-based Jimmy Dean show took to the water again last June to stage a special razzle-dazzle show, featuring champion water-ski performers from Tommy Bartlett's Cypress Gardens, Florida troupe. Jimmy's a natural athlete, had no trouble keeping up a running fire of commentary with portable mike, while skiing at top speed behind power boat.
Dean has boundless energy, will tackle any kind of location broadcast under off-beat conditions. When the Navy held an International Naval Review in June, 1957, Dean and his troupe went to Norfolk, performed all week for seamen of seventeen nations.

At Boy Scout Jamboree early in June, 1958, Dean was honored and touched to receive citation from the Scouts. Jimmy felt a special warmth about the occasion, since he had never been a Scout in boyhood—Dean family finances had made it impossible to afford even moderate cost of the Boy Scout suit.

booked the group frequently on Town And Country Jamboree. A kinescope of their performance was shown to CBS executives by Gay, and the group was signed to do an early-morning spot out of Washington on the network. At this point a miracle occurred. The show began to draw 25,000 letters each week from avid viewers, and the CBS network found itself topping the NBC competition, Today, on the ratings. Somewhat confounded by their own success, CBS decided to see whether the Dean group would succeed in a night-time spot. During June, 1957, Dean’s show went on Saturday nights as a summer replacement. When September came around, the network switched the successful Dean show to an hour-long Saturday spot, with Jimmy lending his easy, relaxed talent to the hosting duties. Ad-lib humorous “talk” was the keynote of Jimmy’s show, backed with a talented group of singers and instrumentalists. Now Jimmy’s no longer a “country boy,” but soon to be a full-time star, throughout the workday week, in a new variety format beamed coast-to-coast over the CBS-TV network. Our TNT boy from Texas has really struck it big in big-time television!

On hand for family gathering at edge of the Potomac after water-ski show were Jimmy’s wife Sue, daughter Connie, 4, and son Gory, 7. The Deans are a close-knit family, lived in Arlington, Va., near Washington, until Jimmy’s new show commitment in New York City brought them north to an apartment-based life near the Big Town in early fall of ’58.
The Wonderful World of WALTER O'KEEFE

After twenty-six years in radio, the host of Nightline finds himself more active, more devout, more content, than he has ever been before

By DIANE ISOLA

It was a beautiful spring day in Pasadena, and Walter O'Keefe was thinking how glad he was to be living in California, when a phone call jarred his reverie. "Walter," said the voice at the other end, "we're going to put on a new radio show. We want you to host it."

"Not so fast," Walter chuckled. "Tell me something about the show."

As he listened, he became interested. "Fine," he said. And then came the drawback: The show would emanate from New York, four days a week. That would mean moving from Pasadena, his home ever since the boys were small lads. It would mean that he couldn't see his two sons as frequently. He thought about it for a long time before deciding.

But, now, after a year and a half of hosting NBC Radio's popular Nightline, Walter's qualms have melted in a satisfying new life filled with exciting (Continued on page 77)

Walter O'Keefe is host of Nightline, NBC Radio's "open line to the world," heard on Mon. and Wed., 8:30 to 10 P.M., Tues. and Thurs., 8:05 to 10 P.M. (All times are EDT)

Letters mean a great deal to Walter, bring him very close to his listeners.

Walter loves both radio and Nightline, which leave his days free for such projects as writing a book about humorous incidents in his career. He feels this program's the best of all, enjoys the interviews—and the stimulating conferences with its feature editor Doreen Chu and producer Peter Lessally.
She Can do a Thing with Her Hair

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Shari Lewis, television star and recording artist, is five feet tall, 97 pounds, and owner of eighteen inches of magnificent red hair. Seen Monday through Friday on Hi, Mom and Saturdays on Shariland (WRCA-TV), she fascinates an enormous audience of children with her songs, games and personality puppets who never run out of words, thanks to Shari's gift for ventriloquism. Away from her wide-eyed small-fry admirers, many of whom consider Shari in her Alice-in-Wonderland-type hairdo the prettiest lady they have ever seen (next to Mommy, of course), Shari can twirl her brilliant tresses into a bouquet of more sophisticated styles. Results are enchanting to older audiences, including her recently-acquired husband. Here, with the aid of hair stylist Enrico Caruso, Shari shows some of the ways she can wear her lovely locks. Also present, some of her puppet creations, who have their own opinions of Shari's hairdos.

Above, Caruso puts finishing touch to a style with long hair swept to one side and coiled over ear. "I have to brush my hair to comb it," says Shari, "so fortunately it gets lots of brushing." Below, modeling high-fashion bandeau hairdo, Shari says, "I consider this purely experimental." Says Caruso, "To me, this represents an elegant evening out." "Shucks," comments puppet Hush Puppy to Shari, "I think you're just putting on the dog."
How to Avoid TV Repair Frauds

(Continued from page 19) will ask you to describe the trouble that prompted your call. He will take off the back cover of the cabinet and connect the television set with a special plug and cord he brings along. He will check certain tubes on a tester, depending on the nature of the trouble, or substitute other parts. Finally, he will tell you he has to wait for a part to be shipped to you. If he fails to do these things, or if he just fiddles with the knobs and promptly announces that the set has a complicated ailment that requires a special trip, it’s time to get on your guard. Most likely he never intended to service the set in your home.

If a TV repairman shows up without a kit, of tools, replacement tubes, or even a player’s card, the same warning applies. In an extensive survey, General Electric found that seven out of every ten TV sets can be repaired in the home, often just by replacing defective tubes.

By dealing with unscrupulous repairmen you may lose not only dollars, but perhaps the set itself! About thirty customers of one repair shop of the Better Business Bureau they had been waiting a week to nine months to have their sets returned. Inquiries always brought the same answer: "The part will get on order and your set will be ready for you to pick up in a week or ten days." Finally, when he’d sold enough of the sets that belonged to other people, the operator just locked his doors and disappeared. He may be setting the same trick today in a new stand.

How does the fraudulent operator jack up the cost of simple repairs? Here’s the way that the Better Business Bureau of Oakland, California, found out. Four new television sets were put out of operation by some of the technicians, as a result of a fuse or tube, and each part was marked for identification. Each set was placed in the home of a shopper, who then called suspended-

One set prepared for checking had a single tube disabled, resulting in no picture but good sound. Instead of making a simple repair, a repairman claimed he had to take the set to the shop. Back it came with a bill for $30.25—when it could have been put into good working order for a fraction of the amount of time spent in the shop.

Another set was supposed to have had a tube failure. It was not defective. With the minimum fee to cover expense of send-

The charges for repair vary according to locality, though in some areas it is five dollars.

When this took place, the repairman with suspicion on any "free" offer or any gimmicks that are too good to be true. The TV repair-

One TV owner got a verbal estimate of $17.00 for servicing—but, when the set came back, she was billed for $154.00.

Hugh S. Layman, director of the Better Business Bureau of New York, reported recently that local firms were advertising "free" estimates. Once the repairman arrived, he claimed he couldn’t make an on-the-spot estimate and offered to take the set into the shop. Then came trouble. Once out of the homes, the set may be damaged, without the cus-

A customer in Cleveland found that the advertised "99c" TV set inspection charge was only ninety-nine cents. She then paid ninety-nine dollars for a small picture tube. A few months later, the set needs ninety-nine dollars' worth of repairs! After she paid a three-

Why do so many customers fall for swindler outfits? "Nine out of ten times, it turns out, the customer is so anxious to get TV service that he’s willing to pay a reasonable price. With foresight, and by not being penny-wise and TV-foolish, you can keep your television set in working order and help push the swindlers out of business.

The omen, the gypsy make a lot of noise and attract many customers because it’s so easy for them to make wild promises if they don’t expect to keep them.

Some cities, like Detroit, require TV repairmen to get a license and to display their identification cards. Before city licensing, attempts to prosecute servicemen who made fictitious charges or replaced parts unnecessarily were rare, because it was almost impossible to show criminal intent.

Under the new ordinance, however, incompetent or dishonest repairmen can do so. To prevent their continued to practice, they can be prosecuted for violating the ordinance.

In other cities, the repairmen themselves are given license numbers which "police" repair service and weed out racketeers. Any member who violates the code of fair practice forfeits his membership and is exposed as a shoddy dealer.

Ideally, perhaps, the manufacturer should operate his own service organization. The only manufacturer which does this is RCA.

Just as most people have a family doctor, it’s a good idea to patronize one neighborhood service technician who will service your TV set. Before you call him, however, there are some obvious steps to check.

Try moving your antenna around, and make sure the antenna was installed the right way if the set is completely dead. When you turn on the set, it offers a check to see if your set is plugged in.

Surprisingly, home services has been given fair play. Unlike reputable firms, dishonest out-

To help you avoid worry and loss of money, there are some simple rules you can follow. Ask for the name of a reliable service organization before trouble starts and you want help in a hurry. The firm can give you evidence of satisfactory servicing done in your neighborhood, and you can check their reputation with your local Better Business Bureau.

2. Steer clear of fantastic bargains. Often, the wilder the promise, the smaller the value you receive. Beware of outfits advertising low flat-rate charges per call because they’ll be sure to make up their losses some other way. Be wary of advertising low flat-rate charges per call because they’ll be sure to make up their losses some other way.

3. Get those glowing promises in writing. A responsible repairman won’t object to giving you a written estimate. Some firms itemize his charges. After the itemized bill, it is wise to get a ninety-day guar-

4. Ask to have bad parts returned to you with an itemized bill. Because you are being quoted a job, and itemizing his charges as requested. After the itemized bill, it is wise to get a ninety-day guar-

5. Ask to have bad parts returned to you with an itemized bill. Because you are being quoted a job, and itemizing his charges as requested. After the itemized bill, it is wise to get a ninety-day guar-

9. when you buy a TV set, be sure the service plan is complete. There is no such thing as a "nine-day guar-

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In his songs, there's a harkening back to the men who built that first railroad in Haleyville, the small Alabama town where Jack Turner was born and raised. Jack's songs tell of the warmth and despair, the hope and the sorrow of these strong and robust men, each with a bit of "Paul Bunyan" in him. Jack's own father was one of them, so this country-music balladeer well knows whereof he sings and writes. There's a ring of truth in the music as Jack plays and sings the songs of Hank Williams, the haunting-voiced singer whose mother saw her late son's qualities in Jack and gave the young singer help and encouragement. There's the same raw-boned truth in the songs Jack himself has written—"Walking a Chalk Line," "Model-T Baby," and the two most recent ones he's recorded for M-G-M Records: "Shake My Hand—Meet Mr. Blues" and "Got a Heart That Wants a Home."

Jack Turner himself is a heart that wants a home—and has found one. Its foundations are the programs he does for Station WSFA-TV in Montgomery. The Jack Turner Show is seen Tuesday and Thursday at 5 P.M. With the women and young folk watching, Jack sings, plays guitar and willingly gives young talent a chance to be heard. His daughter Dixie, now thirteen, joins him on many of the songs. To illustrate some music or to caricature one of his celebrity guests, Jack walks up to the drawing board and proves that the hand that strums the guitar can wield chalk or charcoal with equal skill. The menfolk get a chance to see what their families have been raving about when Jack stars on Alabama Jubilee.
Jubilee's gang are, left to right, announcer Curt Blair, fiddler Ray Smith, bass man Ray Howard, singer Betty Howard, emcee and singer Jack Turner, guitarists James Porter and Les Hill Jr., pianist Jimmy Kendricks.

The gladness he knows . . .

the sadness he's known . . .

Jack Turner of WSAF-TV
puts them both in his songs

seen at an all-family hour, on Friday night at 7 P.M.
As to Jack's actual home, it's a white Cape Cod house that grew as the Turner family grew, with Jack and wife Lorene doing all the paneling, tiling and finishing themselves. The first to require one of those upstairs rooms was Tommie Jacqueline, now 15 and planning on becoming an airline stewardess. Charlotte Dixilyn, or Dixie, takes after her dad in both art and music. James Ralph, nine, is all-boy, with a keen interest in fishing, hunting and soap-box derbies.

The entire family shared applause last year when they appeared with Arlene Francis on Home. The past dozen months or so, in fact, have been truly exciting ones for Jack. Aside from his coast-to-coast appearance, he was honored right in his own home town, when the Haleyville High School Alumni Association named him "Alumnus of the Year." Jack's art talent was recognized, too, when the Air University at Maxwell, Alabama, where he's employed as a commercial artist, promoted Jack to the academic rank of Assistant in Graphic Arts.

Versatile Jack started early down the trail that led to his current recognition and popularity. He was just six when he made his debut, winning a blue ribbon for singing "Hickory Dickory Dock." A year later, he traded an oversized sweater for his first guitar. At age nine, he wrote his first song, "An Empty Bonnet," in memory of his great-grandmother. From then on, it was clear that his heart would find its home anywhere that Jack Turner could find music and folks who wanted to listen to it. And these he finds everywhere.
asked about folk music, Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong once snorted: "I don't know any music but folk music. I never heard a horse sing!" But Bash Kennett, a San Francisco wife and mother, begs gently to differ and, more strictly speaking, calls "folk music" the largely anonymous, often unwritten body of song that is handed down from parent to child through the ages. "A vibrant living mirror of humanity," she says. . . . Bash is a twentieth-century link with the tradition of the folk balladeer. Unlike her forerunners, she needn't stroll from place to place to find an audience. Bash (from her family name of Bashford) and producer Kay Rawlings originated Sing Hi—Sing Lo on Station KQED in San Francisco. Thanks to the Educational Television and Radio Center in Ann Arbor, the program is seen across the country over stations of the National Educational Television network. . . . The program is a series of fifteen-minute films using song and dance to tell of the people, events and customs of American history. Its star, in the tradition of minstrels, grew up making music. She turned "pro" after she'd been drafted to sing for her daughter's nursery-school class.

Soon, the lady and her guitar were appearing for family groups, P.T.A., service clubs, scout troupes and hospitals. After a single appearance on a TV amateur show, she was handed a contract. . . . Though her songs are of yesterday, the time she devotes to them has propelled Bash, her doctor-husband and their three daughters into what Bash calls "deep-freeze living," with extensive lists and card files of household hints, recipes and time schedules. "The children have had to assume new personal responsibilities," she says thoughtfully, "but they seem to welcome this." Celie, 8, takes the bus to the dentist when mother isn't available to drive her. Katie, 13, and Carol, 10, often shop for their own clothes. . . . With the three Kennett girls and the three children of producer Kay Rawlings, the two families often vacation at the Kennetts' mountain retreat, 8,000 feet up in the Sierras. While fathers and offspring ski, the two women work on the program. Their conversations mingle program and family ideas. If, in the midst of a domestic—business conference, Kay asks Bash for the nutmeg, the talented well-organized Bash sings out, "Look in the spice shelf under N."
Love Isn’t a Sometime Thing  
(Continued from page 41)

got married one day . . . one day not too far ahead . . . just as soon as he was sure some particular girl was the only one for him.

Fondly, he thought of his mother and father. Boy, if he could be one-half so happy! Theirs was marriage at its best. Even their differences seemed to bring them together. Ronnie had often heard his father say that their independent interests only added spice to the interests they shared.

"Always be careful of couples who are constantly together," his father had joked one day. "The reason they are always together is they don’t trust each other out of sight." Ronnie had had the feeling that George wasn’t entirely joking.

Ronnie’s thoughts reverted to himself. The girl that he’d marry—what would she be like? He mentally catalogued the girls he knew and liked best. What were they like? What did they have in common? In recent weeks, he’d dated stellet and stenographers, students and socialites, and a young executive who operated her own business. All were lots of fun to be with, interested in Ronnie’s favorite pastimes, sailing, swimming, dancing, and watching sports-car races. Some were brassy; some weren’t. Some were prettier than others.

"Say, Ronnie," George Burns poked his head around the bathroom door. "Interrupting the reverie, looks like you’re going out tonight. Could you tell me where you’re going? I might want to get in touch with you later on, to discuss tomorrow’s schedule."

"Oh, sure, Dad," Ronnie motioned George in. "I’m going out to dinner right away, then I’ll be at Sandy’s watching the girls. Six has to go to some meeting or another until about eleven-thirty."

"Fine, son." George started to move away, but something in Ronnie’s expression stopped him. "Is something the matter?" he asked. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Well, yes . . . I guess there is. Just now, while I was shaving, Dad, I started thinking about the girl I’d marry . . . someday . . . and I’d like to ask you: What do you think she’ll be like?"

George Burns’s first impulse was to laugh, but Ronnie was obviously far too serious about this. He was pondering the most important choice he’d ever make, the choice of a wife, and George was flattened to have been consulted. "Ronnie," he said, after some hesitation, "I can’t tell you what kind of girl you’ll marry. But I hope it will be a girl with whom you’ve fought a few rounds. A good fighter’s a healthy sign.

"Here’s how it is: I can’t really get sore at anybody I don’t love. If a person means nothing to you, you can’t care enough about her opinion. See? And I have an agreement about our differences. We bury them with nothing to mark the grave. Then we can’t dig them up."

George tapped the ashes from his cigar. "Did I ever tell you, Ronnie, about my first big fight with Gracie? It came close to being our last. We were playing Hertig and Solomon’s then, on 45th Street in New York, doing a Sunday ‘concert’ when it happened.

"I’d just closed a deal, and I thought it would be fun to sit us up top of the world. I’d just gotten us booked into Cosmos Theater in Washington for $450 a week—a whole of a lot more than we’d ever made before—and I thought she would be thrilled pink. So I beat on her dressing room
Gracie left, didn't. I ever, maybe business the want. And, they joined $450.

“Hello, I thought she’d gone crazy. At first I couldn’t believe my ears. Then I remembered, and I said to myself, ‘Well, I’d like to hear what I said? Four hundred and fifty dollars a week. Besides, a verbal agreement is binding, and I said we’d play the engagement.’”

“I don’t play it,” was all Gracie would say. “But we’re heading the bill.”

“Really? That’s interesting,” I responded. Then everybody would know we were there.”

“I was burned up. Who, I asked myself, does this dame think she is, turning down a $450 offer without even giving a reason? Okay. I didn’t need her. I broke up the act.”

“I looked at her waiting for me to go on—you, straight, foot-tapping—and I wanted to cry. I needed to talk to her, or kiss her. But I didn’t have time to decide just then, because they were playing our entrance music. As we went on, I told myself, ‘Well, I’ll get out of the date. She didn’t answer, and then we were in the middle of our act, experiencing the thrill that comes when you know an audience likes you. I had loved her. Because of that, when we came off, we didn’t mention splitting the act.”

“Instead, Gracie smiled at me and said, ‘You know, I think I’d rather the way things turned out. Instead of deciding I’d loved her, I began hoping she’d forgive me. But she went on, ‘Sorry about the Cosmos Theater. It’s a small thing, but it was all I could think of when I went to bed last night day...’ I played it once. But that’s not the trouble. My sister Hazel’s husband is in the diplomatic service in Washington and she and her husband might be embarrassed for Hazel if we were billed there just now. Now please don’t think this has anything to do with the act. It’s just that the audience loved us, didn’t they?”

“I was so choked up, I could hardly answer. ‘Gracie,’ I said, ‘a minute ago I told myself, I don’t need her. I don’t need her at all. But you can go by what I say. I’m a terrible liar.’

“And, you can’t imagine how happy I was that night. I was in love and I can’t get along without you, either.” It was right after that we married.”

George, Gracie noted, had the special look in his eyes he always got when he talked about Gracie. “And now, boy,” his father concluded, “your mother’s waiting for me. I’m sorry I can’t tell you more about the girl you’re marrying. She’s known for five days. She’s going to love me. I’ve never seen a man, a boy, who’d have a chance of owning the audience, of making the audience love us, didn’t they?”

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“But, you can’t imagine how happy I was that night. I was in love and I can’t get along without you, either.” It was right after that we married.”

Gracie left, didn’t. I ever, maybe business the want. And, they joined $450.

“Anyway, my point is this: Mother and Dad worked together as a team in vaudeville, for a long time before they got married. They were successful, because they learned ways to avoid friction and to bring out each other’s best. They had to. And then, in the years after their marriage. Naturally, you’ve got to have love, but I don’t believe love alone is always enough. It can be killed through carelessness.”

Ronnie looks around the restaurant, crowded with Hollywood notables, then confides, “I’ll tell you something: Lately, I’ve been dating a girl who operates a dress shop. She and her sister own the place and have built it up from a small start. A girl with a background like that should make some fellow a fine wife. She’s learned through experience to be tactful and efficient. Every day, she has to solve all kinds of problems.”

Ronnie motions for another cup of coffee. “If every couple would work as hard at guaranteeing their marriage as they do at earning a living, I believe we’d cut down the divorce statistics.”

“Irresponsible, but I think the answer is—Nothing teaches more about human relations than holding down a job.”

Suddenly, Ronnie’s self-assurance strikes him. He’s thinking an refrain and just sound pretty stuffy. I honestly do believe in the principles I’ve discussed, but I know there’s an exception to every rule. Sometimes, I believe, love knows as love at first sight. It happens. Some people can marry after they’ve known each other twenty-four hours, and be happy forever. Still, a man ought to look for more than beauty when he’s playing for keeps. But, he amends thoughtfully, “it’s hard to know another person just through dates. Nobody is completely natural with a date. At least, I’m not. I’m always hoping that I’m making a good impression. If I were married, I’d let down sometimes.

That was what had been a clear-headed attitude toward marriage isn’t surprising. This, like his attitudes in many areas, is a strong indication of the George Burns influence. George is recognized by the entertainment industry as one of its straightest-thinking members, and in business matters Gracie relies entirely on his judgment. Reversing the coin, George trusts his wife has an instinct in matters of showmanship.

But even if Ronnie had never met George Burns, he’d still play it cool with. Customers into the theater and this is a very naturally a very polite and bright boy. He’s so smart that his publicist makes no effort to steer his interviews. With the press, Ronnie is strictly on his own. He’s picking up a good deal of it all, and him. But he has his mother and father and their manner and what I mean.

“Oh, sure, people laugh when I mention Mother and intelligence in the same breath, but you never ask, ‘Is your mother really like that?’—referring, of course, to her personality on the show. And the answer is an unqualified no. Mother has never been able to handle a manager, and this is a very talented woman. She’s been able to manage a home, rear a family, and be a comedienne at the same time.

She’s one of the hardest workers I’ve ever known. She may not enjoy rejections whether I’ve imagined it or not, but she deserves a chance to try it. All

Forecast:

Art Ford and Alan Freed predict The Big Sound for 1959! Just one of many "exclusives" in the feature-packed issue with Bill Cullen on cover—November TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newstand October 2
Tough-Talking Softie

(Continued from page 33)

part of the decisions. He agrees that the living room turned out rather well. I love old, mellowed wood. We had large heavy coffee tables made of antiqued wood and used them, with a few other Provincial pieces, to warm the Modern. I'd ordered a big walk-in fireplace—and they really gave it to us. It's made of a black flint-like obsidian rock, walk-in and wall-to-wall. At first, I thought I'd created a big black monster, but it goes beautifully with the beige furnishings and the terrazzo floors and the different textures of wood in the completed living room.

We both like Melinda's room, which is done in dusty pink and red, a cute combination for an eleven-year-old. However, Groucho is very amused by my room—and probably with reason. Since I'd done some of the house sort of Provincial, I thought I'd just have fun with my room. I did it in white and gold, with a king-sized circular bed. The big white-marble sunken bath is circular, too, with gold fixtures. He thinks it's a crazy room and, in a way, it is—particularly since I don't even use the sunken tub. Luckily, I put a shower over the tub, so at least it gets wet. And, as I've pointed out to him, the whole motivation isn't lost—there's a certain luxurious feeling about even standing in a sunken bathtub.

Throughout all of this, my husband was an amiable if amused observer—until we got to Groucho's room, and then he stopped me. I was a little disappointed that he wouldn't let me finish decorating it, but he's satisfied with the way it is now. He wouldn't give up his old desk for a new one. And he saw no logic in the cobalt blue quilted bedspread I wanted to have made to go with the blue carpeting.

"Why?" he said. "No one ever sees it!" And there was also to be considered the matter of taking it off and on. As it developed, Groucho was right. Any bedspread would be taking quite a beating.

His only contribution to the entire decor—other than the picture of himself in a Giants baseball uniform he wanted hung in the den—is the contour bed Groucho personally picked out for his room. His brother Gummo had one, and Groucho was fascinated by it. Electrically operated, it has a lever to make the bed go up, and another lever to make the front go up—with the right choreographer, his bed will do just about anything. We have a television set in almost every room in the house, but Groucho's favorite way of watching TV is to fold himself into a knee position in his electric bed. Here he can pull levers and push remote buttons and change position and channel at will.

We always watch You Bet Your Life at home, and Melinda and I are an enraptured audience. So, as a matter of fact, is Groucho. "Boy, that was a good one," he'll snarl sarcastically, at some crack he doesn't like. Then again, he laughs at himself—at the joke—if he thinks it's pretty good.

In my own opinion, Groucho's one of a kind. I don't think anyone else has his particular kind of wit. And, contrary to the popular opinion of comedians, he's just about as amusing at home as he is on TV. Comedians seem to be constantly pictured as men who are addicted to melancholia and to worrying themselves into oblivion. I've read where my husband has always been a worrier, too. But when I've read this, it's like reading about someone-body else—I don't know that man at all. This must have been another man and another era . . . not the man I'm living with now.

He's done You Bet Your Life so long on radio and television now, it's fairly easy for him, and having an answer for anything that happens—anywhere—is never a strain. Any contestant on the show who asks for an answer—whether through nervousness or bravery—has my whole sympathy. I never match words with him at home. Not with jokes, certainly. That would be pretty lethal. I just amuse him by being a woman—which is the safest way.

Groucho himself doesn't go around the house making jokes all the time. But he has a wonderful sense of humor, and when the occasion warrants—or when it doesn't—he can be a very amusing man. Even when something untoward happens—the little emergencies in day-to-day living—I can count on Groucho to lighten it some way.

Once Groucho and Melinda and I got lost in the desert late at night, and it could have been pretty grim. We were looking for a new guest ranch where we'd planned to stay. For a man who's so well organized generally, my husband's terrible at directions in a car. Finally we drove into a sand bank—dead-end. We'd been driving for hours, we were exhausted, dirty and disheveled. It was very late at night and—we whatever you turned—sand up to there.

For a minute, nobody said anything. We just sat there looking at one another. Melinda had been eating an ice-cream cone from the last stop. Some of it had lodged over her lip and sand had gotten into it.

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Her father broke the silence and got us back on the road. "Melinda, if you want to go into show business, that's all right with me," he said. "But now—you're growing a mustache."

His sense of humor is helpful, I'm sure, in tolerating two little clowns we have at home—my young associates, De Soto, who alternately amuse and aggravate him. Groucho doesn't mind the noise of children, but he does mind the noise of dogs. I'm sure we would not have done well if we had raised a dog, but he's very good with ours anyway. He takes them for walks in the hills, and they're embarrassingly mad about him.

He had just returned from one of his sponsorships—which, in these days of television, can be a nebulous thing. It could affect a dog's whole personality—never knew how, of course. With the end of the season at hand, my husband and the network and advertising agency were huddled about a new bankroller to co-sponsor with Toni pictures. When Groucho came home, I caught him eyeing De Soto concernedly. "Who ever heard of a poodle called Lever Brothers?" he said.

We both were surprised, of course, because we now have a photogenic alley cat, named "Floower," that we picked up while we were playing summer stock. At the farm where the cast stayed, the first evening, they found two little kittens they were raising for "rat- ters." Flower was so pretty she didn't seem like a ratter, and I felt she was destined for a life in films. Groucho's first reaction to this was, "another animal!

But Flower attached herself to me and followed me around as if she had never left home, and Groucho thought was so unusual, he decided, "Well—I guess we'll have to take her home."

We brought Flower back in the plane the next day, and a while she slept perfectly. But now, it turns out she really is a raider. The hills around our new home abound with wild things, and Flower's already started gophering something. Furthermore, the whole operation is now becoming mechanized. If she gets a gopher that's too big for her to carry up, she can't do much about it. "But if he's a friend," who's her friend, will rush down and pick it up and carry it on up for her. We're finding them all over the place now, as my husband says, "If this keeps up, we're going to have to get that cat a deep-freeze."

Humor is a precious ingredient in any marriage, and I'm glad my husband brings his home. But Groucho has many facets that are equally interesting—and challenging. He's a stimulating man and mind to live with. A serious intellectual and an avid reader, he makes you stay alert and keep conversant in just about any field. He loves good classical music, and it's going constantly in his own room at home. He's also an admirer of the modern Composers like Beethoven and Chopin, because he favors music with a purpose.

The melody, the heart—the truth—is always all-important to Groucho. He has no patience with pretense or phoniness, and a pretender is always a natural target for him. He homes in on minds and hearts and abilities my husband respects very much. Most of them are writers—Nunnally Johnson, Goodman Ace, Norman Krasna, a few—whom he's known for many years.

I don't think there's a single comedian Groucho dislikes. But he particularly likes one girl, named Melinda. For several years, Jean, George, and I, thinks Red Skelton's a great clown. And, of course, he loved Fred Allen.

About the only interest we don't share is baseball. I'm a hopeless baseball and I don't like it at all. However, his allegiance has been put to a strain since the Dodgers came to L.A. Groucho's been in love with the Giants for years, but he's not on the right team for the home team. Since the Giants and the Dodgers came West, he's been talking about moving to San Francisco, as the only conscientious solution to the whole thing.

Neither of us likes to play cards. We don't like to go to a nightclub unless we're sure there's no other place for the good show. We both like to stay home, and usually we do. We read. Or, if I'm in the mood. And, if he has time, Groucho plays his beloved guitar. He plays every Bach, the classics—the Segovia type of thing. Recently, however, he says he hasn't enough time to practice—because of helping Melinda with her homework. Groucho is complaining—because the homework's getting harder all the time. Math, particularly.

Groucho's passion for getting to the core of things boomeranged on him recently when a reporter pinned Melinda about the homework, asking whether there was ever any problem her father couldn't solve. "Well, not usually," she said. Then she added, conscientiously. "Sometimes he gets mixed up, though.

Melinda is a lovely, well-mannered little girl, and never has a pet. She dislikes dogs, and, I think, even Groucho. But the other day, I was walking in the park with Melinda. She was —— 's, and I said, "Should I tell—quick, tell me." Since then, he's been giving me half-present and half-stock.

On the other hand, he doesn't wait for special days to send me flowers with cute little notes attached. And, when he's in season, he brings me armfuls of lilacs.

He's sensitive and warm and outwardly affectionate, but not stickily so. Nor particularly fond of young in love. He can't stand to hear me talk about Groucho, or what I most admire about him, these are difficult things for me to say. They're too personal. And I'm sure he'd be willing to say, "I wish I was in his position.

Inescapably cornered by somebody recently, who wanted to know what he most admired about me, Groucho finally came up with. "In the old days, we all would have been in love with Melinda." And now, my most shining attribute—I'm quiet.

I'm sure Groucho wouldn't object to my having a career of my own now, if it didn't interfere with our home life. But in this, too, I find it more fun working with him. We worked together in 'The Story of Mankind' at Warner Bros, not long ago. And now, I'm doing a play. My husband left the casting up to him, with something like, "Let Eden read—but—" It was understood, if I didn't turn right, I wouldn't get the part. And, oh, yes, the girl who becomes enamoured with Groucho, and I loved playing it in summer stock.

It's strenuous work, working like that. Groucho being a very short man, and there's only one week to rehearse. But he loves spending his summer vacations from weekly television going back to the old days, when he could rehearse and make up the line of his own—of people who are paying to get in—is a welcome challenge.

When Groucho talks about what he's going to do when he retires, it sounds like a whole new Groucho, touring with stock, writing a show... He will never retire. Of this, I'm sure. And he shouldn't. Humor like his isn't too expiring.

At the moment, Groucho's writing his autobiography. And it will be an experience for me... just to read the chapters I've shared.
Today Is Ours"

As Laura Mantle principal of Central High School in the town of Bolton, she is a divorcée whose ex-husband, Karl Manning, is married to Leslie. Leslie is the kind of woman who never sees what she gets and never wants what she finally gets. Laura and Karl have a pre-teen son, and Laura has tried hard to establish a good relationship between her child and her new husband, who lives in New York City with his new wife.

There are several other men who lives touch Laura’s, some of them romantically, all of them closely. Adam Holt, the high-school principal, wealthy businessman Chester Crowley, a potentially dangerous enemy, who is known to have associations with Laura’s old and new friends. Laura’s bond and poise and integrity; Glenn Turner, a brilliant architect.

Pat herself is still fondly remembered by TV veteran, now married to Nancy Remington, who married Wally Cox in Mr. Peepers, the comedy series of a few years back. Except for Pat’s connection with a school in both that story and this one, and that she is a woman, every other detail of the plot is strictly coincidental. Pat has fond memories of working with Wally, of the way everyone on the show enjoyed every minute of every scene. It is a pity she didn’t think of her part as a “comedy role” but rather as a foil for Wally’s own gentle kind of humor, and it is assumed that there are producers who type her as a comedienne.

As Laura Manning, she is usually on Today Is Ours three times a week giving her four days at home with the family. She can walk the sunny paths in Central Park and play ball with Jerry under the wide blue sky. She can ride her toy sailboat from one end of the big boat pond to the other. She can ride the carousel with Nicky, holding him safe as the brightly carved horse jogs up and down. They can go to the zoo, with Daddy in tow to buy balloons which bob along with every vagrant breeze and pinwheels which flash color with every move of a small child.

Last summer, in his spare time, Peter was building a cottage a few miles north of the city. Pat helped with such small chores as clearing the land and laying right hand prints in the fresh paint and cement. But the place was shipshape before the summer was over, and is all ready for next year’s vacations.

Jerry looks like his father, except that his big round eyes are brown instead of the blue of Peter’s eyes. (“That bright blue was the first thing I noticed about my husband’s！” Mother Mantle.) Peter is six-two and slender, and Jerry is built like him, in miniature. They’re both a little shy, and quiet. The baby looks only a month and a half old, a dimpled, bouncing, good-natured little boy.

Pat is five-feet-six, with straight dark hair and brown eyes which shine with a healthy glint. She has a uffaloo about whether or not she should have her hair cut short before beginning her role as Laura Manning last June 30. Pat doesn’t have a bun she wore — cute and feminine in person—might make her look a mite severe on screen, although the little errant locks that fall across her forehead always seem to belong any effect. The TV show producer thought her so perfect for the part that he was fearful of any change in her appearance. Pat, herself, didn’t care much either—except for a woman’s natural longing to “do something different” about her hair every so often. But, for a while,

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to cut or not to cut was a very big ques-
tion. When Pat and Peter first met—through
friends who thought they should—Peter had
never seen her on television. He had
never seen her perform anywhere. "He
looked at the next PEEPERS broadcast after
he met me," Pat laughs, "but, if he was
terrible, I don't think he is now. He is
always interested in everything I do,
and much more nervous than I am on
opening nights, whether I’m in a play or
not.

They were married three months after
they met, in 1953, during a week when the
tv didn’t require her to appear. It was a
cosy little bedroom in the living room of a
small white suburban house, with a lovely
garden bathed in sunlight.

About a month after Mr. PEEPERS went
off the air, "It was very good timing," Pat comments.) When Jerry
grew big enough to be left with a com-
petent nurse, Pat went into the Broadway
play, "The Middle of the Night," opposite Edward G.
Robinson. ("Once more, my timing was
excellent. I was pregnant with Nicky dur-
ing the run. The play was closed at just about the time I started to
show it and would have had to leave the
cast, anyhow.")

While Besie with Patricia Benoit, in Fort
Worth, Texas, on February 21, 1927, went
to Paschal High School there, then
to Texas State College for Women in Den-
ton, Texas where she thought that acting
was more important to her than
finishing her academic education. For
no good reason that she can figure out, ex-
cept that she always studied what was
then called "elocution," was in all
the school plays, and had once earned a
medal for reciting the Gettysburg
Address.

"When I was a small child," she recalls,
"I couldn't decide whether to be a blues
singer or a teacher. I can't sing, and
I don't think I would make a very good
teacher—so I'm probably lucky I outgrew
both ambitions!"

In her late teens, she went to New York
to study for two years at the American
Academy of Dramatic Arts. After gradu-
ation, she played in stock summer in
Maine, went back to New York for addi-
tional study, and was "discovered" by a
talent agent’s secretary in an off-Broad-
way production of "The Young and the
Fair.

This led, at twenty-one, to her first
Broadway play, "Who's Afraid of Virginia
Woolf?" in the theater where she had won
rave reviews in that first Broadway play.
Gradually, then, she began to get
gigs from television—daytime programs and
on or off Broadway with her plays in
shows. It was after producer Fred
Coe was so impressed by just two appearances
she made on the Mr. PEEPERS show that he
asked her to consider for the regular role of
the school nurse.

Pat's only sister lives in New York, is a
free-lance fashion artist, married, has a
daughter and has left me fortifying and
the only way I lead
Pat is happy when they can see her shows:
They’re such good critics, in
a completely unprofessional way. They
have the typical audience reaction I want.
I’m afraid that my husband is not
a very good critic. Not that he lacks criti-
cal judgment, but he hesitates to find any
fault in me. We both love to go to plays
and, of course, we’re TV fans."

Pat admits she is a good cook—and I
shrine as a picker-upper, a necessity in a
family of ten. Peter is quite handy
around the house, an excellent dish-dryer.
To the outside world, my husband
may seem a little reserved, but
he is a wonderful man and

In the beginning, I had some reserva-
tions about combining marriage and a ca-
Re. I think every professional woman
does. A mother wants to be at home
to play with the children, to see that they
get their meals and naps on time, to
soothe their hurts. She doesn’t want to
miss one happy moment of their growing
up.

"A regular afternoon television show
was out well for me in every way. Jerry
walks over to the TV set, stands close to
the screen, waves and calls, “Hi, Mommy,
I get home in plenty of time to romp with
the boys, give them their supper, tuck
them in before Daddy gets home."

"As in a stage play, you get to know the
people you work with regularly on a TV
show. You get to know them all and to
like them very much. You find it a
satisfying dual-life—being Laura
Manning on television and Pat Benoit Swift
at home."

Sweet as Sugar Candy

Then the bad news came. In spite of all
their efforts, Bill and Sis Lennon had been
unable to raise enough money to pay for
gas. Slipping to Elton’s beach, the famous
extras which were an absolute minimum
for the holiday. After telling the family,
Bill and Sis went to visit friends, hoping to
get more money around the hills.

"We kids had a conference of our own,"
DeDe recalls. "We scoured the house,
emptying our piggy banks, searching for
treasures. We found empty bottles,
empty bottles, used magazines—anything and
everything that might be turned into
cash. When our hunt was over, we had
many more memories."

"And then we sat down and talked," says
DeDe: "One good love not only deserves another
but usually leads to others. The same is
true of bad loves." It is the perhaps to
Daddy and Mommy's fascinating—also
enjoyable—toward such teen-age concerns as dating,
going steady, picking a husband and plan-
ning for her future. Her love of familiar
places—her mapping of familiar names—her family, her old school and
some people she works with.

Although she has gone to parties and
dances with a variety of boys since she was
fifteen, her choice in dates has narrowed
down to late. It usually falls on Dick
Gass—who, happily enough, is also a
favorite of her parents. A graduate of
St. Monica's high school (also DeDe's ad-
ademic mater) and presently a GI, twenty-one-
year-old Dick seems to share the Davies'
love of simple pleasures and practical
ideas. Both are mature for their ages.

While neither believes in "going steady"
seriously understanding is always possible.
In the course of time, between two young-
sters who have so much in common. They
attend the same church, move in the same
circles, come from similar backgrounds.
"We’ve got a lot to learn," Pat adds, "and
him best though, on that score," laughs
DeDe. "There are nine in my family, and he’s
only the eldest of eight."

To Hollywood, then, long before she met him. Her eight-year-old brother
had a crush on Dick’s little sister, Peggy.
And she herself was dating Dick’s younger
brother, Michael. When she and Dick "decided
began flying into the Lennon home, making for the
kitchen and calling to the black-eyed
mother of the brood, “Hi, Sis—how about
one of your chocolate cakes?” And
Sis promptly whip up the batter.

"It reached the point,” says DeDe, “when we
would kid Mommy about it. Daddy
would say, "Don’t worry, while Dick
over so we can get us a nice homemade
chocolate cake?"

Many to the Hollywood younger set.
DeDe moved out as a child, and Dick grew
up in a small town in Texas; Dickuck made an occasional jaunt
to hear Pete Fountain play at his Wednes-
day-night jam sessions. Their taste in
singers is also similar—Perry Como, Patti

(Continued from page 24) so much a place as a symbol of quiet
good living with a magic all its own. She has
done the more to explore life elsewhere, or
on her own.

“I was born and raised in Venice,” she
says. “I can remember a thousand happy
hours spent outdoors, but not just on the
beach—not that it isn’t fun to have the
biggest free swimming pool in the world
during the day. I love to swim and sun-bathe.
But, after the sun rises, Venice is just a
boring town, a family town. When I take
a walk, almost every street has a meaning for
me, every house is a sort of landmark.
I hang around in the sun. Daddy’s vaca-

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Page, Nat "King" Cole, and Rosemary Clooney (who is Dianne's special favorite because "she's not only a good singer but such a devoted mother as well.")

"I like to date Dick," explains DeDe, "because he makes the decisions, and they're usually the ones I'd have made. I like a boy to take the initiative and plan the evening. I guess I'm just not the boy type. If I don't like the way a boy acts on a date, I don't quarrel with him. I just say 'no' the next time he calls.

Before young Gans quit his cable-splicer job with the telephone company and joined the Army, he and Dianne saw a great deal of each other, and his first leave found Dick as much at the Lennon home as in his own. Admittedly, they enjoy each other's company, but both insist there is no definite understanding, and they are quite free to date others. As for love, Dianne will only commit herself to a smiling evasion: "Of course, I love Dick. I love all my friends and he's just about the best friend any girl ever had."

It goes without saying that among these friends is Lawrence Welk Jr. Young Larry—who is gaining a reputation in show business as talent scout—is another ex-school chum regarded fondly by DeDe as "one of the family." It was Larry who called his dad's attention to the Lennon Sisters after hearing them perform at an Elks Club benefit. (He was also instrumental in getting an audition for clarinetist Pete Fountain.)

DeDe and Larry usually spend their evenings together at jazz concerts—and days have found them, on occasion, at Hollywood Turf Club in Inglewood, a few short miles from the Lennon home. Too young to place bets, they nevertheless enjoy the clean ocean breezes and the sight of the slender, big-finned animals as they prance proudly by.

Neither college nor career are key words in DeDe's lexicon of love. She has no compelling urge to set the world on fire as a maker of money, or to forge the beauty deeds, or a singer of incomparable renown. She is far more preoccupied with such concerns as the type of man who would be a dependable husband and father for her children, the kind of house that would bring her future family the greatest contentment, the various skills to be mastered before she can measure up to her mother as a homemaker.

Is she likely to become a bride in the near future? "I don't think so," she says candidly. "As far as I know, I've never been in love and haven't met the man yet. But I guess love just happens—you can't set a deadline on it and say you're going to be married at a certain age. Not if you want to be really sure, that is."

Dianne does feel, however, that being the eldest child has given her definite advantages. "The responsibility has been wonderful for me. Of course, being the eldest has given me some privileges, too. I think, too, that being the eldest has given me the opportunity to learn early the importance of a good family life, and to see that it is something that has to be worked at."

Together, Dianne Lennon—in spite of the glamour attached to her as one of the singing Lennon Sisters—presents a charming picture of an American girl who finds romance and beauty in familiar things and everyday chances. Perhaps this is exactly what sparks her interest in a love of life and the real world.

In her own words, "Mommy and Daddy taught us that the more love you get, the more you have to give—and the more you give, the more love you have." Then, with a sudden turn of slang that marks her as one of the moderns, she says: "I'll buy that. I dig that okay."
Why Berle’s Coming back to TV

(Continued from page 27)

his long-term pact with the NBC network. Further, going back to a weekly stint means a return to the rat-race which wore him down once before. Militee will remember the November day in 1954 when he collapsed in Lindy’s Restaurant and was carted off suffering from what his doctor described as a combination of fatigue, tension and indigestion.

And it means running the risk of having fickle viewers give him the business again, by the simple mechanism of twisting their diaries.

But, whatever else he may be, Militee is a colossal “ham,” and that’s the answer. He stripped off the wrapping in a recent interview and talked at length and candidly, seriously—about the stuff that propels him. And has made him one of the truly towering personalities in all show business.

“I’ve been a call of things in my forty-five years in show business,” he began, “and at least one of them is true: I’m a ham. I like to be on. I like to get in the act. I’m never happier than when I’m making people laugh. And what better way is there to reach people than by television, the biggest medium of all, week after week?”

As a comedian, he should work consistently. I haven’t completely put aside the idea of doing drama. But, after all, comedy has been my racket since I was five years old—and, unless somebody goofed at the Hall of Records, I celebrated my fiftieth birthday on July 12.

“Overexposure or no overexposure,” Berle went on, fingering a long Havana cigar, “I’m convinced that one of the biggest mistakes a TV comedian can make is not to go on week after week. The audience simply is not going to sit around and wait for you to come back while you’re playing hard to get.

“The way to handle overexposure, as I see it—and I’ve had a little experience—to work a couple of seasons, then take a year off. But, while you’re on, be on every week.”

Berle insisted, anemic ratings or no, he didn’t go off TV because he had to, after eight consecutive seasons. “I went off on my own accord. I had been too long. As a matter of fact, I wanted to quit for a year or so, after the third season, but I had a contract to fulfill and the sponsor was happy. Besides, despite what some of the ratings said, there were a few people around the country who had gotten kind of used to me every week.

“Still, I wanted out. For one thing, there was—let’s say it—ever-increasing fear of over-exposure. It affects not only the public, but the performer and his material, as well. For another, I was tired. Between June 6, 1948, and June 7, 1956, my last in the regular series, I put on 366 one-hour programs. They all had one thing in common: They were tough.

“But the rewards were there, too. Aside from the stuff that buys groceries, the title of “Mr. Television” is one Berle wears with great pride. He was the fellow who brought the show, the first in the history of show business to play to an audience of 20,000,000 people week after week, thirty-nine years a year.

“One of his telecasts had the greatest percentage of viewers to watch any show, and almost half of them were children—Uncle Militee’s “nieces and nephews.” Just about every award TV had to offer came Berle’s way. Add these up, and you realize what riches there are in being a ham.

“Of all of them,” said Berle, “the most precious is the audience—the people of every shade watching you across the length and breadth of this wonderful land—bringing excitement and fun. The closest feeling like a giant miracle man because you can do this for them.

“You’d have to be out of your head to tell yourself, ‘I don’t need this. I can live without it.’ Maybe you can—but who wants to?”

Few entertainers have as keen an insight into the broadcast comedy as Berle. “There’s no such thing as one television audience,” he said. “It’s hundreds, thousands of audiences who are watching you at one time. A joke—that’s funny in New York could be a bomb somewhere else, but knowing that makes a better performer out of you.

“You play enough vaudeville—big towns, small’s—wonder if you discover there’s a lot of Americans in America. Vaudeville was a great teacher. Everything I ever learned, playing split weeks and one-night stands, is in this body TV.

“You learn that you can reach them even though you can’t see them. You play in a theater, or a club, you’re playing to faces, people. They’re smiling or sneering . . . they’re laughing or they’re bored. You can tell if they’re with you or not.

“After a while, you get so that you can do this. You’ve lived the experiences. You’re up there in front of the cameras.

“So you begin to think in terms of the people who are there in their homes, and you go through. You realize that, in every home where people are watching you, every person has a front-row-center seat, right in the parlor. Every performance is a personal appearance in somebody’s house. That makes the difference. I find that, on just one television show, you play to more people than all the audiences of your life in vaudeville. How else can you get a bigger kick?”

Since his return to a regular show was announced, Berle frequently has been asked if his style—once compounded of ridiculous costumes and pie-in-the-face, and later pedaled to situation comedy—would be tailored anew. Now, he provided the answer.

“As a comedian, I’m not any different today than I was when. In my early years in television, they called me an emcee. Then they called me a host and said I was ‘interrupting.’ On account of my pace.

“I hate to see them add a Boy Scout sign and announce, ‘I’ve changed.’ You don’t do it gradually, either.

“Remember, too, that I haven’t been in retirement. I’ve had many other things to do and my world didn’t collapse when I went off the air. I didn’t sit around and pine and eat myself up. I’ve been busy in night clubs, I do things, and I’ve been asked to direct as well as appear in Broadway shows. I have my business interests, and I’m also collaborating with a friend, John Roeburt, on a novel. I may do a half-hour, and end—all for me. But, as I’ve said, entertaining is my racket, and I’d be crazy to say I want to do without TV.

“Of the new series, I’ve said: “We’ve got a tight, crisp show set to go. I say modestly that I think the audiences are going to like it. Hal Kantor heads up my team of comedy writers, and we’ll also have Hal Goodman and Larry Kline. Naturally, you can’t create as much tumult in a half-hour as we used to in an hour, but we expect everybody—especially the viewers—will have a ball.”

Berle doesn’t think of his new show in terms of a “comeback,” because the word implies—let’s say—going into limbo completely. It’s more like a poignantly triumphant return. I hope to call her “Ruth,” says Berle. “I call her Root, because she’s always in there rooting for me. I’ve got a heck of a gal who loves me, believes in me and wants to see me well, physically and mentally.

“How can I miss?”

