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A baby's loveliest gift is That Ivory Look—a look you, too, can have through the magic of Ivory's mildness. You see, the milder your soap, the prettier your complexion. That's why regular care with pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin so clear—fresh—endearingly lovely. It's such a pretty look—That Ivory Look—such an easy look for you to have.

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No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on Mum than on any other deodorant... it works when others fail
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BUY YOUR FEBRUARY ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE JANUARY 3

BUY YOUR FEBRUARY ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE JANUARY 3
They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

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

By far the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that ferment protein always present in the mouth. Research proves that, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—by millions.

No tooth paste or non-antiseptic mouthwash kills germs the way Listerine does

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes, mouthwashes and "breath fresheners" can't kill germs the way Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS an antiseptic—and that's why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle with Listerine full-strength to keep breath fresher, longer.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
Wife Jayne Meadows describes Steve Allen as a "helpless" male. But Big Steve is helpful, as well.

Script is by Rudyard Kipling as Garry Moore and the Gene Lowell chorus record three tales in time for Christmas.

By PETER ABBOTT

GUYS & GAL'S: I Love Lucy continues to pull big ratings but at a cost of nerves to match for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Already they are laying plans for a rest in Switzerland this summer. They ought to check first on Jack Benny's last trip abroad. A European "vacation" exhausted him so that he flew back to Palm Springs for a rest. . . . Great excitement at NBC. Marlon Brando billed for spec based on the life of John Wilkes Booth. . . . A reporter abroad reasons there is more love-making in Europe because there is so little TV. This recalls Ann Sothern's observation. Speaking of young newlyweds, she noted, "They've settled down and now watch TV constantly." . . . The Platters guest with Winchell on December 28. . . . Rosie Clooney out of golden West this month for a week of Christmas shopping in New York, plus a Sunday appearance with Ed Sullivan. . . . General Sarnoff predicts that in your lifetime you will see 3-D TV and wristwatch radios—but no one, absolutely no one, expects to live long enough to see Sullivan guest star on Winchell's show.

OUR RUGGED COWBOYS: Cheyenne's star, Clint Walker, lives on "health food" and, four times a year, goes on a three-week trip.
diet of raw meat, eggs, fruit and milk. A lion of a man, he stands six-six and weighs 235 pounds. At his North Hollywood home, he's planning and/or building a tree house for six-year-old daughter Valerie, an enormous aviary for he's a bird lover, and a gymnasium for guess who? ... And then there is John Bromfield of movie fame and of TV's Sheriff Of Cochise. John was a varsity footballer and inter-collegiate boxing champ. His favorite sport is fishing, but not in the sardine class. He spent three months off Alaska harpooning whales. He is married to Lari Thomas, golden Goldwyn girl, and she is more terrified of horses than whales. She dreads the day they may try to coax her aboard a horse with John: "Honestly, they picked a real rugged specimen for Sheriff in John, but with him get the world's worst cowgirl wife. Even merry-go-rounds scare me."

STOP & GO: Sonja Henie, right after her December 22 ice spec, skates off to Europe for rest and a visit with Norwegian husband, a shipping magnate. ... The Hal Marches are having absolutely no luck with Westchester house-hunting. "Even when we change agents we see the same house over again," Hal says, "and when they hear my name the prices get loftier." ... Liberace's bathroom is decorated as an indoor garden. ... From the "Beanstalk" spec came a great Columbia wax for Peggy King, "He Never Looks My Way," and on the flip-side, the poignant "Love Sick." ... Fabulous TV forecast for February: Early in month NBC first presents "Ruggles of Red Gap" with Michael Redgrave, David Wayne, Imogene Coca, Jane Powell and Peter Lawford, then follows up with the "Mayerling" spec starring Audrey Hepburn and husband Mel Ferrer. ... Over at CBS, also in February, the Perle Mesta story comes to life starring Shirley Booth. And last and maybe the greatest will be a 90-minute show of songs and dance with Judy Garland. Judy is electric, whether she is on stage, screen, TV—or record. In her new Capitol album, simply titled "Judy," she makes your heart dance, cry or just fill with sheer exuberance.

MORE OF MOORE: Garry stars in the season's most delightful production for kids. It's a collection of three Kipling stories on a Columbia LP. "I take no credit for it," Garry Moore says. "They called me and said they needed a narrator and would I do it." He recalls, "Dad used to read to us—the (Continued on page 64)
Tempest at the Turntable

IN THE WONDERLAND of turntables, baseball fans turn into Basie fans, night owls turn into early birds, and the world goes 'round at anywhere from 33 to 78 revolutions per minute. But, as Gene Stuart says, "If I had to work for a living, I think I'd die." . . . Gene is a deejay for New Haven's Station WAVZ, and the way he avoids "work" is to crawl out of bed at 4:30 each aym. This gets him to the station on time for the Gene Stuart Show, heard Monday through Saturday from 6 to 9 A.M. This is a fast-moving wake-up show with music, news and weather reports, gimmick records and, adds the twenty-seven-year-old deejay, "some of my ridiculous humor." Gene is also on hand Saturdays from 3 to 6 P.M. with Top 50 and then back Saturday evenings from 11 to 1 A.M. with Jazz Sounds Unlimited, a program named after the jazz club Gene has organized in New Haven. . . . A New Yorker, Gene planned to make baseball his career. Then, when he'd graduated from high school, says Gene, "I was kicked in the teeth with polo and it knocked my left arm out." If he couldn't be a player, Gene decided he'd be an announcer. He enrolled at Long Island University, pestered an English prof, who was also a veep at WABF-FM, into giving him a job. Thence to Tulsa and Albany, and then Manhattan's WABC show broadcast from midnight to 6 A.M. from Birdland, "the jazz corner of the world." When Birdland switched stations, Gene moved to a studio, re-named the show Club 770 and kept the night owls chirping. While at WABC, Gene worked with Bob Garity—"the greatest. He's now with WOR"—and was "taken in hand by a wonderful human being"—Allyn Edwards, now with ABC-TV. Eventually, the show went off, but not before Nick Kenny had named Gene "New DJ of the Year." . . . Next came the offer of a job from WAVZ. "I grabbed it before they could change their minds," Gene grins. "There is nothing so miserable in the world as a deejay who has thousands of records but no turntables and no microphone." Gene and his records share an apartment with Ron Rohmer, a former deejay in Canada and now a hockey player with the New Haven Blades. "He does the cooking," says Gene, "while I am the duster, bed-maker, etc." Hobbies? "As all bachelors do, I keep looking at girls all the time. I can spot a pretty girl in dense fog and a mile away," Gene also likes "watching hockey, bowling, eating and sleeping." He digs Count Basie the most, but in Connecticut, even people who don't like Basie, like Gene. New York's loss is New Haven's favorite.

Gene programs for the public, found his ratings doubled in seven months. As to personal taste—namely Count Basie, "the swingingest"—"I have a hi-fi at home for that."
Crazy Hauli

Could you please give me some information about comic Earl Hall, including whether or not he has his own show?

J. W., Gaffney, S. C.

Diminutive Earl Hall is as much at home in front of a TV camera today as he was in his native Appleton, Wisconsin. But the road that led him to television had none of the comforts of home. After four years of service as a Marine in the South Pacific, Earl promptly returned to that area to become a radio announcer and disc jockey in Honolulu, Hawaii. A year of playing straight man to a microphone, then Earl began giving vent to his funny bone in a swank Hawaiian night spot, Lau Yee Chi's, where his rubber-faced mugging and sensational pratfalls earned him the nickname of "crazy hauli" (a hauli being any non-Hawaiian) . . . Returning to the U.S., in 1948, he toured the club circuits in Chicago and Los Angeles, won rave reviews in Broadway's "Meet the People—1955," but decided to forgo the usual pattern of the comic in order to concentrate exclusively on his goal—TV. Since then, Earl has become a familiar face to viewers of Steve Allen's Tonight and The Garry Moore Show—having made six guest appearances on each within the last year and a half—and has also done guest shots on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, The Stork Club Show, The Arthur Murray Party, This Is Show Business, and the Dorsey brothers' Stage Show. . . Now, with both NBC and CBS eyeing him as a bright prospect for a show of his own, Earl continues working out new comedy ideas for his future guest spots and will be seen doing anything from off-key singing of Western ballads to pantomime . . .

Earl was married in September, 1951, to former actress Phyllis Harlin. They have an eighteen-month-old daughter, Laura Jeanne, and Sir Stork will be visiting them again any day now.

Calling All Fans

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

Perry's Handicapped Pals (The Perry Como Fan Club for Handicapped Persons), c/o Dotty Stanley, 12 Love Lane, Norwood, Pa.

Real Ames Fan Club, c/o Karen Ewing, 1425 Blanchard Ave., Findlay, Ohio.

Dick Jones Fan Club, c/o Joanne Collins, 3890 Bradley Road, Westlake, Ohio.

Mission Accomplished

Would you please give me some information about James Brown, who plays Lieutenant Rip Masters on The Adventures Of Rin-Tin-Tin?

P. M., Walla Walla, Wash.

James Brown, whom you see as Lieutenant Rip Masters on The Adventures Of Rin-Tin-Tin, over ABC-TV, is adding an exciting new facet to an already long and successful show business career. A former band vocalist, with a fine baritone voice, Jim recently started cutting records on the M-G-M label, and, as Rip Masters, gets to sing an occasional song on the show . . . A one-time Texas state tennis champion, handsome, brown-haired, blue-eyed Jim was spotted by Paramount scouts in a West Coast tennis match, appeared in such films as "Going My Way," "Objective Burma" and "Sands of Iwo Jima." Next up was the Rin-Tin-Tin show, with Jim as Rip Masters. (The character was originally named Jack Ryan, but wife Betty thinks the name was changed because Jim ripped four pairs of trousers getting on and off his horse in the beginning of the series.) Together with Beverly, 14, Carol Ann, 12, and Barbara, 10½, he and Betty live in a rustic-style three-bedroom home, in which Jim practices his woodworking hobby. He's still rated one of Hollywood's top tennis players.

(Continued on page 11)
There'll be many happy returns of entertainment and information, with America's first network celebrating its birthday.

When the National Broadcasting Company—America's first network—came into being on November 15, 1926, the habits of an entire nation were to be affected. A single microphone now could bring listeners across-the-country information, entertainment and public service—and bring it free of charge. NBC personalities became as familiar as members of the family, a new thought became a household word in an instant. Radio was a miracle. Then, in 1939, television left the realm of science fiction and produced its first regularly scheduled program. In 1946 came the coaxial cable and network television. The future? Sounds and sights in even higher fidelity.
Allen's Alley bordered on satire as Fred queried Sen. Claghorn (Kenny Delmar), Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious), Ajax Cassidy (Peter Donald), Titus Moody (Parker Fennelly).


Eddie Cantor, here with Jane Carr, was first to use a "live audience."

Sports had its innings. Here, Babe Ruth interviewed by Graham McNamee.

Milton Berle mugged on a brand-new medium and became Mr. Television.

TV screens got bigger, shows got spectacular, and NBC commissioned opera. "Amahl" to be repeated this Dec. 16.

TIP-OFF ON HY GARDNER

When it's Hy Gardner calling, questions—and answers—are frank. Marilyn checks items, lines up TV guests.

Her boss is a dynamo, but nice, says Marilyn. And how many secretaries can have Eddie Fisher sing for them?

Hy covers the bistros. Marilyn often comes along as he gets first-hand scoops from stars such as Peter Lorre.

Tip-Off: Hy Gardner, syndicated Herald Tribune columnist, now on WRCA-TV, earned two dollars for his first byline.
Check-Up: Right, says Hy, who saw a copy of the Rogers Peet company publication when his mother took him shopping for his first pair of long pants. He sold them a series of quips and cartoons, decided then and there he'd write a column for a New York paper. Later, in high school, Hy contributed items to a Broadway columnist. Salary: A monthly lunch.
Tip-Off: Success for Hy came by mail.
Check-Up: "Yes," admits the lean and fifty-ish New Yorker, "I'd run an ad agency and had a syndicated column, but no New York byline. The Tribune, which hadn't had a columnist in 108 years of publishing, turned me down. So, for a month I wrote a column, set it up in their style of type, and mailed it special delivery to every executive of the paper, with the notation: 'Excerpts from a column which should be running in the New York Herald Tribune.' They finally hired me to see how much circulation they could lose." Columnist Hy is now a "policy" man on the paper, too.
Tip-Off: Hy is doing an Ed Murrow on WRCA-TV.
Check-Up: "The difference between our show and Ed's Person to Person is that ours is a news show, not a personality show, and that Ed spends more on cigarettes than we do on our entire show!" Hy's talking about Hy Gardner Calling, seen Sundays at 11:15 P.M. Using a split screen, Hy telephones people in show business or in the news. The wires crackle with forthright questions and equally forthright answers. As Hy explains, "I know where all the bodies are buried. I know them and they know me." Guests on Hy Gardner Reporting, weekdays at 11:20 P.M., answer the frank queries face to face.
Tip-Off: As a boss-man, Hy is tough.
Check-Up: We checked this with Marilyn Boshnick, Hy's secretary for six years and the fetching brunette who answers the phone on the Sunday show. "Hy is a very busy man, a bit impatient," she told us. "And it takes time to get used to working for a dynamo." Marilyn is a would-be actress turned secretary. She admits Hy fired her after her first year, but, after six months and thirteen secretaries, invited her back. "You learn how to use your ingenuity working for people like Hy," she says. "And my hours are much better than Rose Bigman's, who didn't train boss Winchell right!"
Tip-Off: "Champagne Before Breakfast" sums up Hy.
Check-Up: "I made the title up for a book, while lolling in a hayloft."
I would like to know something about Robert Wright, who does the commercials on $64,000 Challenge.

M. G., Hartford, Conn.

Currently, Robert Wright, spokesman for Kent cigarettes on Challenge and other programs, is telling the story of how he and Dave Garroway finally met. Last year, Bob commuted from New York to the West Coast to do commercials in *Wide World*. He and Garroway spoke and saw each other via the monitor, but they never met face to face. When they finally did meet, Bob had grown a mustache for his appearance in the spectacular, "Rosalinda," with Cyril Ritchard—and Dave failed to recognize his colleague. The mustache is gone now and, Bob says, he misses it... Born in Columbia, Missouri, Bob comes from a musical family. His mother taught elocution. "Speech, I think they call it now," Bob says. When he was eighteen, Jane Froman's mother heard him singing and sent him to New York. He sang at the Coconut Grove and in the Campus Choir, one of the first of the humming choirs. He appeared on most of the top radio shows and then, when lean times came, Bob borrowed twenty-five dollars and worked his way to Europe, where he did some singing. Then back to the U.S., and radio work on stations in St. Louis and Tulsa, giving concerts, singing on tours. He was in the first TV performance of Menotti's "The Telephone," announced on *You Are There*, had a running part in *Road Of Life* and appeared on *Hallmark Hall Of Fame*. He was in "Make Mine Manhattan" with Sid Caesar, played a lead on Broadway and on the road in "Kiss Me Kate," recorded the "Miss Liberty" album with Al Goodman... He has three places to hang his hat. There's a Manhattan apartment for hectic days, a vacation place in the Adirondacks, and a house in Connecticut complete with wife Lyda (he calls her "Boots"), sons Pete, 16, and Tom, 13, and twins Billie and Kelly, 7.

Could you please give me some information about Amanda Blake?

P. M., Warsaw, Ill.

"My past, present and future are all the same," claims vivacious Amanda Blake. "I've never wanted to be anything but an actress." And the titian-tressed Amanda, who can currently be seen as Kitty on CBS-TV's *Gunsmoke*, has a pile of credits to prove it. Buffalo-born, Amanda moved to Claremont, California, while still in high school. After a year at Pomona College, Amanda headed straight for summer stock in New England. Next came extensive little-theater and radio work in Buffalo, eventually followed by an M-G-M contract and appearances in "Lili," "The Glass Slipper" and other films. Her TV debut was made on *Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars*, and you may have seen Amanda on any or all of the following: *General Electric Theater*, *Four Star Playhouse*, *Cavalcade Of America*, *Lux Video Theater*, *My Favorite Husband*, *Professional Father*, *The Red Skelton Show*, and *Climax*... Amanda displays special prowess in swimming and fencing. She has a charming disregard for conventional mealtime hours. Dinner she'll eat, but lunch goes by the boards—unless she has a special appointment—and for breakfast there is only coffee, followed by "gallons of it" during the day. Since 1954, Amanda has been the wife of TV director Don Whitman. The Whitmans live in an eight-room modern home in the Woodland Hills section of San Fernando Valley. A boxer dog and two Siamese cats have the run of the house. Quips Amanda: "We don't share the home with them. It's more a case of vice-versa."

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 columns—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Giant
WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR
Colossal in title and subject, this highly colored drama draws on top people of two fields. Rock Hudson, as ruler of a Texas cattle empire, Elizabeth Taylor, as his rebellious Maryland bride, are both Hollywood-trained. But important roles are competently handled with skill honed by TV experience. As a sulky cowhand who becomes a free-spending oil millionaire, the late James Dean does a vivid job. Newcomers Carroll Baker and Dennis Hopper are troublesome children of Rock and Liz. Then there are Sal Mineo, as a Mexican-American neighbor, and radio vet Mercedes McCambridge, as Rock’s sister.

The Ten Commandments
PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR
Pioneer in the march from television to movies, Charlton Heston has the greatest role of his career, playing Moses in the Biblical epic that is also the peak of C. B. DeMille’s long career. Scenes of overwhelming spectacle pit Heston against Yul Brynner’s Pharaoh. Anne Baxter as a lethal Egyptian princess, Yvonne DeCarlo as Moses’ humble wife, John Derek as the militant Joshua, Edward G. Robinson as a traitor—big names go on.

Around the World in 80 Days
TODD; TODD-AO, EASTMAN COLOR
You’ll have to see this huge, amusing extravaganza to believe it. Go with David Niven and Mexico’s Cantinflas on a globe-circling dash in 1872. See the world—and stars ranging from Sinatra to Noel Coward, Bea Lillie to Marlene Dietrich, Edward R. Murrow to Red Skelton!

Westward Ho the Wagons!
BUENA VISTA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR
Fresh and appealing, like most Disney-produced adventure tales, this yarn of Conestoga days teams Fess Parker with TV adversary Jeff York, as scouts leading a wagon train through Indian country. Trying to deal with hot-heads in his own group and in the local tribe, Fess still has time for romance with Kathleen Crowley. There’s cheery music.

Reprisal!
COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR
In Wild Bill Hickok guise, Guy Madison would never be so hesitant as he seems here.

Newly settled in a frontier town where Indians are persecuted, Guy refuses to take sides, disregarding pleas from gallant Felicia Farr and Indian maiden Kathryn Grant. His motive comes out: He is trying to escape prejudice by concealing his own half-Indian ancestry. But the final outburst of violence can’t be avoided.

Public Pigeon No. 1
RKO, TECHNICOLOR
Red Skelton fans will enjoy the antics of the carrot-topped clown in this farce about an innocent lad victimized by swindlers. First seen on Climax, the story pairs Red with Sid Caesar’s TV spouse, Janet Blair, and casts Vivian Blaine and Benny Baker among the villains of the piece.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Opposite Sex (M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor): Gay, lavish musical about restless rich women. June Allyson, Leslie Nielsen are a warring couple; Joan Collins is a man-eater; Jeff Richards, a singing cowboy.
**movies on TV**

**Showing this month**

For your convenience in selecting your favorite movies from those shown on the TV screen in December, we give you these capsule reviews. This will be a continuing feature in TV Radio Mirror.

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO (Warners): Drama of 19th century France, excellently acted by Bette Davis, governess named as motive for nobleman Charles Boyer's alleged murder of wife Barbara O'Neill.

BEDTIME STORY (Columbia): Gay marital comedy presents Loretta Young as an actress eager to retire. As her playwright husband, Fredric March tries to thwart her. With the late Bob Benchley.

CAUGHT (M-G-M): Fine performances put a pat story across. Working girl Barbara Bel Geddes marries rich Bob Ryan; finds he's a neurotic, falls in love with James Mason, unselfish physician.

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A (U.A.): Annual relive of the beloved Dickens classic. This is the British version, with wonderful Alastair Sim as Scrooge, miser taught to appreciate the Christmas spirit.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT (Warners): Sassy adult farce presents Barbara Stanwyck as a career woman who poses as wife and mother, so she can entertain war hero Dennis Morgan.


CORN IS GREEN, THE (Warners): Another strong Bette Davis portrayal. She is a spinster schoolteacher in Wales, advancing the career of student John Dall, though Joan Loring interferes.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS (Warners): Warmly appealing family drama. Father Claude Rains returns to wife Fay Bainter and grown children, Priscilla Lane teams with the late John Garfield.

DEVOTION (Warners): Turbulent story of the writing Bette sisters (Ida Lupino, Olivia de Havilland, Nancy Coleman), their problem brother (Arthur Kennedy), a rift-making suitor (Paul Henreid).


GIRL, A GUY AND A GOB, A (RKO): In an affable screwball comedy, Lucille Ball's the girl (with a wacky family). Edmond O'Brien's the stuffy guy. George Murphy's the dancing gob.


IN THIS OUR LIFE (Warners): Bette Davis plays a venomous Southern girl, with Olivia de Havilland as her civilized sister. Explosive drama springs from manslaughter Bette commits.

KISS OF DEATH (20th.): Tough, top-flight thriller, famous for Richard Widmark's debut role, a gigging gunman. As a convict, Vic Mature turns stool pigeon for the sake of wife Coleen Gray.

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

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (RKO): Any homebuilder will laugh (team in eyes) at Cary Grant's efforts to get his house finished, with wife Myrna Loy supervising.

ONCE UPON A TIME (Columbia): Here's Cary again, as a publicity man who finds a dining caterpillar. Little Ted Donaldson is likeable, as the creature's owner; Janet Blair plays his sister.

RAMROD (U.A.): Crisp, top-flight Western. Tough ranch-owner Veronica Lake hires Joel McCrea to defend her holdings. Don Doreau is Joel's pal; Preston (Waterfront) Foster is chief bad guy.

ROARING TWENTIES, THE (Warners): Lustry re-creation of a wild decade has Jimmy Cagney as a likeable bootlegger and Humphrey Bogart as a murderous racketeer. With Priscilla Lane.

SIGN OF THE RAM, THE (Columbia): The late Susan Peters—crippled in real life when she made the film—does an arresting job as a wheelchair-bound girl exerting evil influence on her family.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE (RKO): Splendidly photographed, well-acted thriller. Servant to Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire is a mute who solves the mystery involving Rhonda Fleming.

STAGE STRUCK (Warners): Mild musical teams Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, husband and wife when the picture was made. Dick is director of a stage show; Joan, temperamental star; Jeanne Madden, understudy.

THREE STRANGERS (Warners): Adult melodrama links unlikely trio in ownership of a sweepstakes ticket: Geraldine Fitzgerald, selfish wife; the late Sydney Greenstreet, embezzler; Peter Lorre.


UNUSPECTED, THE (Warners): Thoroughly mystifying murder mystery casts Claude Raines as a suave radio star, Joan Caulfield as a confused girl, Michael North as her supposed husband.

New! Clearasil Medication

**'STARVES' PIMPLES**

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

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOlates PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed on'.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 99c).

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)
Moovin' and Groovin'

George Lorenz may be
"nothing but a Hound Dog."
but to WKBW listeners
this deejay's "the most."

A MOURNFUL CANINE faces the moon and wails. This is the signal for a crazy cat named Hound Dog to flip some discs containing the coolest sounds on wax. Hound Dog keeps his thousands of fans rockin' with the beat of his "moovin' and groovin'" sounds, heard from 7:15 to 10:00 P.M., Monday through Saturday, over Buffalo's WKBW. Buffalo's bearded blockbuster—dubbed "The Granddaddy of Rock 'n' Roll" by Canadian fans—is in reality a genial guy named George Lorenz. . . . At age fifteen, George was selected as a radio actor by the Buffalo Broadcasting Company. Pursuing a career in sports and news announcing, George was set for a great job in 1946, when pneumonia struck. Upon recovery, he buried his disappointment in a tour of twenty-two Eastern and Midwestern states as a club and theater emcee. Returning to radio the following year, George joined the staff of Buffalo's WXRA. An early admirer of rhythm and blues and what he calls "rock billy," George started promoting it at WXRA, gave it an even bigger play, as Hound Dog, on a daily three-hour show for Niagara Falls' WJIL. Then, in June of 1955, The Hound Dog's Eighth Anniversary Celebration drew over 15,000 people to a park outside of Buffalo. After that, the glad news about George really got around, and WKBW signed him the following September. . . . George met his wife Rita on a blind date. They have four children: George E., 14; Linda Carol, 8; and twins Freddie and Frankie, 7. In 1952, Linda was felled by polio. So impressed was George by the unsolicited help given by the March of Dimes that he has since done extensive work on their behalf. A year ago, he conducted an all-night radio marathon that raised thousands of dollars for this cause. . . . The International Hound Dog Fan Club lists 27,000 members in the area served by powerful WKBW, which goes south to Georgia, east to Nova Scotia, north to Quebec and Ontario. There are almost 800 local chapters, with Buffalo, Toronto and Rochester the top three strongholds. Last May, 9200 packed Buffalo's huge Memorial Auditorium to see and hear Hound Dog, plus top recording stars. George accounts the tremendous several-minute ovation given him his greatest thrill. To listeners, he's just the most—to say the least!

Guests such as Tonight's Andy Williams comprehend George's lingo. It's original, but "English comes first."

Jive jargon is George's ad-lib specialty. Home, "the hound is around" wife Rita, twins Frankie and Freddie, Linda, George E.
Can I help you?

If you have a problem you can't discuss with somebody close to you, TV Radio Mirror offers the opportunity to "talk things over" with Joan Davis on these pages. Joan, who is Mary Jane Highy in private life, has long proved a wise and sympathetic friend to ABC Radio listeners in the daily course of When A Girl Marries, and she's often received letters asking for advice on personal problems. We hope that her suggested solutions to the problems printed here may be of help to many readers. Letters cannot be returned or answered personally by mail, but if you wish to write to Joan, your letter may be among those answered here each month. Address letters to Joan Davis, TV Radio Mirror, Box 1719, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

By JOAN DAVIS
of "When A Girl Marries"

Dear Joan Davis:

After many years of hard struggle, my husband and I now find ourselves in a position to do something we have planned to do ever since our marriage so long ago—take a trip to Europe. In fact, through saving constantly to make this dream come true, we have not allowed ourselves a real vacation in fifteen years. We are satisfied that we brought up our two daughters the very best we could. We have given them what extras we could afford, but nothing has been spent on ourselves. It was enough that we had this dream of travel to look forward to. Now, however, as we begin planning our trip, we realize our older daughter very bitterly resents our plans. She feels that, since we have this money put aside, we should devote it to sending her oldest boy, our oldest grandchild, to college, for which he will be ready next year. My daughter and her husband cannot afford to do this, and it is a hard problem for us because we love them all very dearly. Yet I do believe we should not sacrifice our dream, because we are old and it would not be a case of putting it off, but of giving up the whole idea. My husband inclines to think we should let the boy have the money but, although I feel selfish at times, I cannot agree.

Mrs. F. C.

Dear Mrs. F. C.:

Yes, I am sure there are many who would call your reluctance selfish. But, in spite of that, I am going to say that I believe your dream ought to be made a reality. The years of marriage and maturity behind you have surely taught you one of life's secrets—we cannot really shape the fate even of those we love best. Your daughter perhaps has made you feel that if you withhold financial help from your grandson, you may be responsible for damaging his future. But if this boy is college material, and if his desire to obtain a good education is sincere and well founded, there is no reason why he should not join the thousands of other young people who, each year, manage to find their way into our colleges by means of special programs, part-time jobs, scholarships, or perhaps even by delaying the start of their college careers for a couple of years in order to earn enough money to get themselves started. Also, I cannot see how your daughter imagines that a sum of money sufficient to see you and your husband through a brief tour of Europe would stretch very far over the figure four years of college, without scholarship aid, comes to nowadays. It appears to me that in a year or two your grandson would be on his own anyway. Of course it would be wonderful if you could wholeheartedly give him every possible help. But I cannot see the justice or good sense in forcing yourself to a really severe sacrifice which would only temporarily benefit him. You have already sacrificed and worked for your time of pleasure, and you have every right to enjoy it.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am a girl of foreign birth, and so long as I can remember I have hated the old-country ways of my family and have prayed for the day when I can break away and live my own way as a real American. But, as luck would have it, I have fallen very much in love with a young man with the very same background. I do love him, he is as fine and wonderful as one could dream, but I also listen to my mother's warnings that if I marry him I will never become a real American. Both of us received only part of our education here, and we both still have accents which embarrass me. Although my young man has many ambitions and ideas just like my own, he is very, very much attached to his family. My mother warns me we would always keep a closeness to them even though we lived in our own place and our own way. I do not want my children to have this foreign background! Would I be happier to give up this young man?

L. B.

Dear L. B.:

For the moment, L. B., forget your unborn children, forget your family, and forget your fiancé's family. Think only of what you mean when you say I have fallen very much in love. You remind me of a girl I knew, long ago, who started filling her hope chest with heavy, elaborate sterling silver and formal linen when she was only in high school, preparing for the day when she would have a large, expensive home and a husband to match. This girl would turn down even a movie date with any boy who didn't fit into her preconceived notion of what her life was going to be like. Eventually, she married a much older man, and for all I know is perfectly happy, but somehow I have my doubts. The point I'm trying to make, L. B., is that you don't fall in love with an idea, but a person. Forget your own fears about the background you dislike, and ask yourself first of all if this is really the man for you. It speaks well for him that he is attached to his family, but unless he is so abnormally attached to them that you know they will be running your home and your life, it seems to me you are unduly worried about their influence. If he is excessively attached to them, then once again it's not his background you ought to be worrying about but himself. But if it's just a normal affection, there's no reason for harm to come to your marriage through such feelings. You and he are going to set up your own home, build your own life, establish your own likes and habits and traditions. I suspect that your own aversion to what you call "old-country" ways makes you suspicious of every harmless, tolerant gesture of acceptance your fiancé makes toward his family. Try to cultivate a live-and-let-live philosophy, remembering that acceptance and tolerance are basic to the American way of life you want for the family you are about to found. If you relax a little, step back and look at yourself and the situation you'll see that there is much that is good, valuable and attractive in those "old-country" ways. And above all, don't make the fatal mistake of going into marriage grimly determined that your first job as a wife will be to drive a wedge between your husband and his family. If that's your attitude, then I emphatically advise you to postpone or even cancel your plans. It's not only unfair and unhealthy, but pretty indicative that if you're so concerned about your fiancé's family, you're not nearly concerned enough with him to call your feeling love.
This is where it all began...

By MAXINE ARNOLD

San Franciscans wait in gala mood on City Hall balcony for favorite son Hal March—who's arriving from the airport by helicopter (left) with Mayor George Christopher.

Present and past join hands for a truly "happy ending," as Hal introduces his lovely wife, Candy, to Frank Morton, his home-room teacher at George Washington High School.
Hal March and his wife Candy arrive at the San Francisco airport for a triumphant return to his home town.

Part one of a two-part story

Home again in San Francisco,

Hal March found the roots, the rich
warm earth from which grew his
success on The $64,000 Question

It was one of those moments you dream about, without ever quite believing. As he himself was to say, later on, when he had recaptured his voice and his thoughts, “You watch it happen to others, but when it happens to you—well, you just don’t believe it...”

Foggy of throat and touched beyond words, Hal March stood on the steps of the City Hall, holding the key to his home town. Overhead a red bunting banner, half-a-story high, welcomed him. Never before, Hal March knew, had there been a banner quite like this one over San Francisco’s City Hall.

Continued
Celebrating return to San Francisco, Hal March is flown by helicopter from San Francisco Airport to City Hall. In "whirlybird" with Hal, San Francisco's Mayor George Christopher and pilot.

After formal greetings, Hal was mobbed and cheerfully signed autographs (below). Then party drove off with Cyril Magnin, president of Joseph Magnin's store. In car, left to right, are Candy, Judy Weld (Miss San Francisco), Hal, Cyril Magnin.

On steps of City Hall, Mayor Christopher hands gold Key to the City to Hal March—home-town boy who made good. Says Hal, "You watch it happening to you, but you just don't believe it."

Words were his business. Words and answers. But now neither the words nor the answers would come. . .

Only a few blocks from where he now stood, a kid with restless dreams in his dark eyes once half-heartedly dished out sweet butter and kosher corned beef behind the counter of his dad's delicatessen store. Living for the day when he could break away—and into the exciting world of show business, where the happy music for living was made. . .

One rainy night—eighteen years ago now—with no job in sight Harold Mendelson had hitched a ride to Hollywood to try his luck in that world. Taking with him the warm-if-fearful wishes of his own family . . . and the words of the skeptical, like the big merchant on their street. "You an actor? What makes you think you can act?" he'd scoffed. "You'll wind up back on McAllister Street with the rest of us. Mark my words." Heading south that night, with the rain flooding down, Hal had asked the Big Fellow Upstairs to be on his side . . . and to go with him all the way. . .
it all began...

Hal’s high-school counselor and home-room teacher, Frank Morton, says, “Frankly, Hal didn’t require much counseling. He knew definitely what he wanted to do, and he just did it.”

Now he was back home in triumph, with all the trimmings.

Half an hour ago, together with his beautiful bride, Candy, he’d landed at San Francisco’s International Airport, into a battery of reporters and photographers and television and newsreel cameras. He was met by Mayor George Christopher, by the president of the Chamber of Commerce, by Frank Morton, his “home-room teacher” in high school, by Cyril Magnin, his host—and by a whole card-section of cheering teenagers holding signs reading, “Welcome Home, Hal,” and “San Francisco Welcomes Hal March.” He’d stepped into a red helicopter with the mayor, and landed in the plaza in front of the City Hall... and the crowd had really closed in...

Now he was holding a king-sized gold key to the city by the Golden Gate, and speakers were rising and warming to the occasion, one by one. Phrases were coming through to him. Phrases like “San Francisco’s own native son... distinguished star... achieved the peak of his profession... admired by millions...
Here's his alma mater—George Washington High School. He was student body prexy, graduated in 1937.

Hal at 18th and San Carlos Streets, trying to remember in which house he was born. Neighborhood has changed.

king of emcees.” Hal would never forget this moment.

In his turn, he hoped the right words would come. To Harold Mendelson, born in the Mission District of San Francisco, none of this seemed real. He was a spectator watching it all happen to somebody else... .

When had the dream begun to become reality? Where does a man’s success begin? When he signed the contract for Revlon’s fabulous show, The $64,000 Question... or before? The night of the junior high school play—his first time on stage—when he heard the happy music of laughter and applause for him, saw the happy faces out front, all watching him?

Did it begin the day his understanding mother wisely decided, “All right, you don’t (Continued on page 70)

Hal March is master of ceremonies for The $64,000 Question, as seen over CBS-TV, Tuesdays at 10 PM, EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.

At six, with beloved father Leon. Thirteen, a Junior High footballer. Hal and mom, Mrs. Ethel Mendelson.
Touring the neighborhood where he lived as a child, Hal and Candy were surrounded with shopkeepers and neighbors who wished them well. Here in front of what used to be his father's delicatessen, now a launderette.

Friend and counselor, Dave Apfelbaum, cut Hal's hair as a boy. He predicted, "You're going to be on top ..."

First show job was at President Theater, San Francisco. Hal revisited theater, joked with John "Higgy" Sambra.
Your favorite redhead gives some person-to-person answers to questions about himself, his work, and the things he believes in.
Let’s Talk with
ARTHUR GODFREY

GODFREY ANSWERS TEN QUESTIONS

1. What are your future plans for TV?
2. What do you expect to be doing 20 years from now?
3. What do you think of American women?
4. What goal in life should people have—success, happiness?
5. What principles have guided you to success?
6. Who is the most memorable woman or man or entertainer you have known?
7. What is the most difficult problem you have faced?
8. What makes you angry?
9. What advice would you give to a young person who wants to get into TV?
10. What kind of world do you hope for your children?

By MARTIN COHEN

To define a word is not always easy. To define a man is sometimes impossible. The popular image of Arthur Godfrey is that of a great entertainer, but he is more, much more. He is just as good a neighbor off the air as he is on. His hand is extended to all men. Those who are lucky enough to meet him learn this, and quickly. Take Leonard S. Mayer, a Wyoming cowboy, whose job it was to handle contestants at a rodeo.

Arthur spent a week in Cheyenne and the Wednesday-night Godfrey show was televised at the rodeo. During the show there was an incident not seen on TV. A drunk came flopping into the act, and it wasn’t an act. The drunk was shouting and heading for Arthur with threatening gestures. Arthur, in cowboy duds, was atop a horse. Around his neck was a Budleman’s mike. This mike acts as an independent transmitter and it was live, for Arthur was narrating. He saw the drunk coming toward him but couldn’t say (Continued on page 67)

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts is seen over CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., The Toni Company, and Paper-Mate Pens. The Arthur Godfrey Show is seen over CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, the Kellogg Company, Bristol-Myers (Ban, Bufferin, Vitalis, Ipana), Toni and Paper-Mate. (All times EST)
Shiny New Penny

By FRANCES KISH

When Rosemary Prinz was only seventeen and just out of Forest Hills High School, in Forest Hills, New York, she was playing the part of the King's mistress—the mature and sophisticated Aurore—in Diana Barrymore's touring company of "Joan of Lorraine." Now that Rosemary is reaching twenty-six (next January 4), a married woman for more than five years, she plays a fancy-free seventeen-year-old! For she is the delightfully irrepressible Penny Hughes, in the CBS-TV daytime drama, As the World Turns. A topsy-turvy situation, confusing to (Continued on page 75)

Rosemary Prinz is Penny Hughes in As The World Turns, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow, Oxydol, and Crisco.
Rosemary and husband Michael Thoma are proud of the new ranch-type house they've just bought. Rosemary's mother, Virginia, is decor "consultant."

Commuter by car, Rosemary drives 35 miles daily to New York to act on *As the World Turns*. Her new home is in foothills of Ramapo Mountains.

Homemaker Rosemary lights the stage for dinner. Modern home has many interesting decorative touches, such as glass table and patterned wall.

All-electrical kitchen has an in-the-wall oven, a boon to Rosemary, who is fast becoming an expert in zesty sauces, roasts and fancy cakes.
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Rosemary keeps the "new Penny" shiny-bright, with regular beauty care of her lovely skin and hair.

Commuter by car, Rosemary drives 35 miles daily to New York to act on As The World Turns. Her new home is in foothills of Ramapo Mountains.

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Backyard script session. Rosemary Print, who plays Penny Hughes on As The World Turns, and pet cocker.

Meet Rosemary Prinz, record-spinning, telephone-talking teenager who enchants you on As the World Turns.
It was about sixteen years ago, and the Jack Baileys were celebrating the first Christmas after their marriage. On Christmas morning, Jack, his wife Carol, and a newspaperman went to call on a poor family selected by a San Diego newspaper. They were bearing gifts—a large, delectable turkey, and a basketful of Christmas goodies. The basket had been provided by a Good Will club; the turkey by the newspaper. The Baileys would happily have contributed both turkey and basket, but the Baileys just couldn’t afford to.

All his life, Jack has been playing Santa Claus, whenever he could. But, that particular year, he was earning $15.50 a week, as junior announcer on station KGB in San Diego. That Christmas day, he was down to his last two dollars.

Afterwards, the newspaperman wished Jack and Carol a merry Christmas, and left to join his own family. And Jack said to Carol, with seeming lightness of heart, “Do

Queen For A Day is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 4 P.M.—and heard over Mutual, M-F, at 11:30 A.M.—both EST, under multiple sponsorship.
GIFTS of the HEART

Jack Bailey knows that

gifts from the heart are solid gold—
no matter what the price

Jack, on Queen For A Day, is a Santa Claus in mufti
for Mrs. Dorsie Redding, a widowed storekeeper from
Union Star, Missouri. Her dearest wish—to remodel Union
Star Christian Church to accommodate Sunday School.

you know, darling, we should have stolen a leg of that
turkey!” Carol grinned, her blue-gray eyes lighting up
with amusement. She knew perfectly well that their
Christmas fund that year just wouldn’t cover the cost
of turkey. Nor would it pay for a turkey dinner in the
kind of swanky restaurant to which Jack would have
liked to take her.

“Time for our Christmas dinner,” said Jack, as they
reached a cafe which served Christmas dinners at a
reasonable price for them.

Once seated at the counter inside, he stole a look in
his wallet, and verified the (Continued on page 60)
Happy the bride the sun shines on. The happy couple with Peter’s mother Marie and father Phillip. And then the cake.
For her, he would pluck the moon from the sky . . . tie up the world in ribbon, deck it with bells . . . for she is his beloved wife, Michael Learned Donat

Michael and Peter made many furnishings for their honeymoon home, here work on cabinet.

By MARIE HALLER

IT ALL STARTED with a crossword puzzle . . . our romance, that is. And though we never finished the puzzle, we did finish the romance," said Peter Donat. "What I mean is, the romance ended in marriage. Well, no, I don't really mean that either. Marriage doesn't end romance . . . rather, it's a continuation of romance. Forgive me if I seem somewhat confused. I know what I mean, but I'm not sure I'm getting the point across. You see, the whole thing is a little new to me."

Third member of the Donat menage is Archie, a feline tyrant adopted on Bermuda honeymoon.

Probably no truer words were ever spoken. At the time Peter Donat—Stephen Markley in CBS-TV's The Brighter Day—aired this philosophy about marriage, it was exactly one week and three days after his wedding. Also, he was speaking while holding the hand of his utterly entrancing young bride, Michael Learned Donat. And the way he held Michael's hand revealed considerably more than any number of well-chosen words.

The crossword-puzzle angle of their romance

Crossword-puzzle addicts Michael and Peter were first drawn to each other by shared hobby.

Hard work makes hearty appetites. Michael and Peter eat a mid-day snack at coffee table.
For her, he would pluck the moon from the sky . . . tie up the world in ribbon, deck it with bells . . . for she is his beloved wife, Michael Learned Donat.

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See Next Page

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took place in the summer of 1955 at the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Connecticut. Young actor Peter Donat from Nova Scotia was there to take part in a number of the plays. Young American actress Michael Learned was a student in the Academy which is run in connection with the festival. Michael's family live in near-by Darien.

"I spotted Michael soon after I arrived," Peter confessed, "but we were all so busy I couldn't do anything about her right away. Eventually we were both in the same production, though—'Julius Caesar'—and one night while waiting for our cues I introduced myself. During the small talk that followed, I found Michael liked to do crossword puzzles, and I latched onto this as the excuse for our first evening together. That puzzle was never finished. If I had had any idea what that puzzle was going to lead to, I would most certainly have kept it as a memento."

It was a wonderful summer for both, but much too soon came September and the parting of the ways. Michael returned to London, England, where she was studying dramatics. Peter headed for New York in search of TV assignments. Both were lonely. Though they had discussed marriage during their brief courtship, they had decided to wait. After all, they reasoned, this might just be a summer's romance . . . not the real thing at all. And, of course, though Peter had been in many TV shows over the course of a couple of years and had had a lot of road and touring company experience, he didn't at that moment have a steady job.

Then it happened. He was called to audition for the role of Stephen Markley, a young assistant minister to the Reverend Dennis in The Brightest Day. Immediately upon reading the script, he liked the role. It became doubly important to get this role. First, it would be professionally satisfying. Second, it would be the steady job that would make marriage to Michael possible.

"If I may digress here for a moment," said Peter, "I'd like to say that I couldn't have been luckier if I had hand-picked a group of people to work with. Personally as well as professionally, the cast of The Brightest Day are tops. They made me feel welcome right away . . . they all seem to work for the show, not for themselves.

"But to get back to our romance: I didn't see Michael again until April, when she surprised me by coming back from England earlier than she had planned. I'll never forget our first meeting after her return. What would she be like? Would she have changed? Would we find that in reality ours was a summer romance? However, it took just one visit with each other to know . . . to cast aside our fears and start building for the future."

In short order—the following June, to be exact—they became officially engaged. But not without Peter's being kept in suspense again.

"I had been spending the weekend with Michael and her family in their home in Darien, Connecticut. On Saturday I asked Mr. Learned's permission to marry his daughter. Somewhat to my surprise, he said he'd have to think about it and give me his answer the next day. As you can see, it turned out to be 'yes,' but in the meantime I put in a pretty miserable Saturday night. Michael tried to assure me that the only reason her father was hesitant was because he was not sure I could 'manage' her. However, I was sure Mr. Learned still remembered the time we got put in jail together.

"It happened in Stratford when the Learned's took Michael and me to spend the night in Darien. The Learned's had driven up in an MG, a car not exactly designed to hold four people. However, Michael and I perched on the baggage carrier. Such overcrowding of a car is frowned upon by the police department. In nothing flat we found ourselves 'in residence' in a local jail somewhere between Stratford and Darien. It took several hours before we could arrange for another car and sufficient funds for bail.

"So now you see why I was sure Mr. Learned was holding all this against me. After all, I was more than somewhat responsible for his having spent time in jail!

"However, the following day he put me out of my misery and gave his permission for me to take care of Michael for the rest of our lives."

Though Michael had first thought she would like either a Christmas or spring wedding, as time went on these dates seemed further and further away and the reasons for waiting less and less. So a completely new date was arrived at, and on September 8, 1956, Michael and Peter were married in a lovely home garden ceremony.

"Let me tell you about the minister," chimed in Michael. "He was the son of the minister who married Mother and Dad. And even though he didn't know me at all, and had been just a boy when he knew Mother and Dad, he went to great lengths to rearrange his schedule to come from Boston, Massachusetts, to officiate. All in all, it was a wonderful wedding . . . the
Rehearsal time for cast of The Brighter Day. Stephen Markley (played by Peter Donat) discusses plot with Rev. Dennis (Blair Davies). Donat plays young minister.

minister, the day, the groom—everything was wonderful. And to add to the excitement, a cable of best wishes was received from Peter's famous uncle, Robert Donat, the English actor. You know the way everything is supposed to go wrong just before a wedding? Well, in our case it didn't... no hitches, no complications.

"Which is more than you can say for our honeymoon," grinned Peter. "Michael has a great devotion to animals, all animals. Shortly after we arrived in Bermuda, Michael found a stray cat, probably one of the mangiest animals you've ever laid eyes on. Really three-quarters starved. Before I knew what was happening I found myself buying hamburger for Michael to sneak to 'Archie' in an unobtrusive spot behind the hotel. Then the next thing I found was Archie making himself at home in our room—somewhat to the dismay of the hotel management, who assured us that unless we intended to keep the cat we would have to get rid of it immediately. By this time getting rid of Archie was out of the question. We had become as attached to him as he had to us.