Her Stolen Moment of Sin ...

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The Texan Takes It Easy

(Continued from page 34)

"Oh, I see," Rory said seriously, as he lifted her up and put her on his lap. Before he had a chance to find out what she wanted to do, she had done it. With one swift, she had cleared the table of all loose papers, pushed over the pencil container and spilled pencil-clips all over the floor.

"You are a great help, young lady," Rory laughed as he gently put her down on her feet again. "I’ll make a deal with you. You let me clean up this mess by myself, and then I’ll come out and play with you. All right?"

She nodded her head and toddled off. True to his promise, Rory followed her a few moments later. He played with his daughter for the rest of the afternoon, leaving his work to be done after she had gone to bed.

For an average father, this may not seem unusual. For Rory, it was an entirely different way of life, shown him by none other than Cindy Frances herself.

Rory has always been driven by a restless ambition which dates back to his eighth year—when he learned abruptly what it meant to be destitute. He had gone along to the Santa Cruz pier to watch his stepfather, a jack-of-all-trades by inclination and a deep-sea diver by necessity for the past few weeks, submerge into forty feet of water to drive pilings into the muddy ocean bottom.

Fifteen minutes later, the uneasy silence of the spectators was pierced by the frantic cry of one of the crew, "The air line is broken. Pull ‘im up!" While Rory watched, numb with fear, two men feverishly wound up the winches. Unconsciously when his diver’s mask was pulled off his face, Rory’s stepfather was rushed to the emergency hospital, where his life hung in the balance for twenty-four hours.

In spite of lungs filled with water, severe shock and complete exhaustion, he pulled through. But he was unable to go back to work for almost three months—while the family finances dwindled down to nothing, and Rory went to work to help his mother get over the difficult months till her husband was fully recovered. Rory mowed lawns, ran errands, delivered newspapers, and did a variety of odd jobs that paid him from twenty-five to fifty cents an hour. At an age when most boys were out playing, Rory had already become aware of what it meant to live a hand-to-mouth existence.

Rory grew into a curious mixture of a man who could be charming, soft-hearted, extremely affable, on the one hand—and almost unbelievably eager and determined, on the other. In particular, his adolescent years and early manhood were characterized by his constant willingness to take chances if it promised monetary rewards.

Quitting high school after his junior year, Rory would tackle any job that promised good pay. He worked as a cowpuncher, hardrock miner, crane operator, forest-fire fighter and lumberjack—everything except for deep-sea diving and test piloting, the only occupations no insurance company will underwrite. Rory’s experiences show him more.

To transport the wet lumber from the log pond by the mill to the top of the mountain for stacking and drying, a tramway had been constructed atop a man-made trestle. Like most of his fellow workers, Rory would ride up on the logs whenever he was heading for the storage place.

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One afternoon, he'd just reached the halfway point when the steel cable snapped. The heavy log on which he was traveling tore backwards, racing straight for the mill. The foreman blew the run-away whistle as men scattered away from the tramway. For a moment, Rory hung onto the log as it shot downward. It would have meant certain death for him—if he hadn't been thrown clear when the log hit a curve a couple of seconds before it smashed through the mill, shattering everything in its wake. Rory ended up in the pond, battered and bruised, but alive. 

The next morning, after leaving the hospital, he went back to work.

Rory got his start in show business after he happened to meet Sue Laid, Alan's wife, when the ship was in California. Mama had visited “Rorvic.” He had been a six-month contract at 20th Century-Fox which resulted in a few bits parts before his option was dropped. David O. Selznick promptly put him under a contract, and gave him the big build-up. Rory might have been pleased with Mr. Selznick a lot longer if he hadn't shown his independence. . . .

One morning Rory received instructions to meet "DOS" at eleven-thirty, in his office. Rory was there on time. But Mr. Selznick was in a meeting and Rory had to wait. And then he may have been a bit restless. After one hour, his impatience showed. After an hour and a half, he threatened to leave—and, after two hours, he left, saying he didn't have a hang if I might do another picture?"

He didn't, for Mr. Selznick. But then 20th Century-Fox took him back and, before he knew it, he was a star. And he had a marriage. The day of his marriage, his fans had increased to second on the lot. But he didn't like being tied down and eventually asked for and got his release—to start his own, independent company. He had his agent, Vic Orsitti. They called it “Rorvic.”

But doing well professionally wasn't enough for Rory. He kept worrying how long his career would last, how long movies would do well, what might happen. He had married Lita, whom he married ten years ago. . . .

Rory first saw Lita Baron on a hot summer evening eleven years ago, in Santa Cruz, when she was a featured singer with Xavier Cugat and his band. Another year went by before he had a chance to make her acquaintance. By then, he had married Lita, and she had flitted with Lita from the moment he sat down. This got him nowhere. Turned down but not discouraged, Rory was back as soon as he could borrow enough money from a couple of pals to order a magnum of champagne. Again he plunged himself down in the best “Diamond Jim” Brady fashion, offered the headwaiter to bring Lita over.

Ordinarily, she would again have turned him down flat, but curiosity got the better of her, and she accepted. They were married three months later, on August 29, 1948, at Santa Barbara's Episcopal Church.

Lita wanted Rory to be successful because she wanted it, and she did her share, and more, to help him. A few years ago, for instance, Rory was convinced that if he turned his Ojai property into a studio, it would be a great idea. Since there weren't sufficient accommodations at the ranch for a lot of guests, and they had to charge less than other establishments, he decided to try the venture. Rory and Lita did their own work—with all the cooking and cleaning falling on her shoulders. She did it without hesitation. Lita never complained when Rory could not return in the early hours of the morning, when he was out at work. They had a son, Steven, born November 7, 1951.

Ralph Edwards’ Reunions

At that point, the case was brought to the attention of the Ralph Edwards organization. A meeting was called to discuss the possibility of a reunion? The statistics tell the story: During the past two years, 657 reunions have been arranged by the four Ralph Edwards shows. They are planning, the hope, of Ralph himself, the daytime Truth Or Consequences (emceed by Bob Barker), the evening Truth Or Consequences (Steve Dunne) and It Could Be You (Bill Leyden).

In that two-year period, 10,504 long-distance telephone calls have been placed, 164 of them overseas. A staff of twelve members, aided by research centers, is maintained and, in addition, there are secret part-time operatives based in all the world's population centers.

Between five and six thousand letters are received each week. Each letter is read and acknowledged in some way. After the reading process, each letter is categorized: "Compliments," "Suggestions," "Fan Requests," "Criticism" and "Reunions."

Some of the reunions have been staged swiftly, without hitch. Some have required a month for permission and negotiation and preparation. Some have taken six months to a year. All of the negotiations, for many reasons, must be kept top secret.

If the head-aches and the secrets combine effectively, there is a magical moment on one of the shows such as that set up when Sega- ment Mountain, presented by Elvira, visited It Could Be You. It told him that he had been given two tickets by the Air Force Public Relations office, so why not attend? They spent all afternoon in the air at the TV set.

That day, as usual, Bill Leyden picked out several women in the audience and talked about their lives. Then he spotted Elvira Mount. Calling her by name and asking her to accompany him to the stage, he told the audience of her heartbreaking separation from her daughter and her long distance calls to him. "Could you like to talk with Hannelora on the telephone?" he asked Elvira.

She was stunned. It couldn't be true. To speak to her little girl, after she heard the sound of silence over the endless miles. She clutched the telephone and tried to find her voice. "Hannelora?" she whispered. At once the young woman, who poured out a flood of loving words. "Mama . . . Mama. . . ." the answering voice faded out.

"It's a phone connection," Bill Leyden cut in swiftly, "but perhaps we don't need the telephone." A backstage curtain shot up. There stood a shy but smiling eight-year-old girl, slowly turning the wishing ring of her toy TV.

"Hannelora!" screamed Elvira Mount, rushing forward in a surge of bliss and tears. After nineteen months of Edwards' absence, the child, whom she had been exploited, recognized her mother and daughter were locked in another's arms.

Another highly dramatic reunion was that between a grown daughter and her parents. Like many a girl before her, she...
had left home to find adventure. Through a series of innocent mistakes, she found herself involved in murder. She was tried, convicted, and given a twenty-year term. At last her plight was brought before the Court of Last Resort. She was cleared of complicity and given her freedom, after her father's letters in prison. On This Is Your Life, she was reunited with the parents who had heard nothing from their daughter during all those years, because she had vowed never to bring disgrace upon them. They had thought her dead.

Another poignant story was that of Stanka Senic. Her mother died in childbirth, and her father was conscripted into the Yugoslavian army when Stanka was two. Stanka was given into the care of an aunt who lived in Senta, Yugoslavia. For a few months, Stanka received regular letters from her daddy; sometimes there were packages. Then the letters were more widely spaced, as the fighting increased. Then silence. Stanka was too young to understand war, but she understood death. It was everywhere.

One midnight, Stanka’s aunt bundled her up and placed her in a cart with what household possessions could be collected quickly, and set out for Montenegro, where Stanka had an uncle. In the uncle’s house, there were other refugees who had brought with them the refugees’ normal burden of confusion, desperation, illness and sorrow. A family conference decided that Stanka’s aunt and her husband must flee further from the Communists and speed was vital that they dared not burden themselves with a child. Stanka was left with her uncle.

The Communists came. There was fire in the streets. Men were pulled from their shops and from their fields and shot. Among them was Stanka’s uncle. Friends of the martyred man spirited Stanka from the house under cover of darkness and cared for her until she could be returned - human contraband to another aunt.

Because inexplicable change had been a part of Stanka’s experience since babyhood, she was not too overwhelmed one day to find herself talking via trans-oceanic telephone, through an interpreter to a stranger in Hollywood who said her father was in the States. It was more to her than she could be returned - human contraband to another aunt.

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To go back through the years, Stanka’s father had been wounded in action and had been picked up by the German Red Cross. At war’s end, Milan Senic, believing— from reports of scattered relatives— that his daughter was dead, had made arrangements to move to the U.S. He was then working in Los Angeles, California, when he received a letter reporting that his daughter, then seventeen, was alive, well, and living with an aunt in Senta.

Frantically, he started proceedings to bring his daughter home. Weeks went by, months, a year, two years. Communications were censored, bureaucracy stymied every move. The U.S. State Department turned him down with the usual Edwardly organization. In essence, its message was: Here’s one for you. Private enterprise is needed to solve a problem beyond the realm of diplomacy.

That is how it happened that Milan Senic, called to the stage of It Could Be You, came face to face with the beautiful child he had not seen for so long. He could say only, “My daughter—so tall—my tall daughter,” and hold her to his heart.

Sometimes the Edwards staff finds a story within a story. One day they received a poignantly striking letter from a man who had, somewhere in the world, three brothers. Possibly a mother. The mother

had been widowed when the four boys were very young. Ill at the time of her bereavement, she had been unable to hold her family together. Three of the boys had been adopted and one had grown up in an orphanage.

Could Ralph Edwards, the letter asked, locate the three sons whose whereabouts were unknown and bring them together for a reunion with their mother and the brother whose wife was the writer? Investigation quickly turned up the missing mother and three brothers, and indicated that a further reunion was possible. One of the brothers, who joined the Army at an early age, had been stationed in the Philippines and had married a Filipina. Six children had been born.

After the war, when the Communist Hoks became a scourge, Roy Keyser decided to move his family to the U.S. Wisely, he decided to make sure of work and housing before bringing his wife and six youngsters to a new life. He had been gone only a few days when his wife was killed in a Huk raid. He was frantically trying to make arrangements to rescue his six children when the Edwards organization stepped into the picture. The reunion expanded to a gathering of the clan. Mrs. Keyser was reunited with her four sons; her son was reunited with his four sons and two daughters.

Has the Edwards staff become blasé? Do moments of dramatic intensity leave them unmoved? The answer is no. Everyone, bursts into tears at the moment of reunion. Of course, there is as much laughter as tears backstage. One mother, reunited with her long-lost son, shook hands vigorously and wanted to know if he would get Ralph Edwards autograph for her. Another woman, arriving by air for a surprise appearance, had no luggage except a capacious handbag. However, once safe in her hotel room, she began to peel. She was wearing her entire wardrobe—two coats, four dresses, and ample underpinnings.

Arrival pictures interpreted her as an ample matron weighing at least two hundred pounds. Secrecy, of course, is the great rule, the great bugaboo, the source of both delight and consternation. Even Ralph Edwards himself sometimes falls victim to his own law of silence. For instance—because Steve Dunne always said “Goodnight Dad,” at the close of his Truth Or Consequences show—reunited with his daughter, Mr. William Dunne of Northampton, Massachusetts, to Hollywood some night, so that he could answer Steve’s salutation.

Old-mother-of-surprises Ralph was not in on this particular secret. He happened to overhear a page tell a production staffer, “Steve’s father is here.” A few moments later, just being friendly, he asked Steve, “Is your father visiting out here?” Fortunately, Steve was so busy with last-minute preparations that he just thought he was being ribboned.

Zip went the program. The production staff drew up their fingers across their throats ten seconds early to indicate time was up. We’re a little late tonight,” said Steve, “so goodnight, folks. Goodnight Dad.”

“Goodnight, son,” responded a familiar voice from the rear. Steve almost fainted when he spotted his father. Incidentally, the only reunion-ist who has fainted on any of the shows was not one of those surprised, but a surpised. She had instigated the reunion and had been in constant touch with the Edwards staff throughout the arrangements. Yet she swooned at the denouement. Afterward, she said, “It was the impact of the moment that did it. These reunions are to adults what a filled stocking is to a child. Proof that there is a Santa Claus.”
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Larry Dean Sings Out

(Continued from page 21)

is that, when they write back, they don't seem to be upset." Nor is Larry's wife upset. Alice Dean is a head-turning, five- seven blonde, who acted like she was anything but the "not the jealous type," says Larry. "And when it comes to show business, she's my best critic. At watches the show and, if she thinks I'm not making a big play for Dianne, she gets after me!"

When Larry joined the Welk aggregation two years ago, he was just two months short of being twenty. Dianne was sixteento twelve years older. "I fell in love with the Lennon family because they were living in nearby Venice," Larry recalls, "and I'd often pick up the girls and drive them into rehearsal. Well, the kids, you can't say anything too nice about them. But I had a wife and baby. To me, the Lennon Sisters were like daughters, and you'll pardon the expression. So, when Lawrence hit on the idea of Dianne and me singing duets and asked for a display of romance, it was kind of tough. Both Lawrence and the producer, Ed Sobol, had to get after me to get me out on the camera. Considering the kind of fan letters Dianne and I get now, I think we must be doing a better job of displaying affection!"

The Lennon Sisters can't hitch a ride with Larry now, since he and Alice moved into a new house at Canoga Park. Their home is Early American style, and partly furnished with the contemporary furniture they brought from their apartment, "We're going to take our time furnishing," Larry says. "The next big item I'd like to buy is a piano. The lesson comes first, and it takes lessons when they get a little older. Music lessons never hurt anyone. I might even take some myself."

Larry has two children: David, two-and-a-half, and Mark, born last October. Alice is twenty-one. Larry himself observed his twenty-second birthday on June fourth. "The year Alice and I met and married, I thought at first she was about twenty-two. She's the mature, serious kind. Exactly like me," Larry grins. "I don't say that's the best way to be, necessarily, but that's the way we are. Sometimes, when I look at teenagers today, I wonder if we haven't missed a lot of fun."

Larry, a Yankee, was born Larry Dean Bauer in Iowa. Alice Fant, a Rebel, was born in Kentucky and moved to New Orleans when she was fourteen. "Alice is bright and a very good talker," Larry says, "but sometimes she yak's in a lickety-split tempo. With her Southern accent, I've pretty much learned her language, although it's hard to resist teasing her once in a while."

Most of their fun is in planning and setting up the new house. "I don't do any housework or cooking," Larry says, "but I can take over the kids. I get a superior rating for the diapers I put on. They never fall off." Larry, who learned carpentry from his father and can do anything around the house, from installing plumbing to building in a wall-oven, smiles as he says, "Alice can't do a navel straight. But she's a wonderful mother and a great cook. We have a lot in common, including our love for music. Frankly, we're happy to have seen the first eighteen months of our marriage. I was on the road with Jan Garber. Well, one of the things I'm most grateful to Lawrence Welk for was that he made it possible for me to get off the road."

Larry Dean's story is full of surprises, but not all a matter of luck. Behind the surface good-humor is a young man of unusual character. He has been making tough going for himself since he was sixteen—when he decided he would leave home to become a vocalist. "Neither of my parents supported my ambitions. It's easy to understand why. We lived in Bridgewater, Iowa. It was a very small town with a population under three hundred. I wouldn't trade my childhood there for anything, but it had one big disadvantage for me. There was no one teaching music. You couldn't

When they did the Godfrey show, last summer, they took their boat, the Queen Mary II, which they keep tied up in Long Island Sound, three minutes' ride from their house. It's a thirty-foot cabin cruiser that sleeps four people. In the summer, when they're not working on the boat, you can find them on the golf course. Their house is situated practically at the third hole. Peter is a topnotch golfer. Mary breaks around 100.

In spite of the fact that the Hayes-Healy work-and-play partnership seems fantastically harmonious, their studio mail sometimes includes indignant letters. "Why do you mistreat Mary?" a viewer will query. "Why don't you stand up to Peter?" another will write.

"How can I explain to these people," Peter asks, "that the shows we do would be dull indeed if there weren't some of this give-and-take? It's all in fun. Anyhow, I've always thought that, when people are too loving in public, they probably fight in private."

"It's just that Peter can't stand letting things get dull," says Mary. "He always breaks the monotony by throwing in ad libs or doing something a little bit different. Before things get stale, he invents a few extra laughs."

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Walter's parents, who came to Connecticut from Ireland, started Walter on singing lessons—but strictly forbade him to tell jokes. His fecundity, however, was a way of spurring into action interminably. "Not when my folks were around," Walter is quick to add, shaking his head at the recollection of incidents in his childhood. "Like the time I was visiting relatives in Worcester. I entered an amateur contest at the local theater. It's a Long Way to Tipperary." He finished the song, and, without a thought, began telling the jokes I had heard from my father. I won first prize and a write-up in the local papers. Walter went sailing to England with my uncle, who was a priest at Hampton Court. They were having a concert on the ship and I was playing the piano. I didn't remember the words of the song and just went into the jokes routine. I was only twelve, mind you.

In college, this flair for inciting laughter helped him to pay his way through Notre Dame. The late famous football coach Knute Rockne, in whose home Walter lived while a student, was much in demand as a public speaker at banquets. Rock frequently asked the committee to have Walter along, too, for entertainment before the speeches. Word spread that Walter was a good entertainer, and his "bookings" at all types of events increased.

After college, Walter went into newspaper and outdoor advertising work. He had "didn't permit myself to think of show business as a full-time career," he explains. The thought of my becoming a 'trolling player' horrified my mother. The average person had that kind of attitude toward show people in those days. Then, too, I was the oldest of four children. I felt it was time for me to get into something stable and secure.

But, two years after college, a shattering experience put a stop to the road of life Walter had taken. Polio struck him. He was an army patient. It was then he decided that, if he could ever walk again, he would give full vent to his desire to perform. And, soon after he was discharged, he began that a thrill of seeing the billing: "Walter O'Keefe, Songs, Jokes and Nifty Sayings."

However, important as imparting laughter to other people was, it is not the only facet of the versatile veteran performer. Underlying the comic is a deeply religious person. It isn't something he expresses as he well expressed in a poem he wrote, not long ago, which begins, "The Lord is showing me how to live. Just one day at a time."

"May every day be a work of art, In which I may play a humble part, I pray for an understanding heart."

Upon reading the poem, a newspaper reporter who had been watching Walter's campfire, made the suggestion: "It may not prove the makings of a poet, but it does say what I want of life—an 'understanding heart.' All of us, the whole world needs more religion. The world would be in better shape. I don't think religion would solve all the world's problems, but it would help a lot."

In this pursuit of a "understanding heart," Walter feels he's aided by all the authors he has read who write on religion. They write about everything—their problems, their hopes, their aims. A letter which impressed him more than usual was a recent one from the wife of a man who had just finished writing a book about his experiences as a Russian prisoner in Siberia. She wanted Walter's advice on getting the book published. He kept thinking about the letter throughout the broadcast. Afterward, he decided he just couldn't wait to write. He telephoned to the head of the publishing firm in Hollywood.

"I learned that she and her husband came to this country from Poland, after he was released by the Reds." Walter recalls. "He worked as an accountant and spent nights at a bookstore. He wrote this book. It made me feel very humble, picturing this man. He had gone through so much. Now, he could be spending his free time helping others, just as he suffered so many terrible experiences he had suffered. Instead, he was giving every available moment he could to putting it on paper so the world wouldn't get over it. Naturally, I'll do my best to get it in the hands of publishers."

Walter explains that listeners express their interest in other ways. For example, they write letters of praise, thanks, and comfort, when the occasions arise. "Their loyalty is very touching," he says. "I was amazed at the letters I received from all over the world when I underwent surgery last year. They're very thoughtful and tender."

Walter also feels that the show itself—with its interest in exploring such important problems of the world as atomic energy, spunks, education and Communist infiltration of nations, as well as providing entertainment—has helped widen his own perspective of life. Again, in talking about this, Walter becomes very serious. His bright brown eyes widen, he emphasizes. As a result of his usual fast-talking tempo becomes firmer. "I don't pretend to be an authority on any of these subjects, but I'm learning. I'm taking an interest in all these important problems and read a great deal about them. We've all got to. If we don't . . . well, we've seen how we were outdone in spunks. That's only an inkling of the disaster my life faced.

This interest in world affairs has aroused in Walter a stronger urge to travel. His enthusiasm over his recent six-week trip around the world is topped by his plan for next year: "The next one is going to be around the world. And in a jet plane, I hope. Don't think there's anything . . . ."

"I don't want to talk about that. I've been thinking of Homer's 'Iliad' lately. Remember? 'Wise in the way of cities and men.' That's the way I feel. And I'm talking of you men. The man who knows is different—kinds of them you understand, the better you understand yourself."

Just as the humorous Walter can be
traced to his father, the soul-searching
Walter can be traced to the influence
of his uncle, the priest. “I admired him,”
Walter says. “During his trip here to
visit his sister, my mother, he took a
fancy to me. He thought it would be a
good idea for me to study in England for
a few years. I was thrilled!” A postcard
there only a short time when World War
I broke. I sailed back to Connecticut
and entered St. Thomas seminary to study
for the priesthood. I told my father I just
wanted to prove what a kid. You want to be like
the person you admire. I think I was also
confused by the pulpit with the stage. After
a time, I realized this was not my call.
Walter still believes this faith became
firmly entrenched in his heart after he
was struck with polio: “You do a lot of
thinking at a time like that, a lot of soul-
searching, a lot of questioning,” he said.

Today, Walter shows no visible physical
effect from the illness, with the exception
of a very slight limp when he walks fast or
climbs stairs. He is delighted with energy
which he channels in other projects, in
addition to his nightly show.
“Tortured 7 Years by
ITCH-SCRATCHY Skin

“I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I
discovered a new wonder skin cream. Now I’m
happy,” writes D. Howard of Los Angeles

Here’s blessed relief from the itching torments
and misery of rash, eczema and skin irritations with an
amazing new scientific formula called LANCANE.

Stippling, scratching, redness and inflammation is
killed harmless bacteria germ while it softens and
revives skin tissue. Now itching and scratchy are gone.
Don’t suffer! Get LANCANE today.

Maverick Trail to Romance

(Continued from page 46) "I don’t mind long
roads,” Donna replied. So she found her way to
Stage Nineteen... and there was Kelly, look-
ing as handsome and dashingly as her mem-
ory of him. In his costume for his show "Kings Row"" the series then being made
at Warner Bros.

Fortunately for romance, they had a
mutual friend, Pat Hardy (now Mrs. Rich-
ard Egan), who perceived at once that
these two were destined for each other
and nursed the friendship along through
desperate and purgatory. But

Jack was struggling resistively involve-
ment. He knew he was strongly attracted
to this girl with the Irish eyes and the
Irish gift that he’s filled all the years
of romancing his way through bachelor-
hood, he had determined not to marry
unless he had close to a million dollars.
He was now just some nine hundred
and ninety-nine thousand short of his
goal.

So, as matchmaker, Pat would find
the right girl. The routine went some-
thing like this: Pat would spend long
hours convincing Jack that he should
consider marriage but when finally he
got him to agree, she would contact Donna:
"Jack Kelly is going to call you this
evening for a date. Now, when he calls, you
agree.

In the interim, Jack’s courage
would leave him—or his perseverance
would return. No call would be made.
Pat, then, would go to work again.
This time, her efforts would be successful.
—up to a point. Donna, still smarting from the previous call that was not made, would refuse to answer the telephone.

Past once more to work on her little comedy of errors, pacified Kelly, got him to call again, got Donna to answer the phone this time—and, at long last, the Kelly and Hickey clans came to a meeting point.

Their first date was at a Hollywood night spot called Quo Vadis. Their tenth date was also one of the interim dates. On their eleventh date, Donna said suddenly, "Kelly, I love you."

"I couldn’t believe I’d said it," she tells now, in retrospect. "I wanted to see if it was somebody else who had spoken."

Actually, Donna had been building up a system of symptoms of love for weeks. She had been in the midst of breaking off another romance. Each time the man would call, she would say, "I’m sorry; I’m going out with Kelly."

Just using his name in this way was perhaps indication of her subconscious wish... when she suddenly said "Kelly, I love you," she was merely putting it into words.

At any rate, the die was now cast, and Donna Lee Hickey and Jack Kelly became engaged. And, in a very short time, marriage was on the immediate agenda.

They talked about it for three days and three nights. "I somehow couldn’t express myself without saying ‘I love you.’" Donna Lee said.

"Kelly said he didn’t have any money, and I said ‘Who needs money?’ On Friday, he phoned a friend of his to find out how you get married in Mexico. The friend couldn’t recommend Mexico; he said we’d have to go through a long chain-of-command and get permission from the Consul General. He said Quartzite was a better deal.

"We then talked for several more hours on whether we should have a big church wedding. We started making out our list that we would have to give to the hundreds of people, we threw the list away, gassed up the car and took off for Quartzite."

Quartzite merchants are ready at all times to serve the public in their chief industry, which is marriage. Although Donna and Jack arrived in the dead of night, they found a little jewelry store that just happened to be open, and when the proprietors found they were not in order, while they waited. It cost seventy-five dollars, which left Jack just twenty-five from the original hundred he took with him to be borrowed from Donna. Donna had to borrow another hundred from Donna," Jack admits. "I told her I didn’t bring my checkbook." She could have pointed out that one could buy blank checks and fill in the name of the bank. But she didn’t. We’d only been married ten minutes.

As it happened, the Kelys were married again, a month later, in the church of their faith. Donna wore biege satin, this time out, instead of the serviceable black silk dress of their first wedding. But this seemed no more binding or sacred to them than their first ceremony, in the desert night of Quartzite. It was there they made a solemn pact with each other: "Nothing against us, but we’re going to try to get just enough to make out, separately, separately," Kelly told her. "But there’s tremendous magic in what we can amount to together, as a team. I don’t want us to spend too much, to spend too much, to keep our heads on the ground, for fear the spell might be broken."

This marriage pact was put to a powerful test some four months later. The Kellys had to go to work. Donna had a steady job on the Noah’s Ark TV program. Jack had made a picture in Mexico before the marriage, and the producer nce-iced him to return for additional dialogue. There was nothing in his contract that required him to return, so—with Donna still working and their pact to avoid separation in force—he consistently refused all calls from Mexico City.

This went on for four months. At last, in desperation, the producer got through to him with a last-ditch plea. "If you’ll come to Mexico City, I’ll treat you and your wife to a two weeks’ honeymoon in Acapulco, all expenses paid."

"Man, this is the Kellys. Donna had just completed her series, and everything was favorable for the trip."

We worked for two hours in Mexico City, Jack tells, "and then we proceeded on down to Acapulco for the most fantastic honeymoon anyone could ever dream of...

"We were set up in a magnificent suite in Ted Stouffer’s hotel, and right away we made the acquaintance of three fabulous millionaires and their families. There were twenty-six children among them; two of the families had ten each, and the other had six.

"We sailed in their yachts, we went deep-sea fishing, we lollled on the white beaches under the blue, blue sky, and we sat up all night drinking champagne. One week of our honeymoon vacation went by like a dream."

"Two weeks later, in the middle of the night in Mexico. We managed to make it to Mexico City, only to find out that there was a shortage of space on the Angeles plane.

"I was ready to be held, and then there, and go back to Acapulco, but the ticket agent told me he was working hard on our reservations, and finally I heard my name on the speaker system: ‘We have one ticket for Senator Kelly.’ One ticket. Uno. That isn’t good enough," I told the ticket agent. ‘We have to have two tickets.’"

"But perhaps we can get the Senator on the next plane, I think."

"Oh, so you think so!"

We flew on the following Monday and, after this, our wedding pact was being put to the test. Maybe it was silly to interpret this pact as applying when a job and home ‘economics’ were literally at stake.

"We came to a tearful agreement, and then set about to transact our quick, bitter business. We cashed our money, Mexican and American, my credit cards and all my other credentials. There was no way of being sure just what to do for Los Angeles. The whole Mexico City airport was aware of our predicament by this time. Everyone was looking at us sorrowfully as we kissed our farewell and I clutched coldly at the other. We turned just before they rolled away the steps.

"But I took one fatal look back, and I saw Donna’s shoulders heaving. This was too much. I turned and darted over, for fear the spell might be broken."

"The idea is off." "Everybody burst into smiling into the airplane's happy face. Take Senator Kelly’s bags off," the gatemau shouted into the porter, with a broad grin. The porter whistled happily.

"Back at the desk, the ticket agent was
crying with joy. His glasses were all wet. My glasses were all wet, too. "Oh, Mom, thanks for everything," said I, "I'm so glad we finally decided not to go. (Very romantic people, these Mexicans.)"

"We got out of Mexico City together, the next day, and she took the train back to New York City."

"And we renewed our vow to never, never, allow ourselves to be tempted to separate again. This is a motivating factor in our decision. Our plane crashes, or a train wrecks, or a ship sinks, we will be together. Whatever happens to one of us will happen to both."

"This has worked a hardship, financial and career-wise, more than once. Donna has lost four pictures—in Europe, in Puerto Rico, Mexico and Hawaii—plus a television series in Europe. And, since signing for the current television series at Warner Bros. I've run into endless difficulties—obligations for personal appearances and business trips which I steadfastly refuse unless my wife can go along."

For the Kellys, this formula seems to work. They are completely united in their work, play, life, opinions and dreams.

"Kelly has been back east to meet the Hickey clan—more than seventy-five "wild Irishmen" to become acquainted with in two days. He has met the wonderful grandparents of his wife, both steered in the traditions of show business. The mother, the brother, and the countless aunts, uncles and cousins. Donna, too, has steered herself into the Kelly clan. She has become a warm friend of Jack's widowed mother, his two actress sisters, Nancy and Karollee, and his brothers, Charles and Don.

The Kellys live in a picturesque farmhouse that hugs a cliff on one of the hills of Hollywood. The rooms all flow in to-gether, and they limit that of the Kellys to the lower part of their joint projects, and souvenirs and symbols of their life together. Two unusual oil paintings dominate the living room. They bought them in a junk shop for $1.50 apiece; then over spent twenty dollars having them cleaned and framed. "These are Our Old Masters," says Kelly.

BUNIONS
A wonderful new relief for Bunions and wrecked Joints is here—
Doctor's New Fast Relief

(Continued from page 38)
did anything extracurricular; she had virtually no social life; she was always buried in a book; she was really sensitive to the serious case of growing pains. I was in a blue adolescent mood much of the time. I studied as a means of escape.

After she discovered that I was an expert in psychology at Smith, she had gone to New York for more courses at Columbia University. She earned her M.A. in Education at the Bank Street College of Education and became a teacher. But she had been an unhappy teacher. The atmosphere oppressed her, made her tense. She had become more and more withdrawn. Now, she debated with herself. Teaching provided financial security; acting was precarious. She suspected her friends and relatives would be shocked if she became an actress, but she knew that she had been trying so hard not to be one, because that was what she had always wanted to be! The conflict between the two sides of her personality was too great for her . . . and what she yearned to do . . . was devastating.

By the time Joan arrived in New York, she had become a working actress. She told her parents that she was quitting teaching, and wanted to become an actress. To her amazement and delight, they did not oppose her. After they had left, she faced the problems of a new career realistically.

She would give herself a year, she decided, and then look back. Until then, she would look only forward. And she was not longer giving his classes, she searched for another teacher, finally found one who "made real sense," Don Richardson. "He taught me how to conserve energy, not putting out more than I had to."

"I had to get my reflexes out of my mind and into my emotions. I had been trained never to act before I had had intellectual's approach. Now, as an actress, I had to learn how to react spontaneously. With Don's help, I made the transition from a teacher-social worker to the emotional personality of an actress."

As she absorbed acting technique, she began to work for jobs. She bought copies of Show Business and Ross Reports and started knocking on the door of each of the some four hundred agencies they listed. She took them in order, alphabetically. She mortgaged her job-hunting geographically, but she didn't know better.)

She stopped smoking, to conserve her voice, and lost weight. Then she dieted like mad. She moved out of the apartment she shared with other girls, and moved into her own room—and a half apartment in the Yorkville district of New York. She abandoned her dra.
Bob insisted that she join him right after her TV show for a trip to suburban Ridgerville. During the following month, Joan still had her TV makeup and, because it was a damp day, she was wearing a plastic rain helmet and a baggy, tweed dress. For breakfast she barely glimpsed the Harlem River, but they could hear the soft echoing of the fog horns of small river craft. Then Bob said, "I want you to Olga, in the city, to help you, and be your closest friend as long as you live. Will you marry me?"

Being a director-producer, Bob had planned the entire scene so carefully. But he had forgotten the dust, the drizzle, the cold, and the weather. He had wanted the stars to be out in their full splendor, the moon to be full and brilliant. Instead, the night was overcast. At any rate, the rehearsal Joan had been going through Player's Guide, looking for a friend, Miss Monty came to Joan's picture—and stopped. "This is the girl I want!"

She exclaimed, "And her hair!" and Mr. Foster was thirty-ish, a handsome six-footer, with blue eyes and blond hair. Joan did the commercial, but felt she was a terrible failure. She told Mr. Foster so, and he tried to cheer her up. "Let me take you out to eat," he said. So he took her to dinner, and then to see a stage play. She found herself enough to invite her over to her apartment for dinner. Then she asked Haila Stoddard, of The Secret Storm, for a good recipe. Haila, a marvelous cook, gave her a wonderful recipe for salmon with potatoes. Joan prepared the dinner lovingly... though she rather expected that Bob, like all men, would gobble it up without really tasting it. "But how could I have known this is a wonderful cook himself—so I later found out—he was so appreciative, and I was delighted!

When Bob talked about some of his friends' small children, she was even more delighted: "He was so perceptive, had such warmth, insight and understanding for children, that I knew he was a most beautiful man. I decided that this is the man I would marry if he asked me... I think I'll give this one year and see what happens."

After dinner, Joan hurried to a party, and Bob hurried to another party. But Joan knew she had fallen in love.

February 8—Bob insisted that she join him right after her TV show for a trip to suburban Ridgerville. During the following month, Joan still had her TV makeup and, because it was a damp day, she was wearing a plastic rain helmet and a baggy, tweed dress. For breakfast she barely glimpsed the Harlem River, but they could hear the soft echoing of the fog horns of small river craft. Then Bob said, "I want you to Olga, in the city, to help you, and be your closest friend as long as you live. Will you marry me?"

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After dinner, Joan hurried to a party, and Bob hurried to another party. But Joan knew she had fallen in love.

A few weeks later—on Friday, February 8—Bob insisted that she join him right after her TV show for a trip to suburban Ridgerville. During the following month, Joan still had her TV makeup and, because it was a damp day, she was wearing a plastic rain helmet and a baggy, tweed dress. For breakfast she barely glimpsed the Harlem River, but they could hear the soft echoing of the fog horns of small river craft. Then Bob said, "I want you to Olga, in the city, to help you, and be your closest friend as long as you live. Will you marry me?"

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Bill Cullen
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ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES: Address all communications to A. B. C. Publications, Inc., 675 Broadway, New York 11, N. Y. (Attn: Advertising Manager). All advertising copy should be sent to the Advertising Manager at least two weeks prior to publication date.

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Me and the Colonel
COLUMBIA
Everybody's favorite clown Danny Kaye is teamed here with Curt Jurgens, Nicole Maurey and an excellent supporting cast in a filmed version of the play called "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," originally written by Franz Werfel and subsequently adapted for American theater by S. N. Behrman. Action occurs in 1940, as the Nazi panzer units were sweeping toward Paris, and sweeping before them many a desperate individual to whom capture could mean danger or death. Danny Kaye excels as Jacobowsky, a mild philosophical Jew, who has learned the trick of survival by any resourceful means. Inadverantly, he turns out as the protector of the pompous Colonel Prokosny (Jurgens) and his love Suzanne (Nicole Maurey).

The Badlanders
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE: METROCOLOR
Daring plot—to mine a rich gold deposit still existing in an abandoned shaft of the Lisbon mine and make off with the loot—runs into trouble. The plotters: Alan Ladd, a minerologist and adventure-seeker, Ernest Borgnine, who once owned the land on which mine has been developed—but was foully done out of it. These two toughies meet inauspiciously while serving time in Yuma Territorial Prison, team up after release to make a boodle out of robbery of the gold and sale of the metal to Kent Smith (the present mine owner). Smith plays Cyril Lounsberry, whose morals are also nothing to brag about—he decides to stage a fast doublecross and blow the territory with the illegal gold and his favorite girlfriend (Claire Kelly), leaving his wife behind. Katy Jurado, a Mexican girl loved by Borgnine, is also involved in the robbery plans. Many a snappy gun and fist fight ensue.

Love, Everglades-style, with Chono Eden and Christopher Plummer involved.

Kaye (Jacobowsky) uses wires and German major to lie his way out of an arrest.

Wind Across the Everglades
WARNERS; TECHNICOLOUR
Against a backdrop of handsome nature-in-the-rough (the swamplands of Florida), a brutal struggle of man against man is played out. Set in the days around the turn of the century, action concerns the efforts of the Audubon Society to put a stop to the illegal and senseless slaughter of egrets and other plumed birds of the Everglades. The handsome feathers were then in vogue as trimming for women's hats, but wholesale killing of the birds was fast making them extinct. On the side of law and order is young Christopher Plummer, who is hired by the Audubon Society in Miami for the express purpose of stopping the activities of a gang of ruffians who operate in the depths of the Glades, and find no difficulty in marketing their catch of dead birds to unscrupulous men of Miami for high profit. The Swamp Angels, as they're known, live under the tyranny of a red-bearded giant called Cottonmouth (Burl Ives). The nickname results from a charming habit he has of fondling a pet snake, a deadly cottonmouth, and if he sees fit, using the snake as an easy way to kill any human enemy.

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FOR FAST, FAST RELIEF
One for the mourning: Hair on lip of Jackie Gleason—cultivated for TV drama—will be gone in the fall.

Worthy dark horse, Guest Of Honor, may be in network running. Here, host Ed Herlihy and G. of H., Benny Goodman.

Bird Shot: Busy beavers on Madison Avenue hopeful for a mid-season announcement that they have Brigitte Bardot sewed up for a spec. (Sewed up in what?) . . . Art Carney flies to Hollywood to guest with Dinah on October 5th . . . Pat Boone returned to a new and larger home in New Jersey. English Tudor-style house with six bedrooms and five baths. Lotsa fun Saturday nights . . . Have Horse, Will Travel: Godfrey in Albuquerque first week of October with horse show. Goes to Toronto and Chicago in November . . . Actress Jean McBride (Lone Of Life) made it very legal marrying Judge Saul Streit of NY Supreme Court. Jean, who had lived in a hotel, says, "Now I have a kitchen and don't have to eat out all of the time. That makes me happier but I don't know that it makes my husband any happier. I'm not much of a cook." . . . Omnibus, returning October 6th, quietly pulled off a scoop. Gene Kelly will star once during sea-son with interpretations of male dance . . . Any gal who'd like to try splish-splashing Bobby Darin's heart will find the coast clear, Claims he's never been within a mile of the "right girl." . . . Mary Healy, the better half of Peter Lind Hayes, likes to recall the afternoon her spouse ran out of gas while racing his boat to Block Island. The Coast Guard responded and asked, "What do you need—gas or gags?" Dourly, Peter said, "At the moment, both."

Watch That Lip: The return of Gleason is the big news for October. Many think Jackie is the great American comedian. John O'Hara termed him a genius and added, "Gleason has created the kind of characters Charles Dickens would have created if he were writing for TV today." On October 3, Jackie returns clean-shaven to CBS-TV with his new, weekly comedy series. On Oc-tober 9, he stars in Playhouse 90's "Time of Your Life" with a hairbrush on his upper lip. And the mustache is real, cultivated in August and harvested in September on tape. Jackie returns to TV a suburbanite or rather, a country gentleman. He has given up his mansion-like...
Ed on October 5. Sullivan, himself, makes — like a prof and lectures at the University of Georgia on October 30. . . ABC-TV’s new quiz, Zig-Zag, comes up with the craziest type “isolation booths.” Contestants will be moved about in chariots. . . Betty Johnson and her manager-husband Charles Green currently spending first anniversary abroad. Says Charles, “We took our honeymoon in Europe last fall and had so much fun we decided on a second honeymoon.” . . . P.S. from Linkletter: “A five-year-old gave me the following definition of a bachelor: ‘That’s what my daddy wants to be.'”

Artistry in TV. Mildred Alberg, exec producer of the Hallmark Hall Of Fame, says, “When we’re laying plans for a new season, we always ask ourselves, ‘Now what can we do with Julie Harris in?’” This season’s answer will be Hallmark’s production of “Johnny Belinda,” scheduled for October 13, NBC-TV. Millie goes on, “Of the whole group of young actresses, we think she is it, the best. But you can’t describe Julie except in cliché terms. She is sweet, simple and completely devoted to her work. Knows all of her lines at the first rehearsal. Of course, this is no trick in ‘Belinda,’ for she plays a mute, but it may be tough on her husband-Julie plays her part 24 hours a day, and this likely means no conversation at home. I don’t see how she’s coping with the telephone.” Mildred comments on Julie’s integrity. “After our production of ‘Little Moon of Alban’ last year, Julie got great reviews from all the critics but one. I had phoned her to read the AP and UP comments which were fine, but she was still unhappy about that one critic. I said, ‘But all the others liked you.’ She said, ‘But you never know. That unfriendly critic may have been the one who was right.’” Mildred Alberg likes to be right, too, and has no little prestige in TV circles. Since 1951, Hallmark has produced only the best in teleplays, including Shakespeare and Shaw. “Our aim,” she says, “is to take good things and make them popular (Continued on page 11)
WHO'S COOKING NOW? Recent vacation found distaff of Desilu doing all her own, but man of family is chief cook and bottle washer for CBS, Monday nights.

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4

This Chevalier rides for duel of wits—and accents—on Desilu preem.

By BUD GOODE

Hollywood pulls a Delilah: Tommy Sands, Pat Boone, Gary Crosby and Jim Garner have all had their tresses cut for motion pictures. But Dwayne Hickman from the Bob Cummings Show let his grow into a ducktail for his role in "Rally Round the Flag." Says Gary, in his "Mardi Gras" military-school manner, "There's always some guy who doesn't get the word." . . . Tommy, meanwhile, is waiting to see how the fan mail goes before he lets his hair grow in again. If there are enough Delilahs around, he'll keep it short. Tommy is on his way to the Arkansas Livestock Exposition for the first week of October; does the Garry Moore Show October 15; and makes a personal appearance on October 26th at the Huntsville, Texas, Prison Rodeo—paid for by a bunch of soft-hearted Texas millionaires, no doubt. That's what is known as a captive audience. . . .

Speaking of mothers, Nanette Fabray is one of our newest, and she's working on a theory to teach her baby how to swim—before he learns to walk. Seems the psychologists have found that a baby is more ready for swimming at six months than it is for walking. Waiting only makes the fear of water a greater hazard. But, Dad, don't just throw the baby into the first handy pool—you have to have competent teachers for the swimming to be learned at all. The whole affair, I imagine, is sure to give the term "wet nurse" a new meaning. . . .

This is turning into a very wet column—Desi Sr. and Desi Jr. have
Weekdays, he looks for Northwest Passage, on NBC-TV. Come Sunday, Keith Lorsen and Kitty beachcomb, turn over Arctic exploits to crew of Nautilus.

just returned from Delmar where they spent their vacation fishing and swimming in the surf while Lucy Sr. and Lucy Jr. spent their days playing house. Lucy went through the vacation to the last detail, did all her own cooking, half the time fighting Desi for the pots and pans. He insisted on chowing the rock bass and perch he and Desi Jr. pulled out of their front yard. Meanwhile, it looks like bank night for Desi. He's turned into CBS-TV's chief cook and bottle-washer on Monday night—Desilu Studios supplies their full schedule beginning with the Westinghouse Desilu Theater and running thru Rory Calhoun's "The Texan," the Ann Sothern show, and the Danny Thomas show. That's more weekly film footage than any major motion picture studio is turning out. Chef Arnaz is cooking on the front burners. . . .

More fish stories: Keith Larsen and Don Burnett of NBC-TV's Northwest Passage series both live on the ocean front, spend their free hours surf fishing, too. Don and Keith (bachelors) have taken to inviting their dates down to the ocean for barbecued fish dinners. Must be great cooks and fishermen as they both have half-a-dozen lovelies on the line all the time.

Through thick 'n thin: On returning to TV this season, Eddie Fisher named Bernie Rich the Associate Producer on his show—they were boyhood pals in Philly. Eddie's found that TV is a young man's game: His producer is 31-year-young George Englund; assoc. producer Rich is 28; Eddie is 29; his musical director, Buddy Bregman, 27; and his pianist-accompanist, Ed Samuels, 24. . . . Fisher's pal, Uncle Milte Berle, returns next week, too. Did you know that Berle has had more time in show biz than Fisher's entire crew?—Uncle Milte celebrated his forty-fifth year in the entertainment world in August—in 1913 he did his first bit, as a five-year-old on Marie Dressler's lap. From there, he became a top banana, and in 45 years that's a lot of bananas. . . . And did you know that Kent Taylor, star of ABC-TV's Roughriders, started his career as a crooner? And that rugged Charles Bronson, from ABC-TV's Man With A Camera, was once a Pennsylvania coal miner?

Ronnie and George Burns with the bulk of their old cast, sans Gracie, return to the air on NBC-TV October 21. Ronnie Burns' new 22-foot cabin cruiser broke loose from its moorings, was picked up by the Coast Guard, who feared Ronnie had fallen overboard. Ronnie, back at work on the soundstage of his father's McCadden Productions, was surprised to learn the Coast Guard was looking for him on the bottom of the ocean. Unable to explain to them why his cruiser was adrift in the middle of the Catalina Channel, Ronnie had to admit he was completely at sea on the matter. Oops. . . .

A few days after the Welk Annual Picnic, which is shown on pages 8 and 9 in this issue, Alice Lon held her fan-club picnic at Southgate Park. Alice had a Western theme with horses (Continued on page 77)
a Day in the Sun with Lawrence Welk

Picnic fare for five thousand, with Lawrence Welk and daughter Donna manning the serving table. Outing was held in Ladera Park, Los Angeles, with food, games and dancing to guarantee a genuine four-star time for young and old.

And the band played on! Welk, himself, gets a chance to dance to his own band only intermittently on their regular shows. On this afternoon, the boys were mainly on their own, while Welk danced it up with lady fans of all ages.

Each year the Welk Champagne Music Makers throw a rip-roaring picnic open to all comers. Any number can play, and they all did, for a glorious good time.

Lennon's Grandma Denning was visiting them, came along to help "Sis" care for young Mimi. Kathy helped out, too.

Lawrence Welk's Dodge Dancing Party, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America. The Plymouth Show, Starring Lawrence Welk, ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT, by Plymouth Dealers of America. The "Champagne Music Makers" are also heard on ABC Radio, including The Lawrence Welk Army Show; see local papers.

Alice Lon, Champagne Lady, socializes with the play-pen set: young fan, whose mother looks on proudly, Mimi Lennon.
"Spin-a-hoop," new gadget marketed by Art Linkletter, proved real laugh item. Littlest contestant was hit of afternoon.

Heave ho! Tug of war pitted Lennon Sisters, Po Lennon, Welk singers against instrumentalists. After hot fight the singers, with Janet as lead and mascot, won the war.

Picnic throng included about fifty offspring of Welk band members. Some joker suggested tug of war with midget athletes vs. Lawrence. P. S. They pulled him off his feet!

Both adults and the youngsters ran off a number of sock races. Here's the girls' race doing a fast hop toward the finish line, a new version of the "sock look."

Fast jitterbug number by Janet Lennon and Lawrence, Jr., wins applause. At right Alice Lon and Bud Goode (Coast Editor, TV Radio Mirror, and confessed ex-jitterbug).
He's the most to the teens, but Harry Zimmerman of KSTP-TV admits he's partial to fives

With Harry Zimmerman calling the tunes, the teens dance in the studio. At home, the post-teens watch, and trip some light, fantastic steps, too.

Harry and his family have dancing parties of their own at home. Here, he and Jo Ellen demonstrate for Leslie, Nancy, Heidi, Derek, wife Betty.

Ahoy! The cap'n of the dance party is a "Vice-Commodore."

Teen-age dancing parties are the rage on TV now. In the studios, the teens dance. At home, however, the post-teens aren't sulking. They're watching and sharing the fun. And, from time to time, they venture a few dance steps themselves. Surveys show that there's a large adult audience for these teen dance parties, and a man like Harry Zimmerman is a good reason why. . . . Harry's the host of Hi-Five Time, seen weekdays at 5 P.M., over KSTP-TV in St. Paul. The high-school set is wild about Harry, who knows almost more than they do about the latest teen record tastes, fads, likes and dislikes. But this host's relaxed manner and quick wit aren't lost on the post-teeners, either. . . . Any way you look at it, there's fun for everyone in watching Harry and the teenagers in the big studio "E." And any way you add it up, you've got Harry's number if you've got five. There's the show, seen at 5 o'clock on Channel 5. There's the fact that, when the walls had been stretched and all the people possible had been jammed into a recent studio "open house," there were five hundred of them—not four, if you please, or six. And, in stepladder order, there are five little Zimmermans: Jo Ellen, 12; Nancy, 9; Leslie, 4; Heidi, 3; and Derek, 2. . . . Harry first broke into broadcasting while stationed with the Air Force in New Mexico. From there, he traveled overseas as emcee of two entertainment units, both of which were headed by Peter Lind Hayes. Back in the States, things moved fast for Harry, who gained radio experience space before he eventually returned to Minneapolis. He joined KSTP in 1956. . . . Harry emcees various record hops and, as Vice-Commodore in Charge of Sports and Lakes for the 1958 Minneapolis Aquatennial, he was charged with organizing more than twenty-two Aquatennial events. Add at least five other civic organizations and that leaves only the wee hours for Harry's golfing. . . . The hours not accounted for, Harry spends with his wife Betty and their youngsters. When he's on the air, the Zimmermans line up in front of the TV set, with even the two littlest ones trotting around to "Daddy's top tunes." As we explained, with a man like Harry Zimmerman, teen parties have an unexpected audience.
rather than just look around for something already popular." She is a warm, enthusiastic woman married to actor Somer Alberg. "We have no children," she says, "and, if you detect a note of regret, you are right." Asked if quality productions meant a limited audience, she said, "Not true. We don't get a fifty-million audience, but to us it is more important to give thirty-million people an experience that lasts for months. We're proud of our audience. They even write to us on Hallmark cards."

Cool Diggin's: James Mason preparing TV series, The Third Man, which will be filmed in U.S. and Europe. . . Sid Caesar had them hysterical in England. His first American show will be October 26 when he subs for Dinah. . . It was a late summer wedding for Alistair Duncan of Our Gal Sunday's cast. As Lord Henry he is married to Sunday, but his real wife was an Englishwoman, Dinah Sharpe, a nurse. Producer Art Hanson was best man. . . Arthur Murray will try for the impossible—attempt to get Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin to appear the same night on his program. . . 21-year-old George Hamilton IV, who moved into Jimmy Dean's Saturday spot, is a three-month-old bridegroom. Married a hometown (Winston-Salem) gal, Tinky Peyton. Incidentally, the "TV" is no gag and his first male progeny becomes "V." . . . Johnny Carson had them roaring at an ABC Affiliates meeting. He joked, "When I wasn't doing so well on another network, they told me I had a 'minus two' rating. I challenged this. How could it be minus? They explained they had located only two people watching and neither liked me."

Great Month for Ears: Two new Decca releases are pure joy for fans of Louis Armstrong, "The Good Throat Book," is a collection of spiritual voices arranged and directed by one of jazzdom's finest, Sy Oliver. Just great. Then there's Decca's double-decker, "The Best of Ella Fitzgerald," a biographical deal, running from "A-Tisket A-Tasket" (1939) to "Body and Tramp" (1955). In between are fine blues and memorable pops . . . Radio covering three generations accounts for several other pressings. From the golden days of radio comes "The Immortal Al Jolson" (Decca). Fourteen loved songs recorded on the Kraft Music Hall. Next along the line are "The Marvelous Glenn Miller Medleys" (Victor) transcribed from radio broadcasts before and during World War II. As always, this is melody at its tasteful best. In an altogether different mood is Capitol's Louis Armstrong, a two-record set, "Jazz Is My Business," "The Best of the Stan Freberg Shows" containing two hours of the newest and best in radio laughs. Stan's humor is impudent, imaginative, even wild, and Freberg is the one you think of when people ask who is going to replace the Jack Benny's on television. Armstrong sings one day . . . For jazz ears who don't like their chords stretched too far, there are three discs that are gold. Each features artists who have been seen in jazz scenes of the past year and will be back in the new season. Capitol issues an exciting blend of brass on the "Johnny Glass Quintet. Titled, "Burnished Brass," tunes range from "Memories of You" to "Cuckoo in the Clock." Then there is the Jonah Jones Quartet, one of the jazzmen's favorite instrumental groups, with a set of twelve titled, "Jumpin' With Jonah" (Capitol). This is for listening or dancing, Jonah jazz boppin' with verve but a polite, muted thrust. In conclusion, note Decca's "Carmen for Cool Ones," starring the enormously talented Carmen McRae in vocals backed by the imaginative persuasiveness of Fred Katz and a half-dozen other really fine West Coast jazz musicians.

Fill 'Er Up: Scientists at Esso Research Center in New Jersey report that a driver who tunes in rock 'n' roll music consumes more gas than the guy who tunes in classics. This is because rhythmic music causes motorists to unconsciously jiggle the accelerator pedal in time to the music and waste fuel. . . . Australian golfer Peter Thompson—a Rock Hudson type—gets exposure on ABC-TV's All Star Golf, Saturday, October 11. Hollywood has an eye on him and he may win up riding a mare and shooting birds with a bang-bang. . . . Betsy Palmer spending spare time in Englewood, New Jersey, reconstructing an old house. No architects. No decorators. She and pediatrician husband have do-it-yourself kick. . . Life is stranger than fiction: On TV's Brighter Day, Aunt Emily is presently falling in love with Adolph McClure. McClure was played by Frank Thomas; Emily, by Mona Bruce, who in her real life is Mrs. Frank Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, though in the puppy stage of love electronically, have actually been married 37 years. . . We understand you can get Bob Hope to play your localであるる旧ビデオチューナーをAriston 出品のものに交換する。Odeon network, a two-record set, "A New Day." We're not sure if it means Bob and Hope get married. . . . A WRCB deejay show that has caught fire and deserves network exposure is Guest Of Honor. It's a two-hour, five-day program with the same guest (Goodman, Fisher, Four Lads) sitting-in the whole week. The guest reservoir and picks his own hits, and then orders Ed Herlihy is emcee. Larry Green produces. . . . A Pat Buttram quip, "There's one way every man likes to see a woman dress—quickly."

Little Woman, Big News: When the musical version of "Little Woman"—the Louisa May Alcott classic—lights up the screen October 16 via CBS-TV, singer-actress Florence Henderson will play Meg who, within the hour, will marry John Brooks, played by Bill Hayes. Says Florence, "Bill and I have worked together so often that marriage him comes natural. In a recent U.S. Steel Hour, I was his sweetheart. We have been doing the Oldsmobile commercials for a year. We have a night-club act. Now, people who work together in show business aren't necessarily good friends, but Bill and I are. He is a wonderful guy, a substantial citizen. I guess any man with five children has to be." Florence herself was the tenth of ten children and recalls her father was the greatest. "He didn't get married until he was over forty and then lived to eighty-seven. With his blundering, or dancing, Jonah jazz boppin' with verve but a polite, muted thrust. . . . In conclusion, note Decca's "Carmen for Cool Ones," starring the enormously talented Carmen McRae in vocals backed by the imaginative persuasiveness of Fred Katz and a half-dozen other really fine West Coast jazz musicians. Florence herself was the tenth of ten children and recalls her father was the greatest. "He didn't get married until he was over forty and then lived to eighty-seven. With his blundering, or dancing, Jonah jazz boppin' with verve but a polite, muted thrust. In conclusion, note Decca's "Carmen for Cool Ones," starring the enormously talented Carmen McRae in vocals backed by the imaginative persuasiveness of Fred Katz and a half-dozen other really fine West Coast jazz musicians. Florence herself was the tenth of ten children and recalls her father was the greatest. "He didn't get married until he was over forty and then lived to eighty-seven. With his blundering, or dancing, Jonah jazz boppin' with verve but a polite, muted thrust. In conclusion, note Decca's "Carmen for Cool Ones," starring the enormously talented Carmen McRae in vocals backed by the imaginative persuasiveness of Fred Katz and a half-dozen other really fine West Coast jazz musicians.
THE RECORD PLAYERS

Wizard was in the "wings" as Pat ("Dorothy"), Leo De Lyon, Lou Wills, Dean Dittmann rehearsed K.C.'s Starlight Theater production.

Bing was the boosting-rocket, says Torey, that's landing many-faceted Pat Suzuki on Broadway.

This month's deejay columnist,
Torey Southwick of KMBC in Kansas City, beats a few advance flower-drums for "Miss Ponytail," Pat Suzuki

SEND US A SIGNAL!

By TOREY SOUTHWICK

Want the secret of success in show business? Usually, the climb up the ladder to stardom is a long, hard one. However, you can ride an express elevator if you follow these simple instructions: First, arrange it so that Bing Crosby "recommends you to the world." Second, be sure your first record album is a best-seller. Third, get a starring role in a new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on Broadway.

Impossible? Maybe ... but that's the way Pat Suzuki did it.

Pat: Now, Torey, that's not fair! I've just been exceptionally lucky.

Torey: Well, I guess that recipe for success would be a little hard for everyone to follow. But everyone isn't blessed with your talent, either. How did Bing Crosby happen into your life?

Pat: He was up in Seattle, Washington, last year, and he happened to come into Norm Behr's Colony Club where I was singing.

Torey: Norm is now your manager and coach?

Pat: That's right. Well, after Bing Crosby had come back to the club about five times and had been quoted saying some very nice things about my work, the album was about to be released. We asked him if we could use just one little quote, and he said he'd like to write the liner notes for the album.

Torey: And that's where he wrote, "It's a pleasure to recommend Pat Suzuki to the world."

Pat: It was a wonderful recommendation. He's a charming, generous man.

Torey: Pat, your style is so versatile. How would you classify your voice?

Pat: A cross between Shirley Temple and Lawrence Tibbett, I guess.

Torey: I'd say that makes you unique! As Bing says on the album, you can sing anything from jazz to light opera. How do you do it?

Pat: I got that training from my three years at the Colony Club. In the show, we'd do little vignettes. All the fellows in the band and I would take about eight tunes from a Broadway show, dress them up with costumes and all, and put on our own little version of the show.

Torey: Well, Kansas City was sure happy that you made your starring debut in a big musical at our Starlight Theater this summer. You did a great job as Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" ... all four-feet-eleven of you! And, speaking of musicals, you'll be opening soon in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on Broadway.

Pat: Yes, "The Flower Drum Song."

Torey: What an exciting break ... to star in a new show written by the team that turned out "Carousel," "Oklahoma!," "South Pacific," etc. How did it come about?

Pat: Well, earlier this year, I was in New York for the first time, plugging my album and appearing on Jack Paar's TV show. They asked me to audition for the part on a day when I was exhausted from all the activity. I sounded awful, just dreadful! We went through with it, though, and had a riot of a time. I think it was my bizarre sense of humor that saved the day.

Torey: Were you signed before you left town?

Pat: No. I talked it over with Norm and we decided I wasn't quite ready yet ... maybe in a couple of years. But a week later, after I'd gone back home, they doubled their original offer, and my poor agents were screaming. So ... Torey: So ... Bing Crosby said that the summer of '57 was the time Pat Suzuki "happened" to him, the summer of '58 was when she happened to Kansas City, and now she's about to happen to Broadway. Best of luck to "Miss Ponytail." It couldn't happen to a nicer gal.

Over KMBC in Kansas City, Time For Torey is heard Mon.-Sat., from 7 to 9 A.M.; Torey Southwick Show is heard Mon.-Fri., from 2:30 to 5 P.M.
ROCKET TO A MOONBEAM

There are cowboys and sea cap’ns . . .
now space travelers get in orbit as
WNBQ’s baby-sitters.

Here’s Commander 5 showing routes taken by spaceship during its travels on WNBQ.

Chicago youngsters visit the Commander and sidekick Stubby, who entertain with space talk, gadget demonstrations, and magic tricks.

EVER WANT TO FLY through the stratosphere in a zooming spaceship, ride a rocket to a moonbeam, do something simple like gathering stars from the Milky Way . . . or just be a kid again? You don’t have to wait for the year 2000 or even step outside your front door. Just climb aboard the I.S.S.-5 and take a lesson from Commander 5, that masked man of mystery seen over Chicago’s WNBQ every Monday through Friday from 12 to 12:30 P.M. He’ll teach you all there is to know about being an interplanetary space traveler, and introduce you to a control room equipped with a maze of electronic gadgets such as a “cosmopanoscope,” “psychometer” and an “ethos energizer.” . . . Chicago’s only TV show based on the mysteries of outer space, Commander 5 has been a popular kiddie show since its debut. The Commander, whose real identity has been kept a secret since the show began, provides the youngsters with knowledge about the unlimited horizons of outer space, but they all come down to earth to view the show’s cartoons and travel films. . . . Spaceman 3rd Class Stubby, a rotund comic and sidekick of Commander 5, manages to fly into all kinds of trouble—both space-wise and other-wise—but he manages to zoom right out again by doing the right thing in tight spots. Bobby Gibbons, a young actor who has been playing in children’s shows around Chicago for the past few years, plays the spaceman part. . . . Always around to keep Stubby harassed and the TV audience laughing is a puppet-like character seen as a captive Martian with the improbable name of “Ambassador Max.” . . . The show is telecast in color, as well as in black-and-white, and many delightfully bizarre camera effects are achieved—like the shrinking of 300-pound Stubby and placing him inside a bottle, right before the astonished viewers’ eyes. . . . Evidence that this space-age program is really going over with Chicago’s youngsters was clearly indicated when, within a week, more than 20,000 applied for membership cards in the I.S.S. (Interplanetary Space Ship) Patrol. The cards are complete with space-language alphabet and codes which enable the kids to decipher secret messages given by the Commander each day . . . Maybe we’re not in the space age yet, but Commander 5 is making sure that everyone will be prepared for it, whenever it does get around to arriving here!
**ENTRÉE: THE WORLD**

Home shows should be a well-balanced menu, says Phyllis Knight of WHAS, with the world of affairs for meat 'n' potatoes

Your home is what you make it, says Phyllis Knight, Women's Director for Louisville's Station WHAS, TV and Radio. You can hide it away in the valley of your own concerns, self-contained, cloistered. Or, you can build high, nurture those lines of communication with the world, and keep the drapes drawn back on the picture window. "Home shows," says Phyllis, whose Your Home program is heard weekday mornings at 9, "are more than home economics. I think of women's formats as a method of bringing the world into the home." While not ignoring food, and grooming, and home-making problems and techniques—all of which are part and parcel of her show—Phyllis's avowed aim is to be "eyes and ears" for women who have no other access to important speakers and vital information. "Our women listeners," says she, "have a big stake in our world, and they want to know what's going on." . . .

The Knight-time TV show is seen weekdays at 6 P.M. Basically an interview format, Small Talk's guest list belies the title. Billy Graham, for example: Phyllis found him a "wonderfully genuine, likeable person." Ralph Bunche: "I was impressed," says she, "with how deeply he is immersed in concern for the world's ills, with no thought of personal gain." . . . Occasionally, a little-known person whose experience is unique or entertaining will appear with Phyllis—"like that nice man who'd been struck by lightning six times." On the sunnier side, the hostess recalls the night Gene Autry and his horse, "Champion," were the guests. It had been worked out that, at the end of the show, Phyllis would slap a vital spot on the Champ's leg as a cue for him to bow. "I missed the mark," says she, "and he started into a waltz instead. It was the only time," she claims, "that we've ever closed the show with title cards over a waltzing horse." . . . Phyllis came to Louisville and WHAS three years ago, via radio work in Champaign, Mattoon, and Peoria, Illinois. Born in Tuscola, Illinois, she was shy as a child—until, encouraged by receiving first prize in a statewide poetry contest, she joined a public-speaking class. One year later, at thirteen, Phyllis marched into Champaign's WDWS, auditioned for a job and got it. Mature for her age, she gave the station managers a jolt with the warning: "I'll be back . . . when I finish high school" . . . A little over a year ago, Phyllis married her...
Both tireless workers, when Phyllis and Sam Gifford take some time off, they look to tea... or a mystery.

outstanding fan, her station's Program Director, Sam Gifford. "Like everybody else," says Phyl, "we borrowed to get our new house, and now work hard to keep it." A tireless worker herself, she never misses a chance to advise high-schoolers to "learn the facts of life now, not later—bleached hair, too much makeup, bag dresses, and anti-study attitudes," she insists, "don't make for a rich life." Though Phyllis's own "bug" is for "wild 'n' radical" hats, she confesses the demise of the chemise leaves her cold... Outspoken and down-to-earth, Phyllis faces up to the rigors of a busy career with no mincing of words, or commitments. She claims her most gratifying work up to now has been helping get her listeners to submit to a quick and painless cervical-cancer test. "At home the other night," she relates, "we received a call from a man who was a stranger to both of us. 'I'd like you and Sam to join us for dinner,' he said. 'You don't know me, but the things you said about cervical cancer saved my wife's life. You know,'" Phyllis concludes, "I enjoy selling soap, and food, and cleaning services, but a life-saving idea... That's the sort of success everybody can respond to."
BETWEEN US GIRLS

Myrtle prepares film-lecture on Spain with assist from husband Ray. Helping her TV "partner" try out a baking recipe is daughter Doris.

Time out for homemaking: Busy Myrtle enjoys preparing barbecue for hungry husband and smiling grandchildren.

From smorgasbord to Spain, Myrtle Labbitt has lots to tell about over CKLW-TV

C ombine some gaily imparted hints on homemaking, a few recipes concocted right on camera, add a dash of color with some travel films, and what do you have? A program versatile as a Swedish smorgasbord. Myrt And Doris is seen on Detroit's CKLW-TV, Wednesday and Friday, from 12:30 to 1:00 P.M. Add some personality-plus, bubbling good spirits, and a zest for living and you have the show's talented hostess, Myrtle Labbitt, who divides her on-the-air hours between TV and her radio show, Myrtle Labbitt Time—heard Monday through Friday on CKLW Radio, from 9:35 to 10 A.M.

. . . Versatility is the word for this delightful lady who, aside from being women's editor of CKLW, is widely known as a writer, lecturer, and world traveler. . . . Myrtle has lots of experience to draw on for her widely informative programs. She's been with CKLW for 23 years, was once household editor of the Detroit News, in between being a competent wife to husband Ray and mother of three daughters—Doris, Ginny and Joey. It looks as though the girls are continuing the Myrtle Labbitt tradition of raising daughters and appearing on TV. So far the three have presented Myrtle with seven granddaughters and one grandson, and one of her daughters is the second half of the Myrt And Doris show, which she also co-produces. . . . "We always have fun when Myrtle is our guest speaker," say the people who attend Myrtle's lectures. And it's no wonder. She imparts the same fun-loving spirit to her "live" audiences as she does on radio and TV. Especially popular is her really genuine Swedish dialect which she uses in many of her skits. . . . Selected as one of Detroit's ten outstanding business women in 1957, Myrtle also has the distinction of being the first radio woman in Detroit to be initiated into Theta Sigma Phi, women's journalism fraternity. For her work in radio and public service, she was awarded a Hamline University Alumni Citation in 1954. All of which goes to show that the former Minnesota farm girl has lived up to the reputation she established in college. In her yearbook she was characterized as "personality personified; friendship idealized." Detroit hasn't needed a reminder.
Versatility Replete

I would like some information on Rosemary Prinz, who plays Penny Hughes on the TV program As The World Turns.


She worked as a typist, door-to-door saleswoman, and a hat-check girl. But, all the while, Rosemary Prinz was working the hardest—at becoming an actress. And all that hard work has paid off for the petite Miss Prinz who is "Penny" on the daytime serial. It began when she appeared at the Cragsmoor Summer Theater in the ingenue leads of "Kiss and Tell" and "Dear Ruth." Director Morton DaCosta was so impressed with the talented sixteen-year-old that immediately after she was graduated from high school, he placed her on the road with "Kiss and Tell." From there, she went to an important role in the national company of "Joan of Lorraine." Intermingled with her non-theatrical jobs, the 96-pound Rosemary appeared on radio and in such TV shows as Studio One, Armstrong Circle Theater, and Playhouse Of Stars. But 1950 was the big year for Rosemary. First, she won the Wildberg-Gilmore acting award. More important, she met her husband, Michael Thoma, while they were both appearing in the off-Broadway production of "Three Men on a Horse." . . .

The Thomas live in Forest Hills, Long Island, with their cocker spaniel called Grundoon, named after a Walt Kelly "Pogo" character. "Right now," says Rosemary, "he's a stay-at-home pooch. But, if times get tough, we'll train him for a career."

Calling All Fans

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

David Stollery Fan Club, Donald L. Young, 18 Centennial Place, Saxoville, Massachusetts.

Tommy Sands Fan Club, Carolyn Mad-
A leading medicated lotion was used on Mrs. Middleton's left hand, her right hand was given Jergens care. See the difference in this unretouched photo. Test was made while Mrs. Middleton soaked her hands in detergents 3 times a day for several days. The beautifying action of Jergens was proved by 713 housewives in other hand-soaking tests. For complete summary of these tests, doctors and dermatologists are invited to write to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jergens *beautifies* hands as nothing else can

...and the picture proves it!

Jergens both protects your hands and pampers your skin. That's why it beautifies as nothing else can. Jergens doesn't coat skin with sticky film... it penetrates to protect. It stops even red, rough detergent hands... softens and smooths. Jergens is the true beauty lotion. Only 15c to $1
I DREAMED
I MADE SWEET MUSIC IN MY NEW MAIDENFORM* BRA!

The bra that was born to be worn with the new "Empire Look"!

Sweetest bra this side of heaven...new Sweet Music by Maidenform! Specially stitched cups with figure-shaping under-cups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups...an elastic band under the cups makes this bra fit like a custom-made. You try it! 2.50

Price slightly higher in Canada

And ask for a maidenform* girdle, too!

sweet music* ^

*BYA LA CARTE

Look for this package everywhere.
WHAT will be the next sound, the next rhythm to move America's teenagers? What star will blast into orbit, launched by a million imaginations? Because a change appears imminent, TV Radio Mirror has asked two experts to crystal-gaze.

Art Ford, impresario of Jazz Party, which is seen live on WNTA, Newark, New Jersey, every Thursday night, and is syndicated by film in forty-seven countries, believes a major jazz revival is in prospect.

Alan Freed, disc jockey on WABC network radio, whose rock 'n' roll tours have crisscrossed America, says, "The Big Beat is here to stay."

Both predictions hinge on the fact that rock 'n' roll grows elderly. Its upsurge began in 1949 and ten years is a long time in popular music history. Each succeeding generation finds a music of its own which becomes almost a secret communication, secure against its elders.

In 1900, it was the waltz, then termed "the wickedest dance in history." In 1911, it was ragtime and Irving Berlin led the parade. By 1920, jazz was the theme sound for a rebellious, post-war, "Lost Generation."

Jazz surged up out of the Negro South, an earthy blend of blues, work songs, folk songs, spirituals, and just about everything else a musically sensitive and gifted primitive people could make its own.

But jazz became many things to many people, and, in the 1920's, began branching out. The more learned side borrowed from the classics and branched again to produce both swing and progressive jazz.

Swing was the thing, and big bands thrived from the late 30's until the war took band leaders and sidemen into uniform. In civilian aggregations, the Era of the Vocalist, with Frank Sinatra as its symbol, came in. When World War II ended, changed economic conditions meant that the big bands found it difficult to exist.

Meanwhile, in small combos, the bop boys were substituting cool, complex harmonies for hot rhythm. Progressive jazz resulted.

But the roots which first produced jazz refused to be smothered in sophistication. While durable Dixieland held its own, the basic beat and simple style surged up anew in the wild rhythm-and-blues records which splashed into headlines in the 50's as rock 'n' roll.

Now, as the 50's draw toward their close, those kids who first found their sound in rock 'n' roll are settling down. Mortgage payments and diaper services concern them more than song hits. Rock 'n' roll, just as its predecessors, appears to near its crossroads. While some current teenagers cherish new, improved handpainted Elvis buttons, others already refer to rock 'n' roll as "corny."

Which faction will set the new trend? Will the Class of 1962 be content to inherit its elders' music?

Ford says they won't. Freed says they will, with certain changes. Which one will win this battle of modern music?
Art Ford Says:

JAZZ SWINGS IN AGAIN

The favorite tempo of the Roaring 20's, the continuing hobby of jazz buffs through all the years—watch for a rebirth of the Blues

The big move is to jazz, to a spontaneous, exciting renaissance of Dixieland and swing, Art Ford believes. "It appeals especially to youthful listeners because it is a warm and a natural kind of music," he says. "It takes us out from the lost caverns of progressive jazz. It makes rock 'n' roll sound like a cute cousin. This is the real thing."

As signs of the times which confirm (Continued on page 24)
A confirmed defender of rock 'n' roll says the name for it may change—but the one-two rhythm will continue to set feet dancing

The big beat is here to stay for at least another five years, says Alan Freed. He dismisses reports of its early demise as just plain wishful thinking on the part of some who would like to see the trend change.

"Remember when they said Calypso would push rock 'n' roll right off the charts? It turned out, you will recall, that it wasn't Calypso that was hot, it was one man, Harry Belafonte, who sang songs people wanted to hear. A few others rode along on his wave. Then there was talk about the hula and the cha-cha. Sure, they were interesting. They provided variety. But you couldn't call them a trend. They vanished very fast."

Taking issue with Art Ford, outspoken Freed says, "I'm glad to see that jazz is in such a healthy state. I enjoy it, too, but I can't see it taking over. It's music for older people. And the fact remains, they don't make the hits. The hit trend in music is set by the teenagers. They buy the current records and they want a strong, happy beat to dance to. That's natural." (Continued on page 25)
In New Orleans, birthplace of the blues, Art Ford gathers gifted musicians to do genuine Dixieland for armed services overseas. Show recorded at WDSU-TV.

In 1955, jazz trumpeter Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong made a sensational tour with his band to England, Europe, Africa. Shown above, band's arrival in Zurich.

Art Ford's Jazz Party is seen over Station WNTA-TV (New York), Thurs., 9 to 10:30 P.M. EDT; see Minneapolis papers for time and day on Station KMSP. Program is broadcast simultaneously in stereo sound over Stations WNTA, AM and FM (New York).
As Cleveland deejay, Alan Freed began backing the rock early as 1949.

(Continued from page 23)

He anticipates some change in terminology. "Kids are inventive. As soon as the name 'rock 'n' roll' begins to sound like an archeological label to the crop of kids just turned thirteen, they'll find something new to call it. But I can't find anything in sight to challenge the big beat itself."

He ticks off his reasons: "First, the one-two beat is basic. Second, it has already proved it can grow and change without losing its identity. Third, it has given youth a chance to write music as well as perform. With a life and a career ahead of them, these kids will be around a long time."

Discussing Topic One, Freed says, "It is basic because the first rhythm a child learns to recognize is the one-two beat of his own heart. That is followed by the one-two of his own steps as he learns to walk. His first poems and prayers rhyme the first line with the second. Musically, there has always been some manifestation of the rhythm. With one expression of it, John Philip Sousa became the march king; with another, Al Jolson, Harry Richman and Eddie Cantor gained fame. Whenever it recurs in popularity, it stirs up the country."

Freed can trace the big beat's ability to change and grow in terms of his own life and musical experience. Born October 15, 1922, in Youngstown, Ohio, he was an infant in that crucial year of jazz, 1924. It was then that Paul Whiteman "made a lady of jazz" by staging a concert in "symphonic syncopation" at New York's stately Aeolian Hall and commissioned George Gershwin to write "Rhapsody in Blue." His use of classic music technique to smooth down the rough edges of jazz set the direction toward learned, cool, progressive jazz and also predicated the big swing era of the Thirties.

Young Alan Freed, growing up at Salem, Ohio, began studying the trombone at twelve and, at thirteen, burned with ambition to play in the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Then he (Continued on page 70)

The Alan Freed Show, Station WABC Radio (New York), is heard M-F, 7:15 to 11 P.M. —Sat., 7 to 11. Alan Freed's Big Beat is seen on Station WNEW-TV (formerly WABD—N. Y.), M-F, 5 to 6 P.M., EDT.
WIDER WORLD: "I am an invalid. I sell greeting cards and magazine subscriptions to support myself. I saved enough to buy a TV set, and since then I have had a look at the outside world. We are able to get only two channels in this area. Pay-TV will take away from those who need it the most." Cletus J. Walter, Hartington, Nebraska—who further wrote to us, "This picture shows how I type without my hands. My handicap makes this necessary. A rubber-tipped 'pointer' is fastened to my cap, and I tap the keys by bobbing my head."

A FATHER'S VIEWPOINT: "From the little I have heard about Pay-TV, I feel it would deprive many families of good wholesome entertainment which is so important to the well-being of the family. As the father of ten children, ranging from nineteen to three, who find interesting programs from the early morning cartoons to the late show in the evening, the cost would take a lot of consideration, and I am sure would have to be budgeted. What will happen to the shut-ins? Will this whole new fascinating world be taken away from them because they cannot pay? Free TV has become a part of the American way of life. Let's leave it that way." Ludwig F. Nerlinger, Brevard, North Carolina.

BY RUTH NATHAN

WHETHER OR NOT there should be dough for the show is a prospect which has stirred up the letter-writers' blood of just about everyone: Big businessmen, little businessmen, housewives, farmers, bachelor girls, white-collar workers and executives, city officials and federal officials, laborers, students and teachers.

From Opportunity from a review of the writing bug that the "voice of the people," or "public opinion," does exist. From their uninhibited penmanship, one can set a true yardstick to their feelings about one of the hottest issues of the day, Pay-TV.

The postal prose, fancy and free, has been recorded sometimes impatiently on the handiest piece of paper—used greeting cards, paper towel, school notebooks, some of the boss's old stationery, ladies' lounge tissue, TV dinner paper plates—about every communicable bit of empty space except a crowded racing sheet.

On this page, and the runover pages, are a few excerpts from such letters, selected by the writer from a review of some 3,000. They were made available through the cooperation of Congressional leaders in Washington, D.C., to whom a great bulk of letters on the subject was directed; also the broadcasting networks, particularly the Columbia Broadcasting System, which recently sponsored a nationwide pro-and-con debate over that boiling center of attraction, the still all-free home screen.

The many-sided points of view of the letter writers indicate that the average televiewer is more than holding up his own high I.Q. He can still read and write, though he loves pictures. More important, he is keeping his sense of originality and humor on a subject which has been belabored by partisan erudition, dry poll statistics and over-talked government agency particulars. The brief candid postman's review cannot reflect all of the opinions of the more than 47,000,000 TV set owners throughout America, but it attempts a vital sampling of the thought and argument of the small-town and big-town people everywhere, who apparently are against Pay-TV at least 87-to-1. (Continued on page 60)
about Pay-TV

Toll television has been put on ice by the Federal Communications Commission, but public reaction has not. Here some intelligent people speak their minds.

FARMER'S PLIGHT AIN'T HAY: "We are just small farmers, and with the cotton acreage and then this soil bank plan, too, it's knocked us for a loop. We've always worked the other man's land and never able to buy land of our own. We bought our TV on the farmer's plan, paying half one fall and the other half the next fall when we had gathered our crop. This Pay-TV plan, we hope and pray it isn't forced on us, too." Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Barrett, Moro, Arkansas.

THREATENED BABY-SITTER: "I am a teenager 15 years old. I think this idea that Pay-TV would give the public the latest movies—of which they are now being deprived—is a lot of nonsense. Where would we babysitters be if everyone stayed home?" Janice L. Kump, Amityville, New York.

FIGHT FROM CITY HALL: "I do not think it would be in the interest of the public to allow certain corporations to charge for the use of the air which has been explored by the pioneers of TV and their engineers to provide the American public with free viewing of matters of diversified interest. In December, 1957, we had in our city 2,412 operating TV sets located in 2,187 homes and business places—and, from the count, more than one TV operating in some. If a poll were taken in our city, less than 5% would be in favor of Pay-TV." The Hon. Joseph F. Bayorgeon, Mayor of Kaukauna, Wisconsin.

AS TIME GOES BUY: "In my years of selling television sets, 85% of all sales made were based on a time payment plan, and in a lot of cases the customers were not able to make monthly payments due to sickness and other obligations. How could these people afford to pay for viewing TV?" Mr. Henry F. Peters, East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, shown here with Mrs. Peters.

EVERYTHING BIGGER IN TEXAS? "Perhaps Pay-TV proponents are not familiar with the situation in fringe areas. In order to get viewable TV, we must subscribe to a community antenna at the price of $135 installation fee and $4 a month ad infinitum." Mrs. E. Hayden Swaim, Jr., Paris, Texas. With Mrs. Swaim is son Matthew, 14 months old.
At 7, Tish was already studying ballet. Ann accompanied her then, has encouraged her in all the arts.

Ann Sothern Show presents its heroine as assistant hotel manager Katy, with Jack Mullaney as bellboy Johnny, Jacques Scott as handsome desk clerk Paul. Away from work and school, Ann and Tish vacation at their Sun Valley chalet. But year's biggest events were celebrated at home in Hollywood, with cakes and teen-age quests for both Tish's 13th birthday and graduation from Marymount.

At 10, Tish posed with Ann in front of earlier mother-daughter portrait painted by Paul Clemens.

At 12, she knew she could rely on her home—that Ann would always help, no matter what the problem.
For Ann Sothern ... an excitingly different TV show.
For her beloved daughter
Tish ... a whole teen-age world to be explored—and shared

By JERRY ASHER

The group gathered around the old oak conference table just sat there in silence. Elbow-nudgers included three writers, one director, one producer and his assistant, plus a beautiful blonde named Ann Sothern and a handsome dark-eyed gentleman known to the entertainment world—and Lucille Ball—as Desi Arnaz. In front of each were sharpened pencils and paper pads scrawled with words, phrases and fancy doodling. Dead cigarettes overflowed from ashtrays, while cold coffee bulged sagging paper cups. The people present stared at each other, through each other, and concentrated on the four corners where walls and ceiling meet. Suddenly, Desi leaped to his feet and paced the room, his arms gyrating like (Continued on page 72)
New Lives for Two

At 7, Tish was already studying ballet, Ann accompanied her then, has encouraged her in all the arts.

At 10, Tish posed with Ann in front of earlier mother-daughter portrait painted by Paul Clemens.

At 12, she knew she could rely on her home—that Ann would always help, no matter what the problem.

For Ann Sothorn ... an excitingly different TV show.
For her beloved daughter
Tish ... a whole teen-age world to be explored—and shared

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Bill and his wife Anne have no secrets when it comes to airing their honest but surprising opinions on everything from programs to people.

Parties? Gifts? Bill hates 'em—but he gave Anne a birthday surprise she'll never forget, as seen in these three pictures of their boat trip around Manhattan. Anne was laden with loot. Friends (above) helped Bill entertain—left, press agent Nat Fields, Goodson & Todman producer Gil Fates; right, business manager Vincent Andrews, producer Allan Sherman. Opposite page—a hearty thank-you!

By MARTIN COHEN

This is Bill Cullen "in the raw"—mentally. In the past ten years, many stories have been written about Bill as an emcee, husband, pilot and hobbyist extraordinary. This piece, however, is concerned with his opinions and ideas on such diverse people and things as potato chips, Godfrey, diets, after-shave lotion, Picasso, monkeys, love, Brigitte Bardot and many an unrelated subject. Bill is sharp. Groucho Marx called him the second wittiest man on the air. (You know who was first.) Bill's wit derives from a blistering curiosity and intelligent sensitivity.

The interview took place in his apartment, a couple of hundred feet above Manhattan's East River Drive. The scenery was beautiful. On one hand, through the picture window there was the metallic sweep of the East River. On the other, there was Bill's picture-pretty wife, Anne, who was invited to chime in with her comments on the following subjects:

Cocktail Parties. Bill: "Hate them. Never go." Anne: "I don't like them. Especially the big ones."

Children. Anne: "Well, I like them, but I don't have to have children to fulfill myself. I think Bill would make a marvelous father." Bill: "I think I'm almost too old to have them. I'm thirty-eight. Actually, I suppose I'm afraid of children under fourteen. I never know when they're going to haul off and kick me. And they're so unwieldy and noisy. To me, children are just cocktail parties without cocktails."

Diets. Bill: "I just go on eating what I like until my trousers get tight and then I diet. Dieting for me is simply knocking off bread, potatoes, spaghetti and such."
This is CULLEN
(Continued)

Anne is lucky. She can eat anything and she never gets fat.” (No comment from Anne.)

Ed Sullivan. Bill: “I always thought he was a good emcee. But, as the years have worn on, I’m firmly convinced he’s a great one. He doesn’t get on camera too much, doesn’t get into acts, and he wears well. Besides, in my personal contacts, I’ve learned that he is a delightful man and very loyal.”

Elfrieda Von Nardroff. Anne: “I never watched her.” Bill: “I never watch a quiz show that has questions over my head. It would ruin my vanity. But the Barry-Enright office is a very good office and I congratulate them on their success with Twenty One.”

Extroverts. Bill: “Not for me, and I’m not one. The first argument Anne and I had was the night we met. She thought I was an extrovert! On the show, I’m paid to do a job. But, outside of that, I like a quiet, lonely existence. That’s the truth.”

Poker. Bill: “I like to play for an hour or two, but not penny ante. I don’t think it’s a game unless you’re playing up to the point where you can afford it—and that frightens me (Continued on page 64)
When not dashing from one program to another, Bill relaxes at home with Anne in their apartment overlooking Manhattan’s East River. They have lots of discussions and watch lots of TV—one of many subjects on which they are of two minds: His and Hers.

The Price Is Right also helps to keep Bill in mischief every weekday morning—and on Wednesday evenings, as well. One thing about TV both Cullens are definitely agreed upon: A good show is a good show, and those Bill works on are among the very best.
Anne is lucky. She can eat anything and she never gets fat.” (No comment from Annie.) Ed Sullivan. Bill: “I always thought he was a good cousin. But, as the years have worn on, I’m firmly convinced he’s a great one. He doesn’t get on camera too much, doesn’t get into sets, and he wears well. Besides, in my personal contact, I’ve learned that he is a delightful man and very loyal.” Elfrida Von Nardroff. Anne: “I never watched her.” Bill: “I never watch a quiz show that has questions over my head. It would ruin my vanity. But the Barry-Enright office is a very good office and I congratulate them on their success with Twenty One.”

Extirpates. Bill: “Not for me, and I’m not one. The first argument Anne and I had was the sight we met. She thought I was an extrovert! On the show, I’m paid to do a job. But, outside of that, I like a quiet, lonely existence. That’s the truth.”

Poker. Bill: “I like to play for an hour or two but not penny ante. I don’t think it’s a game unless you’re playing up to the point where you can afford it—and that frightens me.”

*For Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M.* is sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. The Price Is Right is seen on NBC TV, M-F, 11 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—also Wed., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Lever Brothers and Spideld Corp. Bill Cullen is also heard on Pulse, WRCA Radio (New York). M-F, from 6 to 10 A.M., Sat., 8 to 10 A.M. (All times EDT.)
We have Princesses, too—Melinda Sue with her Queen mother, Mrs. Linda Day. Baby needed special shoes and got 'em, thanks to audience vote. Candidate pictured at right didn't win, but Mrs. Julia Erich was wise, witty and had a wish which only a nurse could have dreamed up—a skeleton for anatomy class at hospital.

Queen Iva Brown—lady marine. Left, production manager Ed Kranyk; right, producer Harry Mynatt, announcer Gene Baker-
What Will They Think Of Next?

There are as many laughs as heartthrobs on Queen For A Day. Our ladies, bless 'em, know just what they want—but how they say it is something else again!

By JACK BAILEY
as told to Dora Albert

In my opinion, women are completely unpredictable. When a woman is going to appear on Queen For A Day, I never know what she is going to say until after she has said it and sat down. . . If you aim at having an entertaining show, presenting older ladies and little girls is as safe as waving a flag for applause. But what they say can be dynamite! Little girls tell the truth because they don't know how to tell anything else, and dignified-looking older ladies stick to the truth because they are no longer afraid to tell it.

For instance, there was the dear soul, quite large, very dignified, extremely well-dressed. (Continued on page 81)

Jack Bailey emcees Queen For A Day, Monday through Friday, as seen on NBC-TV, at 4 P.M. EDT—and heard over Mutual, at 11:35 A.M. EDT.
The tall white candles they held in their hands flickered fitfully as the solemn words of the Greek Orthodox wedding ceremony were read. Twin crowns were held over their heads as the pastor of St. Nicholas Cathedral intoned the beautiful ritual that would make them man and wife. Then, following the ancient custom of the bridegroom's heritage, they walked slowly three times around a table, hand in hand, were blessed by the icons, and plighted their troth.

At 10:30 in the evening—he with a borrowed wedding band, and she in a wedding dress that had been size-40—they went forth together into a future as blithe and unpredictable as their courtship.

Michael Ansara's very first date with Barbara Eden should have been his last, according to Hollywood tradition. (Continued on page 78)
On TV, Barbara Eden's target is the "ideal millionaire." In real-life drama, her bridegroom proved to be that "ideal Indian"—Mike Ansara
Why I Have to Be “Perfect”

Every bride has to adjust to her new family ... but Jack Linkletter's bride discovered she's part of a TV-radio family as big as all America!

By BARBARA LINKLETTER

All brides are supposed to make mistakes. It's sort of expected that they'll bake biscuits like paving stones or put too much starch in their husband's shirts. But my problem is much worse. I don't mind making mistakes—but, every time I make one, approximately ten million people find out about it, and that requires a large sense of humor!

My husband Jack already has a sense of humor; that's why he puts my mistakes on television. He says people are always interested in babies and the problems of young people starting life and how they work things out. He tells me, "Perhaps one of your mistakes will help someone else." I see his point—but, the first time it happened, I wasn't anxious to help anyone but myself.

About two weeks after we'd come back from our honeymoon, I burned the rice for dinner ... which was a catastrophe to me. Jack was very sweet about it—and there's a lot to be sweet about, when you burn something ... because, first, there's the horrid scorched odor and, second, there's the dismal business of soaking and scraping the pot. Of course—as I'd already found out—all the Linkletters love to tease. So, when Jack had consoled me, he couldn't resist a few jokes about how terrible it was for a man to discover his wife couldn't boil water without burning whatever was in it!

By the end of the evening, I could smile ... but next day was different. All afternoon, the telephone rang. Everyone I knew called me: My mother, the parents of some of my students, my friends and fellow teachers and my sister. Every call started the same way: "I hear you burned the rice last night."

Jack, it seemed, had merely “mentioned” the incident during his appearance on House Party that morning. As usual, I had not been able to see the show. I was teaching physical education at Beverly Hills High School for the first five months of our marriage, and never able to catch Jack's appearances on his father's show.

But apparently everybody else had, because the telephone just wouldn't stop ringing. With
Here's a man who thinks Bobbie's pretty perfect—accent on pretty. Art Linkletter says his new daughter-in-law looks like last year's "Miss America," Marilyn Van Derbur (above), whom he interviewed on his House Party (CBS-TV and Radio).

Strictly on his own—and another net (NBC-TV)—Jack won rave reviews emceeing the night-time Haggis Baggis (above). Bobbie helped by timing him as he tried out his material on a tape-recorder. Like Art, Jack writes his own "warm-ups."

Jack Linkletter is the host of NBC-TV's night-time Haggis Baggis, which is expected to move to Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EDT, in the new fall schedule. His father's M-F daytime program, Art Linkletter's House Party, is seen on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M. EDT, heard on CBS Radio, 3 P.M.

Every call, my emotions changed. First I was embarrassed, later I was annoyed—because it's not a crime to burn rice, is it? Then I went back to embarrassment and just hated to pick up the phone... but, when the calls stopped, I had time to think seriously.

And I realized that now it had happened—one of the things I'd vaguely anticipated, feared, worried about. Here was the first major adjustment, and I had to find a way to face it, accept it, and not let it spoil my marriage. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that it probably was rather funny, and I've never minded being laughed at—in the privacy of the family.

But the rice was only the beginning. Not long afterward, Jack was running an audience survey and encountered a woman wearing a real "sack" dress made of potato bags. She asked him to sign a petition against the current dress fashions, and Jack was about to sign. Then he stopped and said, "You're asking me to ruin my marriage—my wife just bought three of the things!"

The woman protested that (Continued on page 66)
One plan for perfection didn’t work out! Jack bought books to improve Bobbie’s chess game. “She didn’t read them and I did,” he says. Result: Jack’s winning more often than ever.

Jack reads financial pages—a smart businessman, like Dad. Bobbie reads the comics. She’s always liked a joke, but had to learn that the TV public is laughing with her, not at her.
"From These Roots"

Ann Flood knows that, wherever a girl may be, romance can blossom from the tiniest seed and grow to be her destiny.

Above, Ann with her fiancé, Herb Granath. Below, Liz Fraser (Ann) with her From These Roots fiancé, Bruce Crawford (David Sanders), Aunt Mildred (Sarah Burton, at left), and Dr. Buck Weaver (Len Wayland, seated).

Liveliest limbs on Ann's own family tree are younger brothers Kevin (left) and Sandy (right)—and youthful parents Frank and Ann Ott—pictured standing on porch at their home in Brightwaters, N.Y., where Herb and Ann plan a November wedding.

By FRANCES KISH

Ever since last Easter, Ann Flood has been living a personal story as exciting and romantic as any script she ever played. On Easter Sunday, she became formally engaged to a young TV network sales executive, Herb Granath. Hardly more than a month later, she auditioned for and won the leading part in the NBC-TV drama From These Roots... The series, which went on the air in the early summer, was Ann's first experience as a day-by-day heroine. A challenging, vivid heroine she is, too. Named Elizabeth Fraser, but known to her family and friends as Liz, she is an ambitious young writer beginning to make her mark in the publishing world. Liz is the youngest of three grown children, the others (Continued on page 79).

Ann is Liz Fraser in From These Roots, on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble and others.
the Lawman's Deputy

Peter Brown got his greatest TV role by hard riding, straight shooting, good acting—and belief in his magic formula: “You make your own luck”

Lawman co-stars John Russell (at lower left) as the marshal and Peter as his deputy. October also finds Peter co-starring in the prologue to a lifetime partnership—his wedding to lovely actress Diane Jergens (above), a few days after his twenty-third birthday.

By EUNICE FIELD

The firm hazel eyes stared into the mirror. “I'll make it,” Peter Brown assured his reflection. “I'll make it big.” The ritual was as much a part of Peter's makeup as his athletic good looks and acting talent, and it went back a long way... to his high-school days in Spokane, Washington, when he stood on the ramp leading to the football field, as the varsity scrimmaged against the scrubs. Peter bent his head, the dark brown hair tumbling over his forehead, and trudged dismally home. His mother—the former Mina Reaume of Broadway, who still "kept her hand in" by doing a local radio program and directing at the Civic Theater—took note of her offspring's downcast state. "My stars," she exclaimed in dismay. "What's wrong with you?"

He avoided her gaze, his mouth working for control. "I didn't make the team, Mom," he said at last. "I won't get my letter."

She took him by the arm and led him to the mirror in their living room. "Son, I should have taught this to you years ago, when your father was showing you how to field a bunt and do the backstroke. But I never seemed to find the right occasion until now."

It was then, in what he felt was his darkest moment, that Peter Brown learned the magic of faith and positive thought. He learned a simple exercise in will power. He learned how to think

Peter is Johnny McKay in Lawman, ABC-TV, Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds for Camel Cigarettes.
Outdoors, Peter and the future Mrs. Brown play Scrabble—and drink fruit juice by the quart. Indoors, they listen to Peter's records. They'll live in his "bachelor apartment" after marriage, and Diane expects him to be a very handy man around the house. He built planter in foreground, rigged speakers for three-dimensional sound.

Some six years later, Peter was staring into another mirror in a guest house he'd rented in San Fernando Valley. He was about to drive to the Warner Bros. studio to try out for the co-starring role of Johnny McKay, the young deputy in Lawman, a big Western dramatic series being planned for fall viewing over ABC-TV. It was his great chance and he was determined not to miff it. "I'll get that part," he told his reflection sternly. "I'll make it."

His friend Edward Byrnes, a Warner Bros. contract player, watched him curiously. "Brownie, my boy, there's a hundred-odd young leading men out for that part. How do you figure this will help you?"

"That's easy, Edd," Peter told him. "Of that hundred, I'll bet only half have studied as hard and prepared themselves as thoroughly as I have. Of these fifty, there are bound to be
half that aren’t good horsemen. Another twenty are sure to come in too nervous to put up a good show. That leaves just a few who’ll give me any real opposition. Everything else being equal, I’ll still be going in there with my will power all pepped up, my faith going full blast, all keyed up to make my own luck. That’s the margin I’m banking on.”

A few days later, Byrnes phoned him. “How did you make out?”

Peter chuckled. “It seems there were four other fellows all hopped-up with positive thinking.”

“Then you didn’t get the part?”

“Oh, I got it all right. You see, one of these turned out to be allergic to horses. The second rode okay, but he didn’t know how to handle a gun. The third lacked acting experience and gave a poor reading.”