"Now all three of us are comfortably established in our four-and-a-half-room apartment in New York. Actually the apartment has been mine for the last three years. Now Michael and I are having great fun redecorating and furnishing to suit our immediate and future needs. I received expert training in the hammer-and-saw department with the first touring group I was with, while attending Acadia University in Nova Scotia. So most of the shelving and bookcases have been, or will be, made by me.

"On the whole, we're going about the business of home-making slowly, so that with any luck we'll avoid serious mistakes. After all, Michael and I have a lifetime ahead of us... a lot of crossword puzzles to be done, a lot of family to be raised, a lot of fun to be had together. In fact, a lifetime to devote to our romance."

The Brighter Day is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, and Crisco.
Commuting student Pat Boone drives from Leonia, N. J., to Columbia University in New York City—hustles home to be with his wife Shirley, daughters Cherry and Linda.

They Swoon for BOONE

Two years and six million records since Lady Luck tapped Pat Boone . . . and modest Pat still wonders, “Why me?”

By GLADYS HALL


“When you consider that hundreds of records are released every week in the year, it’s a miracle to me for anybody to have a hit record,” says Pat. “But to have your first record make the Top Ten, and your second become the No. 1 best seller—why, I asked myself in wonder and in humility, why me?”

In the short space of time between then and now, more than 6,000,000 successively successful Boone records have been sold. The dark, twenty-two-year-old young man who sings rock ’n’ roll in a belting baritone, and ballads in a soft voice with a whispery quality, has been named “Most Promising Male Vocalist” by both Billboard and Cash Box magazines. As a frequent guest (almost a regular nowadays) on Arthur Godfrey’s CBS-TV (Continued on page 78)

Pat Boone often guests on the Arthur Godfrey shows (see page 23)

Both Shirley and Pat are regular church-goers. Drive Sundays to New York church. Pat and his famous father-in-law, Red Foley, star of TV show Ozark Jubilee.

Youngest Boone is Deborah Ann, who arrived on earth last September 22.
Like everyone else at 20th Century-Fox, Richard Egan and Debra Paget—his co-stars in "Love Me Tender"—have found good reason to change first opinions of Presley. Director Robert Webb (below, left) smiles at Elvis, too.

Debra's mother, Mrs. Griffin, is impressed by his courtesy to her and his devotion to his own parents.

By EUNICE FIELD

The name on the door of the portable dressing room reads: "Elvis Borgnine." No, that's no mistake—that's just one part of what they mean, when they say that the rock 'n' roll boy has set his stamp on Hollywood and the old town will never be the same again. For it's not only the teenagers who are ga-ga over Presley; his fans and supporters are springing up in the most surprising quarters. Oscar-winning Ernest Borgnine is a fair sample. The pudgy star of "Marty" was resting between scenes of his new film, "Three Brave Men," while on another part of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, Elvis—who has already been declared a champion

Let the critics howl! Here, for the first time anywhere, is an honest and friendly appraisal of Elvis Presley, the 1956 hurricane of show business.

Continued
Smash hit on TV—Presley with two band members on The Ed Sullivan Show, his close friend, Nick Adams, and his manager, Col. Tom Parker (right).

Movie money in the bank now, too. And, always, the cheering fans! Below, Elvis fulfills special request for an on-the-back autograph—in lipstick.

in the fields of television and recording—was making his acting debut in “Love Me Tender.” A knock came on the door and Borgnine admitted a balding man, almost as thick-set as himself.

“I’m Colonel Tom Parker,” the man said, “Elvis Presley’s manager.” He handed the actor an album of records. “The kid heard you’ve been defending his singing, so he sent these over.” The Colonel lit a cigar, eyeing Borgnine shrewdly. “He was aching to come himself,” he added.

“Then why didn’t he?” demanded the genial Borgnine.

“But sir, he thinks you’re a great artist—and he’s too doggone shy. You know what he said? ‘I’d get cold feet as soon as I got to his door.’ That’s why he didn’t come.”

Borgnine chuckled. “We’ll have to do something about that. Tell him to stop by tomorrow, if he can.”

And so, when Elvis Presley, awed and respectful, approached that dressing room, he could hear his
Back in Tupelo, Miss., where Elvis was born, Mayor James L. Ballard presented him with a guitar-shaped "key to the city," as Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Elvis Presley proudly hovered near their famous son. It was still another kind of a dream come true, when Elvis got a chance to ride a horse in his new 20th Century-Fox film.

million-selling "Houn' Dog" blaring out a welcome—and painted on the door was a great artist's tribute to a bright new rising star: Elvis Borgnine!

But young Elvis Presley is rated highest of all by those who know him best. Aside from his circle of family and friends, this includes people who can usually be counted on to take an objective view—musicians with whom he has recorded, TV personalities on whose shows he has made guest appearances, his co-stars of "Love Me Tender," technicians, maintenance people, and even the office help who have had occasion to work for him. As an instance, there is his experience at Twentieth's Legal Department, headed by Frank Ferguson. Elvis arrived to sign his contract with two strikes against him, as far as the girls in that office were concerned. It seems the Colonel had asked that the entire contract be typed in capital letters, triple-spaced, instead of the simple double-spaced form they ordinarily used in typing contracts.

"It's not the extra work," one (Continued on page 62)
As Annie Oakley, she can outshoot any man . . . yet, at home, Gail Davis is as feminine as a frilly petticoat

By BUD GOODE

ANNE OAKLEY's Gail Davis has a new home. The pert, blond sharpshooter with the gray eyes set her sights on a home of her own five years ago, when she first came to Hollywood. The dream was a long time coming true, but realized it was. Gail now owns a six-room bungalow, comfortable and congenial as an old friend, with its substantial couch and overstuffed living-room chairs. The pink and white bedroom is dainty and feminine as a little girl. There is a TV-hi-fi phonograph area built for "touch-control" living. The kitchen, with its copper and brass, expresses Gail's love for Western touches—even the sweet potatoes on the tiled kitchen shelf grow in hand-wrought copper mugs.

The grounds around Gail's new home easily could be used as background for one of Flying A Productions' Annie Oakley episodes. The front half of the lot is separated from the back by a rustic dell with a small brook running through it. It is blanketed with ferns. A footbridge of wood, hand hewn, (Continued on page 68)

Gail Davis stars in Annie Oakley, produced by Gene Autry's Flying A Pictures. It is seen over WABC-TV (New York), on Fridays, at 6 P.M. EST. See local newspapers for time and station in your area.

Modern: Gail's hi-fi and TV, her calf-bound set of Annie Oakley scripts. Strictly Western: Horse-stall hinges on the tall cabinet, the bronze head of boss-man Gene Autry, whose Flying A Pictures produces the popular series.

On tour, Gail wears tailored costumes—but she packs 'em with loving, womanly skill. At home, she packs 'em with loving, womanly skill. At home, she prefers housecoats, particularly when breakfasting with Mother and sister Shirley in the new kitchen.

Shirley visits Gail every summer—Gail makes frequent flying trips to the family home in Little Rock, Ark.
CHRISTMAS with STARS

'Twas a night of tree and tinsel, ribbons and wrappings, and stars bearing gifts to Margaret E. Sangster, who had gifted them with words throughout the years. Seated on the floor are Abby Lewis, Rosa Rio, Margaret, Elaine Rost. Background: Carl Frank (seated), Bill Post, Jr., Hope Winslow, Mary K. Wells, John Seymour, Leon Janney, Johnny Winters, Lorna Lynn, Patsy O'Shea (seated).
Author Margaret Sangster opens her home—and her heart—to her friends from My True Story and Whispering Streets

No need to add RSVP. Margaret Sangster was inviting her friends to share her first Christmas in the large, gracious Colonial home in Englewood, New Jersey. She knew they would all come...the actors, directors, everyone. They were friends of long standing. For fourteen years, Margaret has been adapting the experiences of real people for radio scripts on My True Story. For five years, she has created—out of the insight that comes only from a full life and a curious mind—the original stories narrated by Hope Win-elow on Whispering Streets. The finest actors from radio and television, Hollywood and Broadway, had brought her stories, a different one each day, to life on ABC Radio. Actors and audience have always sensed the wit and wisdom, the love of people and of life that go into each script. In a way, this was a rehearsal for the family Christmas each guest would enjoy later in the holiday season. And the people who create these radio dramas have a family warmth for each other—and especially for Margaret, who wrote the happiest words of all: “Merry Christmas...welcome.”

My True Story is heard over ABC Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M. Whispering Streets is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, at 10:45 A.M. Both EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Planning a party is half the fun. Patty Pinch, who’s worked with Margaret since 1941, and good friend Marjorie Ryan help with invitations.

Margaret decorates the first tree in her new home. She placed it before the fireplace, leaving Santa to manage as best he could.
Welcome! Margaret greets Elaine Rost, Patsy O'Shea and Hope Winslow on one hand, and, on the other, Abby Lewis and her actor-husband John Seymour. Later, Patsy, Lorna Lynn and Abby met "Major" and "Princess Rose," exclaimed over special "powder room" for Margaret's cats.

Hostess Margaret introduces her two good friends, Leon Janney, who doubles in radio and on Broadway, and Carl Frank, who was the original Young Dr. Malone. Below, Hope Winslow, narrator of Whispering Streets, admires the fountain—it works!—in Margaret's office.
Christmas means carols, and Rosa Rio and Johnny Winters, organists for My True Story and Whispering Streets, were on hand to provide the music. Gathered 'round the piano: Bill Post, Jr. (seated), My True Story director Martin Andrews, Jim Boles, script editor John Ward Mitchell, Henry Barnard, Patsy O'Shea, Margaret, Elaine Rost, John Milton Williams, Abby Lewis, John Seymour, Hope Winslow, Carl Frank, Lorna Lynn, and Mary K. Wells.

Margaret's guests are active, versatile. Jim Boles has a new movie role, Henry Barnard is on Broadway. Mary K. Wells is on TV's Love Of Life, Lorna Lynn's on Monitor. Director Martin Andrews, Carl Frank, Hope Winslow and Bill Post, Jr. have often followed Margaret's scripts. Today, the words were their own—“Thanks...and bless you.”
Nutley, New Jersey, knows Judy Johnson as Mrs. Mort Lindsey, the girl they meet in supermarket with Bonnie and baby Steven.

A SONG FOR ROBERT Q

Judy Johnson finds it's quite a job to juggle singing for Lewis with being a housewife, too

By GREGORY MERWIN

Just as for many other young housewives, at 6:30 A.M. there is a baby to change and feed, breakfast to be made, another child to get off to school, a trip to the supermarket, the laundry, another meal, clothes to pick up at the cleaner's, maybe a pie to bake, a spot to scrub out of the carpet, another meal—until 5:30.

At 5:30 P.M., Mrs. Mort Lindsey, girl housewife, drives to the CBS studio in Manhattan to become Judy Johnson, girl singer.

Judy sings on The Robert Q. Lewis Show. She's a five-foot-three beauty, with golden-red hair and brown eyes designed to throw a long beam. (Continued on page 76)

Judy Johnson sings on The Robert Q. Lewis Show, as heard over CBS Radio, both on weekday evenings, Monday through Friday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, and on Saturday mornings, from 11:05 to 12 noon EST, under multiple sponsorship.
Mort and Judy Lindsey love their suburban life near New York. They live in a 75-year-old house, described by Judy as "early cracker-box," with lovely pillared porch.

Family sing is just as much fun as belting out a number for the Robert Q. Lewis radio audience. Judy has been a professional singer since she was in her teen years.

Playtime and bedtime for youngest Lindsey. Young Steven was born last May, started teething early.

All the Lindseys love to eat. That goes for Steven, and also for four-fooths and the squirrels in the attic.

Ballerina Bonnie looks like a storybook Alice in Wonderland, loves to have mother Judy help her dress up.
Richard Coogan's wife and son know his Love Of Life very well . . . and so do his fans from Hoboken to Hawaii

By MARY TEMPLE

While Richard Coogan was making the 20th Century-Fox movie, "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," a while back, he had to take a brief leave from being Paul Raven in the CBS-TV daytime drama, Love Of Life. There was small chance, however, of forgetting his television show for long. Barely had he set foot on the soil of Honolulu, for the movie location shots, when the man from Twentieth, who had come to meet him, hustled him to the local television studio, remarking casually, "You're on the air this noon." Dick stared at him. "What do you mean, I'm on the air?" The man chuckled. "You are being interviewed about your life on television, pal," he said. "Not about 'Mamie (Continued on page 73)
Always a favorite with TV viewers of all ages, Dick and Gay are frequently stopped on the street to give autographs. Here with fans and cocker, "Shadow."

"Shadow" gets a grooming, modern-style, as Dick does the job and Gay and Rick look on. Coogans are fond of pets, have parakeets, canary, and poodle, "Misty."

Young Rick Coogan takes to sports like Presley to rock 'n' roll. He skis well, swings a wicked bat, rides, and is developing into a talented golfer.

Self-taught artist Dick was offered $35 for his second painting, a landscape. Decided it should be kept in the family to represent "Early Coogan" style.

Love Of Life is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., and Chef BoyArDee.
CERTAIN FRIENDS and admirers of Ralph Edwards have long felt that their hero’s greatest accomplishment is the fact that he sleeps well. Others maintain that Edwards simply *pretends* to sleep well and is actually the victim of hideous nightmares. In these nightmares, Edwards is acting as master of ceremonies on *This Is Your Life*, as usual. But, instead of a willing subject, the central figure suddenly rebels and swings at Edwards. The dream figure doesn't want to have his life portrayed. To the cynics who charge Edwards

Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* is seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.
It hasn’t happened—but what if a This Is Your Life subject took a swing at Ralph?

Casey Stengel, manager of world champion New York Yankees, met the glad tidings that this was his life with marked disgruntlement, finally warmed up to the project. Above: Ralph Edwards, Del Webb (co-owner of Yankees), Ol’ Case and handsome wife Edna Stengel.

By JOHN MAYNARD

with suffering tortures of apprehension in nightmares, he has a short answer: "Fiddlefaddle!"

Ralph Edwards, whose show currently seems to be set to run approximately forever, enjoys a fine state of mental and nervous health. This is based on one abiding faith—the essential stability of the American reflex. He’s convinced nobody will swing at him. On second thought, make that two abiding faiths, the other being supreme confidence in his research staff and methods.

Edwards says, “If our (Continued on page 66)

EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Prell and Crest.

On This Is Your Life program, Edwards confronted Dore Schary with Margaret O’Brien, Anne Francis and Robert Ryan, all stars whose careers he helped.
I. A happy day indeed for Helen Emerson, the day on which her son Mickey gave Roberta Wilcox the diamond which officially confirmed their engagement. Sister Kim isn't old enough for romance, but—like most teenagers—she's in love with love and thinks a wedding in the family is "the most." Governor Lawrence Walker joins in the family rejoicing, with regret that he and Helen cannot marry, too.
**VALIANT LADY**

**To Helen Emerson, this holiday season ends a year marked by much happiness and marred by many threats to the smooth, serene way of life she has always believed in.**

As a mother, she regards with joy the successful outcome of son Mickey's growing adoration of Roberta Wilcox. The two youngsters, friends for so long, seemed only a few weeks ago to be on the verge of splitting up. The bickering, the angry words, came about very unexpectedly—almost as though both Mickey and Roberta were unaware that their feelings for each other had passed from adolescent puppy love to a mature relationship. As with many lovers' quarrels, it all started with another woman.

Ginger Lambert was her name, and she lived up to it. A beautiful, animated girl, Ginger worked for Fay Gillen in Fay's beauty salon. Ginger had met Mickey casually some time before, but he had no idea that she considered him infinitely attractive. Mickey, on his side, had eyes only for Roberta—until the trouble started.

Tom Davis, Mickey's friend, decided to move into a room rented from the Harper sisters—right in Roberta's and Mickey's neighborhood. On the day when he was loading all his books and belongings for the trip to the Harpers', he ran into Roberta, who offered to use her car as a convenient moving van. Afterwards, it was the most natural thing in the world for Roberta and Tom to go to the local soda shop together. But Mickey found out, and, in a childish outburst of temper, stamped his way home.

As though an intuitive message had been flashed, it was this precise moment that Ginger Lambert chose to telephone Mickey and invite him to go with her to Fun Land—a near-by amusement park. And an evening of fun they had, harmless enough, but leaving Mickey with an uneasy feeling of guilt—well larded with the feeling that in Ginger's eyes he is quite a man!

From this small fire, a big fire grew. Roberta and Mickey tried to talk it out. And they could probably have settled the problem with a kiss, except for the larger frustration they both shared. Roberta's father had bidden her not to marry until she was older—and certainly not until he returned from the case he was working on in England.

As Helen Emerson puts it now, "I was certainly fearful for a while that the youngsters were going to break off. But I guess, if you wait long enough, everything works out for the best. Because Mr. Wilcox did come home, and he did consent to an engagement. And the wonderful thing about it is that Tom and Ginger are now good friends. The two boys and the two girls couldn't be closer—all four of them are behaving like human beings again. I certainly wish my own life were as simple and wonderful as theirs."

What Helen means, of course, is the continuing threat to herself and to Governor Lawrence Walker. And this situation is no simple complication of young

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2. Only a short time ago Roberta and Mickey's romance seemed doomed. Each of them was prey to unjustified jealousy—Mickey of Tom Davis, his friend, and Roberta of Ginger Lambert. But now they are friends, shop for honeymoon luggage for Roberta.

See Next Page
love. For here is a high-level public figure, being made the butt of devilish plotting. The men working against the Governor are bent on one thing—to discredit him, if possible to run him out of office and to set themselves up with a “wide open” state government which they can manipulate to their own deviant ends. But, even to a group of clever and unscrupulous men, the ruining of a good man’s reputation presents problems.

Apparent ring leader in the anti-Walker group is Jackson Winters, local newspaper and columnist. At every opportunity, his gossip column carries items about Helen Emerson—identifying her as “The Woman in Black.” This persistent chivvying in the press has led Helen and Lawrence to the utmost caution when they see each other, a furtiveness about their growing affection that’s abhorrent to both.

But for some time they do not realize that behind Winters is his boss, Sam Perkins, and that Perkins, in turn, is cooperating with a powerful undercover group of crooked operators. These are powerful men and, to do much of their hatchet work, they import into town Jim Hunter, once politically ambitious himself, and known to have little regard for honesty. In addition to these qualifications as a trouble-maker, Jim Hunter was once engaged to Marion Walker, Lawrence’s sister.

Jim’s return involves Marion Walker at once. She rebuffs Jim, angrily rejects his suggestion that she intercede with the Governor to get him a cushy state job. But his presence in town is emotionally upsetting to her—the man she gave up, who might have offered her only chance for marriage.

Jim Hunter, lacking Marion’s support, is in a tough position. The crooked gang who are after Lawrence have been instrumental in getting him out of a tight financial spot in an ill-fated overseas oil venture he’d been involved in. He, himself, has no money. He is forced into cooperation with the

3. The Governor drops in to see Kim Emerson, convalescing from the concussion she suffered when the Governor’s car collided with a car driven by Jim Hunter. Accident was plot by enemies of Governor.

5. Plotting against the Governor goes on in a typical smoke-filled room. Left to right: Jim Hunter, tool of the politicos; Sam Perkins, powerful publisher; Jackson Winters, political columnist; Martin Cook, promoter.

4. Marion Walker, the Governor’s sister, is shocked and horrified to learn from Jackson Winters, political columnist, that he is preparing to wage a campaign through his paper to undermine Lawrence’s personal reputation.
The love of Helen Emerson and Governor Walker is to grow stronger and stronger, as they realize that they are the innocent victims of the unscrupulous men who are determined to break Walker and gain state control.

gang. And the methods they adopt are strictly illegal. Helen Emerson's telephone is tapped. Her every word is recorded. The gang even plots to bring about a motor accident which will involve Helen and Lawrence and discredit them. This fiendish idea goes awry—because Helen is deterred from making the motor trip—but tragically involves Helen's young daughter, Kim, who is being driven home from a camping trip by Lawrence. The resultant concussion of the brain has put Kim in the hospital and subjected Helen to a period of vast concern. And with each passing day the fearful pressure on Helen and Lawrence increases. Though they are drawn together by their shared problem, it seems to both of them that their lives are ever more threatened. Will their battle against the evil forces at work bring victory or defeat to Valiant Lady?

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Helen Emerson .......................... Flora Campbell
Governor Lawrence Walker ............ John Graham
Mickey Emerson ........................ James Kirkwood, Jr.
Roberta Wilcox .......................... Betty Oakes
Kim Emerson ........................... Bonnie Sawyer
Tom Davis ............................... Yale Wexler
Marion Walker ........................... Joan Tompkins
Jackson Winters ........................ Barry Kroeger
Sam Perkins ............................. Bert Freed
Martin Cook ............................. Victor Thorley
Jim Hunter .............................. Robert Carroll
Ginger Lambert .......................... Freda Larsen

Valiant Lady, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, is sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, Tenderleaf Tea.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Riley found a magic carpet to Lisbon on the Garry Moore show

"How would you like to take a trip to Portugal—all expenses paid?" That's what Garry Moore said to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Riley of Woonsocket, R. I., who were quietly watching his show one day. All their lives they'd dreamed of going abroad. But what about young Joanne, 7, and Kevin, 6? They managed to get adequate care for the children. And then they whisked across the Atlantic and had themselves a dream vacation.
First stop the Passport Office, then on to the Portuguese Consul.

The day the trip began. The Rileys leave home in Woonsocket, R. I.

Arriving via Pan-American Airways, Rileys were given official welcome.

The thrill of a dramatic bullfight. Here the "Cortezias" or entrance of bullfighters into the arena near Lisbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley talk with fish vendor at village of Nazare, a quaint seaside town 70 miles north of Lisbon.

Mrs. Riley in the Children's Garden at Coimbra. Garden contains small replicas of many famous Iberian churches.

Mr. Riley talks with hooded monk and children in the streets of Nazare. Picture was taken by Mrs. Riley.

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, Mon. thru Th., 10 to 10:30 A.M. EST, Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.
But Patti Page has discovered that
in order to keep her figure, keep her youth,
keep up her career... she must
keep up her diet! Here's how she does it

A girl can have beauty and bounce at any age, says Patti Page. But there's only one way to stop the clock and avoid dangerous curves—and that's by unswerving, unexceptional good nutrition.

When Miss Page stopped over in Hollywood recently to test for the much-vaunted and wanted role of Helen Morgan, someone who shall be nameless said, "Sweetheart, you look simply svelte! Doesn't anything ever tempt you to drop your diet?"

"Mmm, yes!" sighed Patti in her most mellifluous tones, "Chocolate cake... but I never touch it!"

According to this glamorous singer, who is now a trim size 8, with a 23-inch waistline, it is a far, far better thing to maintain the sylphlike look by firmly-fixed good-food habits than to re-attain it repeatedly by means of violent starvation diets. The radical, off-again-on-again approach to the weight problem is an extravagance, she says, which an actress simply can't afford—and neither can any woman. It takes too great a toll in crow's-feet, cross words and unreasonable, unseasonable exhaustion.

"It took me more than a year to lose twenty pounds," Patti Page explains, "but while I was gradually losing weight, I was gradually gaining some sensible eating habits which are now just about automatic... I hope! Actually, I never even think about my diet any more—at least not consciously—but I go right on following the food patterns my doctor established for me, because I've honestly learned to prefer his 'wholesome' things, and I never felt more energetic in my life."

Patti's low-calorie, high-energy diet emphasizes plenty of protein in the form of lean meat, cheese, eggs and skim milk—plus reasonable amounts of fruit and vegetables. For breakfast she has a cup of coffee with milk and saccharine, a glass of citrus-fruit juice and a single slice of protein toast—sometimes with a poached egg.

Lunch is usually a huge chef's salad with strips of lean meat, cheese, hard-cooked eggs and a well-seasoned dressing made with a tablespoon of wine vinegar and a tablespoon of—yes—salad oil! Patti has found that a little fat in the diet makes it far easier to sustain, keeps her complexion looking smooth and supple... and doesn't cost too much in calories.

At dinner or suppertime, Patti again has a thoroughly satisfying meal of lean meat (steak, chops, broiled liver or chicken or fish), a large serving of some vegetable such as spinach or broccoli, and skim milk or tea. No bread and butter; no dessert except for plain, unsugared fruit. And if visions of chocolate cake dance before her eyes, she simply turns her head and takes another sip of tea.

For sudden between-meals twinges, Patti has devised a number of effectual solutions. If a cup of clear tea or bouillon doesn't seem to suffice, she nibbles on a handful of cold, crisp carrot-sticks or some other raw vegetable. Celery stalks stuffed with cottage cheese and chives, she says, "cost practically nothing in calories, and are perfectly delicious!"

Delicious, too, is the way la Page is looking nowadays... with her smooth, clear skin, her bouncy stride and her slim, trim figure! So why not take a page from Patti's book, and learn—but slowly, so you don't forget—to walk the straight and narrow path of good nutrition which will give you, for always, a straight and narrow silhouette!
Speaking of Sheldon

It's more fun by the half-dozen, be it Herb Sheldon and family or the total of his shows on WABD and WRCA-TV

Brooklyn is the butt of humor and the birthplace of humorists. Witness Buddy Hackett, Danny Kaye, Phil Silvers . . . and be sure to witness Herb Sheldon, a casual wit who is not at sixes and sevens but simply at sixes—career-wise and family-wise. You can see Herb just about any time you want to—on any of a half-dozen shows on two New York channels. He is the minority human member of Speaking Of Animals, a daily quarter-hour at 7:15 P.M. on WABD, whereon animals speak and act like such humans as parents, athletes, vaudevillians and even television audiences. On Ricky Ticky Playhouse, seen 10 P.M. on WABD, Herb brings the past into the present tense with the help of Robert Benchley shorts, vintage film clips, "live" barbershop quartets, and a player piano on which he plays rock 'n' roll tunes as they were originally written and played thirty years ago. Song mimicry, cartoons, puppets and clowning are Herb's stock-in-trade on Wonderama, seen Sunday at 10 A.M. on WABD. And teenagers flock to the WABD studio each weekday afternoon at 5 for dancing and other musical merriment on Herb Sheldon's Studio Party. On WRCA-TV, Herb plays host on First Theater, weekdays from 8:55 to 10 A.M., and entertains the young 'uns on Saturday With Sheldon at 8 A.M. . . . His adult shows are ad-libbed, his children's shows offer sincerity instead of "the itchy-kitchy, boysie-girlsie approach." It works with other people's children and also with Herb's own youngsters: Lynda Penny, 16½; Amy-Jane, 11½; Randy, 10; and Guy Ricky, 3. And it's a help to Rosa, or "Toots," as Herb calls her, to have a husband on TV. "She doesn't have to say, "Wait till your father gets home,"" Herb grins. "She just points to the TV set and says, 'Now listen to what your father is saying.'" Still, the Sheldons take precedence over the shows, and Herb didn't sign on the dotted line until he'd been guaranteed that Sunday dinner, at least, would see all the family 'round the groaning board. . . . Herb, who was side-tracked temporarily in his father's wholesale yarn business, always knew that it was show business for him, for better or worse. Not that Herb has ever "gone show business." The Sheldons live in Roslyn Estates on Long Island and recently went auto shopping. Herb was offered a Rolls Royce "cheap." Reluctantly, he turned it down. The reason: "What would the neighbors say?"

Full speed ahead for Herb, a casual and witty navigator on six TV shows—and captain of the Festival crew of Lynda, Rosa, Randy, Amy-Jane, Guy.

When you're as busy as Herb, lunch is often ad-libbed—as his humor always is. Here he dines al fresco with a friend.
The gag rules as Rege Cordic of KDKA spoofs the morning

Rege coaxes tap sound out of talented quartet. L. to R., Bob Trow, Jaye P. Morgan, Karl Hardman, Sterling Yates.

No—that's not Boris, Casey or any other Cordic creation. It's Vaughn Monroe being interviewed.

Campaigners Baldwin McMoney (Sterling Yates), Carman Monoxide (Bob Trow), Rege, and Col. Cornpone (Karl Hardman).

When the campaign special pulled into the station, enthusiastic throngs were on hand to cheer "presidential candidate" Carman Monoxide. "Carman Is Our Man," triumphantly proclaimed the posters, as the "candidate" himself vigorously outlined his promises and pledges. This scene was repeated in seven cities during a whirlwind one-day tour last September. It was the brainstorm of an irrepressible zany named Rege Cordic, who conducts a delightfully daffy morning show, from 6:00 to 9:30, Monday through Saturday, over Pittsburgh's Station KDKA. Now that the election furor is yesterday's news, and Carman is nowhere to be seen, Rege, his campaign manager, is not discouraged. Carman's primary (!) purpose was to get out the vote, and also provide a little more of the good-natured nonsense that has boosted Rege's stock sky-high with listeners in the KDKA area. . . .

His childhood strategies early revealed an agile mind at work. When angling for a favor, Rege would cryptically remark, "You won't be in it, if you don't," to his puzzled sister, Martha. "In what?" she would ask. "Never mind in what," he'd reply. "Just wait and see. But you won't be in it, if you don't do it." Martha invariably fell for this tactic. Other youthful activities included operating as a radio "ham" in the family attic, managing a carnival in the garden, editing a grade-school newspaper, and writing deathless prose for novelty cards. (Sample: "Kisses spread disease, it's stated/Kiss me, kid, I'm vaccinated." . . . At the age of seventeen, while still in high school, Rege attended a broadcast
Old pal Bill Cullen told Rege, "Be natural. If you have personality, let it come out." And it has!

Rege at ivory-tickling session with Billy Eckstine. Music plays big part in the show—between fun and gags.

Wife Diane and Rege during playtime with Jennifer, age two. The stork will arrive again—sometime in March.

at KDKA. The only male among the audience of femmes, he was chosen to be interviewed. "And what do you want to be?" queried the emcee. "An announcer," was the unhesitating reply. A few jovial remarks about "having a nice voice" and "coming in for an audition" followed—which Rege took quite seriously. He kept after the emcee until he was given a spot as junior announcer on a Saturday kiddie show. When an opening on the station staff occurred, Rege got the job. He took on his present ayem chores in 1948. . . . Rege's whole approach is in trying to make people laugh in spite of themselves. To achieve this aim, Rege has the help of a remarkable menagerie of characters, created by an intricate system of tape and record cuttings, plus every technical device and gimmick available in a radio studio. For instance, there is Boris, "the old monster," who comes up from the subterranean passages beneath old Fort Pitt, and has a voice to match. Rege produces it by sticking his head into the body of an old piano. Phony commercials (sample: Frothingslosh Stale Pale Ale, the beer with the foam at the bottom) are so freely interspersed with genuine ad spiels that listeners pay keen attention to all of them, since no one wants to miss a good joke. . . . Rege has made no definite announcement on Carman Monoxide's 1960 campaign plans—if any. But, in a way, Rege is luckier than Carman—or any presidential candidate, for that matter. Where the will of the people is recorded only every so often, in politics, Rege gets the vote of KDKA listeners any morning in the year.
Gifs of the Heart

(Continued from page 27) 

fact that he had all of two dollars. Well, what could he order but hamburger? Gallantly, he ordered roast beef for Carol. In those days roast beef was a lot cheaper than now, so money stretched to pay for both dinners. 

Then back they went to their tiny apartment, where Carol had managed to set up a small Christmas tree. Jack also mended his pants under the tree weren’t many. 

But from his pocket, Jack dug out the gift he had bought for Carol on the installment-plan—a dollar down, a dollar a week for three months. 

Carol’s eyes were bright, as she looked at the gold-plated bracelet, as though there were some tears she would have liked to shed, but which was found. How thoughtful was this? wondered her voice shot. 

“She was touched,” Jack admits today. “But she tried not to let on. She knew that I am real sentimental about Christmas, and the thought got very bright if she said, ‘You shouldn’t have done it.’” 

Carol’s gift to Jack that first Christmas was also one she had had difficulty saving up enough money for: An expensive, hand- 

some-looking fur coat. 

Like the couple in O. Henry’s famous short story, “Gift of the Magi,” each gave the other a gift of himself or herself, gifts of value that both tarnish in reality but never in memory. 

“I was mad at myself that year,” says Jack, “for being in that financial condition. But instead of crying, we laughed about the situation. We were sure the following year, things would be better. After all, they couldn’t be very much worse. And sure enough, by the following year, things were a great deal better, and have continued to be, year by year.” 

For the past eleven years, Jack Bailey, through NBC-TV’s Queen For A Day, has been helping hundreds all over the country celebrate Christmas. 

five days of the week, every year. From all over the United States, women throng to the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood for the happy privilege of trying to be the one to receive the “queen for the day” being selected. The program has been called one of the greatest Santa Claus programs on the air, and Jack Bailey, as a known and beloved figure, is emcee for Queen for a Day, he has, over the years, distributed about fourteen million in gifts. For the lucky “queens,” Christmas comes not once a year, but on whatever day they are chosen. 

Playing Santa to gallant women and, once a year on Christmas Day, to children, fulfills for Jack Bailey a long-

cherished dream that goes back to his childhood. For dark-haired, tall Jack, being Jack has always cherished the idea of bringing the spirit of Christmas into the hearts and lives of other people. 

His first Christmas memory is of the time he was six, and was in the church basement rehearsing for the church Christmas cantata. While preparing for the cantata, he saw Santa Claus pull out of the station depot agent in Hampton, Iowa. Jack’s heart sank. At the time there was no one around to ease the shock of disillu-

sionment, and to explain that the depot agent was simply one of Santa Claus’s assistants. 

About six years later, Jack was asked if he’d play Santa Claus for the children at the church. Though only twelve he was five-feet-six, tall enough to get away with a Santa Claus act, though not nearly roly-poly enough. But the town’s usual Santa Claus had died that year, and the officials of the Methodist Church thought that young John Bailey—as Jack was known at the time—would make an ideal Santa. “My mother was a good Christian woman, I reckon she had something to do with this,” says Jack. 

Remembering how disillusioned he him-

self had been when the depot agent had been Santa Claus, Jack decided that he would get into his own Santa costume at home. “I was worried about the little kids,” he ad-
nots. He didn’t like the thought of them dis-

appointed. The only thing I could do to get by as Santa was to get stuffed up with pillows, start yelling, and ringing sleigh bells. I wore the belts around my neck! “I was selected for Santa Claus. But after the first year,” I never played him completely straight. After all, a happy, jovial guy like St. Nick might be excused for putting on a little comedy act.

As Santa Claus, Jack would say, “Have you ever been good boys and girls?” 

“Do you like your mama and papa?” 

“Yes,” they’d shout. 

“Do you like your teacher?” 

“Sure.” 

“Would you like to hang her?” 

The reply had become habitual. “Yes,” they’d say. Then confusion would reign for a moment, and they’d shout, “No!” 

“Yeah, Jack would give you some candy out of the cantata bag.” 

Said Jack, his face puckering up in a grin, “Some of the kids would ask, ‘Where’s the Santa Claus?’ I’d then explain that there is supposed to be snow. However, one year it rained, and it worried me. If Santa couldn’t come up in his sleigh, I was afraid it’d be too difficult to get away with a Santa Claus act.” 

“Finally I figured out a solution. I took an umbrella, put on some roller skates, and skated down the middle aisle of the church. 

‘Kids,’ I said, beaming, ‘I didn’t want to let you down, so, because there was no snow this Christmas, I skated all the way from the North Pole to bring you presents .’ The little presents and the older children were amused. My mother beamed approvingly from there seat in the back row of the church. But the little kids took it all in, and rejoiced at the spell of Christmas for them, after all.” 

“I remember one Christmas when I’d set my heart on a bicycle. Other boys had big, gleaming red bicycles, but I’d never had one.

Actually, Jack’s father had been bed-
ridden for a couple of years, just those years in a boy’s life when he’s most likely to want a bike. So naturally, money was tight. 

After a while, Jack’s parents came to the conclusion that he should not have what he wanted. He didn’t bat an eye, but then the next day a bike appeared. Jack had a birthday party and invited all of his friends. 

So no sign of a bike! There were other gifts, nicely wrapped, but no package large enough to conceal the most desired gift. The mother calmly asked, ‘Why don’t you look in the barn?’ And there was the cherished bike. 

Early in childhood, Jack discovered that there was joy in giving, as well as in receiving. In his first job, he was muck carefully, to buy his mother a string of pearls for Christmas. 

Though he laughs about the joy he used to get out of visiting a family in Hollywood, or collecting “loot” at each home, he never got more joy out of any of the loot than he did out of his mother’s reaction to the pearls.

“Mom’s face would light up on every possible occasion,” he says. When he won a first-place medal for trombone playing, he gave her the cherished medal, and put it on her string of pearls. 

Whatever Jack gave her was meaning-

ful to her. One year he bought her a blue pocketbook with an amber-colored handle, and after that she carried it everywhere she went. She refused to use it with it until it was completely worn out. 

When he was in his early teens, Jack left home to join a stock company. While he was away, Mrs. Bailey used to invite the children of all their friends to play with Jack’s toys, which had been carefully wrapped up and placed in a toy chest. She was always careful to remind the children that they had been there for years. 

After Jack had moved from Iowa, the toys remained to remind the children of the town of the boy who had played the role of Santa Claus for several years.

From the time I started work, I can’t remember a Christmas when I wasn’t working,” confessed Jack. “Perhaps the saddest Christmas of all came one year in Detroit when we had to do five Queen For A Day shows at the RKO theater in that town. 

“Carol and I had been married then for a number of years. She traveled with me to the shows, but most of the others in the cast were separated from their wives and families, and quite gloomy about it. 

“That day before we left for the theater to put on our first show, someone knocked on the door. You better get your hotel maid, some secretaries, and any other women you can round up. Right now your audience consists of one man.”

“When Carol and I had found the few people we had succeeded in rounding up got to the theater, there were six women in the audience.” After all, it was Christmas; the show wasn’t as well-known then as now, and most of the people who were not familiar with it in Detroit preferred to wait until they could hear it again for free on radio. 

“The act of that particular year was a single. The people who appeared just before us was very unhappy—probably sorry he’d accepted the engagement. He called the people in the audience all kinds of fools for coming to the theater on Christmas day, instead of staying home.”

Jack’s heart was sinking. The members of the audience looked pretty dismal. We’ve got to put on some kind of show, Jack thought, and the first thing it might be for the women who have come here, per-

haps because they were lonely, and who are now being insulted for coming. 

It was tough rounding up candidates for Queen among the few women present. “There are just a few of us,” Jack said, “nuts enough to be away from home. We’re kind of simple.” To make up for the insults handed out by the previous
act, Jack really loaded the Queen selected at that show with gifts.

"Though I've had to give two shows every Christmas, there's something about Christmas that just breaks me up," Jack says now. "Usually on the Christmas shows, I can hardly talk."

Christmas is Jack's opportunity to be a substitute father and a substitute Santa Claus to lonely children. It is almost as though, at Christmas time, Jack mentally adopts the children who appear on Queen For A Day. On Christmas Day, a Queen isn't chosen, but a Princess.

A number of years ago, the Queen For A Day program started the Princess for a Day idea. One of the first Princesses came accompanied by her father.

"Where's your mother?" asked Jack.

"In the hospital."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Is she ill?"

"No," said the child, "she isn't sick. She's in the hospital waiting to bring home a little boy or girl. We'd like to have a place for him or her to sleep."

Jack was so moved he immediately said, "Why, we won't just find her a place to sleep. We'll build you a whole new room."

"It took about three months to build the room, and cost about three thousand," laughed Jack. "I'd bid libbed three thousand of the program's money away in a couple of seconds."

One day recently, however, it was tough for Jack to be as gay and light-hearted as he usually is. For the woman who stood before him had known real tragedy. Her little girl had lost her father in a fire which ravaged their home. Not knowing that his wife had already rescued their daughter, the father had rushed into the burning house to save her, and lost his own life.

Before the tragedy, the father had promised the child a bicycle for Christmas. When the little girl asked for the promised bicycle, her mother told her, "Daddy's gone to heaven."

"Now Daddy's up there, will you ask him if he'll ask the angels and God for a bicycle for me?"

As the woman told her story, Jack choked and a lump came into his throat. She was chosen Queen for a day. At a signal from Jack, the Queen For A Day people scurried around to get not one bicycle, but five, so that one could be presented to each of the five children who were growing up half-orphaned in that tragedy-ridden time. For those five children, a bright sunny day was Christmas, for it was the day on which their father's promise was fulfilled.

"Still there's something special about Christmas," said Jack softly, "There's nothing other day quite like it. Each year I look forward to it."

"And somehow each year, in spite of that disillusioning experience I had as a child of six, I feel that after all, there is a Santa Claus."

Jack believes, as did the editorial writer who once wrote to an eight-year-old girl in the columns of the New York Sun, that Santa will always exist, as long as the spirit of love and generosity and devotion exist. To the eight-year-old Virginia of New York, whose friends said there was no Santa Claus, the editorial writer replied:

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy."

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
4. Alan Ladd
5. Tyrone Power
6. Gregory Peck
7. Esther Williams
8. Elizabeth Taylor
9. Cornel Wilde
10. Frank Sinatra
11. Rory Calhoun
12. Peter Lawford
13. Bob Mitchum
14. Burt Lancaster
15. Bing Crosby
16. Dale Evans
17. June Allyson
18. Geno Autry
19. Roy Rogers
20. Sunset Carson
21. Diana Lynn
22. Doris Day
23. Montgomery Clift
24. Richard Widmark
25. Perry Como
26. Bill Holden
27. Gordon MacRae
28. Ann Blyth
29. Jeanne Crain
30. Jane Russell
31. John Wayne
32. Yvonne de Carlo
33. Audie Murphy
34. Janet Leigh
35. Patric Knowles
36. Parley Granger
37. John Derek
38. Guy Madison
39. Mario Lanza
40. Kirk Douglas
41. Scott Brady
42. Vic Damone
43. Shelley Winters
44. Richard Todd
45. Dean Martin
46. Jerry Lewis
47. Susan Hayward
48. Terry Moore
49. Tony Curtis
50. Gail Davis
51. Piper Laurie
52. Debbie Reynolds
53. Jeff Chandler
54. Rock Hudson
55. Stewart Granger
56. Debra Paget
57. Dale Robertson
58. Marilyn Monroe
59. Leslie Caron
60. Pier Angeli
61. Mitzi Gaynor
62. Marion Brando
63. Aldo Ray
64. Tab Hunter
65. Robert Wagner
66. Russ Tamblyn
67. Jeff Hunter
68. Marge and Gower Champion
69. Fernando Lamas
70. Lori Nelson
71. Rita Gam
72. Charlton Heston
73. Steve Cochran
74. Richard Burton
75. Julius La Rosa
76. Lucille Ball
77. Jack Webb
78. Richard Egan
79. Elvis Presley
80. Victoria Shaw
81. Tony Perkins
82. Clint Walker
83. Pat Boone
84. Paul Newman
85. Don Murray
86. Don Cherry
87. Pat Wayne
88. Carroll Baker
89. Anita Ekberg
90. Corey Allen
91. Dana Wynter
92. Diana Dors
93. Judy Busch
94. Patrice Page
95. Lawrence Welk
96. Alice Lon
97. Larry Dean
98. Buddy Merrill
99. Hugh O'Brian
100. Jim Arness
101. Sanford Clark
102. WIDE, DEPT. WF-1-57

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Elvis on the Upbeat

(Continued from page 37)

of the girls who had remarked at the time, "but it's the idea—does Dick Egan, Bob Wagner and Terry Moore isn't good enough for him?"

Come time for the signing, Elvis arrived. Five minutes late! The girls—what had been betting he'd show up late to make an entrance—began to wonder whether they'd been a little hasty. Moreover, they hadn't expected his quiet and dignified: "Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Parker." It was then when Elvis and the Colonel emerged from Ferguson's office that the girls were won over completely. Nobody had ever thanked them so big by saying the hand and thanked her individually for her share in typing up the contract. It was further brought out that the Colonel always requests this form because he feels it makes the reading of a contract easier—Elvis himself had nothing to do with it.

So charmed was the staff that they cut their lunch periods in half for days, in order to get glimpses of the young entrepreneur doing his stint as a serious actor. And Elvis—who's not the type to forget a kindness, even when done in line of duty—greeted them warmly.

Of television and movies, the respect of such stars as Milton Berle, Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen, as well as a host of other performers and studio writers, is a reflection of the information that he walked among "with their noses out of joint" because of the attentions heaped on Elvis.

Their own words give these rumors the lie. "I don't see why they pick on him," said Debra, who had appeared with Elvis on the Berle TV Show and is now his "romance" in the film "All this noise and Elvis the Pelvis" and how he arouses wicked emotions among teenagers is just plain silly. Of course he's dynamic. Of course he excites people. What good thing could come from this?..."

The Presley fans have been given a false idea of Elvis. Everyone is shocked when they meet him. Instead of a clown in a zoot suit, babbling a lot of jive, they find him very sympathetic, with a fine head on his shoulders. He's also terribly shy," she added. "He'll stick to the background unless someone pushes him forward."

As Debra spoke, prop men were setting the stage for one of Elvis's big scenes, and she was joined by her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, and Dick Egan.

"Debra's exactly right," Dick agreed. "From the publicity, I myself expected a bigger, brasher. But, when I met him, I realized he had a real bad case of camera fright. And I'll say this for him: He's so humble and eager to learn that the things he's picked up by habit in high school and, while he uses the Southern drawl and an occasional local idiom, he talks intelligently."

"During rehearsals for the Milton Berle show," Debra recalled, "when Elvis was supposed to kiss me, he hung back so well, I finally had to grab him and do the kiss for him."

"The lad's a natural," Dick continued. "Just being himself, he can charm the birds out of a tree. I hope nobody starts drumming the Stanislavsky method into him. It's just that he had a few basic tricks—for instance, not to keep turning away from the lens. If they don't try changing him, his talent will see him through."

At this point, Debra's mother, Mrs. Griffin said thoughtfully, "I have five children, and there's a flock of youngsters in and out of show business who come to me in a quest for advice and I always offer the same advice. I think I know young people. Elvis is a very sweet boy. On location, he twice moved my chair into the shade. Between scenes, he got me cold drinks. All without being noticed. I guess I acted toward me that he's his own mother. When he talks about and his daddy, he seems to light up. He calls them long-distance and he says how well he treated his folks. His eyes got round and he said, 'Ma'am, they've loved me all my life. What can I ever do to pay them back for that?'"