“What about the fourth?”

“Oh, his agent got him mixed up. He came down thinking positively, all right, but he was aiming for the sheriff’s part—and that was given to John Russell last week.” Peter’s laugh had a touch (Continued on page 73)
Outdoors, Peter and the future Mrs. Brown play Scrabble—and drink fruit juice by the quart. Indoors, they listen to Peter's records. They'll live in his "bachelor apartment" after marriage, and Diane expects him to be a very handy man around the house. He built planter in foreground, rigged speakers for three-dimensional sound.

 himself into luck . . . into attitudes that could be steppingstones to success. And he won his letter as a member of the swimming team, attracting much acclaim as a "clown diver."

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Gourmet Feast for a Fall Evening

Anne Seymour presents for you one of her favorite and memorable dinners, with the main attraction Chicken Canelloni—a star of magnitude, along with its creator

Talented Anne Seymour is best known these days, to listeners across the country, in the role of Myra Drew in NBC Radio’s successful daytime drama, The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry, which stars Madeleine Carroll in the title role. For Anne, this latest radio role is a fascinating adjunct to an acting career which these days also includes the part of Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt in “Sunrise at Campobello,” the Broadway hit dramatizing a portion of the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Stretching before this outstanding success-year, 1958, lie thirty years on radio, stage and TV—with a lofty list of credits to prove her a proud member of a theatrical family active for seven generations. From the day when she did her first walk-on in a Broadway play in 1929, Anne has been giving to audiences everywhere the gift of her great talent in serious dramatic roles.

At her New York home, or at her place in the country, Anne loves to entertain. A fine cook, with a taste for truly gourmet dishes, she is willing to undertake any complicated dish and serve it forth with gusto. The menu given on this page is an example of one of her dinners, good to look at and even better to eat. Her suggestion to any of you who may not be fortunate enough to live in an area where fresh seafood is readily available: Omit the clams and substitute your own choice fruit or vegetable juice cocktails as a starter to this magnificent meal. And, to all of you everywhere, she says, “Good eating!”

MENU

Cherrystone Clams on Halfshell
Anne Seymour’s Chicken Canelloni
Green Beans with Chopped Almonds          Wild Rice
Rye Crisp or Rolls
Date Pudding with Whipped Cream
    Coffee

CHICKEN CANELLONI

Makes 6 portions
To make filling, combine in order given:
  \( \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup finely chopped, cooked spinach} \)
  2 cups ground, cooked chicken
  \( \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup grated Parmesan cheese} \)
  \( \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup canned chicken broth} \)
Cook over very low heat about 20 minutes, or until flavors are blended, stirring occasionally. Cool.
To make sauce, place in a saucepan:

Anne plays Myra Drew in The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry, produced and directed by Hi Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.
2 tablespoons chicken fat or butter
2 1/2 tablespoons flour
Stir over low heat until smooth. Then, add slowly:
2 cups chicken broth
3/4 cup light cream
Stir over low heat until thickened. Add:
1/2 bay leaf
3/4 cup grated American cheese
1 cup canned meat broth
Stir until cheese melts, then remove from heat.
To make pancakes, combine in pint bowl:
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
1/4 teaspoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup milk
Stir in:
3/4 cup flour
Stir until batter is very smooth. Put a very little oil or butter in the bottom of a skillet. Put over moderate heat, and add about 2 tablespoons pancake batter. Tip pan quickly to spread batter evenly. When pancake is browned, turn and brown other side. Turn out on clean towel, and bake cakes until all are done. Then spread each cake with chicken and spinach mixture and roll up.
Place two rolls in each of 6 individual casseroles. Top with sauce, and add a little additional grated Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler, heat and serve when browned and bubbling hot.

DATE PUDDING

Makes 6 portions
Prepare:
1 cup of cut-up pitted dates
1 cup broken walnuts
Add:
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
a little salt
Mix:
2 slightly beaten eggs
1 cup sugar
Stir into date mixture and turn into a shallow casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 45 minutes. Serve hot, with whipped cream.
THE LADY NEXT DOOR

To Peg Lynch, the whole world is on a party line—all the same family, same problems, same love and goodwill

By DENA REED

Mrs. Everywoman of 1958—that’s Peg Lynch of The Couple Next Door. As the creator and writer of CBS Radio’s famous series, Peg has her typewriter keyed to domesticity with certainty, compassion and humor. When she tells of the tribulations of building a house, taking your child to a historic landmark, or managing a husband whose passion is fishing, you get the eerie feeling that she’s been peeping into your own living room.

Couples from Maine to Washington in the process of letting a little family squabble blow up to a Big Fight, stop dead in their tracks, grin at each other a bit sheepishly and admit:

At home, Peg’s world revolves around husband Odd Ronning, daughter Elise Astrid and their “Lassie.” On CBS Radio, below, she trades typical-married remarks with co-star Alan Bunce in The Couple Next Door, of which she’s also creator and writer.
Distaff side of the Ronning household at work: Above, Peg prepares favorite recipe with her mother, Mrs. Lynch (best known to all as "Frances"). Below, daughter Elise Astrid shows Peg how well she can write, may soon be turning out scripts of her own!

"We sound just like the couple next door." Then they sit down and write Peg a letter begging her to keep up the good work of making marriage a series of delightful chuckles. For there are no scenery-chewing crises in The Couple Next Door. Instead, there are the small aggravating incidents and amusing problems which make listeners wonder aloud: "How could she possibly know that about us?"

Marriage, Peg admits, may have taught her a lot since she said her I-do's ten years ago. But the truth of the matter is that she had a canny knowledge of the famous institution long before she knew at first hand that it's nice to have a man around the house.

A charming member of Suburbia, Peg looks as if she never bothered her curls about anything more important than the Garden Club. All the same, she's a gal whose warm heart, wide-open eyes and keen repororial ear is augmented by a sixth sense for knowing exactly how husbands and wives act when they're not on company behavior.

All this is pretty mysterious, considering that Peg was raised in a manless household. She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, where her father died when she was two. After his death, her mother moved first to Kasson, Minnesota, then, ten years later, to Rochester, where Peg went to high school and the University of Minnesota. She specialized in writing and dramatics.
As an actress, however, the trace of Nebraska in her speech, her slightly preoccupied air, her Norwegian reticence where emotions were concerned, all militated against her playing straight dramatic parts. When Peg played a dramatic scene, it ended in pure comedy.

All she had to do was step onto the balcony and utter with great seriousness the first two words from Juliet's speech—"Ah, me!"—and her classmates were off in gales of laughter. Peg was in despair. In a college production of "Ali Baba," Peg became one of the Forty Thieves. Each Thief carried a spear and Peg's got caught in the scenery—which would have collapsed on top of them all, had not Peg stood valiantly in the wings holding it up with her spear while the thirty-nine others sped past her to the stage and their Big Chance. Peg never did get to make an entrance that night and, as usual, she was desolate.

But, after graduation, she set out with firm determination and high hopes and landed a job at Station KATE in Rochester. Writing, acting, doing whatever was at hand to do, Peg hardly found breathing time. She wrote 250 spots a week and, with the announcer, acted in commercials. Since there were only the two of them, the easiest kind of commercial to write seemed to be a brief conversation between husband and wife in which they extolled the merits of everything from a pair (Continued on page 68)
Distaff side of the Ronning household at work: Above, Peg prepares favorite recipe with her mother, Mrs. Lynch (best known to all as "Fraece"). Below, daughter Elise Astrid shows Peg how well she can write, may soon be turning out scripts of her own.

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"Office" work is play for radio producer Walter Hart (far left), author Peg, secretary Helen Ronning (Peg's "Aunt Honey"). Drama was always Peg's dream, from school days, but she never imagined a career could so successfully combine both acting and writing. There's plenty of time over, too, for her little girl and such welcome visitors as young Kim Holbert (below, right).

The Couple Next Door, co-starring creator-writer Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, is heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EDT.
King of the TV "Set"

Ernest Adler, hair stylist and confidant to TV stars, airs his views on girls—and curls

Between rehearsals, Ernest Adler styles Dorothy Collins’ hair. His assistant watches, while another performer rolls her own.
By HARRIET SEGMAN

I worked in a beauty salon only once," confides Ernest Adler, "and was fired after two weeks. It was years ago, and I turned everyone out alike." Adler, now a top hair designer, has changed his philosophy of beauty since then, now advises: "Wear what looks best on you. Don't copy all the time." Among the TV stars whose hair he styles are Patti Page, Polly Bergen and Patrice Munsel. He'd like to do Mamie Eisenhower and Anna Magnani. "For Mrs. Eisenhower, a very soft feathercut," he says, "and, for Magnani, something extremely casual, not at all 'set-looking'... He designs a different hairstyling for Patti Page for every change of costume. A shirtwaist dress calls for something casual and soft. If she is in an enormous organdy dress to sing a ballad, he gets a "Southern belle" feeling with a curl or waved ponytail cascading from an upsweep. For a sophisticated number, he may put Patti in a black gamin wig, with the hair curved toward the face. Adler finds that theatrical people are meticulous about their hair, keep it immaculate, well brushed and permanent waved, lightened or tinted as often as necessary... How to find your own style? "Experiment! Brush your hair into different arrangements until you arrive at the prettiest for you. Or—find a hairdresser who gives individual attention. A good stylist studies your face before he cuts." Preserve your set this way: "At night, use clips to hold waves and curls. Wrap tissue around your head. Over this, tightly wrap a hairnet and, in the morning, your set will be like new." He finds hair spray a marvelous assistant. "With only a few minutes between rehearsals, I can't wet-set the hair, so I use spray to get line, and as a final dressing. But don't hold it too close or use too much," he advises. "Some hair must be free for the sake of being natural. Faye Emerson is one beauty who knows this. She likes little wisps to show..." Every girl can be attractive, Adler feels. "An oval face isn't essential to good looks," he claims. "Don't think you always have to camouflage a high forehead with little curls, for instance. Your high forehead may be a very interesting part of your appearance. Keep your hair well-groomed and chic. Frankly, I'd rather see a fashionable-looking woman than a beautiful woman. I think most men would agree with me."

Photos of Patti Page and Faye Emerson by Martha Swope.
Robert Culp is as complex as the Texas Ranger he portrays on Trackdown.

But there's simple happiness in the life and dreams Bob shares with his wife Nancy.

Most evenings, they prefer to do their own baby-sitting at home. Nancy says Bob is wonderful with little Joshua, born last April. Bob thinks Nancy's wonderful, too—as mother and as glamour girl—bought her lovely dress (below) to prove it.

By NANCY ANDERSON

When television's Trackdown caught Robert Culp, it was one of the most difficult captures the Texas Rangers ever made. Bob is a young man who likes the stage, and he put up a fight before he surrendered himself to the starring role in the TV Western. "I thought about it a long time," he says, "because I wasn't sure I wanted to leave New York, and I wasn't sure I wanted to work on film."

Besides—and this was a distinct problem for a prospective Texas Ranger—Bob didn't know how to ride a horse!

But, after carefully examining the personality of the Ranger he was to portray, Bob gave in. Now he's glad he did.

Six-foot-two Robert Culp looks every inch the Western hero. He's lithe and husky, level-eyed and firm-jawed. He bears the stamp of the High Sierras, where he spent a large part of his youth in company with his grandfather, Joe Collins, one-time professional trapper and prospector. Further, although his was a horse-shy boyhood, Bob is an accomplished athlete and, at seventeen, held the California prep-school record for pole-vaulting.

But, discounting physical characteristics, Culp isn't the typical Western hero at all. He doesn't think of "cowboys" as a type, nor does...
he expect to make a career of fast draws' and hoofbeats. He's a firm believer in the psychological approach to Westerns. In portraying Hoby Gilman, he hopes he's creating an individual with a definite personality, not just a stock character out to thwart the rustlers or cut off the stagecoach robbers at the gulch.

"To individualize the role I play on Trackdown," Bob explains, "I drew on my grandfather for the personality of Hoby Gilman. He was, as a young man, an adventurer, a frontiersman, and a wonderful human being. He ran away from home in Tennessee, when he was a boy, and went to Texas. From there, he moved on to California, prospecting and mining for gold. He has the most fabulous code of ethics I've ever encountered. And he considers everyone honorable until proved otherwise.

"Of course, he's had some disillusioning experiences. In the 1930's, he built a motor court with his own hands—I don't think he was ever an apprenticed carpenter, but he'd picked up the trade in frontier towns. Anyway, he built and operated this court and finally sold it at a loss, simply because he couldn't stand to see the public degrade itself the way some of them did. If he'd kept the property, he could have made a fortune, because it was located on a major highway. But Grandfather got out while he still had some illusions."

Any part—whether it's a Texas Ranger on television or the title role in "He Who Gets Slapped," in which he starred on the New York stage—can offer challenge to an actor. Or it must, if Robert Culp is to accept it.

"We're grossly guilty of the psychological approach on Trackdown," he proudly maintains. "That's why I like the Hoby Gilman role. We've tried to get away from the pat cow-town plots that have been worn threadbare." Brushing aside the fact that many (Continued on page 75)
Above, sunny patio of the hillside home is ideal place for photographing baby. Real admiration society: Nancy thinks if there's anyone more nearly perfect than Bob, it's surely their son Joshua!

Relaxing on a nearby beach, Bob and Nancy count the blessings moving West has brought them, and hope that wife—as well as husband—will soon get the acting opportunities her talent deserves. Below, both are motorcycle buffs, and understandably so: It was a chance re-meeting, after a jaunt on wheels, which brought Nancy and Bob together again, and led to the romance of a lifetime.

Workout at Beverly-Wilshire Health Club: Bob feels that good physical condition is an actor's responsibility for any role—but particularly an active one like Hoby Gilman in Trackdown.
he expect to make a career of fast draws and hoofbeats. He's a firm believer in the psychological approach to West-
erns. In portraying Hoby Gilman, he hopes he's creating an individual with a definite personality, not just a stock character out to thwart the rustlers or cut off the stage-
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"Of course, he's had some disillusioning experiences. In the 1830's, he built a motor court with his own hands—"

**Alias HOBY GILMAN**

(Continued)

left, new dress spells celebration—so the young Culp's descend from their home high in Beverly Hills. At first, they weren't sure about moving to California, are now glad that they did.

Above, sunny patio of the hillside home is ideal place for photographing baby. Real admiration society: Nancy thinks if there's anyone more nearly perfect than Bob, it's surely their son Joshua!

Below, both are motorcycle buffs, and understandably so; it was a chance re-meeting, after a jaunt on wheels, which brought Nancy and Bob together again, and led to the romance of a lifetime.

Robert Culp is Hoby Gilman on Trackdown, CBS TV, Fri, 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Socony Mobil Oil Co. and American Tobacco (Lucky Strike)
Public Opinions about Pay-TV

(Continued from page 26)

The $$$ Querion (Mr. Thomas Jernigan, Richmond, Virginia): Are we Mr. and Mrs. John Doe or Mr. and Mrs. John Dough?

Opportunity’s Knocking (Mr. Ralph B. Way, Opportunity, Washington): You have nothing to fear in a Pay-TV test. Probably less than 20% of us are fed up with movies of ancient vintage, rock ’n roll artists with swivel hips, Westerns breeding a new race of gun-toting morons, singing commercials designed to blast the eardrums, pseudo-physicians peddling nostrums, daytime dramas written for the weak-minded. Good TV is so limited, those of us who enjoy it live in constant fear that some cockeyed polster in your cockeyed New York City will soon convince the hucksters of Madison Avenue it is unproductive.

Her Man Godfrey (Mrs. Maude Briggs, Brookville, Indiana): Can’t Arthur Godfrey see the results ahead of this deal? He has always tried to help out the audience.

Mrs. Bessie Soule, Venice, Calif.

A Lady Speaks (Mrs. Bessie Soule, Venice, California): If they go ahead with Pay-TV, how about keeping in repair and supplying the TV sets, like they do with pin-ball machines?

Use for Lamented TV Set (Mrs. Chester Doan, Morrisville, Pennsylvania): The day it (Pay-TV) starts, I will chop up our TV set and send the pieces to the promoters, senators and congressmen who voted for it, to plug up the holes in their collective pinheads.

Mrs. and Mrs. James Torre and their children, Brooklyn, New York.

To Coin a Phrase (Mr. Robert Phillip Jensen, Owatonna, Minnesota): The prospect of millions of coins being absorbed nightly by millions of irresistible Pay-TV slots is thought-provoking. I suspect that one night’s take would stagger the imagination. That money represents a lot of butter, orange juice, shoes and other goods and services that will be gone without in favor of a spectacular on TV. The present form of TV has had a healthy effect on our economy. Would the improved quality of entertainment promised by Pay-TV justify its cost to the people?

Nearly Lost Hers (Mrs. Mary Head, Miami, Florida): I do not want Pay-TV. NO! NO! NO!

Doom for the Sack Look (Mr. Willard MacKnight, Salisbury, Maryland): The New Look of the future will be a change. We have a whole generation of people who are going to be left behind.

Open Class System (Donald H. Gardener, Fanwood, New Jersey): If I wish to travel, I can go by coach or Pullman, but I see the same thing. I can purchase a 1930 Ford or a 1958 Cadillac and see the same things. I can go to Radio City Music Hall or wait a while and go to the neighborhood theater for the same picture. Pay-TV takes away that right. I either pay the price or I don’t see.

Home Style Plans (Mrs. Marjorie Holmes Mighell, Washington, D. C.): We break up programs to fit the convenience of the family’s tastes—sometimes half of one program and something else in the middle. What happens to free choice if you can’t afford to switch channels?

The Candid Postmaster Himself (Mr. William S. Scranton, East River, Connecticut): I was Postmaster here for 20 years and sold radios, too, but was too old to install TV. I own the building the Post Office is in and will gladly distribute anti-Pay-TV literature.

The Psychology of Pay-TV (Mr. James Torre, Brooklyn, New York): Pay-TV seems almost unethical in its repugnance, but who the hell knows ethical or not anymore? There's a psychological reason for everything, from matricide to Pay-TV.
"Lazzarella" won second prize in the Festival of Naples, it wasn’t until 1958 that his meteoric rise to fame began. He entered a song in the San Remo Music Festival and walked away with first prize. ... English versions of "Nel Blu" were already in the works, when the Italian version was brought to the attention of Decca Records about a year ago. They waited a while, then, with great timing, scooped 10 other record companies with the Modugno master disc.

Yankee, Go West

Would you please give me some information about Tod Andrews who plays in The Gray Ghost series on TV? S. N., Wakota, South Dakota

Except that he’s a Yankee by birth, Tod Andrews compares favorably in every way with the dashing, handsome figure of John Mosby—the part he plays on The Gray Ghost TV series. Tod is an even six feet, weighs 165 pounds, has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, and is an expert horseman. ... Although he was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Tod was reared in Los Angeles. At one time, this enterprising young actor organized a group of classmates and produced several short plays which were presented at a local movie house. Tod continued his studies at Washington State College, where he could not at first decide between an acting career or a writing career. A fellowship to the famed Pasadena Playhouse for advanced drama study and a series of good reviews for his first professional performance later solved the problem for him. ... His first appearance on the New York stage in "Quiet Please" co-starred Jane Wyatt. Then, a role as the Brazilian admiral in "My Sister Eileen" led to a movie contract. But Tod’s preference for stage work eventually took him to Margo Jones’ theater-in-the-round in Dallas and a role in "Summer and Smoke." After a successful run in Dallas, it was brought to New York, where Tod won high critical praise. After 110 performances, the show went on tour. ... Tod followed this tour with still another one—for two-and-a-half seasons he played the title role in "Mister Roberts." ... Back on Broadway again, he appeared in the comedy "A Girl Can Tell," and later replaced Joseph Cotten in "Sabrina Fair," before going into "The Best of Steinbeck" for ten weeks of touring. ... His previous TV appearances include roles in Suspense, Studio One, and Hallmark Hall Of Fame dramatizations.

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.

New Patterns for You


4547—Christmas delight for the little miss! Complete wardrobe for her slim, grown-up dolly: shirt, slacks, coat, hat, robe, skirt, blouse, slip, dress, for slim dolls 10½, 18, 20, 22 inches tall. See pattern for yardages. State doll height. 35¢

4547 DOLL WARDROBE 10½-18½ 20”-22”

4846—For your holiday gadding, sew a jumper and blouse. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 10-20. Size 16 jumper, 4½ yards 35-inch nap; blouse, 2½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4846 10-20

4813—Everybody loves a cobbler apron! Make one for yourself, several for gifts. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 2 yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4813 14½-24½

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.
Mike Hammer knows what he wants and goes after it . . . but Darren McGavin has clues for the private eye on how to get, and keep, the things that count.

Detective Mike Hammer is a hard-hitting, fast-thinking bachelor. He may chase after an endless series of beautiful girls, but, so far at least, he's eluded marriage. Darren McGavin—who plays Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer in the Revue Productions television series—has been married for almost fifteen years. And, if the rugged private eye ever decides to settle down, Darren is ready with clues on how to keep the marital peace.

"You need to give a little, to understand the other person," says Darren, "but the ability to stand up for one's self, too, is very important. I think that the successful marriage lies in the ability of two individuals—and I mean individuals—to lead their own lives, but collectively. If that makes sense at all, it is what Melanie and I have done. We have arrived at this, and it only took us fifteen years to get here."

"The most outstanding things about Darren," says Melanie, "are his eternal optimism, enthusiasm and tremendous energy. He likes to get up and get going. On the other hand, I like to relax. We fought over this for years. So the final solution is, sometimes we do it his way, and sometimes we do it mine."

When Darren and Melanie York were married, both were fighting for a place in the acting world. "It was a lot easier to do it together," says Darren, "than separately." Darren worked as a soda-jerk, as a private detective, and as a scene painter at Columbia studios. Here, he was discovered and, two days later, was acting on the very set he'd been painting. "That was the beginning of my career as an actor," says Darren, "and since I'd never had any training in it, I began classes at Actors' Lab." Darren has been seen on Broadway, on TV in Casey, Crime Photographer, and in such film roles as that of the dope peddler in "Man With the Golden Arm." Daughter Megan, going on two, and the new baby, Graham Bridget, are too young, but York, eight, has seen Darren in almost all of his recent roles.

"Everybody has to conform, but I do as little of that as I possibly can," Darren continues. "Who has to live in Beverly Hills? Not me! I live in Brentwood. I have a farm in upstate New York because I want to be a farmer. It is solid, it is close to nature, and it is important for the children. We can go back together to the levels of what is really important in a life—whether we have enough rain this year or if the snow is going to ruin the crops."

"There was a period in New York when Darren went around in blue jeans," Melanie recalls. "Now he likes to wear casual clothes and a hat. He didn't wear a hat in New York, but he wears them out here so as not to conform to Hollywood."

"Listen," says Melanie, "your tastes in furniture and in clothes, your tastes in ideas and philosophy, change. Underneath it all," she smiles, "Darren is very conventional. He carries a picture of the children in his wallet. He likes his family and he likes to come home and have his meals and relax. You see, he is a softy at heart."
Non-conformist? Darren refuses to keep up with Hollywood, but wife Melanie calls him "Mr. Average American," a fellow who's never without a picture of Megan, Yark and baby Graham Bridget.
DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?

Vital questions about love and life are answered on radio's "My True Story." For it presents real-life stories taken right from the pages of 'True Story' Magazine. You hear how people like your neighbors, your family have fought with life's most difficult emotional problems—and how they have found happiness. Be sure to listen—for the next thrilling episode may answer your most important question.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company

Can the child of a divorced couple lead a normal, healthy life? Read "Who Owns Andy" in November TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.
their last dollar and have to finish off a room attics. But I can't drive a nail. If I had to have a bookcase and couldn't afford one, there's no two ways about it. I'd just roll up my sleeves and ask Anne to make it."

Monkeys. Anne: "I can't stand them. Too close to humans. They frighten them." Bill: "They always remind me of unfortunate humans. They remind me of fortunate animals. I can watch them all day. I think they're the world's greatest comics. Sometimes I like to stand back where I can't see the monkeys and watch the people. They're great, too."

After-Shave Lotion. Bill: "You bet." Anne: "I buy it for him by the quart."


Compromise. Bill: "Very important word. Anne and I have unconsciously compromised—but we don't call it that. For me television is the best weapon in the world, so I find myself enjoying her to the utmost and saying to myself, That's fine. Now do something in return. But we don't compromise, in the common meaning. I once read that compromise may be 'If you give up golf, I'll give up tennis. That's not my idea. Much like politics. I think that's bad.' Anne: 'People who are different have to compromise. But I agree with Bill. If you're conscious of it—if you have to 'trade'—that's bad.'"

Spaghetti. Bill: "Love it. And Anne's a wonderful cook. Anne: "Bill makes better spaghetti than I do." Bill: "Oh, no." Anne: "Oh, yes." Bill: "Anyway, I'm now experting on cheese souffles. About four years ago, I made friends with a chef who took me back into the kitchen and taught me. Well, the hubcap in making a souffle is the fear that it will 'fall.' It won't, if you have confidence. The chef taught me something important—the only thing we must fear in making a souffle is fear itself."

Life Insurance. Bill: "Firm believer in it. I always feel if anything happened to me, I want Anne to be taken care of."

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Anne: "I'd better not." Bill: "I never have. That's a funny thing. All my life, I've been attracted to brunettes."

Books. Bill: "Sorry to say, my reading is dead. The shows have been devouring me."

Television. Anne: "I like it. I think you can get too involved with it. Sometimes you find yourself looking at terrible shows. However, Bill and I watch a lot of TV." Bill: "In the entertainment world, I think it's the most important thing that has happened in the century. I love sports and, consequently, watch ball games. When it comes to other programming, I think television has its moments. The trouble is with producers who imitate and follow suit. There are too many quiz shows and too many Westerns."

"I think," Bill concludes, "we have the right to expect at least as much from television as we get from radio. When I was at CBS Radio, there were Norman Corwin and the Columbia Workshop. And there were other such exciting shows on the other networks. Right now, I can't think of anything on television that is comparable to what was the best on radio. But it's not all the producers' fault. The recession talk is partly responsible. Sponsors insist on getting as many viewers per dollar as possible, because they want to move their products. When the sponsor doesn't feel so hard pressed, he gives the producers more freedom."

"At first, television dictated to the public. Now the public—with its seeming demand for quizzes and Westerns—is dictating to television, or at least itself. But a happy medium would be best for all."

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65
Why I Have to Be "Perfect"

(Continued from page 40) I’d never know, and Jack said, “She won’t? When you’re telling me over the entire CBS network?” I heard it was a very funny interchange, and the audience loved it. But, that afternoon, four people called me and started off: “I hear you have three new sack dresses.”

The first time I discovered Jack had mentioned me, I was sort of flattered to think he’d talk about me at all. Later, I was embarrassed and confused. Then I realized that this was what “Mrs. L” (which is my name for my mother-in-law) meant when we’d talked about my doubts and worries before marriage.

“You’ll find it’s quite easy to get used to a name everybody recognizes,” she said. Then she added thoughtfully, “Of course, you have to have more trust and confidence in your husband than many wives. You’ll have to know that he’ll never do anything to hurt you. If anything comes up that at first you don’t understand, you’ll have to know that he’s right in revealing it to you. Everyone has little bits and pieces they keep secret in another kind of marriage.”

The first proof of that came when I discovered I was going to have a baby. Nobody expected it. Jack knew there was going to be a new Linkletter in November, but I didn’t want to announce it immediately. I thought it would be fun for me if my students didn’t know, and I wanted to tell them myself at the year-end banquet.

And until then… neither Jack nor his father breathed a word. But, the day after I’d announced it, 6 million people knew! Strange enough, I don’t care. With every month of my marriage, I’ve learned more. Both Jack and I have changed, and the adjustments, have been so small and nothing I ever anticipated before marriage. But, in the beginning, it had seemed to me there was nothing for us. Our backgrounds, our whole approach to life, were so different.

We met on a blind date at “Presents” night at my sorority. I had just come back from a vacation in Hawaii, and Jack had just returned from four months in Munich, and told me Free Radio Europe. Neither of us had a date, so the date was arranged by a friend.

That first night, I went back to college and told my roommate (who also knew Jack—later we double-dated a lot), “I had the most fun. I had a wonderful time. It was just tremendous!” Then I paused—could remember it so clearly because we joked about it. I said I didn’t feel like it could happen to me ever. And, when the moment arrived and I was actually on TV—Jack tells me I turned a nice shade of chartreuse. I knew my palms were wet, and I was just shaking with fright. It was my first experience of what it might be like, really, to be married to a celebrity. For weeks afterward, the audience would say, “I saw you on television.”

After that, I should have been prepared for the burned rice, but I wasn’t. My first reaction was to give Jack another chance to “mention” anything, but that only made cooking harder for me. After all, I was just a bride trying to get used to living in the kitchen with my eyes glued to the stove. Since thewatched pot never boils, it took to seem forever until dinner was ready, and many other chores didn’t get done at all.

I was terribly on my guard as to what I cooked, how I cleaned, when I marketed. And, every time I did anything I thought he just might pick up and remark about, I’d say: “Now don’t you dare say anything about this on television!” Fortunately, in a few weeks I forgot my good intentions and started to help me.

One night, Jack handed me a sheaf of papers people kept coming up to me with a grin. There were over a hundred letters, telling me how to cook rice—and, despite my embarrassment, I couldn’t get over how many complete strangers sincere; I must admit I was a little embarrassed.

When I first met Jack he was just the typical college boy, and I used to get so embarrassed at parties. By my standards, he was so much noise, he used to drive me, although very carefully. Today, I don’t know whether he still drives so fast. You see, I’m so used to it!

Just, Jack was accustomed to a life that was open to public view, while everything in my life was always “mine”—and private until I chose to reveal it. When he was asked of his life-style, he was of talking in public about things that I instinctively felt were “ours,” and I was startled when he mentioned them. Later, I began to see that some of these things were not really intimate—and he, in turn, came to accept more of my point of view. It’s true that I have to trust my husband. If another man says something his wife has heard he would dare people to hear it; she drags him into a corner and hisses, “Don’t!” In my case, whatever Jack says, millions of people hear—and, if it’s the wrong thing, it’s too late to do anything about it.

The sort of things my husband is likely to reveal are the little domestic incidents that occur in every family. And, to be fair about it, Jack has never tried to help me into the conversation. It’s the people he talks to on the air who ask questions: “How does your wife manage to keep her household busy?”—or, “Doesn’t your wife use cream on her face at night?”

At first, I felt a bit like one chick who had thousands of helpful mother hens. Now I realize that House Party audiences are just naturally homely and interested in a young couple starting out in life. I’ve come to realize that Jack gets a lot of warmth and comfort from so many people I don’t actually know, and I’m certainly grateful for it. And I’m certainly learning a lot!

One thing I’ve learned is that women stick together much more than any man thinks.

After the burned rice, I was determined not to spoil or burn anything else that Jack could mention on TV. Then I saw a recipe in the paper for a special Sunday breakfast. . . . the recipe wasn’t quite

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complete, and the result was just deadly.

Jack ate it with a smile, making remarks all the time: "Just wait till they hear about this on television!" I felt he was making notes for a book on how to discipline your wife, and kept saying, "Don't you dare say a word about it!" I warned all my friends and family, and told Jack's wife I wasn't going to be a word—and, of course, Jack was only teasing. He never mentioned it.

At least—not for several weeks, until presumably I'd have forgotten all about it. Then he really got tripped, because what he didn't know was that I happened for once to be home . . . and of course I flew to the TV to see My Husband.

Imagine how I felt when I saw him chatting with one of the women in the audience and saying confidentially, "You should have seen what I had for breakfast the other day." Then he went on and told all about it. But I'll love that woman for the rest of my life! When he finished, she just grinned at him and said—so sweetly—"Well, maybe you should do the cooking."

All the while he'd been talking I could just feel all the women in the audience thinking what a terrible wife I was! Then this woman levered on my defense with the sly implication that, if he wasn't happy with my cooking, he had the alternative of doing it himself! At first, I could just have died. Later, I thought it was wonderful to see Jack put in his place. Needless to say, this is one of my favorite stories today.

How did I feel about the references to the baby? When you're having a baby, I find you feel so pleased and proud and happy then you just want to tell the world! We don't care whether it's a boy or girl; we just want a baby . . . and the name will come out of the book used by the Linkletters for all their children. Of course, I hope that, by the time the baby is born and I start making mistakes with it, I'll have trained Jack so he won't dare make too many comments.

Today, I look back and find it hard to remember the things I thought would be the adjustments. I think originally I thought everything would be an adjustment. Yet, amazingly, we haven't had an argument, even an emotional friction. We certainly couldn't say we get along perfectly—but that's pretty impossible for any two people with definite ideas. One of them must always be the one who has this down and die! But we seem to ignore our problems in the right way, and they work themselves out smoothly.

When a difference of opinion comes up, we don't say, "You aren't trying." We say, "We aren't trying," and then we agree that we both try harder. Furthermore, we both want to grow inwardly, and we try to be better each other. Jack doesn't appear at every premiere, or push himself into all the public appearances that show-business in workers use to keep themselves in the public eye. I have to assume he knows I am not really familiar or happy with such things at present.

For my part, I try to learn more about everything, and to be good-humored about my shortcomings. Jack loves to tease, and if I never gave him anything to tease me about . . . I'd be a pretty uninteresting wife. I don't know that I'll ever grow completely used to being reported on television, to knowing that millions of people hear about it every time I make a boner—but perhaps it's good for me. I'm learning every day to have a better perspective about what is, and what isn't, really important in my marriage.

What's more, I bet I'm now the best rice cooker in the world!
From the beginning, it was a backbreaking task and a terrific success. Writing either five radio shows a week or a half-hour TV show, along with taking on the acting chores, is a man-sized job. Peg solved the problem by getting up between four and five A.M., two days a week, and writing nearly a twelve-hour shift.

In the early morning, Peg would try to compose a theme to write or special cramping to do, I always got up at dawn," Peg explains. "I write best when I'm fresh, and I don't mind the early rising. On television, I had to learn lines like anyone else—because, by the time I was acting a script, I was three scripts ahead in my writing and had forgotten what I wrote. Radio is much easier. We can read our lines."

Peg's family consists of Odd Kent Ronning, her husband, an engineer; their two sons, and a daughter whose doings get lots of her ideas for 'Betsy' in her show; her mother, "Frances," who helps manage the house- hold, and her Aunt Honey, who acts as Peg's secretary. The family happily settled in a large house in Fairfield, Connecticut, with enough rooms for an office for Odd, an office for Honey, a writing-room for Peg, and a playroom for Elise. Odd—oddly enough!—is Peg's third cousin, whom she had never met till he came over from Norway in 1946 to take some acting lessons. Peg, who was appointed official family-welcoming delegate, didn't appear in time to meet him. Their relationship might have gotten off to a bad start—except for the fact that when they did meet, they liked each other at once. Two years later, they were married.

For all their being such busy people, the Ronnings are a close, warm family, incredibly proud of one another. The hub of their lives, is of course, Elise Astrid. Next to her, they delight in family living and in their spryly house, which Peg furnished with all of its homeliness in spite of its size.

When the demands of her work keep Peg in town overnight, she still has her own way. She lives in a nearby hotel, and has an appointed official family-welcoming delegate, didn't appear in time to meet him. Their relationship might have gotten off to a bad start—except for the fact that when they did meet, they liked each other at once. Two years later, they were married.

With their work, the Ronnings are like two small islands, generally removed from the main stream of their own lives. They have a pretty comfortable existence, and are pretty well satisfied with it.

When she is not in town, Peg visits her mother in New York, or her Aunt Honey in Connecticut, or her sister in Connecticut. She likes her own family, but she is glad to get away from them occasionally.

Peg is a bit of a rebel, and she likes to travel. She has been to Europe, and she is thinking of going to South America.

She is very fond of her work, and she is very fond of her family. She is very fond of her friends, and she is very fond of her pets.

And, above all, she is very fond of her daughter, Elise.

She is a happy woman, and she is a successful woman. She is a woman who has made a place for herself in the world, and she is a woman who is still learning how to do it.

Find the strength for your life...
Jazz Swings In Again

(Continued from page 24)

to jazz. He is, after all, a new and different kind of WNTA-TV, so it soon jolted the ratings of its New York-area opposition.

Ford's formula is simple: He hand-picks a group of good jazz men, sets them down in a relaxed but nevertheless 'uptown' environment, with big under low lights, and lets them play. There is no audience. Ford explains, "We want the musicians to play for themselves, not for applause which can be triggered.

Critics, as well as plain, ordinary listeners, love it. Writing in the New York Daily News, Kay Gardella compared it with another station's jazz show, "Everything we found fault with there, Ford manages to transform into a sort of artistic virtue on Jazz Party. He cheerfully admits, for instance, that he even knows what the boys will play next or how they will play it. Then he gracefully gets lost.

Then the musicians seem to be boss of what they play. The boys don't take over and do what they know how to do the very best they can. Cameras follow as best they can. Mikes pick up sound.

When once the jazz band is there with the hit, Ford comes back and says, 'Let's wait for the commercial and look out, man, there they come again...'. When the ride-out comes on the Ford show, it comes because there is no "rider out" on the other stations, no music, much less for dull talk. Jazz music, like children, should be heard but not talked about."

To Jack Gould of the New York Times, technical arrangements by which WNTA broadcasts simultaneously on AM, FM and TV were as thrilling as the content. Customer-Guided Chart with superlatives. Gould began his piece, "The chronic audiophile should have been in seventh heaven last night. Jazz Party was presented in both sight and soundclash sound and it was one of the season's most exciting experiments in broadcasting. Heaven help the neighbors of those who had two radio sets and a television receiver going at the same time. And if you're a jazz lover, a vibrancy and a life-like quality that placed the sound of the average television program on a par with people talking underwater. Jazz Party is going to be heard, seen in foreign countries and also relayed to service men over the video and sound facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Network. It would be a program better suited to cultural export."

That's the critics' view, but what about the kids? Ford concedes he doesn't get many fan letters from teenagers yet, but he's hearing from his Parents Club. "It's amazing. My son never anything like but rock 'n roll. Now he likes your show."

There's no doubt in anyone's mind that Jazz Party itself is a happy hit. A similar program has opened under guidance on KMSF, WNTA's sister station in Minneapolis. Art also plans to turn jazzmen to production in Europe, South America and the big theaters. A motion picture is to be made.

But that might well be an individual instance of jazz's popularity. Ford claims jazz is the new trend. Can he sustain the contention?

With the enthusiasm of a devotee, Art Ford insists he can. "A renaissance of jazz has started, the likes of which we've never seen. Count Basie's best-selling new single, 'Swingin' the Blues,' and the peren-
The Big Beat Is Here to Stay

(Continued from page 23)

heard Benny Goodman and it changed his concept for such records. 'At fifteen, I turned a deaf ear to everything but swing.'

He took his Goodman records with him to college and swiftly became the least popular student with the 'swing' set. His favorite groups were Wayne King fans. They complained about my raucous noise.'

His education in the classics brought him his first radio show at WKST, New-
castle. But, by auditioning new records sent to the station, he found out what was happening in that other branch of jazz, the one they had not become enamored with—jazz. In that field, the strong, primitive, original one-two beat had refused to be downed by sophistication. The spirituals, the sacred harp, where the wild and frantic, moaning blues found their outlet in numbers recorded by little groups for off-beat record companies. Sold primarily to the Negro market, they were called "race records." It wasn't until then they began to sneak into the catalogues of big record companies that they were dignified as "rhythm and blues."

And finding such records sent to the station, Alan listened with fascination. He memorized songs he had heard in childhood. Europeans are envious of it. They appreciate it more than we do."

On the subject of rock 'n' roll vs. jazz, Ford's feelings are strong, 'I don't expect this upsurge of interest in jazz to eliminate rock 'n' roll. I expect it to be an adjunct to it. A superior adjunct. Jazz is like the ABC's. It is our own modern primitive. Rock 'n' roll music is just a piece. It's if you know your ABC's. Then you can enjoy all forms—the spirituals, the rock 'n' roll—everything. Every-
thing derives from the ABC's.

As a rule, roll numbers, Ford says, 'Some are good, some are ter-
rible.' Referring to his worthy opponent in this debate, he adds, 'It is Alan Freed's responsibility—any disc jockey's responsibility—to play the good, not the terrible, for any reason at all. I hold him strictly responsible. I admire his success, but, since he has this control over the young-
sters, I must carefully.'

"As far as Freed is concerned, my only opposition to rock 'n' roll is that it is played for the sake of just filling up a show of t and r music or plugging ar-
tists who are in some of his live shows, without too much thought of the absolute quality, it is then that I must disagree with him. He plays the best rock 'n' roll, to me this is exciting and humorous primitive music. (I use the word primitive in the same sense as I call Picasso a primitive.) Then I think he is doing a great service to the country and he's in tune with his times—and so many of those who criticize rock 'n' roll are not in tune with their times. I think it is important to be up-to-date in understand-
ing what young people want to hear, give it to them, and give them the best of it... They're letting down their responsibility and duty and I'll observe these r and r disc jockeys have.

That would be my only complaint, but it's a serious one."

On the subject of progressive jazz, he was a little faster tongued. "It is a pity we got away from the natural, warm music that was so strong in the Thirties and Forties and into the lost carnivals of pro-
gressive jazz."

"Progressive jazz, to Ford, is not jazz. It's a form of modern classical music. Actually, progressive musicians are play-
ing more 'classical' than 'hot.' If you go to see a symphony concert, you won't see all the musicians smiling and stamping the floor to make the cool jazz noise."

"It has lost the essence of real jazz. It is, rather, an amateurish beginning of a form of classical music."

It's harm, he feels comes in that it "dis-
tricts young people's minds from enjoying the great outlet and enthusiasm and humor and warmth of real jazz, which is what Benny Goodman played and Louis Arm-
ed, has always sung."

Progressive jazz has instilled in the minds of a lot of youngsters the idea that old-
time jazz—as they think of it—is corny. It is not any more corny than the Con-
stitution is corny, just because it was written many years ago.

As to the jazz classics which are his all-time favorites, Ford says, "I couldn't name them all—it would be quite a list—but I should certainly include 'Buddy Bolden's Blues,' by Jelly Roll Morton, 'Rock Island,' by Leadbelly, 'The Child,' by Billie Holiday. There are more, of course, but those are important ones."

Sincerity and reality are the tests, he believes. "As a rule, a good song can be sung at a time with phony, trick kind of lyrics. Jazz lyrics are based on the topics close to the musicians—poverty, unre-
quilted love, faith, etc."

"We don't grind out jazz, at least not the kind of jazz I stand for. That must be a spontaneous expression, to exist at all. Only the briefest melodic form is used by the jazz musicians. The musician has it, feels it in his heart, or it doesn't exist. You can manufacture dance music or cool jazz, but you can't turn Dixie or Satchmo or swing or inspired."

"The inspiration which Art Ford thinks young people understand. "Musicians of all ages are playing jazz. The youngest we have used was a ten-year-old drummer who was recommended to us, and he was just great. I think musical education is important because music is one of the best therapeutic outlets kids have in a troubled time when they need such outlets very badly. This jazz rena-
sissance is on its way because we all need the kind of music we can feel united in liking."

His most famous brothers had once been members of a blackface minstrel troupe and when they came to visit, the family gathered 'round the piano and staged a show of its own, telling 'Mr. Bones' jokes and singing square dance songs.

"Those records prompted me to some jazz research. I particularly liked the old Bessie Smith records. By the time I moved to Cleveland in 1949, I was a converted rhythm and blues fan.'

With a pop music disc jockey show to program, Alan began to slip in an occasional rhythm and blues number, having a lot of 'rhythm and blues records.'

He had no thought of increasing the ratio until Leo Mintz, owner of the Record Rendezvous, offered to sponsor his show if he agreed to play nothing but rhythm and blues records.

Alan was flabbergasted. 'Are you crazy?' he demanded. 'No one would listen. Those aren't the numbers.'

"Not any more, they aren't," said Mintz.

'I've been watching my customers. I know who buys them.'

he launched the show and shortly thereafter stumbled into evidence of the explosive power of rhythm and blues. In October, 1952, he thought it would be...
much since the Thirties. Some were composed by people with very little musical knowledge and necessarily, it was a primitive expression."

But it was vital and strong. It shook up the music business like a tornado roaring out of the Panhandle."

Since then, rock 'n' roll has both absorbed from other types of music and has influenced them. "Look at the way it has changed country and Western," says Alan. "It's not the old hillbilly whine of yesterday, today, it is a different kind of tune."

In the popular music field the interchange has been constant. "Rock 'n' roll began benefiting from the pops when artists and repertoire men began giving its recording the same kind of care. Arrangement are prettier today and the sound is better," says Alan.

In turn, it has influenced pops. "Almost all the long established artists have recorded rock 'n' roll. If ever there was a youth revolution, this is it," he points out. "The Pan Alley lost its monopoly. Kids who never even heard of the Brill building have written their own tunes, recorded them themselves and turned them into hits. Some are no older than their audience. To cite two extreme instances, Laurie London is thirteen; Paul Anka, seventeen. There must be hundreds in their teens and many more who have just turned twenty."

Such kids may not be able to turn out high-polished lyrics, but Freed respects their gift for musical reporting. "They write about things which go on around them. They've killed off the trite June-moon-noon croon by topical things like 'Wake Up, Little Susie,' and 'No Chemise Please.' I find them refreshing. They should continue to produce interesting popular music."

He also sees the possibility of some serious composers arising from these ranks. While it is true that some of the kids can't read note, and jazz is one of the fields where there are others who already have a good musical education. They're young, they're intelligent. They will continue to learn and develop. They have a drive and a will to succeed. Why shouldn't they later write more learned music? It happened with jazz. Certainly it can also happen with young people now producing rock 'n' roll."

Having stated his case for the big beat, Alan also had a word for its critics and his own. "All this business about rock 'n' roll producing juvenile delinquency is just so much hogwash. Juvenile delinquency begins in the home, not in a piece of music. If I didn't believe this was good, I wouldn't have bought it. I've got four kids of my own. I'm concerned about what happens to them, and also what happens to other kids."

Remarkably that jazz addicts have been among those most scornful of rock 'n' roll. He remarks, "They should remember that all the things now said about rock 'n' roll were once said about jazz. The consent in social acceptability between rock 'n' roll and jazz is a mere matter of thirty years."
New Lives for Two

(Continued from page 29)

semaphores. "This is ree-die-alls," Desi exploded, "an' I wanna tell you sum-thin', let's see what she's havin' out tryin' to think up a fancy title? Everyone will call it the Ann Sothern show, anyhow—so why don't we juss call it—The Ann Sothern Show?"

And this is "juss" exactly the way a television star is promoted from Private Secretary to a smart, sophisticated assistant manager of a metropolitan hotel. The first of the January Tours which Desi and Ann Sothern will brighten the hearts and homes of viewers from coast to coast the evening of October 6. It's being co-produced by Desilu and Anso Productions (Ann's own company) and according to the effervescent lady herself: "We read nearly a hundred story possibilities for the series before making a decision. I think this one has an enormously fertile format, and I believe and hope that—like Susan Camille MacNamara—Katy O'Connor will have great popular appeal to a wide audience of all ages. Some of my advisors thought the time was propitious for switching from comedy to serious drama, but I believe the world needs all the laughter it can get. With the house full, we can't afford a lot of Lacey—and Desi, who knows more about TV than any other producer. So I'm very happy and pleased about my new setup. However, I'm doing all my other responsibilities—it would help if I had ten born twins!"

Included in Ann's "other" responsibilities are furnishing and redecorating a new home in Bel Air...running her own winter Swiss Chalet which she bought in Sun Valley...regular buying trips for "Sothern's Sewing Center" in the management of the A bar S Music Publishing Company, the A bar S cattle company in Idaho (where she owns a breeding herd), a wonderful film library for Vilaanne's film adaptations (named after her patron Saint) and...closest of all to her heart—the care, concern, and complete dedication to her number-one production, thirteen-year-old Patricia Ann Sterling.

"When Mommy and Tish moved into their new home last December," Ann recalls, "it was the toughest moment that every parent must face. You're forced to realize your child is not a child anymore. They're a wise parent, you'll give your child more freedom under parental control."

If you are a wise parent, says Ann. By no stretch of the imagination is there a moment's wandering in Ann Sothern's wisdom. Not where Miss Patricia Ann Sterling is concerned...and how fortunate Tish is to have a modern mother who stands firm on her principles, but who has tried to remember that her daughter is an individual and, as such, it is her right to express herself. My sisters and I were never allowed to talk back to our parents. I've never been in a parent's house in children respecting their parents—one of the most important Commandments.

At the same time, I'm aware of the importance of trying to keep up with the ever-moving world. Tish has always been independent by nature and I've encouraged this, because it fosters self-reliance. Along with this line of endeavor, she's had to learn there are other people in the world and she cannot be selfish and exclude them as she plans her life. You can't always tell what goes on in the heart of a child, especially such a discerning one.

"On her thirteenth birthday—the great moment in her life so far—Tish received her most precious present. I gave her an eyelash curler and a bag of the new hair full treatment! How well I can remember when I could hardly wait to be 'old.' It's so important to youth. Now that she's thirteen, I'm allowing her to wear light lip-stick and one-inch heels when she goes to parties. It makes her feel positively ancient—and she loves every moment of it!

Since Ann is on television herself, she gives the medium very careful consideration in her own home. "Some programs are too adult for children," she affirms, "we've got to be wise. Once again, I think it is up to the parent to choose carefully. Children have a natural curiosity, and I have never closed the door on a question. They'll find the answers, it must be a part of their upbringing."

Once Ann's office is on television, she will give the child's opinion. "A child must be made to feel that someone is always behind her," Ann believes. "It will help to keep her self-confidence, especially during their teen-age years, and little things can leave big impressions. Tish knows I am there if she needs me. She knows, because I have been going to her for tutoring. She's not afraid of arithmetic, for example—so, after consulting her teachers, I gave her special tutoring. But I can't get angry with her—because she'll tease me. I'll assure you, it was a happy day for me when she passed the Stanford eighth-grade test with a ninth-grade rating!"

In Ann Sothern's book, if a child is shown that she is loved from the very beginning, she will respond to discipline and listen to reason. "Sometimes Tish obstinately refuses to do what she admits, but she still knows I mean what I say. Occasionally, I'll have to add: 'Right now, you don't understand—but, when you're a mature and responsible young woman, you'll be able to appreciate me, and here's where I'm very fortunate. Disciplining a child can create fear of the parent and, to protect themselves, some children will resign to telling lies. I've told Tish that it's not the words that are to be feared; she knows I'll never condone for anything she tells me, as long as she tells the truth."

If everyone be a human being has certain rights of privacy and within reason, a thirteen-year-old is no exception. I have never listened in on a telephone conversation, but one day I started to dial before Tish could get off the line. She burst into tears and said, "It really pained me when I heard one of her little friends saying, 'If your mother won't let you go to the slumber party, just tell her, even if it's away from home and then she'll let you go.'"

"I was disturbed, and this was definitely one of those times when a parent is torn between decisions. How thankful I am that Tish and I came into the same room, she was her usual sweet self as she said, "Mom—can we go to the movies tonight?" She had completely ignored and disregarded the friend said on the phone and didn't feel it was important enough to repeat. In other words, she couldn't be influenced."

Along with her thirteenth birthday, Patricia Ann Sterling made an important announcement at the breakfast table. It didn't, however, come as a complete surprise to her mother—who says now: "My mother didn't stand a way, so I never had a chance to discuss it with the way..."

"Fortunately, Tish knows how hard I work and what it entails. I hope she changes her mind later. But, in the meantime, I'm happy. I've learned a great deal. I've learned to recognize that pattern! I was just wondering, Mother,' a small voice finally found itself. 'Would the store allow me to bring in that dress that since I own it only with my own money? Obviously a boy—had teased her about the dress, but I didn't question Tish or pursue the subject. She had learned her lesson through experience."

But, that evening a very dragged out young lady climbed into my bed. She was silent, and I knew I had learned to recognize that pattern! I was just wondering, Mother,' a small voice finally found itself. 'Would the store allow me to bring in that dress that since I own it only with my own money? Obviously a boy—had teased her about the dress, but I didn't question Tish or pursue the subject. She had learned her lesson through experience."

"Along the way," Ann says, "I have tried to impress on Tish that, like it or not, there are many things in life we have to take. That time not long ago, for example, when a remaining baby tooth needed pulling. Even though she didn't want to have it pulled, the tooth had to come out."

Raising a child without a father's influence (Ann is divorced) has deepened her sense of responsibility and doubled her efforts to stand by Tish and never let her feel she is alone in making her way. "A child must be made to feel that someone is always behind her," Ann believes. "If someone is always behind her—her mother—she'll feel secure. I hope we can survive these teen-age years—every parent will have to be a very good job of growing old together."
The Lawman's Deputy

(Continued from page 47)
of mischief in it. "You see, Edd, I made
sure of every single detail before I even
started thinking."

Peter was born in New York City on
October 5, 1935, the second of four boys
(Philip, now 25; Peter, 23; Michael, 16;
Paul, 18). He came into the world with
an inheritance of talent. While Mina de-
voted herself to bringing out her sons' ar-
tistic interests, Bud Brown encouraged
them to follow in his footsteps, at least in
an amateur sense. He himself had played
ball for the New York (now San Fran-
cisco) Giants before joining the Navy.
During his stint in uniform, he became
middleweight champion of his fleet and,
after his discharge, a professional ice-
skater.

All the boys have shown considerable
pride in sports. Phil hurled himself into
football, tennis, baseball, pole-vaulting and swimming. Not all
their games were so strenuous. Mina
Brown taught her sons "play acting," the
fun of impersonating characters from
fiction and life. At six, Peter was on the
New York radio program, Let's Pretend,
but it wasn't until he was a student at
North Central High School in Spokane
ten years later, that he appeared for the
first time before a "live" audience, in "The
Torch Bearers," at the Spokane Civic
Theater. His mother directed the show.
Even then, he had given no serious thou-
tht to acting as a career. "I was abso-
lutely sure I'd be a success," grins Peter, "only
I wasn’t quite sure at what."

After graduation, his father pointed out
that he would have to make some decision
as to the future. "I had no special desire
for a profession or trade, and I wasn’t
enthusiastic about college. But I did feel
that, sooner or later, I’d have to put in
my time in the service. Pop said that his
years in the Navy had done wonders for
him character-wise and, now that I look
back on it, I think my two years in the
Infantry helped me grow up. You learn
to do without your family. You must solve
your own problems, rely on your own
skill and aptitude, and find courage and
confidence inside yourself."

Although Peter was not in Special
Services, he persuaded his officers to let
him and some buddies stage a few shows
for the men. "We got occasional USO per-
formances in Alaska, where I was sta-
tioned," he recalls, "but they were far be-
tween. There was a great need for regular
entertainment. So we decided to call for
volunteers. It was amazing how many
GI’s showed up for acting duty. We had a
ball. We did twenty-five shows in all, and
I got in a bit of experience directing. I
loved it, and someday I hope to turn all
my attention to that—but not until I’ve
done everything I can in acting."

Mustered out on June 6, 1956, he made
a quick trip to Yakima, where his family
had settled, and told them he had decided
on a career in show business. "Naturally,
Mom was delighted—she loves the theater.
What surprised me was the reaction of Pop
and my brothers. They backed me with all
their hearts, and don’t think their en-
couragement hasn’t been a big help!"

In Hollywood, Peter began putting all
the positive force in his mind to work. He
had registered at an Eastern dramatic
school for the fall term, but meanwhile
came down from Yakima for a summer
session at U.C.L.A. He was determined
to find a place for himself in show business
and concentrated everything to that end.
Ralph Freud, his theater arts professor at
U.C.L.A., urged him to remain in Los
Angeles: "I think you’re ready to tackle
a career now. You have the talent and

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for a woman...

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the drive and brains to do it. Why waste a year in dramatic school studying things you were taught by your mother years ago?

Bracing himself for a long tough fight, Peter signed up for special coaching with Hannes Lutz, then tried out for several roles at The Gallery and Hungshoe The- aters in Hollywood. He won good parts in their productions of "Desire Under the Elms" and "Teach Me How to Cry." At one of these performances, Albert Mc Cleery, producer of NBC-TV's "Dinner Theatre," spotted Peter, watched him closely, and as signed him to four important roles in that dramatic series.

"I'm still doing my positive thinking bit every day, and getting some lucky breaks. But you can live off occasional parts," Peter recalls. With his bankroll low, but uncertain hope for big, he went out and landed a night job in a gas station on the Sunset Strip. It was a strategic move that gave him a living and led him to the door of casting directors. Whenever a star, director, producer—or anyone at all he suspected might have a connection with movies or TV—drove in, Peter was Johnny-on-the-spot with a camera and a spiel.

"I'm an actor," he would say, "I've done fifty-one productions. Have you got anything for me—or do you know of anything I might interest you?" He used to tell the story of how Jack Warner drove in and Peter made his pitch. Warner listened politely but made no comment. The next day, however, Swadley of Warners' head talent man, sent for him.

Out at the Burbank studio, Peter was tested for "Darby's Rangers." He prayed, talked to himself, and shot in his mirror, and waited. The magic still worked, and he got the role. More than that, his screen appearance impressed the studio heads and he was signed to a term deal which gave him added parts in their various tele- shows, Cheyenne, Maverick, and Sugar- foot. Fan mail was piling in now, and casting began to eye him with awakened interest.

In his second or third part, Peter was looking for an attractive young chap to play deputy to John Russell's Marshal Dan Troop, who brings law and order to Lar- son's in a town where law is dead. Each of his lines, stared into his mirror, chanted his magic formula . . . and the rest is history.

At one period, the Browns lived on a 4,000-acre ranch in Yosemite, and it was there that Peter and his brothers learned to ride expertly. "I owned two horses and "played," he could," he says. "I learned how to shoot from the saddle and I practiced the fast draw, banging away at tin cans, snakes, anything I could pretend was the enemy. Naturally, I was always John Wayne or Gary Cooper. Someday, I hope to own a ranch of my own. That's the place to bring up a family of kids. In doing quite a bit of positive thinking on that score these years."

This last is obviously a reference to Diane Jergens, the blonde with whom Peter's first love was to be with, but they parted. Peter's childhood friend, Tony Curtis, had been with Diane, and the two parted. Peter was with Connie Stevens, Diane with Ed Byrnes and the occasion was a farewell party given by Tony Per- kins for his young Robert Ivers, who was entering service.

Peter had just caught a preview of a 20th-Fox film he had tested for, unsuccess- fully. "I still think the part should have been handled differently," he said, and proceeded to give his version. Diane, a friend of the contract player who had won the role—and loyal to him and her home studio—took offense. The result was an argument that lasted all evening. Peter was fascinated by the black-eyed girl of twentysome who reveal, with much effort, what she believed in. Diane didn't return the feeling. She frankly admits that, on that occasion, she thought Peter a brash, hot young man, and Peter thought her to be a little bit fickle. He had called her for a date the very next day. She refused. But, finally, her curiosity got the better of her and she accepted a dinner date. They've been a "steady item" ever since.

Asked whether she shares Peter's faith in positive thinking, Diane remarks that red- gold is Walter Mitty, but the only thing positive about me is my love for Peter. He's self-confident, rolls with the punches. I'm either fying high or down in a deep- sea diver, and you can't always be Confident—he al- ways manages to cheer me up.

"Some months ago," she cites an example, "Peter and I were planning on going to a promotion. I'd bought a lovely new dress and we were both set on making a bit of a splash. Then hard luck. I was bitten by an insect under my right eye while doing a press round for 'One Way Ticket.' Peter's elbow had injured in a fight scene for Cheyenne, a few weeks before. On the day of the premiere, his cheek swelled a good two inches. But, of course, he was all smiles—me with my eye, Peter with his cheek. I was all for giving up and staying home. But you know Peter. He's nothing for young actors not to be recognized by the crowd. But, in our condition, even our best friends didn't know us. I almost cried. But Peter was sweet. He lived up to his label and said, 'Honey, believe me, someday they'll all know us. Right now, let's act so that, even if they don't know who we are, they'll know we're winners.'"

Their courtship has been "mostly on an even keel," says Diane.

"That's because we have absolutely nothing in common," declares Peter, "except for both being born in the month of May!"

That would seem to be an exaggeration, but it does remind Diane of another story: We both love to take long drives and Peter, after we've been apart, sent me a postcard saying, 'If you don't hear from me, you can be sure I've gone where there's nothing to do.' He's just that kind of guy."

"And he's a great guy," says Diane. "He's frank, reliable, and you wouldn't think he had an idea about art. But, he's different. He's the only boy I've ever known who could be an actor and a designer. Well, I'm glad he's my own, and for one thing, he's absolutely tongue-tied."

The day before Lauman was to begin shooting, Peter's family phoned to wish him luck. Surprise! Much jubilation! Kid brothers all got out of bed at 5:30. They had been given a bit in 'The Hangin' Tree,' a Gary Cooper film on location near Yakima. "This makes four of us Browns in Hollywood," said Peter, "which is an excellent record. We're all-

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"I reached up and there were two pin- curl clips dangling right in front. I turned to Peter and said, 'Why didn't you tell me? I forgot to take out those clips?' He suddenly shrugged and said, 'Honey, I spent the whole trip here trying to find the right words to tell the most beautiful girl I know that here was a marvelous man. And, for one thing, he's absolutely tongue-tied.'"

"Busy as he is with Lauman, these days, Peter manages to find time to keep up his friendship with Cole Porter, who's a living legend, and with Frank Allen, his current drama coach, plus assorted books on the theater, philosophy and literature, keep him intellectually alert. He and Diane are movie fans and go sev-
er at home. Afterward, they usually take a long drive along the ocean or through the hills, searching for a new steak house, discussing the show and the performances, their respective careers, and their future together.

As for the wedding: Peter has asked Corey Allen to be best man. Betty Lou Ellsworth is Diane’s matron of honor. John Russell, Ed Byrnes and Army buddy Dick Denouit of Globe Photos will be ushers. About four hundred people are being invited. As the about-to-be-newlyweds explain, “We’ll only be getting married once—so we want it to be a day we and our family and friends can remember.”

Diane and her orange cat, Merry Ann—of whom Peter jokes, “She’s part Persian and all alley”—will move into his apartment in Hollywood Knolls until they can afford to buy the house of their dreams. “We’re both concentrating our wishes on a place with lots of fieldstone and picture windows,” says Peter.

His engagement present to Diane was a 1956 powder-blue Cadillac convertible. “The poor darling,” Diane confides with a wink. “He thought he was going to surprise me. What he didn’t know was that I’d been taking a leaf out of his book and, for weeks, kept looking into his eyes and thinking, Buy me a car instead of jewelry.” As for Peter, his final comment on the girl he’s marrying is quite simple: “I’ve never been more positive in my life... or so lucky.”

Alias Hoby Gilman

(Continued from page 58)

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75
It took more than a few minutes, however, to accustom Bob to horses. "Did I know how to ride when I got this part?" Bob gulfs. "I certainly didn't!"

Nancy laughs as loudly as her husband. Evidently, Bob's first brush with a horse was pretty funny, but all he adds is: "Before we began the show, I took riding lessons for a couple of days so I'd know which end of the horse came first. Then I kept working at it until now I'm quite confident."

Even at first meeting, the Culps' mutual admiration is strongly evident. Each thinks the other is simply great...off stage and on. Nancy speaks enthusiastically of Bob's performances in any vehicle-Off Broadway productions and his recent guest appearance on a television playhouse. "Bob was wonderful," she says.

Bob, for his part, thinks his wife is one of the most talented actresses alive today, and frankly says so. "My dearest wish," he confides, "is to play opposite Nancy. She is a marvellously suggestive actress. Tremendously talented. Some husbands and wives don't work well together; they make each other worse. But Nancy and I help each other give a better performance."

"I've become associated with a new motion-picture producing company, Mar- di Gras Productions, and we were offered parts in a film the company is making in Sweden this summer. I would publish his because of other commitments. However, I'm working on a screen play that will have a part for each of us, and I hope Midir Gras will make the picture next year."

Symbolically, Nancy and Bob met in a theater and were married because of a television show. Nancy had just finished work in a "New York play, "The City of Eden," and was at the theater putting away some costumes. Bob, who was opening in "He Who Gets Slapped," wandered in, and they got acquainted.

"But it wasn't burning love at first sight," Mrs. Culp recollects. "Or at least we didn't realize it, if it was. I went on tour with a company and we lost touch with each other for about six months. Then, one day, I had been riding a motorcycle with friends, all day long, over on the Palisades. We'd had a fight with the police and were in a little spat when Bob came in with someone I knew. My friend said Bob was hunting for an apartment. Bob said he was hunting for me. In any event, from that time on, until we were married, we were together almost constantly."

Although the production had grown so that they'd be married "soon," it was Trackdown which brought matters to a head. "When I got the Trackdown part and knew I was leaving for the Coast," says Bob, "we got married at once and he'd miss the show."

Nancy thinks that her husband's television success has been both bad and good for her own career. It's taken her away from New York, and she thinks "it's acting is wonderfully stimulating...it has also given her entree to directors and producers whom she couldn't meet before."

"I can't work on Bob's show," she explains, "but, because of what I'm doing, I meet many people who can help me." The Culps have a young son, Joshua, born last Easter Sunday, but Bob doesn't think Nancy should be tied completely to the nursery. "I want her to have a career," he declares. "I'd be delighted if she were working in motion picture or television. She's such a great actress."

If she were working, though, Bob makes it clear, that he wouldn't feel bound to help with the housework. "I think I'm a very good house," he says, "but I don't wash dishes or sweep up. I'm good with the baby, though, don't you think?" He turns to his wife.

"Oh, yes," says Nancy, who obviously thinks she's pretty good in all departments. But if there's any other man as great as Bob Culp in Nancy's eyes, it's young Joshua.

We took him with us to New York this summer," she beams, "and he was perfect...not a bit of trouble. He's not afraid of anything and behaved beautifully on the plane. We visited my parents in Baltimore, and not even the hot weather bothered him."

Travel seems always to have been a part of Bob's life and career. His interest in the stage was fourteen and he, with a friend, produced a one-reel Tarzan-type motion picture shot in the hills around his Berkeley. Because film was expensive, the young producers didn't try again. Later, at the University of Washington, Bob became seriously interested in acting and writing. He left school when he was a junior and, while hunting and banking, he caught approximately three hours sleep out of each twenty-four.

He still didn't abandon his Howard Lindsay contact. When he heard that the University was preparing a production he tracked the great man to his home.

Lindsay expressed regret that he still had no part for the persistent young man, and asked, "Why the way, what have you been doing?"

"Working," said Bob, "on the seventh floor of the Chase National Bank...at night."

"And what do you do during the day?"

"Study. Hunt for a part."

"And when do you sleep?"

"That was the question Bob couldn't answer."

Lindsay still offered no job, but he eyed the young man appraisingly, with a tinge of concern. A week later, Bob received another offer. He was invited to audition under Lindsay personally.

Bob got the part, a small one, in a Katharine Cornell vehicle, "The Prescott Proposals," was the break that gave him his New York start. And, at first, he was a bit wary about accepting the Hobie Gillman role. Working on film would be a new experience, he thought, and he wanted to see the audience reaction. But now reviewing his situation, he is pleased.

There's keen competition in New York," he explains. "The competition is fierce. Every actor's career. But, in New York, the competition is so keen it's unhealthy. Here I work under pressure, making a television epi-sode in three days, but it's a different kind of pressure. Too, I'm becoming known to more people.

Television today, what vaudeville used to be, but Hobie doesn't think it's media for entertainment. It's a proving ground and a showcase for young actors. I'm glad to be a part of it."

Yes, ma'am, that shifty city actor Robert Culp was hard to track down for a television Western role. But, once Hobie Gillman crept up on him, he was completely captured. It looks as though Bob will be Hobie for a long time to come.
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WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST
(Continued from page 7)

and square dancin' and all the trimmin'. And Texas born and bred Alice, the purr-
est gal of all, looked right at home atop the big bay stallion which led her grand
parade, looking like he was about ready to jump the Oregon fence. An Oregon:
field fences, in the San Fernando Valley Little League, over the fence is not out. Gregg
Gobei, George's young'un, has been bat-
ting .412 for the last two games. He says the records tell him the baseballs have been getting lost over the left-
field fence. Gregg's average is highest in his league, and Daddy George proudly boasts, "If he keeps on the ball . . . he'll soon be a
big league—then he'll be a millionaire, Cassius Clay!"

Meanwhile, back on the Western Avenue lot, Hugh O'Brian entertained members of his Wyatt Earp Friends Club. There was one little boy who spent the entire after-
noon with his eyes cast on the ground. Hugh, thinking him shy, tried to encourage
him by walking over and shaking hands. "Hello," said Hugh brightly. The boy
mumbled a greeting but never looked up.

"Come on, now," laughed Hugh, "you can look at me . . . I won't bite you." "Heck,
no," he said, looking into the eyes of the small boy holding empty bullet shells and I don't want to miss any!" Such is the price of fame.

Hugh, by the way, has bought a new 25-foot speedboat. I hope he it
securely tied. . . . Guy "Zorro" Williams has a new sailboat, too, but the new four-
month-old baby, Antoinette, has kept him from enjoying it. Toni, as she is called, is on a three-month's medical leave, and Tom
complains that Toni has the healthiest set of lungs on the West Coast, and that
no matter how hard he tries to bury his head under the summer sun to get him to
get through to him. Zorro Williams is leav-
ing on a three-day personal-appearance
 tour on October 10, says he looks forward to the hard work, as it will be at least three
 nights of sure rest—his first in four months.

And Tennessee Ernie is resting, too. Ernie planned on resting for six weeks in
Hawaii, but he's been so busy that he was completely worn out by the end of the
first month. So he took two weeks up at his Northern California ranch to rest up
again, and then he'll head back south to Texas, where there, he rushed off to the Indiana State Fair where he and Molly Bee were booked. They spent their free time writing songs

other. But neither will lay claim to the title of their song being the first. . . . The other thing like this: "Put another nickel in the meter, Peter, I want to park and spark . . . I can see why . . . But music does make the world go round—Buddy Bremigan, musical director on NBC-TV's Edie
Fisher show, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, for example, are making the prettiest music together. But the success of his NBC-TV Stars Of Jazz show, emcee
Bobby Troup raised his ex-wife's alimony
—now that's a gent for you . . . As Red
Skelton's wife Georgia kissed and made up—her breakdown came mostly as a
result of worry over Red, who she feared was working himself into the ground.

Gene Barry will have his two boys, Michael, 12, and Frederic, 6, appearing
with him in his new NBC-TV Bat Master-
son series—so it's a kiddies show . . . Ray
Barth is fielding his orchestra or one of 
the vocal cords . . . Ann Sothern on a
diet . . . Desi on a diet, too, after Lucy
found he couldn't get into last year's cos-
tumes when she left him in the October
premiere of the Lucille Ball—Desi Arnaz
Show. Too much of his own cooking, no
doubt . . . Speaking of same sponsor, the
denise of monarch Studio One is the
occasion of both mourning and rejoicing,
for with the death of the old stalwart, a
new king ascends the throne, Westinghouse
Desi Arnaz, Jr. One for ten years has
served up top-ranking dramatic TV fare.
September 29 was their last show. The
new series, best described as a marriage
of Ted William's "Father Knows Best" to provide
viewers with such great entertainment that they will have
little time to mourn the now dead
Studio One. Desi's first show will be
"Lucy Goes to Mexico," with the Mertzes and guest star, entrouinoe Maurchei.

Flashes from the Hollywood and Vine
"Stoplight: Gary Crosby will not have a
musical show of his own on ABC-TV as
expected—his doctors are worried about his health . . . His brother Lin will do an
ABC Radio show following his Dad's move
to that network . . . Hoppin Baggs moves
to Hollywood in the fall so that Jack Lin-
ketter can finish his education at U.S.C.
Art and his younger son, Robert, mean-
time, can't go to the train to La Jolla, N.
M. That's so Art could be with Robert
where all TV's hot air comes from. Art
is now in a new biz—he manufactures
the Linkletter Spin-a-hoop. He has enough
kids in his own family to take the output
of an entire factory, so the business is sure
to be a success. Art has just been made
Mayor of Hollywood, Florida—now he has
two coats covered. As producer, John
Guedel, has a new show called For Better
Or Worse, starring Dr. James Peterson of
U.S.C. Dr. Pete teaches a Marriage and
Family Counseling course at the Uni-
versity of California and is at Linkletter's wedding. This is the kind of show that could well have a rice company for a sponsor (see page 38, this issue).

Sherry Jackson seeing Pat Wayne ever-
when she can . . . Erin O'Brien is being
kept so busy these days with her singing appearances around the country that she's
barely had time to say hello and goodbye
to her two busy sons, Patrick, 16, and Gregory Paul, 2. Erin's just returned
from Spain where she finished "John Paul
Jones," flew to Paris where she appeared in a Shakespeare Festival. She's out on
the road again with hubby Jimmy Fitz-
gerald plugging her new Warners' release,
"Onionhead." The children, meanwhile,
are staying with Jimmy's parents in Cal-
ifornia. . . . Ty Walker to introduce Ty
Hardin to the viewers of his Cheyenne show. Clint will probably move back to barn about the time his hay runs out—still betting it will be
this season . . . Pretty Annette Fun-
cello is so pleased over her first movie
role in Disney's "The Shaggy Dog. She
thinks she's getting to think we're
"going to be on the big screen!" That's very
funny, since I overheard Jimmy Stewart
saying one day how thrilled he was over
directing the show—GE's Christmas special
in 1957.

No one knows how much love there is
in the entertainment world until something
really sad happens—the recent and un-
expected death of J. Kirk Brown, radio's fat-
her father is in a boating accident brought flowers, letters
and wires from his friends all over the
world . . . And, in the South, Danny Wilbourn, one of TV's most loved
St. Jude Hospital for underprivileged chil-
dren. The hospital will accept children
doing all races and creeds. It is a dream come
true for Danny, who remembers that it's
like to be a barefoot boy and poor. That's
the heart of Hollywood.
MOVIE FAN HITS $ JACKPOT! $  

How to Marry ...  

(Continued from page 36)  

It had the worst possible strike against it—that of "studio sponsorship." Gossip columns are full of items discounting this and describing it as being "studio engineered" and, as such, not to be taken seriously.  

Barbara had met Mike three times. Both times, he had tried to impress her individually. And it wasn't until after the marriage that she pieced facts together and discovered that all three of them were one and the same person!  

Her first exposure to her destiny had been in San Francisco, while she was a schoolgirl drama student at the Elizabeth Holloway School of the Theatre. Watching the play called "Julius Caesar," at a local theater, she was awed by the performances of Louis Calhern as Caesar and John Gielgud as Cassius, but she was not impressed with the handsome, bearded young man who played Pindarius—one Michael Ansara, the program said. And, by a curious coincidence, Ansara's cousin, shortly thereafter and dated him.  

The next time she was exposed to Mike was on the Fox lot, where both were under contract. She observed the dark-haired young man dashing about in a gay Corvette. She didn't know who he was, but marked him down as a very attractive person.  

The third time was "the charm." Booker McClay, head of publicity at 20th Century-Fox—TV Productions, suggested that she attend an upcoming Carrington Rhozzo horror-scope party, where she might be photographed, meet people, and generally have a good time. She had just been signed for the upcoming How To Marry A Millionaire series; her two co-stars, Lori Nelson and Michael Ansara, had some following, but Barbara was brand-new.  

"I don't want to go," she said.  

"But you ought to be seen places, for the sake of your career." Booker protested. "There's a young man under contract here that you really should meet, anyway. His name is Michael Ansara—he's Cochrine on the lot. How about going to the party with him?"  

Barbara knew about Cochrine. But she didn't have much faith in Pindarius or the dashing, dark-haired young man in the Corvette. "I expected him to be wearing a long, shoulder-length bob and carrying a bow and arrow when he called for me, and I wasn't too surprised when I found out he'd been bony up on the Chiracahus and their problems."  

When she arrived, she recognized the Knight of the Corvette immediately. But the Pindarius phase of his character was not revealed to her until much later.  

With Michael and Barbara, the rapport was immediate. And they married a row after the Carrington Righter party—where they had compared horoscopes and found they were an excellent combination according to the stars. Barbara had to go to New York on a publicity trip with her two TV co-stars, and Michael discovered that he was desolate in her absence. He bewailed this to her precisely, and unhappily, but he saw in this all he had ever wanted in a woman—a sparkling, bubbling personality coupled with an underlying warmth and tenderness.  

Her absence that time was a revealing one for Barbara, also. How To Marry A Millionaire was her first real break. The test was that she had acted this fall on the NTA Film Network, is based on the popular film of the same name, with Lori Nelson portraying the sweet, feminine member of the trio, as done by Betty Grable on the screen; Merry Anders doing the tough, and Barbara doing Marilyn Monroe's sprightly comedy role of Loco, the beautiful but dumb blonde who can't see without her glasses but who eventually conquers the world to impede her perpetual quest for a millionaire. Consequently, Loco goes through life running into doors.  

In the publicity trip, Barbara's mind should be filled focused unwaveringly upon How To Marry A Millionaire. Instead, she found herself lingering upon the proposition of How to Marry Mike Ansara.  

When Barbara returned from the tour, no formal words were spoken about marriage, yet a strong engagement for her was recognized between them as one of those unalterable facts of nature, and the only words spoken on the subject were the ones necessary to solve the mechanics of the arrangement. The couple being in love, they set about learning to like each other, to become acquainted.  

Barbara learned a great deal about Mike's hopes and dreams and aspirations, his attitude toward work. She became intimately acquainted with Cochrine, the stalwart Indian who fights bravely and uncompromisingly in defense of the land and ways of his people, and she tried to understand Mike's childhood dream of becoming a doctor, which took him no farther toward a medical career than Sanehaut's Lebanon, New Hampshire; that he had tried being a skid-row cop, a cab driver, carpet salesman and collection agent before he finally turned something his shy but honest self.  

She learned of Mike's childhood dream of becoming a doctor, which took him no farther toward a medical career than Sanehaut's Lebanon, New Hampshire; that he had tried being a skid-row cop, a cab driver, carpet salesman and collection agent before he finally turned something his shy but honest self.  

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Both were working at the time, Mike was deeply involved with his Indian problems and Barbara was just as busy pursuing her elusive millionaire before the TV cameras. Mike’s sponsor did not want him to get married, and Barb studiously likewise felt that an unmarried girl might be more convincing in the role of a husband-chaser. So there were several strikes against them at the outset. But a wardrobe woman, knowing Barbara the show she needed: “If you love each other, and you know it is right, don’t let anything stand in your way.”

The wedding was on the spur of the moment. They wanted it to be on a Friday night so they could have the benefit of a weekend together before returning to the racing schedules. And they wanted a church wedding, in the Greek Orthodox faith. St. Nicholas Church was not available until ten in the evening—so their marriage was unconventional, from the very beginning.

Barbara had little time to shop for a wedding dress, but knew exactly what she wanted. A close friend volunteered to shop for a gown of her specifications and finally found it, a perfect gown in every respect—except that it was size-40. Barbara hired it out for a while—she made no complaint. She got the dress and the Fox wardrobe department undertook to remake it, slimming it down to Barbara’s trim dimensions.

Barbara needed all the sweet superstitions of a first marriage. The gown was new. The shoes were old—she had bought them for her Millionaire test at Fox and believed they had brought her good luck. The borrowed gown, however, was feathered creation supplied by her sister. And the “something blue” was a handkerchief.

Everyday went wrong on the wedding day. Mike’s sister Rose, who was to be in the wedding party, came down with a brutal cold. Mike had no time to shop for a wedding ring, so he borrowed one from Fox’s property department for the occasion.

“I couldn’t go, if it hadn’t been for Fox,” Barbara admits. “Anabelle, the hairdresser, and Mike Tate, the wardrobe woman, came to the house to dress me. All my mother could do was sit on the sofa and cry!”

There were no outside guests at the wedding. The bridal party was made up of both bride and groom went far toward filling the church. There were some twenty or thirty people from Barbara’s immediate family—sisters, cousins and aunts—and a like number from Mike’s side of the family.

“After it was all over, we went to Mike’s apartment,” says Barbara. “Both of us had new scripts to learn for Monday, so there was no honeymoon. That will have to come later.”

The Ansaras are now very peacefully established in a not-too-new duplex apartment off the Sunset Strip. Everything is off-white—walls, draperies, carpeting, even a miniature French poodle named Maggie. Maggie’s off-whiteness is relieved by her long black eyelashes. She constantly goes from one Ansara to another, wagging her stub of a tail and inquiring: “Love me?”

Mike and Barbara have had little time for hobbies. They both adore the National Geographic Magazine and, in what spare time they have, they devour it as some people devour detective and mystery fiction. They have enough time for travel, and in this way they travel vicariously until the time when they can see the world in actuality. Mike is also inordinately fond of science fiction.

They admit freely that they don’t particularly like to cook. Mike cooked one chicken dinner: “It was my first and last,” he says. They thrive on frozen packaged dinners, books, and conversation.

“No matter where we are, we feel at home together,” Mike says. “We talk endlessly about what we’re doing and what we’re going to do. We’re not static in our plans; we’re ready to move in any direction. When our present shows end, we could abandon the world together. Or we could get a new contract and do a husband-and-wife television series.”

The Ansaras haven’t any particular formula for a successful marriage, other than striving for mutual understanding, and an absence of dominating the other. Barbara feels that one of the greatest enemies of marriage is over-familiarity; it breaks down respect. She feels that neither mate should take anything for granted.

Barbara regards her good fortune in finding love and happiness as a sort of inner-day miracle: “Marriage to Mike has been a complete revelation to me. Before I met Mike, I thought I’d make a good wife and a good living for myself without the aid of anybody. I had never met anyone to whom I would entrust my life, and my fortune, for that matter. I was shocked when suddenly it happened.”

“Some of my friends thought that the fact he had been married before might present a problem. But I’m glad Michael has new wedding stories. You see—he’s a sort of a Hollywood writer. I gave this with a twinkle in her eye—‘I want to be the one he has to be taught. As a ‘previous husband,’ Mike has to be just a little more careful and understanding. He has to know that I’m not the only wife who’s just a little crazy at times.”

“From These Roots”

(Continued from page 43)

being Emily and Ben Jr., both married. Ben Fraser, their father, is the respected editor and publisher of The Record, the staunchly influential newspaper in the town in which the Fraser family has its roots.

Liz was already engaged to an up-and-coming artist and was preparing to introduce him to her family when the show premiered on June 30. Certainly, this was no difficult role for the young actress and film star. Hutton and Liza’s love, she knew from the first how Liz felt.

Ann and Herb had met about five years ago, at a football game, a casual sort of How-do-you-do, glad-to-know-you kind of meeting was with his date, she with hers. “After that, we used to see each other around midtown New York and—well, how are you?—and go on our way,” Ann recalls. “I decided one day I should at least know his name. His name. He’d decided about the same time, to find out mine. He, too, had forgotten. We broke down, and asked.

“...was playing opposite Don Ameche on Broadway, one of my favorite stars.” But he had never seen the show, said he would come. He did, several times. We began to go out together, ice skating. Walking in the winter gardens, playing for the races during the spring. All the things two people do when they’re getting interested enough to want to know each other better. And then it happened.”

On Easter Sunday, while they were having dinner together, she suddenly

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What Will They Think of Next?

(Continued from page 35)

Beaming, she told them that she had her serious. "Any time anything happens to me, the doctors gave me a shot of penicillin. And I swelled up, I didn't want to swell up; I want to lose weight. If I am a Frog, they want it tattooed on my body: 'No penicillin.'

"Then, if I'm in an auto accident and taken to a hospital unconscious, no doctor will shoot me up. With that, the lady turned her back to the camera: "There's just one place where they always shoot you for penicillin," she continued. "I want to stand up, no words, 'No penicillin,' tattooed right there."

The audience went wild. The laughter was unrestrained. Everyone howled. Usually, under such circumstances, I take the mike down, look very sad, and say, "I quit right now. I am applying for a job as houseboy or gardener." Sometimes I take the mike down, blow goodbyes to the audience, and say, "I quit back. At such times, Harry Mannett, the producer, or Elbert Walker, the camera director, persuades me to come back, because they know I'd never come back to do another show. This particular time, I was so taken aback I forgot to reach for the mike, to disable it.

Strange things sometimes women say are easily accounted for. The women who choose are not repressed. They are usually housewives, and most of

the oven. Ann does a luscious roast chicken with rice and pepper sauce and can throw together a frivolous dessert on short notice.

With a script to learn several times a week, the dress rehearsal is knotted out by her mother early this summer to pull the dandelions out of the lawn, the resourceful youngster noted some children playing next door and asked, "Don't you want to bring some flowers home to your mother? You can come in my yard and pick all these."

He even helped by pointing out where they missed one until the whole lawn was cleared. When Herb heard the story, he commented on his future brother-in-law: "That kid can't help being a success in life."

Ann and Herb spent a part of the summer apartment hunting. No simple project, when a fellow wants at least one extra room as a work area where he can do his writing, and what a girl is interested in painting and wants a place where she can leave her easel set up and her work spread out. They share the same ideas about furnishings—a "traditional" background which can be changed occasionally by merely changing some of the accessories. They both like clean lines and simplicity, so there are no clashes of taste.

"When it's over, when he's finished with his career that my folks gave me," Ann explains—and concludes: "Having a continuing part in television—just at the time I became engaged to be married, to live in New York, and to marry and establish a home—was the most wonderful break any actress could ask for. Any girl could have.

"Liz Fraser will have problems in her life, as I would have in mine. No one escapes entirely. But we are both starting out with the knowledge that family roots go deep. Frank Provino and John Pleckard, the writers, have said it better than I can: From these roots grow branch, leaf and flower, children of the stretching earth, ripening in the tumult of the seasons—generation unto generation."

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Women say unexpected things, not because they're trying to be funny, but because, while they're looking into each other's eyes, the ideas they're trying to express don't come across the way they intend. The candidates know for sure what they're doing, because they always know—until the meaning is explained. We get more laughs on Queen For A Day than I'd get at an Elks' banquet, but we get them on stories that are sincere.

For instance, there was the young wife from a mountainous area whose husband was a volunteer firefighter. Since the town wasn't large enough, they took one regular firehouse, the town house was used as the town firehouse. The town also wasn't able to furnish these volunteer firefighters with anything.

"I'd like some fire pants for my husband," she said.

"I should think you would. It would certainly make him a lot safer, too."

"No, that's not what I mean," the woman said. "I mean, if they're not using regular pants, he's not wearing anything."

"The noise of the fire siren keeps waking her up," she said.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a red light for my porch." The audience screeches with laughter. I disable the mike. To the audience in the Moulin Rouge, a red light on the porch signifies that someone has thought had never occurred to the fireman's wife.

When the laughter died down, she paid attention to the audience and got up one evening. But such a thought had never occurred to the fireman's wife.

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The kind who might try to put on an act, she's eliminated faster than you can catch your breath.

Don't try for cuteness, and we can't try for tragedy. Some people who don't know the program, have said that we try to exploit sob stories. Baloney! We try to keep all of the truth of what befell a kind of wife came to us with a long, sad tale of how her husband needed an operation, we'd tell her that it's against the rules to use your sponsor for medical help. If we put on such tales, there'd be no end to them—and Queen For A Day would cease to be entertaining.

On the other hand, if a woman started to flutter and tell me how much younger I look than I do on television, I'd know her guilt over it. I would probably not be one of my candidates for the day. Being human, I'm flattered by the women who say breathlessly: "I've waited all my life to shake your hand—but I'm on my guard against them.

The thing that gets a woman on the program is sincerity. Whatever her wish may be, she gets most out of it. One housewife can't fool another housewife. If a woman who was trying to put on an act ever got on Queen For A Day, she'd practically be boooed off the show.

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School for many years. Now her teeth had become so loose she couldn’t play the cornet anymore. You could just hear the flat notes come out!

I’m happy to say that she got her wish. I don’t know how, but we did the Baptist Sunday School a real service or not.

But older ladies really touch me. There was the woman of ninety-three who wanted to fly to California to New York. She would have gotten her wish, too, but her kid sister—aged eighty-seven—interceded. “I don’t want my sister to fly,” she said. “She’d only get lost and confused in New York. Just take her to a nice restaurant for dinner.” We took her to the nicest.

One of the most memorable wishes ever granted in the program occurred when a lady wished for an electric eel. She had heard that, if you boil such an eel, the broth will cure arthritis and she wanted to try it on her nephew, who was suffering from arthritis. Darned if she didn’t win!

Now, where do you suppose you’d call offhand for an electric eel needed in a hurry? We made a number of phone calls, and located one at Long Beach. It had about 800 volts in its tail. A special handler was brought out. He put his hands along to handle it. Still the eel escaped and got off the table.

Most of the women jumped on tables and chairs in the hall in no time. That was one time it’s not worthwhile to try every effort to comply, the Queen didn’t get her wish. By the time the eel started squirming around the room, she no longer even wanted it.

Usually, most of the things that go wrong are the result of misunderstandings. The prospective Queen knows perfectly well what they want to try. Is it their fault if I’m sometimes a little slow on the uptake, or if I and the ladies in the audience misunderstand? After all, we couldn’t always have been making decisions that make seemingly illogical and very logical.

Who can blame the wonderful minister’s wife of her life to good causes, and said that once—in her life—she wanted to “go out and sin” for twenty-four hours? The audience gasped, but it was just a question of time (referring to the word). Her idea of “sin” was going to night clubs. As soon as the audience realized that, it was sure, just as I was, that God would be sending a nice old lady that one day of sinning.

The woman who was a magician’s wife may still be wondering why her audience became hysterical. The facts in the case were very clear to her. All during the War, her husband had been going to different branches of the USO, to entertain servicemen at different locations. He went overseas, too, and entertained our troops in distant and dangerous spots.

One day, during a bombing, all his magic equipment was ruined. His top hats, magician’s costume, his guitars, and his rabbits and playing cards were all blown up.

“If I elected Queen, I’d like to get some new tricks for my husband,” she said.

“Why?” I asked. (Oh, that fatal question.)

“His equipment was all shot up in the war.”

Very often, the women are a lot smarter than I am, and I get ample opportunity to display my own ignorance over the telewaves. Once it was a preacher who had the last laugh on me. We’d made a phone call to Portland, Oregon, and the woman who was the hookup said simply that she wanted for air shoes that forty underprivileged children could go to the church school.

“Gloating, I called the preacher to tell him about the forty pairs of shoes my sponsors were providing because of this woman’s wish. ‘Nice, isn’t it?’ I asked.

The preacher agreed. I went on: ‘You won’t mind if, next Sunday, she doesn’t put any money in the collection box, will you?’

“No,” he said, “I won’t mind if she doesn’t put in any money next Sunday too. I just try, because we’re Seventh Day Adventists and worship on Saturdays. That’s when we take up our collections.’

Sometimes I’m asked what I’ve found in the thirteen years I’ve been interviewing women, to be their most outstanding characteristic. That’s easy. Women are the most generous breed of creatures on earth. In thirteen years, I don’t think there have been twenty-five selfish wishes on our program. People have the wrong idea—that is, people who haven’t watched the Yankee Doodle Dandy. They think that, when a woman gets on Queen For A Day, she’s apt to be full of larceny. Instead, she’s there for the good of family or friends.

The handler was a real genius. Something happens that reveals just how much larceny there is in their hearts, too. Each time, there are about eight hundred girls in the audience. And, among them always there are several selfish women who are. They’re all there wishing to get something that will please their parents, to show their mothers or fathers how much they appreciate their hard work and their efforts.

Every day we have to eliminate hundreds of wishes which pertain to friends. A woman asked that once a year she and her husband, who has put her wish down on paper, she must abide by. After all, the selection is made on the basis of their wishes, and it can’t always be fair to select a woman who has made one wish and then permit her to make another on the air.

Only once in thirteen years has any woman broken that rule of the house. She asked for a TV set on her card. But, when she got on the air, she wanted to build a house for her brother-in-law. “To like one, too, for my cousin,” I said, “but that’s what you wished for. I don’t mind your changing your mind and asking for something else, but don’t you think you ought to go back to your original wish.”

The audience agreed. Women are supposed to have the privilege of changing their minds; but every woman who appears on Queen For A Day knows that she has temporarily given up that privilege.

When you stop to think that this has happened only once in more than six hundred, you begin to see how honest the women who appear on Queen For A Day are. Any woman who wanted to could name one wish on a card, then take advantage of us by changing another when she actually got on the air. They could—but they don’t.

And, when they win, they further reveal this mentality by the way in which they accept the honor. Typical is a recent case. The lady who’d been elected stood with her head bowed for a minute.

Lots of people pray, but sometimes our program has turned the “name” requests. The ladies—God bless ’em—know about prayers of thanks. “Were you saying a prayer of thanks?” I asked her.

“I was,” she said simply.

Maybe I’m just a farmer and a small-town boy at heart; but in my mind I’d always carry this picture of a wonderful Queen, her head bowed, her eyes full of gratitude and the suggestion:

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden
EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 500 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 395 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. (Except in Canada, all editorial office correspondence should be addressed to Chicago, Ill.)
MANAGING EDITOR: Jack Zasorin, Art Director
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**Born Reckless**

**WARNERS**

For rodeo fanciers, a Western in modern dress, featuring Jeff Richards as Kelly, a veteran competitive rider, roper, bull-thrower. TV viewers know Jeff as the hero of the series *Jefferson Drum*. Jeff here is a handsome muscleman, who valiantly comes to the assistance of Mamie Van Doren, who plays the female lead as a trick rodeo rider and night-club singer, when she is being too brashly approached by a tough and amorous newspaper reporter. With Jeff's sidekick Arthur Hunnicutt to round out a trio, they tour the rodeo circuit. Action shots of trick riding, roping, and bronco-busting add action. Dynamite for all the rest of the guys, Mamie has a tough time winning Jeff.

**Separate Tables**

**UNITED ARTISTS**

Hecht, Hill and Lancaster offer the movie version of Terence Rattigan's grouping of two short plays (each featuring Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton), which were a smash success on Broadway two years ago. The merging of the two plays into a single story tends to weaken the impact of the original, though fine individual performances are turned in by Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, David Niven, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster. Deborah Kerr plays the inhibited daughter of domineering Gladys Cooper, whose dawning fondness for a phony "Major" David Niven is ended when his impersonation is revealed. Niven has also been convicted of molesting lone women in movie audiences. Counter-plot is triangle of Lancaster, ex-wife Rita and lady inn-keeper Wendy Hiller. More talk than action, but fine characterizations.

**A Night to Remember**

**RANK**

The story has a foregone conclusion. The Titanic sinks, taking with her 1,502 of crew and passengers, leaving alive a bare 705. Kenneth More plays the courageous second officer, in charge of the grim job of loading the too-few lifeboats. A large supporting cast gives genuine suspense to the movie, which is filled with revealing vignettes reflecting the varied manner in which the passengers looked into the face of death. Based on Walter Lord's bestseller of several years ago, which was in turn the basic material for the television drama of the same title, written for TV by John Whedon and George Roy Hill for the *Kraft Television Theater*. First shown in March, 1956, this drama on TV is considered a classic even today.

Titanic is doomed. In four minutes, the liner sinks and 1,502 will perish.
Away We Go: As they say in the State Department, an anonymous but unimpeachable source reveals that ABC-TV has an inside track to television rights for the Imperial Ball, scheduled December 4 in Manhattan. Grace Kelly, princess and actress, will be the guest of honor, with most of society present. This show could easily sneak away with the highest ratings of the season. . . Don Wilson, after 39 (?) years with Jack Benny, making his Broadway debut, in comedy with Sam Levene. . . Julia Meade to satisfy her dramatic ambitions and make flicker, "The Best of Everything." . . . There's a darned good woman's reason for Dorothy Collins displaying cleavage this season. When she was trademarked with the throat-clutching blouse, rumors brewed that she was either hiding scars, or, to the extreme, that she was covering up a battleship tattoo. Obviously, she ain't. . . Gene Peterson, handsome bachelor in Love Of Life, about to sever the nuptial knot and become one in real life. On the other hand, Ann Flood, who, as Liz Fraser has constantly had her marriage postponed in From These Roots, says, "In real life, nothing will stop me from becoming a bride." And she becomes one this month. The groom is NBC-TV sales exec Herbert Granath. . . Though lovely Hildy Parks is to be seen in the new Phil Silvers series, Phil is still searching for a permanent new love interest for his alter ego Bilko. Might note that the Crosby boys (all four) appear in a Bilko installment this month. . . For all the talk, TV industry still figures it will be five to ten years before color receivers are as commonplace as bathtubs. At the moment, according to a survey, more American homes have black-and-white receivers (42,400,000) than have bathtubs (41,500,000). Perhaps that odd million just jumps into the set during soap commercials. . . Intelligence Report from Hollywood: Desi mildly proud he's gradually losing his accent, but not his writers nor Lucy. Says Mrs. Arnaz, "I fell in love with his accent and so has the TV audience. If this keeps up, I think I'll send him to night school to brush up on his Spanish."

She Who Slaps: They may call it "Kiss Me, Kate," but the robust musical is hectic with hair-pulling and face-slapping. The two antagonists of the original Broadway cast, Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison, will get together again on November 20, on Hall Of Fame, NBC-TV. Beautiful Patricia Morison, of the dazzling blue

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By PETER ABBOTT

Who's taming whom?—Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison and Julie Wilson.

Birds stay home, as Victor Borge and family feast on burgers, sodas.

Pianist Erroll Garner guested with Patti Page, took jazz off to Paris.

Chemise gets kick in the can-can from real ballerina Dody Goodman.

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 6
eyes and chestnut hair, planed in from Hollywood for the production. "New York always thrills me. This is where I was born and grew up. When I'm here, I like to walk from Fifth Avenue fashion salons to Italian groceries." Hollywood, oddly enough, discovered her when she was playing in an operetta with Alfred Drake. "They cast me in the first movie as a gun moll. I liked being cast as a nasty woman the first time. But, after the twentieth picture, I got bored and began to study singing seriously," This led to the Broadway lead in "Kate," and then to two years of touring the country with Yul Brynner in "The King and I." Pat lives with her parents in Hollywood. "It's a Colonial house but very unusual. It has no swimming pool." Famous for her beautiful hair, she has never cut it. "Women with short hair are always in beauty parlors. I don't like the time wasted there." Her hair actually hangs to her knees but the audience never believes it. "In one scene of 'Kate,' Alfred slaps me and my hair spills loose. At matinee performances we could hear some women whispering, 'Wig!' so Alfred used to give it a strong tug to prove it wasn't." But Pat got in her licks, too. "I had to slap Alfred and I didn't want to hit him hard but he insisted, and taught me to cup my hand and smack him on the side of the neck. Last summer, I played the part with Walter Cassel, of the Met, in Warren, Ohio. Walter was horrified when I hit him on the neck.