Meanwhile, all was not serenity and light on the back lot, where they were shooting the big picnic scene. Director Robert Webb, ordinarily the most patient of men, was losing his patience, bemused by his whistling and muttering dark thoughts about closing the set. In addition to sixty extras in post-Civil War costumes and nearly three dozen people, he sneaked off his jobs to catch a glimpse of their golden boy—the place was seething with tourists who herded after Elvis, demanding autographs, begging to be photographed with him or aiming cameras they had smuggled on the set and shouting from all sides: "Look this way, Elvis. Smile, Elvis, smile!"

"When I blow this whistle," Webb shouted, "it means quiet. And, if I don't get you, it'll have to be—"

"It seemed clear enough. But, two minutes later, Elvis opened his mouth to sing. Poor Boy," one of the film's two songs—and critically important—got lost under the noise and was spoiled from some two hundred admiring visitors. Another sound track was spoiled. Webb threw up his hands, stamped on his mighty little feet and closed his eyes.

That helped some, but not too much. Between shots, a small army of grips, carpenters, secretaries, seamstresses and extras descended on Elvis, milling about and besieging him with demands for autographs and pictures. And amid this unprecedented furor, the young singer—who only a year ago had been driving an electrical supply truck—maintained a calm, dignified manner, smiled and nodded at all.

Webb couldn't help grinning. "I ought to be frothing at the mouth," he said, "with all the time and trouble this is costing me. But I can't help getting a lift out of it, getting things done. It's a moment, obviously taking pleasure in the sincere and impromptu demonstration—the affection of the fans for Elvis and, in his case, his own decoration. Look at that," Webb said. "As acts if every single person, no matter what their station in life, is of the utmost importance to him."

To the film industry itself, Elvis gets a chance to appear, not only with a guitar, but with a horse. "That's what I've always wanted," Elvis admitted. "a horse. Horseback riding is a real joy to me. When I'm riding, I feel just like when I'm singing a good solid tune. I'd sure like to own a horse, but where would I put him?"

But it was then that the new home he has built for his parents in Memphis might find room in the garage. Elvis shook his head reluctantly: "No, ma'am, there's no room there. And, if there were, what would I do? Would I take care of him?"

Could his parents do it? "They're too busy taking care of my fan mail," Elvis admitted, "and that's no little job, but I believe that the barrage of mail coming in each day requires a staff of nine secretaries, in addition to his parents. And they've got to manage it. Of course, there's the possibility that they've been getting about four hundred personal letters a day since the sky fell in on us."

A horse is only one on a long list of things Elvis yearns for but must pass over until he's so well established that—in his own words—"I can take time out from running to catch my breath." At the moment, due to his success, he is building a ranch with a dash for fame and fortune. But ninety-five percent of his time is spent away from home, doing TV performances and personal appearances, cutting records, etc. There's still no time to do his fan mail. That has been交给 again, running, running, running. And that's Elvis for you. Sure, he's running hard and he's running fast. He's got to. This is his big time. He has to make the most of every minute. But he hasn't kept him from stopping to do a little kindness now and then.

"If it's his folks and their new home," Col. Parker explained, "he helps with the money. He's doing a good job. And putting the red hedges along the driveway. If it's a benefit, he's happy to play it. If it's me, there's a box of cigars or some other show of thoughtfulness. If a fan writes him, and you get the idea. I don't want to labor this, except to say this boy has been going like a windmill for a year now—and he still hasn't lost the knack of being simple, decent and correct."

Loyalty, they say, should be a two-way street. That it is so, between Elvis and his manager, was made abundantly clear when the Colonel was asked about his handling of the situation. "He's a perfectionist. Whether Col. Parker could answer, Elvis pointed out firmly: "First of all, my daddy handles my finances. Second, I'm getting mighty tired hearing people go around saying Elvis is handling my finances. Why shouldn't he? He's got a good thing in me, and I got a good thing in him. That's the way it ought to be. He takes his share and I take mine. My daddy handles my money, and that's a fact." According to the singer himself, the Colonel deserves every cent he has earned from the Presley boom—"because he drives a pretty heavy machine with red hot ideas to promote me. Most of Elvis's income so far, the singer says, has gone directly to his folks and is banked. The Colonel is extremely cautious about investments. "We don't know enough about those things," Elvis explained. "We buy Government bonds, though, 'cause we figure there's nothing safer and sounder than the U.S.A."
I don't need to cash in on that poor guy. And how can I help him by posing with his mask? No, I won't do it unless someone can show me a good cause.

All this would seem to contradict the common image of Elvis as the kid who pulled the pump-and-grind into rock-and-roll, and who sends boxers not only out of this world but out of their minds. As he was making his meteoric rise, a dark cloud of disapproval gathered on the horizon. "Burlesque at its worst," one commentator has said about Elvis's hip-swinging. A national magazine snap tartly at his "gyrating howling, and refers to his teenage audience as "scrhechers and screamers who break down into hysterics. Clergymen have preached sermons against his "evil influence" on the youth, even denouncing his performances as "a new low in spiritual degeneracy."

Their elders have had their say. The teenagers are still to be heard from. When Elvis was first scheduled to appear on the Twentieth lot, the studio was bombarded with phone calls and letters from youngsters—all wanting to see their idol work and, if possible, to meet him. In the interest of public relations, it was finally decided that Barbara Katsaros, president of a Los Angeles Presley fan club and Almira Jiminez, vice-president, would be let in to see Elvis so that they might bring back their impressions to their club.

Both girls are fifteen and typical of the generation Elvis is supposed to be corrupting. But this is what they have to say:

"He's a great singer, this psychologist," Barbara said. "He claims that girls may have a need for two kinds of emotion—the desire to mother and the desire to love. We all have to admit, Elvis doesn't bring out the desire to mother in us girls. Jimmy Dean did, sort of. But not Elvis—no, ma'am!"

To this Almira added the complaint of all teenagers against their elders since time began: "They don't understand how we feel," she wailed. "They just don't understand how we feel."

"If they did," Barbara put in, "they'd realize how good he is for us. At our age, a lot of things pile up. Maybe they're small things, but we make big ones out of them. We dramatize. It's like a balloon rising inside of us, and every problem that comes up blows that balloon bigger and bigger. After a while, we feel either that balloon has got to burst or we will. Then we put on one of Elvis's records. We put our heads together and yell, we cry. And you know? That balloon does burst, and we feel so much better."

"That's the real honest truth," said Almira. "If there's any hysterics, it's in us, not for Elvis. He only helps us let off steam."

A parental viewpoint was presented by Mrs. Helen Katsaros, Barbara's mother, who is managing the Presley fan club. "I'm a wife, a mother—and, I think, a decent member of my community. I was a fan of Frank Sinatra's, as a girl, and I can't say where I was hurt by it. Now look at those costumers—Mrs. Katsaros turned to the girls. They made a fetching picture in Elvis's favorite colors, black and pink. Black Capri pants with Elvis Presley" lettering, and black gloves; with black guitars on the backs framed in rhinestones around the initials, 'E.P.'

"To some people," said Barbara's mother, "these costumes will look crazy or fakey to someone else. But, when I look at them, all I can think that these kids made them by hand. It took them weeks of shopping, designing and sewing. They had to apply the name and the initials to the guitars. The girls knew how to design and sew the blouses. They had to decorate the guitars. Even Mr. LeMaire, the wardrobe director here, told me, 'Mrs. Katsaros, if Elvis's fans are girls who learn that kind of fancy needlework, I'm doing a real service!' I couldn't agree more."

And what does Elvis himself think of all the criticism? He echoes the words: "Observe the Tone Down!" He seems sincerely baffled. "Listen, when I cat parts in purring, can you tell it, 'Okay but tone it down'? The same with me. I start singing and, right away, my motor starts running. How do I stop it? 'Cause I know when to go down and keep it from getting fakey?" He ponders an instant. "I got a respect for music," he says. "It may come as a shock to some folks but I heard of Bach and Beethoven. There's more than the pelvis to Elvis. There's brains, skill, talent, looks—and a great big loving heart."

Support of this kind, he wonders why so many of his records are sold without people seeing him. And in England, where he's never been seen at all, his popularity is exceedingly high. And throughout Europe and sentimental ballad, 'Love Me Tender,' written in collaboration with Ken Darby, leader of the Kings Men, and which Elvis delivers in straight simple style—sold a million in three weeks. It's the same name and may be his biggest hit.

But the final word on this subject, and one that perhaps sums it up, was to be spoken by the redoubtable Colonel. Said he, 'Elvis's good. I don't think he's got a guitar and play them. Others wiggle when they sing, Different ones rock and roll. And still there's only one Elvis Presley. Let's face it, there's more than the pelvis to Elvis. There's brains, skill, talent, looks—and a great big loving heart."

At this season of the year, Elvis's loving heart has naturally been filled with plans for Christmas.
Kipling stories, the Babar and Pooh stories. And I read to my own children. Past tense. My older boy is a great reader, but Garry—well, he sees me reading the sport page and says, ‘What happened?’ and I tell him to read it himself. Just for the practice.” The album which Garry has recorded contains such tales as “The Elephant’s Child” and “How the Camel Got His Hump.” Says Garry, “Records are fine but most of a child’s first experience with books should come from parents. That will lead kids to read for themselves.” He goes on, “TV gets blamed because kids don’t read so much. I don’t think this is true. I had a letter from a first-grade teacher telling me that she thought kids were more aware of words because of TV commercials. She told me that she sent some students to the blackboard to write ‘does.’ All of the kids spelled it ‘Duz’ except one lad. He wrote ‘Dye.’”

**Mama, Ricky & Tallulah:** When Mama went on vacation July 27th, she didn’t come back. CBS got 125,000 letters and petitions begging her immediate return. Many came from our readers in response to a note in this column. So on December 16, Mama comes back on CBS-TV at 5:00 P.M. Sundays. And just like nothing happened, the story picks up in the year 1917, right where it left off. And nothing exciting’s happened to the cast except for Dick Van Patton (Nels), whose wife had a second baby in October. ... 16-year-old Ricky Nelson is now one-half inch taller than his 20-year-old brother David. ... It’s hard to see anyone but Tallulah in the lead in “Little Foxes,” but that’s what Greer Garson attempted at 7:30 P.M., Sunday, December 16, on NBC-TV. (EST, of course.)

**Hit & Run:** Galen Drake will soon be turning up on TV. ... Tom Tully, Inspector Matt Greb on The Line-Up, began his career as a dog. He barked for $7.50 a day on the radio edition of Renfrew Of The Mounted. ... TV’s first lady of song, Dinah Shore, has been described as “the only singer who can start a fire by simply rubbing two notes together.” Born in Dixie to the blues, she first scored in minor moods. Now a star, possessor of a happy home that includes husband George Montgomery and daughter Missy, eight, Dinah proves she can still boil the blues. For Victor it is an album, “Bouquet of Blues,” and in it Miss Dinah pulsates “I Got It Bad and That Ain’t Good,” “St. Louis Blues” and ten other songs out of the night.

**Big Steve & Little Steve:** Big Steve—sixtwo, age 35—Anderson, is prolific. He is entertainer and musician, writer of books, stories and songs. He has a safe-full of contracts for television, movies, records and written matter—and an unwritten avowal somehow to find the time to visit the Coast and his three sons by a former marriage. But, says wife Jayne Meadows, Steve’s a “helpless” male. He’s also helpful, may have sparked the career of a new Presley when he invited George Hamilton IV to guest on a recent Sunday show. ... Little Steve—five-eight, age 21—Lawrence makes his album debut for Coral with a dozen pleasanties. His TV boss, Big Steve, says, “His is a voice infinitely better than those of about 47 other singers I can think of who are considered by the public bigger than Steve Lawrence.”

**Seeing Stars:** Everybody’s pulling an Alfred Hitchcock these days, using big-name stars as movie extras. Mike Todd’s fabulous “Around the World in 80 Days” used 50 stars. In Ella Kazan’s “A Face in the Crowd”—the story of the rise of a TV performer—you will recognize many of the “crowd” as faces from video. For some of them, see our picture. ... A face that will be missed is the lovely one belonging to Evelyn Patrick. The very beauteous commercial announcer on $64,000 Question married Phil Silvers in a “spur of the moment” ceremony on October 21, and she’ll let Phil be the breadwinner, despite his You’ll Never Get Rich show title on TV. ... And there was a family resemblance that the ABC Radio audience couldn’t see on a recent My True Story dramatization. For the first time in his twenty-five-year career, Frank Thomas, Sr., was teamed with his son, Frank Thomas, Jr.

**Station Breaks:** The last thing Fred Allen did before his untimely death, the narration of “The Jazz Age,” will be on Project 20, on Dec. 6. ... Theme music on Wendy Warren set to words by show’s organist, Clarke Morgan. Sheet music, titled “My...
Edwards’ Nightmare (Continued from page 49)

researchers are convinced that surprised subject so-and-so will not turn blue and assault me on receiving the news that this is his life, then I believe them implicitly. The other hand, there are those who contend that anything can happen. And I’ve been around show business long enough to know that it’s a hard life, then I believe there is a nightmare in the house of Edwards, and I have it.

“Rationally, I know the chance of my nightmare coming true is one in a thousand, but often, things are too solid to let it. But one of these evenings, I suppose, it just could be that I will be swarmed in full view of umpteen million people, and have to do something about it. Shall we let it go at that?”

Edwards had never previously been willing to let himself be drawn out on such a dire possibility. But the possibility has occurred to thousands of agitated onlookers, who week on week have gazed on This Is Your Life with an awed feeling of momentary disaster.

Edwards, after all, deals with people who have no training as professionals in speaking or acting. Or he usually does. He must deal with them, furthermore, in moments of emotional stress. He must antagonize neither them nor his audience. He must be ad-libbed, if he wants to be.

“Why should I fight it?” he has finally confessed. “Something or someone can blow. Completely, I imagine. Of course, we’ve already had jam-ups and near hysterics, but we’re prepared for those. But what about drastic eventualities? Well, here and now, I’m of the opinion there’s an answer for everything, that there’s no conceivable hole out of which I couldn’t get. I mean that if I couldn’t extricate myself from a bad ad-lib situation, I’d feel I’m in the wrong business. The situation might call for my talking until exhaustion set in, including a full rendition of the Gettysburg Address. But I’d do it.

“But no such situation should happen, because planned guests of This Is Your Life are selected for a card condition. Still, say somebody does blow. I’m Ralph Edwards, I’m on camera, and someone on the burly side has just swung on my jaw. I’ve thought about that yes. Well, if he connects, my choice is easy. I fall down and go to sleep.

“But I’ve been a boxer. I know self-defense. And I can’t think of many circumstances under which I’d swing back. Be unthinkable. My offhand idea is, I’d try to laugh and cajole him out of it—holding his arms, no doubt. It would be my first impression he’d never seen the show, and thus didn’t realize what we were trying to do. There are many people who are sensitive to ridicule and wouldn’t be aware that we never ridicule anyone. I think in this event I could convince him and cool him off easily. It might be a good idea to get him off camera for a period, but we’re trained for those emergencies. I remember one lady cried and talked so that I had to drop eighteen pages from the prepared material, and no one knew the difference. I don’t even let myself think of having to deal with somebody completely intractable. But if worse really comes to worst—well, we have given thought to these bugaboos, after all. There’s a film show always waiting for the day they push the panic button.

“But, just to theorize for a moment, what if I say on camera: ‘And here is your dear friend of forty-years standing, You haven’t forgotten Joe, have you?’

“And the guest says, ‘I haven’t forgotten him and I still think he’s a creep.’

“We’ve thought about that contingency. And I want to say again I don’t see how it could happen. The research is such that the behavior of everyone concerned is ninety-nine percent predictable to us. But the basic point is still sound: No one’s immune from emergency. So in this case, it would be again a matter for cajolery, of kidding the subject back into a receptive frame of mind. For that, I’m pretty sure.

“All these years with Truth Or Consequences, where we really did take a few chances, haven’t gone for nothing. But failing this, there are other devices, camera or vocal. We would go off the screen and I think we’d end up laughing.

“And what would happen if a guest, on being notified of imminent biographical fame, simply walked off the stage? I doubt he’d get far, always allowing the credibility of the idea—which I don’t. I’d motion to Bob Warren, our announcer, to take over, while I persuaded the guest that he was not being victimized. It probably would be a case of a person who’d never seen the show but had seen a few shows where guests have water balloons broken over their heads. I’m sure I could make him see reason. If I couldn’t, as I say, I’m in the wrong business. I do have confidence that I know Edwards’ job.”

Edwards claims he is by no means haunted by the occupational hazards of his show and his friends bear him out. But he still uses the same method of perfection in ad-lib conditions would be foolproof, and he does occasionally wake drenched in sweat. These fears are based on something besides the eye. Edwards has many to mark his days, and are said to have come to him time to time arizen to nudge his aplomb.

Casey Stengel, manager of baseball’s famed New York Yankees, met the glad tidings that this was his life, and marked his happiness by letting it be widely publicized.

“But widely mis-publicized,” Edwards claims today. “Actually, Case was a man who’d never seen the show, and he didn’t know it. He said it occurred to him later that Dore Schary was a very strange way to spell Robert Taylor, and the double-take was just as long in coming.

As a matter of fact, Edwards—who is not writing to advertise his show, Schary, whose life it was, had been begged into appearing by a not unfamiliar Edwards device—being told that he was bringing Robert Taylor. And he did it.

In fact, Schary had been equipped with an album bearing the words, “This Is Your Life—Robert Taylor.” Just prior to his entrance, the albums were switched on Schary, who confused the story by screaming his own name. But did this sway so incisive a fellow as Schary? Not a bit. He intoned as instructed: “This Is Your Life—Robert Taylor, and did it look to him that Dore Schary was a very strange way to spell Robert Taylor, and the double-take was just as long in coming.

On the side, into criticisms or pseudo-criticisms of This Is Your Life rarely fail to goad its top man. One is the familiar charge that by parading private griefs or emotions before the public eye, he is bringing dishonoring his guests.

“We never do,” he says. “That absolutely all I have to say on the matter. I leave the rest to the audiences. We never have, never do, never will. One of the many-headed fellow who approaches him privately and insists on confirming his suspicion that the whole affair is done with rehearsal and advocacy. Nothing so far. Really, this notion of these cynics can spur non-profane Edwards into an outburst. Indeed, you should know the time and money expended to insure secrecy.

“Looking at the end of the day, I think these two crossovers to bear exclude the nightmares of Ralph Edwards, his own private set of horrors. But how can I worry too much about the story he’s not fulfilling? the American temperament being what it is. These friends of ours are solid and healthy. We’d know it even if we hadn’t searched them.

It may be true I wake up in a sweat now and then, in mortal combat with the pillow and hearing the crew yell, ‘Pry the guest off Ralph!’ But then I think of Americans and go back to sleep again.

In the house next door . . .

SCANDAL!

If you listen to the radio program “My True Story,” sooner or later you’ll hear a story that might easily be about your own neighbors.

That’s because this program presents actual stories from the files of True Story Magazine. Each time is an occasion to offer a glimpse of an intimate part of someone’s life. In this way, “My True Story” helps you to understand your own difficult problems. So be sure to listen.

Tune in Every Morning to

“My TRUE STORY”

American Broadcasting Stations

“I’d never owned a necklace—and this one was so pretty.” Read “Tired Of Doing Without” in January TRUE STORY magazine now at all newsstands.

66
Let's Talk With Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 23)

a word without disrupting the program. He tried to signal one of his assistants but, somehow, they were concentrating elsewhere. The drunk was about to attempt to throw Arthur over his shoulder and run. But then a cowboy, Leonard Mayer, came galloping in, scooped up the drunk and dropped him over the fence. It was a trivial incident but only because Leonard may have overacted in the situation. However, I never imagined that Mayer, himself, was putting Arthur to the test. He wrote about it in a poem when Arthur was gone. Here is a partial quote:

"I stood there watching as he came in
on the plane
The crowd was excited, not even sane.
Me, I wasn't bothered by this 'whoopie-de-do.'
'Cause he has to prove himself to me
and you.'

Leonard Mayer went on to say how much he learned to admire Arthur Godfrey during his week's stay. And it's true...

Arthur is a great guy, He is at home with the grocer or mechanic, the executive or housewife. Arthur is a happy-go-lucky guy with a quick sense of humor. But this
is only part of the man. The other side is quite serious. It isn't out of character for him to sit alone in his office for hours at a time. Sometimes in the on-air time that he is often considered unpopular: He is thinking.

His thinking processes are so good that his ideas get the respect of Congressmen, leaders, generals and industrialists. A member of congress, George A. Smathers of Florida, called Arthur "one of the best informed men, either in or out of Government, on the matter of this nation's air power." And to show people he's the top authority on radio and television. To Americans in general, he is a man who knows—he has been at work since he was ten and he knows the country and its people. His is a wisdom of experience and observation and analysis.

So ten questions were proposed to Arthur. Questions that would have meaning at the end of the old year and beginning of the new. Some questions were personal; some were about you, the audience; some were about his business.

The questions were submitted in advance. His answers were not taped or transcribed by a secretary. The questions were put in his office which is in the same building that houses the CBS studio where his morning show originates. It is an office that is not ostentatious. There are personal mementoes on the walls: Pictures of his children, his mother, his friends, of ships and planes, and on his desk there is a miniature oil painting of his wife, Mary. As he talks, he swivels, stares at the rug and tousles his hair. Some answers come quickly. Others come after some thinking and, as you will see, the thinking is out loud.

First question: What are your future plans for television?

Answer: "Well, I'm just getting around to what I would like to do on the Wednesday night show. You see, several years back, they asked me what I would like to do before the show started. I said I'd like to be informal. Just as it might be if I were sitting down to talk with friends — real people — like the neighbor farmer or the garage man or the president of the Wilson—just me and my friends. So they called it Arthur Godfrey and His Friends. Then they turn it into a variety format like Milton Berle's which wasn't what I had in mind at all. I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to make some changes. But it's funny how a show can get away from you. It's like having a horn stuck on the car with no place in sight to stop and have it fixed. You just stay in line and keep moving along. But now the show's changed. The title, too. Now it's The Arthur Godfrey Show, and I'm doing more of what I like and it's fun. Lot of the fun is new talent. Helping the young ones up. And when they get in the big money they can go out on their own. Now Jan Davis, who is producing Monday's Talent Scouts, will be feeding a lot of new people into the Wednesday night slot. And another thing will do is relax and do what sounds interesting and forget about the variety format. We'll do a lot of traveling and originate from points all over the United States. Eventually, I hope it becomes exactly the kind of show I wanted in the beginning—where good friends meet to be entertained and talk about things that interest them."

Second question: What do you expect to be doing 20 years from now?

Answer: "Hope to be doing the same things. No, I'll be seventy-three. I hope by that time I'll be doing many of the things I want to do today and can't. Like flying a helicopter right into the center of town. I'd like to still be on my horses time. He is interested in the horse and I see why I shouldn't be. My instructor is 67."

Third question: What do you think of American women?

Answer: "Well, I think American women are wonderful. No, if I were to criticize Americans, both sexes, it would be to bring up the only thing I can see against them—they don't appreciate their country and its opportunities. And one other thing, the same people. People aren't thinkers. I wish people would stop often to think things out for themselves rather than accepting whatever they read or hear."

Fourth question: What goal should people have—success, happiness?

Answer: "You can't have happiness without some success and you've got to work for it, but health is the important thing. Health. As long as you've got that, you can enjoy life. And health is another thing that we have to be grateful for as Americans. When I was born, life expectancy was about forty-three. Now the average man can expect to live until sixty-five. Few other countries in the world have the conditions—the economy, the institutions, the equipment, the researchers and the doctors—that make this possible for us."

Fifth question: What principles have guided you to success?

Answer: "Trying to be on the level all the time. You know the story, after the car accident, I was in a cast for weeks and weeks. I listened to the radio. The same kind of radio I had been doing before the accident. And it all sounded phony. Everyone was trying to talk like the Million Cross. Everyone reading someone else's words and sounding like it. That's when I decided to be myself and take my chances. I make mistakes but they are my own mistakes and honest ones."

Sixth question: Who is the most memorable woman or man or entertainer you have known?

Answer: "Talent."

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While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing! Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast...and neutralize the excess acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really lasts! TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, no alkilizers...nothing to upset your digestion. They're safe, fast, and sure. Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!

FOR THE TUMMY
STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 29¢
The Golden Girl (Continued from page 39)

Answer: “When you say memorable I think of Alfred Drake’s performance in ‘Kismet.’ That was beautiful. And W. C. Fields is the funniest man I ever watched. But forgetting show business and speaking of people I personally know of, I would say Helen Keller is the most memorable woman. When you leave her presence you feel that you’ve been as close to the Deity as you ever will get on earth. What she has done for herself is what I call using your head. Maybe before you first meet her you feel sorry for her, with her blindness and deafness. But when you meet her you feel sorry for you when you leave. You feel sorry for yourself. Your miserable self. She is just so wonderful, so complete. And the greatest man I’ve ever met. That’s easy. That would be Curtis Emerson LeMay. General LeMay is a man dedicated, selfless, conscientious, capable. Here is a man who is concerned with only one thing—the safety of his country. He is commanding strategic bombing, which in reality is our only defense. Yet we don’t give him much help. His personnel are underpaid. Officers in his command who only doubled their pay to work for industry. A technical sergeant, at the end of enlistment, can go to work for industry at a weekly salary that equals what he makes in the Air Force. It’s Curt’s job to persuade these officers and men to stay on even though they may have families to be concerned about. General LeMay is a patriot in the truest sense. He deserves some help. We’ve got to be honest with ourselves. These people are there to protect our lives. They fall into a special category with other groups and teachers. They are not mere number respect and compensation equivalent to the importance of their work.”

Seventh question: What is the most difficult problem you have ever faced?

Answer: “It’s a continuing one. It’s crowds. I can’t walk into a grandstand or a restaurant or theater without feeling squeezed in. I’ve watched other entertainers do it and some like the recognition. One of our big-name comedians—his name doesn’t matter—I once saw him at a race track. He stood up and shouted, ‘Hey, everyone, here I am. Here I am.’ Now, for him it’s different. He may have carried it every way. I’ve gone into a place with heavy glasses and a hat—and I’ve gone in with just no disguise to brazen it out. But no matter what, it’s a continued problem. If it were a matter of sitting down in a parlor with these people and just relaxing, it would be different—but when it’s coming at you like a street parade, I don’t think I’m not, I guess, the real celebrity type.”

Eighth question: What makes you angry?

Answer: “It’s when people do stupid things and lose themselves up. It doesn’t really make me angry. It mostly makes me sad. It makes it come again. It’s fine to be handsome or have a lovely voice or a beautiful face and figure. But what good is any of it if there isn’t some gray matter up there being put to use?”

Ninth question: What advice would you give a youngster who hopes to go into television?

Answer: “Surveys show that there are 26 persons to each set. So you got to think about talking to them. Not to millions, not to a mass, but just one or two. You are finished the dining room. I’ll get some pink in there yet!”

Gail’s clothes also reflect the two basic aspects of her personality. She literally lives in Western garb all day—but in the evenings she changes frilly feminine clothes. When she is on tour, however, out come the tailored cowgirl suits. Even here, though Gail knows she has to be in character for her appearances on the silver screen. Her specially tailored suits, which are extremely expensive, have only a slight Western flair—nothing so extreme that you could say: ‘Well, the cowgirl!’

At home, her favorite outfit is a hostess coat—pink, naturally. She also likes to wear peasant clothes, since she considers full skirts and bra…

Golden Girl

In the library-den, Gail’s Annke Oakley scripts fill one wall; they are bound in white calf. For decoration, she has Oakley’s doll sitting on the floor and another one in the corner of a bay-like furniture in the living room is substantial—just as Gail is substantial and down to earth. Like Annie Oakley, Gail’s a gal with both feet planted squarely on the ground.

Gail’s bed, on the other hand, reflects the second facet of her personality. The room is decorated in pink and white. The bedroom is pink and white: White curtains with pink background; white rugs, pink hussocks; white dressing table, set against a pink wall (explained below); and, finally, Gail’s white toy kittens on top of her bed are balanced by her pink slippers on the floor below.

Little pink appears in all the rooms—Gail jokingly asks, “Guess my favorite color?” In all the rooms, that is, except the dining area. But, says Gail, “I haven’t

in their living room and they want close-ups so they can see your face and eyes. They are going to get just to know you intimately. Well, you’d better grow on them, and your personality develops by improving your character. You’ve got to do things. Study, Sport, Travel. But stay away from the joints. You’ve got to grow. Be interesting. Character is the one word. Above and beyond talent you’ve got to have character, for television brings people just as close as your next door neighbor.”

Tenth question: What kind of world do you hope for your children?

Answer: “The kind of world where we have eliminated the constant threat of war. And I think we can do it by being so powerful that no one will attack us. You know it’s going to take only one plane and one bomb to blow up a whole city. And the enemy can get through despite radar and fighter planes. You know that during World War II, one bombing mission ever stopped short of its target by enemy action. So let’s face it. If we can do it, so can the enemy. So what’s the answer? We must be ready to knock out the planes before they arrive. We must have long-range intercontinental bombers that can sit back here like a cocked pistol and scare anyone from fighting. We don’t have such bombers or enough trained personnel or enough bases. Now we have to get them quickly. And then, when the threat of war is eliminated, we start to set the world right. Then we’ll teach people staying anywhere. There is no reason for people working as they did a thousand years ago—and in some parts of the world they are that far behind. But an atomic standard of living of the entire world must be raised.”

Golden Girl

sonalinity: Annie Oakley, the tomboy, and Gail Davis, the ultra-feminine woman. Take the captain’s chairs in the dining room, for example. They are made of heavy rock maple and weigh about fifteen pounds each. Heavy Dutch doors are in many rooms—corner of a bay-like furniture in the living room is substantial—just as Gail is substantial and down to earth. Like Annie Oakley, Gail’s a gal with both feet planted squarely on the ground.

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Every summer, too, Terry, Gail's sister, would fly to little Rock to visit her father (Gail was divorced five years ago). Gail is very close and much interested in television and radio. She loves to share the little triumphs that are part of her growing sister's life. For example, when Shirley won a lead in the new musical "Carousel," Gail felt a great pride in her sister's ability. She worked doubly hard on her latest Annie Oakley episode so she could take an extra day off to fly home for the performance. And it was again a triumph.

When Annie Oakley is not in production, Gail—being a stickler for detail—would rehearse as much as four hours a day, spending two hours practicing her riding and two hours at target practice and other Western stunts. She is methodical—when given the Annie Oakley role, Gail began building a library of books about Annie Oakley. Then she was appointed as instructor of acting and drama at the University of Texas, and, later, she continued the acting work at the College in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The well-known director, Richard Nash, was her instructor at that time. "We did one play a month, and I learned the art of make-up, stage technique, and hair-dressing—it was grand experience.

Gail later went on to the University of Texas where she continued her dramatic work and won the distinction of being selected as one of the famous "Blue Bonnet Belles." Gail met Gene Autry through his mutual买东西 and they have been married in Texas. They met again in 1950, in Hollywood, and Gene asked Gail to co-star with him in one of his Westerns, "Cow Town."

As a girl, Gail was scared by small bugs because I wanted so desperately to succeed.

For years, Autry had wanted to produce a series of motion pictures which would establish the first girl Western star. As Gene says, "We are like a big family—some of the crew members have been with Mr. Autry for over twenty years. Though it's hard work, I enjoy it. We work until eleven P.M. that night and I feel great in this respect, because little girls had to idolize the same stars—all men. Why not give the girls a female Western star of their own?" This is and has been his reasoning—but he has one-night stands, the gang are all looking toward Hollywood and home.

As important and rewarding as her home is, something equally important in relation to Gail's work happened just recently. Gail was invited to the wedding of John Wayne's daughter, Tony. Gene remembered Gail from a very small part in a picture they did together when she was with John. At the ceremony, he came over to say, "Gail, I never miss you in your Annie Oakley series . . . you're just great in it. Say, would you like to come over and visit me?"

Gail is the daughter of the Duke of all Western stars, Gail felt this remark the ultimate compliment, adding to the joy she feels about both her home and Annie Oakley.

OH, MY ACHING BACK

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable, tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—what you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild blade irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

For quick relief get Doan's Pills. They work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease tension of nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 2. by their soothing effect on bladder irritation, 3. by their mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

Find out how quickly this 3-way medicine goes to work. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new large size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!
This Is Where It All Began

(Continued from page 20)

want it—all right, we'll sell the store,"... and freed him to go his own way? Was this his dream? Was this the thing he wanted so? Or were those, who so were openly sure he wouldn't make it? Those who'd turned a knife in a young boy's dream?

The answers to this one would take more than thirty years. For Hal Mendelson, they'd taken thirty-six years... During his triumphal homecoming, accompanied by TV Radio Mirror's reporter, Hal Mendelson was thirty years—leading up to today, to go back where the big dream began. And through his eyes and memories, through the words and memories of his mother, his sister, his friends, his schoolmates: all those who had known Hal Mendelson very well—the answers and the pieces would fall into place. Pieces of a success story as heartwarming and inspiring as any Hal March himself helps materialize on The $64,000 Question, over CBS-TV.

A success story that began in an old, faded yellow building on the Mission District of San Francisco in the days of gang wars, when cops patrolled only in pairs. Here Hal's Romanian-born parents, Leon and Ethel Mendelson, opened their delicatessen shop. Here he was born, one high noon, his youngest—Harold, pride of his parents, his sisters, Frieda, Bessie, and Ruth, and his older brother, George—Quentin's, his first name.

"Right across on Eighteenth Street, between Valencia and Mission," Hal March was saying now. "Many of the kids I knew here are in San Quentin today, but the kids who lived next door to me, Hal was looking about him eagerly for their old flat. "It was that second one, I think, an old wooden flat with concrete steps. But they were all condemned—they've put new fronts on all the buildings now. I was born right at home with the aid of a 'lady doctor'—or midwife, as some would say.

At an early age, Hal demonstrated the charm which was later to make him so warmly loved throughout the land. He had a very high neighborhood rating, even then. His sisters took care of him after school while his father worked at the store, and— as Bessie (Mrs. I. L. Friedman) remembers— The neighbors were always wanting us to bring him over to their houses to 'say hello.' They would even make 'appointments.'"

Bessie's was a firm, sisterly hand in intention—but not always in the result. "I was always trying to teach him to speak correct English and particularly to always say thank you." But Hal had an early aptitude for the ad lib, too... "Hal, do you want a cracker?" a neighborly one said, one day.

"Yes," he said promptly.

"What do you say, honey?" his sister prompted. "Yes what?"

"Put some butter on it," said Hal.

"As his sister has laughingly commented, "Hal's a cracker, even when he was two and a half years old."

By the time he was six, Hal had an alert eye for his billing, too: "Our older brother was a few years older and was only four years younger than Hal and always large for his age. But, from the time Les could talk, our younger brother made him call 'Uncle Hal.' If he hadn't, I'd have called him that, too."

"From the beginning, Hal leaned to show-business hours, too—and to sleeping late. It was a family project to awaken him, and his sisters spelled each other standing over Hal, shaking him and making sure he was on his feet and scrubbed and, finally, safely on his way to school. As his mom put it, years later, "God was good to me, I was a blackberry, where you can sleep as late as you want to."

But Hal March was thoroughly awake now, going on to the two-family flat his dad later bought on California Street, in a house where he'd been the only boy. As usually he so keenly associated with teen-age memories was coming alive for him. "This hospital wasn't here then. None of this to speak of. Here on California Street now—that's right, they took up the streetcar tracks. That drug store was here then. And that's our house right there!" he was saying excitedly, indistinctly, as he went over in his mind all the interesting things he'd seen with the familiar twenty-five-five-foot San Francisco front and two small green shrubs bravely substituting for a front yard.

"The yard was in the back, really," Hal was remembering, "five square yards of lawn. Why, the house is still the same color! I don't think they've even painted the second floor blackness, that room on the left... that was my mother's and father's bedroom.

"The street where you lived. The house where you lived. There's magic in every memory. The old deli, the shop upstairs, an excited teenager would lie awake dreaming of the big adventure ahead of him—the 'star' he would be in Hollywood. He'd bought it in high school. We'd play baseball back of the store and Hal automatically 'caught—he'd gotten the catcher's mitt for his birthday, and he was so proud of it. I remember how he kept showing us 'how hard the slap' was."

During this time, together with Jim Diamond (today a San Francisco advertising man) and Ed Sumsow (now a doctor), the boys had formed a semi-amateur club, named for the late Chief Justice Brandeis, and met in a room at the Hebrew School. By then, too, Hal's singing voice—which late came to him—came to many, when they heard him on television spectacles—was showing some promise semi-commercially. Hal and Sam Elkind (today a dramatic teacher) sang with the choir at the Children's Synagogue.

Hal was dedicated to one dream in the age of twelve: "I had a comedy part in an operetta, 'Malenka of Astrakhan,' when I was going to Roosevelt Junior High, and my dad brought me to it. Knowing all those people out there were watching you—that did it! I fell in love with audiences then and I haven't changed."

"I didn't have anything to remember now, heading toward another alma mater, George Washington High."

And, from the first, audiences returned Hal's affections, his family noted. "He wore a black tux and black derby and he was very funny," his mother was remembering. And he was a smash in "Tom Sawyer," she recalled. "The next day, all the customers came into the store. My dad was there that day. He was very proud—very glad to see him so well received, so successful in the part.

In the second play—in the role of "Puff Potter," the town drunk—thirteen-year-old Hal had the audience right in his hands... and, heady with his success, he wouldn't let them go. "When he went on stage, he went down center and he'd play..." Hal's mother Bessie has noted. "He was so drunk—drunker than fourteen people could be—and the audience laughed at him so much they didn't hear the others' lines."

"I had a detective in one where he had a serious talk with him about the way he'd try to hog the whole show. 'haven't you heard of group spirit?' he keeps asking to play the thing?"

"Well, yes, he'd heard of that, he said—but Bessie, I was having such fun!"

Or on off stage, even then, with his magnetism and personal charm, Hal Mendelson's name was beginning to rise. He was elected president of the whole student body—numbering 2,000 students—at George Washington High, his first year there. And you have his sister's word (and Hal's agreement) that schoolastic ability had nothing to do with it. "The school was brand-new, and it was quite an honor. Hal promised them big games. The classless homework—he had a great platform. They loved him and he got elected. My brothers always had this basic charm, and it worked miracles. With teachers, too. He never said, "New boy here? Walking home?" A puzzled family could only surmise that teachers personally felt he was bright, and just passed him, anyway.

At his triumphal homecoming reception, the students, room—house teacher, Frank Morton, had twinkled: "I'd like $64,000 for the two questions Hal and I asked each other when he was here to show where he was going, even then: "Frankly, Hal didn't require much counseling from the faculty. He knew definitely what he wanted to do—and he did it."

Prophecetically enough, in his graduation year, the school yearbook featured a shot of Hal at a microphone. Through the years, Hal had always tried to reassure his family not to worry—there was a paper route he was supposed to be preparing or a speech he would have to give. "When the time comes—I'll know what to say," he would turn it aside casually. And he did. Words came easily and forcefully to him. As president of the student body, he delivered a stirring speech before six hundred veterans, with the mayor in attendance and also Hal's mom, might- proud. He emceed school activities and entertained with imitations.

He was equally active in athletics, primarily track and field. "The football season was best," Hal was saying now, touring his old alma mater, and filled with memories. "We used to play our games at other stadiums. The audience was wild, and he did. Words came easily and forcefully to him. As president of the student body, he delivered a stirring speech before six hundred veterans, with the mayor in attendance and also Hal's mom, might- proud. He emceed school activities and entertained with imitations.

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spaghetti and a hamburger for twenty cents... Luna Turner was one of the students—her name was Judy Turner then. She was a year or two behind me.

But it was during the time behind the counter of his dad's delicatessen store that Hal Mendelson developed the great compassion which, coupled with his charm, would someday prove the magic combination to make him the largest audience in the nation and make him so warmly welcome in their homes. His father was a man of great compassion and a true "good Samaritan," the philosopher and the philanthropist of McClallister Street.

"My father was no business man. Not that we did badly. We never starved in those Thirties, when others were going hungry. He did anything else, if my father knew it. He was an intelligent man, and he preferred to spend his time reading and in discussion with his fellow intellectuals, than to toil in our store. He had no money—he gave it all away." Leon Mendelson early impressed on each of his children to give the customer a fair measure, and they would often find him giving a customer three ounces too much. If they mentioned it, he would say, "But she has three children. She needs it—and we have lots of it!"

Now, it filled Hal with warm pride, to be remembering: "I found out, after my father died, that he had been supporting as many as sixty families during the tough depression years, even though he never mentioned it. There were a thousand people crowding into the temple for his funeral—and outside in the street, for a block. He was a giant among men.

On McClallister Street, Hal learned to know and to weigh life in all its dimensions. He absorbed the human drama all around him—as well as the dialects and characteristics which proved invaluable in the human comedy that later gave him the Burns And Allen and other top Hollywood radio shows. "It was a very cosmopolitan section. We had a lot of nationalities in our neighborhood, and I have a good ear for sounds. I'd learn the dialects from customers who came into our store and mimic them," Hal was saying now. But he never ridiculed them, he explained. "I respected my family proudly later on: 'Hal would always portray them with kindness and warmth.'"

"During one interval, while working behind the counters, Hal and Sam Eldridge even worked up a cooperative teenage band. Sam played the piano, as Sam had recalled, "and Hal was front man in a letter jacket and tie, with the vocal refrains." They had a group, "Tommy Parker and His Orchestra," and their insignia was a teepee. "It was a fictitious billing, calculated to throw the Music Man's," Hal added. "But many of us had the dollars hundred to join the union. They'd say, 'Who's the orchestra leader?' We'd say, 'Tommy Parker. It was just a dodge, a dodge, and a while. This was during the Benny Goodman era, and we used to all go in a group and 'absorb' music.

Hal was absorbing the vaudeville shows at the Golden Gate Theatre. Once, too, "I went down there every Friday night and watched the show with my tongue hanging out. Maybe someday I'd be on the bill, too." He was frequently "on" in the store, however. "The customers all loved him," his mother had said, the memory bright in her brown eyes. "Hal always came into the store with宁

a smile. He was always so full of life and sunny disposition. Hal was a Salmoni brother—Italians who had a market across the street from ours—would sing 'Piglacci! and Hal would join in with them. We also had a butcher who sang, and they were always singing and dancing and making movies in the store. But Hal cared nothing about the delicatessen business. He was so good-natured he wouldn't say no, about helping us. But sometimes he would say to me, 'Mama—I hate the store. If I'm flying, I'll be an actor—no matter what anybody says.'"

True, Hal was saying slowly now, "I felt as if I were in prison there. I couldn't wait to try sixty-five when I was twenty years old, and it was traditional for the son to help out the father in the business."

For Hal Mendelson, the fever to act was becoming a burning thing inside of him. McClallister was a dead-end street, and he was living for the day when he could break out.

"My father was really the kind of man who always did what I wanted to do, but nobody in our family had ever even talked show business, and this came from way out of left field. He just couldn't see the point of my wanting to be an actor."

A practical guy put it this way, "How can you make a living? You have no background at all."

Hall's sister Bessie and his mom wanted him to go to college or to Paddock Community Playhouse, where he had been offered a free scholarship, and prepare for his profession. But he was too impatient to begin. "I can learn while I'm doing. I don't want to take the time to study—and he'd have no way of knowing just how many long years it was going to take.

To Dave Apfelbaum, the kind old barber who had cut Hal's hair since he was eight years old, he would say, "If you want to be a barber, you're going to get a heavy, heavy stepladder and you're going to be on top—high up—"

But there was another merchant on the street who was ready to kick down every hope Hal had. "Who do you think you can act? Who are you kidding? You'll wind up on McClallister Street just like all of the rest. You wait and see," he would scold.

Going back to McClallister Street now to Hal March, this seemed like only yesterday. The wound so deep and still so sensitive in his memory. "I made the mistake of letting him know I wanted to be an actor and wanted to go to Hollywood," he was recalling. "And he broke my heart when I was a kid. He was the successful merchant on the street. I was the son of a small merchant. I remember he used to say, 'How in the world are you going to be an actor? How will you do it'? I didn't know how. There's no set way."

"After I got to Hollywood, the first time I got a national network show, I drove up in front of his store in a brand new Cadillac. 'How are things in McClallister Street?' I asked him. The next time I went back I said, 'How was it?'

"How are things down there?' the mercantile merchant had asked. Then, 'Must be doing all right,' he said, looking at the car and obviously impressed. 'Well, no—it's a business, just a business.' Hal March agreed. After making two thousand a week now. I took a cut—" watching the man's face and remembering how, in the past, he'd hurt a kid with his pocket full of dreams...."

Now, Hal March was going back to Mc-
Allister Street again, and for the first time since he'd become a star in television with The $64,000 Question. This time, he was going back as one of the most successful shows in TV. With not only the gold key to all of San Francisco, but the magic key to almost every home in America.

This time, he was going back in a shiny black limousine with a chauffeur and a police escort, and bringing a beautiful bride to introduce to them all.

"I spent the biggest part of my youth here," Hal was saying now, emotionally. "I was raised with these people. The barber who used to cut my hair is still here."

In some ways, the street seemed the same. Cops were escorting a frowzy-haired woman into a paddy wagon and taking her away—and creating almost no stir. This is not news here. Nor is it a siren news. But Hal March is. The whole street turns out to welcome him. Shabby lace curtains part from windows of musty rooming houses, and heads poke forth. The Chinese laundry man, the flower woman, the lady from the bakery, a veteran on crutches. Delicatessen merchants in white aprons flood the street. All nationalities, all ages—they come from nowhere, surrounding him. It's "old home week" on McAllister Street. Leon Mendelson's boy has come home... a star.

The block echoes with shouts back and forth. "Remember me, Hal?... Hi, Hal,... There's Hal,..." Got time for a pastrami sandwich, Hal?"

The delicatessen store is a "Laudnerette" now. "Shag rugs washed, dried and fluffed" there. No longer, his dad's prized home-churned sweet butter or corned beef. No longer there—the gentle-faced Santa Claus of the street. Hal's eyes moisten and he turns away...

"There's Dave's barber shop—and there's Dave," he says, going to greet him. The old barber throws his arms around Hal's neck affectionately. "Hal you look thin. Your beautiful hair—you cut 'em off," To Hal's lovely wife, Candy, he's saying, "You got good husband—not a better boy in this world, I know."