He was afraid I might injure his larynx, so I aimed for his cheek. Now I go back to the neck again. Poor Alfred. He always kept begging me to hit him harder and harder. Then, after one performance, he came to me and said, 'Pat, you're going a little too far now.' I just don't have the right touch." Incidentally, "Kiss Me, Kate" is based on "Taming of the Shrew," a rollicking play by a guy named Shakespeare.

**Kitchy Koo:** Jack Paar has put NBC-TV in a ticklish position by announcing he will leave the late night show when his contract expires July of next year. He says the night schedule has ruined his family life and he doesn't have as much time as he'd like with his daughter. The only out he has offered NBC is the choice of taping and replaying part of the show. He insists he doesn't want more money. Curiously, he's making $3,000 a week, although he made more than this when he flopped out at CBS on a daytime show. . . . Lynne Rogers, who took time out from Guiding Light to meet the stork, presented husband Tim Taylor with a baby girl . . . Tommy Leonetti holding hands with Patricia Quinn, actress and Panamanian heiress . . . Many producers wanted to bring adult science fiction to TV, but big problem is expense of special effects. Trappings for space travel, gadgets, rocket ships, etc., must look authentic for adult acceptance, and this makes costs very high—prohibitive is the word . . . Mike Nichols and Elaine May, contrary to rumors, don't want a TV series. Think their off-brand humor would wear itself out too quickly. . . . Eve Arden to Broadway for the season and there is little chance of her returning to TV this season. . . . Carmel Quinn has had another daughter, Terry, who weighed in at nine pounds, eight ounces . . . A man in Texas has patented a method to use TV cameras while boring for oil. No sponsor interest. . . . Big event of month will be Rosalind Russell starring in "Wonderful Town." CBS-TV, November 30, a two-hour show treat. The original musical, a smash hit in the 1953-54 Broadway season, won Roz every award presented for theatrical performances, plus the admiration of audiences for her bounce and fantastic physical exuberance. This spring chicken, and she freely admits it, was 48 this past June.

**One-Man Show:** Title, "Victor Borge's Music & Comedy," Date, November 29, Place, CBS-TV. Cost, $250,000. Mr. Borge, worth every cent of it, graciously and wittily submitted to a third degree. Q. Do you consider yourself a wit or a musician? A. I'm a reformed chicken-plucker. Q. Does Mrs. Borge think of you as a wit or musician? A. Actually, it's half-musician and half-wit. Q. How will the new show differ from those seen in previous seasons? A. It will be seen in November. (Continued on page 13)
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

Sixty years in show biz: In new show, Ed Wynn plays wily widower with genius for human relations. Youngster is Sherry Alberoni, as granddaughter.

House is tight little island, so Ty Hardin and bride do lots of swimming.

Too young to wed? Vegas clerk was sure, of Peter Brown, Diane Jergens.

Alice Lon had a record attendance of over 2,000 at her annual fan club picnic in South Gate Park. Fans had a grand time complimenting Alice and her fan club prexy, Betty Ely, on their out of this world cookin'. Picnic had a Western motif, and all the male fan club members, even with their wives present, were trying to toss lariats around lovely Alice. Natch.... This must be the season for lariat tossing for there is a flock of new Hollywood names being tied together romantically: Buddy Bregman, hot new NBC-TV personality, is squiring lovely songstress Anna Maria Alberghetti; Barry Coe from 20th Century-Fox is courting deb star Judi Meredith from the George Burns show; and Tommy Sands, Judi's once-upon-a-timer, is dating Dottie Harmony. With a name like that, all suspect that Dottie and Tommy make really sweet music together. After his "Mardi Gras" preem in New Orleans on Nov. 13th and 14th, Tommy takes off for a well-deserved vacation—to South America. . . . Sal Mineo, meanwhile, is giving his younger sister, Serena, 16, instructions—she's begun dating, too. After completing "Tonka" for Disney, Sal goes into "The Gene Krupa Story."

Sights from the Hollywood Scene: Pat Boone practicing with one of Art
Linkletter's Spin-a-Hoops between rehearsal calls on his TV show—he has to keep up with his kids; Bill Leyden and Wendell Niles off on a bow-and-arrow hunting trip to Utah—shades of Robin Hood! Remember, Bill, when you're looking down that dear deer's throat—*It Could Be You*; and Art Linkletter, duck-hunting in Utah at the world's most exclusive gun club, came back with enough birds to supply the Beverly Hills Wine and Food Society to which he belongs. October 27, the Society flew the chef of Maxim's in Paris to Hollywood to create the Society's annual meal. Now that's real elegance. Too bad Art couldn't appreciate it all. He's started watching his waistline. Seems Art's been getting fat on the royalties from his best seller, "Kids Say the Darndest Things"—still a top seller after one year in the book shops. Art's oldest daughter, Dawn, 'coming out' this week, will be presented to society at a grand ball in their Holmby Hills home. Down the street, new neighbors Steve Allen and wife Jayne moving furniture into their newly decorated $130,000 home. West Coast origination, anyone? Also decorating, none other than Liberace. This time it's his thirty-seven-unit Las Vegas apartment. Lee placed all the furniture in the "model" unit, then completely redecorated his *three* Palm Springs homes which he will lease during the winter season. One has a piano shaped swimming pool, natch. What, no gold lame? Gold of a more substantial order is in the wind for the *Lennon Sisters*. Rumor has it that producer Joe Pasternak is after them to re-do the wonderfully musical *Deanna Durbin* series of motion pictures—they'll be the stars and own a portion of the pictures. Couldn't happen to a more deserving family. Meanwhile, back at the show, the girls are thrilled with the new teen-age band appearing on the Wednesday night Welk show—at last, they say, they'll have someone their own age to dance with. Just back from their six-week summer tour, the girls shook hands with a half-dozen Governors across country. Their comment to their mother 'Sis' Lennon—"Can you imagine us shaking hands with a Governor?" They were all so happy about their summer tour and the wonderful way their fans received them; but admit, too, the hectic schedule is tiring, even for healthy teenagers, and were glad to be back in school again. 'Ceptin Kathy. She'd like to sing twenty-four hours a day. *Dianne* 's best beau, Dick Gas, has been writing from his Army post saying it's either Alaska or Korea for him after training is over. A slim chance, too, that he could end up in Kentucky, if so, would be home for Christmas. Dianne is hoping for Kentucky.

**Johnny Grant**, Hollywood deejay, is hoping for Korea—for his annual Christmas tour, that is. Last year the USO sent him to Alaska and almost froze his performers solid... On the humor scene, George Burns was describing *Gracie*'s reaction to retirement, and how it all affected his own schedule: "Gracie is so punctual you can set your clock by her. At 6 A.M. when I get up, Gracie rolls over and yawns; at 6:30, when I leave the house, Gracie falls back to sleep, and when I come in at night she waves hello and *I* fall asleep..." There'll be very little yawning around the nation when the new George Burns show hits its stride—after thirty years acting as straight man for Gracie, George is 'on his own'—with only a few guests like Jack Benny and Red Skelton, Danny Thomas and Lucy and Desi and maybe a few others. He also has a couple of eye-openers in *Judi Meredith*, who will appear almost every week, and *Suzanne Pleshette*, whose eyelashes are so long and dark the make-up department tried to hide them—little success. Suzanne has other talents, too, (Continued on next page)
it seems—equally disturbing and equally hard to camouflage. All in all, the new season on the George Burns show should be an eye-opener.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Dale Robertson was asked by Jim Arnaz and Bob Culp (who were all together for the photographer) why he carried his gun at his left side. He bragged, “Because I draw the gun so fast with my right hand the camera can’t follow the action.” Now that’s a tall Texas tale if I’ve ever heard one. More appropriate is Don Burnett’s quote of the month, “Talk is cheap because the supply exceeds the demand.”... But time costs money, or so Ann Sothern discovered recently on her own set. Fifteen years ago, in the good old days when Annie was starring in her “Maisie” series, Sid Miller played her office boy. Today he’s Ann’s director. In their most recent show, Annie used a flouncy “Maisie” hat and the prop conjured up old memories. So Sid and Ann stopped to reminisce. Ann, who owns the show, suddenly realized the reminiscing was throwing them behind schedule. “Yikes!” she exclaimed, “all this yakking is costing us money!” and back to work they went.

Milton Berle, on the other hand, finds he has more free time today than he’s had in his 40 years of show biz. Why? Because there are so few night clubs in Hollywood. In the proverbial ‘nine-o’clock’ town, Milton finds he has no place to go ‘to entertain’—for free—after working hours. In New York there was always some place open with a gang of Milton’s friends waiting to welcome him. As a consequence, he’s getting more rest than he’s had in his forty years of show biz. ... Ozzie Nelson, on the other hand, is getting less rest this year than ever before—he’s writing, acting, and directing the bulk of this year’s shows and always doing his best to improve the quality of an already near-perfect product. But this year, Oz is including more and more of Rick’s hit records in the Nelson family show... and putting more money into the musical production numbers because he’s found it pays off in the ratings. Latest to hit the screens will be “Cindy,” sung and swung-to by 100 teen-age extras in a hand-clapping, hip-swinging bit to be seen around the end of November. “Cindy” comes straight out of Rick’s warbling in “Rio Bravo” sure to be a smash. Between Takes, Rick and Marianne Gaba, Miss Universe ex-entrant, yakking it up in a corner—she in a green sheath dress to match her eyes; Marianne looking mighty like she has a Universe of stars in her eyes over Rick.

Gale Storm and husband Lee Bonnell have completed the little Oriental Teahouse which they started on the hill in back of their Royal Oaks home; recently Gale entertained 80 lettermen friends of her son Phil, is now “resting up” on their new motorboat moored in the Salton Sea. Speaking of motorboats, did you know that Steve Dunne, new emcee on the Liberace Show, is a crack-erjack water-skier; likewise “Mr. Music Man,” Bill Page, from the Lawrence Welk show; and did you know Ed Wynn, at 73, will be celebrating his 60th year in show biz! Jacques Scott, handsome bachelor on the Ann Sothern Show, is a judo expert. Now that’s a handy talent for a Hollywood bachelor. Peter Brown had to have his best friend break into his apartment in Hollywood to find his birth certificate because the marriage license bureau in Las Vegas wouldn’t believe he was over twenty-one. He’s actually twenty-three. ... Ty Hardin and bride Andrea Martin have a pool bigger than their two-room house! ... Ralph Edwards finally got around to building a pool in his back yard—everyone on his staff, including the secretaries, seemed to have one, so Ralph decided it was time the last holdout in Beverly Hills gave in and “dug in.” And, over on the Hollywood Bowl side, radio Station KLAC, in conjunction with the Thalians and some of Hollywood’s best and biggest-hearted entertainers, got together for their annual Hollywood Bowl Charity Show—Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Frankie Laine, Tony Martin, Jimmie Rodgers, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Peggy Lee, Thalian Maggie Whiting, Danny Thomas, and Thalian Sammy Davis Jr. made music all night long to the tunes of Frank De Vol’s orchestra, and the charity till tinkled the next day to the happy tune of $30,000—half of which goes to the Thalians to help erect their Children’s Clinic at Mt. Sinai Hospital. The next night, prefix Debbie Reynolds, in the midst of a new movie and great personal problems, met with the members who had helped make the show such a success to plan added Thalian fund-raising activities. A great deal is written about the problems that Hollywood personalities, like other human beings, go through—no nearly enough is written about their charitable activities and the really great deal of good they do; more and more people are finding that Hollywood really has a heart.
Where's Pocahontas?

I would like some information on John Smith, the actor who plays in the TV series Cimarron City.
D.C., Cleveland, Ohio

When deciding on a name change, many an actor has gone from a plain to a fancy one. But not the handsome co-star of TV's Cimarron City. He did just the opposite—by changing from his real name, Robert Van Orden, to plain and simple John Smith. “It's a name that's easy to remember,” John explains, “and hard to forget.”

Although the blond, blue-eyed young actor has played grown-up roles in a dozen movies and many TV shows, he never used his singing voice in them—which is strange, considering he got his start as a singer. John was soloist for an Easter service in his Los Angeles church when Bob Mitchell of the famous Mitchell Boys' Choir heard and signed him. He sang in the choir for two years, appearing with them in two movies...

When John decided to become an actor, the closest he got to a studio at first was carrying mail at M-G-M. But once, when his route took him through the casting department, director Jimmy Broderick noticed him and gave him a small part...

John was fired from his mail job for taking drama lessons on company time, and again it was Broderick to the rescue. He introduced him to agent Henry Willson. One name-change later, plus a part in “The High and the Mighty,” and John was on his way. A popular young bachelor, John's hobby is skin-diving.

Calling All Fans

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

Lloyd Bridges Fan Club, Ken Welt, 7705 Juniper Ave., Melrose Park 17, Pa.
Frankie Avalon Fan Club, Twila Pierce, 1213 Stone St., Sandusky, Ohio.

Talent on Top

Could you please give me some information on recording stars Jan & Arnie?
R.W., Livermore, Iowa

Jan & Arnie

Less than a year ago, Jan Berry and Arnold Ginsberg were just two high-school students. Today, known as the team of Jan & Arnie, the two teenagers have become one of the hottest combinations in the recording business—with their top selling disc “Jenny Lee.” They had not a clue about reads like a press agent’s dream.

The boys, who were members of the West Los Angeles Y.M.C.A., were constantly being asked to entertain at various get-togethers. Playing the piano and drums, and making up tunes as they went along, was a daily occurrence with the handsome lads, so it was just natural for them to hit big with their original composition.

A tape of the song that the boys made on a recorder in Jan’s garage was taken to a studio where Joe Lubin, A & R director for Arwin Records heard it, and the rest is history.

Several months later, the boys were presented with a gold record on the Dick Clark Show—their first platter had sold a million in a few short months.

One of the duo’s latest releases is “The Beat That Can’t Be Beat” backed by “I Love Linda,” which features a unique gimmick—an instrument called a metronome invented by Mr. Lubin.

Jim Roberts

Welk-oming Hand

Please tell me something about Jim Roberts, the Lawrence Welk singer.
M.K.P., Union Springs, Alabama

One day in 1955, a handsome young man walked up to Lawrence Welk at the Aragon Ballroom in Hollywood. He introduced himself, asked for and was granted an audition, and began singing in a rich tenor voice. Welk was so impressed with the talented singer that he hired him on the spot, and Jim Roberts has been with him ever since. But, like most success stories, it wasn’t just a matter of being in the right place at the right time for Jim. His “lucky break” had been preceded by many years of training, practice and hard work.

It wasn’t until Kentucky-born Jim joined the Infantry that his talent as a singer began to show itself. He was a big hit with a GI show that toured the Pacific. After the war, Jim went to music school and from there became soloist in the Earl Carroll organization. His appearances in operettas were followed by performances with the Los Angeles Civic Opera Association. Jim is married to Jane Silk, a former Earl Carroll girl. Besides their son Steven, they share two other interests—gardening and golf.

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.
In the dawning, “Big” Jack Wilson hoists himself to the KYW airwaves, and Cleveland

Jack Wilson of KYW in Cleveland isn’t nicknamed “Big” just because he stands six feet, six inches tall and weighs in at a hefty 235 pounds. His warm personality and “bigness” of heart have a lot to do with it, too. Take the stunts the publicity department thinks up, for example. They wanted Jack to jump into a firemen’s net. Jack did it with a smile. They asked him to shave his head bald—“Biggie” did it without so much as gnashing his teeth at Yul Brynner. . . . But the biggest thing about “Big” Jack Wilson is his popularity with radio and TV audiences. His radio show, heard from 6 to 10 A.M., Monday through Saturday, starts off the day for more Northe.

And, as host of KYW-TV’s Early Show, which features full-length, top-flight movies, each weekday evening, cheerful Jack again assumes his easy-going, off-the-cuff style of delivery. . . . Despite his physical magnitude and forceful personality, Jack is a soft-spoken gentleman. Says he emphatically, “I can’t stand shouting commercials and I believe that sincerity and warmth are tools of the trade.” . . . “Big” Jack’s big-heartedness is not something he just applies to his work in broadcasting. It encompasses every other phase of his life, as well. Take his wife Jody, for example: One evening, while Jack was doing a late-evening record show, he received a phone call from a young lady, who severely criticized his program. But Jack, his usual genial self, didn’t even get angry. Four months later, he married her. . . . The Wilsons live in Rocky River, one of the many suburbs of Cleveland. Leisure-time activities include listening to music, taking short cruises on their boat, Six O’clock Adventure, and spending time with their houseful of pets. . . . Born in Elmira, New York, “Stubby” (as he was then called) first ventured into show business at the age of fourteen when he started his own band to play at school dances. Following a stint in the Navy, Jack took pre-law courses at Union College. But, after two years, his decision to become a teacher took him to Ithaca College, from which he received a B.S. degree in Education. During college days, he had started
hanging on his every whisper

another band and, after graduation, he took it on tour. When he ended up on the West Coast without a cent to his name, Jack returned to the East and entered the radio industry as staff announcer for WEA in Plattsburg, N.Y. After working there only six months, he had his own morning show, and played bass at a local hotel. In 1953, he became program director of WTVU-TV in Scranton, and in 1954 he moved to Philadelphia and Station WPTZ-TV. His last move was from there to Cleveland and Station KYW. ... Although his bigness has got him into trouble—he once grew himself out of a promising career in the Naval Air Corps—when it comes to radio and television, just as he is, "Big" Jack Wilson suits Cleveland to a T.

Bye-Bye, Jody, and Jack's off on a scoot.

Eleven husky firemen and a net vs. 285-pound Jack. He jumped 50 feet to pay tribute to Cleveland's fire chief and head of Fire Prevention Bureau.

It's Six O'clock Adventure time—and Jack and Jody are off for a cruise. Below, leisure time finds "Big" Jack reading and listening to good music.
Although Born Florence's Most
scores cheerful radio Along the many problem into the other.
Farmer's in 16, it library add She tells of the new 1939. she is given in such a friendly and enthusiastic manner that she has become the symbol of the "ideal country life," for which so many people long. . . . Most women find the old problem of career vs. home-and-family life a dilemma that can only be solved by choosing either one or the other. But not Florence. By moving a microphone into her farmhouse living room, and broadcasting a program which is the only daily one of its kind in the United States, she has managed to combine them both into a full, happy life. . . . Born and raised in the vicinity of Essex, Iowa, Florence taught school for a while and then married farmer Byron Falk in 1939. They have two children, Karen Ann, now 16, and Bruce, 13. . . . Florence's experiences teaching in rural communities, and living the life of a busy farmer's wife, have given her an intimate knowledge of the many aspects of country life. So, when she tells about driving a tractor or gives advice on how to put up pears, she is talking from first-hand knowledge—not hearsay. . . . A life-long hobby of compiling new recipes and household tips has led Florence to add still another phase to an already busy schedule. She has collected, thus far, a voluminous working library of smorgasbord recipes and hints on serving it up, which she intends to publish as a book in the near future. Her recent trip to Scandinavia, and visits with four of Sweden's top smorgasbord experts, gave her many new ideas for both her informative radio show and her book, which will be one of the few of its kind in the world. . . . Although she was named her county's "Homemaker of the Year" in 1956, Florence tends to think of herself as "just an average farm wife and mother"—one perhaps with "some extra zest for doing things." . . .

When you visualize a friendly farm atmosphere, with the enthusiastic and gracious Florence Falk as its champion, you can see why the Farmer's Wife is an essential of good living in Shenandoah.

Too many chores right at home, said Florence Falk, and then Shenandoah's KMA moved their mike right into her farmhouse living room.

Farm life is first-hand to second generation—Karen and Bruce—as to Florence and Byron.

On recent tour of Scandinavia, Florence found herself in midst of welcoming circle of relatives in Hulsfred, Sweden.
1958. No other show of mine can make that statement. Seriously, it will contain new musical numbers and some surprises. Q. As a father, do your children ever bug you? A. My double rarely bother me, but when they are noisy, I keep them in the front of the house and I go to the Bach room. Q. Why did you go into the food-delicacy business? A. Because I like to eat—and, besides, people kept asking me what I was thinking about raising the French Hens. Actually, I don’t know anything—the birds do it all by themselves. Q. What do you think of common American foods? A. I love the American hamburger. This, along with ice-cream sodas, is to me the purest of Songs of Siddles and Javal. Don’t you think Chopin would feel about rock ‘n’ roll? A. Thank goodness he is dead.

For Ears Alone: Wonderful sounds this fall. The great Erroll Garner, who has appeared frequently with Patti Page, Garry Morris, and others, unleashes more of his genius in a double Columbia album, "Paris Impression." His jazz artistry ranges from the moody to joyous to pure excitement. He plays both piano and harpsichord. . . . If you want to feel happily unrequited, check it out with Sinatra’s "Only the Lonely" (Capitol). On the other hand, the slenda senda’s romantic throb is surefire to drive a reluctant sweetheart right back into your arms. . . . Tony Romano takes a more enterprising attitude toward love. With guitar in hand, he sings "Wait Till You See Rock and Roll" and several others in Dot’s "A Moonlight Affair." . . . Victor has compiled for Dinah Shore "Moments Like These"—these being Dinah’s favorites of the tunes she has performed on TV. Great standards like "What’s New" and "Something Wonderful," which she is singing, are there. Gisele MacKenzie, as many of us have, take comfort in Victor’s album simply titled "Gisele." . . . Bash Bennett, who has sung successively and successfully on every major radio and TV network, strikes out with vitality and warmth in "Songs of Siddles and Javal." (Dot). Some of the ballads seem as old as the sea itself. . . . Most delightful is Skitch Henderson’s "Pop Goes the Concert." Backed up by his "orchette," Skitch is on piano with witty interpretations of many classic themes—retilled: "Minuet on the Rocks," "Poco Pavane," "I Remember Chopin," etc. . . . Roberta Sherwood, one of TV’s most frequent guest stars, has needled a collection of Western and rural tunes, and Decca has titled it "Country Songs for City People." . . . And never least, the Sandy Duncan Special, with Sandy being just as wonderful as ever, will be seen in straight dramatic roles on four different television shows. Thankfully, he’s still singing, and his latest album for Decca is "All the Way and Then Some," a prize collection of standards. . . .

Let’s Talk Turkey: Dody Goodman reading movie scripts and next year may see her graduate into a screen career. Her immediate plans include a flight to Columbus, Ohio, on Thanksgiving to carve a turkey with her family. . . . Patti Page crossing fingers in hope that husband Charlie O’Curran will be able to join her for holiday. "But I won’t try cooking a turkey. I burn everything," Program-wise she is aiming for a 13-goal show that will have guest-star Ella Fitzgerald. . . . Thin Man returned with only 13 new films on order. Sponsor not so sure he will continue. Incidentally, Thin Man’s wife isn’t thin. Mrs. Peter Lawford expects exposure to BB wasn’t recommended.

Two Gals Named Connie: After wow-ing them at the London Palladium, she got in the plane for her return trip to New York, but Mastro Mantovani pulled her off to make a series of TV films with his famed orchestra. The gal of musical note is Connie Francis, New Jersey born and bred. Her great talent is obvious in her M-G-M album, "Who’s Sorry Now?"—named after her best-selling single, which is now close to the two-million mark. And it’s Connie’s voice you’ll hear coming out of Jayne Mansfield’s mouth in the flicker, "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw." But Connie says, "I don’t feel sexy. Once I dyed my hair red and Dick Clark mentioned this and I had so many protests that I changed it back. Now I’m myself again, with brown hair and a blue voice." . . . "They dubbed me the girl with the pink hair and purple voice," says Connie Stevens, twenty this past August. Born in Brooklyn, she is a very pretty girl who owns it. Her current album includes Italian, Irish, English and Mohican forebears. Connie’s first break was as Jerry Lewis’s leading lady in "Rock-a-Bye Baby." Now Warner Bros. has chosen her as their first, foremost recording star, and her first album of Love ballads is titled "Conchetta." She says, "My real name is Conchetta Ann Ingolia, and Brooklyn will always be my real home. I’ve got at least 24 cousins there." She’s happy to leave her teens. "At sixteen, I passed for twenty-two and I always felt five years older than I was, so I’m pleased to be a woman. Besides, I never liked being called a ‘teenager.’ People always looked so disgusted, as if it were a disease." She found Hollywood exciting at first. "Getting to parties and dressing up and meeting stars was fun for a while, but then I began to miss my friends. I don’t do anything but talk shop and sit around and pose. Well, I don’t like to deal in trifles. I was dating the usual actors at first but, now that the novelty has worn off, I just go out with boys I sincerely like."

Boners for Fido: Variety, trade paper of show business, recently compiled a number of television fluffs. Among them was the commercial announcer who meant to say “cigs” but, instead, "We’re down to our last pack of pigs." And there was the day that, in presenting Pinky Lee, a man said, "NBC now prevents Pinky Lee." Another over-exhilarated announcer stood up to the microphone with: "And now stay tuned for ‘I Love Loosely.’"

Songbird Connie Francis not sorry she’s her "blue-voiced" self again.
THE RECORD PLAYERS

This space rotates among Joe Finan of KYW, Robin Seymour of WKMH, Torey Southwick of KMBC, and Josh Brady of WBBM.

New beat sold solid in Mexico, now Perez Prado’s mambo tours world.

TO “PARIS,”
WITH PRADO

By JOSH BRADY

IF you can get your imagination to work for you, picture yourself in the environment of a Cuban night club called “Casino de la Plata.” It’s the early 40’s, and the music is typical—rumbas for the most part—and now and then the conga or tango greets your attentive ears. But there is another beat that keeps finding its way into these familiar strains. That, my friend, is Damaso Perez Prado inventing the mambo, much to the consternation of the combo leader.

Perez, as he is now known, started studying classical piano in Matanzas, Cuba—near Havana—at the age of ten. As the years passed a new beat kept cropping up in his musical mind—the mambo. Perez was so convinced that this new approach to Latin American music would catch on that he set out for New York with scarcely more than a briefcase full of sheet music. This was 1946, and nobody would buy this new rhythm called the mambo. To anyone who has pounded the sidewalks of New York, it goes without saying that Perez Prado was discouraged. But he wasn’t defeated, by any means.

Perez headed for Mexico with the thought that the folks south of the border could appreciate his new rhythm more readily than the folks up north. And he was right. He formed a band and his music began catching on. In 1948, RCA signed him and he recorded two tunes that are still going strong, “Mambo Jambo” and “Mambo Number Five.” This two-sided hit record soared to the million mark and, if you figured the sales to this writing, you would find them over the eight-million mark. This was the real beginning for Perez Prado and his famous orchestra.

Next it was a series of tours starting with South America, in 1949. In 1951, he went to California to begin a series of one-nighters. One tragedy marred his travels as he continued his one-nighters into the state of Texas. It was in 1951 that his busload of musicians piled up on the highway, causing the death of his girl singer and injuries to many of his musicians. Perez himself escaped with a leg injury. After another trip to South America, Perez returned to Mexico, where Lady Luck was usually with him, if you can call it luck. It was there, in 1952, that he arranged and masterminded the Prado version of “Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White.” However, it was not until he moved to the U.S. permanently that he re-recorded “Cherry Pink.” While he was doing a stint at the Waldorf Astoria in 1954, the tune broke wide open to become another Perez Prado smash. By 1955, the tune had hit the three-million mark.

In 1956, Perez was off to Japan to see whether his mambo really had universal appeal. There was no doubt that the Orientals liked his style of music. Three nights in a row he played before a full house with a seating capacity of 1500. And he played it smart with songs in English the first night, Spanish the second, and Japanese the third.

On his return from Japan, he was inspired by a beautiful acquaintance in Hollywood. In fact he wrote a song about her. To Perez it was just another song with the Prado touch. After recording it, he left for Europe in November of 1957. However, his stay was cut short. RCA called to tell him he had a hit and to come back for personal appearances and to record more in the same vein. What was the name of the tune and who was the girl that inspired it? It’s no secret anymore, that’s for sure. Not many instrumentalists hit the top, but “Patricia” did, thanks to the magical touch of Perez Prado and his band.

That glint in the eyes of this 38-year-old musical genius is not there without reason. He has quite a sense of humor. For kicks, he wrote a tune called “A la Billy May” and another called “A la Kenton.” Kenton countered with one called “Viva Prado.” He and Kenton are the best of friends.

And so the Perez Prado story has unfolded. Most of the facts here were given to me by his congenial gentleman as you’ll find, his manager and interpreter from Mexico, Miguel Baca. Miguel is no newcomer to the business—he’s the gentleman who brought Lute Velez to the U.S.A. in 1927. And, after I had sipped my final cup of coffee, Miguel—as all good managers will—slipped me a copy of the follow-up tunes to “Patricia.” A shiny new RCA record with “Paris” on one side and “Guaglione” on the other. And, knowing him as I do, I would guess that Perez Prado’s “Paris” will be a million-seller, too.

On Chicago’s WBBM, Josh Brady emcees “live” music Mon.-Fri., 7:30 to 8:30 A.M., teams with Eloise, Mon.-Fri., at 10:30 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., and hosts record programs on Sat., from 7:30 to 8 P.M. and 11 to 12:30 P.M., and Sun., from 9:05 to noon.
New Patterns for You

9078—Step-in jumper and blouse designed for the shorter, more rounded figure. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24¼. Size 16½ jumper takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 2½ yards. State size. 35¢

9320—Casual shirtwaist dress that’s so handy to slip on at a moment’s notice. Sew it in winter cotton, faille, wool. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 12-20; 40-42. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢


9320 12-20, 40-42

4819 14½-24½

4774—Ideal cover-up for kitchen chores. 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 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 ten cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

Clearasil Personality of the Month
SONYA STARR, student at Thomas Starr King School, Los Angeles, says: “When ugly blemishes appeared, I just couldn’t face my friends. My mother bought many, many remedies, but nothing seemed to work until we used Clearasil. With Clearasil, my complexion soon had a ‘new look,’ and I soon had a new outlook.”

SONYA STARR

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimpls while it works

Clearasil is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Penetrates pimples. Keratolytic action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin.

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3. ‘Starves’ pimples. Oil-absorbing action ‘starves’ pimples. Dries up, helps remove excess oils that ‘feed’ pimples. Works fast to clear pimples.

‘Floats’ Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube.) In tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only 1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS
Sullivan meets a happy family, as Shuster presents his wife Ruth and children Stevie and Rosalind. (Wayne brought only his topcoat from Canada, this trip.)

Wayne & Shuster & friend. In their topsy-turvy world, it's only logical that the hunter should turn out to be the hunted.

High dive into heady swim of success on Ed's show makes dizzy Johnny and Frank even dizzier.
Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men

Wayne and Shuster invaded the United States with an irresistible combination—highbrow humor and lowbrow slapstick. It clicked!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

CBC: With Joan Fairfax, W. & S. gave Canada wild "Mother Goose."

On Ed Sullivan's show, a new word for U.S.—no thanks to Shakespeare.

But thanks to Ed, coast-to-coast viewers savor Shuster-Wayne antics.

With all the triumphant whoop and holler of make-believe Mounties cornering the bad man, the band of small boys stormed through the front door of the Frank Shuster home in Toronto, only to be put to rout by one indignant mother. Rushing from her kitchen, Ruth Shuster commanded her nine-year-old, "Stevie, you hush. Take the kids back outside to play. You know Daddy and Johnny are up in the study, working. You mustn't disturb them."

Reluctantly, Stevie and pals filed out. Quiet, a suspiciously
In Toronto, Shuster cooks up something besides zany capers for his family—daughter Rosalind, wife Ruth, and son Stevie. With his partner in comedy, Frank still does occasional shows for Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, commutes by plane for *Ed Sullivan Show* in New York.

Both families love sports. Shusters read up on baseball, brush up on golf—but don’t ask Frank about Ruth’s tennis!

*Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men*

(Continued)

complete quiet, descended. Somewhat later, an outraged Stevie confronted Ruth Shuster. “You said Daddy and Johnny were working, didn’t you?”

“I thought they were. Did they go out?”

“No, they’re there, all right,” said Stevie. “I snuck upstairs and listened outside the door. But all they’re doing is telling each other jokes and laughing. You call that work? They’re just having fun!”

The comedy team of Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster would be the first to agree with him. Frank, the smiling, sunny one, and Johnny, who describes himself as “the little monkey-faced one,” delight in kicking the stuffing out of the hoary Pagliacci tradition of clowning. They are not, they assert, the suffer-while-you-work brand of comedians.

Says Johnny, “We’re doing exactly what we want to do, why should it be painful?” Says Frank, “If we can’t laugh at our own jokes, what right have we to assume we can get an audience to laugh at them?”

Canadian audiences have enjoyed their inspired nonsense since shortly before World War II, when they erupted from the stately campus of the University of Toronto to the airwaves of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. United States viewers have laughed with them since last spring, when that farthest-reaching of talent detectives, Ed Sullivan, introduced them on CBS-TV. (Continued on page 57)

*The Ed Sullivan Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by the Mercury Dealers and Eastman Kodak.
Boats provide the Waynes's favorite outdoor recreation. Yachting caps, left, aren't stage "props"—Johnny and Beatrice are licensed sail-and-power pilots. Indoors, it's a jam session with their boys (left to right) Jamie, Brian and Michael. Johnny plays piano just as he does comedy—by ear—says, "My son is teaching me music."

In usual show-business order of billing, Waynes to the left, Shusters to the right. Johnny and Frank have known each other since early teens, courted their wives on same campus (Toronto), together made the switch from English major to entertainment.
Your votes control the annual Gold Medals awarded to your favorite programs.

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<th>CLASSIFICATION</th>
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Many changes—including the upsurge of television itself—have taken place since TV Radio Mirror began bestowing its Awards a dozen years ago, in the only nationwide poll decided by the listeners and viewers themselves. “Straight” plays have grown more suspenseful and adventurous, “Westerns” have become full-fledged drama, and hitherto “specialized” programs are appealing more and more to the whole family. So... this
and stars of television and radio. The decision is yours—here are your ballots

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(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 2274, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

year's Gold Medal classifications have been updated to give our readers the best platform possible on which to elect their candidates. Be sure to register your vote today . . . ballots must be postmarked by December 10, 1958. Our big May issue will, as usual, give you exclusive pictures and stories of all the winners . . . and your choices—whether "Gold Medalists" or not—will be reflected in TV RADIO MIRROR's features through the year. Mail your votes early!
AST spring, daytime TV viewers mourned the departure from their screens of that perennial favorite, The Garry Moore Show. But Garry's large and loyal audience brightened when the CBS-TV network announced that he'd be back, after the summer hiatus, with a smashing new show of considerably different format. Garry brings with him Durward Kirby, long-time member of the Moore "family." And he also has signed comedienne Marion Lorne as a regular member of the cast. In general, though, Garry plans no set group, will instead book many a nationally-known talent, some of whom are shown on the following pages. Guaranteed to his night-time viewers will be the very best efforts of a dozen people, shown here in a conference meeting shortly before the show's premiere on September 30 at 10 P.M. EST. Their experience for the mammoth job is impressive.

Brilliant half-moon pictured on this page includes—seated, left to right—Lewis Freedman, Charlotte Paley, Herb Sanford, Ralph Levy, and Garry himself. Backing them up is Leon Mirell.
Garry himself has been supplying good humor to the morning coffee-break set since 1950, and brings along to night-time programming his own special brand of charm—of which there isn’t any other. Durward Kirby, who’s been with Garry since 1950, continues the announcing on the new show. Frank Bunetta, who was with the Sid Caesar Show for three years, and Lewis Freedman, of Camera Three, share the directorial chores. Ralph Levy—who worked for Jack Benny for seven years, and Burns and Allen for three—is the producer. Charlotte Paley, only representative of the distaff side, is Mr. Levy’s able assistant, Herb Sanford and Leon Mirell are associate producers. Vincent Bogert heads up a staff of ace writers which includes Herb Finn and Will Glickman. Music director Howard Smith is an eight-year Moore Show veteran. For guest talent, turn the page!

Other half of million-dollar conference, seen on this page—seated, left to right—Durward Kirby, Vincent Bogert, Herb Finn, Will Glickman and Frank Bunetta; standing—Howard Smith.
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Continued
Opening show, Red Skelton and his inimitable nonsense were cut-in "live" from Hollywood.

The singing' McGuire—Middletown, Ohio's gift to the music world—have been adding a snappy Charleston and tap routines to recent appearances. Garry has them booked for November.

Young Tommy Sands, singing idol turned movie star, song out on Garry Moore Show in October.

On Sept. 30 show, Jonis Paige teamed in comedy-song skit with Garry, "Tempest in One Flat."

Another star of premiere was Son Franciscan Johnny Mathis, who has hit it big with records.
For his new night show, talent with a capital T. Here are only a few of the stars he is featuring:

America's cry-guy Johnnie Ray books in for some distinctive vocalizing, come mid-November.

Only living singer-comedienne who plays tuba and flute! Kaye Ballard—also November visitor.

Comic, dancer, serious actor—Mickey Rooney is to appear with Moore during Thanksgiving week.

October attraction was Carol Burnett, gal who "made a fool of herself over J. F. Dulles."

The Garry Moore Show, on CBS-TV, Tuesday nights, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Revlon, Inc., Kellogg Company, and Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. Garry also emcees I've Got A Secret, on CBS-TV, Wednesdays, at 9:30 P.M. EST.
The big mansion in Memphis, where crowds gathered to see their idol Elvis, is silent and lonely now. From it is gone forever the loving heart of Gladys Presley—for whom the house was a gift from the son who adored her, a symbol of success hard-won. Here is the touching story of her tragic death.
Nothing can ever compensate Vernon and Elvis for their loss of wife and mother. But, someday, they will realize that Gladys Presley knew a woman's greatest joy in their devotion and the fame her son had won for "my best girl."

A nation which had cheered a son's triumph fell silent in sympathy, as the tragic cortège wound its way to a funeral home. "So young, so young!" mourned Elvis. Only 42—but the short life had been enriched beyond most mothers' dreams.

By EUNICE FIELD

The house was very still. It seemed to be waiting for the familiar footsteps and voice which would bring it to life again. Relatives and friends whispered sadly in the darkened rooms. Anita Wood, Nick Adams and George Klein, old friends from show business, clustered near a mynah bird that huddled like a bit of charred wood in its cage. Two Negro maids, moist-eyed and weary, brought in armfuls of telegrams and letters and heaped them on the dining-room table, banked with flowers.

On a couch in the living room sat Vernon Presley and his son Elvis, America's singing idol. They sat side by side, limp, brooding, hushed. From time to time, their eyes moved heavily about the room as if unable to believe how unreal, how empty, it all seemed now.

Suddenly the telephone rang, shattering the quiet gloom. The little mynah bird raised its quick black head and shrilled, "Hello, Mama—that's all right, Mama."

A shocked and horrified look passed between Elvis and his father. Their arms went (Continued on page 64)
Too Young to Get Married?

Reunion in Jacksonville, Florida: Nick Todd (left), Shirley and Pat Boone and oldest daughters, Cherry and Lindy, are greeted by the boys' grandfather, Julian C. Pritchard, and mother, Mrs. Archie A. Boone.

Teenagers who say "No!" cite the case of Pat and Shirley Boone. But Pat himself looks at his experience—and makes some points which both parents and youthful lovers overlook

By DANIEL STERN

AMERICAN YOUNGSTERS of high school and college age have many problems, such as getting good grades and choosing a career. But, more and more, a new problem has been growing to epidemic proportions. Stated simply in the words of a typical teenager, it is: "I'm in love and I want to get married."

The inevitable reply from family and friends is: "You're too young. Wait a while." Being in love, the youngster often replies: "Young marriages can work out fine." Then, as a clincher: "Look at Pat Boone and his wife Shirley. They married real young, and they're the happiest couple in the whole world."

No one who has ever come within a mile of Pat and Shirley Boone would dream of disputing this simple fact. But Pat has something to say on this subject that may startle some people. "I'm not in the business of advising..."

Continued →
He travels coast-to-coast for both movies and his TV Chevy Showroom, worked on location in the South for his latest 20th Century-Fox film, "Mardi Gras." Above, with fellow co-stars Tommy Sands (far left), Richard Sargent and Gary Crosby (at right), and the film's director, Edmund Goulding (in the background).

Active church-worker wherever he goes, here's Pat with Dr. Wade Ruby, minister of Hollywood Church of Christ.

Wed at 19, Pat always had faith. And amazing luck, too. Now he and Shirley realize: "We just gambled—and won."
The Object of His Affection

It's great to do comedy with Bob Cummings Show's director-star and such cutie-pies as Olive Sturgess. But Dwayne wishes the girls wouldn't persist in seeing him as a very immature 18, like Chuck.

Bob Cummings' "nephew" Chuck and Dwayne Hickman have just one thing in common: They like girls!

By NANCY ANDERSON

When his manager suggested that Dwayne Hickman change his legal name to "Chuck," Dwayne hit the ceiling. For such a mild-mannered young man, he really let himself go. "My name," he coldly explained, when he calmed down, "is Dwayne. It's always been my name, and I like it. Maybe it sounds funny to some people, but so does 'Marlon'—and, when Humphrey Bogart first began to act, agents told him he'd never be a success as long as he was named 'Humphrey.'"

"Further," young Mr. Hickman declared, wheeling on his quivering adviser, "I am not Chuck. I play Chuck in a television series, but we are no more alike actually, than I am like Rin Tin Tin." Having made his position clear, Dwayne remains "Dwayne" and will continue to do so.

The battle over the name change was just one engagement in the ceaseless campaign Dwayne wages against his television alter ego, Chuck. For a (Continued on page 73)

Dwayne is Chuck MacDonald in The Bob Cummings Show, seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes.

Versatile Dwayne plays quite a different role in 20th Century-Fox film, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!"

Close to his heart, off-screen, is the lovely Mercedes—his Mercedes-Benz: "I'm a real nut about cars."

Brother Darryl (right) was first to make name as actor. Now, both are haunted by "Chuck's" popularity.
Only twenty-three, Kathy is still searching for the man she wants to marry. A gay, amusing companion, she is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood—but is elusive about serious romance. 

Real grassroots feeling dominates the action in The Real McCoys, with veteran actor Walter Brennan winning friends and followers in the role of Grampa. Kathy plays young wife of Dick Crenna, his grandson. Pathos gives the comedy a fillip.

By MARTY STALLING

It was a beautiful desk. A miniature maple roll-top with lots of secret little drawers to put things in. And it was all mine. My Christmas present. At seven, that desk was all the good things of life rolled into one for me.” She sat staring into the past, “Then the finance company came and took it away. That’s the first time I realized there wasn’t any Santa Claus. Maybe that’s when the desire started. I really don’t know. But I’ve been dreaming about a place of my own ever since I could remember.”

Most young girls dream of their first apartment, with their own furniture. The difference lay in the degree of Kathy Nolan’s intensity and fierce determination. She started, as a child, stripping non-essentials from her life. Wishful thinking, air castles and the so-called “normal” pleasures of the very young were the first to go. Partly because of her unusual background and partly because of her strong individuality, Kathy Nolan’s achievements make Horatio Alger heroes pale by comparison.

Co-starring as Kate in ABC-TV’s The Real McCoys, carefully choosing roles on television’s top dramatic shows, steadily refusing motion-picture offers until the right ones come along . . . all the while enjoying her own home and...
a Teen-Age Dream Come True
furniture . . . does not surprise Kathy Nolan. She expected it. She earned it. Twenty-two years of show business and her one-tracked mind have made her a star at twenty-three. Her two dreams—a place of her own and becoming a great actress—were curiously intermingled, becoming a single goal.

"I've always known I was going to be recognized as a talent," Kathy explains, hesitantly searching for the proper words, "but I've always had a deep insecurity about the things that go with stardom. I've never had the feeling of a permanent home. Possessions—material possessions—can be taken away so easily. I've never had them. I want them, perhaps as much as my career. Things nobody can take away from me." Kathy was born in St. Louis, Missouri, into a theatrical family. Her four-year-old sister, Nancy Devlin, was already treading the boards of Captain Bill's Golden Rod Show Boat with her father. At thirteen months, Kathy was on stage in "Stars and Stripes." Actors didn't make much money then. So home was a series of rented places in St. Louis. Possessions came and went with the family's ability to pay. Although her father worked days—sometimes as a barber, sometimes at anything he could find—he was Mr. Show Business to Kathy. Her mother had a warm heart, an open house for everyone, and was constantly taking care of someone. So, wherever home happened to be, it was invariably full. Nancy and Kathy went to school during the day and acted on the Show Boat at night.

Intermittently, on tour, they'd reach a different school every three or four days. Long enough to turn in . . . and receive homework. Whether touring with Christy Orbeach's Tent Show, the Chicago Passion

Dancing without shoes is fun! Particularly entranced by this routine is Ray Jacobs' young daughter, who has a ball prancing around the living room with Kathy, while the "oldsters" yield the floor to them for the moment.
Play or the Town Hall Players, they always went back to the Show Boat.

"So many people say I've led a glamorous life because all of it's been spent in show business," says Kathy. "Believe me, I never felt that. I knew I was going to be an actress, yes—but, from my point of view, it's not glamorous. Always traveling, never having a permanent home... being careful not to like a house too well, because you felt you wouldn't be there very long... have a lot to do with my feeling for things. Seventeen years in Missouri and the ones in New York only spurred my desire for a place of my own.

"I realize no one admits wanting material possessions anymore—" an Irish grin lights her face. "It's a bit crude. Now we're supposed to be ashamed of having them, because we're searching for the higher meaning of life. Well, I do both—search for higher meanings and still need material proof to keep me comfortable."

Kathy's candor and self-appraisal started at an early age. Realistically able to accept the quicksilver family financial situation, she became monetarily independent as rapidly as possible. It never occurred to her to ask for a nickel for a package of gum. If she wanted gum, she went out and earned it: "I was quite a little moneymaker. At eight, I sold the Morning Post and Evening Star on a street corner. Then I got a paper route. Nancy was twelve, and deeply humiliated by my mercenary maneuvers. I went to school and acted on the Golden Rod at night, (Continued on page 70)
Vive la Genevièvre!

Beloved pixie of The Jack Paar Show—so French by birth, so American by adoption—so "out of this world" by talent, charm and temperament

By BETTY ETTER

Every day, between noon and two o'clock, a window opens in an apartment house in New York's East Sixties, just off Madison Avenue. A flock of pigeons who have been loafing around the neighborhood get the message. They take off at top speed for the sill where, pushing and shoving and angling for position, they gobble up huge handfuls of grain as fast as it appears. Genevièvre, the pixie French singer who livens up The Jack Paar Show two or more times a week, is at her most important job of the day—feeding her small feathered friends.

The pigeons know her, she says. They perch on her shoulders and eat out of her hands, and (Continued on page 71)

Laughing it up at midnight on Paar's show, Geneviéve tries to understand past career of Gypsy Rose Lee, famous ex-stripper, now authoress, whose life story is to be made into a movie. Below: At Habana Hilton Hotel in Cuba, Geneviève is amiable victim of some off-stage hi-jinks by Paar and pianist Jose Melis.

One of Geneviéve's numerous pets is French poodle. Below: With her friend Nico Papatakis, with whom she has discussed opening restaurant in New York.

Geneviève is a frequent guest star on The Jack Paar Show, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, beginning at 11:15 P.M. in New York City; check local newspapers for starting time in other areas.
Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers

The multiple-hit boy from Camas, Washington, has no need to ask his wife, “Are You Really Mine?” Mutual love and affection rules their lives.

Two young people who know how to share—failure and fame, good times and bad. “I think,” says Colleen, for whom he has composed his loveliest songs, “people feel his gentle strength, understanding, love and faith when Jimmie sings.”

By DEE PHILLIPS

Colleen Rodgers was happily shampooing the living-room rug, while the poodles yapped in protest at being locked up in the den. Humming, she brushed foam into the beige rug. Friday—and, that weekend, she and her husband Jimmie were entertaining friends. He was in a rehearsal hall, working over a hot microphone. On the home front, she had everything under control.

That’s when the kitchen stove blew up. She spilled her rinse water all over the rug, flying to the kitchen. An hour later, she had found the gas turn-off, reassured the dogs, and been promised an emergency gas man. Slightly shaken, she decided to put a load in the automatic washer. On her way back to the living room, she glanced in as the washer began to fill. She skidded to an abrupt stop. It wasn’t possible—but hadn’t she seen celery and carrot peelings?
Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers
(Continued)

Family, at present, includes only "Bivi" and "Honeycomb," their poodles. Says Colleen, "We're praying to be blessed with children. And hoping we'll be the kind of parents who raise them well. I know Jimmie will be a wonderful father."

Second cup for the man so successfully earning coffee-and-cakes. Finally, after many a domestic mishap (as described in story), they found the home they wanted—modest, but their own—are now moving in, out in San Fernando Valley.

swirling around with the soap suds? It was not only possible—it was true.

Somehow, the garbage disposal had backed up and was emptying into the washer. Both bathrooms were flooding. Her shiny waxed floors were a thing of the past. She reached the phone by walking carefully on the rug's dry area. She was assured of a plumber within fifteen minutes.

I will not be upset, she vowed, rather grimly. She finished the rug shampoo, but she was not humming. The dogs decided not to like each other. She dashed to the den. The phone rang. Maybe the plumber? The gas man? To reach the phone she had to walk on her clean-but-wet carpet. But she made it.

"Hello, honey," said Jimmie Rodgers. "I had a fine rehearsal. No problems. I can come home now. It's four-thirty—is dinner ready?"

A long pause, then she answered with quiet control. "No. No, dinner isn't ready. I doubt if we eat. I doubt if we ever eat again."