And, to one and all, Dave is saying, "He is like my own child. I'm so tickled to see him so far up. This boy, I knew he'd make it. You haven't got another boy in Hollywood with such a great soul as this boy. To suffer, to struggle, was nothing for this boy." To Hal, his partering word is, "You got yourself a good fine step-ladder. Now you stay up there."

And in the crowd in the street, paying homage, too, is the merchant who put a knife in a young boy's dream. "Today," Hal was saying quietly, "today, he says 'He's my boy!"

They were wrong, any of those who doubted young Hal Mendelson. He was never going to wind up on McAllister Street. The music he could make was too happy—the dedication, too strong. No struggle was too great to get where he wanted to go. "You don't know how you're going to do it. You just know you've got to try—or die..."

And, one rainy night, eighteen-year-old Hal Mendelson had braved it and hitched a ride to Hollywood to try. It was raining cats and dogs that night Hal left," his room well recalls, "I felt terrible and I cried. He didn't have anything to do. He didn't have anywhere to go there. But it worked out fine, God bless him. That was the right road for him..."

But not before years of struggle. And true to life's irony, Hal Mendelson was to get his real start on the professional stage—not in Hollywood—but in a back room on the other end of... McAllister Street.

(Part II—February issue.)
Hero at Home

(Continued from page 46)

Steves.' You may not know it, but Love Of Life is one of the biggest things on this island. Practically everyone watches it, on kinescope—which is the way they get it here, instead of by live TV. Betty Swizer, the girl who is going to interview you, is one of your fans. I know, she was so anxious about being unprepared. She probably knows as much about the show as you do.

Dick Coogan laughs when he talks about it now. "You know, the man was right! When I walked out of my office, Betty Swizer introduced me as if I were an old friend—which I suppose I was, because of Love Of Life. I had no idea of what I was going to say. I just had a feeling that something had happened too fast. But she was just great. She had all the right questions, without seeming to reach for them. It couldn't have gone better if it had been planned ahead. Excepting that I got carried away by her enthusiasm and by the knowledge that Love Of Life was so well known and liked in that far-off island, and I practically gave away the whole secret for weeks ahead. It was around the time when the setting of the plot, and the mystery of the picture in it, was getting important to the plot, and I found myself spelling a little of that carelessly. I talked about Vanessa, and Meg Harper, and little Carol and the others, and there was hardly anything I left unsaid. All the elements were right, true, because they're a wonderful bunch."

No one has reported the number of feminine hearts that flattered precariously that day, when it became known Paul Breen was about to become the next person of Dick Coogan, but the count could be impressive. It would take color TV to show his reddish-blonde hair and blue eyes, but the impression of kindness mingled with strength, was so strong. He is six-foot-three—shows up just as well in black and white. So does the firm jaw line which warns you that, beneath the easy-going, friendly exterior, there can be tough in a fight, if he must. Probably because he looks like a good scrubber, he has often been in fights, on and off in the movies. So many of them that it's extra exciting to see him as the happy home life with his wife, Gay, and seven-year-old Richard Jr.—who's called Dick to differentiate him from his daddy.

"Being one of ten kids myself," Dick grins, "I had to learn early how to fight back. There can be a lot of scraps in a large Irish family—both in and out of the home—so I've had my share of donnys and brocks! It's odd, under the circumstances that I seem to take so much physical punishment on the screen, without being allowed to fight back!"

In the picture, "Three Hours to Kill," Dick Andrews and Dana Andrews are to show Dick a punch, for the camera only, not actually hitting Dick. "But," Dick laughs, "bang! Dana clouted me—not instead of missing—and I was down. This time the getaway driver was a powerful ex-prizefighter actor. "It'll look good for the camera," he told me confidently, "but you won't know you're being hit!" All I can say is that he must have kept urging the fighter on to more and more realistic close-ups. After Dick got through rocking from the blows he took, he signed everything went well—but why didn't Coogan keep looking toward the camera? "As if I had any choice but to look in the direction in which this guy was banging my head," says a still combative Coogan, who only asks for a chance to fight back fairly.

During the Broadway run of the stage play, "The Rainmaker," in which Dick played the priest, File a couple of seasons ago, he had to get up before the lights went up on the next scene. One night, he headed off so quickly he missed his direction and ran into a pipe. He played the rest of the performance giving a bump over his wounded eye. Another time—the Martin Kane TV series—Lee Tracy was supposed to miss him with a punch, but it landed on Dick's mouth. A second time, Lee was supposed to give Dick time to collect his wits and repair the damage with a little make-up.

By contrast, all is comparatively peaceful at home with the Coogans. In spite of her commercialized red hair, Gay has none of the tempestuous and mercurial moods usually ascribed to redheads, and her blue eyes look calmly upon the world around her. But up to her name Gay has a flair for making life seem filled with pleasant things already happening or about to happen any moment.

She was Gay Adams before she was married, a singer with vast ambitions who saw them flower into a successful nightclub career before she gave up the rest of her career dreams to take care of Dick and Rick. When Dick3 was a boy curling a spear (or similar lethal weapon) in a Leslie Howard production of "Hamlet," and Gay was a decorative lady-in-waiting. But Dick didn't get a chance to take a date—until after he had been knocked down by a cab while pushing Leslie Howard out of its path one night! Dick wasn't really hurt, but it was enough to make him give Gay a bit of encouragement—and the opportunity—to ask her to dinner one night.

"Now," Dick smiles, "when we go to a club and hear some singer hold a roomful of people with her voice, I can realize that she once did this. I can remember when I would sit at a table, listening to her, watching the room quiet down. I can see the rest of the performance. Seeing every head turn up, you can't help doing the emotion she was building up between herself and the audience. Sometimes, it seems a shame she gave all this up, because her voice and her personality are so strong. But she couldn't persuade Rick it is a mistake to have his mother at home!"

Rick was born June 10, 1949, while his daddy was appearing on television as that dashing spaceman, Captain Video. When Rick was beginning to toddle around, he would watch Dick on the screen, then circle the set, when the program went off, looking for him at the back. He never could figure out where Daddy had disappeared to! Now, Rick is a second-grader, very busy with his own pursuits, seldom able to see Love Of Life because of its non-stop Sunday night running, except for one or two times. Rick's an actor pretty much in stride—and that's the way the Coogans want it. Whether or not he will be an actor hasn't yet even been discussed, although in many ways he follows the path of his father's interests.

"Some days, I think Rick is the image of Dick," says Gay, "and, some days, Dick thinks he is the image of me—so it must be a good hit!" All the children are so alike. The only worry that kept clouding the other is that he is built like his father. He has Dick's mouth. We knew, the day he was born, that his ears, with hardly any lobes, were going to be just like Dick's. Puckish, Pan-like ears!"

"Rick has Gay's profile and her fine eyes. And Gay's temperament," Dick adds. "I hope he has inherited Gay's brains. She has great inner resources, and great inner strength, and her reactions to

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everything that happens are always right. I couldn’t wish for any better inheritance for our child.”

In New York, the Coogans live on the upper west side in a comfortable roomy home apartment. Sometimes, they spend the night in their cottage on Long Island, overlooking Great South Bay, where they swim and fish and boat—and a small boy can dream things happen like calling the Seven Seals. And always, the three of them spend a lot of time together.

They have had the same after-prayers routine, at Rick’s bedtime, ever since he first went to nursery school. And the best way to have his parents leave him with nothing to do but to go to sleep—and who cared about sleep when so much of interest was still going on in the grownups? He could always think of one last question he wanted to ask, and finally that turned into three questions, repeated nightly. First question: Will you give me chocolate milk? This meant that he woke up during the night, it was already settled that he could have some milk. He still asks it—but practically never wakes up. Second question: Why do the mice come out of the ceiling? This was because the door to the attic had been left open, opened before his parents went to bed. It stays open now, but it’s part of the bedtime ritual to ask—and perhaps it’s quite justified if the mice are really being molested by any suspicious-looking creature left alone in a big room. Third question: Will you have breakfast with me? This one is still very important, answered in the affirmative, except on rare occasions. And, as he is partly responsible for its continuity, it is particularly important now to Rick,” Dick explains. “I don’t play golf on Sundays. But, after church, we like to go to the club for breakfast. And the big dining room pleases Rick. All the more because it makes him feel grown-up. It’s a very special date that morning.”

Dick says he “discovered” golf a few years ago. “It was rather rough on Gay and Rick when he became a golf fanatic overnight. Even at home, he spent his time reading books on the game, trying to improve his techniques, practicing putting and swings. He takes it a little more lightly, but he shoots in the middle seventies, and has Rick handling a small set of clubs like a pro. “Want to see Rick’s golf bag?” someone will frequently haunt an adult who has been working hard at the game all morning and slicing every shot. Dick glows with pride at the tribute, but Rick takes it in stride, never shows off.

Just like his daddy, Rick works hard at his studies. The school day begins with a game of sports like a Preedy does to rock ‘n roll. He skis with the grown-ups, rides a bike in a way to make your hair stand on end, swings a bat like a big-leaguer, began to sit at the piano when he was only three years old. Gay put regular ball-bearing roller skates on him at two and let him learn balance and movement in their hallway, where the carpet gave him security, and then to the big park nearby, where he could practice outdoors, before going on the pavement with the big children. Rick is a tennis fan. Her grandfather was national singles and doubles champion of the United States at one time, and she has his strong serve and forehand and backhand. Dick plays some tennis with her, and she goes to the golf driving range with him.

Together, father and son make things in Dick’s basement workshop. Airplanes. Boats. Bookcases and shelves. There are always lots of these to be done, from time to time. And especially a couple of parakeets, a canary, and always their beloved old black cocker spaniel, “Shadow,” and the French poodle, “Mistletoe.” Shadow represents an informal small boy’s love for all living things.

When Dick isn’t busy with his carpentry, he’s apt to be at his easel, painting. He’s self-taught so far, was offered thirty-five dollars for his first painting. His first painting is a landscape, but decided such an “early Coogan” should be kept in the family and not sacrificed for mere money.

Nurturing with Dick’s acting career—But journalism almost did, first at high school in his home town of Madison, New Jersey, and then at Emerson College, in Boston. “I found out that what I really want is never to do that, so that it’s the art of applying the seat of your pants to the seat of a chair. I guess the prospect of that much hard work scared me off. Little did I realize that acting, or anything else you work at, requires the same devoted concentration.”

There were ten children in our family, and I’m the only one who become an actor. A lot of people say I’m not cut out for the spotlight. I’m the one who does the dramatics during a period when I was ill and couldn’t participate much in sports.

I have had a lot of other jobs besides acting during the early lean years—from running an elevator, to selling, to defense work in an ordnance plant—but I always went back to the theater, to the part that suited me best. I met my wife when I was nineteen, on the New York stage with Mae West in ‘Diamond Lil.’ Sometimes, I didn’t know who I really was.”

As if it were written in Love Of Life, Dick Coogan is a marked man wherever he goes. Kids in the neighborhood still call him “Captain,” but everyone else refers to him as “Paul.” In fact, as Dick himself points out, he is more interested in this fellow Raven than they are in Coogan. I was speeding across the Triborough Bridge to New York one day last summer, coming in from Long Island, when I saw a group of kids late for school and chugging to rehearsal and trying to make up time. A police car suddenly appeared out of nowhere and I knew there was no use trying to talk my way out of that. When I reached for my driver’s license and car registration, they weren’t there, so I was in an extra bad jam.

“I’m late for rehearsal!” I growled.

“What’s the matter?” the officer asked, giving me a look that said, This is impossible because you don’t look like any actor. ‘What show?”

“I told him he wouldn’t know about the show because it was a nighttime program on television,” I told him Love Of Life.

“What part do you play?” he asked suspiciously, and I told him Paul Raven.

“He gave me a quick once-over. ‘So you’re the guy who has been giving me a lot of trouble about my ticket’ he said, and I suspected he did not know it was the same Van who he does it talk about this Raven guy. And I’d have to do is go home and say I gave Raven a ticket, when he was only trying to get to his show on time, and I’d never have to prove to that wife that he had really met me, I had to send an autographed picture. I couldn’t have been happier to comply with that request.”

Gay doesn’t mind this admiration for her husband. She doesn’t even mind when letters come in from women, asking if she is married, and saying what fine, devoted wife a man like Paul would look their way. She doesn’t mind the fact that she and Dick can’t walk into a store or a restaurant or theater any more, without her husband being recognized and asked for his autograph. Or that they have to keep changing their telephone number because groups of kids call up just to hear his voice on the phone.

She keeps her name and her maiden name, but to tell you the truth, sometimes she can’t bear to hear her husband by complaining that, when the script calls upon him to kiss Van, he needn’t appear to enjoy it so much.

Dick himself thinks that Gay and his TV wife, Vanessa, are alike in many ways. In their love of children and their patience and understanding of them. In the level of energy they have in dealing with the usual problems, and the courage with which they face any crisis. But mostly in the way Gay always helps him and stands beside him.

Unquestionably, among all those fans in this country and Honolulu and heaven knows what other distant shores, there is no man taught one than Gay. She and your—"
Shiny New Penny

(Continued from page 24)

anyone but a girl like Rosemary. She has a theory that a woman—any girl-child should then hold herself together almost any age. She believes that all women retain a childish side of their nature which makes it easy to slip backward in time, especially back to their own childhood years. This ability to combine mature emotions with childish moods and enthusiasm makes Rosemary an actress interesting to watch and an actress that might be known. As Mrs. Michael Thoms (pronounced with the h silent and the o long), she is the wife of a talented actor—stage-man, currently serving in the latter capacity for the company called "No Time for Sergeants." As Rosemary Thoms, she is also the brand-new owner, with Mike, of a stunning new ranch house in Rockland County, about 35 miles out of New York, in the foothills of the Ramapo Mountains. As Rosemary Thoms, she is also chief cook and dishwasher. She also had endless lists of things to be done in the house. The house they just moved into had been built by Moirealle Brothers, Builders, a firm which has developed much property in the Ramapo foothills.

As Rosemary Prinz, however, the girl who is Penny Hughes every day on television, she finds herself just as happily fitting into that teen-age framework, emotionally and physically. As Rosemary, she finds herself evolving herself and the sets with the abandonment of a high-school girl. She curls up on the floor to play records, or talks endlessly to her imaginary friends, Ellen Lowell, about boys, parties, schoolwork, and the homework that came with every day. She makes dates, and then agonizes over what to wear and what to say. In fact Rosemary, like Penny, thinks like Penny, like Penny, is Penny.

"It's a wonderful outlet for me, this going back, Rosemary says. "I'm lucky. I've been known to enjoy watching their own daughter grow up and following a program like ours. We get many letters from people who tell us how much they enjoy Ellen and me and the way in the show, as well as they do the more adults of the family. After all, who wants to be entirely grown-up every minute of the day?"

It could be argued here that perhaps Rosemary feels so strongly about it because she started to grow up earlier than most girls; when at sixteen she bought a show-business newspaper, read an ad in it, and applied for a job at Cragsmore, New York.

"My parents had wanted me, my only child, to go to college first. But they listened when the owner and director of the hotel, Mr. Fonion DaCosta, suggested that I need not go merely because my formal schooling was interrupted. He told me that, with an inquisitive mind and a reasonably intelligent approach, I could learn as much and more than I needed as I went along. It must have been difficult for my parents to give up their own plans for me, but they had always encouraged the things I wanted to do, and I am very grateful."

Those who watch Rosemary being Penny Hughes know that this is a petite girl who has to stretch just a bit to reach the "t" and weighs a mere 96 pounds. One of her teachers used to call her "the girl with the golden eyes." There seems to be no better phrase to describe the golden-brown eyes that seem to light up as she looks at you. Her hair is golden-blonde in the highlights, darker in the shadows until it seems almost brown. Her nose is small and cute, her mouth full and pretty. Rosemary has long been married since 1951, when he was twenty-four, is a tall man—5'11", lean ("the kind of man who has always attracted me"), Sandy-haired, but balding since her twenties. Rosemary calls, "a kind of humorous nose, as if he were always laughing a little at life, and at himself; strictly a non-neurotic type of guy, but has that same balance and his marvelous sense of humor, along with his gentleness and consideration, that made me fall in love with him."

They met on the stage of the Grove Theater in the town of Niougas, Pa., where Rosemary was a member of the company and Mike had come up to act in one specific play. It was on the opening night of the play before the one in which Mike was to appear. He was "casino" the theater and waiting for the curtain to go up. Rosemary, the perfectionist, had come out on the empty stage to check the lights, to see if they were all right. What she saw was a tall man wandering about the stage, and I thought: What an idiot! Doesn't he know better than to hang around on an opening night, twenty minutes before curtain? I wondered, of course, at having a stranger see me. I soon looked. Mike was thinking (he told me this later): What a big deal she must think, she is not the fellow—around the stage. She is the theater book—up. Does she think she's starring on Broadway?"

That's the way it was between them at first—sort of an unspoken antagonism until the opening night of the show in which they appeared together. The strain of opening night over, the cast went to the one restaurant that stayed open late and were adored by the women, the people, the theater. The pictures from the juke box, "I think we both realized we were beginning to fall in love, it was really very romantic. The quiet little mountain town. The moonlight. The boys in the hills. These days, I don't know, we knew we were going to get married."

They were married on June 10, 1951, the summer after they met, in the Little Chef Church of the sometimes known as the Actors' Church.

Mike was always thoughtful: Why am I fussing about weddings? But her mother was sure her daughter would like to remember a real wedding dress. Mike was inclined to go along with Mrs. Prinz.

And Rosemary admits today, "I never thought it would mean so much to me, but when the time came I felt like such a bride, I was dressed up, and carrying a bouquet. Fluttery and nervous, just like brides in the movies and television. But when the actual moment came to walk up the aisle, I felt like I was going to win a million dollars. I'm sure I was smiling every step of the way, instead of looking properly demure."

When Mike and Rosemary moved into their first home, a small apartment, they found themselves short about housekeeping. Their dining table came with legs separate, to be screwed into the top, and they had to call Rosemary's mother to help them put it together. They are still not very good do-it-yourselfers. Rosemary was already something of a cook, a maker of zesty sauces and barbecue triumphs, and a good baker. Baking specialties are a chocolate-chip cake (long

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Mike's favorite), a lemon cake, and a variety of fancy split-layer cakes.

The new house has an all-electric kitchen with oven built into the wall, plus a new automatic dishwasher. It also has a roasting room for Grundoon, their jet black cocker spaniel. Rosemary tells you that they had to have a room in the house to accommodate them. They built a house, but you suspect that the fact she has never before lived in a house, much less owned one, has a great deal to do with it. Especially when she tells you that they are planning on building a two-story and see all those people so busy building my house."

There seemed to be a kind of destiny about the house, from the first. If their Saturday Night Live shows had been delivered as usual, if they hadn't slept late enough to retrieve the competitive Sunday paper from their neighbor's trash after it had been rescued from a sea of bedsheets, if Firestone had never seen the advertisement. Their usual paper didn't carry it. But having read the ad they decided to take a ride and see if the property lived up to the fancy phrases describing it.

When they walked through the model home, they knew this was no lark. They stared up at the mountains, the great trees. Rosemary, looking at the woods all around, already heard them ringing with symphonic music she loves and was brought up on. Her father, Milton Prinz, is a brilliant concert cellist who worked under Frederick Stockton, and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra. Rosemary studied piano and voice, but chose dramatic acting as her career instead.

But that, at last, here was a place where I could turn the volume full and play the recordings and the radio as they were meant to be played, without worrying about annoying the neighbors. I stood in the big living room, forty-two feet long, and imagined how it would sound like symphony hall, and how the whole house would be filled with music. I looked at Mike, and knew he felt the same way.

Together we did everything from details to important items. "We both have to live in the house and should feel equally content with everything. My fair share of the house, of course, but not my mother and I like that. I'm not used to husbands who say, 'Whatever you want is all right with me, dear,' and wives who wonder later if it really is."'

Together we plan to live in a house, set in an acre and a half of ground, was designed for the downhill slope it occupies. This means it has two stories at the back, the lower one more or less a basement leading from the patio, with utility room behind the recreation room. Materials are white brick, dark brown shingles, and mottled beige-brown wood called "pecky" cypress. In addition to the big living room, there is a dining area, the big kitchen, three bedrooms and the bathromoms.

The recreation room has three cypress walls and one in pale pink stucco, with a ceiling of wood stained a chocolate brown floor. The furnishings throughout the house are "a kind of subdued modern." What Rosemary means by this is contemporary design, but with extremely stylish lines and attractively textured fabrics.

For a girl who starts rehearsing in a New York studio at 7:30 each morning, is off the air at 2:00 in the afternoon, and then goes back to work on the show from 2:30 to 5:30, commuting from the country presents a problem. It has changed their lives to the extent that she and Mike go to New York on weekends, but usually meets Mike at a restaurant in town, before she hurries home to study her script for the next day's show.

None of these things bother young Mrs. Thoma, however. She is used to work, struggled a long time to make her way as an actress before the jobs began to come in steadily and before she met Mike. In the early days she took any job she could get, no matter what. She sold pots and pans from door to door, worked as a hat-check girl, as an alarm operator for a detective association (on the midnight rounds) and made the rounds for theater jobs during the day), clerked in a department store.

By the time she was called to audition for the part of Penny she had proved herself, of course—had been in many of the big night dramatic shows on television, a long list of radio plays, four short-lived Broadway plays and loads of stock company work. She was hired to fill a job, then playing the second female lead in another daytime drama. Because of this, she didn't push too hard when she was called to read for Penny by the program's director. "I didn't count too much on getting the part, although I liked it so much. I have learned not to count too much on anything, but to take everything as it comes, a day at a time. It was a happy surprise when word came that I was to be Penny, particularly because my other show went off the air at about that time. Immediately I was thoroughly frightened, she says, of course, I took a short rest, and baked cake every day. My husband had more cake than he could possibly eat!"

The months have gone by, Rosemary and Penny now become more and more identified with each other. She is such an interesting teenager. Special in the way that every human being is special. Typical in the way her problems are similar to the problems of other girls in her age group. Sometimes she is the sweet, starry-eyed young girl having her first dates, her first loves. Sometimes she's the meaty, well-fed homebody who never really sits in one, and talks incessantly on the telephone to her bosom friend. The hostile girl, at times, who fights with her brother or with a boy friend. Or the sort of childless daughter who believes that her dead sister, Susan, is still her mother's favorite. Penny dramatizes every situation, and makes all of it, dramatizes himself.

"We have a full crowd on our show, from Charlie Fisher, the producer, right on down. The cast, the crew, everyone. Wendy Drew, who plays my best friend Joan on the show, is the only child of mine. We both find ourselves dressing more like teenagers than we did. In particular, I find myself going around the house without make-up, wearing shorts or jeans or slacks with shirts and sweaters, not fussing too much with my hair. Of course, some days when I'm out I get very grand, as Penny would like to do—and I put on a sheath dress and long, dangling earrings. I like red, white and blue. If not red, usually some shade of blue. I like to keep everything bright and cheerful, don't go much for dull colors."

Penny, who is strong, cheerful and sunny is a job she likes, and works at. "Some people believe that the late teens or even twenty is too young for marriage, because those next five years are ones in which you may change a great deal. They are right in some ways—you do change. The wonderful part about my life is that Mike and I have changed, together. We have both grown and matured, together and not apart."

"We are fortunate in being interested in the same things, in the same kind of work, in the same kind of life. We want to grow old together. We live in the same home. We have television in our lives, through my work, and the theater, through Mike's. He hasn't given up acting entirely, or working, he has a year with a small TV station and knows every facet of the business. I haven't given up theater, although I would always want to combine it with television now."

"The work with Jerry Hughes is a wonderful experience for me. I love it. As Rosemary Prinz, however, I am glad I was lucky enough to meet Michael Thoma and marry him and already have five and a half years of marriage behind me. I hope Penny will be as fortunate."

A Song for Robert Q.

(Continued from page 44) Most often you'll see her in sport clothes. No jewelry, no makeup except for lipstick. And most often, she and husband Mort Lindsey are at home in Nutley, New Jersey, where they live in a 75-year-old house. Judy describes it as "early crack- er-box." They have a baby, Steven, born last May, who has two front teeth; a daughter, Bonnie, who looks exactly like her mother, and a son named William, an aristocratic French poodle named Dennis, an alley cat named Geneva—and squirrels.

"We both love animals," says husband Mort, "but Judy is truly soft-hearted. We have a horrible nest of squirrels. We still have them. They get into the attic and ceil- lar and they dirty up things. They even throw nuts at us when we dare to eat in our own back yard. So I wanted to get rid of them. Judy said, 'No.' So we didn't. But the pay-off was when one got sick. Judy called a vet and they killed it."

Mort Lindsey, recording artist and musical director, is a tall, good-looking man. He and Judy met when she was singing on a show, and he was both of them had had a good time at a rehearsal early. Judy recalls, "We were engaged because of my bad memory. I saw Mort and thought he was one of the Skylarks, whom I should have known. When he sat down to dinner after the show, I said, 'It's dinner time, but was attracted. He's my kind of man.'"

And what kind of gal is Judy? She is shy. So shy that she says, "I love people but it's hard for me to go out alone. I've got to have Mort with me even when visiting friends. And, even so, before I go to a party I think, 'If they ask me to stand up and sing I'll fall through the floor.'"

This comes from a gal who has sung with big-name bands, in musical comedy and on Broadway. She has appeared in shows on both sides of her. To old friends, to other members of the Robert Q. cast, she is known to be unpretentious and real, delightful and vivacious.

Judy is another member of Robert Q's show, explains, "You can sit down and talk clothes and food with any wom- an, but you hold back a little. You keep up your guard. You instinctively know that Judy wants whatever is best for you." Judy is well-equipped to be understanding. Although in her mid-twenties, she has already lived a couple of lives and accumulated a couple of careers. At 12, she was singing with bands throughout Virginia. At 14, she was featured singer with Les Brown's famed band.
At 12, she was a has-been, or so she thought. She notes, “As far back as I can remember, I’ve always wanted to be in show business.”

She was born Betty Bonney in Norfolk, Virginia. She had a father, mother, older brother, grandmother and a dog named Fluff. “I’ve always had pets and somehow I’ve always been close to them. Fluff lived to be eighteen.” Her parents and brother are alive. Not her grandmother. “Grandmother was quite a gal. Filled me full of old wives’ tales and superstitions. Like, ‘If you see feathers in your grand- ma’s, is in show business or did each much to music than snap their fingers. Her father worked for the Seaboard Railroad, yet she was largely instrumental in seeing that she got to start.

At the age of three, Judy made her first bow to the public. The little girl next door was giving a piano recital and chose to have Judy sing while she accompanied. Judy’s parents were at the recital, and were so impressed by the daughter that from that day on, her father enrolled her in singing and piano classes.

At the age of nine, Judy had her own weekly radio program. When she was ten, her father walked her down to a six-pole tent show, headed by her an audition. The summer she was 11, Austen remembered Judy and sang for when his singer became ill. Judy, chaptered by her mother, warmed up the audience. At 12, Judy was singing with a college band. I was big for my age,” she says. “When I was twelve, I passed for eighteen. And it wasn’t a question of-age; it was taking me. I loved what I was doing. By the time I was thirteen I had the works—all kinds of auditions and tests.”

It was in high school that she and her mother were broke and stranded for the first time. A small-name band was singing with was dissolved by the draft. Judy went over to Station WLW to audition and got a singing job with Jimmie James and his band.

She was fourteen when she joined Les Brown for two years. Next came short stays with leading stylists with Frankie Carle. At sixteen, she married a musician. The marriage was unsuccessful, and when it broke up Judy’s mother rejoined her to help care for their daughter.

“It was then that I saw my first musical,” she recalls. “As often as I’d been in and out of New York, I’d never had time to go to a show. Then I saw Oklahoma, and I decided, ‘This is what I want to do.’”

For two years, she confined herself to Manhattan, studying voice, acting and auditioning for shows. She wound up with the lead in the national company of “High Button Shoes.” When the tour was over she got a call from her agent to go down and see Sammy Kaye about a job.

It was Kaye who changed her name from Betty Bonney to Judy Kaye. And about that time her parents had moved permanently up from Virginia into a house in Nutley, New Jersey, to be with Judy’s grandmother. A good arrangement for Judy to know Bonnie. And for by her mother but it didn’t really ease the hurt of being away from her child. When Judy was singing at the Waldorf with Sammy Kaye, William Morris Agency saw her and insisted they could do something for her. For Judy it was a round of auditions again. Her big break came when she met producer Max Liebman who was putting together the famous Saturday Night Show Of Shows.

“I’ll never forget that audition,” she says. “The room was may be as big as a coffee table. I did fifteen numbers for him and he didn’t even smile. I was sure this man hated me.”

But this man didn’t. He hired Judy. For three and a half years she sang and danced on the nation’s first great TV program. She remembers, “We got to work every weekday and put in a full day rehearsing. It was wonderful experience and the spirit on the show was so great.”

When the program went off, Judy worked with Red Buttons, Fred Allen and, since October, Jimmie James and Dorothy Q. Lewis. It was on the Allen show that she met Mort. Mort was there to substitute on piano for a very good friend, recording star Jack Hylton, who was stranger to a TV studio. The possessor of a handful of musical degrees from Columbia University, Mort had worked as staff pianist, NBC, then as musical director at CBS-TCV. He hadoubled his study bands including Milton DeLug’s on Open House. The year he met Judy he was doing fourteen shows a week. He was even a decal on the ABC network, as The Boy Next Door to Martin Block.

I knew I was going to marry Mort that very first summer, and I’ll tell you why,” Judy says. “When I was going to Texas to play a club date, and Mort helped work on the act. Then he gave me his own material. Of course, when another entertainer gives you his own material, you know it’s love.”

When she got back, friends in Nutley told her of a house for sale. Mort bought it before they were married. It was the “haunted house” in the neighborhood. The windows were thick with dust. There were rats in the floors and a genuine patter in the attic (squirrels). Well the windows were blasted and beige carpeting put to the floor and an attempt was made to chase the squirrels back to their trees. The trees are magnificent, huge oak and horse chestnuts. The house itself is painted white with yellow trimmings. Today, it is a cheerful, pleasant home, outside or in.

Both Mort and Judy have a taste for authentic antique furniture. Most of it is from an American-Danish period, richly hued with patinas. The dining room. The chairs and sofa are Louis IV, of green velvet and antique-white wood. Cocoa drapes hang from the windows, and a high back sits a handsome grand piano Mort has had for more than ten.

Right off the living room is the television room, and here the Americana is rampant with dry sinks, a great-grandfather clock, and fireplace. The dining room is next, and is glassed on two sides facing the yard. Above the table hangs a real kerosene chandelier. To the side is a big kitchen, not often as not, the family eats there off a hutch table. Their bedroom has a handsome early American-styled bed, covered with a white and crimson canopy. “I always wanted a canopy bed,” Judy says. “It gives me a sort of wonderful feeling to look up and see that white shroud over you.”

The nursery is across the hall from the main bedroom, equally as blissfully cheerful blue. The delightful flannel foot-riations on the baby’s chest were painted by Bonnie. Bonnie’s own room is next door. She has a huge map on the wall that she requested for her birthday. In it, she can locate daddy when he’s on the road. There are ballet pictures to inspire Bonnie in her dance study and, on one shelf, there is a box of Nervine, a gift from Pat Boone. This was a personal gift from Pat.

Mort has been Pat’s musical director on the road during the past year. A couple of times luck had it that Pat and Mort worked the same time, and when Pat was singing at Atlantic City’s Steel Pier, when Pat was singing at Atlantic City’s Steel Pier.

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They Swoon for Boone

(Continued from page 32) and Radio shows, he has become the favorite of millions. He is one of the singing men in demand at the theaters from coast to coast. He has turned down offers from three of the major studios in Hollywood. And from the fans who surround him, sighing, screaming, scrambling (and occasionally falling) at whatever time and wherever he appears, he gets the "Swoon for Boone" reaction.

What is the reaction of young Charles Edward Hacker to this excitement? He can't believe this can be happening to him, while still realizing that it can.

"I'm still asking myself, 'Wha me?'" he says. "The wonder grows. I can't imagine myself as a big singer. I know it's happening, is happening, but it seems to me to be happening to another person. I'm a kid, I'm going to high school and in church and, later, in the local movie theater back home in Nashville, I just knew I wouldn't be a singer. Not a big pro singer, that is—didn't look like it.

"Now, when I'm on stage and getting a good reaction from an audience, people screaming and all, and when the fans write and phone and look for me on TV—well, when I look in a mirror I don't see the fellow they see. He isn't in there."

When he looks in the mirror that Pat sees—and mirrors do not lie—is a young man six feet tall. Slender, but athletic, build. Brown, singularly clear and candid brown eyes. Dark hair, well cut. Tanned, smooth skin, nice nose and mouth. Fine teeth. And what, if not exactly so, is a singer supposed to look like?

"My future? Circumstantial evidence to the contrary, I feel that I'm still on sort of shaky ground. Tell you a secret: I don't think I have any great talent. Lots of fellows sing better than I do. They just haven't run out on the road and com- mercial songs, as I've been lucky enough to do. They haven't met the right people, as I've been fortunate enough to do. Take Mr. Godfrey for one. One of my first big breaks was when Ty Cobb's Scouts show. And now, what do you know, he lets me sing my records on his shows. And there's Randy Wood, head man of Dot Records. And Hugh Cherry, a disc jockey. And Baby Wood, another disc jockey. And Bill Randall, a disc jockey in Cleveland, one of the biggest disc jockeys in the country. And then there's Buddy Clooney right after I made my very first record. And my lifelong friend and high-school principal, Mack Craig, who got me my first radio job. Mack Craig, during the high-school years when I was trying to set the pattern of my life, gave me the right slant I hope I have. And Dean Hacker of Columbia University, where I'm now a senior. I'm working hard to maintain my straight-A average, shooting for Phi Beta Kappa. Dean Hacker is so helpful to me, so understanding of the work I do, that he has helped me set up a plan for the future that will allow me the most freedom possible.

"It's pure luck," Pat said, "that I'm not travelling around, as a lot of fellows are, singing in little bars and lounges. Most of the time I sing for good singers, many of them, whose luck has run out. Their real tragedy is that they didn't prepare themselves for anything but singing. That young singer preparing for a teaching career, not counting on being a singer always. Dangerous to count on—it—my luck may run out."

"He reaction to success is modest to an unexcellable causative of the most trouble," he says, "is a kind of refusing to grow up in some ways. I've been married for four years. We have three babies. But I still sort of hang on to athletics, read sports magazines like crazy, go out pitching ball. Result is that I'm often late for appointments. Anything you can think of young people doing, I like to do. Thing is, I don't want it's not my weight so much as my appetite that scares me," she explains. "I love to eat. The other night, we were out with Pat and Shirley Boone for dinner, and I suddenly realized that I'd eaten more than anything else."

When Judy wants to drop some pounds, she stops eating for two or three days at a time. "I've tried other plans. Once someone told me that a full breakfast would help me to do just plan's eating. Well, I had a big breakfast, but it made me even hungrier at lunch time, and by dinner I was eating like Henry VIII!

She likes to cook and bake, and makes fine fruit pies and good cakes. Her favorite dishes are spaghetti and chili con carne. When Mort is out of town and she's cooking herself, she's fortunate to have a starch, like noodles with butter and salt. But Judy does other things besides eating when Mort's away. When he was out of town for sixteen days, she served newspaper men at the office. The time before that, she retouched some furniture. She's an industrious housewife who always finds something that requires her immediate attention. Like getting Bon nie, who wants to know a singer, to dance in the poodle . . . or just helping the baby get up a burp—until 5:30 P.M. when she drives into Manhattan to become Judy Johnson.

But if you want to know one thing about Mrs. Lindsey, housewife and mother. This she finds the most satisfying career of all.
to grow up. I never did. When I was fourteen, I wanted to be twelve again. I've always been aware, I think, that life is short and precious.

"Otherwise, Pat continued," I'm as normal as the rest of them, bringing-up, everything. My folks—my daddy's in the contracting business—are people of modest but comfortable means. I went to a private day school, Lipscomb College back home, where I spent my freshman year. And two sisters, Margie and Judy, who are still in grade school. I'm the oldest of the family. I was born one of those little girls hoping for a girl. They decided on the name Patricia. When I fooled them by being a boy, they named me Charles Eugene, but called me Pat.

"As a kid, I did think things all kids do—played sandlot ball, swam in the Cumberland River, sang some, too. But so do lots of kids in school and in church and in neighborhood movie houses where, if they want to be a sandlot matinee, they're invited to do so. In high school, I was fortunate enough to 'letter' in all the sports. And if I have any regrets in my short and happy life, the main one is that I've never been able to play college sports.

"It's normal, too, to fall in love in your teens, want to get married, meet up with parental opposition—and elope. When we were both nine partners, I didn't care, and neither did I. We'd gone together for three years, all through high school. But when we talked about marriage, the cry was, 'Who, young boy, are you? Our local teen-age show, Youth On Parade, on radio. Shirley, who planned to be a nurse, was starting her course. 'Marry at nineteen,' our folks said, 'and you'll have a hard time of it.' It got to the point where they even discouraged our dating because they were afraid we might get married too early. Then Shirley's daddy went to Fiji, one of the stars of Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, quit the 'Opry' to become the star of his own network TV show, Ozark Jubilee, which comes out of Springfield, Missouri. Shirley and I decide to move to Springfield with her daddy. So we eloped. Came as a shock to our parents, both sets. Now they're very happy about the whole thing. And for a month or so after it happened, there was a bit of business and tension, which is why we skinned off to Texas where we could be alone, work things out for ourselves. A freshman at ND, and Lipscomb when we eloped, I transferred to the University of Texas in Denton. By means of such extra-curricular activities as host of WBAP-TV's Barn Dance, I was able to earn about fifty dollars a week. Coming back home even after Cherry our first baby was born, we lived fine. We were just as happy, every bit, as we are now. We learned to cook hamburgers all kinds of different ways—hamburger vegetable, just plain hamburger, several kinds of hash.

"We don't sponget money now. Only sort of real money we've spent is for our average-sized red-brick with green roof house. But it's not a big house but big enough for us and for our three babies—Cherry, now two, Linda Lee, one, and Deborah Ann, who came to us the first week of November last September. We hope to have six children in all. We have two cars, because we need two cars. I've had to buy some clothes.

"And a good hi-fi set which, like the clothes, comes under the head of business necessity. And I've just ordered every record Bing Crosby, Perry Como and Frank Sinatra ever made. Which comes under the head of pure pleasure. Actually, though, we have very few lux-
uries. No maid—but blessedly, Eva, a family friend who helped raise Shirley and is now helping us raise our genera-
tion! Works out beautifully because Shirley loves washing dishes and Eva doesn't like to cook.

"Most of our fun is at home. We play with the babies. We have a ping-pong table and one recreation room downstairs. At ping-pong, Shirley beats me to a pulp. At anything that calls for physical coordi-

nation—baseball, basketball, tennis, golf, swimming—she's the whiz. She plays the ukulele and sings, too. Shirley, when she sings, sounds just like Jo Stafford. She hasn't an ambition—my luck again—
to have a singing career. But she does have a lovely voice. And the days we may make some records together, per-
haps an album. It would be fun.

"Apart from loving her as I do, she's a wonderful wife for me because her background and her talents help her understand my work and what it requires of me. Being away from home a lot, I mean, and the temptations you meet up with in show business. I don't admire drink, and I have no temptation to do either. But there's a lot of pressure, especially when you're getting started, from people who offer you drinks, feel uneasy with you if you don't drink, or else, I don't fall. I just didn't hurt or hinder me any because I found what I am sure is the right way of handling it. If, when people offer you a drink, you say, 'No, thanks, I'm on the day,' they keep after you. You're always on the spot. But if you just say, 'I don't drink,' first thing you know people just say, 'Oh, yes, you don't drink,' and let it go at that.

"On Sundays Shirley and I go to church—drive from Leonia to the Church of Christ which is on East 80th Street in New York. Always active in church work, I still enjoy congregational singing and, when our min-
ister is obliged to be away, sometimes preach the sermon.

"My greatest fear in life is of not amounting to anything. I'm not afraid of physical danger, or of the dark, or of death—none of those phobias. But if, when the time comes to call it quits, I have to say, 'Well, what do you know, you've done a lot, though it isn't much. I'm not going to get rich, but I've done something for others besides yourself,' I will know I haven't amounted to anything.

"Because this is my greatest fear. If I can't, as a singer, the kind of influence I want to have, to keep a child's faith, in a classroom, perhaps. Or as a producer of educational programs on television. I could teach, using the TV set as a classroom.

"If I can keep singing, if people keep on wanting to hear me sing, I can do more good, I've now begun to realize, than I can do in any other medium. But for a singer to be a top entertainer, such as Perry Como and Bing Crosby, who make millions a year for charity, such charities as the Heart Fund, the Cancer Fund, Cerebral Palsy and so on. Keep on doing this for me. I know you aren't nearly as instrumental in helping healing as the doctor who spends his life at it.

"A popular and beloved television en-
tertainer, who lives a good life, has a good effect on the people he can reach, does good in the same sense as a preacher who spends his life at it.

"And so, as of now, my hope is that I can keep on singing, that people will want me to keep on singing. Then I can look back and say, 'Well, I hope I've been able to bring some good to others, as well as to myself.'"
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This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer, First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letter C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Dig This: When Elvis was in Manhattan last trip, he changed hotels every day to escape feminists but, in spite of secrecy, on one particular Sunday afternoon, the hotel switchboard operator counted 386 phone calls asking for a date. The Pay-off: The gal, a June Taylor dancer, that he asked out that evening, turned him down... Pat Boone westward—ho after semester finals at Columbia U. to settle down in Hollywood. On Feb. 4th, he begins first movie, "Bernadine," co-starring Terry Moore. Another Godfrey star, Judy Busch, signed with 20th Century-Fox. As to Mr. G., he starred as a dressage rider in the recent Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Horse Show in Toronto... TV edition of "True Story" about ready to preem. Eve Arden may be finished with Brookside but it's still just the beginning. She has signed five-year contract with CBS and next year will be back in new comedy series... Mercedes McCambridge reports a startling experience with her 15-year-old son, John Lawrence. Merci, star of ABC-TV's Wire Service, took John to his first film premiere and reports, "In the lobby a photographer posed him with Jayne Mansfield and I expected he would be delighted but, instead, he was shocked. I had to keep him from running after the photographer to kill the shot. John explained that if his friends saw the picture there would be too much ribbing." How about that?... And speaking of Jayne and ribbing, La Mansfield plays on Benny's Shower Of Stars spectacular on Jan. 10th.

Anyone for Bottles? No more Coke for Eddie Fisher after Feb. 22nd. Eddie loses his sponsor but it's nothing personal. All has to do with the quart-sized Coke and new plans for promotion of the big bottle which means channeling TV money into other media. So far as TV goes, Eddie stays on but may switch to a single half-hour opus. And speaking of another kind of bottle—the baby's—Carrie Frances is emptying hers and getting as plump as a feather pillow. She is truly a "Bundle of Joy," just as Eddie and Debbie's film turned out to be. Better note, too, that Victor has issued an album, same title, that captures the musical soundtrack... And there's a champagne bottle in the news, and because of it Champagne Lady Alice Lon is now called "Muscles" by the Welk band. On tour with the band in Omaha, Alice was called on to christen a new building. So Muscles, rather Miss Muscles, on the first swing broke nothing. She grasped the bottle again and swung with all of her might. Bottle didn't break but a chunk of cement broke off the building. Third try was a success.

And Away We Go: For the May spec, "The George M. Cohan Story," it's Hal March in title role. Chief reason for floundering and floundering of Most Beautiful Gal, etc. was a scarcity of beautiful gals with talent or talented gals with beauty. A gal with
TO COAST

both, Doris Day, will make the TV plunge. She and hubby, sinking $2-million into "Calamity Jane" series. Incidentally, she still flatly refuses Madison Avenue pleas to do a spec. . . . Two comics' favorite musicians out with great Capitol albums: Hope's Les Brown flyin' high with dance stuff most requested on tours and aptly titled "Les Brown's in Town." . . . And then there's Jackie Gleason's man with the singing horn, Bobby Hackett, in a packet titled "Rendezvous." This one is strictly music for deep shadows.

Sex Abroad: In Britain, Donald Gray, Inspector Mark Saber in the Vise series, has had his problem. It is his plunging voice. As an announcer for BBC, he was criticized for getting too much sex into news and weather reports. Honest. Mash notes came in from women and irate letters from jealous boyfriends and husbands. It was unintentional— and what could Donald do about a naturally deep voice? Then he had a letter from a male who wrote, "You have alienated the affections of my wife, but if I get rid of TV it will be my children who suffer. Therefore I shall get rid of you." Scotland Yard put a guard on Donald and newspapers played it on the front page. BBC turned a stuffy red but what could they do—you can't uplift a man's voice.

Flashes: NBC-TV signed Don McNeill to five-year contract, which means you'll be seeing him in a morning slot across the board. NBC-TV is about to juggle their entire morning line-up. . . . Anne Meacham, Althea on The Brighter Day, in Tallulah's new play, "Eugenia," . . . Lt. Rip Masters of Rin Tin Tin, is also M-G-M recording star Jim Brown. His new release is double-barreled at teenage fans. One side is cowboy "Wagon Train" and the flip-side throbs with "Goodbye My Love." . . . The Gleason Show's weekly cost averages $102,000 and that doesn't include air time. . . . Big event for April first: The Lunts in "The Great Sebastians." . . . Add April 29th, Sadlers Wells Ballet with "Cinderella," . . . Agnes Young, TV-radio actress and for many years Aunt Jenny, is a grandma. Her daughter Nancy Wells, who plays Elaine Reynolds on Ma Perkins, had a holiday bundle. . . . Gale Storm, mother of three sons, gave birth to a girl, named Susanna—after guess-what-show?

Two Young People: The star of December Bride feels more like a starlet. Although in her sixties, Spring Byington says, "Age is for those who are too lazy to show an interest in everything that goes on around them. Youth is for anyone who looks forward to tomorrow and not back to yesterday." . . . And 38-year-old Jack Benny is raising roofs on concert halls around this country. If you can't see him, the next best thing is to catch the fiddle-faddle on Capitol's LP titled "Jack Benny Plays the Bee." It's a story, very much fun, too, of (Continued on page 8)
That's when most deodorants fail... but new Mum cream keeps working

You've probably noticed...

... when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on Mum than on any other deodorant... it works when others fail
Eddie and Debbie
IN THEIR FIRST MOVIE TOGETHER!