"Something go wrong?" he asked carefully.

"I—am—now—waiting for a plumber and a gas man. They are both three hours overdue."

"Um—m-m," he said cautiously. "Well, I've a few things to do down here. I'd better do them before coming home. Goodbye, honey."

Jimmie Rodgers is not only an intelligent young man, he is an understanding husband. There are times when the most masterful of men remove themselves from the scene of obvious domestic confusion. But Jimmie's imagination and humor can find ways to soothe the most seething housewife.

Exactly an hour later, (Continued on page 62)
they do—but their formula has worked for sorrow, too.

With press agent Marv Schwartz, they spend a good deal of time on Jimmie's mail. Having worked in their teens, faced illness and accident early in marriage, Jimmie and Colleen feel that they understand most problems of which fans write.

Jimmie's new car proves he's "a good provider" now. But they also get a big kick out of little things, such as the table he almost polished to pieces for Colleen—and oh, those green shorts!

Interest in art has grown with their sense of confidence. They visit a charity exhibit, admire fine picture (center) done by actress Claire Trevor. Jimmie himself dabbles a bit in oils, when he can't sleep after a late club appearance.
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Exactly an hour later. (Continued on page 62)
Case of the
RESENTANT BACHELOR

By MARTIN COHEN

IN THE PAST, a "typical" actor's life was expected to be somewhat bizarre. His home was a suitcase. His ambitions for an education never extended beyond the wish to write a fine autograph. Women were a passing fancy, and the fancier the better. Children were little monsters who stole scenes. New York with its cafe society, Hollywood with its breathless glamour, were an actor's playgrounds. But no more. Not for the new breed of actors. Especially, not for James Franciscus.

Jim, a handsome, dark blond, stands five-ten and weighs in at 170. He's an Ivy League man, a graduate of Taft Prep and Yale University. As Jim Halloran, young detective on Naked City, he has traded his Brooks Brothers jacket for a coat that covers the bulge of his pistol—and, in so doing, has acquired a stage wife and child. "I'm twenty-four," he says, (Continued on page 68)
On Naked City, Jim Halloran is a happily married detective. Off TV, James Franciscus faces his most baffling mystery: Find the Woman!

Meeting the family: Jim's justly proud of his mother ("multiple sclerosis put her in a wheelchair, but you'd never know it from her spirit") and stepfather Francis La Farge ("a fine man").

Naked City presents Jim and Suzanne Storrs as husband and wife, with Alison Marshall as their daughter Debbie. Eligible bachelor Jim has been dating Suzanne away from the set recently, but both say they have no serious plans.

Jim wants to be a serious writer—but is having too much fun. He'd like to be a husband—soon as he finds the one-and-only. Until that time, he sings his carefree serenades to his home folks.
The Steve Allens took Steve's two older boys to Europe last summer, and any resemblance they may have had to stars of TV, stage and screen, during that trip, was purely coincidental. They were just tourists, on vacation with the kids. Steve wasn't looking for new acts for his NBC-TV Steve Allen Show. Jayne forgot she was a star panelist on CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret. They were interested only in making this a memorable family trip.

"We were the real corny kind of tourists," Jayne says. "That's why we had so much fun. Gaping at everything, wide-eyed. Buying more than we should. Snapping pictures, asking questions, hunting out quaint little places to eat. Following guides around ruins and monuments, through art galleries and churches, over bridges and into caves. Trying desperately to remember all the things we had learned in school and to piece them together with what we were seeing and hearing. And loving every minute of it.

"And I was learning, from fourteen-year-old Stevie and eleven-year-old Brian, how children of their ages react to travel. How enormously interested they are in many things, but not necessarily the ones we adults expect them to like. How not to push them too hard when their interest wanes in too much sight-seeing, but to let them decide what to do next."

Steve's eight-year-old David was a bit young to enjoy the trip, so he remained at home in California with his
It was a grand tour, lovingly planned.
But Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows and
the boys will always remember best the
little unexpected things they shared

High point of visit to Rome was the Allens' first meeting
with Italian lad adopted through Foster Parents' Plan. Left
to right, descending city's famed "Spanish stairs": Jayne;
Roberto Caciorgna, 15; Steve's sons Brian, 11, and Stevie,
14; and Steve himself. Above and below, at the Colosseum.

Roberto proudly took pictures of "his American family"—
left to right, Jayne, Brian, Steve and Stevie—seeing the
sights in his native city, including its fabled fountains.
They saw the Fontana di Trevi, of course, and tossed in a
coin to insure their returning someday to the Eternal City.
Jayne might have gone shopping (as a Steve Allen Show skit insisted), but she really preferred sightseeing with her menfolk. They did most of it on foot and were happy to discover that—with a little ingenuity—the fountains of Rome could also come in handy for quenching their thirst.

Steve enjoyed Stevie's and Brian's enthusiasm as they toured—and even detoured, unexpectedly. He'd wondered why they hadn't shared all his own excitement before the trip, then realized: "The whole world is relatively new to them—no one thing is that much newer than everything."

mother and stepfather. Steve and Jayne planned to make it up to him this fall, when they went to Hollywood for West Coast broadcasts of Steve's show, with David staying at the hotel with them and being the center of their attention.

Little Billy, hardly eight months old at the time of the European trip, and the joy of the Meadows-Allen household, had to be left at home, too, in the New York apartment. At the last moment, Mildred, the maid, became ill, Mrs. Nicholson, the regular nurse, was still on vacation and there was a substitute in her place, so Jayne postponed her own departure. Steve and the boys spent a week in England without her, then flew to Paris, and Jayne flew over in time to start the drive they had planned through the chateau country of France.

"I was away only three and a half weeks in all," she says, "and, in that short time, the baby we left had suddenly become a big boy. His wide eyes looked at me as if to say he had known all along we would cut our trip three days short because we couldn't stand the separation from him any longer."

The night before Steve and the boys took off from New York by boat, Steve decided to prime them for some of what was coming. He got out big books with text and pictures, said: "Here are some of the things

Despite Steve's mustache—grown as a disguise, so they could be "ordinary tourists"—he didn't fool many Europeans!

you are going to see." Stevie and Brian humored their dad for a while. But, when he began to talk about the wonders of Versailles, Brian informed him that he had never heard of the place—and what difference did it make, since they were going to see it soon for themselves? Jayne, looking on, thought, Well, this is going to be quite a trip. Here Steve and I are, all excited about everything, and the kids aren't.

"I didn't realize that the boys were not excited in the same way and about the same things as we were," she observes, "but they were working up enthusiasm in their own way. They adored the trip over by boat, because an ocean liner was wholly new to their experience. The plane ride home was less novel, because they had been on big planes before—except that this one was over the Atlantic Ocean."

"I sometimes think," Steve adds, "that kids seem a little blasé to their elders because they don't get steamed up about the same things. And we forget that the whole world is relatively (Continued on page 75)
SHOW BUSINESS BABY

Bobby's and Barbara's son Jodd has two family traditions to grow up to: Being an actor—and a do-it-yourselfer, too.

By MARY TEMPLE

If Bobby and Barbara Readick are not the same do-it-yourself addicts they once were, it's the result of Bobby's tendency to underestimate the time and effort any given job will consume. "Everything always takes five times longer than I figure it will, but I never believe it," Bobby admits.

"Bobby's just wonderful at these things—" that's devoted wife Barbara talking—"but we just couldn't foresee the amount of work involved when we started to make over our first apartment!"

Bobby, who plays Dave Wallace in Pepper Young's Family, on NBC Radio, and also Dr. John Brent on CBS Radio's Road Of Life, could just as easily have become a builder or engineer—if he hadn't happened to be born into an acting family. When he and Barbara were married on May 8, 1955, after a (Continued on page 74)

Bobby Readick is Dave Wallace in Pepper Young's Family, produced and directed by Chick Vincent, on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST. He is also heard as Dr. John Brent in Road Of Life, on CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:45 P.M. EST.
Bobby Readick was literally born to act, but he also has the instincts of a true engineer—just like Dave Wallace of Pepper Young's Family.

Acting opposite Betty Wragge (as Peggy Young Trent), Bobby's well-cast as engineer Dave Wallace in Pepper Young's Family. Off-mike, he has other talents and ambitions, would also like to be both writer and director.

Jodd has keen ear for rhythm, really beats those bongo drums. It seems his versatile dad composes music, too! In fact, Barbara says proudly, "Bobby stops to figure out the principles—and then he can construct anything."
From Challenger to Champion
Good loser in many a film fight, Craig Stevens finds himself a winner at last, starring as Peter Gunn

By KATHLEEN POST

Honest, I'm a very peaceful guy," Craig Stevens protests. "The real Craig Stevens is just a normal, average type. I don't want to fight anything but the bugs on my roses, a problem in sculpture, or a knot in one of the boards I'm using to make my wife a dressing table."

As he gestures, Craig's lithe, muscular six-foot-two frame falls instinctively into a boxer's stance. The interviewer smiles skeptically. "Didn't you do some boxing at Kansas University?" she inquires, meaningly.

"Yes . . . but the only damage I ever (Continued on page 77)"
Hal planned to be a doctor, never imagined he would spend long months in hospitals as a patient—he painted picture, above, to banish painful memories after he was severely wounded in France. Today, active in many outdoor sports, he recalls those days only when "my story may help somebody else," prefers to remember that it was while convalescing he found a fine new career—in radio.

Hal Hackett—Bob Lyle in CBS Radio’s Ma Perkins—has the look of a man who can face the lash of rain and storm with the same equanimity as the calm of a sunlit day. A straight-standing man, six feet tall, eyes an intense blue in contrast to sunburned brown hair, teeth made whiter by a deeply tanned skin. An outdoor man who loves salt air and sea, woods and windswept shore, although much of the time he must be content within the four walls of a small bachelor apartment in New York.

When a friend recently reminded Hal of events he is now determined to forget, he answered, "If my life so far has taught me anything it is this: Get the maximum from the minimum." A statement which seems to sum up his own private philosophy, a philosophy wrung from hours of pain and inactivity during two long periods of being hospitalized.

Television viewers in the year 1949 may remember some of the highlights of Hal’s story as told on one of the most popular programs of that period, We The People. The story of a U.S. Army sergeant who was so severely wounded in France during World War II that his paralyzed body had to be in a plaster cast for long months. A war casualty who literally sang his way back to health and usefulness.

“I thought it was the saddest story I had ever heard as it unfolded on We The People,” Hal says, “but that was only because it seemed no longer to have (Continued on page 66)
Hal Hackett remembers tragedy only in the joyful task of doing for others what courage and faith did for him.

Having learned he could sing, even in a plaster cast, Hal brings his talent—and hope—to patients in New York's Bellevue Hospital. At left, above: Mrs. Agnes Weil, chairman of the adult recreation auxiliary there; acting recreation leader Claude Blackett; and concert pianist Moreland Kortkamp.

Music just for fun, with Virginia Payne, star of Ma Perkins, and Jean Gillespie (Bob's wife, Esther). It was Virginia who sent him for interview which eventually led to Hal's getting the role of Bob—one of many "breaks" for which he's grateful. "I am only trying to give back what has been given to me," he says.

Hal Hackett is Bob Lyle in CBS Radio's Ma Perkins, written by Orin Tovrov, produced and directed by Edwin Wolfe, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST.
Starring: You

Audrey Hepburn's make-up gets final touch from Dick Smith on the set of "Mayerling."

A TV make-up expert says, "Every girl can look prettier."
Here, he gives some special tips.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Dick Smith, head of NBC-TV's make-up department, checks Claire Bloom's make-up between scenes of the production of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Below, Smith starts to "create" the 80-year-old Queen Victoria. Corner: the result.

For readers of TV Radio Mirror, Dick Smith, head of make-up for NBC-TV, adapts his artwork to everyday good looks. He says: • For a good make-up job, you need a thoroughly clean face, enough time and work space, and light at both sides of mirror, or at top and bottom. • Choose make-up foundation color-mated to your skin, and use sparingly. A base much pinker or brighter than you gives all-over ruddiness rather than a pretty peaches-and-cream background for eyes and lips. • Select rouge in palest pink or coral and blend from cheekbone toward ears, not nose. Dilute cream rouge in palm of hand with cream make-up base before applying. • Over cake make-up, use cake rouge. Dilute by dipping puff into powder before picking up rouge. Too much rouge on cake make-up can be toned down with more cake make-up. • To conceal under-eye circles, use opaque make-up designed especially for this purpose. • Face powder should set make-up, not add color. Use a very pale, fine, loose powder, lighter than base, or almost colorless. Dust on generously, then remove excess. • Draw line along upper lid with eyeliner and blend upward to simulate the shadow of thick lashes. Gray pencil or liner is good if eyes are too light for black. • Establish brow shape and color with light brown pencil. Go over with medium or dark brown for depth of color. • Blend eye shadow with a little cream base before applying. • Light lipstick shades are most flattering. Lower lip should be at least as full as upper. Extend upper lip all the way to corners, to be equal to or a little wider than lower lip. To avoid lipstick running, stretch skin smooth as you apply color, blot excess, and press powder over edges to keep it from running into crèvices. For lasting finish, powder lightly all over and allow to set for a minute, then wet lips.
Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men

(Continued from page 18)

Terming their performances "the high-light of a sick season," TV critics gave them for a minimum of sixteen appearances and a maximum of twenty-six, at the highest rate per performance that has ever been paid for a Canadian team. Not only is their exact figure never has been revealed, its impressive total can be judged by the fact that it exceeds the rate of Elvis Presley's $50,000 for three Canadian engagements. Warner's quick acceptance in the States is the more remarkable because they specialize in a daring, off-beat brand of highbrow humor which would be doomed to failure in a country believer in the story that the TV audience has a twelve-year-old IQ. Their secret is that they also have a genius for lowbrow slapstick. Put the two forces together, and the effect is laughably ludicrous.

"We're eggheads," Johnny Wayne confesses, "but I think you have to call us scrambled eggheads." And Frank Shuster adds, "We don't believe that a college education necessarily is a handicap."

Intellectual comedy though it is, audiences love it. Viewers have conferred on the program the guideline of incorporating Wayne and Shuster "payoff lines into everyday conversation" — a recognition won by few TV comics.

First of their phrases to gain common coinage came from a sketch done last May, when they applied the TV-detective treatment to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and evolved a preposterous opus titled, "Richard the Third Top." Johnny Wayne portrayed Flavius Maximus, private Roman eye, license number IXVLLLCDCXV, retained by Brutus (Frank Shuster) and Lucius (Wayne) to the bottom of the Julius Caesar caper.

Even a viewer whose struggles with English Lit and Latin plurals have been dimmed by the years could chuckle over the phrase which has since been repeated in many a cocktail lounge. Private-eye Johnny, ostensibly in search of clues, stepped into Claudia's Bar and Grill—"just a small place, a few tables and a guy in the corner playing a hot lyre"—and said, "Gimme a martini."

"You mean a martini," Said Claudia, with dignity. If I want two, I'll ask for them.

No academic background, English or Latin, was required to savor another lastingly influential line, the ultimate absurdity—a man-wife situation which sometime, somehow, has been played out in every home. When Calpurnia entered, mourning, and Johnny deferentially said, "Pardon me, Mrs. Caesar... what do you know about this?" she wailed, "I told him, Julie don't go... I begged him, don't go. Julie, don't go, I said. But would he listen?"

The "Don't go" line convulsed the audience a second time when Ed Sullivan, in Europe to scout new talent, turned the show over to Wayne and Shuster to emcee. Since, in Johnny's phrase, they were "just minding the store for Ed," they decided to follow Sullivan's style and introduce the acts straight. But when it came to the families, who were watching their audience for visiting celebrities, they couldn't resist. CBS public relations man Gene Schrott was drafted to occupy, momentarily, the throne of this long-time stooge, Canadian actress Sylvia Lennick. Miss Lennick, who was the Calpurnia of their Julius Caesar bit, was now presumably the wife of a Julius Melnick who—desired by Wayne and Shuster—had been in Mr. Sullivan's audience every night for ten years, yearning to have a few seconds of glory on camera. Before the show and before Calpurnia voiced her loyalty, he finally was to be introduced, Gene had scuttled up the aisle and the camera found only an empty seat. Agitation, at the close of the show, that her husband had gone outside for a minute. Then, in an agony of frustrated foresight, she cried, "Julie, I told him—Julie, don't go!"

The exuberant Wayne and Shuster spoofing which has the freshness of a college revue and the polish of long collaboration, began when they were fourteen, running, by winning forty dollars' profit with a play they wrote and produced for their Boy Scout troop. Both laugh men are natives of Toronto. Johnny, twenty-eight, is the eldest of seven children, born May 28, 1918. His father manufactured sportswear, and Johnny's first ambition was to become a journalist.

In contrast, Frank tasted show business early. Born September 5, 1916, to Jack and Bess Shuster, he was that most-envied of kids, the only one who could always get freely employed as a young motion-picture projectionist. Frank recalls with particular fondness the period when his family owned a theater in Niagara Falls, Ontario. "Dad ran the films, mother sold the tickets, I collected them, and Geraldine, who later became a concert accompanist, played piano. I had a permanent claim on a front seat. Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin were our favorites." In the days preceding the return to Toronto, Frank met Johnny and they followed their Boy Scout premiere with revues at Har- borfront. They were the first to say, "One of our teachers, Charles Girder, organized the group. He was a Gilbert and Sullivan fan and we were, too. Any resemblance between G & S and us was strictly coincidental."

Johnny and Frank wrote script, lyrics and even the music. The fact that they had limited musical knowledge did not daunt them. They were no Colgate-Winnipeg, but today hastens to explain, "I'm no Van Cliburn." Johnny could only play by ear, but adds, "I'm making up for it now. My son is teaching me music now."

They continue to do shows when they entered University College of Toronto University, but regarded them as amateur fun. They took seriously their editorial positions on The Varsity, the college newspaper, for they were majoring in English and wanted to make writing their profession. Satire and humor were their specialties. They were seniors when a student show changed their careers. An advertising manager saw the production and offered them a radio program on CFRB. Untrained but blithe, they went on the air. Since 1940, they have been doing their thing about radio, but we bought a book." Says Frank, "It taught us which side of the mike to stand on."

Their third recent week became a daily morning show and, within a year, they were on CBC network with what Frank calls, "a wife-usher-sort of program. We give her a household hint, somewhat embossed, of course, but nevertheless they were hints."

Johnny adds, "We had some help. My girl was a household economist."

Johnny was married to Beatrice Lokash on a blind date. Encountering her brother on the campus, he had confided that he needed a girl to take to a Beta Sigma Rho dance. The brother suggested Beatrice. "Call her up. I'll vouch for you," he promised.

Beatrice recalls how excited she was over the invitation from a college celebrity. "I had been dating friends for some time, but I was coming home on the bus, worrying whether he would like me, when I met a girl I knew." Told of the dance plans, the girl "offered to come with me," Beatrice says.

"Johnny Wayne," said Beatrice proudly. "Not the Johnny Wayne who's on The Varsity," the girl exclaimed. "Oh, don't go with him. You'll have a terrible time. He's a big college hero, but no use talking about them. He wanders away and plays piano or sings or something. He's the worst date on the campus."

From the melo-dramatic, Beatrice deman-ded that her brother call Johnny to say the plan was off. "You can't do that," her brother insisted. "I arranged it. You've got to go." Beatrice says today, "I suspect he talked to Johnny, but neither of them has ever admitted it. Anyway, I went, and I had a wonderful time. I'd never have a more attentive boyfriend."

Johnny wanted Beatrice to be a re-porter on the paper so that he could take her to staff parties. She says, "To be sure I made it, he rewrote my tryout story. He wanted me to call him when I was before running it, rewrote his rewrite. I did the next one myself and it ran, word for word. I've never let Johnny forget it."

Frank, too, found his girl in a somewhat unorthodox fashion. As one of Canada's ranking amateur tennis players, he was working out on the court when first he noticed her. He realized this when, at a University party, he was introduced to Ruth Burstyn, a gifted art student and hat designer. "So that's who you are," said Frank, "I'd never met the worst tennis player I've ever seen."

"What does that matter, since you're the best?" Ruth replied. At last, Frank had found a girl who could cope with his high-brow humor. They dated.

By the time the boys took their bache-lor's degrees and began study for their master's, both romances had reached the terminal stage. There was a drubbing in World War II. It gave them a setback. On enlistment, Frank was assigned to the Algonquin Regiment; Johnny became an instructor at Camp Borden. For a while, they were fourteen, they were separated.

Then, summoned to Montreal for special service, they again found themselves face to face, receiving an order, "Write a show." Irving Berlin's "This is The Army," was playing in the States. The Canadian Army wanted a similar one.

Wayne and Shuster were only too glad to oblige. They wrote it, produced it, and starred in it, touring for a year. Their climax performance was at the Quebec Conference. Breaking the troupe into five small units, they were in the States. Frank had married Ruth Burstyn on December 27, 1941. Their daughter Rosa-lind was born on June 19, 1946, and their son Stephen on March 8, 1949. Their marriage, they say, "is the best." Johnny married his Beatrice Lokash on June 28, 1942. They have three sons: Michael, born April 18, 1947; James, born March 23, 1950; and Charles Brian, born January 2, 1951;

Never have the two families lived more than a mile apart. The Ways bought their home in the Forest Hill Village section of Toronto; the Shusters built theirs. "Ruth's brother is a director, Frank explains. "I guess we were his first clients, and the most I asked for in the plans was that he build in a writing room."

Their writing has been on, nine to five, ever since. Their Veterans' Affai-radio series paved (Continued on page 61)
With parallel interests—music, Ping Pong—big families can be "a pleasant chaos, but a grand time," says head of Santa Monica Jones family—here, with wife Helen, baby David, girls—Carol, Anna, Linda; boys—Bob, Denis, Terry.
ORDERS OF THE COURT

Off the bench, "Judge" Edgar Allan Jones of ABC-TV’s Traffic Court is Dean of the U.C.L.A. law school and Dad to a home “campus” of seven

Television—the lights, the cameras, and the nerves—held no terrors for the new candidate for ABC-TV’s Traffic Court bench. Yet Edgar Allan Jones, youthful scholar and Dean of the U.C.L.A. law school, demurred. “My life’s work,” he explains, “is the teaching of law, so the idea of a show seemed completely novel to me. What I came to realize was that a show of this sort affords a tremendous opportunity for just that—bringing the legal story home, and on an infinitely wider scale than the classroom.” Sophisticated about the technical end of TV, the only time the Dean recalls being at all conscious of lights and cameras, he wasn’t even on the air. It was his audition. “In the situation we were doing, the defendant was this rather brassy young female with a lot of poor excuses and many references to ‘cop’ in the course of her story. What stuck in my mind from a quick look at the notes was that I should call her down for using such a term of disrespect. When she said ‘cop’ for the first time, I lowered the boom—about three pages too soon. Then, realizing what I’d done, I started ad-libbing like mad, till we got back to her situation. I guess,” the Judge adds, “making a mistake like that is what put me on the bench.” In session Friday evenings at 6:30 P.M. EST, Traffic Court is public-service programming at its best. It may be “all a big act,” but “Judge” Jones is well-convinced of the sense of the real that comes through on the show. Discussing the study of law with a group of senior engineering students, he discovered that three-fourths of them took the show for real courtroom drama. “In fact, I get kidded quite a bit on my own campus. The students call me ‘Judge,’ so I tell them I’ll see them all in court.” Though Edgar Jones’ predecessor on the bench really was a judge, Jones maintains it isn’t essential. “A legal education is pretty broad, and though my own specialty is labor law, I can feel at home in any branch.” Brooklyn-born, New Jersey-bred, the Traffic Court judge came West from the University of Virginia, and only recently had a chance to visit his old Eastern stamping grounds—as a participating scholar in an international “freedom” conference at Arden House of Columbia University. Claiming close ties, too, with Canada, Edgar explains that his mother, his wife and his first child were all born in Ontario. “The first time I saw Helen,” he says, “she was fourteen and had a bobby-cut.” By the next summer, he’d vowed to marry her, but before he could make good on that, the war came and Edgar, just out of college, joined the Marines. Married in ’45, the Joneses now have seven children: Top rung is Linda, 12, followed by Anna, 10, Carol, 8, Terry, 7, Denis, 6, Bob, 4, and David, one. It takes the top three to match their dad’s skill in Ping Pong, with all disagreements as to who wins going to “the Judge” for arbitration.

Case of “the reluctant judge vs. TV” was tried out of Traffic Court, in privacy of a scholar-teacher’s study.

Typical Traffic defendant has lots of sass, but Judge learned in audition the right time to “lower the boom.”
Add a beard—it’s Captain Jolly on CKLW; subtract one—that’s Toby David and 999 alter egos on the lam around Detroit

Toby David is a man of a thousand characters—with a thousand voices to match. As one reporter aptly phrased it, “Talking to Toby is like talking to a roomful of people.” And he gets many a chance to use his alter egos on his radio and TV programs.

... The characterization with which Toby is currently charming Detroit youngsters is rollicking “Captain Jolly,” the bearded, bespectacled old gent who clowns it up between the cartoons on the 6 P.M. “Popeye” show seen daily on CKLW-TV. Toby’s beard, incidentally, is for real. He decided to grow his own, when, for a few disastrous minutes, his fake whiskers came unglued during a show. ... Versatile Toby’s use of his “multiple personalities” doesn’t stop with his TV show, either. He starts off each weekday on CKLW Radio with a 6:45 A.M. variety program. Says Toby—jolly even at that hour—“I get up at 5 A.M. every day just like clockwork. All these years, it really is a habit.” ... Back before he had “nary a voice to his name,” Toby had been called “Tofy,” which is the Lebanese word for “success.” He had a colorful childhood traveling with his father, who played in a circus band, his animal-trainer mother, and two sisters. When they finally settled down in Michigan, Toby attended Highland Park High School and Ford Trade School, where he trained to be a draftsman. But his flair for mimicry brought him a variety of roles in a traveling stock company and, soon after, a Detroit radio offer started him on a five-year career as half of a comic duo. ... Following the war, during which he traveled thousands of miles to entertain the servicemen, talented Toby free-lanced his way through radio roles on such programs as The Green Hornet, Bulldog Drummond, and Let’s Pretend. In 1946, he returned to Detroit, where he did pioneer work in TV, and eventually took over the two shows he now has. ... To Detroit audiences, Toby David’s many men, to say the least. But, at home in Grosse Pointe, Virginia and their three children—Toby, Theresa, and Gerard—agree he’s just one grand husband—and—dad. They wouldn’t have it otherwise.
Laugh Men

(Continued from page 51)

the way for their fine big, top-rated Way and Shuster Hour on CBC-TV. This year, due to their Sullivan commitments, they have cut their Canadian schedule to five programs. On the Way and Shuster Hour, they swing free and easy. The first program was slated for October. They will also have a Christmas program. But, beyond that, they have no set time, no set format. "People never know whether we're going to do an hour's musical comedy or an hour's drama," says Frank.

When asked whether their Sullivan commitments will lead them to move to New York, they hoot both the Maple Leaf and a guip. Says Johnny, "It takes an hour and a half to fly down from Toronto, and an hour and a half to commute from Connecticut. What's the difference?" Says Frank, "We like New York, but we also like the way we live in Canada."

Their wives echo their sentiments. Beatrice Wayne describes their style of living as typical suburban, "Only there is no do-it-yourself," Ruth Shuster amends. "Frank's really demonstrating his top mechanical skill in changing a light bulb."

Spartan high in their leisure interests, Frank continues to play basketball at Hart House, the graduate school center at University College. He and Ruth also team up for golf. Johnny and Beatrice like far-north camping at Algonquin Park, where they rent a sloop. Last year, they took the power-squadron course and qualified as pilots in both sail and power. With the wives, too, there's a feeling that by remaining in Canada, they may keep their children free of the hazard of being "celebrity kids." The Shuster youngsters, with a most matter-of-fact attitude toward their father's programs, says Ruth, "They feel that the show is part theirs and, if they don't like something, they speak out when Frank comes home."

In contrast, the Wayne boys apply to it the same detached interest which they give to other TV programs. They refer to their father as "Johnny Wayne," when he's on the screen. The eldest son, Michael, developed his first feeling of closeness the night Johnny took him to a hockey game and other kids clamored for autographs.

The boy watched with wonder, and, when he returned home, formally presented paper and pencil and requested, "May I have your autograph?"

"Sure," said Johnny. More than a bit flattered, he signed with a flourish, "To Mike, with all my love, Daddy."

The boy inspected it, frowned, and handed it back. "No," he said. "That's not right. Your son deserves as much as the other kids. Please sign it 'Johnny Wayne.' And do you think you could get me Mr. Shuster's?"

In twenty-five years, Frank and Johnny have never talked, yet seldom do the two families see each other socially. The wives object. "Not that the girls aren't good friends," says Frank. "They like each other."

"It's our fault," says Johnny. "We start out with the best of intentions, but before we realize it, we've huddled in a corner, right into shop talk, working up gags." Frank adds apologetically, "We've been together so long that, just automatically, we turn every conversation into a rehearsal.

The end-product of such conversations is, internationally, top comedy—yet it goes on so smoothly that, even to those closest to them, it scarcely seems to be work. As Frank's son remarked, "They're just having fun."
Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers

and The Salvation Army

Can Make

Christmas Happy for All

(Continued from page 42)

done long-stemmed red roses ar-
rived for Colleen. Putting them in wa-
ter and a small number of potato peels in
the washer. "Roses," she
sniffed.

When the second dozen roses came an
hour later, she began to feel a little sheep-
ish. Then the candy came. By the time the
orchid corsage arrived, she was feeling
every guilty. Every hour on the hour, she
took them from the box and threw them
out of the door, on the floor. When the wire
came at eight-thirty, she had already mentally bailed herself in oil.
It read, "Can I come home, dear?
" Fifteen minutes later, the phone rang sharply
on the door, opened it and peeked in. Her
wife rushed over and threw her arms around
him. With a happy sigh of relief, he
saw her face, kissed her effectively. The paper sack in his
hand crinkled behind her back. "That's
what? she asked.

"Dinner, Jimmie grinned. "I ate
before I came home—just in case."

Granted, that was not a typical day with
the Rodgers family. However, anyone who
knows them will attest that their lives are
eratic. Routine is never dull and often unusual.

Sometimes, things happen to them. Funny
things, frustrating things, and serious
tings that take deep faith and a strong sense of
value. For instance, one of the most
pleasurable schedules of night-club engagements, one-nighters,
state fairs, television shows—now the
M-G-M movie, "The Matting Game"—have
kept them busy and figuratively on the run.

Yet both have a strong homing
instinct. They are both trying, slowly and
patiently, to create a normal predictable
pattern of living, so that home can be the
major part of their lives.

One of their present problems is, oddly
enough, the stories that have been written
about them. Their stories, which it seems we
seem to begin and end with Colleen's
ac
cident and my reaction to it. Jimmie's
le
can sensitive face is sober. "True, the
accident was a big part of our lives, but we've
gone on from there. We're people—
growing in some ways, goofing in others—
and life didn't stop for us when Colleen
got hurt. We're trying to go on with our
lives and the stories are about
today. I like that. Then they tell you why
they're like they are."

"I'm just too get embarrassed,"
Colleen admits, out of Jimmie's hearing.
"The accident and my background keeps
cropping up. After all, Jimmie's the talent
and I'm his wife. I'll be quoted till kingdom come, but I
think the other's been done."

They're both right and wrong. Colleen
and Jimmie are so close, sharing every-
thing, that she is naturally in every story.

On the other hand, they are indeed real
people with interesting personalities and a
fascinating life history. The married couple
for more than a year and a half, they
lived high and mighty.

"Now, you take my bride's practical
nature and the fact that," Jimmie
laughed, "we've stayed up pretty late that way."

More than most, they enjoy living their
life together. They have shared the rough
days, and in their laughter, they are vitally aware of sharing this
transition period. Both of them are out-
going and eager to help others. That's the reason Jimmie's name will always
be associated with his work. They spend more time on it than most
stars do. Because they actually feel like
kids themselves, they understand the
problems that pile up on the desk.

"My answer to most of their problems
would be work," Jimmie says seriously.
"Colleen and I both worked, and worked
hard, right through our teens. Once
you get used to that, it becomes a habit.
It gives you an edge on kids who wait
till they're out of school to even think
about it. Even if you don't need money,
working for veterans' hospitals, charities,
or city and county welfare, can help you
love and understand the people who make
up the world we live in.

"Colleen and I both setting and helping
to raise two children when she was twelve.
When she was in the ninth grade, she
was going to business college at night on
the back of her six-hour-study period, she
went directly to her job in a dental office—one to six. At
night, she went to KPVA to Vancouver
to dentistry school. For two and a half years, during
high school and until the dentist was
drafted ten months later, Colleen worked
as a dental assistant. In between all that,
she managed to donate time to the veteran's
hospital in Vancouver—bedpans, let-
ters, visits, records, whatever needed to
be done.

"And when U-I gave her a contract, she
was ready for it in a lot of ways. Her
parents and Arnold, her brother, rode down
with her to almost through the '48
Chevy coupe and it was piled high with
her possessions, including a bedroom set.
Her mom had to carry a stuffed pillow in
her lap all the way. That was night after
high school, and she knew all about in-
terest and carrying charges and
" Jimmie stops suddenly and looks en-
barrassed. "It's not the thing to do."

And I think she's a pretty good example
to kids who don't know what to do with
themselves.

"As I always remember Jimmie when he
was a real little tyke, selling and delivering
his mom's prize-winning gladios," says
Colleen. "She had almost an acre of them.
Both Big Bear. He is also an excellent
messenger, has studied for years with da-
umar Loretta Florence. Arnold dances
at benefits, local entertainments and Barnes
Hospital. He's also an excellent
drummer, has studied for years with vaude-
"Y'all and The Salvation Army can make
Christmas Happy for All

Quarrel last the night. We refuse to go to
bed. Together, as is often to laugh, "we've stayed up pretty late that way."

During, etc., while Colleen was

an audience in my snappy colored tux.
I have to grin. Little do they know that
I'm a-wearing of the green."

"Laugh. clown, laugh," Colleen re-

sponds. "You wear them a lot, not to like
them. In fact, you had them on that
last day at Lake Tahoe. We had nine of these
dresses, full length, with the Moulin
Rouge in Hollywood and San Francisco. We fished
(especially Jimmie), loaied, talked and did
absolutely nothing. It was great. The mas-
ter grew a beard. So, the last day—big
deal.
He spent all morning in the bath-
room using hot packs and preparing
himself for the razor. So I went to fill the
station, did some odd jobs, came back and
poured myself a glass of milk. That's when I
saw him. Clean-shaven, pink and perf-
umed, he was posed in the doorway—in
those atrocious green so good! 'Aren't you
happy you're married to Jimmie Rodgers?' he
asked, nonchalantly buffing his finger-
nails on his bare chest. He is, really," her
eyes belie the words, 'an impossible crea-
ture.'"

"Hey," he protests, 'you forgot one
little thing—I got the glass of milk in the
face."

"But, naturally," she agrees. They
look at each other and start laughing.
"I'm so glad we can laugh and enjoy
together," Jimmie admit.

"It's easy to have a laugh when Jimmie has
gone off to work. "Sometimes the
pressure makes us both tense and
Jimmie gets so fatigued. And, honestly, so
do I. I've usually tried to get stubborn
and get stubborn. We can get ab-
olutely furious. Then, right in the middle
of it, we break up laughing. Sometimes
that's frustrating. One thing: Even when
we don't end up laughing, we never let a

York Thread...
boards for bookcases. We'd sit and look at television. Suddenly, Jimmie would squat at a table he'd made and say, 'You know, that varnish isn't quite even.' He sanded and varnished it so many times it almost wore away. But I'll keep it forever. And my little ceramic lamp—he made it for me when I was in the hospital the first time down here. It cost a grand total of twelve cents. It's beautiful."

Colleen pauses, adds softly, "It killed Jimmie not to be making a good living. When he first did get started, we decided to buy some furniture. He'd never been able to buy anything, so I left it to him. Then he went on tour. When he finally got home, he just walked quietly around the room touching everything. 'I told you I'd buy you something,' he said softly. From the pride in his voice, I knew he'd become 'the provider' in his own mind. "Incidentally, the reports of our wealth are greatly exaggerated," Colleen says suddenly, with a smile. "The truth probably sounds like most newly married couples. We're still paying off my many hospital bills and heavy loans from both families. My parents mortgaged their house for my plastic surgery. Then we're both getting contact lenses, which means training and lessons. And we pay as we go. We pay monthly, and we're not going into debt for anything. Jimmie did all the state fair this summer for a down payment on a house of our own."

"People kept telling us to find a home for eighty to a hundred thousand dollars," Jimmie adds. "We don't need it and we can't afford it. We have to crawl before we can walk. We'll appreciate it more if we can build slowly. If we get too much too soon, we'd rattle around in it and be unhappy."

"Besides," Colleen points out, "we wanted a place now we can live and learn in. We want to make our mistakes in homes early. So we looked for a house, preferably an older one we could decorate ourselves, for not more than thirty thousand. Jimmie is a great architect and he drew plans for our dream place. We kept adding and taking away from it."

A music room was a "must," of course, for Jimmie. And a sewing room for Colleen. So, when they finally settled on a modest three-bedroom home in San Fernando Valley, they converted one bedroom into a combination music-sewing room. "The kitchen," Colleen smiles, "had to be great, because I love to cook. And, of course, the house had to be one where children could play. We want a family very much. We're praying to be blessed with children. And hoping we'll be the kind of parents who raise children well."

"Jimmie has great strength as well as tenderness. I know he'll be a wonderful father. His faith and belief in God is more powerful than mine. During the months I lay with no face and no desire to live, it was Jimmie who kept me alive. His calm faith was almost frightening. He didn't talk it, he lived it. It was after I got out of the hospital for the second or third time, and could walk again, that Mother went in."

Jimmie had need of all his faith when his father was drowned in a fishing accident, just this past summer. But the strength and courage were there—just as they had been when Colleen needed them so much. "Mom was supposed to have had an operation just before my accident," Colleen recalls. "It was a very serious, touch-and-go kind of operation. Worry can do many things to you. It can change you into a different person. I was too emotionally and mentally upset to help Mom. The operation was to be early in the morning. I couldn't seem to get organized."

"Suddenly, Jimmie was there, leading me to his car."

Lost in the past, Colleen continues: "Mom was so ill, I tried to take care of the house; washing, cooking and dishes. But, with my new surgery, I wore out fast. Jimmie would come over and help me. Sometimes he'd take one look at me, turn off the washing machine, put the top down on his convertible and take me for a drive. We just seemed to fit—our thoughts, likes, dislikes—we had a deep understanding, often without words."

"Jimmie's a well-rounded man."

"Well-rounded!" Jimmie grins, walking into the living room. "I like that. I've lost weight—not gained it. I do have talents, though. You know, I'm a super-salesman? I can guarantee to get the customer to go to the store next door. When I was in San Francisco, promoting my new 'Co-Star' album for Roulette, I was in a store that only sold LP's. Seven teenagers walked in and I went over and waited on them. I pushed Rodgers' new LP real hard. They never did catch on. They didn't have enough money for it. So? They went next door and bought the very new 45—'The Wizard' and 'Are You Really Mine?'"

"Woman," he growls suddenly, with a fierce frown, "you should be out in the kitchen, whipping up some vittles. The master is getting hungry." He dodges the pillow expertly aimed at his head.

Sitting in the homey kitchen swigging coffee, it is easy to understand how faith, fun and frustration play such large roles in their lives. "Those real nice kids" is an expression often heard about them. If these two are typical of their age-group, we can look forward to a very "unbeat" generation.

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T VR
Heartbreak House

(Continued from page 27)

about each other and they began to cry. For “Mama” was gone. The central pillar of Yvonne’s happiness was gone forever and nothing would ever be the same again.

Elvis, still in the dark-brown suit he’d worn to the movie theater, got up and went to the large picture window that looked out on the garden. There was the tomato patch of which she’d been so proud. He could see it, and a storm was gathering. The wettest, most terrible storm he’d ever seen. He turned and walked back to the building. He knew it would be a storm so severe he would never be able to get back to the manor house.

She glanced out to the driveway where the pink Cadillac shone in all its brand new splendor. “It’s beautiful, son,” she said wistfully. “Like this house. Like every single thing you ever bought me. But growing things is like singing. It’s taking a seed and watching over it, taking care of it, giving it what it needs of earth and air and sun and water. It’s growing big and alive and wonderful—yes, you know what I mean, don’t you, son?”

Standing at the window, Elvis nodded as if he were. His eyes narrowed. His kindliness and wisdom had been hers! That time he fell from his bike, a small boy whose feet barely reached the pedals. How she’d told him to push and how she’d stroked his sensile face had been touched with sympathy, anxiety and amusement. He had pressed her hand. “Don’t worry, Mommy. I’m a big boy now. I can do it,” he’d said.

Her eyes stung with his memory, his throat tightened and, for a moment, he hovered on the edge of tears. “Oh, Lord,” he cried in the terrible words his mother used. “I wish you were here. I wish, oh, I wish. I wish you were here for her song... for her I wanted to be famous, rich... she was my best girl...”

She was not, of course, his only girl. There were many glamorous creatures from the enchanted realm of show business he had brought to Memphis to meet his mother, and now Mrs. Bob Wagner, one of Hollywood’s most radiant stars, Yvonne Lime, rising young blonde starlet... Dotty Hannerl, Memphis’ loveliest showgirl... Bobbi Kay Weatherly, now dating Tommy Sands, whom he had helped rocket to fame... Hannerl Melcher, fascinating blonde “Miss Austria of 1957,” and her roommate, stunning Kathy Gabriel, the Miss Ohio of that year... and others... all of them had loved Mommy, all of them had become her friends, all had felt the irresistible warmth of her motherliness.

One of the girls—was it Natalie?—had remarked that his parents were so unspoiled and unspoiled... “He’s the wealthiest, most powerful man in the world and he can’t make up his mind whether to spend a quarter on a girl or a million dollars on a horse.”

How happy they’d been, that Christmas holiday last year. Hannerl and Kathy had missed connections and arrived at the Memphis airport quite late. Elvis was there to greet them and drive them to the Presley home. “You can stay up as long as you like,” he’d told them. “I do. But the folks go to bed pretty early, so please keep everything quiet. Mommy’s not been feeling her best.” The next morning, the Presleys were bought a truckload of Christmas carols. Under the Christmas tree, surrounded by gifts, was a built-in music box that played carols all day long.

Time was running out. “I’m going to talk slowest talk. Talk slower,” she said. “Tell a few German phrases she’d picked up years before, from a neighbor.”

The other boys were going to have a silver service and a robe. The latter occasioned quite a laugh when it was discovered that one of his fans had also sent Mrs. Presley a robe. As his mother explained, “And you know how much I love your kids.”

Her wrath was momentarily roused when she learned that her son had taken Hannerl for a ride on his motorcycle. “Son, you know better. You’re 16 years old. In his hearts, he’s a kid, in his black leather outfit, but Hannerl almost froze in her slippers and Capri pants. “My goodness, son,” Mrs. Presley chided. “This time, Hannerl, you’ve got to get quick and see her a pair of woolen socks.” Then she massaged Hannerl’s feet.

In contrast was her attitude when she heard, with low love, that Elvis had given Elvis a gold watch with the numerals set in diamonds, had been broken when he fell while skating. She merely smiled, taking his hand, and saying, “I don’t fret over accidents, son. I’m sure you won’t wear it skating again.” Elvis rushed out and had it fixed. It is still one of his prized possessions and it is always there when the boy feels gloomy.

His guest for Easter Week was the teenage starlet, Yvonne Lime. Her recollection was of a serene and harmonious holiday, with Mrs. Presley doing everything possible to make her comfortable. On Easter morning, she and Elvis, both dressed in pajamas, were driven to church. “I felt that she had adopteed a second mother. You looked at her quiet solemn face and you knew at once that if you ever needed someone to rely on, she’d be there all the way.”

After Elvis had reported for training at Fort Hood, Killeen, Texas, the senior Presley moved into the lonely Motel owned by the Brinton family. Mrs. Presley was charmed with the fact that their names were Bob, Bobby and Bobby. “They’re so typical,” she’d said. “And Gladys’ main preoccupation, Bobbie noted, was to find a little house with an efficient kitchen, a bath and a place to put her hams. “But think how I feel lost when I don’t have my two men to cook for.” Among the friends who came to visit while Elvis was learning to solder were Anita Wood, the Tennessee songstress, and Fiske.

It was at the house they rented (Elvis has since said that going back to fetch her belongings and close out the rental was the toughest part of the whole nightmare) that Mrs. Presley suffered the attack of hepatitis, which was to end in heart failure. She was sick from the beginning there, and Vernon felt it might be the heavily-chlorinated water of that area. He decided to drive her back to Memphis for a change of air and made up his mind they’d be back in a few weeks. It came as a fearful shock when Elvis got word that she had been hospitalized.

One quiet evening, he flew at once to her bedside. The last night, he was hovering anxiously while she tried to persuade him to go home and get a night’s sleep. “Dad, I’m not going to sleep tonight. ’Dad will be sleeping here in on a cot.” Elvis bent and kissed her eyes. Her last words to him were something she had read in a book. “Be careful, son,” he replied gently. “Don’t worry, Mommy, I will...”

At three in the morning, the phone rang. “Before I answer it, I had a bad shuddering feeling,” Elvis said. After the other end of the line was his father. “It’s all over, son,” Vernon gasped. “She’s
left us." Afterward, he told the story: "I was asleep but something woke me up. It was her breathing—awful. I got to her as fast as I could and lifted her head. I yelled for the nurse. She called the doctor and he put Gladys in an oxygen tent. But it was too late. She was gone."

The funeral of Elvis Presley was the largest and most dignified Memphis had witnessed in years. The streets were jammed. For once, teenagers and their elders were joined in a common emotion of sympathy and sorrow. For what has not lost a mother? Or known the terror of losing one? In death as in life, Gladys Presley was accepted as a symbol of America's veneration of motherhood. Along the line, one young girl sobbed hysterically and her mother tried to comfort her. "It's sad . . . tragic . . . to die at forty-two," she said, "but try to bear in mind that she lived to see what all mothers wish for—true, . . . that their children become successful and admired. She had that, and it must have given her joy and courage to the end."

At the National Funeral Home, more than a thousand mourners had overflowed the aisles and vestibule and were gathered in the parking lot. More than 35,000 messages of condolence and a hundred individual Ross offerings had been received. Stepping out of the limousine, Elvis stumbled blindly and had to be helped into the chapel by his manager and good friend, Colonel Tom Parker. Then Reverend James E. Hamill, pastor of the First Assembly of God Church, spoke simply and briefly. "The Gladys Presley you knew and loved," he is reported to have said, "had small concern for pomp and show. Her tastes were modest. She would not have wanted, nor does she need, a long oratorical eulogy. The world knows well the qualities of this woman as a wife and mother and the inspiration she gave her famous son."

From behind the altar rose the muted strains of "Precious Memories," harmonized by the Blackwood Brothers quartet. Elvis sobbed audibly; his shoulders shook. "Oh, Daddy," he said. "It was one of her favorite songs.

His father took the sopping handkerchief from his eyes. "That's all we've got now, memories," he said dully. "So many—so many—"

Even with a sedative, Elvis was unable to sleep that night. The next morning, rain fell like an omen of their bereavement. Over the protests of the doctor who wanted them to rest, Vernon and Elvis insisted on going to the cemetery. They stood barehead under the downpour, staring at the flower-decked mound. Once she had laughingly called the $100,000 two-story house Elvis had bought her "my little home." Now and forever she was at peace in her little home of earth. A terrible cry came from Elvis. "So young . . . so young!"

Vernon, his face streaming rain and tears, helped his son get to his feet. "We have each other," he said, "and we have her love. We'll never forget that, son."

"We won't move a thing at home, Dad," Elvis vowed, "Everything will stay just as she loved it—just as if she was coming back from a trip."

Silently they drove back through the rain. How still, how deserted the house looked. As they went in, the telephone rang and the mynah bird perked up and shrieked, "Hello, hello—that's all right, Mama." It had picked up the phrase from Elvis's first recording. In it, he had sung: "Whatever way you want it, that's all right, Mama." The record had started him on his meteoric flight to fame. Once it had been amusing to hear the bird say it. To Elvis and his father, it had the sound of real heartbreak now. . . .

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TV R MIR

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(Continued from page 54)

Man, Happy Returns

anything to do with me. It was someone else’s experience, and I could be completely objective. I didn’t want to capitalize on it at the time, and I still don’t. Many people have overcome many difficulties, some of them far worse than mine. I only refer to my own, or allow others to, when I think my story may help someone else.

Telling about it occasionally does help other people struggling with grave problems, especially the bed-ridden patients in Navy hospitals where Hal regularly visits twice each week. But singing to them, in a rich baritone, and getting them to sing along with him has a remarkable effect. Souls are often corny,” he admits, “but they’re the ones everybody knows and likes.”

Sometimes mentally upset patients who haven’t talked for months, much less sung, are drawn spontaneously into the singing, forgetting their deep-hidden fears and anxieties for a while.

“I am only trying to give back what has been given me,” he says. “The simple way Hal states it. “There was a second illness, when I lay in bed and couldn’t move because of a rheumatic heart condition, severe enough to be a threat to my life. I had to overcome and I had become an actor in Hollywood. I thought then about all the things I had wanted from life. Money, a loving heart and a wife. And all the other things. And I realized that—if all these were spread at the foot of my bed—I couldn’t reach out a hand to get them. How little they really meant in, themselves.