Eddie sings 6 wonderful NEW SONGS
...and wait 'til you see them DANCE!

RKO Radio Pictures presents

EDDIE FISHER · DEBBIE REYNOLDS
in BUNDLE OF JOY

HEAR EDDIE SING
"Lullaby In Blue"
"Worry About Tomorrow, Tomorrow"
"All About Love"
"Some Day Soon"
"I Never Felt This Way Before"
"Bundle Of Joy"

TECHNICOLOR®
Zeke's cheerful—even at dawn. And his telephone poll—What record would you like to buy?—is a direct line to future hits.

Zeke Manners wakes 'em up over

Somebody once described Zeke Manners as "a fast Godfrey." New Yorkers may remember him as the man who presented "the first Steve Allen-type show on television." Zeke, who is nobody's carbon copy, departed New York for his native West Coast, when he found big-time TV "too much work." He's in our midst again, but still keeping farmer's rather than banker's hours. Monday through Saturday, he's up in time to reach the WINS studios for The Zeke Manners Show, heard from 6 to 9:30 A.M. "I don't sleep anyway," Zeke shrugs. To help New Yorkers out of bed and off to work or school, Zeke provides music, chatter, news, and weathercasts. His auto audience belongs to the Bumper to Bumper Club. Members blink their lights when Zeke plays the Bumper to Bumper Mambo, Samba, Polka, etc. Zeke is a pioneer of electronic devices, explains today's music as "Crosby with more oomph and more electrification." He also credits the young performers "who put things in a song that a great songwriter wouldn't dare." Zeke polls his listeners to determine tomorrow's hits, by asking his listeners what records they would like to buy. . . . Born in San Francisco, Zeke found his first success with "Zeke Manners and His Hollywood Hillbillies." He's worked his way through the broadcasting alphabet, local and network, has sold twenty million records, and written a dozen hit songs. His biggest hit was "Pennsylvania Polka," which he wrote for "Winged Victory," in which he also was starred. When the successful show was being transferred to film, Zeke went to Hollywood. There, in 20th Century-Fox's commissary, he met his wife Bea. "In the Army, you had to live in a tent if you weren't married," he recalls, "so I got married so I could live off base—and I've been off base ever since." . . . His son Charlie, at eleven, builds his own radios. Daughter Susie, seven, is "a great little hoper." She's a natural, as is her dad. "I don't want to entertain Madison Avenue," says Zeke. "I want to entertain the people in Greenpoint."

His career has kept Zeke shuttling between coasts. On this move, he brings Bea and "cowboys" Charlie and Susie east.
NIGHT OWL

WINS, Jerry Warren keeps ’em up!

At night, the WINS signal wends its way from New York to points as distant as Canada, Bermuda Isle and Portugal. On the beam is Jerry Warren, a personable young man who spins records, interviews guests and talks about anything under the moon from 11 P.M. to 6 A.M., the longest one-man stint on radio. “I just try to be a nice guy with records,” says Jerry. “I try to make it human.” It’s the universal element Jerry looks for, whether he’s talking about a tune or asking frank questions and getting similar answers from people in show business or in the news. Scattered through the small hours are a number of features. The horn blows at midnight. At three, it’s album time. At four, Jerry and audience are “sax conscious.” At any time, the two-way Celebrity Telephone may ring. . . . Producer and all-night emcee, Jerry’s now at work on a scheme to give away two million dollars in sixty days. That’s a lot of zeros away from the time he was a young boy in Philadelphia, where his widowed mother ran a restaurant.

“She thought there was something unethical about making a profit,” Jerry recalls. Jerry would take pennies out of the cash register and, at the end of the month, when his mother couldn’t meet her bills, he’d present her with a box of five dollars in pennies. Jerry went to elocution school, made his first appearance on stage in a school play—but somewhat ahead of cue. Everyone applauded, anyway. “That was interesting,” Jerry thought. He progressed to paid radio performances for the Board of Education, has worked on radio and TV in Milwaukee, Trenton and Philadelphia. While on Philadelphia’s KYW and WPTZ, he also managed to co-produce Broadway plays with Canada Lee, attend college and earn degrees in business administration and electronics, act on network shows, and run a book business. “I had so much time between station breaks,” he grins. . . . Currently, Jerry is an anxious mother’s ideal date for her daughter. He brings her home by 10:30, then goes to work. But only career girls need apply to this bachelor.

Manhattan sleeps. But, says Jerry, chic ones, cabbies, night workers or just plain insomniacs want “a nice guy” to talk to.

Dawn is quitting time. To keep Jerry from getting lonely, the blond Merrill sisters, Cathy Johnson and friend visit.
Louis Allen, WMAL's weatherman, must be right—he was able to predict television in 1928!

In the land of television, five years makes you a "veteran," ten years, an "oldtimer." But few in the realm of cameras and kilocycles can top Louis Allen—who made his video debut in 1928! Washington's weatherman played a clarinet solo while an electronics expert televised him via an experimental "shadowgraph" process. Louis scored another "first" in 1949 when he pioneered in color television and delivered his summaries and forecasts with tinted paper and inks. To this seniority, Louis adds a flair for showmanship and an expert knowledge of the vagaries of the weather gained at five institutions of higher learning. He is now seen forecasting the weather on WMAL-TV, daily at 6:55 P.M. and daily and Sunday at 11:10 P.M. He's heard on WMAL Radio, daily at 5:05 and 6:15 P.M. . . . Despite his degrees, Louis is never the pedantic professor. His terms are familiar and he follows the example of the successful country preacher who advised: "You first tell them what you're going to tell them, then you tell them, then you tell them what you've told them." To simplify weather news, Louis developed a cartoon presentation or "weather doodle," familiarly known as the "woodle." Louis recalls only one irate letter, this from a man who polished his car on the basis of Louis' weather prediction. It rained. . . . Louis' showmanship stems from his University of Maryland days. As clarinetist and saxophonist, he led a seven-piece band, "Luke Allen's Alaskans." Louis, who still relaxes with music, began his weather career more than fifteen years ago as an airline meteorologist. For his work with the Navy during and after World War II, he's being considered for a Distinguished Service Award. . . . And this rain-or-shine man has one of the most unusual sidelines of any performer. When not delivering his twenty-one weekly forecasts, he's president of Louis Allen Associates. Together with six other maritime and meteorological experts, he plots the course of ships to and from ports throughout the world—using science rather than age-old sea routes. It's a unique theory of shipping. But then Louis Allen is unique. One of the few professional meteorologists in American television and the only professional forecaster on Washington TV, he's one of those rare people who don't just talk about the weather. He does something!
WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 8)

Kidults??? Most charming album of season is Unique's LP of "Jack and the Beanstalk." So well was the show received that the album sold 30,000 copies within 48 hours of the TV premiere. "Beanstalk" is hailed as the first truly successful TV musical. And here's further good news, for NBC is dickering for a repeat performance. In the trade they call "Beanstalk" a "kidult," for it appeals to all age groups. It is interesting to note that another smash success of the season was another kidult, Judy Garland's film, "Wizard of Oz." Letters poured into CBS asking them to do it again and that is assured. When the network put up $400,000, it was paying for two performances, and the second is yet to come. Not incidental to the subject is the M-G-M LP of the soundtrack starring Judy Garland.

Beat the Rap... or the Clock? Stamford, Conn., policeman Alfred Ottanio won himself $11,000 on Beat The Clock. According to Patrolman Ottanio, it was the equivalent of three-years' salary and he was very, very happy. But, according to Mr. Ottanio's boss, the Chief of Police of Stamford, it wasn't exactly a pleasant situation. He claimed that Mr. Ottanio had excused himself from duty Saturday pleading illness, then had gone down to New York to be a contestant on Beat The Clock. The Chief, hop to the vernacular, wisecracked, "Did the guy expect to be on a closed circuit?" Mr. Ottanio handed in his resignation and made plans to move wife and child to Florida and go into the contracting business.

Incredible Woman: Actress Virginia Payne, who plays title role in Ma Perkins, hasn't missed a show in 23 years (over 6,000 scripts), in spite of accidents, storms and erratic time-pieces. Once she broke an ankle on way to studio. She had it taped and went on to work. She was flying back from Maine on a Sunday when a storm grounded her plane in Massachusetts. By combination of bus, streetcar, train, and cab, she got to the New York studio Monday morning. Virginia lives in a New York apartment but has been building herself a home in Ogunquit, Maine. As Virginia Payne, she astounded contractors with her knowledge of lumber, but explained: "As Ma Perkins, I've been running a lumber yard for 23 years." In Ogunquit, no one refers to her as Miss Payne. Hers is "the house where Ma Perkins lives."

Guys & Gals: Edie Adams, smash success in Broadway musical "Li'l Abner," negotiating three-year contract with NBC. Her spouse is comic Ernie Kovacs. Claire Bloom stars on NBC-TV, on March 4th, in Old Vic presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." . . . Two days later, Maurice Chevalier in Telescope of Paris . . . New starter this month Mr. & Mrs. Eve, starring husband-wife Howard Duff and Ida Lupino. Comedy about public and private lives of Hollywood stars. Duffs are working under name of Bridget Productions, in honor of their four-year-old. Bridget's profile, silhouetted, is their trademark. . . . Forty percent of all pop records sold is country music and accounts for the big play given the Dale-Jay Country Music Convention in Nashville. The hootenanny was teed-off with the assistance of Grand Ole Opry's comedienne, Minnie Pearl. Minnie, funny to the bone, commenting on her age, said, "Ah'm in my early fifties—you'f nuff to wink at fellers but too old to have 'em wink back."

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

silkier... softer... easier to manage

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

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

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.
TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Bundle of Joy
RKO, Technicolor
As a TV guest, Debbie Reynolds has teamed on occasion with spouse Eddie Fisher. But this is the first time that the parents of Carrie Frances Fisher have been full-fledged co-stars. Ironically, the two are here parents only by mistaken identity. As a humble department-store employee, Debbie gets stuck with a foundling. She’s assumed to be the little charmer’s mother, and when the boss’s son (Eddie) takes an interest in her “sad” case, he’s tabbed as father. It sounds risqué, but it’s innocent family fun, with songs.

Baby Doll
WARNERS
Latest of the TV-trained personalities to hit Hollywood’s screens is the sensational Carroll Baker. The delicate-featured blonde is cast as a Southern child-bride who keeps husband Karl Malden at arm’s length. As a fiery business rival, Eli Wallach invades the household. Also familiar to fans of TV drama, Mildred Dunnock is a pathetic maiden aunt. Frank sex interludes put this in the not-for-kiddies category.

Hollywood or Bust
PARAMOUNT, WALLIS; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR
Filmed just before the Martin-Lewis team agreed on a professional divorce, this slap-happy comedy sends the pair on a gay jaunt cross-country. Fan Jerry and gambler Dean have won a car in a movie-theater drawing. While Dean flees racketeers, Jerry yearns to meet his idol, Anita Ekberg (complete with all the charms of the title). Dancer Pat Crowley joins the junket.

Love Me Tender
20TH, CINEMASCOPE
Presley fans have to be patient, but action fans will be satisfied with the outset of this post-Civil War yarn, as Dick Egan knocks off a Union payroll. Then he comes home to find girlfriend Debra Paget married to his kid brother. That’s Elvis, who promptly goes into a country-style number, “We’re Gonna Move.” Between his dramatic chores (which he performs in fairly neat style for an acting greenhorn), Elvis also does dreamy ballads, gusty rock ‘n’ roll. (In 1865?)

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Ten Commandments (Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor): Pioneer in the TV-to-Hollywood trek, Charlton Heston makes a splendid Moses in DeMille’s vast epic, with Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, all-star cast, spectacular camera effects.

Giant (Warners, WarnerColor): As a hearty Texas rancher and his gently-bred bride, Rock Hudson and Liz Taylor get fine support from TV trainees—James Dean, Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Sal Mineo—and radio-TV vet Mercedes McCambridge.

Westward Ho the Wagons! (Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor): Fresh and appealing adventure yarn, produced by Disney, teams Fess Parker with TV adversary Jeff York, as scouts leading a wagon train through Indian country.

Public Pigeon No. 1 (RKO, Technicolor): In a film version of a Climax! play, Red Skelton’s an innocent lad victimized by swindlers. Janet Blair gives him more gentle nagging than Sid Caesar gets from her. Affable farce.

Reprisal! (Columbia, Technicolor): Half-Indian himself in this earnest Western, Guy Madison’s slow in opposing prejudice. Once he gets going . . . !
movies on TV

Showing this month

BEDTIME STORY (Columbia): Gay marital comedy presents Loretta Young as an actress eager to retire. As her playwright husband, Fredric March tries to thwart her. With the late Bob Benchley.

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

CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY (U.A.) Strong story of tragic South Africa, shot there. Two Negro ministers (Sidney Poitier, the late Canada Lee) seek the older man’s slum-corrupted son.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO): In an air-action story inspired by the mysterious disappearance of lady flyer Amelia Earhart, Roz Russell risks her life for her country, sacrificing romance with Fred MacMurray.

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

GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE (Columbia): As Melynn Douglas helps war widow Rosalind Russell get rid of her neuroses, Sid Caesar snaps up the movie by spoofing psychiatrists.

INTERMEZZO (U.A.): Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicit love is brief.


MURDER, MY SWEET (RKO): Fast, tough whodunit casts Dick Powell as private eye seeking a stolen necklace and a missing night-club doll. With Claire Trevor, Mike Mazurki.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON (RKO): Delight comedy-drama set in Europe of 1938 finds reporter Cary Grant rescuing Ginger Rogers from husband Walter Slezak, secretly a Nazi.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick): In a delicate fantasy, painter Joseph Cotten falls in love with Jennifer Jones, slowly realizing she’s a ghost. Ethel Barrymore’s a kindly art dealer.

SISTER KENNY (RKO): Rosalind Russell portrays the heroic Australian nurse who had to fight for recognition of her anti-polio technique. With Alexander Knox, Dean Jagger.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE (RKO): Splendidly photographed, well-acted thriller. Servant to Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire is a mute who solves a mystery involving Rhonda Fleming.

New Patterns for You

4671—This princess dress is wonderful sewing—it’s our new “printed pattern”! Its lines are soft, simple—adapt to many different fabrics, occasions! Misses’ Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 39-inch. State size, 35¢

9056—You’ll love the soft flattery of this design, especially made for the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-21½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 35-inch. State size, 35¢

9038—Our new “printed pattern” makes sewing this blouse trio a cinch. Make a wardrobe of fashions from one pattern. Misses’ Sizes 16-20. Size 16 upper version, 1½ yards 35-inch; middle version, 1½ yards; lower, 2 yards. State size, 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) 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 state pattern number and size when ordering.
The World's His Beat

How about a story on NBC-TV commentator Chet Huntley?

Mr. S. and Sons, Cleveland, Ohio

For Chet Huntley, it was long a toss-up between medicine and speech, but the many readers of TV Radio Mirror who have written in to praise this popular guy know quite well what he finally chose. Chet was raised on a Montana ranch and, while still aspiring to be a medico, won several state public-speaking contests. There followed three years of pre-med work at Montana State College, but a subsequent win in a National Oratory Contest settled the matter once and for all. Chet was awarded a scholarship to Seattle's Cornish School of Art, later received his bachelor's degree from Washington University. Chet's first radio job consisted of reading local newspaper items, and he later did radio news work in Spokane and Portland, before moving to Los Angeles in 1939. There, the handsome six-footer amassed a huge following of loyal admirers, who vigorously applauded his intelligent news commentary and easy delivery. Critics agreed, and Chet has been the recipient of several honors, among them two highly-cherished Peabody Awards for "courageous and thoughtful radio journalism plus a craftsman's knowledge of the medium." Chet's transfer to New York occurred last Spring, when NBC-TV signed him to a long-term contract. His choice assignments have included an anchor-man role in NBC-TV's convention and election coverage last year. Chet is co-editor, with Dave Brinkley, of NBC-TV News, seen each evening, and is editor of the much-praised Outlook, a news-in-depth show seen Sundays. In private life, Chet is a shutterbug, and collects books for a Manhattan apartment, wherein he resides with a charming wife, Ingrid, and two lovely teen-age daughters, Leanne and Sharon.

Face Is Familiar . . .

What information do you have on Mary Patton, who played in Search For Tomorrow?

E. A., Palos Verdes, Calif.

Versatile Mary Patton is a firm believer in not confining herself to any one medium of show business—"and she has plenty of credits to prove it. Since her 1937 debut in a road company of "You Can't Take It With You," the brown-haired, blue-eyed charmer has appeared in over forty feature roles on TV, radio, the stage and in films. Mary, the daughter of a traveling doctor, was educated in several Eastern and Southern schools, and trained for the drama at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. Since Mary plays a wide variety of parts, her appearance sometimes provokes a "she's-so-familiar-what's-her-name" reaction. But if her name doesn't always ring a bell, her performances most assuredly do. Recently, Mary was appearing as the home-wrecking villainess, Hazel Tate, in Search For Tomorrow. During this time, Mary was out, as she puts it, "fighting the battle of the A & P." "I hate you!" hissed a righteous feminine voice. "How could you be so evil?" Mary's mother had similar misgivings about Hazel, and finally called her daughter and questioned the wisdom of playing such a horrid woman. "Mother, don't be upset," soothed Mary. "I'm being murdered next week." "Oh, fine!" exclaimed her much-relieved parent. Mary's household consists of husband Warren Parker, himself an eminent TV-radio actor, and a cute little armful of poodle named "Tony." The Parkers and pet live in a charming apartment on New York City's East Side. Lately, Mary has been busy demonstrating for various sponsors on cross-country industrial tours. It's just another side to an amazing, many-faceted personality.

From Owl To Hero

Could you please tell me something about John Lupton of ABC-TV's Broken Arrow?

J. S., Malden, Mass.

The Broken Arrow half-hour television series had been in the planning stages for some time, but studio executives were stumped. Who would they cast in the leading role of Tom Jeffords, Indian agent? When John Lupton undertook that role in a full-hour TV version of the film, their worries were over. For John, it was the happy result of hopes and plans that began back in Illinois . . . John was born there on August 22, 1926. While other boys talked about being doctors, cowboys, or sailors, John set his sights firmly on one goal: Acting. He packed in all the experience he could in high school and summer stock. John joined Edwin Strawbridge's Lyric Theater, and toured in children's shows for two years. "I drove a truck, moved scenery and impersonated an owl and a pussy cat," he recalls. His Broadway debut was a role in Mae West's "Diamond Lil," followed by an appearance in the Katharine Hepburn production of "As You Like It." When this show went on tour, movie scouts spotted John, and he was signed to a contract. Minor parts were his lot, until Warner Bros. cast him as the sensitive marine in "Battle Cry," and John clicked in a big way. Shortly afterwards, he did a complete switch as "The Mojave Kid," a cold-hearted gun-slinger, on Climax! Both qualities—sensitivity and manly determination—fuse nicely in his current assignment . . . The versatile young actor likes swimming and tennis, lists sculpture as his favorite hobby. In films, he recently wooed Margaret O'Brien in "Glory," and currently supports former-roommate Fess Parker in "The Great Locomotive Chase." Wedding bells rang last spring for John and the former Anne Sills of Chicago.
Calling All Fans

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

Mouseketeers Fan Club, c/o Carol Moss, 4645 Dyer St., La Crescenta, Calif.
Elvis Presley Fan Club, Box 94, Hollywood, Calif.
Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Gloria Ballentine, 7214 Newport Ave., Norfolk 5, Va.

War Of The Sexes

Would you tell me about Johnny Washbrook, who plays Ken McLaughlin, on CBS-TV's My Friend Flicka?
J. B., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Twelve-year-old Johnny Washbrook's easy way with a horse in the Flicka series is a result of what may be called, "The War Between the Sexes—Part I." Due to size, coloring and other facts, Johnny's stand-in happens to be a girl. When Canadian-born Johnny first signed for the series, his equine experience was nil—but the presence of an expert girl rider soon changed that. Today, Johnny is an excellent horseman—the result of a natural male desire to outpoint the opposite sex, but also a tribute to a professional attitude that first showed itself five years ago.

Johnny had accompanied his brother, Donald, to a TV audition in Toronto, and, though Donald got the part, the producer remembered Johnny. Soon, two Washbrooks were working on TV. But it failed to convince Dorothy Washbrook that acting was for her son Johnny. Until one memorable summer evening...

Both Donald and Johnny were appearing in "Life With Father," and mother had even been drafted to play the maid (her first theatrical appearance). On this particular occasion, Johnny made his entrance two minutes late. Mother says, "I asked later if he wasn't frightened when he found the curtain up and himself in the wings, and he said, 'No, I just figured the boy might be upstairs or something and might just come down after all the others were in the room.' I thought if he had all that presence at that age, then there wasn't much doubt about his being an actor... .

Johnny's American TV bow was made in April of 1955, after which 20th Century-Fox executives tested him for the role of Ken McLaughlin. He not only got the part, but the motion picture contract in the bargain... . Off-camera, he swims, rides, tap dances and sings "a little." He lists Randolph Scott, Roy Rogers and Audie Murphy ("when he does Westerns") as his favorite actors. No favorite actresses for Johnny—yet.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENESTRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Eastco Inc., Box 120C, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires March 15, 1957.
A huge army of volunteers marched from door to door recently, asking for help in the fight against muscular dystrophy. This is a disease which wastes bodies and lives. Mostly, it attacks children, but it can strike anyone from a babe of one year to an adult of seventy. Its effect is a crippling and relentless physical deterioration. There is no cure—yet. But there is hope. Your help, said the neighbors-on-the-march, is the key to the cure. Your dollars, they added, will provide medical research, technical education, direct patient service, therapy, and public information. This volunteer army, The Neighbors Fund for the National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy, was backed by a Star Campaign Committee. Garry Moore served as National Honorary Chairman, with Steve Allen, Lee Ann Meriwether, Jayne Meadows, Bill Cullen, Henry Morgan and Mary Healy representing the world of radio and television, and with Ann Higginbotham, Editorial Director of TV Radio Mirror and Photoplay, representing the magazine world. The Fund set out to raise $250,000, and said Hon. Paul G. DeMuro, NFMD's National President, "It must be done." The goal was met, but there is still much to be done. It is estimated that muscular dystrophy has presently victimized more than 100,000 men, women and children in the United States, and more than 65,000 of these are children. If you weren't able to give all you would have liked when your neighbor called—or if you were not at home—you can still mail contributions to: National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Be a friend in deed.

Celebrities joined the neighbors army. Editor Ann Higginbotham went on TV with plaque for Garry Moore, Star Committee chairman.

NEIGHBORS FUND FOR NATIONAL FUND FOR MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

Appreciation Awards

GRAND PRIZE • MINK COAT

One Second Prize for each of the nine Eastern Region Chapters participating as follows:

Atlantic Chapter, Far Rockaway, L. I.
Bergen County Chapter, New Jersey
Massachusetts Division, Boston, Mass.

Bronx Chapter, Bronx, N. Y.
Brooklyn Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gotham Chapter, New York, N. Y.

Middlesex Chapter, New Jersey
Nassau-Suffolk Chapter, Long Island
Queens County Chapter, Long Island

Second Prizes for the above chapters: Four fashion originals, costume jewelry, luggage, all-expense paid Florida vacations, Arthur Murray dance lessons, Singer sewing machines, television sets.

In addition, there are forty assorted Appreciation Awards for distinguished volunteer work. All prizes were donated by manufacturers for award to the 12,000 good neighbor volunteers who participated in the Neighbors Fund campaign to receive contributions from 250,000 neighbors anxious to help find the cause, treatment and cure for muscular dystrophy.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

826—It's "sew-easy" to make this pretty maternity top. Make several in cool cottons. Trim the scoop neckline with gay embroidery. Maternity Misses' Sizes 10-12, 14-16, included. Pattern, transfer, easy directions. 25¢

7323—Swedish weaving is a delightful handiwork and easy to do! Use these designs on aprons, towels, bibs, dress accessories. Three different designs included. Charts show every detail, directions. Make wide or narrow band. 25¢

801—Two pretty ways she can wear this style! A cute pinafore—or a party dress, with the addition of the separate collar. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, embroidery transfer, directions. 25¢

581—Elegant centerpiece for your dining table—a graceful swan crocheted in pineapple design. Fill it with fruit or flowers. Crochet directions, body about 12 x 6½ inches. Use heavy jiffy cotton—starch stiffly. 25¢

771—Forty-eight colorful birds—each nestling against its own state flower. Easy to embroider on a cozy quilt. Pattern includes diagrams, transfers of all 48 state birds and flowers. Quilt 72 x 102 inches. 25¢

7179—It takes less than a day to crochet each of these pretty little doilies for your own home or for gifts. Three different crochet designs (8-inch square, 8-inch round, 7½ x 14-inch oval, in No. 50 merc. cotton, larger in string.) 25¢

788—Graceful flower design in filet crochet—a lovely decoration and a protection for furniture. Use it as a chair-set, buffet cover. Chair-back 13 x 16 inches, armrest 6 x 12 inches, in No. 50 mercerized cotton. Chart, directions. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
LIKE as brothers? For Bill and Jim Stanley, the family resemblance is strictly for laughs—and ad-libbed at that. These two Norwich natives team on the Bill And Jim Show, heard weekday mornings from 6 to 8:40 on Station WICH. Bill’s the straight man, Jim’s the gag man. Each is a foil for the other on a show of news, weather, music, ad-lib chatter, impromptu features and take-offs on sponsors and local big-wigs. They’ve a cast of thousands of imaginary guest characters. Most notable is “Aunt Clara,” the sweet old gal who pedaled a bicycle around town in gym sneakers.... Bill is twenty-six and, as Jim, twenty-two, says, “He gets the ulcers while I get the laughs.” Bill claims the ulcer is healed, but Jim insists that Bill simply retouched the X-ray negative. Bill’s the family man, with a wife, Peg, and a one-year-old son, Bill, Jr. He leads a quiet home life, the only battle being a perennial one to grow a lawn around his five-room house on Newton Street. He has a reputation as one of the best photographers in the area and has done considerable free-lance work for local and New York papers. Off the air and out of the darkroom, Bill may be tracking down a prospective buyer of radio time.... Jim, who has been considered the “laugh man” of his crowd since schooldays, lives with their mother, Myrtle, “our best fan and biggest critic.” An eligible but elusive bachelor, Jim centers his off-the-air time on show business. Sundays, he conducts a hi-fi concert at the Lighthouse Inn in New London and at other times he can be found emceeing programs at local night clubs and resorts, attending jazz concerts, and acting as lifeguard at Norwich’s Mohegan Park.... Bill handles the business end of the show. Jim admits he’s not the type and has the figures to prove it. When the brothers Stanley recently closed the doors of their ill-fated photography and greeting-card store, one item in the inventory was ten thousand cardboard picture frames, bought by Jim in one of his more enthusiastic moments as store manager. Jim also admits that the store cleared $156 one year on a gross income of $21,000.... More successfully, the Stanleys have been amusing Eastern Connecticut listeners for three years, ever since their discharge from the Marines. With Jim’s admitted lack of business acumen and Bill’s desire to try anything new, they turned to radio and WICH. Says Bill: “We felt a local-type program by local boys would be good for everyone concerned.” Says Jim: “That’s not quite it. We needed the money—and nobody else would hire us.”

Any resemblance between gagster Jim (left) and straight-man Bill is hilarious!

Bill and Jim Stanley,

WICH’s morning laugh team,

are as different

as two brothers can be
HOW MANY FEATHERS ON THE ROBIN?

Add up the figures and find out. Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS. Try it yourself.

$6360.00 IN CASH PRIZES
(NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $2,000 including $500 bonus for promptness (see rule 2)
Second Prize $1000.00  9th to 13th Prize, each...$100.00
Third Prize $500.00  14th to 18th Prize, each...$50.00
Fourth Prize $350.00  19th to 44th Prize, each...$25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each...$200.00  45th to 75th Prize, each...$10.00

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Robin and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no tens, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. First prize is $1,300. If you send your contribution before the date entered on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2,000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. This contest is confined to persons living in the United States, its territories and possessions including Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency and members of their immediate families are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to April 10, 1957. Entries postmarked April 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Robin Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION MAY BE SUBMITTED TO THE TIEBREAKER PUZZLE BY ANY GROUP WORKING TOGETHER, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Manager

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rules are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a game of skill. We print the winning answer with the name and address of the winner, in fact we print the names and scores of all of the winners. A pencil is the only tool required and you start on an equal basis with everyone else. No pictures to identify, no statements to write. If you have never taken part in a number puzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yourself a fair chance to succeed. This may be the hobby you have been looking for. Operated by a non-profit corporation required by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate expenses to nurses training, child welfare and other tax exempt charitable purposes.

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are _________ feathers on the Robin.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name_________________________________________________________
Address___________________________________________________________________________
City________________________Zone________State_________

Donations mailed before FEBRUARY 16, 1957, qualify for Promptness Bonus.
Get TUMS Ideal Relief...  
"People-tested" by Grateful Mothers!

While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing! Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast... and neutralize the excess acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really lasts! TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, no alkalinizers... nothing to upset your digestion. They're safe, fast, and sure. Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!

**FOR THE TUMMY**

Still only 10¢ a roll, 3-roll pack 25¢

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**ABC listeners get a warm response to personal queries, from the heroine of When A Girl Marries**

By JOAN DAVIS  
(Mary Jane Higby)

Dear Joan Davis:

I have a terrible problem about a friend. We are both sixteen, both in high school, and have been best friends practically since kindergarten. There is nobody I know so well, even my own family. But this last year she has been acting very funny. Not toward me, our friendship is the same. But she has become very sharp-tongued and snappy toward, it seems, the whole rest of the world—and very critical. It began last term when she got a crush on a new teacher in our school. So did all the other girls. But I knew all the time she was really taking it much too big, I mean really seriously—and he is married and has a small baby. Now it seems something is going on about this teacher, or so the rumors go. The story is that his wife or our principal or maybe both have been told that he has been carrying on with some of his girl students. Now, I go to a small school and I guess I know everybody in it, and none of us can find any girl who fits such a picture, but the worst of it is I have a strange feeling that it is my friend who is behind the trouble. Knowing her so well, I have seen and heard things that make me very suspicious. I do not want to meddle. But if I can make sure my friend is really doing something wrong, should I do anything about it to help the teacher and his wife? So far it is only rumor, but suppose they want to fire him or something? And yet this is my best friend, and I believe in loyalty and friendship. Should I do nothing?

E. G.

---

Dear E. G.:

Loyalty and friendship are fine things to believe in, E. G. If, at your age, you already realize how much they can secure and enrich your life, you've made great strides. But I'd like to offer one additional stepping-stone to the maturity of mind and character you'll undoubtedly arrive at one day: Honesty. The honesty that begins with being honest with oneself, about oneself. Just how much do you absolutely know about your friend's possible wrongdoing—and how much is made up of your own imagination and of circumstances? How much comes from a possible desire to be important in the life of this teacher on whom all the girls, as you report, had crushes? This may seem harsh and it may indeed be unfair, but the answers must be found in your own heart before you give this problem any further thought. Now, I will assume that your answer to yourself will be: No, I'm not imagining. I know she has something to do with what's happening. But I don't know what. I would suggest as a first step that you try to re-establish your intimacy. Perhaps if she feels she can still rely on your friendship she will discuss the whole thing with you, and you can then use all your powers of persuasion to urge her to stop—whether she's been writing anonymous letters or making sly phone calls or merely circulating damaging rumors which have no basis in fact. If and when you actually have some proof that your friend is guilty, you can still do nothing, with a clear conscience, unless you become certain that this young teacher is really being harmed or even seriously inconvenienced by her actions.

However, if you are profoundly, morally sure that the young teacher is in real trouble, I think you would be justified in going to him and telling him what you know and can prove. Remember—not merely your impressions or suspicions, but hard fact. Let him take it from there. He has the right to try to protect himself, and also the responsibility—that is not yours. Your part in this potentially most unpleasant situation is chiefly to keep quiet, jump to no conclusions, and make absolutely certain that the line between what you know and what you suspect is as sharp and clear as honesty can make it.

Dear Joan Davis:

Six years ago I eloped with a boy who worked in the same place as I then did, and with whom I believed I was passionately in love. We eloped because my mother was against him, but I paid no attention. Well, my little girl was only a couple of months old when I had to admit that we were mismatched. There seemed no way in which we could get along, though in himself I still think there is nothing so awfully wrong with this boy. Both of us were quarreling and miserable all the time. Finally, I got a divorce after two years of this unhappiness.
Then a year went by and I started seeing him again. He was very anxious to try again, and, thinking of our little daughter, I decided it was worth trying to give her back her rightful father. But, Miss Davis, it is again a terrible failure. This time, for almost three years I have been trying, and all I know is that I am miserable and see no use in going on living. For the sake of my little girl, do you think I should go on like this or break it up again and admit failure?

Mrs. R. M. C.

Dear Mrs. R. M. C.:

You do not tell me in what special ways you and your husband cannot get along, but it is apparent that, whatever the trouble is, your two tries have proved that it is basic. However, this does not necessarily mean that it is incurable. This young man with whom you thought yourself "passionately in love" still meant enough to you after a year of separation to make you think of trying marriage again, and for this reason—as well as for your child's sake—I would think very searchingly, very carefully, before rushing into a second divorce. By this time, both you and he are probably incapable of taking a good, honest look at the situation without outside help. Through your clergyman, your family doctor, or an available social agency in your city, try to place yourselves and your marriage in the hands of a qualified marriage counselor. Such a person, trained, experienced, and able to look at both of you without emotional factors to blur his vision, can very possibly help you figure out what's wrong. Don't be sheepish or embarrassed about seeking such help. If you can win happiness for the three of you, isn't it worth a little effort? Please try, R.M.C., and try with all your heart, before you think of giving up again.

Dear Joan Davis:

I have one big problem and it's my husband. We've been married two years and have a son and are expecting our second child very soon. We've been getting along fine except for the last few months. Every time I think that we are settled for a quiet evening, his mother or sister send for him to do this or that, and he never refuses. I'm the one who gets rejected.

Mrs. R. P.

Dear Mrs. R. P.:

Is there any special reason why this situation only arose during the last few months? If your mother-in-law has moved or if there is some other temporary reason for her to call on your husband for help, perhaps patience is the answer to your problem. Perhaps these calls haven't come as often as you, in your resentment, feel they have. Be sure you are not magnifying the problem. But if you are sure, then talk first to your husband—not quarrelsome or emotionally, but reasonably. Point out that it is unfair for him to leave you to so many lonely evenings. Alternatively, you might try proposing, the next time he gets a call from his mother or sister, that you go along with him. This would serve the double purpose of relieving your loneliness and giving you a chance to socialize with your in-laws and perhaps improve the relationship. If none of this works, I am afraid your only recourse is to be more patient. Nothing is more dangerous than trying to drive a wedge between your husband and his family. Your husband may come to his own conclusions about these things himself. You may safely make it plain that you don't like these constant calls—but leave it at that. Nagging will get you into a far worse situation than the annoyance you put up with now.

M. M.

Dear M. M.:

Parents can be so unreasonable—particu-
Now...end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!

new Helene Curtis ENDEN*—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form! No prescription needed...99% effective!

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN get results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for adolescent dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

use ENDEN instead of your regular shampoo—ends itching scalp and dandruff problems and prevents their return!

Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.
As Mrs. Allen, I know he can be as helpless as any husband alive—and more absent-minded than most.

But, in the things that count,

Steve’s heart always remembers . . .

Getting Steve off to work is like getting a small boy off to school—complete with a list of “reminders” for the day.

As Mrs. Allen, I know he can be as helpless as any husband alive—and more absent-minded than most.

But, in the things that count,

Steve’s heart always remembers . . .

Arching their brows, people who are familiar with Steve’s crowded schedule often ask me: “And what do you do with your time?” A fair question—for it’s reasonable to wonder what does anyone who is not Steve Allen do with his or her time!

In January or February, Steve intends to drop Tonight. Meanwhile, he is on the air four nights a week for NBC-TV: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 11:30 P.M. to 1 A.M., New York time, on Tonight. Sunday, from eight to nine P.M., on The Steve Allen Show—to which he will now devote all of his television time and thought and talent.

The number of conferences, auditions, rehearsals and, inevitably, headaches involved in this much network exposure may be imagined! Now and again, a between-telecasts trip
That's My Steve!

(Continued)

is called for, such as the last October to Fairmount, Indiana, Jimmy Dean's home town, in preparation for the tribute Steve paid the late beloved young actor on his Sunday-night show. On Mondays and Tuesdays, his "days off," he might be found making an album or a recording for Coral Records. When he is not on a movie or TV screen—or preparing to be—he is burning the post-midnight oil at his typewriter.


He has more contracts than the nimble piano-playing fingers of his hands. Television contracts. Contracts with movie companies—"The Benny Goodman Story," in which he impersonated the great clarinetist, was a Universal-International film. Contracts with publishers.

Compared with Steve's activities and commitments, my Wednesday-night stint on the Garry Moore panel show, I've Got A Secret, guest shots on TV dramatic shows, summer-theater work (such as "Tea and Sympathy," in which I toured last summer), the recordings my sister Audrey and I do every few months under the RCA Victor label—and all the personal appearances we make in connection with these records—is so relatively relaxed a schedule as to leave me, presumably, with time on my hands to spare.

But, although the question of what I do with my time is obviously a fair one, the innocence of those who ask it amuses me no end. When a man as busy as Steve Allen is as absent-minded and helpless as Steve Allen, no one knows what the wife has to do!

I get him up in the morning. I run his bath. I lay out his clothes. I cook breakfast for him. I keep after him as a mother after a child in danger of being late for school: "Now get into the tub. Now eat your breakfast. Here is your list of appointments for the day. You have eight minutes to get to the office."

As soon as he leaves the house, I pick up the little heap of last night's shoes, socks, newspapers, scraps of paper on which he has scribbled fragments of verse, pens, pencils, everything that has been dumped (and everything dumpable has been) on the table or floor by his bed.

Usually the debris is strictly for the laundry and/or wastebasket, but I dare not delegate the task of picking up after Steve to our maid—since, one morning, I salvaged a moth-scrap of paper on which was scrawled, in pencil:

"He never harmed a soul
Except his own."

Under the title, "Epitaph," these two poignant lines are to be found on page 111 of "Wry on the Rocks."

I once asked him, "Isn't it as easy to drop things in a wastebasket as on the floor?" What answer did he make? None. He didn't hear me. He was dreaming about something. . . . (Continued on page 93)
Anyone who's ever seen him on TV (above, with Sammy Davis, Jr., on The Steve Allen Show) knows how talented he is. He may be "Man overboard!" in a kitchen, but he's terrific at piano or typewriter—a truly creative musician, comedian, emcee, author, poet and composer.

Fan mail only tells Steve how nice other people are, because they took the trouble to write. My husband has less "ego" than anyone could imagine.

His energy and range of enthusiasms are seemingly boundless. It takes a kind of "tenth sense" to tell me when he's really tired out and needs pampering.
Partners: Seated at left, Bill Haley and manager Jim Ferguson. Standing, Billy Williamson, and yours truly, John Grande (leaning on "Lord Jim's" chair).

By JOHN GRANDE

We were a pair of real sad cats, Billy Williamson and I, that day back in Newark. It's strange now to realize that it had anything to do with The Comets—and that happy beat called rock 'n' roll—for our gloom was so thick you couldn't have dented it with a rimshot. What Billy and I had thought was our first important band job had turned into a stinker.

I was seventeen, Billy was twenty-one, and that hotel room of ours was worn out fifty years before either of us was born. The bed sagged and so did the floor; the curtains were dirty and the carpet torn. If any of the pretty girls who gave us the eye when we were on stand had ever got a load of that room, they would never have looked at us twice. Had my mother seen it, she wouldn't have looked more than once. She would have hauled me out by the ear.

We had just been paid. It sounded real great—
We knew Haley'd be the kind of leader who wouldn't hog the spotlight but give all his men a chance—and, man, we were right! But we never guessed what a new sound The Comets would beat out—and how the cats would congregate to hear it.

We've got the beat, got the whole world rolling, because The Comets have got a star any guy would be glad to follow.
at home—to say I got ninety bucks a week for playing the accordion. Billy, on steel guitar, got the same. We had settled our hotel bill, paid our union tax, picked up our laundry and pressing, and had taken care of those extras which always creep in. I pulled my remaining cash out of my pocket. It didn’t take long to count. If I ate careful, I’d get through the next week.

Billy, totalling his loot, was even more disgusted. “I know kids back in Norristown, Pennsylvania,” he said, “who deliver groceries to make date money and come out better than this.”

“And live better,” I added, thinking of my home in South Philadelphia. About now, my mother would be fixing the spaghetti, my sister, Rose Marie, and my little brother, Dino, would be buzzing around. Dad would get home from work and there would be laughing and singing. The family would be together.

Billy was homesick, too. He has the Irish gift for making a joke out of anything, but now his face was long. “Man, we’re nowhere. We work in a joint about as big as two phone booths pushed together, everybody’s got a beef and no one gets a chance to play what he wants to play. This band is going to break up for sure.”

That triggered it. We sat around getting all our gripes off our chests and our ambitions into words. When it came time to go to work, we had settled one thing—we both wanted to get into an outfit where the guys would stick together until we amounted to something. It should be a sort of a musical family. To head that family, we needed a leader—not just a guy who could stamp out a best, but someone we could look up to, that we could learn from. A leader who would let you use every bit of talent in you.

It was quite a blueprint. “You know any such guy?” I asked Billy. It was about the same as asking for a good route to the moon.

Billy’s brow had more furrows than his guitar had strings. “Matter of fact, I do. There’s this Bill Haley—you’ve (Continued on page 86)
The Comet line-up—in the usual order—Al Rex, bass; myself (John Grandel), accordion; Franny Beecher, electric guitar; Bill Haley, guitar (and "ideal" boss); Billy Williamson, steel guitar; Ralph Jones, drummer; Rudy Pompillii, sax. The home line-up below—Billy's wife Cathy; my wife Helen; Miss Linda Grande, 5, on accordion, and Master Billy Williamson, Jr., 4, on guitar.

Now that you've seen Helen and Linda (right), can you blame me for calling home so often? But Lord Jim's seen the band's $1,000-a-month phone bills—so who can blame him for blowing his top?
All-American Mother

"Father Knows Best," of course, on TV—but Jane Wyatt found the one greatest answer in her own heart.

On TV (above), she's wife to Robert Young and mother of Billy Gray, Elinor Donahue and little Lauren Chapin. Below, at home with her own husband, Edgar Ward, and their younger son, Mike.

As Margaret Anderson in Father Knows Best, Jane personifies a newer, truer version of today's chic, attractive homemakers.
By DIANE SCOTT

ONE RESTLESS AFTERNOON that was to change her whole philosophy of life—and her future—Jane Wyatt asked herself why she had failed. What had happened to the girl who was so high of heart and hope? The actress so dedicated to making the kind of magic that would be remembered for all time? ... She thought of the Broadway openings—and the closings. Of starring in important Hollywood productions like "Lost Horizon"—and some of the parts she won afterward which might better have been lost. Of all the alternating high hope and deep despair.

Idly, Jane picked up an old black scrapbook and began turning the pages, feeling a little sorry for the girl who had so carefully pasted in those first paragraphs—all the bits of paper that were to add up to the big dream. ... Two hours later, closing the pages of the past, Jane Wyatt knew where she had really failed. And what she must do.

"I was really disappointed, I suppose," Jane says now, "because I wasn't Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo all rolled into one. I guess you think you're going to be—that's why you go into it. And I'd always been so intense about acting. So intense about getting better parts in movies—and about getting plays that would run longer. I felt I'd failed, and I was so discouraged.

She remembered only the peaks. But, looking through her scrapbook, she was reminded of the years, the plays, the pictures—all the performances in between. And nowhere was personal failure written there. The critics had been almost unbelievably kind. Jane thought: Many of the productions failed—but people said you were good. What right did she have to be so discouraged about her career?

As Jane says now, "I decided to enjoy my work and to be more humble about it. Somebody once said, 'Humility is the acceptance of reality'—and that's right. If you're humble, you accept reality ... not what you intended, but what is. I decided to be happier (Continued on page 94)

Jane Wyatt is Margaret Anderson in Father Knows Best, as seen over NBC-TV, Wednesday, 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Scott Paper Company.
At 3, Hal didn't even dream of TV—but he was already alert to cameras.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Conclusion

This is where I started. Where I first really got going in show business—and I'm proud of it.

Hal March stood in front of the burlesque house beside a life-sized photo of a blonde stripper billed as "Miss Crystal Salt." A big red sign with white letters read: "Follies Burlesque—New Show Every Friday."

It was the old President Theater at 80 McAllister Street in San Francisco. Ironically enough, only eleven blocks from where a teen-aged Hal Mendelson had worked behind the counter of his dad's delicatessen store and lived for the day he could leave "the street" and its seeming oblivion... the night when he would cross that topaz necklace of lights which was the Oakland Bay bridge—and head for Hollywood and show business.

However, (Continued on page 80)

Hal emcees The $64,000 Question, CBS-TV, Tues., at 10 P.M. EST, for Revlon, Inc.
where it all began...

First love, first city in Hal March's heart—his own home town, San Francisco

At 17, he was graduated from George Washington High, in San Francisco.

Dad's delicatessen-store truck was no vehicle for Hal's stage ambitions.

And the Army was no place for his flat feet—but it did "straighten" his nose!

Back on McAllister Street: A flower for his lapel, as he visits the old neighborhood. A chat with his first stage boss, Eddie Skolak, as they admire poster of the latter's wife in front of the well-remembered President Theater.
MY FRIEND, JACKIE GLEASON
Like anyone at the top, he's had his share of criticism—

but don't knock him to me. I know how really "tops" he is!

One thing we had in common, when we met nine years ago, was a love of Dixieland music. Others share it, too, as proved by this jam session on a memorable Jackie Gleason Show. From left to right (between myself and Jackie), Audrey Meadows, Steve Allen, Jack Carter, Garry Moore, Phil Silvers, and Ray Bloch.

By JACK LESCOULIE

My real name is John Pierre Lescoulie. My friend, Jackie Gleason, generally calls me "Li'l Abner." We're good friends. Besides seeing him Saturday at the rehearsal and show, I usually have lunch with Jackie about twice a week. That's when I first brought this up. I told him, "TV Radio Mirror wants me to do a story about you. How would you feel about it?"

"Go right ahead, pal."

"Anything you want in this?" I asked.

"No, Li'l Abner. You're on your own. Go all the way."