For the past couple of years, Hal has been a regular cast member of Ma Perkins, portraying the unsentimental, serious-minded architect, Bob Lyte. It is Hal’s first long-running role in radio.

Bob Lyle came to Ma Perkins’ Rushville Center from a large Eastern city, where his family had been worked at the same time as head of industrial compensation for the midnight shift at an aircraft plant. “My father had worked his way through college and he saved no reservation. I shouldn’t do it,” he says. “I had studied insurance in high school as one of my trade subjects, so now I put it to use.”

In his third college year, he joined the Army and was assigned to the Division of Aircraft, where he was severely wounded during the first month in France. A shell exploded, causing a two-and-a-half-ton truck to back over the left side of the body. He was left paralysed. Then he was sent back to the States, to lie in Gardner General Hospital in Chicago until the broken neck was mended.

When the plaster cast had been discarded (“a beautiful piece of work, now used as a washing rack”), he wore a brace and a cast. I was put to work, under a seven-year contract.”

Hal Hackett for me, “Love Laughs at Andy Hal,” at Republic and MGM.

His real name, Harold Piper, was changed to Hal Hackett during the period when he was making a movie called “The Sheepman,” starring Red Skelton as a man named Audubon. Piper had been called in his office during the filming and said I would have to change my name because they couldn’t have two people named Piper on screen and was when Hal Hackett, one was the character played by the star of the film. We had a list of ten names drawn up, but my good friend, Hedda Hopper, recommended one who chose Hal Hackett for me.

About four years later, after he had started a role in Hollywood in the stage production, he was to become again—just as the play was being taken to New York. “I had been signed on my birthday and was to leave one morning. Instead, I arrived four days later, for close work, on a cast to a year, with a rheumatic heart. I had overcome one set of circumstances only to be faced by another. But I got well and Bing Crosby, who was asked to play the role of the first singer, songwriter, and Gower Champion, his choreographer, thought enough of my work to send for me as soon as I was out of the hospital.

The band needed a desk job, to work slowly, to take it easy. But, he thought, that, if he were going to die, he might just as well do some of the things he wanted to do for as long a time as was left to him. He had faith in his own powers of recovery.

After a two-year run in “Lend an Ear,” Hal decided to finish his college education, interrupted by Army service and illness. He entered the University of North Carolina and got his degree in physics. At the time, Hal signed in “Lend an Ear” in Chicago, located him at the University and brought him to New York to appear in a projected Broadway production. He never got on, but a guest shot on radio with Templeton later led to a cross-country nightclub tour and a trip back to California to appear in a movie with screen George Raft, and in five TV films of Private Secretary, with Ann Sothern. Then he was signed to do “Kismet” on Broadway with Alfred Drake. His voice is heard on the Columbia Records album of that successful Broadway musical.

In New York, during the run of the show, he went on studying physics and biology. The following year he turned to dramatic arts. Later, he went on tour in “Picnic.”

Long after he began to sing professionally, he began formal voice training. “You start to sing when you are young, training how you ever got along, but I come from a long line of hymn singers. People who have sung and loved the old hymn books and I suppose that was my first training.”

Somebody gave him a zither after he came out of the hospital in California and he taught himself to play it. “It came in very handy, very necessary. I had used up my savings when I was ill. I had to have a musical instrument to play my own accompaniments.” Now he owns three zithers—two

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of them as often as not out of repair.

A bachelor still, but beginning to hint at a coming change in his status without mentioning the same name or date, he lives in a little apartment near the CBS Radio studios. With two closets, both filled to bulging; a bed, three lamps, a table and chairs, a tape-recorder, the rithers and an old-fashioned upright piano—which he plays. "A living room without a musical instrument, one you can play on and not merely listen to, is like a kitchen without a stove," he says.

For relaxation, he paints a little, the yield so far being one oil (hung) and two watercolors (tucked away in a closet behind a tress). He is a strong swimmer, takes off for Nantucket Island out in the Atlantic Ocean whenever he can. In New York, he laments the necessity for riding horseback on Central Park's prim paths for want of the open country and woods, loves to take the Staten Island ferry in late afternoon when the Statue of Liberty's torch illuminates the harbor.

Several times a year he goes cross-country to do what the trade calls "industrial theater"—this year, representing the new Ford automobile models. The important job, however, is portraying Bob Lyle on Ma Perkins—a man with whom he can identify quite strongly.

Virginia Payne, who created the role of Ma Perkins many years ago and whose name is now synonymous with the role, sent him to producer-director Edwin Wolfe several years ago to read for a part that was open._yaw this right part, but when Bob Lyle entered the script about two years ago, Mr. Wolfe remembered the reading and sent for Hal. "This time, I knew I really was right, although some fifty other actors were also auditioning.

"Bob comes from a background of wealthy and important people in the community, and when I was at college and other men talked about their backgrounds, the long line of doctors or lawyers or financiers they sprang from, I used to 'brag' that I came from 'a long line of dirty clothes.' Maybe it was a tired little joke, but it always got a laugh—and also put over the fact that I was just as proud of my background as they were of theirs.

"The character Bob Lyle is really much like me. He has wanted love, needed love, all his life, but he has also wanted to stand on his own feet. I share his ideas about that, about doing some creative work in the world."

It is for this reason that Hal Hackett goes to hospitals to entertain, records textbooks to help blind college students master their subjects, searches out ways to help people help themselves. "When the feeling began to come back in my hands and arms, in my feet and legs, I think my reaction was simply great gratitude and joy, and a desire to do as much as I could to bring the same experience to others, I knew I must develop my talents, that I must grow, and that I must help.

"To live by faith, even by a faith that has been tested under fire, is not always easy. The going can get very rough at times. Hal remembers that, when he went to the hospital the second time, a bouquet of flowers came from his friend, Pay Holden, who played Ma Hardy in the Andy Hardy series. Tucked under the flowers was a little "thought for the day"—a simple, inspirational message.

"Sometimes such a small—coming bit of encouragement can go so much," he says now. "What you think about yourself, what you have faith in, the way in which you meet and try to overcome problems—all of these determine the final result.

A way of reminding one's self to: Get the maximum from the minimum.
Case of the Reluctant Bachelor

(Continued from page 44)

"and so is the detective I play. Yet he has a family—and I've never been that close to marriage to make this seem real. I couldn't afford to get married, let alone have children. One thing I've started to do, however, is put some money aside so that, when the time comes, I'm ready.'

Sitting across from Jim, you get a picture of a young man who smiles easily but likes to size things up for himself. His manner is pleasant and goodhumored. He speaks his arms across the back of the sofa, cigarettes always in reach, and lights up frequently. He wears a pair of khaki pants and an open-collared shirt.

"I hate to dress up," he admits, "and ties are my pet peeve. I like casual clothes for a woman. Put a girl in an evening dress and she looks like she's wearing a fancy gift wrapping. I'd rather see her in blue jeans and a red shirt."

Jim's only sizable possession is a secondhand '54 Ford coupe he recently bought. "If I had the money, I'd like a sports car in the Thunderbird or Corvette class, but I don't care much for the fancy little foreign bugs. I don't think what a man drives is as important as what he believes in.

He has definite ideas about women. "I believe in marriage. When the right woman comes along, I wouldn't let my career or anything else stand in my way. But the right girl? Well, the female animal is pretty hard to decipher. I want certain things. Intelligence, yes. But, most of all, a girl who believes in life, who finds excitement in doing things.

"You know, there's the casual pseudo-sophisticated type. You talk about going to the zoo or opera and she says, slightly bored, 'Well, I suppose we could do that today.' I can't stand that in a woman. Or the woman who takes men for granted, so busy talking that, when her date lights her cigarette, she doesn't even nod or say 'thank-you.' It's as if the man were her servant. Well, women like that should be put on a block and auctioned off as slaves."

Jim doesn't pretend he's had a great deal of experience with women. He's only a year out of Yale. "Girls in college were fun. Bright and interested in things around them. It's when they get out that the change comes. They become career-conscious. They begin to think that having children may be an inconvenience. Well, a woman can't have a career and marry. Not in my books. I believe a wife should subordinate everything to the home.

"After all, a man has to go into business because he can't create anything himself—acting, manufacturing, advertising, at best are still synthetic creativity. But a woman can create human life; that is her job, along with making the home. She should be proud of it and work hard at it. It's not for the husband to change the diapers and cook the meals. I'm from the old school. When I get married, I am going to be the man in the house."

A date with Jim—an ideal date, so far as he is concerned—would be at a quiet place with good food and good dance music. He enjoys opera—"I got interested in serious music at Taft, and it's one of my main interests"—but he adds, "I don't care whether or not a girl likes classical music. If I get along with her, I may try to interest her in some of the things I like, just as I would expect her to introduce me to new things. I'm always ready to learn."

He has been dating Suzanne Storrs, who plays his wife in Naked City, and says, "There's a fine girl. She's very attractive and has a lot of good looks. She's even likes serious music." But they haven't been to the opera. On most dates, they have gone dancing. "A lot of guys in the business will tell you they don't like actresses. Well, I don't feel that way. An actress can have the right values as well as any other woman. Besides, it's fun to talk shop.

To me, acting is a very serious thing. When I'm eighty, I want to know what I've done and why. I hope that I can be a small link in the line of communication, and I mean that in the sense of communication ideas and emotions. The one thing I've learned is that, as an actor, you've got to give."

Jim was born and raised in Clayton, Ohio. "I don't think I ever eat great childhood. I have a brother, two years my senior. We built rafts and hunted copperheads, dropped lines for catfish, trapped muskrats." He began acting in sixth grade and says, "I knew very early that I wanted to be an actor. Of course, as I got older, I never seriously thought I'd be able to crack the profession."

Jim was ten when his father, a captain in the Canadian Air Ferry Command during World War II, was killed. Later, his mother married Francis La Farge, brother of Pulitzer Prize winner Oliver La Farge, and the family moved East. Jim was quartered at an Army school in Watertown, Connecticut. He was voted the most versatile boy in school. He was president of his class, in varsity sports, the glee club, and drama. His senior year, he was captain of the football team but during the last scrimmage before the first game, he ripped a cartilage in his knee and sat on the bench for the season.

"I went to the last two Hollywood for a year and got an apprentice job at the Dennis Summer Playhouse on Cape Cod. That first summer, I didn't do much more than clean up and do chores for fence posts. In succeeding summers at Dennis, he advanced to assistant stage manager, costage-manager and finally stage manager in full for the production starring Shirley Booth. "Come Back, Little Sheba." Jim notes, "They always promised me an acting part, but I never did get one."

When he entered Yale, Jim did a complete about-face, putting his finger in everything. At college, I found I was no longer interested in being a big wheel. I became very serious and started writing. I actually got mad at my classmates because they were putting themselves on the world's benefit. I was so interested in playwriting that I frequently gave up weekend dates to write."

Three of Jim's plays were produced at Yale. One, in Elizabethan verse, was so good that it almost made New York. Dennis King read the play and wanted to do it at the Playwrights' Theater in New York and they wrote back that they were putting it into their fall schedule. "That was the biggest moment in my life. For reasons I can't talk about, the play wasn't produced. But, at that moment, I was at the crossroads. I had to decide between being an actor and a writer."

"Writing, I had learned, was a lonely profession. Acting was a group effort. I had time for nothing else. Neither for girls nor friends nor family. As a writer, I was never in the middle of things. To me, it seemed very important to be able to live."

An actor's role isn't as creative as a writer's—but his life is more fun. He is with people. He keeps better hours."

Jim's first chance to be an actor came about when a talent scout for Walt Disney saw him in a Yale production of "The Great Gatsby." He recalls, "I was one of six boys tested for 'A Light in the Forest.' None of us got the part—later it went to Jim MacArthur—but Bill Berk, who directed the test screen, signed me for a lead in my first movie, 'Four Boys and a Gun.' Then, in the summer, when I was at Yale, I was given the part of a good boy on the faculty."

Jim's graduation, Jim has worked in thirty or so television shows, including Walter Winchell File, Silent Service, Camera Three, and many other productions. Since this past July, he has been fully occupied with filming of Naked City in Manhattan, where he lives with his parents. "I have a small room with the bare essentials: A bookcase, a hi-fi set, desk, bear rug, and a couch that makes into a cot. I keep a wide circle of friends. People say it must be tough, living with your family when you're over twenty, but I don't find it that way. There's only one inconvenience, and that's when it comes to entertaining friends. Can't do that without..."

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feeling I`m encroaching somewhat on them."

Jim is close to his mother and stepfather. "He`s a fine man. No one could have done a better job of filling my father`s shoes. And Mother is a joy. When she was younger, she was a model in St. Louis and almost became an actress. She was offered a contract at Paramount, but my grandfather, who is still alive and hearty at eighty, told her, `If you go out to that wicked city, you will never again set foot in my house.`"

"About five years ago, multiple sclerosis put her in a wheelchair, but you`d never know it from her spirit. Recently, I took a cab into Manhattan from the airport and gave the cabdriver my address. He said, `You know, there`s a lady who lives in your apartment building who is really something. She`s in a wheelchair, but the way she gets in and out of that cab, you`d never know it. I think her name is Mrs. Frank.` I said, `Are you sure it isn`t Mrs. La Farge?` He said, `Just before I got out, I told him Mrs. La Farge is my mother, and he said, `Oh, sonny boy, you got a fine gal there.`"

Jim says he always goes to his parents for advice when there`s a big decision to be made, but has just as often gone to them in a rebellious mood. "The only thing that makes me rebellious is an infringement of my personal freedom. Well, since the time I was six or seven, I was given a kind of free hand so long as I didn`t get in trouble. When I got in my teens, if the family said no to something, I always went to them and asked why."

Parents and son were in complete agreement on Jim`s trip to Europe last summer. It was a fifty-fifty deal. Jim paid up his half out of earnings from television and Hollywood. "I was in England, France, Italy and Spain. It`s something just to put your feet on a different continent and learn the varying viewpoints of others. There were two high spots on that trip. The first was off the coast of France, when I dove two hundred and forty feet down with a frogman. It`s an odd feeling to be on the floor of the sea. It`s very cold and a dark, dark gray. The only sign of reality is your own breathing."

"Then I went to Spain alone, and I walked. I rounded a bend in a mountain one day, and a little farmhouse introduced myself to the farmer and he was friendly. I stayed a week with him and his family. I worked with them during the day and sat around their fire at night. I wondered how they felt about Franco and Russia and the United States and the atomic bomb and the rest of the things that bother us. Well, I learned that these people work so hard, just to get enough to eat, that they have no time to think about anything other than their stomachs. Yet they had root values. Within their own group, they had the ability to give to one another."

Jim Franciscus, at twenty-four, has come a long way professionally and as an individual. "I don`t identify myself with the `beat generation,` although I share some of their ideas. I think of them more as the `angry young men` and they cry out about the lack of communication among people, I agree. I want to understand others and I want them to understand me. When I say a girl doesn`t `give,` I mean she is so locked up in her own personal visions that she has no feeling for a man."

"I think people can learn to give," he sums up. "It`s like me at a party. I`m socially at ease. There are two ways to handle yourself in such a situation. You either get in a corner by yourself, or dive in and get wet. I force myself to dive in. And, when you do, you begin to feel and understand the basic, important things in life.

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Later, I worked for a Howard Johnson restaurant—but I was fired immediately. I fell down and broke a tray of dishes. After a year at the Playhouse, I started making the rounds through Louis Shurr's offices, trying to get into the garment district. That's how I finally decided on my name.

I have neglected to mention, "she" points out, "that it was the same Joelyn Joan Schrum—seven-eighths Irish and one-eighth Dutch. My grandmother's name was Nolan, and one of my Irish aunts married a Dutchman."

So, when a model agency asked me my name one day, I said Kathy Nolan. Somebody wrote it down and I watched fascinated. I'd finally said it out loud. The next day I showed them a photo of Joelyn Joan Schrum, and that ended my search for a name.

But it didn't end her search for a chance to act... nor for a place of her own. She landed a role with the Children's World Theater for seven weeks. They went on the road in a station wagon with the rest of the cast when they turned out of Lodi and6 parts started on TV. She took dancing at the Ed Sinclair Studio. She studied drama with Herbert Berghof, some of the scenes she had paid for her lessons and managed to eat a little. Executives of Studio One auditioned her and flipped. They were so excited, she became excited. She ended up with a five-line part. When the 26th Carnival, Pvt. New York talent head wanted her to come to Hollywood for a color test... part of Kathy's beauty is in her coloring—red hair, blue eyes and delicate, delicate complexion. So she came to Hollywood. Waited five weeks (staying with an aunt and uncle) and decided she wasn't about to wait any longer. She was in no position to feel that way, but Miss Nolan was a young lady in a hurry.

Genevieve, who loves all little living things, came by her other tenants in slightly more orthodox fashion. During the spring flight of her parakeets, the Godfrey TV show (Arthur was on vacation and Peter Lind Hayes was standing in for him) for ten weeks. Among the sponsors was the Hartz Mountain Product Corporation, on whose behalf she has conveyed them to the public. Genevieve also became enmeshed with the parakeets that eventually the company gave her one. A single bird was born in the apartment, and now so she has four. She has a cage for them, but they use it only for eating and sleeping. The rest of the time, they have wide freedom of the apartment, and zoom around like flocks of small boys playing space-cadets.

Puddi is the dog who came to dinner. It was a Friday afternoon when Genevieve, an armful of keets, took him to the hospital. The dog is lonely and unhappy, in the window of a pet shop. Naturally, she stopped--and, just as naturally, went in to see how she could help him. "His owners had abandoned him," she says, her eyes flashing Gallic indignation. She took him home for the weekend and, by Monday, knew she needed him as much as he needed her. She went back to the shop, paid him down $75, and Puddi moved in for good.

Now, almost everyone likes small bits of life and feels protective toward them. But Genevieve, who is not interested in making complications. In a New York department store one day last winter, she noticed a woman shopper slapping at a small boy. Genevieve sprang to the child's defense, shielding his hand to effect a quick exit. The pigeons have given her trouble, too. There are tenants in her apartment house who are not charged by the walter of their pets' apartment, and have been making cooing noises as they wait for a daily handout. There are rules and regulations about the transportation of animals, and Genevieve, like all tenants who are happy about welcoming them. Genevieve dismisses all this with fine French nonchalance.

When the Paar show went to Miami last winter, Genevieve arrived at the airport carrying her four parakeets in a large bag, only to be told that they would have to make the trip in the baggage compartment. Her friends might be unhappy there, Genevieve commanded a shoe box, carefully made a small but cozy nest for her and her friends. She is not the only one in her plane. Perhaps she had a premonition. At any rate, the cage, which had been put away with the rest of the luggage, was lost en route.

Since Puddi came to stay, he has become her traveling companion. The parakeets are left at home in the company of a maid who comes daily in to clean and feed them. She loves birds, too, looks after them carefully, and sees to it that the pigeons also get their daily rations.

There have been rumors that not everywhere is the welcome mat out for Puddi, but she maintains that is not a problem. When she goes out of town, Puddi is tucked away in his special carrier, and weighed in with the rest of her baggage. "It is no problem," she says to the airline employee, "and that piece, I will take it with me."

"Oh, but it's too big to go under the seat," is the answer.

"But I must have it with me," insists the singer with a big wink. "It's my music."

And forty pounds of music accompany her into the plane, where Puddi is promptly taken out of his carrier and roams happily up and down the aisle.

Hotels have rules against dogs, too, and so do restaurants. But Genevieve chars the waiters by the spring freshness of her pet, "and it goes well with my music," she says happily. "Everyone knows me."

For the most part, everyone does know her and is willing to look the other way when she has one of her parakeets leaving a trail of red tape behind her. The effervescent girl who has become one of the most popular regulars on The Jack Paar Show, says, "My name is Genevieve."

There is the urchin haircut with the Presley sleeves, which she slaps off with her trusy razor blade. In the right hand, she has the freedom of the apartment, and zoom around like flocks of small boys playing space-cadets.

The pigeons have given her trouble, too. There are tenants in her apartment house who are not charged by the walter of their pets' apartment, and have been making cooing noises as they wait for a daily handout. There are rules and regulations about the transportation of animals, and Genevieve, like all tenants who are happy about welcoming them. Genevieve dismisses all this with fine French nonchalance.
Geneviève is one metre, fifty-seven centimeters, which figures out to be five-feet-two inches. She weighs 112 pounds and her skirt-length hair falls to her shoulders. Her skin is a natural olive tone, which gives her the look of a perpetual tan, even though she’s seldom in the sun. It is due to years in Africa and the outdoors. But, to her sometimes-practical French mind, commuting is too much trouble and too inconvenient. “Look at Jacques,” she says. “He has to have a better view of the show before he comes to town in afternoon.” And she loves New York. About the rest of the United States, she is vague. When I press her on other cities, it has been almost entirely in hotel rooms and the clubs where she was appearing.

Geneviève’s clothes off-screen are very much like those she wears on television. When she strolls into the NBC press department, with puddi on her leash, she wears a simple silk dress in a Paisley design, gored skirt and quarter-sleeves, and the new empire waists. Her shoes and bag are of tan calf, to match the basic color of the dress. She wears no hat, no jewelry—not even rings. Whatever make-up she may have on is so artfully done it’s invisible. She looks nothing at all like the popular conception of an opera star, or even of the night-club entertainer. “I am not naturally elegant,” she says, “but I want to be correct.” She has the Frenchwoman’s approach to clothes, prefers a few good dresses to many that are not. She wears no jewelry—not even rings. Whatever make-up she may have on is so artfully done it’s invisible. 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The Object of His Affection

(Continued from page 32)

long time, Chuck Murdock, the addle-headed teenager of The Bob Cummings Show, was Dwayne's best friend. Chuck...gaping with wonder at "Uncle" Bob's exploits, ineffectually chasing pretty girls, and generally showing the kind of corky, nervous acting that the television episodes...gave Dwayne an outlet for his comedy talents. The role brought him to the attention of the television audience, and led him to take a contract with the studio, which allowed him to polish his comedy style under the masterful direction of Bob Cummings.

But Chuck, like Dr. Frankenstein's monster, is about to get out of hand. "Now," Dwayne plaintively explains, "people call me Chuck instead of Dwayne. I get the feeling sometimes that, instead of my creating Chuck, he created me. Which isn't so.

"We have to face it. Chuck is a callow youth, quite inexperienced, a fumbling idiot. If he were forty years old, he'd be the sort of fellow Harpo Marx plays. But the television audience knows that Chuck is basically intelligent and that, given time, he'll grow up.

Right now, Dwayne is happily creating another character—which he describes as a "do-it-yourself juvenile delinquent"—in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"

"This fellow," says Dwayne, "isn't me, either...any more than Chuck is. I'm acting. In "Rally Round the Flag," I play a fellow totally lacking in circ...wants to look delinquent in order to be in style. I wear long sideburns and spit a lot.

The Chuck bit has both romantic advantages and disadvantages. On the credit side of the ledger, Dwayne gets to meet all the gorgeous dolls featured in the Cummings show. But, on the other hand, he meets the good fellows lacking in circumstances. For one thing, they see him as Chuck, the trying but untired eighteen-year-old. Actually, Dwayne is twenty-two, has attended Loyola University, is serious minded and mature.

Just as bad as the Chuck identification is the competition. The Cummings show stars the long-popular Burns and Allen series and Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, productions which have also featured three very eligible young actresses, Ronnie Burns and Dave and Rick Nesbit. Now, if Dwayne wishes to hold his own in the charm department, but—whereas he's "hired help" on the Cummings sound stage—Dave, Rick, and Ronnie have fathers, mothers, and laws. Ronnie is even president of a company.

Dwayne takes his handicap philosophically. "If I don't like it, I'll just go out and buy me some to help their careers. I guess I could help a girl a little. I could introduce her to my mentor who hires for the Cummings show. But, beyond that, I wouldn't have any influence.

"As a matter of fact, I don't have many dates. I'm no night owl...I fold at about ten-thirty... Chuck has funny ideas about Hollywood. She thinks that actors spend all their free time at Mike Romanoff's, or at Louella's parties, being seen, living high, wide, and dangerously. As a result, she doesn't want to go out with me.

It's hard to imagine a girl afraid to go out with Dwayne. He looks as harmless as his Chuck creation, but for a different reason. Chuck seems harmless because he is so cute, romantic pursuits are forward and poorly planned. Dwayne looks harmless because he has such nice manners and is obviously a gentleman, with respect for both himself and the other people.

"There are girls who want to go out with me," Dwayne continues, "but they are mostly table-hoppers who like night spots where they can be seen by the right people. I'll tell you a story to illustrate.

"One day, my manager called and asked me to attend a big opening with a date. That was all right with me, so I invited a girl who usually does such things. She was tickled to death to go with me until she saw my car, a '56 model in the low-price bracket. She was so disappointed in my automobile that she walked all night. She didn't want people to see her driving up in anything so cheap.

"And here's the kicker: I'd just bought a brand new car...but I drove the older one that night because I knew traffic was going to be heavy in the parking lot, and I didn't want a bent fender on the new one. I sold the old one a couple of days later.

Mention of cars brings a real love affair to light. Dwayne has given away a big part of his heart and the object of his affection is Mercedes-Benz. "That's my one big extravagance," he boasts, "in the manner of a mother discussing her only child. For two years I cut out pictures of the Mercedes-Benz. There was a showroom near my agent's office, and I'd spend all my spare time with my nose against the window, just looking at the cars that I could never afford.

"I didn't want a Mercedes-Benz for prestige. I wanted one because of its construction and design. I'm a real nut about cars. I'm crazy about motors and stuff like that. And I'd be just as happy with a car that cost forty dollars if it had the right qualities." Here Dwayne plunges into a technical discussion of automobiles and design which loses the layman after he passes the ashtray and steering wheel.

"Anyway," he says, returning to the plot, "I kept talking to my manager about a Mercedes-Benz until he finally asked me: 'Can you pay for one, can't you? Well, then, go buy one.'"

But Dwayne still hesitated. It was while he was out of town that he finally bought it. Greeting him on his return, Dwayne was jubilant. "Well," he cried, "I got it. I got it."

"A manager who'd forgotten the car conversation was startled. Got what? What was this tremendous thing his client had acquired in his absence? The role of Rhett Butler, maybe, in a musical revue? -Certainly not!"-controlling interest in the National Broadcasting Company? A date with Miss Universe?

"What a car," Dwayne explained, "Let me take you for a ride." The manager agreed (but now adds, "Dwayne was so proud of that automobile he wouldn't even let me use the ashtrays!).

Outside the automotive field, Dwayne has no expensive tastes nor habits. Unlike Chuck, he doesn't crave a fancy wardrobe. And hobbies? "Well," he considers the question, "I polish my car."

"To tell you the truth," he observes, "I work pretty hard and don't have much time for running around. I work about..."
Show Business Baby

(Continued from page 50)

romantic courtship of less than a month, and set up housekeeping in three rooms of an old house in New York’s Greenwich Village section, he decided to improve the place.

The apartment had great potential, so why not bring out the best in it? He figured it might take a few months of sweat and toil but they’d be worth it. The

“Whole idea seemed such a good one,” Barbara says, in rueful remembrance. “It was, but oh, the work, and the sweat, and the money.”

Her husband nods. “Originally, we had hoped to work together on the apartment for a few months and then live comfortably in it for a year or so until we had a baby. But the year was ended and the work wasn’t—and it was time to find a larger apartment because the baby was, indeed, expected! So we moved.”

By this time, they had finished such gargantuan spare-time jobs as scraping plaster from the twenty-five-foot wall, exposing the original handmade bricks laid mindlessly down by the previous owner, and white-washing the wall solid and putting in a fine old door they brought from a house once belonging to theatrical producer Billy Rose. Remov-

ing what seemed to be (and probably were) endless layers of paint from old woodwork, sanding it down to the satiny wood, long hidden. Scraping the old floor, removing hooks and nails and ob-

solesque fixtures, building shelves for furniture, painting and waxing. “We lived in plaster dust and sawdust—and chaos—that year,” Barbara describes it. “The worst was when it all happened at once. We were helpless. We didn’t have the heart to put that much time and hard

work into another place. We don’t think we’ll ever again have that much time to give.” Bobby grins a little half-heartedly at the memory of Readick’s Folly. And then he adds—.

“All those people, and parties, and the exclamation-like spikes across her forehead, and she is no less characteristic of voice. Bobby has the same kind of quiet-pitched voice, of medium height and so inclined to slimness that he has to eat more than he wants to keep his weight. As he says, “I’m a dark crewcut is short and stands up straight over humorous blue eyes, but the set of his mouth is serious. Jodd looks mostly like his father, has gray eyes unlike either of them. He got his unusual name because his parents couldn’t agree on any of the established names for boys. ‘We finally decided on Jodd,’ says his mother. ‘We spelled it with two d’s,’ his father adds, ‘to give it finality, and to discourage mispronouncing.’”

Barbara is a petite brunette, with hazel-brown eyes that mispronouncing.”

One of his favorite activities is writing, and he has a regular column in a local newspaper. He also enjoys playing the piano and singing in church choirs.

Barbara, meanwhile, is active in volunteer work and has served on several boards. She is a dedicated member of the local PTA and volunteers at the local hospital.

In their spare time, they enjoy going on long walks and exploring the beautiful parks in the area. They also enjoy attending cultural events like concerts, theater productions, and art exhibitions.

Their close relationship and shared interests have brought them a lot of happiness and contentment. They remain deeply in love and committed to each other, enjoying their life together in this beautiful place.

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1. A reference to the song "Ol' Man River" from "Show Boat".
2. A reference to the novel "To Kill a Mockingbird" by Harper Lee.
3. A reference to the movie "Gone with the Wind".
5. A reference to the movie "The Sound of Music".
6. A reference to the novel "Slaughterhouse-Five" by Kurt Vonnegut.
7. A reference to the play "A Streetcar Named Desire" by Tennessee Williams.
9. A reference to the play "The Diary of Anne Frank".
10. A reference to the movie "Casablanca".
ed voy overtones. "He has a great flair for comedy, but he won't believe it."

After two years in the movies, Bobby went back into radio in New York, leaving it at times to do a part in a stage play, sometimes combining stage and radio. In 1949, he had a good part in a play starring Thomas Mitchell, called "The Biggest Tree in the Forest," which didn't steal audience hearts on Broadway and folded after a couple of dismal weeks. Later, he did a weekly radio show, Time For Love, as the feisty young man and Italian Dick through all the capitals of Europe.

For a time, he played a shifty kind of character in the CBS-TV daytime drama, Love Of Life. And he played the husband of a show-biz serial of that name. The late Elaine Carrington, who created Rosemary, also created Pepper Young's Family, in which he now plays David Wallace.

As Dave, he is an independent-thinking young man who until recently has been a little shy about asserting himself. Now he is determined to find happiness in marriage with Peggy and success in his work as an engineer. "Dave is a man who wants to give the best that is in him," Bobby says.

For Jodd, his parents surely want everything, but they hope they will never imitate his mother. Barbara and I want to draw from what he must wants to do, the talents he can use, the ideas he wants to live by. We will not give them what they want.

Barbara was an actress when she met Bobby, but her career was halted by marriage and motherhood before it got well started. She has done some stock and film, but she has a lot of work to do if she wants to resume her career. "I don't know if we'll ever be able to give the little girl the best that is in her," she says. "Any professional person could take care of the baby's physical needs right now, but it's my job to see that he starts life with a secure and healthy outlook."

Ultimately, the Reddicks see a future so filled with things to be accomplished that no child of theirs could fail to have a realistic and well-adjusted outlook on life. Bobby is hopeful to the time when addition to being a performer, he will direct and write. He says, "To direct or act in work of my own, there's something more than turns my imagination and drives me daily to the typewriter.

Sensitive in spirit, Bobby is sensitive in mind as well, and quick to understand what makes things tick. "Bobby stops to figure out the principles," says Barbara, "and then he can construct practically anything. When Jodd was an infant, he had colic and I had to rock him a great deal. Bobby thought it would be marvellous if they had invented a self-rocking carriage. Apparently no one had—so he rigged up a Rube Goldberg-like contraption that gently rocked the carriage back and forth."

Bobby still thinks such inventions are fun. He is still interested in minor repairs, alterations that can be started or finished in a few hours. But there are no more involvements with plaster and brick, putty and paint, on the Reddick agenda—at least, not in the immediate future. Unless they suddenly decide to buy that place they own and live in it for the rest of the century.

Then, if Bobby makes his usual miscalculation about the time any job will take and the effort that will have to be expended, it won't matter so much. After all, they will have all the years ahead in which to finish.

European Holiday

(Continued from page 49)

new to them, and no one thing is that much newer than everything.

"Not only did the boys work up enthusiasm, but they worked up a real, extremely self-restraint all through the trip," Jayne says. "We sometimes let them go to nearby places by themselves. This was good. They weren't too protected, they didn't have the chance to learn to take directions and to listen carefully. We took them everywhere with us, even at night, because they are old enough to be safe even if they should get loose. Everything just worked out wonderfully."

A high point of the whole trip was the meeting with Roberto Cenciroma, the fifteen-year-old Italian boy. Steve began sponsoring through the Foster Parents' Plan some time before he and Jayne were married in 1954, and with whom both have kept up a lively correspondence with the heilp of English-Italian translators. (Steve is also the sponsor of a young Korean boy, Thong, who writes long funny letters.)

Roberto was out on a little terrace when Steve and Jayne arrived at the institution where some of these children live who have lost a parent in World War II. His father was killed in the War. His mother is seriously ill and hospitalized. Jayne was glad she was wearing dark glasses that hid the quick tears when she first met Roberto—a shy, slender boy, dressed in his best outfit, leaning over the railing, waiting. No doubt wondering whether she and Thong, who wrote him, would like him and how she could communicate with them through the barrier of language. Whether they would like him and accept him.

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be a mechanic and he is learning all about cars." Brian would add, "That's what he wants to do when he grows up, and maybe he will come to the United States and become a mechanic just like me." Jayne's eyebrows went up in wonder. By this time, and long before, Steve had taken to writing out the restaurant orders so he could be understood by the maître d'hôtel's French, sharpened by a winter she had lived in Paris, was still only partially adequate when mingled with the un-familiar sounds of Italian. So, just this caution, they were happily talking—by words, looks and gestures.

The boys wanted to give Roberto everything—if it was possible, they needed to try new socks didn't fit, but they were Roberto's size. Brian saw Roberto trying to read his American comic books, noticed their Italian counterparts on the newspaper rack behind. But this had been a wonderfully happy experience, and the letters that now went back and forth continue it.

Another high point came early in the trip, on their first night out by automobile from Paris. They had dinner at an inn in the Loire River, and asked the manager what there was of interest to be seen in the neighborhood. It was late when they finally left, and the night was exciting to turn in for the night. The manager told them it was too bad they had probably missed the famous "little and scenic" strolling among chateaux, but they walked over, anywhere.

"I had always thought of a chateau as being merely a huge and stately sort of house," Steve said later. "I think we were all excited up high up the face of a cliff above the river, its lights shining through the trees as we approached. The boys were getting uncomfortable with the wonderful objects—some of the things at the inn were so lovely that Jayne had been warning them for the first time, and the last a huge, fabulous place. We crossed the moat to the foot of the tower and were told we could go for the show but could go up.

The house was in the middle of a garden, and there was a ramp that spiraled its way up to the top and, halfway up, I was tempted to go back, but it seemed as easy to go on. We went in, the boys opened the doors and light, and the darkness of the night. I could also hear music, so I told myself that somewhere up there was life and I would eventually catch up with it.

"We came out into a handsome formal garden. Its beauty, and unexperienced, almost took Steve's breath away and the boys were fascinated, too. There was statuary along the paths, and perhaps a dozen people of varying nationalities walking about and enjoying it, none of them could stop. The show had just ended and the music was ending, too.

They wanted to see as much of this beauty as they could, and Jayne motioned them on into a little chapel, a heavenly quiet—room, only softly sculptured frieze around the walls. On one wall was an inscription in Latin and Steve walked over to read it. He asked me to come and see, and when I took a look, it wasn't Latin myself; it was so excited. The name of Leonardo da Vinci was carved in the stone.

"I knew at once that this must be da Vinci's chapel, but it is the tomb of a king contrary to what we might think; Leonardo was not buried with his illustrious compatriots in the church we were then visiting, but his mortal remains lay in a mausoleum that was part of the chateau. I saw the faces of the scenes, and it was like a film. I felt the pages of any book, either.

They didn't miss the exciting Ambouise spectacle, for because for some unknown reason—perhaps because they were so interested in everything—an entire extra cast was put on for the benefit. The sound of an actress, impersonating the great lady who lived in the chateau, told them the story of the castle, each room had its own record, a beginning and a significant scene in its history, beautifully staged to the accompaniment of the music.

Steve's "disguise" for the European trip was a mustache that got a little bigger and better as they went along, until it achieved considerable magnificence. Unbelievably enough, after the American recognized him from television and stopped to ask, "When did you start growing a mustache, Steve?" and they began to appreciate the movie, "The Benny Goodman Story." In Rome, in particular, the fans followed him around.

The boys, at their father's insistence, kept a diary of what they saw and did. Steve felt it would encourage them to be more observant, and remain a valuable adjunct to their later studies. But it was put off, somehow, and they were hardly what he expected. Brian got three days of intensive sightseeing on one page, but one happening in Venice took up the entire page. It was an appreciation talk on which Brian had picked up on the beach, along with shells and other miscellaneous. It fascinated him that this was the same beach that was carved in the bushes. It fascinated him that this was the same beach where the wind was coming up, and the sea was dead and to put off—after—after letion on our hands.

"As far as Brian was concerned," Jayne comments, "this couldn't have taken place anywhere in the world but in Venice, so it was turned into a permanent place in his diary for that day and place.

They were writing about one day, when we went out with Sidney, and the boys heard of Stevonie and Brian discussing the location of some place they wanted to visit. Stevie said, "No, it wasn't near the ship, it was near the ship, it was near the ship, it was near the ship, it was near the ship." Brian was arguing that it was. Thinking that there was some famous building or monument or bridge that they should explore, more thoroughly, she asked what they were looking for. It was quite a shock to find that they had noted a penny arcade earlier which had been the subject of much discussion.

"Children can look at just so many bridges and buildings," she smiles, "so many statues and fountains, and the boys wanted to see more." There were two places in Rome that intrigued their interest—the Capuchin chapel with the room made of bones of long-dead monks encased in a glass coffin, but the boys squatted down to look at the long fingernails and beard and asked countless questions. They were thrilled with the room filled with bones, but not I. When I went to Arles Francis a postcard of the room she laughed herself sick about it. She and Steve had missed it out of our idea of a place to visit. Arles has a boy of her own, around Brian's age, so she understands.

They traveled to Italy—Rome for itself and Roberto—Florence Venice—they loved the whole trip, the little villages and the big cities and the countryside. In Venice, they had dinner in a restaurant—and everyone wanted to those otherwise quiet Americans were laughing hysterically at a Gabby Hayes and Andy Devine—"The Benny Goodman Story," I looked it up and the literal translation from the English— "Think the Benny Goodman Story." I looked it up and the literal translation from the English— "Think the Benny Goodman Story." I looked it up and the literal translation from the English— "Think the Benny Goodman Story." I looked it up and the literal translation from the English— "Think the Benny Goodman Story."
kind we don't have in New York
apartments, but, out there, every woman shows
off her kitchen because it's big and
comfortable and well-equipped.

Their reasons for moving West in the
fall of 1939 are two-fold, maybe three-
fold. Although he is a native New Yorker
who loves his home city, Steve has lived in
California, and three of his boys live
there. He wants to see them all the time,
not on infrequent visits. It's a matter of
family pride that Steve's former wife,
Dorothy, now very happily married, ap-
proves of the boys' closeness to him and
that a real friendship exists among all
concerned.

Steve's second reason for wanting to
move West is to gain expanded facilities
where everything will be more difficult to get in a city
like New York.

The third reason has to do with such
things as growing-space and year-round
sunshine for small Billy, who will be al-
most two by that time. They want him
free to run around outdoors, which in any
particular season of the year in a small
urban area, even if they stayed in New
York.

Jaye has had picture offers she turned
down because they would take her away
too long. She can take some of them after
the move. And when they are lonesome
for the East, as she fully expects to be at
times, Steve will be taking his show back
for some New York broadcasts, or she
will be doing some guest-starring on New
York shows.

And even being passage through
New York, on their way to Europe, some
vacation time a couple of years from now.
Although Steve has been heard to say
he'd like to escape his family problems in
vacation but no rest, Jayne knows only
too well that they would do it all over
again—and only hope they would have as
much fun as they did the first time.

From Challenger to Champion

(Continued from page 33)

my tongue."

Craig's answer is just a mite too innocent
and casual, when the listener recalls
that he has been in the Air Force and that,
in more than forty films, he has had at
least forty brushes with death, assault, battery, mayhem and sudden death
were featured prominently. Reminded of
such matters, Craig insists: "I lost every
character I've played to death. But the
writer made a mistake about those."

"You've fought Jeffrey Lynn, Lloyd
Nolan, Dana Andrews..."

"Lost every character to death," adds
Craig.

"And Errol Flynn, you fought—"

"And got knocked cold and couldn't talk
for days. They had to dub in all my dia-
logue later on."

"You starred in 'Spy Ship' and fought
practically everybody in it and won every
time."

"Well," Craig argues weakly, "that's how
the director wanted it and a fellow's got
to eat, you know. But I made up for it,"

he adds triumphantly, "I lost in my next
five pictures, And in 'Steel Against the
Clouds' I was shot twice and was really
cut-up—kayoped by Cupid for the
long count."

"All I'm asking," Craig laughs, "is that
they think of me as a sympathetic
heavy who winds up every brawl on
his back. That they think of me as a
man who loves good music, books, art, and
who'd rather have a good yarn than
be a character."

"And is that," the interviewer queries
again, "any kind of character you play
in your new television series, Peter
Gunn?"

The star grins sheepishly and throws up
his muscular arms in defeat. "All right,
you win," he confesses. "I've been
typecast and I let you tell me every
thing—I win my fights, too. But don't
get me wrong. As I see Peter Gunn, he's a
complex character—a lot of things,
and has a strong sense of justice.
He's more than just a hard-boiled gumshoe.
He's an adult with lots of dimensions to his
character."

"In short," laughs the interviewer,
"something like Craig Stevens?"

"Well," Craig is laughing, too. "Maybe
a little bit of both."

The real Craig Stevens is indeed a com-
plicated and intriguing personality. He
was born in Liberty, Missouri—in what is
popularly known as " Jesse James territory
but his parents, Gail and Marie Hughes
Shikles, moved to Kansas City when he
was a year old. His father was a principal
in a school system for more than thirty-six years. An only child, Craig
soon proved to be a natural athlete and
rode into college on a basketball scholar-
ship.

My idea then was to major in something
which would give me a chance to use my
hands. So I took up dentistry—and then
turned to boxing to drum up a little bus-
iness for myself. My only fights are with a
wink, a little joke my opponents used to kid me with."

Shortly after, he was invited to appear in a
class play. A talent scout spotted Craig—by
the way, he had no talent scout about
contract. At eighteen, Craig found himself
in Hollywood, waiting for his big break.

It did not come. Craig took a hard look
in the mirror and the competition he was up
against. It was tougher than fighting in the
ring, he decided. He bought a ticket back
to Kansas City. There he joined up with
a local stock company and, after gaining
some experience, made the move to some
stations in California and starred in a few
to return to California to study and act at
the Pasadena Playhouse.

Before long, Craig was a deep
in sound pictures— quite a change
from the movies and TV, including three films with
Alexis Smith, a fellow star at Warner
Bros. for more than nine years—until
both of them thought it was time to
The second stroke fills me with a frantinc urge to
see what the finished picture will look
like, and I race through it like a fiend.

Craig confides, Craig, on the other hand, is
a realist who will spend weeks on a pic-
ture, fighting ("Why do I keep using that
word") he groans, to capture some aspect
of nature in a line or arrangement of
two-dimensional planes and colors.

Alexis and Craig enjoy making the
routines of the art galleries and have begun
character in the social and political
circles, with effects of light and color. "The
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planes and colors.
Alexis walked around and around, making sad noises about the big empty space in our living room. Finally, she went out and began to shuffle on the ebony Steinway. We both played a bit.

Craig concentrates on golf to keep in shape, and they are both “great walkers. They enjoy walking on the streets of Europe two years ago, and repeated the performance last year, when they traveled down to South America for the film festival. Upriver, toward Val, the cream-colored English cottage boasted a swimming pool, Craig confesses he seldom gets a chance to use it these days, except on weekends.”

When they are both in town, the Stevensens entertain their friends at small dinners or intimate parties. Their circle is much broader than the usual Hollywood set, which is generally limited to people in show business. Among their friends are doctors, lawyers, writers, musicians, businessmen and housewives. It’s hard not to lose your perspective in Hollywood, and the way we keep ours is to have friends with all sorts of interests and occupations, Craig says thoughtfully.

At these get-togethers, Alexis will often do her own cooking. It’s a hobby which has been hindered by her acting chores. She admits to, when she and Craig were first married, all she could turn out was burned toast.

As Alexis began cooking up a storm, her husband’s tastes got more cosmopolitan, and a few years went by before any wiggling assortment of casseroleos. “I like cooking her, but it’s tough to get a repeat,” sighs Craig. “I’m a guy who gives a lot of thought to the food nature. I go out on a limb and really like it. But when I sit down to one of Alexis’ meals, I always tell myself, ‘Brace yourself, boy, something new on the table that I won’t be able to get by with is the same old. And it’s no use trying to flatter her into repeating a dish. She’ll only be pleased—and tell you, ‘That’s wonderful. Tomorrow, I’ve got such an interesting session lined up to conquer.’ So what’s a fellow to do but grin and bear it and keep a sharp watch on his waistline!”

Sharing their happy home are two house pets, a four-year-old Schnauzer, “Schnau,” and a Siamese cat, “Mow Cat,” who joined the inner circle four years ago. “Mow Cat” is strictly dog, but “Mow Cat” is decided to adopt. Alexis, the only one of telling visitors, met Alexis when she ("Mow Cat") played

"Pyewacket" with the blond star, touring in “Bell, Book and Candle.” Her memoir distinctly recalls, “My dear, I became simply mad with joy, and I almost nerve-racking to a serious artist, you know.”

Alexis’ story is less dramatic. “Mow Cat” got tired of traveling around and put herself in a vet’s rest to set up when the show ended. The producers didn’t know what to do with her, so I had her shipped out to Hollywood.

“Those pets play a big part in our lives,” Craig says, “and the only time they present a problem is when we’re on tour. They enjoy Mizzy very much, help to care for them. But last year, when we toured together in ‘Plain and Fancy,’ we turned the house over to a friend in exchange for their care.”

Though touring with a show is far from easy, both Alexis and Craig find it stimulating. “Plain and Fancy” was the first time they had worked together since their marriage, and they found it a rewarding venture. “We were afraid at first that we couldn’t be too objective,” Craig explains, “but we found this wasn’t true at all. We were able to work out the scenes at night and report to the theater the next day with all the problems worked out. I’d been worried, too, that playing the same part for months would bore me, but believe me, every time that orchestra started playing it was like opening night all over again. My ambition now is Broadway. To meet all the girls and boys I admire.”

Asked how he came to be picked to play such a daring, adventurous crime fighter as Peter Gunn, Craig answers, “The only way.” He also told how he started in show business. There you see, Alexis had worked at U-I for Blake Edwards, the writer-director, when he did “This Happy Feeling.” Now that you can see him, he says, is the new direction. He was the original creator of Richard Diamond, another private-eye series. One day, we got a call from him—How’s the time, soaking in some sunshine—and, at first, we thought he wanted Alexis for a new picture. But he wanted me. He had come up with a sensational new idea for a TV series. Did I ask the phone? Did I? Why, the fact that Edwards was behind it sold me on the spot.

“It’s a chance for financial security, a chance for you to put your foot in the water, and I want to know what more could I ask for?”

Too Young to Get Married?

(continued from page 30)

They strongly suggested that he and Shirley stop seeing each other for a while; give it a test and see if it really was the right thing. Like dutiful youngsters, they obeyed ... for a while ... a very short while. Somehow the young romantics bumping into each other “accidentally.” Pat with his mind function Shirley was to attend and—presto!—they were together again for that entire day or evening. The "trial separa-

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will be again. It should be a great time of freedom before taking on the responsibilities of life. A man who takes into marriage a wife for whom he feels he can not care, although he'd like to care, is a lot better off than a guy who rushes into marriage and, a couple of years later, starts feeling sore at what he missed out on.

These days, having recently been graduated from Columbia University in the top rank of his class, Pat is feeling more and more that he wants to do something else than what he's been doing for American advertisers. Most young men face a hitch in the Army sooner or later. And it usually comes at that time when they're most susceptible to the pressures of marriage. But when a man is faced with the prospect of being separated from the girl he loves for two years or so...well, the chances are he'll feel less pressure when a man is faced with the strength of the knot in the world, the marriage knot. But the question is: Is that always the best thing to do?

"I'd end up with a nothing shot," Pat says reflectively. "It may seem right at the time, emotionally. But you never know what's ahead. My sister Marjie married her high school sweetheart just out of the Army. They're very much in love and naturally they wanted children. Well, Marjie's pregnant now...but, unfortunately, her husband's stationed in New- foundland. That's going to weigh heavily for a prospective father." Pat speaks with the understanding tone of a four-time parent. "Of course, they'll give him a furlough, but America's Technical Training

•family

tones of each expression

Glimpse and

A girl....

•dead

Conpany;...each

Guys sometimes.

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