So here we go. All the way. Jackie has been misrepresented by some writers and some publications. I intend to correct some of these things. But I'm not going to tell you what to believe. I'll tell you some stories about Jackie that no one has ever written about, and then you can draw your own conclusions. And away we go.

Not long ago, a national magazine did a picture layout on Jackie. Every picture made him look moody and heartbroken—as if he spent his hours off TV knitting a hangman's noose. Now, a camera doesn't necessarily lie, but the fact is that the magazine in question took about four hundred pictures and, out of the mass, selected a half-dozen that made Jackie look like a Pagliacci. That is not Jackie.

Nine years ago, I met Gleason, and he's the same happy-go-lucky soul today that he was then. Sure, he has problems. But, as Jackie himself says, "It only takes four friends and five seconds to shake a problem." And his disposition is completely independent of economics. It didn't matter whether he was broke
He's been called a "tyrant in rehearsal." It isn't so. Both he and June Taylor (above left) are perfectionists—but mighty human, too. And what parties he gives for the cast! At one of them, pictured below, Audrey, Jackie, and Art Carney are surrounded by beaming June Taylor Dancers.

MY FRIEND, JACKIE GLEASON

(Continued)

down to a nickel, or had five hundred dollars in his pocket, Jackie had the same confidence and good cheer. Neither of us was worth much in those days but our attitude was different. If I had five bucks, I was figuring how many hamburgers I could buy with it. If Jackie had five bucks, he'd take a friend out for a steak dinner, charge the steak and tip the waiter with the five.

Nine years ago, I was working as an all-night deejay on Station WOR in New York. I needed live guests to keep the show awake. Sometimes promotion men brought around people who had something to promote. Sometimes they didn't, and then I wandered over to Toots Shor's restaurant. I'd tag a celebrity and ask (shyly) if he would come up to the studio and talk. That's where I met Jackie and, at the time, he wasn't a celebrity—but just as funny and great as he is today. He was a frequent guest on my show and we became friends. Jackie and I had things (Continued on page 91)
I'll admit I'm a bit more athletic than Jackie. After all, I'm a "sports editor," too. I'll also admit my schedule seldom leaves time for anything more active than playing at golf, in my own home, or romping with my dog, "Roger."

My wife Bridie is my particular pride—though she didn't think much of me when we first met! I'm also proud of my show, Meet The Champions, where I interview such greats of the sports world as pitcher Sal Maglie (below left).
The Importance of Being Claire

Guest: Lisa Smith, daughter of producer Robinson Smith, visits the McDermotts in New York. She lives in the Virgin Islands—their favorite vacation spot.

Gift: Anne presents husband Tom McDermott, ad agency executive, with house slippers she made herself. Always busy, she does needlepoint between scenes at the studio.

So happily married herself,
Anne Burr finds that her role in As The World Turns broadens her perspective on life and acting

By FRANCES KISH

If you have ever thought how good it would be to forget alarm clocks and sleep late every morning—as actresses are supposed to do... and lead a marvelously glamorous life every night—as they are also supposed to do... just ask Anne Burr about that. Anne, of course, is the creamy-blonde with enormous blue eyes who portrays Claire Lowell in As The World Turns, over CBS-TV. Admittedly, one of the reasons Anne herself turned to acting, in her very early twenties, was this promise of late-rising, and of nights spent in the exciting world of the theater... working hard, to be sure, but seeing the world always at its brightest and gayest and most glittering.

"It was never quite that way, even when I was still in the theater," she says, (Continued on page 74)

Anne Burr is Claire Lowell in As The World Turns, as seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow and Oxydol.

Treat: Time spent together means a great deal to both Tom and Anne. She's a happy housewife—unlike wistful Claire Lowell of As The World Turns, on TV.
The World’s My Family

Sharing their love, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans teach their children the abiding joy of sharing, too

By DORA ALBERT

At the state fairs in Columbus, Ohio, and Des Moines, Iowa, a few months ago, visitors saw an extraordinary sight. Following a talk by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, seven children came up to the platform.

Each child was introduced by appropriate music. For the entrance of Cheryl—16, with light brown hair and a figure that shows she is growing into beautiful womanhood—the orchestra played “The Eyes of Texas” (Cheryl had come from an orphanage in Texas). For Marion—15, and even more Scottish than heather—the music was “The Campbells Are Coming.” Linda, 13, and...
Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and the lucky seven who make up the Rogers brood. Left to right, top row: Cheryl, 16; Linda Lou, 13; Marion Fleming, 15; Left to right, second row: Dodie, 4½; Deborah Lee, 4. Bottom row: Sandy, 9; Dusty, 10. Center: Dale and Roy, with hearts wide as the world.
Dale serves a hearty meal to the hungry—and thankful—Rogers clan. Big circular maple table has room for all, and "lazy-Susie" in center helps out with serving problem.

Roy loves to show the boys how to handle odd repair jobs around the ranch in modern workshop. Below: Debbie and Dodie, youngest of brood, ride a fast horse for "menfolk."

Dusty, 10, were introduced by the song, "California, Here I Come." Sandy—9, and looking like a somewhat smaller replica of Dusty—entered to the music of "My Old Kentucky Home." Then olive-skinned, dark-eyed, black-haired Dodie—four, with three-quarters Choctaw Indian blood in her veins, and dressed in full Indian regalia—appeared to the music of "Chickie Wickie Choctaw," written especially for her by Dale Evans. Finally, there was Debbie, selected from 800 Korean orphans because her coloring and features seemed so right for Dodie's sister. She is also four, and her music was an Oriental song, especially written for her by a talented arranger.

"I call ours an international family," said Dale, her green eyes sparkling, as she surveyed the living room of the unpretentious but beautiful Rogers home in Chatsworth. The house is modern ranch-style. The exterior is a soft color, half-way between gray and beige. The living room features flagstone with grayish beams which bring out the colors of the flagstone.

The living room is the hub of the house, reflecting the many interests of the Rogers family. On one side of the room, there's a fireplace. Over the mantel is a Texas longhorn, which Roy brought back from a rodeo a couple of years ago, and on the mantel are two stuffed pheasants, shot by Roy in Marysville. Near the fireplace is a television chair, in the shape of a saddle.

On the left side of the fireplace are engraved these words: "Bless this house, Oh Lord, we pray. Make it safe by night and day."

And this house has been (Continued on page 88)

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans star in The Roy Rogers Show, as seen over NBC-TV, each Sunday, at 6:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Post Cereals, Maxwell House Coffee, Baker's Instant Chocolate Mix

Sunlit scene of the corral. Daughters Cheryl, Linda Lou and Marion Fleming sit on the fence to kibitz, while father Roy and sons Sandy and Dusty curry a horse.
Morning exodus. Three older girls drive car to school. Dale and Roy take boys to military school near by.

A deeply religious family, the Rogers' house contains many places for prayer. Here, Dale with young Debbie and Dodie. All the Rogers children love the outdoor life of the ranch. Roy with Dodie, Debbie and Dusty visit the new puppies.
Arlene Francis  
WHO DOES IT ALL HERSELF

By MARIE HALLER

If there is one woman alive qualified to lecture on the subject of “How to keep fantastically busy and still accomplish everything” it is, without question, Arlene Francis of NBC-TV’s Home and CBS-TV’s What’s My Line? There's just one trouble . . . like the paradox she is, Arlene never lectures. Talk? Yes. Discuss? Yes. Lecture? Never! So, to get to the root of her endless energy, it becomes necessary to sift things out for yourself . . . to approach Arlene as you would a jigsaw puzzle, putting all the pieces on the table and building until the picture is complete—or at least as complete as is possible when the puzzle happens to be a living, breathing personality overflowing with vitality. (Continued on page 76)

There are willing hands to help on TV, of course—both on Home and on Sunday’s What’s My Line?

But, in private life, Arlene outpaces them all—from busy secretary Muriel Fleet to even busier husband Martin Gabel (actor, producer, director).

She even finds time and energy to keep up with a nine-year-old—Martin’s and Arlene’s beloved son Peter—though his mathematical mind amazes her.

Home is seen on NBC-TV, Mon. thru Fri., from 10 to 11 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. What’s My Line? is seen over CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Remington Rand and Jules Montenier, Inc. (Stoptette).
Dawn's Wonderful Life

The delightful teen-age daughter of Art Linkletter tells how it feels to change from child into young charmer

By MAURINE REMENIH

This is a wonderful year for Dawn Linkletter, next to oldest of Art Linkletter's brood of five lively offspring. And the most wonderful part of it was turning seventeen, just last December 1.

In Dawn's opinion, fifteen is a "perfectly awful" age. And sixteen isn't too much better. "I call it a sort of 'not-quite' age," Dawn explains. "You're 'not quite' as young as you were, so it's undignified to do a lot of the things you've always done before. And still you're 'not quite' old enough to do most of the things you're dying (Continued on page 72)

Art Linkletter's House Party—On CBS-TV, M-F, 2:30 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Company, Swift & Co., Simoniz, Campbell Soup, others—on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., for Coldene, Standard Brands, Swift, Simoniz, and others. His People Are Funny is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., for Salem Cigarettes and The Toni Company—heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M., for Anahist and others. (All EST)

At seventeen, Dawn Linkletter's world is expanding rapidly. She's learned about modeling, loves to dance, and has decided that later on she may go into show business like Dad.

On facing page, the whole Linkletter family! Dawn herself is on the chair arm at right. Behind her, oldest brother Jock. Center, proud parents Art and Lois. On left chair arm, brother Bob, 12. And, in front, sisters Sharon, 10, and Dione, the youngest.
To Cora, the dolls had become real people, the symbols of her loves . . . and her hatreds.
THE EDGE OF NIGHT

A suspense story about a terrified, childlike woman, 
gripped by evil influences she doesn’t even suspect— 
a story-within-the-story of the popular daytime drama

Harry Lane said briskly: “Sincerely yours. 
That’s all for the moment, Marilyn.” Marilyn rose, with the sleek grace of a wild animal. Harry Lane’s glance went past her, unseeing. He appeared completely unaware of her as a woman. Marilyn said in a businesslike tone: “When do you want these letters ready, Harry?” 
“Oh—in an hour. I have an appointment later.”

She did not leave. She tapped her stenographer’s notebook lightly against one hand. After a moment, he realized that she hadn’t left. He looked up. “I just wondered,” she said silkily, “if you knew I was here. There was a time when I was more than office furniture, you know!”

Cora Lane’s eyes fixed themselves upon the empty box the way they might have looked at a venomous creature. She began to tremble. It’s happened again, she thought desperately. Oh, it’s happened again! But it can’t be! It can’t be! I remember so distinctly!

She dropped the box and began to snatch open the other drawers of the bureau. She searched frantically, throwing their contents helter-skelter on the floor. She began to sob a little. She searched her closet. She even looked under the bed. And all the time, over and over again, the phrase It’s happened again! repeated itself mockingly. She felt that she heard the words in Harry’s voice, icy cold, and in the silken spithe with which Marilyn would say them.

Presently she stopped stock-still, with her hands before her face, gasping and sobbing. She’d failed at everything else. Now it looked as though she’d even failed to stay sane.

Five minutes earlier, she’d felt wonderfully good. When she opened the bureau drawer she was smiling, and she noticed how strange and satisfying it was to smile. This is the way to be happy, she thought. It is to make someone else happy. And who can be made happier than a child? The box lay in the drawer just where she’d put it; pure rapture packed in tissue-paper for little Bebe.

This is the sort of thing I can do, Cora thought yearningly. I certainly can’t fail at this! But even then, when she was most confident of giving pure happiness to little Bebe, something close to terror nibbled at the edge of her thoughts. She’d failed at everything—even at being able to endure failure. If she let herself remember how she’d disgraced herself and Harry. . . . People spoke of alcoholism as a disease, but to her, the disgrace remained. And nobody seemed to realize that failure could hurt as much as pain. It could be as terrible as physical torment. And she’d suffered unceasing failure all her life, as victims of an incurable disease suffer their agonies.

She couldn’t fail in this, though. It was so simple a matter! Little Bebe was leaving Monticello with her mother. Harry had arranged it, and it was a pang for Cora. Little Bebe was the only person in the world to whom Cora did not seem worse than useless. But no little girl would not feel absolute bliss when presented with such a lovely, silken-haired doll as this, with dainty clothes that buttoned and unbuttoned, and which said “Ma-ma” in the most firmly established tradition of dolls.

So Cora smiled happily, reaching down to lift up the box. After her baby died and she learned she could never have another, she herself had collected dolls, pretending brightly to all the world that it was a hobby like collecting china or antiques. She’d made a jest of naming her dolls after people she knew—Harry, Marilyn, Jack, Sara, and so on. But, one day, Harry’d caught her actually playing with them like a child—and she was a grown woman—and he was coldly disgusted. She’d disgraced herself after she put them away for good, too. But, when one knew oneself to be a bitter disappointment to everybody, sometimes it seemed very logical to take refuge from the anguish of failure—even if it made one an alcoholic.

These things, though, she could ignore for now. She put the box (Continued on page 78)

The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Crest, Camay, Spic and Span. Lauren Gilbert and Sarah Burton are pictured on opposite page in their roles as Harry and Cora Lane.

A FICTION BONUS

51
To Cora, the dolls had become real people, the symbols of her loves... and her hatred.

THE EDGE OF NIGHT

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These things, though, she could ignore for now. She put the box (Continued on page 78)
There’s a reason why youthful, appealing Tim Considine was immediately accepted into the hearts of teen-age America, from the first moment he appeared in “Spin and Marty” on Walt Disney’s Mickey Mouse Club, over ABC-TV. Two reasons, to be exact—one for boys, and one for girls. Boys find Tim a regular fellow, a down-to-earth guy who goes for football, baseball and sports cars. Girls swoon over his clean-cut, blond, blue-eyed, American-boy good looks—their fan mail most frequently describes Tim as “a real dreamboat!”

Just sixteen—as of December 31, 1956—Tim himself would be the first to disclaim that “dreamboat” tag. (Continued on page 70)
Durward Kirby in the role which suits him best of all—as devoted husband of "Pax" (nee Mary Paxton Young) and proud father of Dennis, 7, and Randy, 14, in their suburban home not far from New York City.
Acting as family chauffeur is Pax's biggest job. Even Durward has to run to keep up with the busy Mrs. Kirby! Call those trees? "Cappy," the cocker, pines for the glorious tangle of woods near the Kirbys' vacation home.

in the country, too, and the woods and the water and all the fun that goes with them. But boredom happens to be something they never have time for, no matter where they're set down. For this is one of the busiest households to be found anywhere. There are always at least four new projects being carried on at one time—one by each member of the family—plus other projects about to be carried out.

For two years in a row, Durward has been taking a shop course in woodworking and cabinet making. He gave it up, regretfully, only this year, because of a time conflict with some of the TV shows on which he does the commercials. But he has always been a born Mr. Fix-It and, for a long time, Pax suspected that he almost enjoyed seeing things get broken, just so he could have the fun of repairing them. One of his greatest triumphs of repair and re-doing is an old roll-top desk which a junkman demanded ten dollars (Continued on page 84)

Hobbies are their specialty, and painting is one of Pax's "projects." Randy likes to collect little glass hats, among other fascinating objects. Dennis never misses anything. He is a born Mr. Fix-It, like his dad.

The Garry Moore Show is seen over CBS-TV, Mon. thru Thurs., 10 to 10:30 A.M. EST, Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.
Music is their joy, when not working on other projects. But they don't just sit and listen—they play.

Outdoor sports belong to the vacation home. But, year around, Durward enjoys collecting—and admiring—old guns for his walls. Pax knows antiques like a "pro," makes many a find which turns out to be a prize when restored.
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No Doubt about LOVE

Today's working hours could keep a man a bachelor forever—but not after Dave Garroway met Pamela!

Four A.M. is no hour to rise and shine. Dave does it, with no little reluctance, lots of help from time-keeping, labor-saving gadgets by his bed. Yet, with all the hours he spends on Today and Wide Wide World, he never tires of TV, loves to watch it.

Dave has many hobbies—dubly enjoyable when he shares them with his bride. Here a globe, the New York wall-map, the "wire man" who welcomed Pamela to her new home.

Dave Garroway is seen on Today, NBC-TV, M-F, 7 to 9 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—and Wide Wide World, NBC-TV, every other Sun., from 4 to 5:30 P.M., as sponsored by A.C. Spark Plug, United Motors Service and other divisions of General Motors Corp. He's heard Sundays on the 7-to-10 P.M. segment of Monitor, NBC Radio's weekend service. (All EST)
By MARTIN COHEN

He was a veritable Gibraltar of bachelorhood. So, when Dave Garroway married late last summer, there was a scurrying throughout the land as pale and shaken bachelors hurriedly barricaded doors and strove to regain their morale. But Garroway’s marriage had quite a different effect on the many, many admirers who regard him with a great deal of affection, mingled with typically feminine concern. For them, there was only one question. “What kind of a girl,” they wanted to know, “did our Dave marry?”

Here’s the answer—in person. She’s a beauty, a slender five-foot-five with reddish brown hair and big, blue-moon eyes. She is the former Marquise de Coninck, nee Pamela Wilde. She came by the title in her first marriage abroad. She grew up in Paris, but her parents are U.S. citizens and Pamela talks like a true native American. She is a fine cook and an (Continued on page 68)
**Lester Fletcher**

Master of dialects by both birth and breeding, Lester was an ideal choice for Julie's devoted admirer, Andre Martel, professor at Madison City College. Born in Cardiff, Wales, he began his schooling in France, then Switzerland, before returning to England. He studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and privately in Berlin, where he played on stage with Emil Jannings. Lester's knowledge of languages was especially valuable during the war, when he served as a radio director for the U.S. Office of War Information. Since then, he's been active on stage and screen, here and abroad, as well as radio-TV. Like Casey Allen, he's a champ skier, hi-fi and camera bug. Casey's favorite models are the little Allens. Bachelor Lester's favorites are his dogs and cat—all jet-black. He can cook superbly in French, Italian and Austrian. In his more British guise, Lester is heard as Arthur Brinthrope in Our Gal Sunday.

**Jan Miner**

Each year, our readers vote for their "favorite daytime radio actress." Six years in a row, that coveted TV Radio Mirror Award has gone to the lovely lady best known as Julie Nixon, head of the orphanage called Hilltop House! It's a delightfully ironic twist to the story of a Boston girl who prepared for a theatrical career behind the scenes, rather than as a performer. Jan studied set designing at the Vesper George Art School, went on to continue her apprenticeship in summer stock, and there—at the Cambridge (Mass.) Strawhat Theater—found herself on stage, an actress by true "popular demand." Her radio debut in a program dramatizing marital problems, on Boston's Station WNAC, opened the door to a career which has seen her starring on the top TV dramatic playhouses (notably, Robert Montgomery Presents), as well as the best-loved daytime serials (Jan's also heard in the title role of The Second Mrs. Burton)... Her husband is the well-known actor, Terry O'Sullivan—who has played opposite her in a previous episode in the story of Hilltop House.
**Casey Allen**

Today, he's a great success as David Baxter, the eminent psychologist who has become so important in Julie Nixon's life. But Casey once worked for peanuts—literally. Of course, he was only six, working as unofficial delivery boy for a neighborhood grocer back in Minneapolis. And he only collected one pound of "wages" before his doctor dad lowered the boom on that peanut-packed diet! . . . Later, Casey himself took pre-medical courses at Minnesota U.—but with extra-curricular emphasis on athletics. He tried out for football, was a tennis and swimming champ, skier and polo player. Dramatics lured him, too, and he soon switched to the Pasadena Playhouse in California. There, he just missed crossing paths with Fran Carlon, who later became a famous radio-TV star—and Mrs. Casey Allen. They met in mid-career, married in 1946, now have a daughter, Kerry, 10, and son, Kim, 8. . . . Jack Rubin, director of Hilltop House and a great believer in husband-wife teams, is looking forward to the time when he can cast Fran in a role with Casey, as he did with Jan and Terry O'Sullivan.

**Ethel Everett**

She loves her role as Hannah, the orphanage housekeeper. "To me," says Ethel, "Hannah represents all the warmth and womanly intuitiveness so often found in an uneducated but innately good person." And she finds a very touching humor in Hannah's struggles with the English language. . . . Ethel herself was born in New York, got her bachelor's degree at Hunter and her master's at Teachers' College. But she admits, "As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to act." She finally overcame parental opposition to a theatrical career, did some Broadway plays, and has now been in radio for twenty years. . . . The first woman narrator of a daytime serial, Ethel was also the first woman chosen to record full-length books for the American Foundation for the Blind. She's the official voice for Helen Keller—who gave her this inscription: "To Ethel Everett, whose vivid intelligence has caught the inner meaning of my story."
**Bobby Readick**

Once he was "little Bobby," but that was when he started out in radio, at the age of ten, in The O'Neills. That early, much-loved family drama was directed by the man who also pilots Hilltop House—and Bobby played many an orphan there, while he was growing up. Now thirty-one, he’s "Dr. Robbie," having been graduated to the more mature role of Dr. Jeff’s assistant. . . . He’s also a medico, though not nearly such a sympathetic one, as Dr. Ted Mason in Young Dr. Malone. Bobby has played a much wider variety of roles, juvenile and adult, on stage ("George Washington Slept Here"), screen ("The Canterville Ghost"), TV (The Big Story) and radio (FBI In Peace And War)—to mention only a few of his credits. . . . Manhattan-born Bobby comes from a truly theatrical family. Not only both his parents but all four of his grandparents were actors! The chain will be broken this spring, however, when Bobby and his wife Barbara welcome their first child. Barbara’s a "non-professional."

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**Janice Gilbert**

This charming lass with red-brown hair and impish green eyes is another discovery who began as a child on The O’Neills and Hilltop House, then grew up into a major adult role. Now heard as Nina Browning, Julie Nixon’s cousin and Dr. Jeff’s wife, Janice has packed a lot of rich experience into the few brief years since she left her native Florida. . . . On radio, she followed Nancy Kelly in the title role of Little Orphan Annie, appeared with such headliners as Kate Smith and Eddie Cantor, as well as in many a daytime drama. On TV, she plays the most exciting part of all, giving away millions of dollars, as the paying teller for Break The $250,000 Bank! . . . Janice got into show business early, but discovered a lifelong hobby a whole year earlier. She started playing bridge at seven. Now, both she and her husband, Tobias Stone, are of championship caliber and play in major tournaments, such as the recent one at Las Vegas for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

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Hilltop House, a Wolf Associates production, is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, for Miles Laboratories, Inc. (One-A-Day Vitamin Tablets), Quaker Oats, other sponsors.
Pamela Fitzmaurice

Pamela was "discovered"—at a very early age!—by the late Mayor LaGuardia. It was on Nov. 21, 1944, that LaGuardia looked at his watch during a rally and announced he'd give a War Bond to any baby born at that precise moment in the New York City area. Pamela, daughter of a Brooklyn lawyer and Navy officer, was the much-photographed winner.

Eight years later, she made her acting debut on Hilltop House, where she's now heard as Maryann. She's done a few films and many TV shows, is currently seen as Susan, the little girl who lives next door to Mr. Wizard. . . A brilliant student, she thinks she'd like to be a history teacher or an author. That Pamela can write was proved when she won a city-wide essay contest on fire prevention—and received a gold medal from the present mayor of New York!

Michael Mann

At fourteen, Mike's a show-business veteran, fully capable of coping with the very dramatic problems which face young "Biff" on Hilltop House. Beginning as a child model before he was six years old, Mike got his first big radio break on the original Cavalcade Of America. Since then, he's had many featured roles in the most famous radio series, and has made more than 200 appearances on TV. . . Despite his acting success, Mike—like Pamela—has other ambitions for the future. He's studying hard as a sophomore at the Professional Children's School in New York City, preparing for the day when he can enroll as a pre-medical student at the University of California at Los Angeles. He wants to be a surgeon. Meanwhile, he's a great sports enthusiast, loves baseball and horseback riding. He's also a Boy Scout, and would like to play the drums.

Cathleen Cordell

Born Kathleen Kelly in Brooklyn, she got all her education and won her first fame overseas. Father was a mining engineer, so she went to school in India, France, Italy—and England, where she attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. . . She acted on both stage and screen in plays by George Bernard Shaw, and it was he who suggested that she change her name professionally. She borrowed part of the new one from America's Secretary Cordell Hull, then re-spelled Kathleen to harmonize. . .

Cathleen has now appeared on most of America's major radio-TV programs, still finds it odd that, after playing the sweet heroine in England, she is so often cast as "the other woman"—as in her present role as Deborah, David Baxter's estranged wife.
The sprightly, bright-eyed blonde who tantalizes Sergeant Bilko in The Phil Silvers Show, "You'll Never Get Rich," is one fair-skinned girl who knows how to keep her complexion soft and supple ... her hands unchapped and satiny ... and her hairdo sleek through the windiest of winters.

Elisabeth Fraser describes herself as "essentially an indoor type," but she prefers the brisk, astringent atmosphere of her native New York to the balmy languor of Los Angeles and environs, where "the living's too easy." She's also a busy type: Wife to a talented writer, star of stage, screen and TV, mother of three!

All this activity keeps "indoorsy" Elisabeth out and about in fair weather and foul—which is how she came to devise her personal formula for making beauty weatherproof.

"My secret weapon is really very simple," she says. "I just make it a rule never to go out without my 'windshields!'" She shields her face and throat with a thin, fragrant film of an emollient lotion designed to restore the youthful moisture to wind-dried skins. At night, she washes up with scads of creamy soapsuds, rinses her face in warm water, then cold, and finishes with an application of overnight cream—massaged in gently (to stimulate winter-slow circulation) till it almost disappears. Her complexion always has a clear, glowing, freshly-laundered look, even on blustery days.

Elisabeth provides her small, pretty hands with a double windscreen of lotion, plus soft leather gloves—"I wear them invariably, whenever I go out, from September on." She has a fondness for fine leather and was sheepishly pleased when her husband presented her with some extravagant gloves she'd admired in Italy—not one pair but two dozen, all in different, delicious shades!

Her close-cropped cornsilk hair (cut to conform to WAC regulations, for her role as M/Sgt. Joan Hogan), is weatherproof, too! Elisabeth often dashes out bare-headed (the Hollywood influence, perhaps) ... but, before she sallies forth, she combs her casual waves into perfect alignment and then fixes them in place with scented hair-spray. Result: a well-coiffed "WAC" ... and a wind-resistant woman!

Phil Silvers' fetching WAC has a secret weapon for combating the ravages of wind and weather

By MARY SHERWOOD

Elisabeth keeps as young and fresh looking as her own three daughters—Pat's 10, Meg's 8, and Liza's 7.
A college dare . . . a summer art class . . . a Christmas phone call . . . there you have the story of Dave Maynard. A handsome, crew-cut twenty-six-year-old, Dave is heard over Boston's Station WORL, Monday through Saturday from 2 to 6 P.M., spinning the current hits and a few of his personal favorites. Thousands of New Englanders belong to Dave Maynard fan clubs and, according to the Nielsen ratings, he has the largest listenership in the New England area. . . . A native New Yorker, Dave was a drama major at Emerson College, when a friend dared him to audition for WERS, the college station. Dave took the dare and won himself a new career. He went on to take a master's degree at Boston University and to do a three-year broadcasting stint for Medford's WHIL. Then came "the greatest Christmas present I ever received." It was Christmas, 1954, when WORL called Dave and asked him how he'd like to take over the major afternoon slot, beginning January 1. For the first time, Dave was struck speechless. When he found his voice, he answered in the affirmative and started packing to return to Boston. . . . By this time, Dave had a family to bring with him. Dave is married to the former Joan Cotter, whom he met at a summer session Fine Arts Class at Emerson College. Dave arrived for the class one day late. Had he not showed up, there wouldn't have been a class. There were five people in it, and they needed a sixth. Says Dave, "I got an A and a wife and three kids out of it." In appreciation, Dave teaches at nights at Emerson and, during the summer session, is also a pedagogue at the Northeast School of Radio and Television. But his aptest pupil is son Mike, four, whom Dave has interviewed on the air on several occasions. "If I don't cut it out," Dave grins, "he'll have my job." Daughter Meredith, three, thinks daddy's show is "tweetic." With the October arrival of Marney Melissa, the Maynards are now five, but she isn't talking—yet. . . . The Maynards' barn-red ranch house is furnished with colonial pieces—plus a brand-new hi-fi which Dave won in a national deejay contest to name Sammy Davis, Jr.'s new record album. Dave "flips" over jazz flute, Art Tatum piano, and Four Freshman harmonies. New England flips over Dave Maynard.

WORL's deejay Dave Maynard remembers a summer art class and a Christmas phone call

Stars such as singer Jerry Vale visit Dave. Son Mike, an amateur, guests with dad like a "pro."
Johnny Andrews just likes people—and people just can’t help liking Johnny’s come-lively programs

Success was the most natural thing in the world for Johnny Andrews. It fits like a favorite tweed jacket and he wears it that way, interweaving nonchalance with honesty, sincerity with geniality. Ask around his old haunts in Cleveland, or his new stamping grounds in Manhattan, and they’ll tell you that Johnny is “a nice guy, perhaps the nicest in the business.” Ask Johnny and he says simply, “When you’re on radio and TV as much as I am, day after day, you can’t be phony. You must let your own personality guide you. It’s a natural thing.” . . . Each Friday evening, from 8:30 to 9:45 on the NBC Radio network, Johnny emcees the National Radio Fan Club. He’s joined by top recording stars as guests and by such regulars as Johnny Guarnieri providing “live” music and “Mr. Jukes” providing fast-talking reports of the Number One records in various cities. Weekday afternoons at one, he plays records, interviews guests, sings, plays piano and celeste—separately or simultaneously—on The Johnny Andrews Show on New York’s WRCA. Weekday evenings at 5:30, he hosts a feature film on Evening Theater, over WRCA-TV. To do these shows, Johnny migrated from Cleveland, where civic leaders once presented him with a key to the city. But the door was wide open, anyway, when Johnny decided to fly back each Saturday to head up the Old Dutch Review, seen at 7 P.M. on the Old Dutch Network (WEWS in Cleveland, WSTD-TV in Toledo, WTVN in Columbus, and WIMA-TV in Lima). . . . “It just came natural,” Johnny says. Born in Boston, he’s been playing piano since the age of five. He studied at the New England Conservatory, played with the orchestras of Johnny Long, Rudy Vallee and Buddy Clark. He likens his own singing style to Buddy’s but he began singing while with Rudy Vallee. When the long-memoryed Vallee couldn’t remember songs requested by the audience, Johnny could . . . His first appearance on his own was at the Cocoanut Grove in Boston. Johnny left to try New York and radio—just in time to miss the fatal night-club fire. He was in-the-air as an Army pilot during the war, then, after working as a singer-pianist in night spots, went back on-the-air with such popular shows as NBC-TV’s Easy Does It and, in Cleveland, Johnny Sings For Your Supper and Morning Bandwagon. With all this airwaves singing and playing, he didn’t get around to recording until this year, when he made “Marriage and Divorce” and “Stephanie” on the RKO-Unique label . . . Johnny makes some five hundred personal appearances each year in the cause of public service. Most memorable was a Pennsylvania beauty contest in 1951, when he was a judge along with Betti Pearson, who’d been Miss Kentucky two years before. Betti, a stunning blonde, was “going pretty steady” with Joe D’Amaggio at the time. But, at about the same time, Joe was involved in a World Series. “He got very busy,” Johnny grins, “and I got busy, too. Betti and I were married eight weeks later.” . . . The Andrews are now at home in a penthouse in New York’s Tudor City, together with son Jonathan, four, and a championship poodle named “Buttons.” His son may turn out a musician, but, predicts Johnny, “I think he’ll be a comedian.” Johnny still flies when he has the time. As to other hobbies, “I indulge in practically everything, just like everyone else, but there’s nothing I’m particularly good at.” Then he adds, “I enjoy people, I enjoy talking to them. It’s a natural thing.” And liking Johnny is natural, too.
They met as judges in a beauty contest—and Johnny and Betti both count themselves as winners. Rounding out the quartet in a New York penthouse are "Buttons" and four-year-old Johnny.

"Best" say a wall-full of Johnny's awards. Loving cups (below) toast Betti's beauty.

Dad's on radio and TV, mom's making movies. Young Johnny "may be a comedian."
No Doubt About Love

(Continued from page 59)
attentive wife. She is so practical and thrive that Dave turned the family ex-
changer over to her the day they mar-
rried. Briefly, our Dave got a good
Oh, no. "We are doing fine. She reacts to most things just about as I do, so much so that we oftentimes each other. We have the same attitude toward a given thing. She is active and sharp. Lots of energy. Mimics me, too. Very funny." They say that when Pam married Dave, she promised to love, honor, obey, and get up at five. "No, no," she says. "I wouldn't let her get up at four. There's no reason for it. It's like a crime—you've got to have a motive to get up in the middle of the night. I've got one. She hasn't."

But it's not easy to ignore the system of alarms Dave has rigged up. "Sometimes," says Pamela, "I turn over and find that I can't go back to sleep. I lie there in a middle world and the most ghoulish things go through my head. I may turn to writing whodunits for TV."

It's easy to describe the life the Garro-
ways lead—but hard to imagine. If you can visualize a milkman living in a Park Ave-
nue penthouse, you've got the picture. For the Garrows, it is always a race of closing the bed of David and I met," Pamela observes, "we were both enjoying the night life of the city. But, since our first date, I don't think that either of us has seen a movie in a theater."

The Garrows vacationed at the country house of Mike Ross. Dave had driven up in one of his sports cars. He was immedi-
ately attracted to Pamela, but didn't get his wish to bring her home. "I think he was alarmed by my title," Pamela laments. "You know—he was thinking: Here is a gal who moves in society, who is social-con-
scious, and I don't want my daughter to have that. Actually, at the time we met, I was writing advertising copy for Saran Wrap—which was one of David's sponsored products.

Dave gave it up as the first impulse, how-
wever, and bought Pamela a book. Later, he phoned to ask her if she'd like to meet. And, incidentally, made a dinner date. And then another and another.

"Our lives changed immediately," she says. From that time, that I can give, we found that, if we went to a club or restaur-
ant, we both clammed up. If Dave came to my home for dinner, everything was just great. We had a lot to talk about.

And we kept strange hours by most stand-
ards. Most evenings, Dave said goodnight at nine-thirty, or even as early as eight. If we went to bed before he got home, the telephone would ring for the eleven o'clock news. But I fell into the new pattern so easily.

They dated two years before marrying. Because each had had a previous, un-
satisfying marriage, each wanted a chance of themselves. Last summer, they decided to marry in Paris. They flew over with friends, then found there was too much red tape involved. They turned around and flew back to New York.

In Manhattan, on August 7, 1956, they made the final move. It was a Tuesday, and Dave worked as usual. About two in the afternoon, Pamela came back from a day's appointments, and maid let her in. A few minutes later, Pamela's parents arrived. When Dave showed up, they all went down to City Hall and into one of the chapels. At three P.M., they were mar-
rried. On the way back, they dropped Pamela's parents at their home. The next five blocks, until they reached Dave's

apartment building, was their honeymoon. Then an elevator sped them up twenty-one floors to Penthouse A and Dave car-
rried Pamela across the ceiling and into the "wire man."

The "wire man" is a full-sized individ-
ual made for the TV production of "1976." He is just one of many unusual items in Dave's collection. Dave gets credit for many unique decorating ideas. For instance, a wall of the dining room is completely covered with a tremendous map of New York City, so that every floor and every building in the city is indicated. Or note the cabinet doors in the kitchen. Dave covered them with fabrics in bright green, yellow and pastel orange—"to get away from the hos-
shelves look. You can even see his touch on the telephone. The dial center, which usually holds the phone number, has in its place a picture of Pamela. The apartment is cheerful and provocative.

"When I moved in," says Pamela, "I needed closed space, so David cleared out two closets for me. They had been filled with man-things—fishing rods, box-closets, etc. He had piled everything on the floor to put in storage and he looked a bit sad and said, 'I wish I could keep a few of these things.' Well, there were a few things and back one of them and I offered him the shelves. He readily accepted—but, the next time I turned around, I found that he had taken over the whole of the closet."

She didn't chide him. As she puts it, "Actually, I felt rather anxious about David. He had been living as a bachelor for ten years. He was quite comfortable, and perhaps there were a few people with a lot of clothes and things."

The other person to move in was Pamela's son, Michael, who is eight. Mi-

chael is a bright, polite boy and he adores Dad. It is a count by birth and—although he has been natu-
ralized and is now an American—he will have the choice, when he comes of age, between claiming the title of Mr. or Mrs. Marquis of Downstairs the Geniuses. He has chosen to use the name Garroway and calls Dave "Daddy." Dave, himself, has a twelve-year-old daughter, Paris, by his first marriage. When Pamela's parents come to New York, they move into a couple of sofas, a TV set and a coffee table. He covered the sofas with bold-striped fabrics. The handsome coffee table, of which Dave says as Dave himself, "I looked at three hundred slabs," he recalls, "before I found this one. I like marble. I wish I had more of it."

There is a grand piano in one corner. No one in the family plays, but it's handy to have around when a jazz pianist stops by for the evening. Dave, an erudite hipster, is trying to round Pamela's square corners. Then, over the fireplace, there is a painting Dave brought back from San Francisco. It is a twilight scene of harbor lights off Oakland.

The sleeping area is separated from the living area by a large closet. As Dave explains, he has always preferred one-
room living. The out-sized bed has a black spread and a headboard which Dave up-
holstered in matching fabric. There is a black wall of space which control electronic gadgets, Dave can do just about anything necessary for man's comfort while still in bed. One bot-
ton dips the lights, another connects the phone to bedside—and taps it in again, in early morning. One button starts up a tape recorder. There is a gadget for turn-
ning off TV if he falls asleep watching.

And there is an intricate alarm sys-
tem to get Dave out of bed at four A.M. in can marriage is considered a fifty-fifty proposition in the home, with husband and wife, he explains, do things. As I was raised, the woman's proportion of responsibility runs a little higher—maybe 60 to 40. I don't ask David to do anything around the house. Not that he doesn't do it. There's a bathroom and the walls, but that's on his own initiative.

Dave, a man of infinite interests, has tremendous enthusiasm for science and the arts. This in turn has been a source of great excitement to Dave's parents and periodicals which might be termed "technical" and "literature." His love of music is attested to by records that are piled waist-high from the floor. He is also interested in art and has eight original canvases.

"There was a painting I wanted when I first furnished this apartment," he says. "But what I really wanted was for the back room. So the picture was photographed and then silk-screened onto fabric. I hate to think of what it cost. About a thousand dollars. But that was five years ago. I was crazy. I didn't ask the price of anything, even though I had no real security. If I saw something I liked, I just took it."

Dave used the back room for work then. But it has now been converted into a music room. It still has the thousand-dollar drapes— and Dave's drafting table, which Mike finds practical for play or study. Dave plans to paper one wall with a map of the United States, as is done by Mike's toys and books.

"I've never cared for bedrooms," Dave says. "That's why I used the room for work. As you can see, Pamela and I still don't have a bedroom."

The living room is J-shaped, and the sleeping area is in the tail of the J. In the bigger area, the living room, the Gar-
rowas are tenants to the landlord. The walls are covered with gray carpeting—but Dave has made one section of the room into a cozy island. He got himself a yellow car-
pet, a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut the carpet into different shapes, including a couple of sofas, a TV set and a coffee table. He covered the sofas with bold-striped fabrics. The handsome coffee table, of which Dave says as Dave himself, "I looked at three hundred slabs," he recalls, "before I found this one. I like marble. I wish I had more of it."

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And there is an intricate alarm sys-
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}
a respectable humor. The first sound is
that of music, usually Frank Sinatra rec-
ords. That is followed by a gentle alarm.
The lights go on automatically. Coffee be-
gins perking in the kitchen. Then there is
a second alarm which has a nasty tone.
"David doesn't wake easily," Pamela
explains. "It's a fight. Then he sleeps on
the wall side, which means he must make
the long trip around. He gropes his way
into the kitchen and heads right for the
refrigerator, where there are orange slices
for him. This usually brings him to
life. He's not communicative at this hour
and the moment he's dressed, he begins
reading the paper." Although Dave doesn't
want Pamela to get up at four, someti-
some she just can't help wakening. "If I get
up," she continues, "I'll ask him if he
wants something hot for breakfast. Some-
times he feels like poached eggs. I find
this gratifying, for it's nice to have some-
thing to do when you're up that early.
Those first few hours can be difficult and,
if I can't go back to sleep, I read until
seven, when it's time for Mike to get up.
Then we have breakfast together and
watch David on "Today."
Dave actually puts in a longer day than
the average milkman. When the morning
show signs off, he has office duties which
keep him busy right through lunch and
into late afternoon. If he's lucky, he may
knock off about five and run up to the
garage where he keeps his sports cars.
There he gets into a mechanic's uniform
and picks up the lengthy job of rebuilding
his SS-100 Jaguar. Dave is a long-time
sports car enthusiast, but he has given
up racing. "We had long talks about his
racing," says Pamela. "and he felt, as a
family man, that it wasn't fair to continue
with a sport that has definite dangers.
Anyway, more of the races are on Sun-
days, when he's occupied with "Monitor
and Wide World."
Dave gets home from the garage around
six. At half-past, he and Pamela sit down
to dinner—sometimes, right on the floor.
"We don't like the formality of the
dinner table," Pamela explains, "so mostly
we eat at the coffee table."
"Pamela's souffles are wonderful," says
Dave. "She does all the cooking, and she
does great things with wines and spices.
I'm a sucker for good food. I point with
no pride," he adds, prodding his midst
"at my fine taste in food. Actually, seri-
ously, I'm trying to lose some of this girth."
Mike has dinner earlier than his par-
ents, for he is usually in bed by seven-
thirty. There are exceptions, however, and
these evenings are called "treat nights."
Monday and Wednesday are treat nights
when the three eat together and watch
Robin Hood and Disneyland. Another treat
night is a Chinese dinner at a restaurant
followed by an early movie. The only
late nights the Garroways themselves have
are opening nights at Broadway shows,
for Dave functions as drama critic on
"Today." Even Saturday evening finds the
Garroways at home, for they particularly
enjoy the big Saturday-night TV shows.
"I think we have a good home and an
ideal relationship," Dave says. "But we
have certain responsibilities. Our lives are
interwoven, and yet we respect the pri-
cacy in certain areas of each other's lives.
We trust each other, respect is the
word—we have found traits in one another
that we respect." Dave pauses, then adds,
"Before marriage, although it was rather
lonely, we both had certain doubts about
the big step. I think everyone has them
before the marriage. But we don't have
them anymore."
Dave expressed this feeling to Pamela.
The day after their marriage, she received her
first letter addressed to Mrs. David Gar-
roway. The note inside was short. It simply
read, "Thank you very much. David."
(Continued from page 52)

But there’s no doubt in anyone’s mind that Tim’s a typical American boy. He’s at home on a baseball field or tennis court, in a swimming pool or the gridiron grandstands. And he’s no slouch on the dance floor, either. However, these are perfectly normal teenage accomplishments. It was Tim’s ability to act which caught Walt Disney’s astute eye. Though Tim had only a handful of motion-picture and TV appearances to his credit, Disney sensed his inherent talent—and signed him to the contract which brought Tim to the delight of teenage girls everywhere.

Tim realizes that much of his present popularity stems from the fact that he really lives the life of a typical American boy. He’s also aware that he is growing up in a period when the nation’s teenagers are drawing more than their share of criticism because of the way a few of them have been handling their problems. He knows that it never has been easy to be a teenager, and that today’s fast tempo makes it even more difficult. But, like so many of his contemporaries, Tim is making a good adjustment to growing up.

Right now, he’s at the age where he insists on the vast difference between “going steady” and “going steadily.” His explanation is emphatic: “Going steady! Why, that’s practically being married! I don’t hold with this ‘steady’ routine at all. Gosh, sixteen’s too young. ‘Going steadily,’ on the other hand, is a different story. That just means a guy likes a gal, maybe a little more than some of the others. That’s natural, isn’t it? he asks with naive simplicity. “After all, some girls are smarter than others, or there is something about their personality you like. Or any one of a thousand ‘things.”

At present, Tim’s partial to girls who will participate in his interest in sports cars. If a girl is willing to go to the Pismo time-trials with him and his driver, Gene Curtis of California Motors—and spend a Sunday afternoon discussing double overhead racing cams, direct injection carburetion, and straight pipes—then she’s the girl for him. At least for that Sunday. On the other hand, Tim disdains other activities, too, such as school dances, movies, hayrides and beach parties. He’s the sort of fellow who makes parties come to life. His arrivals are generally greeted with shouts of “Here’s Tim!”—a sound that signifies the party now officially has gotten underway.

Even before his sixteenth birthday, Tim’s typical-American-boy personality had made him one of the most popular youngsters in Hollywood—and set his mother to hopping, for she was his ready source of transportation. A familiar phrase in the Considine apartment, during the last few months (before Driver’s License), was: “Mom, we’re hav-ing a party at Freddie the Freeloader’s Friday night. How about taking us?”

Car salesman Tim has laughingly admitted, “I wore out four sets of tires and two cars keeping up with Tim and his friends. I am sure I could have passed any test as a lady bus-driver.”

Tim’s transportation problems were solved when he turned sixteen, since that’s the age when California grants a driver’s license. Up until then, he could only drive with a learner’s permit and when accompanied by a licensed operator.

Today, Tim’s car, an Alfa Romeo sports car, is his pride and joy. If there is a lull in any conversation, he is sure to say, “Look and see the latest pictures of my car?”

Like every average American boy, Tim is crazy over cars. But he has the enthusiasm in the overall performance of an automobile, not in top speed for speed’s sake. His attitude is: “Sure, speed’s all right, but what can you do with it in the city? That’s where performance counts.” Tim proudly points out that his car purrs along at thirty-five miles an hour, going forty miles on a gallon of gas.

Tim got his car when he was nearly sixteen, before he was old enough to drive it alone. “I’ve never met a boy who didn’t want to learn to drive,” says Mrs. Considine. “Tim was no different. In fact he has been the most interested in airplanes and automobiles since he was ten.

“We looked upon the sports car as an investment in safety. His working on it with driver-mechanic Gene Curtis served a number of purposes. For one, Tim is a natural mechanic and it gave him something creative to do with his hands. Second, it’s a constructive hobby, for he is learning automotive mechanics. Third—and most important—by talking in terms of safety factors and tolerances with Gene, he has been learning the limitations of the car.

“Having been exposed to this car for the past year, and having worked closely with his driver in the pits at the Pomona Fairgrounds,” she explains, “Tim has learned that a car is the herculean, and what he won’t do. It isn’t as though he had suddenly had it thrust upon him, to learn about it for the first time.”

In addition, pride of ownership has helped Tim to develop a sense of responsibility. Two weeks before his driver, Gene, was to enter the car in its first competitive event at Pomona, Tim found he was way behind in his class. Things were piling up on me. I had a chemistry test at school to think about. Even though chem is my favorite subject, it’s rough. And I also had a bunch of things to do to prepare for the race like pouring the oil belts, putting on the wind screen, painting on my number—89—and taping up the front end to protect it from flying dirt. So, you see, I had a lot of things on my mind. Couldn’t sleep. Might even have bitten a nail or two.”

But realizing that the responsibility was his—and with the help of his mother, who continued to work hard—Tim stepped-up schedule—he managed to cram everything in the last week (“though I was almost late for the starting line”), and he still got an A in his chemistry test.

Though Tim is the grandson of the eminent Pantages theatrical family (his mother is Carmen Pantages), the son of movie producer John Considine, and the nephew of Johnnie, his mother’s boy, he became an actor quite by chance. For sometime, agent Sam Armstrong, a friend of the family, had been insisting that Tim had natural talent. He wanted to suggest Tim to Louis B. Mayer of MGM. But the young actor balked, thinking that Tim was too young for starring roles. But then, Senator McGarrity, who had been working for the average child’s interest in putting on penny-admission puppet shows or the like.

The only acting experience I remember he had as a youngster, which might possibly have indicated a theatrical career, was the magic act he put on for us when he was eight. I’ll never forget the day he came home from school and said he had learned a magic trick. I was the only one who had my magic box andI had that my son was interested in performing. When I asked Tim about the broken shells, I learned that he and a group of boys at the local Boy Scout of Bill Gargaro were developing an act. Bill was the magician, Tim his helper. They had been practicing!

The next day, Tim came to tell me that their magic show was ready, and he wondered if Uncle Rod would let him and Bill put it on the stage of the Pantages Theater—which, at that time, was still in the family’s hands. Uncle Rod would say yes, so I told Tim to go ahead and ask.

“Tim asked. Uncle Rod replied, ‘What would you do?’

“Sure,” said Tim, “we’re doing a wizard act. We’d like to do it for you.”

“Uncle Rod asked, ‘What woman?’

“Oh,” said Tim, ‘any woman from the audience.’

Having a smile, Uncle Rod agreed.

“Sure, boys, you can do your show, but

DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?

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“Here on this hilltop I dreamed—only to have my dreams torn to shreds.”

Read “Forsaken” in February TRUE STORY magazine, now at all newsstands.

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you better plan on coming on before the regular audience gets in."

"I was horrified at Uncle Rod's reaction," Mrs. Considine recalls, "because I had visions of having to round up the entire family in an attempt to fill the theater. Even then, I knew it would look empty, by contrast with regular performances, and the poor boys' hearts would be broken. I finally convinced them they would have a better show in the backyard. The neighbors made a wonderful audience."

Tim himself says, "That was just about the beginning and end of my acting career. We had one routine with steel tubes and empty bottles. You hold the tubes up to the light, keeping the bottles inside tight with your thumb, and saying 'See, the tube is empty.' That's when the bottle slipped off my thumb, breaking on the table. I turned blue." Then, after a short pause, Tim says, with a touch of awe in his voice, "By golly, you know—I think Uncle Rod was really willing to let us go on at the Pantages!"

It was several years later, of course, that Sam Armstrong approached Mrs. Considine with the prospect of Tim's becoming an actor. "If we'd remembered his earlier interests," she says, "we would have known that Tim had the ability to do well in front of a camera."

Following the cereal commercial, twelve-year-old Tim was taken by Armstrong to read for the part of Red Skelton's son in M-G-M's "The Clown." Even at this date, Tim still hadn't decided to make a career of acting. "I didn't know if I liked acting or not," he recalls. "I was really too young to understand the importance of a featured role with Mr. Skelton. It was the first big thing I ever had a chance at, and I just didn't know.

"But, after the casting interview, I began getting nervous. I remember the first day I went to M-G-M. I was sitting in the waiting room when Mr. Skelton, big cigar in mouth, walked by. He looked over at me and winked, flicking his cigar. I'd never before been greeted by anybody in show business as important as Mr. Skelton. I just flipped.

"That's when getting the part became important. Each week after that, we had to go back to casting. They were slowly weeding out the boys for the job. Finally, it narrowed down to two of us. Then it was a question of size and, because I was bigger, I got the part. When Uncle Sam told me I had it, I lost my head." Today, Tim still proudly wears the wristwatch given to him by Red Skelton in 1952, in recognition of his youthful ability.

"The Clown" was Tim's first stepping-stone to success. After completing the picture, he was also cast in "Her Twelve Men," starring Greer Garson, and "Executive Suite," with William Holden. Even the studio officials at M-G-M had been impressed with his initial ability. But Tim says modestly, "Ah, I was just there, so I got the part."

He followed these pictures in quick succession with a few TV appearances, topping his short career with a role in Universal-International's "The Private War of Major Benson." Shortly after, Walt Disney signed Tim for "Spin and Marty," followed by the leading role of Frank Hardy in "The Hardy Boys."

Today, Tim lives with his mother in a smart West Hollywood apartment, overlooking the famous "Sunset Strip." Tim has an older married sister, Errin, and a brother, John, Jr., a senior at U.C.L.A., who lives with his father in Westwood, since the Considines are divorced. Tim and his father are great chums. In fact, he and his brother and Mr. Considine go to U.C.L.A. football games together. And Tim is very proud when he, in turn, can take them to his own Notre Dame High School games in San Fernando Valley.

At home, Tim doesn't have to be told twice that the dinner dishes need wiping. He's one jump ahead of his mother and the Considine maid, Beatrice, in this case. After all, dinner dishes add to the allowance—and an allowance buys "juice" for the sports car.

After dinner, Tim daily devotes fifteen minutes to romping with his cocker spaniel, Inky. "Dogs need love and attention, just like people," he says. Then he's off to his room to hit the books for next day's classes at Notre Dame High.

On weekends, Tim and his mother, who share many interests, go to movies together. And, after the latest sports car race, Tim proudly shows Mrs. Considine the 35-mm. color slides of his car in action, projected on his bedroom wall.

Keeping his room neat and tidy falls under the heading of household chores for Tim. But it's only after Beatrice gives it her special attention that Mrs. Considine feels it's really fit for formal inspection. That's understandable, because Tim's room is filled with tennis rackets, swim fins and snorkle tube, baseball bat and mitt, heller-skeiter tennis balls, a record-player, a phonograph, of which Tim's current favorite is "No Time for Lovin'," co-authored by his brother, who writes musical scores for U.C.L.A. productions, camera equipment (principally to take pictures of sports cars), a 35-mm., slide projector, a portrait of his current best girl—in short, all the paraphernalia that go hand-in-baseball-glove with the picture of a typical American boy.

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Dawn's Wonderful Life

(Continued from page 49)

dow to. But seventeen—that's more like it! And eighteen must be the most heavenly age of all.

For all her disdain of the limiting aspects of being sixteen, Dawn managed to pack a powerful lot of experience into those twelve months.

Possibly the most important thing which happened during that year was her decision to go away to boarding school. For two years, she had been attending Beverly Hills High School.

She was the kind of girl who had been introduced around school as 'Jack Linkletter's sister.' I thought maybe, if I went away to a new school, I'd start being just Dawn Linkletter, period!

When Dawn made her dissatisfaction known, the Linkletters held a family powwow. Art and Lois did some investigating, and found a list of several schools of which they approved. Dawn was given her choice from that list. She picked Chadwick, a privately operated co-educational high school, situated in the Rolling Hills area near Palos Verdes. It was close enough to home so that she could spend weekends with her family, but live on campus weekdays.

Since she so desperately wished to establish her own identity in this new environment, that is exactly what came about. She discovered before long that being the offspring of a celebrity meant not a thing to Chadwick. Most of her fellow students were from famous parents, too. And she did not enter each new class to find the instructor expecting her to behave just like her brother Jack Classen, either.

While Art and Lois are enthusiastic about Chadwick and what it has done for Dawn, they realize that the dissatisfaction she felt before making the transfer was probably far less severe than that felt by average teenagers. "I really don't think it had anything to do with Beverly Hills High," Lois Linkletter says. "I think Dawn was just at that trying stage of being fifteen, when you're supposed to feel different. It happened that she sort of found herself at the same time that she changed schools—but not necessarily because she changed from Beverly Hills High to Chadwick." Dawn is quick to point out that she and her brother Jack get along very well—probably better than most brother-sister teams because the age difference is so slight. But Jack is the aggressive type, and Dawn has always been somewhat the opposite.

Being the eldest of the Linkletter brood, Jack had felt his advantage every now and then, in the fashion of older brothers everywhere. In years past, he has also felt the need to prove himself because of the family's public image, but not longer than two years younger than he. Really, I don't think he meant to be condescending, now that I look back on it, but I sure thought he was. You can't be nice about being seventeen—now he just introduces me as 'my sister Dawn.'"

Art and Lois have been interested spectators this past year as their two other offspring have discovered each other. Gradually the two became friends, instead of just considering each other necessary evils.

"We glance out a window, and see them sitting at the far edge of the pool, heading for the poolroom, and I dig them up," says Lois. "Neither Art nor I try to pry into what goes on—but, in a day or so, it generally comes out. And it always turns out to be something charming, like Dawn's role in dating, or she was briefing him on how girls like to be treated.

"There's new delight in watching them learn to appreciate each other, which is all the more delightful because they've had to be pulled out of each other's hair over the last fifteen years. Jack will bring chums home. First thing you know, one of them is saying, 'Hey! About fixing me up with a date with Dawn?' Through the eyes of his pals, he's seeing his sister in a new light. And the same thing holds true for Dawn. At her age, Jack flips over Jack, she sees him with a new perspective. And, believe me, it's fun to be on the sidelines watching all this going on in a new way.

"Maybe Jack gained some new respect for Dawn, all at once, I don't know, but the two of them are able to show one-day." Dawn hazards a guess. "He couldn't make it, and asked me if I'd mind trying it. In a way, I was petrified—especially, as a mother responsible for him. But I figured I'd show him I could do it. And I did. It was fun, it turned out, and confirmed more than ever the growing feeling I've had, that maybe I'd kid like her—very much."

"I suppose being a ham is sort of hereditary," she added. "At least, no one could ever imagine Daddy having a bunch of interviewees for children. But this taste of the big screen has given me a little of her same forcefulness. She's been giving me this year to help with the commercials on his TV shows, have made me more sure than ever that I'd like it in front of the cameras."

The age span in the Linkletter offspring is rather wide, from Jack's sophisticated nineteenth years to Diane's still-tender eight. But a fairly unique system has been employed to prevent any real conflict between the different ages. Actually, it's a sort of seniority system, with certain age levels set at which the children are allowed certain privileges. Everyone who is fifteen or over, for instance, is allowed to go along on a transcontinental trip governed by "what age are you?"

"The family goes off on a camping trip every summer," Art begins, by way of explaining the system, "and we decided long ago that a small child is no good on a camping trip. The youngster doesn't have much fun, and can very possibly spoil the trip for the others. We do most of our vacationing on horseback. Very young children just can't take it. So we set an age limit. None of the children can go on the trip until the summer nearest the ninth birthday."

"Sharon made her first camping trip with us, just this past summer, having attained the age of ten and a half. When she was only seven at the time, was the only one left at home. She didn't kick up a fuss. She knew that each of the others had happened to us, as she turned nine she'd get to go, too."

"The same thing holds for other family activities," he continues. "We've never taken Sharon on a children's cruise. It's too tiring for the grown-ups. It's too tiring for the children, and it leaves too much out of us. And now we've decided with Miss Guinea Pig here," he grins at Dawn, "that seventeen is about the high age to see Europe."

Art and Lois had planned on going abroad next summer, so a family conclave was called. It was decided that there was no reason they had to see Europe together—and Dawn is anxious to see it sooner than before. They undoubtedly would want to do things that would bore Dawn, and vice versa. So it was arranged that Dawn would join a group of her chums, girls her own age, and be accompanied by a friend who is a travel expert. They will see the things every visitor heads for on his first trip abroad, they will do the things that are new and unusual, and there won't be any parents getting in their hair.

The Linkletters' understanding of their offspring—and the desire to meet them on their own terms, according to individuals—probably explains why Art and Lois have so little trouble with their five.

"We tell them once what we want, and that's it!" Art claims. "Only rarely do they question our decisions. And, if any of the youngsters does put up an argument, he's generally pretty sure of his ground. We try to be fair about it. If the argument is sound, we'll reverse our ruling. But they know that we don't make arbitrary rulings, that we have reasons for our decisions, and that mere whelpling won't move us. This is something parents must establish early. And that's what Jack and Dawn have done, and they've got the foresight and perseverance to get it started with Jack and Dawn. Now the three younger children present no problem whatsoever!"

"There's that guinea-pig bit again!" Dawn moans.

Dawn instituted a precedent-setting bit of business, herself, not long ago. It was on a day when she and her father, and a couple of friends for lunch. She arrived, a bit breathlessly, to find the friends already seated in the restaurant, but her dad not yet set to arrive.

Without much of a preamble, she confessed that a horrible thing had happened to her that morning. She'd got her first traffic ticket, for illegal parking. She'd parked her car in the same spot she'd been using for weeks, a spot she'd been told to use by the instructors at the school she was attending. But today she'd come out to find the parking ticket glaring at her from the windshield.

The friends volunteered to say nothing to Art about the whole business. "Ooooh, no," Dawn hastily briefed them. "I've never gone through this routine before, and I don't want him right in front of you. He wouldn't be as apt to blow in front of you as if I'd wait to tell him in private."

When she got her way, with beautiful subtlety and fine feminine finesse, to mentioning the ticket to Art, he scarcely turned a hair.

"Wallah!" he drawled, "looks like there goes another allowance!"

This was all Dawn needed to trigger her into a speech.

"Oh, that allowance! That miserable imitation of an allowance! I keep telling Dawn how lovely it is, for more than five dollars a week as an allowance. He says he agrees with that. But he says that I can't afford to get any more than five dollars a week!"

"But he can do it with his money, he makes me work, even for that pittance! Comes the day my allowance is due, and since he hasn't handed it over, I go to him to ask for it. He's always reading and doesn't have time, he asks, for a great show about being interrupted. I point out that I haven't had my allowance yet, and might I have it now please. And he always asks me why do I need it, and I always have half a dozen good reasons ready."

"Oh, I always get it.
New York last year, when Art went east to emcee the premiere of "Moby Dick." She took in several Broadway hit shows, dined at many of the swank restaurants, and met some fabulously interesting people, both in and out of show business.

"Actually, I think I got more fun out of the trip than she did," Art admits. "Because I was enjoying it for myself and for her. I was seeing it all for the first time again, this time through her eyes."

Last summer, Dawn set up an ambitious self-improvement program for herself. She enrolled in a modeling school, not because she plans to do professional modeling, but because of the invaluable instruction the school offered in poise and grooming. There she learned how to walk, stand and sit gracefully, how to wear her hair and apply her makeup more effectively, and how to keep her figure just the way she wants it.

"After a spring binge of sodas and sundries, I discovered I was beginning to bulge in all the wrong places," Dawn admits. Then she continues, with the dead-seriousness characteristic of the very young, "I decided if I let myself get too heavy now, I'd probably never have the nice figure I want. I think it's terribly important to keep in shape now, because if I do, then it will be that much easier to keep in shape as I get older.

Dawn, like most girls her age, loves pretty clothes. But her taste is inclined to be on the conservative side when it comes to buying. "Mother has taught me that," she explains. "Some of the girls I know buy just anything that happens to strike their fancy as they stroll through the store. Not me. Mother has trained me not to buy unless it's something I need or can really use, something that fits into the wardrobe I already have. Actually it works out very well that way—by buying fewer things, I can manage to get really good clothes when I do buy."

"Learning how to dress most effectively is another, exciting part of growing up. I suppose I've always known it, but all of a sudden I realize that the appearance I make in public is important to Daddy, and can be very important to my own future. People are apt to judge others by the way they're dressed, I've discovered."

The solid training Dawn has had, which shows up in her preference for simple clothes, is also evident in her attitude toward dating. To the absolute amazement of many of her chums, Dawn refuses to go out on dates just to be going out.

"I'd honestly rather at home with a good book, or watching television, than to go out with some drip," she states flatly. "I know it sounds corny, but that's the way I feel about it. There are plenty of fellows around who have money, and can take their dates to the best restaurants for dinner. But most of those boys couldn't carry on an interesting conversation if their lives depended on it! I'd rather stay home."

For all her tender years, Dawn Linkletter seems to have established an amazingly solid sense of values, seems to have adjusted to life with a wisdom far beyond seventeen. But there's one situation she claims she's never been able to meet gracefully.

"People are always coming up to me at parties," she explains, "and asking me the same question, 'How does it feel,' they simper, 'to be the daughter of a celebrity?' How can I answer them? What can I say? The only possible answer, at least the only one I've ever been able to think of, is: 'I don't really know. You see, that's all I've ever been.'"
The Importance of Being Claire

(Continued from page 40) smiling at the difference between dream and reality. "Never the way I idealized it. Certainly not at all, since I have been television." And there Aredores—sleeping late and getting off to a slow start mornings, I can say it hasn't worked out according to my plan in any way. Not with a 6:30 rising hour, not with a rehearsal set and more rehearsing after the broadcast, lasting deep into the afternoon, for the next day's show, scripts to be studied again at night—I also play Kate Mertonapper, a Today-in-Wars, in a Weekly Radio—the and an early bedtime so I can get up again at 6:30 next morning!

In addition to this tight professional schedule, Anne keeps home for her husband, Tom McDermott, a New York advertising agency executive who works with radio and television. She does her own marketing and cooking, and her own tidying up with the aid of a cleaning woman who comes in by the day. And she usually has half a dozen "special" projects.

Against this background of busy and happy domesticity, Anne has only sympathy and understanding for this other wife she plays... for Claire, the rejected wife of Jim Lowell, Jr., in As the World Turns; in love with Jim since she was a little girl. He was her first 'crush,' and perhaps it is because she has known him so long that she has never been able to tell him how she really feels. If the reason he didn't marry her was older and more mature in her emotions, she could probably now handle the whole relationship better, make fewer mistakes. She is basically a sympathetic and understanding person—like many people who have been constructed by the way they were brought up, it is difficult for her to show her true feelings. Like many of us, also, she is apt to be a little shy and reserved, although she is honest enough to recognize this.

"The truth seems to be that she wants to believe that everything will turn out her way, in spite of all the 'rules to the extra people's ways," said Anne, "Claire is much younger than her teenage daughter, Ellen, who is more of a realist and sees life as it is, not as she might wish it to be. Claire is the kind of woman who must have someone to look out for, although she would never let you guess it from any word or action of hers. She needs strength in a man, as her husband needs strength in a woman... and, at this point, neither has found that in the other.

"Incidentally," Anne continues, "Wendy Drew, who is 21, a seventeen-year-old daughter Ellen on the show, is really a wonderful person and I am extremely fond of her. All of us on the show are. I even find myself taking over a real-life mending... like the time when I was missing over her, taking her to the doctor when she was hit by a studio mike and worrying about her as her own mother would, probably. Of course, I am heading toward Wendy, both the men and women in the cast and all the crew and the producer and director—and she is probably the most level-headed of all of us! She has an amazing, calm, quiet quality which makes you want to be very good to her. There couldn't be a nicer group of people anywhere, anyhow—a fact that makes the show more pleasant instead of difficult."

The McDermotts were married on June 21, 1953, on a Sunday... because they both had to be at work early Monday morning. They got a belated honeymoon trip. At least, Anne did! Tom's company sent him to Hollywood on business... and sent Anne with him, the week after. The hotel rooms at the Bel Air pool, while Tom went to work every morning, the same as in New York. They live now in half of a lovely, small brownstone in an elegant street in upper New York has not quite given way to tall and impressive new apartment houses. They occupy the two upper floors of the brownstone, and the outer of the two floors has been converted. ("We have our own front door," says Anne, "which makes it seem like a real house, rather than a two-floor apartment.") The McDermott's consist of first bedroom and dining room and kitchen. Their "upstairs" is a study and two baths. ("The bathrooms are a luxury, because both Tom and I are rushing to get out of our jobs during the same morning half-hour.")

The basic color scheme of their home is blue. A very light blue in the living room, darker blue in the bedroom, natural wood for the linen closet and the bathroom, however, has a scarlet Chinese wall paper. ("We did this with our fingers crossed, but the result is charming and we love it.") Furnishings are a mixture of traditional and contemporary items.

The study is the room where they enjoy music, records, radio, TV. And books, and quiet talk. Tom decorated one wall with his own collection of first-edition books. Anne has been in, beginning with her stage debut in "Native Son." Anne built the bookcase. "My one piece of carpentry," she smiles, "really not hard to do—except it took time, and I didn't do it first of that.

When she was in the series of producing this lone example of her own writing, she needed some four-inch sanding discs one Saturday morning, and asked her husband if he would stop at the hardware store near by. Tom, no expert on such matters, got her instructions a little confused, asked for four-six-inch discs. "You must have a very large drill," the man at the store said. "How big is it?"

Tom grinned. "My wife is making her own cassette," he said.

Some other men in the store began to laugh sympathetically, and that was all a husband needed. "From now on," he told Anne when he got home, carrying the four-inch discs the hardware man had suggested must be right, "I'll do any other shopping for you. The groceries, the meat, any supplies you need. But don't ask me to buy for your carpentry projects. That's all right!"

Weekends and holidays and through the summer—when they can get away—they go up to Old Lyme, Connecticut, where they have a summer home. There Anne concentrates on gardening, particularly the flower beds, leaving the more prosaic vegetable gardening to her dad. Whenever there is a spare week, they take a trip off for the Virgin Islands, their favorite island of St. John... where the beach is a miracle of loveliness and there are no telephones, no noise except for the sea. I never write scripts to study, no rehearsals... Even now, Anne is not quite sure how the business of acting began. She was born in Boston, of a non-theatrical family, lived in Rhode Island and in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and in New York, in England for five years, then in the Midwestern city of Columbus, Ohio. When she was a sophomore at Virginia's Sweetbrier College, she and her best friend decided to go to New York. The friend wanted to get started as an actress. Anne wanted to get started as a writer. You can see the topsy-turvy way things happened," Anne laughs, "when I tell you that I just finished reading Mary Lee Settel's latest novel, 'Oh Beulah! I'd rather be a mother' at the same time. She was the one who became the writer—and I became the actress.

"We both modeled clothes for Powers, when we first came to New York. I think I might have stayed there probably because I looked like the wholesome outdoor type." She still does, it might be noted, with but more of a dash of elegance. A regular appearance on program every Sunday, just for the experience, playing in dramatizations of the great novels I also was an extra paid, this time—on Candelabra. "I suppose," she recalled, "is what you could call my first real theatrical job was in summer stock, at twenty-five dollars a week, with $2150 deducted for room and board. After three weeks, it was decided I wasn't worth even that—I was so terribly green—but, at the time, it would have been a stock company budget to pay my train fare back to New York and bring work like that as a student. By the end of the summer, I had learned a great deal and was no longer a liability, although I didn't set any stages on fire."

"Native Son" was Anne's first Broadway play. But, before that, she was let out of another show while it was still in rehearsals—and was sure that meant the end of her career. This time it was a happy ending: When there was difficulty casting the ingenue role in "Native Son," Hiram Sherman told Orson Welles about the girl who had been fired. Directing her back to school to find his college friends in Virginia... but they tracked her down and hired her. "Native Son," of course, was a tremendous hit. The other play, it turned out, flopped.

The part in "Native Son" was the kind every young actress dreams of. Anne played the girl who was killed—not a long part, but herastic, and even when she is killed, everyone talks about her for the rest of the play. In some ways, Anne still looks upon it as the best role she has ever had. She was also in "The Hasty Hours," a part played later in the movie by Patricia Neal. Also, Ralph Bellamy's wife in "Detective Story"—the girl... Eleanor Parker later played on the screen. At one time, Anne Burr was doing parts in five radio dramas a day, including "Wendy Warren And The News" (which she still does), Big Stater, When A Girl Marries, Backstage, (the wrecked Miss Off," very different from Claire Lowell). She was in the radio company of Studio One, doing many different women—even "Carmen"

Although Anne has studied singing, it was never with the idea of singing professionally, but of developing more flexibility in her speaking voice and learning to use it to the best advantage. There is no voice so beautiful, as interesting, a voice one is apt to remember. In the early days of television, when Fred Coe and Gordon Duff were putting on the first full-length TV plays, they would remember them doing the play, "Peticoat Fever", when the lights were frightfully hot, the actors costumed in heavy sweaters and fur parkas! Later, she worked with three talented men on the Philco Playhouse.
One of her first daytime dramatic roles on TV was as Claire Warrick in The Greatest Gift. The show was telecast from Philadelphia, for which she caught an early-morning train, getting back just in time to do her dinner shopping before the store closed at 8:30. But she had dreamed about sleeping late mornings, and those glamorous evenings.

For some time, she also played Gloria, a torch singer, in The Guiding Light, both radio and television. She had been known to begin to be Claire, in As the World Turns, that viewrs started to recognize her—on the street, in the stores, wherever she walked. But she was looking for a change, and she said to her husband, "I would like to start a grocery recently." Anne notes, "and said she had missed a week of the show and would I please tell her what had happened."

In Connecticut, five of the neighborhood friends are busy since the one who had missed because of some power failure in the station usually brings the program in, so I brought them up to date.

This was the telephone, "I took it when, if I went to a restaurant like Sardi's, I could see the theatrical people eat, I would be recognized. But it's a wonderful new experience to have total strangers say 'Hello, this is Claire Warrick, as they are in the street, or stop me in a store.'"

On the set, in the waits, she does needlepoint—house slippers for Tom, a fancy eyeglass case for her mother. Of her one volunteer project, she reads textbooks for blind students, any book that she receives, in a blind boy or girl continue in college. When friends ask how she manages to do so much—to be, wife, homemaker and actress, to keep television, to find time for all these other occupations—she has an answer.

"The only way I know of to keep happy," says Anne, "is to be useful. I am not only because of my status but because of something within you will not let you rest in idleness. I get the blues only when I am wasting time, and I am never so very little as on the days that are filled with activity. In one case, the energy is directed. In the other, it isn't. There is always something waiting to be done, something to be made, something that needs cleaning or straightening... someone who needs some help.

"We go out some, and we entertain, because that is part of my husband's life and my children's life. I would like to have a large greenhouse, but I enjoy this. I want people to feel welcome and comfortable in our home. If we have a party, I get some help in cooking and serving. Breakfast is the rest of the time, I'm in the kitchen.

Looking at Anne Burr, and listening to this practical philosophy, you are reminded of an interesting observation made by Ruth Warrick who plays Edith, the "other woman" in Jim Farrow's life of Claire Warrick. Ruth and Anne are good friends, who respect each other's talent. A little while after the program started, Anne was interviewed. Ruth said, "Anne, you are so right for Claire. I believe it is because you have the same 'quality' she has. Any other woman, looking at Claire, would feel sure that her pearls are real!"

Anne laughed, the description was far too flattering to her—not to Claire. But it's a description with which many women would agree. Looking at Anne Burr, they would not suspect that her ideas are real, too... and that she never meant it sincerely when she said she wanted to be an actress because actresses could sleep late! Anne must have known that as the world turns and time moves forward... there are just too many interesting and worthwhile things to do—whether it's morning, noon or night.
By the time all these activities are accounted for, so is the afternoon, and Arlene-whose home takes up the pleasant duties of being Mrs. Martin Gabel, mother of two—has devoted herself by five o'clock at the latest. "I like to be at the apartment," she explains, "when Peter gets home from school. However, this isn't always possible. Some days I have half an hour out of bed and/or working on the details of out-of-town shows..."

You know, Home moves around quite a bit. By no means do all of our programs originate here in the New York studios. Whenever there are television facilities capable of handling the program, that's where we wanted to be.

But these are just the nights when there are no Broadway openings or visiting friends from one coast to the other, from one side of the ocean to the other. And, when they come to New York, I'm happy to say we're on their visiting lists. So, the entertaining of friends or family care takes care of the evenings. Then there are the Broadway openings, too. Of course, on such nights I'm not in bed by seven—nor by a long shot. But, to tell the truth, I try to get bedded down one night a week when I'm in bed by seven—only really long night's sleep does wonders in the repair department.

And there, in brief, you have my week-day schedule. As for weekends, life's quite different—that is, until Sunday night, when I have to be at the studio by nine o'clock in the evening for What's My Line? In the summertime, I retreat to our house in Mt. Kisco. Even though Martin's and my schedules make it impossible for us to live in the country, we bought the Mt. Kisco home when we were newlyweds, so that we could enjoy a suburban living during his summer vacation.

"There's nothing elegant about our summer home. It's small but is situated on top of a hill from which there's a breathtaking view. To city dwellers, this in itself is therapeutic. Besides that, it gives me an opportunity to pursue a hobby...do-it-yourself. Now there's no point in laugh-out-loud do-it-yourself. It means a lot of paint—absolutely anything. I love to re-finish furniture. And you should see how great I am at laying carpets! Which reminds me, I had some fun the first weekend we were in the Mt. Kisco home. Phyllis Cerf and I were laying the living-room carpet—one which is actually created by myself! I learned on the Home show and which, like a lot of hints I've picked up from the program, worked out just beautifully. But to get back to the story: I don't remember whether they were a perfect fit or just what our 'work' outfits were. Obviously, however, we looked pretty seedy."

"In the midst of our activities, the front doorbell rang. "Phyllis and I were just about to close the door when I remembered that Martin had come to say 'welcome.' I hadn't realized that the 'charliades' would still be working...will return another day. So there you have it—my quest for a proper routine pursued by my charlady."

"I've done quite a bit with our New York apartment, too. Up to a short time ago, we had a darling little home with a backyard and a roof. I used to put a lot of effort into the decorating of our apartment, and it was no mean feat, because I had to make do with a lot of scrap material which I had assembled, and used as the decorating background for the apartment as a whole. Since it was quite a change from our previous home, I made it up in the hope that my children would find it funny and be inspired by the different furnishing of furniture...but, even if that hadn't been necessary, I would probably have brought out the sandpaper, paint remover, turp, etcetera, just to insinuate myself."

Doing things with her hands is by no means her only extracurricular activity. Quite apart from her -enforced![1] on her free time...such as United Cerebral Palsy, Heart Association, Cancer Drive, and Muscular Dystrophy Drive, to name a few. Busy as she is, Arlene is also looking after a number of organizations and charities close to her heart, one of which is the争论 about the safety of the apartment. If nothing else—a well-guarded apartment would be better for us. So we now have a twelve-room one, not too far away from Central Park. When I was in Japan last year, I almost lost my mind over the lovely native silks and brought back a trunk full of material which I had made into drapes and used as the decorating background for the apartment as a whole. Since it was quite a change from our previous home, it made me wonder if my decorating talent was still good enough to do justice to the furnishing of furniture...but, even if that hadn't been necessary, I would probably have brought out the sandpaper, paint remover, turp, etcetera, just to insinuate myself."
People 60 to 80: Tear Out This Ad... and mail it today to find out how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

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Write today, simply giving your name, address and age. Mail to Old American Ins. Co., 1 West 9th, Dept. L270M, Kansas City, Mo.
(Continued from page 5) on her lap. She hadn't the least real fear—not the least. She had removed the cover. But the box was empty. She looked at it, turning deathly white. She remembered putting the doll away in this box, in that room she should have thought, dry-throated. But it can't be! I remember so distinctly. And then she began frantically to search the other bureau drawers, to open that drawer, to that ridiculous hiding-place in which she was certain to find the doll that nobody else in the world would have wanted to hide. Nobody but herself, if it had happened again. . . .

Presently she wept hysterically, her head pressed against her temples. She flung herself on the bed and buried her head under the pillows, fighting to keep from screaming.

There was not the doll, as such. She'd bought it for Bebe, to make her quite the most special present that a little girl could receive. It did not matter that even this doll was missing. What mattered—what made her want to die—was that her mind was playing tricks on her. She remembered tucking the doll lovingly in this very box, and putting it in this very bureau drawer. Nobody but herself would have touched it. But, just as had happened in other matters, she was finding that she'd done something insane—she must have done it of which she could hardly have been at all. She must have taken the doll out of the box. She wanted to scream again, as she guessed the maniacal things she might have done to it. And, in something like this had happened again, she was a failure even at staying sane!

She wept exhaustively. And, while she wept, she longed terribly for relief from this despair. She knew that she should have relief. She had only to go to the cupboard where the bottles were. She could go there. And, in a little while, she would feel confident and strong and unafraid. It would mean fresh disgrace, of course, Harry would look coldly disgusted when he found her vague-eyed and thick-tongued. But she couldn't suffer like this.

After a long and bitter struggle—which she knew in advance she would lose—she got up and began to feel her way to that infinitely treacherous solace. As she wished so, sometimes, she might find herself relieved of anguish without the memory of failure—without memory of giving in. Then she realized abrutly that this was one thing that she had never yet done without her own knowledge. She might crazily tear off the head of the doll named after Jack—and not remember it. She might have become so confused nobody could have done so. She'd been terribly upset about Jack, and, then, and Harry asked if she'd been trying to work voodoo magic to have him killed in that automobile accident. And then she'd gone to the closet where she'd put the doll—collection carefully away, and he'd come out with the doll that resembled him, and found that there would be nothing in it all over. He had seemed angry. More voodoo, he asked? But he was most shocked when he searched again and found the doll—dock with Marilyn's coloring, and clothed like her—and pointed to a bit of blood-red ribbon stabbed into the doll's sawdust breast.

"You not only stick pins in a doll you've named for me," said Harry, in a tone of revulsion, "but you stab a doll named for my secretary, and put a red ribbon for blood to gloat over! Isn't there any limit to what you'll do?" he asked.

She'd been struck dumb, then. She didn't remember doing it. But nobody else could have done it, and she bitterly hated Marilyn. But she knew that Marilyn had been more than merely Harry's secretary. She was. She was . . . But she'd never taken a first fatal drink without remembering an argument—failure—(and to endure the pain of failure and unwantedness. She'd learned that she must have done other mad things, though she did not remember them), she had she started to drink without full knowledge. She stopped short, groping in her thoughts. Insane things like this—hiding the doll from herself—and tearing off the head of a doll, and sticking pins and stabbing dolls without knowingly wanting to and still less intending it. But it had taken a first drink. He can't know! she thought. And for me to take a first drink is most insane of all! Maybe . . . She did not go to the cupboard.

The Edge Of Night

Harry Lane leaned back in his chair and regarded Marilyn wide-eyed. She smiled how she might as he watched her while she put the recently dictated letters on his desk.

"You wouldn't," she added, "be looking at me like that because there's been a review of your enormous affection for me? If you are, it's no go."

"No," said Harry Lane evenly. "You're quite—sarcastic, late as I'm wondering if it's because of my enormous affection. I understand you feel lately for someone named—ah—Duke Manson.

Marilyn tensed. Then she said harshly, "So what? You wouldn't care, would you?"

"No," said Lane coldly, "except in one way. You've been very useful to me, Marilyn. You've been valuable to me. But—ah—you know a great deal about my affairs, I hope you will not . . . confide too freely in this Manson."

But that a threat?" she demanded. "I'd hate to have you threaten me, Harry! I may have to take measures. Right now you're staying on here just to get that reward you mentioned. You've promised plenty. Don't fool yourself that you won't have to keep the promises you've made me!"

"Do I ever fool myself?" asked Lane.

Marilyn laughed suddenly, without any mirth.

"I don't know anybody who fools himself more!" she told him. "Look at the record! You've made a killing with me of other people's money. Recent now you plan to make a lot more—but your scheme requires that you get rid of your wife. You've got a right little, tight little plan for it, but you wouldn't think of such a thing. You made her a drunk, expecting to get an easy divorce that way so you can marry Louise Grimeley. You fought her to this extent. You've started there. Now you're persuading her she's insane."

Harry Lane cocked his ears to listen—not to her, but to the sounds outside his office. He turned into the doorway. "Interesting," he said without expression.

"You were saying . . ."

"Hiding things until she misses them," Marilyn rushed on, "and putting . . ."
them back where she couldn't have missed them. The business of the dolls. Pretending indignation because she tore off the head of the doll named for Jack—when she didn't. You did. Raging that she stuck pins in a doll named for you. You stuck them. Affecting vast disgust because she stabbed a doll representing me—did you enjoy stabbing that doll, Harry? But you've got her believing she did those things! You've bought a duplicate of the doll she got for little Bebe. I don't know how you'll use that, but I'll bet it's nasty!"

Harry Lane continued to look at her steadily.

"Maybe you'll get away with it," said Marilyn silkily. "You got away with ruining your brother and Martin Spode, for two. Maybe you'll get away with this. But you're fooling yourself."

"Very eloquent," said Harry Lane, smiling. "How?"

"Thinking you can get away with it forever," said Marilyn harshly. "I'm gambling you will, until after I'm paid off—and that had better be soon—but I want out from being involved in your affairs! You finish one scheme and start another. Every one is rotten and every one destroys somebody. You're fooling yourself when you think you can go on forever! You're mesmerized by the idea of scheming your way to more and more and more money, and everything you want. You'll never stop scheming. You'll keep it up until you're caught! You're mesmerized by your own smartness. And I think you're a fool!"

Cora found her way dizzyly into her room. She felt strong and capable and confident. She knew that she was beloved and was needed, and she muttered grandly to herself, making uncertain gestures. She could take care of anything that needed taking care of! That bartender who wanted her to go home, he was ridic—ridic—hic—he was silly! And Harry was silly, looking disgusted when he let her in the front door. Ridic.

She made a sweeping gesture, dismissing Harry and all other matters which ordinarily upset her. She felt wonderfully good.

Then she saw the box on the floor. She'd dropped it there because the doll for Bebe wasn't in it. The doll was broken. There was a leg torn off it.

But then she saw the doll. It was in the box, just where it should have been. It was not missing a leg. It was quite perfect, with silken curls, and it had dainty clothes that buttoned and unbuttoned and it would say "Ma-ma" in a squeaky voice. . . .

Cora went cold sober on the instant. It was a terrible soberness. She remembered that the doll had vanished. That she'd gone nearly crazy because it wasn't in its box. She thought she'd destroyed it. . . .

But it had been in the box while she thought the box empty. It had been a delusion that it was gone. She was mesmerized.

She swayed on her feet, fighting the shadows of madness. She wanted to scream. . . .
(Continued from page 34)

Hal's future was not to unfold in Hollywood—where he made his first "professional" appearances in a series of obscure night clubs—but back on McAllister Street, at a burlesque house. There his grand kid, so dedicated to making his share of the happy music in the magic world of entertainment, was finally to step onto a real stage, in a real auditorium, as a full-fledged "straight man" and singer.

For eighteen-year-old Hal Mendelson, Hollywood had been far from the Promised Land, that first trip. There had been stretches—too many stretches—like the three days "I ate popcorn and drank water, just to feel full." And his innate pride hadn't helped relieve the situation. "I always had a lot of pride. Too much—maybe," Hal March was remembering now, on that triumphant homecoming to San Francisco just last fall.

Once, during those first struggling months, Hal's wealthy aunt and uncle from Montreal, Canada, had visited Los Angeles and tried to be of help. "They stayed at the Ambassador Hotel. I was living in a rented room—and not a dime. They invited me to have lunch with them and I thanked them down to the hotel. My uncle could see I wasn't doing too well—"I remember it was my first good meal in a while. When I was leaving, he kindly put a hundred-dollar bill in my hand—and I gave it back to him. My family in San Francisco would slip a twenty into a letter, too, at first, but I stopped that. I told them I was doing fine and something great was coming up tomorrow."

Tomorrow. Always tomorrow. This was hard for Hal's family to understand in the way of a livelihood. They would write him, inquiring what was happening today. And the answer, as his sister, Bessie Friedman, had recalled, was always what was going to happen "tomorrow" or next week. "He used to tell us these stories about what was going to happen—and it all sounded like pipe dreams. But Hal was never discouraged."

But when Hal's father, Leon Mendelson, the beloved philosophical merchant of McAllister Street, died suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage, there was some family feeling that Hal should give up all these pipe dreams . . . these mythical tomorrows.

His mother was left with the delicatest business overnight, and Hal was the unemployed one, the unmarried one—the logical one to help run the store.

But for this and understanding heart, Hal's future might have ended before it began. "In my heart, I didn't want him to stay," Mrs. Ethel Mendelson, Hal's mother, has recalled. "But we had a good business and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't take care of it."

And one night, after the funeral, Hal had put it to her this way: "Mom, I don't want to be a grocery man. When I get older—when I start to make money—I'll take care of you like nobody's business. I'll take care of you the rest of your life—but please . . . not this . . ."

"All right—you don't want it. All right. I'll sell the store," she had said, freeing him for the future he'd wanted since the junior high school operetta when he had first heard the laughter and the applause.

Meanwhile, however, Hal was intermittently employed. But, as Hal well remembered, "I got fired from everything else. Hal worked briefly at Roos Brother's store, just next door to Joseph Maginn's store—where TV star Hal March was later to be making appearances and to be mobbed by fans, while mikes on the street corner outside blared The $64,000 Question theme song. He'd worked, also briefly, for Bethlehem Steel as a "flanker's helper," repairing ships.

But acting was something else . . . always. "Acting was the one thing I took seriously. I always had been Charlie Charm until then. I wanted this desperately—and that was it. I knew I couldn't compromise with this thing. It meant too much to me . . ."

So much that Hal Mendelson, as he was saying now, finally "lied my way into show business." By sheer bravado, he'd bluffed a fellow named Eddie Skolak, who was putting a new show into the President Burlesque Theater, into hiring him as a straight man.

So here—at the other end of McAllister Street—show business opened up for him. And here—now that he was returning to his home town a star, being welcomed with the sort of applause and riding in a limousine with a chauffeur and a police escort—the stage where he had "come of age" in show business was full of nostalgic memories.

"Eddie will think he's being railed," Hal laughingly told his sirens as they ushered the way. Then, with the excitement of every remembered landmark: "There's Bunny's Waffle Shop! When I worked here, I used to go across the street in the mornings and have coffee before the show. We did four shows a day—seven on weekends. . . I'm glad I was in burlesque," he's saying, as he looks around—"it's nothing else like it in show business. This is the greatest training ground for improvising and for ad libbing—inaluable for television today."

"Let's go backstage," he suggests. And, suddenly, he's leading the way. Turning the corner of the old theater, walking down a dusty alleyway where he walked fifteen years before, he's doorknob locked, but there's a bell marked "Please ring.

And he rings. From around the building there comes a middle-aged man, smiling as he hears, "Hal, now?"

"And, together, they're walking through the backstage entrance into the darkened theater where, on December 6, 1941—the day before Pearl Harbor—Hal Mendelson was back in with his first job on a professional show . . . and as it turned out—improvised as he went. "I'd bluff my way into getting the job and I'd say, 'I've worked around and the comic taught me the bits backstage. The comic was a guy named—Smoky Wells! Right, Eddie?"

"I had to learn to do all the bits before the first show!" Hal was laughing now.

"Well—you didn't do so bad," his old boss was saying. With an experienced eye, Skolak had sized him up as 'a young fellow with plenty of spirit.' He knew what he was doing being so good. Struck me as somebody who really wanted to work. And he did. I'm glad to see somebody like Hal go places.

Going backstage, wandering around the old crowded theater and finding his way down a dark dusty hall, Hal March was turning back the years nostalgically.

"This was the comics' dressing room—right here—we worked one—that was The Straight man's dressing room. Looks exactly the same, Eddie," he was saying. Then, noting the wooden platform extending into the theater, "Hey—you didn't have a runaway then!"

"No, I just put that in.

"The girls worked on stage then. It was too dangerous to go to the audience. That platform on the back of the stage—that's for the tableau?"

"Yeah—that's for the picture."

"I was in the first show, December 6, 1941—I sang 'Mighty Lak a Rose' and 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo.' I remember exactly where I stood," Hal was saying, heading for the side of the stage. "Nobody but the pit men heard me, and nobody did. Except me—one number—the big Indian Summer number—I'll never forget. We had a house full of sailors, and I sang the number with a chorus of beautiful girls dancing in a circle of me. I wore a beige Irish Linen jacket and a boutonniere and I sang my heart out—and nothing—"I stood right here. . . ."

Their hair had been a short run. Four weeks later, the theater had closed down. Eddie Skolak had started out too ambitiously with such spectacular musical productions, and he'd had to close the show until he could raise more money.
and convert it into a routine "strip" show.
And so, one night, Hal Mendelson had walked back down the same dim alleyway—out of a job. But walking with confidence. He was in "show business" now, for sure. A real pro.

He was soon to go into the Army—a real private, too. The most flat-footed private in the service of Uncle Sam. The enlistment board had turned him down when they first examined him, saying, "Oh, brother—with those feet you'll never get in." But, three months later, he was in—and a casualty in his company. In a baseball game with other G.I.'s, his nose had been broken for the second time. But, this time, the other way from the fracture, he'd sustained in a high-school football game. As his mom later recalled, "The Army straightened it out for him."

Back home from service, once more, it was here in San Francisco that Hal had gotten his first break in radio. One morning, he'd simply walked into Station KYA, looking for a job as an announcer—and emerged employed. Over and above, the objections, ironically enough, of the chief announcer, Bob Sweeney, who was to play so important a part in Hal Mendelson's future later on.

By his own admission, Sweeney had voted against him: "When Hal auditioned that day, he told wonderful stories in dialects. But, as I explained to him, 'Un-fortunately, we don't do commercials in dialect.' I turned him down, and he impressed everybody else with his stories. There was an opening in the sales department, and he got that. Five minutes later, one of the announcers quit, and Hal got the job."

It was at this time that Hal Mendelson changed his name, too. By way of a take-off on "Tom Sawyer, Onwards," he decided to call his show, Hal March, Is On! And there, in the early morning, on KYA, the germ of the team to be known as "Sweeney and March" was born. Sweeney had an early disc-look show, too, which was "back to back" with Hal's. "We got to the point where we were both doing jokes—and both in need of a straight man. We'd 'straight' for each other, and we felt so good working together that we combined the show into a full hour."

However, they didn't then actually consider themselves a team. And, a few months later, Hal decided to expand his operation and go back to Hollywood to try his luck at acting again. His cousin was casting director at Warner Bros., and Hal figured he might have a chance there.

Shortly thereafter, Bob Sweeney's mother died, and Bob decided "to get out of San Francisco and see what I could do in Hollywood, too. I had $280 to my name. I got a new suit. I bought new luggage and bought myself a first-class plane ticket—my first. Everything first-class. I rode in a limousine to the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, Hal was to meet me there, and I was about to register for a room when he walked in and halted me. He looked real beat—and broke. He was wearing an old T-shirt and slacks—and a two days' growth of beard."

Hal stopped Sweeney in his tracks with an emphatic, "Don't register for a seven-dollar room! Move in with me. The money won't last, believe me." Taking another look at Hal, Sweeney decided he knew what he was talking about.

The weeks that followed strengthened that view: "Hal was living in a broken-down attic in a rooming house on Gower Street. We got the attic for ten dollars a week for the two of us. We weren't allowed to cook in our room. There was little stand down on Vine Street, and we lived on orange juice and hot dogs when we were broke—which was often."

There are three boxes in the puzzle. In each box are four letters that form a word. We start you off by writing the last letter of each word in the squares above the boxes. Can you put the other letters in the correct squares? Try it and see. When you have unscrambled the words, write the three-word sentence in the coupon and mail for FREE GIF!

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There was about as "broken-down" as attics come, actually. The springs in the chairs kept popping out. There was an old, lumpy double bed. The wallpaper was peeling off the walls, and we had some moth-gauze curtains—for a while.

One morning, the landlady came up to the attic and began extemporizing about what model tenants they were. "No drinking, no girls and so forth," Sweeney had recalled, talking about the old days. "She said we were too top-heavy and would just wash our curtains for us. We were so excited. This was like somebody offering to paint the room, or something. We went downstairs with her to watch. She put our soiled curtains in some detergent in, turned on the hot water—and they melted and went down the drain. While we stood there watching, they simply didn't have time to get down the hole. The landlady said she was so sorry, but there were no more curtains. From then on, we started getting up earlier. The sunlight would come pouring in, and we would get up all the way to get out of the heat and the sun." Any bookkeeping between them was very soon simplified. Jobs were too few and far between. Hal hadn't been connected in motion pictures. His cousin at Warner Bros. said he must have "more experience." Sweeney and March started pooling their money. If one worked, the other got half the checks. Then they could put money in a dresser drawer and take out what we needed. When the money was gone—it was just gone.

There was a Maritime Service radio program which was good for starving actors then. "Once in a while, we'd get on that. The Merchant Marine had taken over Catalina Island, and the short broadcast from the ballroom of a big hotel there. We'd leave Hollywood on a Friday night, get a nice boat ride over, spend some time in the island, do a show Saturday night, and go home Sunday. We'd save ourselves four meals—and get a check for $35 apiece besides."

During these earlier days, Hal's family would turn a radio dial in San Francisco, and out of nowhere would come a remembered voice—one of many remembered voices. "That's Hal—they'd say excitedly, making some direct or accent borrowed and bred in their delicatessen store on McAllister Street.

Radio networks, however, weren't as impressed. "We kept trying to figure it out how to break into the networks," Sweeney has said of these days. "Others were doing auditions, making records and going around Hollywood with their records under their arms." 

One day, Hal and Bob were sitting on a little ledge outside Station KJJ on Melrose Avenue "putting each other on the back and saying what a shame we didn't have anything to fall back on in case we would be." A station executive overheard them and invited, "If you think you're so great, come on inside and let's talk about it."

Next morning, the boys rushed back to their summer jobs, put themselves a spot and recorded it. "This guy didn't go for it—but CBS did." Our Sweeney And March show was on CBS for eighty-seven years—an longest sustaining show on the air.

Later, after Sweeney and March went to New York and filled an ABC contract, Hal decided to go it alone and not wait for the next tomorrows that was going to make their future secure as a team. "Tomorrow's the thing that keeps you going. Tomorrow, there's going to be a great show tomorrow. We decided this was it. We had enough money to sustain ourselves for a while, and we decided we'd break it off and each try our luck doing what we wanted to do."

Tomorrow Sweeney would be featured in top TV shows and eventually be starring in his own show, The Brothers, on CBS—TV. And tomorrow Sweeney was actually to appear in one of the most successful show in television. Hal March would be offered the job emceeing a CBS show called The Imogene Coca Show, and starting his own The Soldiers... Hal March would be offered the job emceeing a fabulous sounding format called The $64,000 Question.

Hal and his old partner talked this over, then that tomorrow came. The whole presentation was too fantastic to be true—going from $64 to $64,000. "It would be great if they can do it," Hal had said doubtfully. And Sweeney had pointed out, "But Hal, after all, it isn't your $64,000."

But Hal had turned it down, at first. "You can imagine that!" he was saying now, riding up Nob Hill in a limousine, with the slippers on the seat. "I just didn't think I was right for it. I was an actor—and they'd never used an actor as an emcee. The emcee has all the responsibility for pacing the show. Professionally, this was a real change of pace for me. But we made a kinescope and they signed me—and that was a dandy day!"

Bob Mendelson, this proved to be the pot of gold at the end of McAllister Street. And as for pacing the show—life had set that pace long before.

As his old partner had said, "There's a thing in show business that's just the right framework for your talent. The perfect niche for you. Sometimes, you never find it. Hal found his."

The audiences found a different kind of emcee. Not only an actor who could project, but a fellow man who was so solidly sympathetic—he'd just try to help himself. Hal seemed to be from these people," Hal has said about his pulling for the contestants on his show. "You can't—knowing they're up there trying to change their whole lives. And knowing that the money—any part of it—can change their lives..."

How much a man's life can change, Hal March would know. He was on all the shows for all the years of showing and the same day. He was on all the way home when he returned to San Francisco in such triumph. He was making happy music—in spades. He'd found the perfect niche in show business. He was the star of the most successful show in television. And, as though fate decided to reward him all the way, he had found the perfect bride in glamorous, titan-like Candy, their screen, for acting and for living in so many ways matches his. "We've both kept the same sense of values—that's the important thing," Hal says of Candy, In Candy's direction which was saying infinitely more. "Candy's the greatest. I waited a good many years to get married—the girl I was always waiting for. We've worked and fought too—fighting and striving to succeed, and wanting to do it on our own."

You'll be back—you'll see," some of the audience said eighteen years before, when Hal Mendelson had first left San Francisco to try his luck in show business. Now he was back... a star and finding success and finding the whole experience pretty staggering.

"You read of things like this happening to other people," Hal was saying, "but when it happens to you—it's like a dream. Like it's all happening to somebody else. Just fantastic."

Fantastic... for Hal Mendelson to be.
Today, he was all the way home. And the answers, his answers, were here, too. The answers to his phenomenal success: why millions of television fans could identify themselves with him, and to why no other quizmaster, however fabulous the prizes, could come close to them.

The answer was the people who learned out of cable cars along Powell Street with a warm hello for him. Two sailors who stopped him, grinning, "Got any money, Hal?" The cable car cruised by, craning his neck and yelling, "Welcome home, Hal."

Their welcome was for a man they felt they knew very well, a man who would be concerned about the future of a jockey and a Brooklyn spinsters and an Italian shoemaker. Who would know what winning would mean to them.

As his boyhood friend, Sam Elkind, has put it, "The slick meaner may gloss it on, but when Hal says he's happy for them—he's happy for them. He knows what it means to them. The guys who bought Hal probably didn't know what they had when they first hired him—this tremendous sincerity of his, the empathy. It's like a mosaic of Hal and his life, everything that comes through that screen. There's a line that comes to mind, 'the elements so mixed in him...this was a man.'"

The elements so mixed in him.

Today's success was all of them. The Mission District and WestAllister Street. The junior high school play and the President "Follies Burlesque"...and following the happy music wherever he could. At another's unshakable compassion...and the respect for truth and sincerity which had been steeped in him, those who had doubted and who had held, the pat on the back and the kindred heart. A kid's dedication to a dream...and all those whose lives had touched his through the struggle to make it reality.

But back here, where it all began, to Hal March reality now and the dream.

Here in the elegant hotel suite, with its mauve and green decor, he was saying, When I was a kid, some of my rich school friends used to come to the Fairmont. I remember I would come by here and I'd tell myself, Someday, I'll go in there. The whole thing's fantastic—when you remember these things."

It was almost plane time. In another hour, Hal March would be winging back to the theater of his success, but the stage was here, and the roots were all here. And, through the glass wall of his suite atop Nob Hill, it was all there below him now...all the struggle and the streets and the people who were part of him.

"That's my life down there where we've been. Everything that's happened since seems like a dream. Like it doesn't belong to me."

"Can you imagine what it's like for me to come back here like this?" Hal March was saying slowly now. "To be welcomed and known by the people. To be the key to the city...that banner—there's never been another one like that over the City Hall. When I think of what's happened to me today in show business...when I'm alone, I look up and think—let it stop, Big Fellow...don't let it all stop..."

Today, there was no indication that it ever would.
The Shining Hours

(Continued from page 56) for, merely to cart away. By taking off the top and replacing it on a flat, leather-covered surface fastened with nailheads, and refinishing the rest of the wood, Durward turned the hitherto-despised piece into a stunning desk which he uses daily.

Up in the country, too, his idea of re-laxing is to be a log-splitter, brush-cleaner, builder-artisan-farmer type, with a list of chores as long as his arm. Which is long enough, considering the 100-acre strongly built six-foot with arms and hands to match. These same hands can play a Hammond chord organ as if they had never done anything more strenuous, or less cultural, and he will concertize by the hour when the mood is upon him— if the boys and Pax run out of things only Daddy can do, which need doing at once.

This woman, who obviously ‘round, of cause, Pax says that, all too often, Durward gets to planning her day before he leaves for the show, and manlike, seems to be a little incongruous in asking her to bus something for him an one end of town when all her other errands are at the extreme opposite end.

“I spend my time going to and from the radio station,” he explains, ‘and taking children back and forth to schools, and running into town to shop and to do the dozens of errands every family leaves to the father. If I had a daughter, I think I would teach her, first, to be the best possible driver—and, after that, to cook and sew and keep house.

In addition to the family chauffeur, Pax is a Class Mother at the local high school, where Randy is a freshman. She is taking an adult education course in art, with emphasis on oil painting, although her best medium, she is told, are watercolors. She has substituted needlepoint for the hooked rugs she used to make, needlepoint being easier to pick up and put down between interruptions.

As if there weren’t enough—what with the housekeeping, and such things as going bowling occasionally with Randy, and keeping Dennis occupied, and the busy weekends in the city—Pax is now planning a children’s theater in their home community to help kids express themselves in a constructive way by acting, making their own scenery, and producing plays. She is at the moment working on her script for a professional television show which she hopes to see produced some day. As Mary Paxton, which was not,originally “Pax,” to differentiate her from a number of other Marys in the family), Pax was a successful radio singer and commentator, and later a radio executive in all the major radio centers of the country.

Pax and his wife were married in the city, on June 7, 1941, and then continued during his years in the Navy, until his job as homemaker and mother became most important of all.

Randy, who was fourteen in December, is at the point where he shows many talents. He still hangsk the performer like his father, and is considering a career as a comedian.

Even at fourteen, however, Randy is aware that an actor must have many facets, many interests, and must have something to come in handy. He thinks he might like to study law, figuring the education won’t be wasted if he goes into show business. “If I had a script and was up for some small contracts,” he points out, far-sightedly. He is learning to dance, he plays the trumpet, he likes parties and the social life of their community, but he is just as keenly interested in being a good ball player and in belonging to a really good youth team up in Connecticut. He has learned that, is a good all-round winter sportsman on skis and skates, a swimmer and a fellow who can handle a boat with skill and responsibility—be he and his pal Doug Sinclair, take Randy’s boat out on their lake all summer.

Dennis, seven last June 11, was heard to complain, a while ago, that he guessed he was going to “kick around lately.” It seems there was a little matter of some extra work to do at home, as the result of being tempted to talk during church service. Result of the extra chores, falling behind in his school homework and having to make up for that. Quite a lot to happen to a small boy! But, mostly, Dennis was thoroughly responsible, conservative yet sunny child who likes to work with his daddy on shop projects and follow him around and try to help with everything.

Dennis is the animal-lover of the family, and he shares the family love of music. “We get a kick out of hearing him go around the house, humming bits of the classics instead of ‘n’ roll you had just recorded,” Durward says, adding, “Dennis is also the Bright-Eyes. Whenever anyone loses anything and it later turns up, credit Dennis. Randy lost his money, and he thinks someone else was ready to give up. Dennis found it under a pile of leaves.”

Being the only woman in a family of three men has taught Dennis a lot. When Durward were first married, and went fishing together, he told her she would have to learn to bait her own line and take off her own catch. And Dennis has the family mostly artificial lures, but she still has to separate the fish from the hook.

Durward has many television offers every season which he can sometimes take, but it is a time conflict between him and his present shows, occasionally because there are sponsor conflicts, most frequently because they are flying to the family a great many hours, particularly in the evenings. He has also yet to turn down to couple of offers of leads in Broadway plays—either one that interested him. He is growing that someday the right movie will come along, because that would mean only a short leave of absence from his other shows and from home.

His real flair, of course, is radio comedy. The kind of comic who calls for a keen sense of the ridiculous, somewhat following the pattern of characters he has already created for the Garry Moore Shows. Such small-town gossips—the other, "Martha," being played by Garry. Or "Joe Drible," a happy, untrained guy, sort of loose-jointed, with dangling arms and dressed in a necktie, knickers and a crazy cap and wearing thick glasses from behind which he peers at people on whom he later plans to play some practical jokes. Or "Mayor Quagmire," a wizened, crooked type, who is constantly talking about how fat his wife is. This character particularly amuses Pax, because people seem to confound him with the real wife of Durward. "Don’t you mind," they ask her, "when your hus- band, as Quagmire, says right out on the program that you’re getting fat?"

Pax has a lovely figure, and no husband in his right mind would complain about it—not even a Quagmire. She is five-foot-five, has oval eyes and long chestnut hair, which Durward doesn’t want her to cut, even when...

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she worries about how long it can get before she resorts to the scissors.

All the Kirbys are dyed-in-the-wool and bred-in-the-bone antique hunters who can hardly bear to turn away from an auction sign without a quick glance. Pax was helping a friend select furniture for a summer place when he saw a Queen Anne lowboy, darkly varnished, with cheap new hardware, but looking suspiciously like a fine old piece. She phoned Durward. "It may be a buy," she said. "I can't tell until I get it home and look at it. And it's only twenty-eight dollars."

It turned out, on more careful examination, to be a hand-made piece which, after they restored it and substituted suitable hardware, has a value at around $900.

Though Durward and Pax first met in a radio station for which they both worked, in Cincinnati, Ohio, they had actually been brought up within a few blocks of each other in Indianapolis. Durward was born in Covington, Kentucky, but his family had moved to Indianapolis when he was twelve or thirteen. His first name comes from a character in the novel and play, "Lena River," which his mother saw and loved and thereupon decided that Durward would be the name of her son, if she were fortunate enough to have one.

Now it has become a family name, Randy's full name being Durward Randall. He uses the complete name for such important things as filling out coupons for objects like space rockets to be sent "promptly by mail, you pay the postman only $2.95"—and Durward Senior never ceases to wonder, when he is confronted by someone, seemingly addressed to him, but containing things only a boy would order. It always takes him a moment to realize that he is not the only Durward Kirby.

A few years ago, Purdue University, in Indiana, where he studied engineering, established the Durward Kirby Award in honor of the now-famous student who began his radio and TV career on their educational and experimental radio station, WBAA. Today the station is a fine, well-equipped commercial station, in full-time operation. But, when Durward began, it was on the air only about two hours a week. He remembers he had to take an announcer's audition, for which he read from one of his history books.

The Award, which is presented annually to the most outstanding student in Purdue's radio class, is a plaque which hangs permanently in the WBAA studios, with Durward's name on it and the name of each student who wins it permanently inscribed below it. It is really a great honor, and the Kirby family regard it as such.

As far as Pax and the boys are concerned, no honor would be too great for Durward Kirby. He is "rather rare in our business," Pax observes. "He never just hangs around after a broadcast and talks show business. He likes to come home, and he does so, on the dot. Once at home, he is a family man, a her husband and father in our community."

"Durward is fun at home, as well as on the show," she says, "and the kids adore him. He is a religious man, who goes to church on Sunday, and he lives in it. He also believes in using his religion every day in the week. Sometimes, I think it would be nice if he were not quite such a perfectionist about everything, if his standards were not always quite so high, if he were not so demanding of himself. But he isn't the least bit stern or difficult. He's always kind, considerate. It's possible that no husband is really perfect, but it's certain that this one happens to be—for me."
Rocking Around With Bill Haley

(Continued from page 30)

heard on WPWA Radio in Chester.

Anyone in the Philadelphia area who turned a radio dial could hardly help hearing Bill Haley and the Comets playing. When he wasn't talking, he was singing; when he wasn't playing his guitar, he was spinning records.

"Now, Haley's a young guy, too," Billy said. "Maybe he's even a year younger than I am, but he's been in this business all his life. He was the kid star of a Western outfit and he's played in hot bands all over the States."

But I reckoned he liked Haley. When Billy got worked up about something, he speaks in what I'd call a fast drawl and his voice sort of cracks. Billy had seen Bill work in the studio, and had seen him work at an entertainment park outside Wilmington. "Man, he had a band," said Billy. "Every guy in it could double and they could spin, but Haley dared not show that for me."

That was for me, too. We agreed that Bill would go up to Chester to see Haley. He came back deflated. Haley have an outfit, but didn't want one, either. Too many worries.

That should have finished it, but Billy wouldn't give up. In a couple of days, he went back and I went along with him. I remembered how I used to introduce me to Haley.

"Johnny can play piano and accordion, pops, Western or Dixie. He's had eight years of classical music education, too. And, in every way I don't help lend him anything—"even this guy was called a writer."

We talked. The longer the huddle went on, the more I liked Haley. He looked like just a kid. He had a smooth face and sound voice. He said that curl that kept falling down onto his forehead, but was right. Young as he was, this guy had something. Music to him was more than just a sound; it was a sound dragged out of an instrument. It was direct communication from one person to another. Haley clinched it by saying, "All my life I've been looking for something. I haven't yet found music. Maybe it's a sound. Maybe it's a beat. I've always thought if I could get together with some guys who felt the same way I did, we might work it out.

Billy's Irish grin was as wide as a jack-o-lantern. "What are we waiting for, Bill?"

"It's going to be rough," Bill warned. "I don't know where the loot is coming from,"

"Johnny and I have worked odd jobs before," said Billy. "But what about you?"

"I've got a family," I said Bill. "The way I figure it, I've got to know whether I'm ever going to amount to something in music. This is the time I've got to make my move. I've got to go pass wind."

We shook hands on it. That's all the contract. The Comets really have to this day. When we turned into big business, we had to formalize it with corporations, but we've never found a bunch of guys who trust each other.

We got our fourth partner, Jim Ferguson, who is our promotion and business manager. He was Air Force Hoff, and was a big, colorful character who has been all over the world, commanded a Navy vessel and done all sorts of interesting jobs, "Lord Jim"elped us out a little when we parted, and was a stimulator at the station. He took in the interest in us and helped us. When we felt low, he encouraged us. We were his hobby—eventually we took up so much of his time, we asked him if he would let us be his business—if he would become a partner. Jim is the one who has forged around, got us bookings, guided us through the time we didn't fit anywhere, and now is about to take us around the world.

We had a lot of work to do, however, before much of anybody wanted to hear us. Bill Haley connived and convinced us to get us pocket money—a week, officially, at the station. We sort of drifted into others. In the beginning, I was paid eighteen dollars a week, and most of money I thought I'd flapped it. Nor I found outside job with the Wilmick System, a department store protective system, and was lucky to have a boss who wanted to see me make music. Whenever I had any money I bought clothes, in bad times. When they were bad, he would hire me back. Billy, at various times, worked in a hosiery mill, a woolen mill, and as a plumber's helper. At a station, we worked practically around the clock. When he had his Country Store on at 5:00 A.M., he even slept at the studio. It's no wonder his marriage broke up. That's a personal cost which he paid and which we feel a lot of us like to talk about.

We took any bookings we could get, lodge dances, banquets, weddings, little joints that called themselves night clubs. But the Incorporated News, that was we researched in the studio every day for two years. The people there, including the owner, went out of their way to help us. One of the engineers came in big assist for the trial runs on tape and playing them back so we could study them. When we were broke, he would sort of delay putting the tape. Always, we were looking for something. We'd take a standard, like "Ida," and play it every way we could think of—fast, slow, loud, soft, hillbilly, Waltz, Dixie, progressive. We'd put a scientist, or a scientist's brother, on another into a test tube," Billy says, "and he'd be so happy when some experiment came out right."

One of the most important of these happened the day we were studying some Count Basie records. Since we didn't have brasses, we huddled around the strings, trying to get the same effect, and were trying to build up the bass, discovered that when he plucked the strings in the accepted way, it came out from behind. When he back-slapped them, it changed the accent to return back-pull. That's how the heavy sound at the bar came from the basic form in our rock 'n roll.

We liked it, but we didn't know what we had—nor was that, alone, enough. Always, when we were looking for that, if we just managed to turn the next corner, we would run into the big surprise—the thing we were hunting for.

We worried most about getting people to dance. That is one time, Bill Haley would say, "We've got to get them on their feet. Make them move. Make them feel that rhythm. We talked about it constantly. This, of course, was the biggest problem any musician faced America had just come from. That period when the vocalists was the top attraction had brought an end to singing bands and the big orchestra. Kids listened instead of danced. The entertainment tax had killed off dancing in night clubs—and the jobs with the clubs. Good musicians were out."

Every time we did get a club date, we watched every minute to see what effect our music had on people. Once, we thought it was too loud. If we couldn't talk across a table, they got up and danced. We peaked up our amplifiers—and got thrown out of more joints than that way. Owners didn't like it when people danced instead of buying
wasn't still a year. It went.

I couldn't get it out of my head. Out on the job one night, just kidding the band, I went into that thing, hitting it with our rrrroom-pah beat instead of the way the deejay had it on his record. Billy and Johnny started to laugh and joined in at Al Rex hit it on the bass. We really got a kick out of it ourselves. It was our private joke. "Then I look'ed around—and, so help me, people were dancing. I turned to the guys and asked, 'What on earth did I do?'

Whatever we did, one person told another. The next night, we had a bigger crowd. And, the night after, the joint was packed. Bill went to Lor alones and said, "We wish you'll come over and see this. Something has happened here."

His verdict was just what we had hoped to hear. "If you could get eight people in a place like this, there's no reason you can't do it with eighty thousand."

His judgment proved right—a long while later. An independent recording company cut "Rock the Joint," but disc jockeys didn't go for it. It wasn't rhythm—and—blues, it wasn't pops, it wasn't Western. For about a year, we remained a freak attraction. No one knew where to place us.

What I still think of as our "desperation huddle" brought the turning point—but, believe me, it was a long, slow turn. Bill, Jim, Billy and I, talking things over, realized that the kids were the ones we had to reach. They were the ones who were tired of the old music which had been warmed over since the days of Benny Goodman. They were the ones who kept the recording industry going by buying 100 million records a year. How to get to them was the problem.

"You're not going to find them playing in beer joints," said Billy. "The kids we want to have hear us aren't permitted to go into those places."

"If the kids won't come to you," said Jim, "why don't you go where they are—in the high schools?"

We knew that score. No dough. But Haley had an idea and took a vote. "You guys game to do it—for free?" Billy and I nodded.

That's how it happened that we played 183 high-school assemblies. It was tough to do at the time, but it proved the smartest thing we ever tried. The kids taught us. We tried our experiments on them. When their shoulders started moving, their feet tapping and their hands clapping, we knew that particular tune or style was worth keeping in the bag.

It was the Haley ear, the Haley sensitivity to his audience, which brought us our first hit. Bill noticed that the kids' favorite expression was "Crazy." A crazy sweater, a crazy tie, a crazy cap, Bill took their word—and their football chant "Go! Go! Go!"—and gave it back to them in a song. As he says, "Crazy, Man, Crazy" sold a million records so fast it would make your eyeballs shimm. It was the first nonclassifiable tune to break over into pop record sales. Riffs we had invesed in our band were copied by others. Our rrrroom-pah was picked up everywhere. The big beat back was rocking the country.

You rock 'n' roll fans know the rest. It was our pal, disc jockey Alan Freed, now

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at WINS in New York, who popularized the name, "rock 'n' roll." He was one of the first to recognize that here was the new music which all of the young people in America wanted to hear. This wasn't jazz—fine as that is—left over from their parents' day. New, bright, bold, yet simple—like their younger uncle and aunts. This was their own. The thing that is happening now. The big beat.

Many, many others helped build it. We happened on the ones chosen to appear in the movie, "Blackboard Jungle", which got it into films. We caught a lot of grief when some squares decided that we were there the day before delinquency. This is not true. For every kid who makes a nuisance of himself, I'll show you a hundred thousand who are real great. Sometime, maybe, you can get Bill Haley to tell you what he thinks about that.

We had a better time with our own picture, for Columbia, "Rock Around the Clock." "Don't Knock the Rock" is now being released. We'll soon have news for you about the next.

Recording-wise, we've made eighteen hits for Decca—the highest sales anyone this side of Pinetoon has ever had in one year. You've liked best "Rock Around the Clock," "See You Later, Alligator," "R-o-c-k, a-k," and a couple of others.

We've got our own kicks out of seeing you kids and our own parents—just great, coming into the theater every night, from Alabama to Canada, dressed in your party best. When you started clapping and beating your feet, any man in the world would give you the best show it was possible for him to give. You behaved yourselves, too. You didn't always get credit for that, but we knew it.

Now we're here. Now we're on this wonderful planet. We realize it is a long time—nine years, in fact—since Billy Williamson and I sat in that dismal hotel room in Newark and blueprinted our ideal leader, our ideal band. By this time, our ideas had grown into the world's biggest band.

We've got the band Billy and I wanted—the guys who would stick together. Everybody who has joined us has been chosen to fit the gang. Al was the first to come in. We can't imagine a band without Al. Gene Vincent, the electric guitar, Rudy Pompili on sax and Ralph Jones on drums. It's a good crew.

Perhaps the most important thing about keeping us together is the fact that we know we're going somewhere. It's that big band roll going, each one of us has to have a happy life of his own. We'll work up a storm. We'll drive 500 miles a night to play the next day's date, we'll make a picture as fast as a studio can focus its cameras, but we have to know where home is.

Sometimes our phone bills, for calling home, run up to a thousand dollars a week. And that's just for the managers! We say there are fourteen in this outfit, not seven, for all the guys are married now. Rudy was the last holdout.

As you might expect, from our own long friendship, Bill Haley is married, too. I'm married to an Irish girl and I married an Irish girl. Cathy was a practical nurse at the Delaware County Hospital when she came to hear us in Lima, Pennsylvania, and suddenly, that was it! I never did quite so "confirmed" anymore. I met Helen O'Shaughnessy in Philadelphia—and when my folks, like good Italians, were still living, I'd put on my cap and before I knew it, I thought of getting married. Helen was saying, 'I'm a good office worker. That makes one regular income in the family.'

We got married when the band found its first two-weeks engagement. Billy and Catherine Cifra on November 29, 1950; Helen and I on December 2, 1950. The girls went with us, and our fine friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Caletti, of the Edgecomb Hotel, greeted us with a double wedding cake and a party.

Bill Haley, too, found his big romance when a pretty girl came to hear the band. Bill was gone. I met Barbara Cupchak at Camden, New Jersey. They now have three children—Joan, born March 15, 1953; William John Clifton Haley, Jr., born July 28, 1955; and James named for Leon and Jim, of course, born October 8, 1956.

The Williamsons have a son, Billy Jr., born October 24, 1952. Our daughter, Deirdre, born October 8, 1955.

We all live near Chester, Pennsylvania. It turns into a little community of our own, because when we men are on the road, our wives can get together. When we have a home, the boys can go fishing and picnics. We also have a couple of boats we use for the fishing trips which are our big recreation.

Only poor Jim remains a bachelor. We won't have a report on him until October, 1956, because he had no time for anyone else. But we have hopes for him. One of these days, he, too, will meet a pretty girl when we're out on some show. Then there will be eight families making up the Haley community. It's inevitable, for we already have what Bill Haley and I dreamed about, a great big, devoted musical family.

The World's My Family

(Continued from page 44)
again the story of Robin, the baby that died, and of me.”

And so Dale begins: “God gave us a little girl. She was sickly but wonderful. Her name was Robin. She had blond hair and blue eyes and she looked like a little angel. I think she was an angel that God sent to us for just a little while. She taught us many things. And then she reached out His arms for her, and took her home with Him.

“We missed her so, your father and I, and we were very sad. One day we came to a home with lots of babies and didn’t have any mothers. There were thirty-two babies in the room we visited. And right in the middle of the room was a darling little girl with blond hair and blue eyes. I took her in my arms and hugged her. Do you know what the little girl’s name was?”

And Dodie, her dark eyes sparkling, says, “Dodie.”

“Do you know her full name?”

Dodie says proudly, “Mary Little Doe Rogers.”

“I told Roy all about the little girl,” Dale continues, “and he said, ‘We want to adopt her, and make her our very own’? She needs a mother and father, and we need a little girl.”

“And so we asked if we could have this little Indian girl for our own child, to take care of her so that she would always know she was loved and wanted. Roy, you know, has Choctaw blood in him, too, just as our little girl. So one day a telegram came, saying we could have Dodie for our very own.

“We went to the orphanage where Dodie was, and we put one of Robin’s little hats and coats on her. That was the first thing that would help our grief, and it did.”

Sometimes Dodie or Debbie sleeps in the crib that was Robin’s. “I can’t bear to give it away,” said Dale, her voice breaking a little.

The older children were away at school, but Dale tiptoed into the guest room, where little Debbie, the Korean girl, was supposed to be asleep.

She was aware, and greeted Dale by holding out her arms from the crib that had been Robin’s. On the wall to the left of the crib was a crayon copy, by a fan, of a color etching of Robin which Roy and Dale will always have. And over Robin’s bed, which Debbie was now resting, was a little figure of an angel, with a night light in her hand.

“Debbie liked how Robin came into our lives,” said Dale. “I tell her how she was chosen out of 800 children, and how she flew in a plane over the deep ocean.” Like Dodie, Debbie responds with interest to the detailed story of how she came to be a part of the Rogers household.

When Dale Evans married Roy, about nine years ago, and took over the care of motherless Cheryl, Linda and Dusty, she didn’t dream that she and Roy would ever adopt another child. It was very difficult at first to get Roy’s children to accept her in the place of the mother whom God had taken, as the result of childbirth complications following Dusty’s birth. The children at first resented Dale, regarding her as an intruder in their household. Once, when Dale was singing the position of a chair, little Linda, who didn’t have a chair, little Linda said, “Don’t push that chair around. That’s my mommy’s chair, not yours.”

Dale dropped on her knees and said, “Darling, you are God’s little angel.”

And God has brought us all together now. We can have a complete family. We all belong to each other now, and everything we have belongs to each of us. That’s what families are—forever and always.”

It took months for Dale to win over the Rogers children completely. Often when she was bewildered, hurt and confused, she prayed to God. And praying, finding the answers. The children grew to love her, and soon called her “mother” and “mama” of the whole family.

Dale and Roy thought their happiness was complete when Robin was born. “Hi, you’re beautiful,” Dale said, when she looked at Robin for the first time.

And Robin was beautiful. At first, the doctor who brought Robin into the world couldn’t bear to tell Dale that her beautiful baby appeared to be mentally retarded. When Dale first learned this about Robin, she couldn’t believe it, couldn’t accept it.

The doctor who had delivered Robin, and their minister, both told Dale and Roy the same thing: “This can either make your lives or ruin them. It’s up to you.”

“They were right,” said Dale. “What happens to people faced with this kind of problem depends on the amount of religious faith they have. If they have nothing to reach out to, beyond themselves, having a mentally retarded child can be so frustrating that they will break under it. But, as Dr. Madison said, ‘The person who has a strong faith in God can go through the experience with colors flying.’

“That’s what saved my sanity. If I had not had experience with God before Robin was born, I could not have taken it. I feel so deeply for parents who have no place to turn. Without faith, such an experience can be like being in a squirrel cage.”

Al Rackin, Roy’s and Dale’s public relations expert, had said, “Robin lived just two years. And yet, in those two years, she accomplished more than most people do in thirty or seventy years.

“Because of Robin, parents no longer hide their mentally retarded children. Because of Robin, there are these exceptional children. Because of Robin, there is a special clinic at the Children’s Hospital in Los Angeles, founded by three pioneering doctors, who have found ways to help these children.

After Robin’s death, Dale Evans realized how much Robin had been like an angel of God meant to teach her own family enduring lessons.

When a new baby arrives, the other children usually resent the new arrival, for they fear that there won’t be enough love to go around. Often, they temporarily hate the new child, for needing so much of the mother’s time and attention.

But Dale taught the children that Robin needed so much attention because she was like a bird with a broken wing, who naturally needs more help and attention than the birds with perfect wings, who can fly about on their own.

After Robin died—her face radiant, her hands outstretched to the heavens, as though she saw some wonderful messenger coming for her—Dale penned the moving book, “Angel Unaware.” All royalties from the book, a best-seller, have gone to the National Association for Retarded Children.

Though torn by grief when Robin died, Dale and Roy were strengthened by their faith that Robin had been a part of the heavenly purpose, sent to show them what they could do with their lives.

One of the things they decided to do was to adopt other children. They’d had an un-easy feeling for some time that Dusty, growing up in a household filled mostly with women, needed a man of his own age. While they were on a personal appearance tour, they got a message saying that they could adopt little Dodie, the Indian girl. Wouldn’t it be wonderful, they asked each other, if they could also bring back a brother for Dusty?

While they were on the last leg of their personal appearance trip, in Cincinnati, a woman in Covington, Kentucky, wrote to ask permission to bring a girl suffering from cerebral palsy to meet Roy. He

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phoned, and learned that she was acting as foster mother to about fourteen children.

"Is there any adoptible boy of about six among them?" he asked.

She said she'd see if she could find such a boy, but that he was quite ill with rickets. "That's all right," said Roy. "Please bring him."

Sandy was a wonderful little boy, tow-headed, shy, and full of affection for others. Both Roy and Dale responded immediately to Sandy's appeal.

"But, knowing Sandy had rickets and that his coordination wasn't perfect, weren't you afraid you'd adopt him?" Dale and Roy were asked.

"No," said Dale. "Not after Robin. You see, there was something that could be done about those rickets; it was, wrong with Sandy. We considered ourselves lucky to be able to get a boy for whom these things could be done." And Roy asked, "Anybody would take a kid who had had a couple of strikes against him. Maybe some people would have refused to take him, because of that. That was all the more reason why we ought to take him home."

"We made one bad mistake," confessed Dale. "I'd often talked to Dusty about some day getting a brother for him. But I failed to warn him that we were on the way home; to one thing I'd talk about a brother, but another thing to accept him when he came.

"Sandy was too much of a surprise. We should have told Dusty specifically, that we were bringing a brother.

At first, Dusty resented Sandy terribly. The idea of sharing his toys with this new little stranger was abhorrent to him, as it would have been to most children. Roy explained to Dusty that Sandy was like a little colt, who needs "gentling." He said, "After all, you want to be a rancher. With your interest in ranching, you are the one who'd know how to handle him."

That did it. When Dusty discovered that Sandy really loved him, not just his toys, he was completely won over.

A few years ago, the Rogers family had to face one of its most difficult problems. While on a good will tour abroad, Dale and Roy were enchanted with the singing of a young Scottish lass, Marion. She's very pretty, with light brown hair and blue eyes. Marion is fifteen, about a year younger than Cheryl.

Dale and Roy discovered that she was eager to come to America, and they obtained permission to bring her to this country as their ward.

Now, the other children had all entered the Rogers household while very young and placed. Marion was accustomed to doing things on her own and didn't quite feel bewildered at first by American ways.

When the children all sat down at the big table she made polite with the lady-

Sue in the center, Marion sat with them. But, when they started to eat, she followed the European rules. Started, the children thought her. Marion used a knife and fork differently from the way they'd been taught.

Roy and Dart quickly realized that either the children would all copy Marion—and probably be made fun of—or Marion would have to follow the American rules for table etiquette. It wasn't easy for Marion to change the habits of a lifetime, but she did.

Today, the Roy Rogers family—even though it's an international family—runs as smoothly as any typical American family. Perhaps more smoothly, because guided by prayer, Roy and Dale are always there, ready to help the children solve their problems.

Television, for instance. The youngsters almost came to blows one day, because they all wanted to watch TV in the living room. But the girls wanted to watch a dramatic show; the boys wanted to see a Western. So, Roy and Dale went through that show, twisted the dial to their favorite program, one of the boys twisted again to his!

When Roy came into the room to find out what all the shouting was about, the children were so cross-eyed that each eager to win his point. He had to appeal to "Mama" for help. Mama ruled that the girls would have to watch the TV set down the hall and made out a schedule, indicating just which set was to be used by whom, and at what hours. She made several carbon copies of this proclamation, and one was given each child.

Since then—no arguments about television!

Though most of us would consider the Rogers family rich, they don't spoil the children. The girls are taught to alter their own dresses, starting with such simple projects as turning up the hems. And each does her share in caring for the others. Cheryl dresses Dodie and Debbie after their naps, straightens their beds and, after dinner, brushes their teeth and hears their prayers. Linda dresses them in the morning. Marion coaxes Sandy with his homework.

Roy loves to take the boys out fishing—the girls, too, when they feel like going—and he likes to explain the intricacies of home craftsmanship to them in his workshop. He has also tried, though not with too much success, to teach the boys how to milk the cows on the ranch.

On a note of faith, and on a note of love, Dale and Roy run the Rogers family made up of so many seemingly discordant elements, so that harmony results. As they sit before the big maple table where the family eats, each child says a prayer. Nothing mechanical; nothing stilted. Just what's in their hearts.

When Dodie was waiting for Debbie to come from the kitchen, she prayed, "God make that man bring my little sister quick. And thank you, God, for my toys and for this house and for food."

"Tell you the girls for Mom and Daddy, my sisters and brothers, and thank you to make me a nurse." (She saw her little friend, the late Nancy Hamilton, smilingly face up to forty operations. And she knew how a nurse, to make things easier for other children who have to suffer—and for grown-ups, too, afflicted with pain.)

The boys love to thank God for outings, excursions, and for the fun they have playing together or with their father.

Dale and Roy have some wonderful ideas about bringing up children. "I never tell the children that they should obey us 'just because,'" Dale explained. "You can't tell a child, either, 'Benefit by my experience,' because that doesn't work. They want to try their own wings."

"It's best to instruct them under God. I teach them not to obey me for my sake, but for His sake. I tell them that Roy and I are just caretakers for Him, guarding His precious ones. That way, children are not so rebellious."

With such a philosophy, it is little wonder that the Rogers family is a supremely happy one.
My Friend, Jackie Gleason

(Continued from page 39)

In common: a love of Dixieland music, the vill to laugh, an enthusiasm for sports, and a storehouse of memories of “the business”—from when he climbed the chutes at Coney Island, Hollywood. We had fine jaw-sessions and long sessions on the air. One night, after a long session, we put on a record and sat down in the studio to talk private but public business. It was a four-thirty A.M. Even the light bulb looked tired. Jackie reached across and said, “You got class, Lil’ Abner. Someday I’m going to be on the Farm and I’ll remember you.”

And he remembered.

Jackie’s loyalty to friends is unsurpassed. I’m not going to tell you what he’s done for others. That’s his business. I will tell you a little of what he’s done for me.

Jackie really began to go when he started to do the Cincinatti Of Stars show. I’m not going to say that he was working for Du Mont. When Jackie moved over to CBS, it was all his baby, from station break to station break. That’s when he phoned me and said I was to be his announcer. He’d been at work at NBC on Today, so Jackie’s decision and my decision didn’t set well with the brass at NBC or CBS.

The brass at CBS pleaded with Jackie to take on one of their own announcers. They pointed out that it was standard procedure to give the boys at home a break.

“At least audition our announcers,” they begged.

“Sure, okay, pal,” Jackie finally said. “I’d audition each one of them complete with camera work and all. But, still, it’s all over, I’ll still take Lescoule.”

I could give innumerable concrete examples of how Jackie stands behind a friend. And what better way is there to evaluate any human being than by his relationship to others? Jackie is noted for generosity, friendliness, his awareness and consideration of others. And that brings me to another sore subject. Once in a while, I read in Broadcast that Jackie is a "tyrant in rehearsal." This again is something that makes me see red.

First, I can state unequivocally that, in three and a half years, I’ve never heard him yell at me. Yet, there is no other comedian in the business who plans and directs a rehearsal like Jackie. He doesn’t begin a week before the show, nor does he study up a prop and phone, says, “Get me that announcer who works for Godfrey.” But, with someone new or strange to the show, there is no kidding the “boy” about the material.

A show girl with her first lines to say, or a new and nervous commercial announcer, gets Jackie’s undivided attention and help until he or she is at ease.

And talk about working with all, I’ve seen Jackie argue with June Taylor about rehearsing. Perhaps the dancers haven’t quite perfected their routine. June wants to work over and over. Jackie will battle her. “The kids are tired,” he may insist. “It’ll work out all right tonight. Let’s give them a rest.” (It’s not that June is a tyrant, either, but the appearance of the dancers is her responsibility.)

Incidently, Jackie achieves a quick friendliness with people through his use of nicknames. He has new names for almost everyone. Nine years ago—at just the time when Jackie was declared a "Jail Bird" by the Publicity Bureau—we decided to call him "Abner." The program director, Frank Satanstein, he calls "The Panther." My manager, Lee Meyers, is "Diamond." Jackie names on the air are "How's the Clam today?" He’s talking to one of June Taylor’s dancers. He directs, “Hey, Mighty Mouse, face this way a little more.” He’s talking to one of the glamorous Fournettes on the show.

One other thing about Jackie is that he does not hog laughs. His years of experience in comedy are liberally bestowed on everyone. There’ll be a run-through of a skit, and suddenly he’ll stop Art Carney and say, “When you come away from the stove, why don’t you do that funny walk of yours?” Or he’ll buffer and pull down a bit that will get her an extra laugh.

A comedian’s life is making people laugh and making them happy. With most of the fun drained out of the shows, we all need a break.

I remember one party at Jackie’s apartment that I wasn’t invited to and unintentionally interrupted. A photographer was there with camera work and all. Once I phoned Jackie at his apartment. The noise over the phone was easily identified as that of a good time, but Jackie said, “Well, you’ve come on, anyway, and we’ll shoot the pictures quick.” It was a party all right. Just Jackie and thirty girls. He was giving his daughter Linda, who was celebrating her tenth birthday, a party for her and her friends. And he was doing everything. He was butler, waiter, emcee, comedian. The kids were having the time of their lives.

One of the nice things about Jackie is his trust in people. Once you become a friend of Jackie’s it is hard to shake his faith. I think you’d have to cut his heart out and literally hand it to him, before he’d believe you weren’t Jackie’s pal. Once he decides you’ve got “class,” you’d better have it. His professional attitude is the same. Once he has decided you’re a pro, you’re better than my best. Jackie could write a script at six P.M., the evening of the show. At show time, Carney and Audrey Meadows and Joyce Randolph, or whoever else is in the script, are expected to know their parts just like Jackie will. And I think one of the reasons the impossible is done is because Jack lets you know that he has that faith in you.

As the meanest thing to emphasize my job, but I’m talking about myself and my relationship with Jackie, so I’ll tell you about the time I pulled a king-sized blipser. It was the beginning of the show. I had introduced a new program, and concluded with: “Our guest star tonight is the great Jane Froman.”

When I came off the stage, producer Jack Carley stood smiling. I’d just punched my grandmother in the nose.

“Do you know what you said?”

“No.”

“You said, ‘the great Jane Froman.’”

“No, I couldn’t have.”

“You did.”

Well, I felt terrible—because Jane Froman wasn’t anywhere near the theater.

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Our guest that night was Jane Pickens, and that is an interesting man, a grand gal like Jane Pickens. So I hunted up Jackie and told him what happened and he said that I wasn't to worry about it, but he sounded curt. Then the second half came when Jackie was backstag...
Sunday night, after Steve's show, we always go out to dinner. But Steve prefers coming home to eating in restaurants, so we have a 6:30 dinner at home, the other six nights of the week. Then, when Steve gets in at 2 or 3:30, I make him take a little nap. While he is showering after his nap, I ask him what suit he wants to wear. He tells me, and then valet him (just call me "Mother," he says) to the suit—complete with shirt, socks, tie and handkerchief. We then have dinner and, at 9 or 9:30, depending on when he must be at the theater, I put him in the front door in good time to be on time.

When he is tired (and I employ a kind of tenth sense about judging that), I make a 5:30 appointment for him, here, at home, with his masseur, Harry. This will be the day Steve won't turn up until time to eat dinner and run!

Whenever he is going to California, or anywhere at all, himself, he says, "there is my ticket," and hands it to me. I know this means I am to take care of it and get him to the plane, the right plane, at the right time, on the right day. Once, recently, he was unable to go with Harry. One of his many secretaries (the one In Charge of Absent-Mindedness) usually goes with him when I can't. But this time, he went alone.

When he got back from California, the story got out: With his ticket in hand, he'd stood in line waiting to have his luggage weighed in. "I know—only five minutes to get my plane," he said, when his turn came. "What time does your plane leave? the weigher asked. "Eleven-thirty," Steve answered. "We haven't any eleven-thirty plane, sir—may I see your ticket?" Steve Allen produced it. There was a moment's silence. Then, "Your ticket is on Mutual, sir. This is TWA."

Steve made the plane—and on time—as he makes every television show, movie-studio call, recording date, magazine and book deadline. It gives you pause...

As for the where-is-anything department: "My blue overcoat—where is it?" he'll call to me. "In the hall closet, dear." Removing his head from the innermost recesses of the closet into which he's been burrowing, he states categorically, "No, it isn't. I just looked." I look—and there, of course, it is, dangling its length. I have now rearranged the hall closet— as, when we first married—I re-arranged all his jumbled cups and bureau drawers, got him a tie-rack and organized all his ties (the greens together, the blues, and so on). I have also re-arranged the ice box. One shelf is labeled: "You can't miss it!" On this shelf, each and every item is right out in front, face to face, check by jowl with anything that opens the ice-box door. Even so, Steve still manages to "miss it"—although not quite so often.

An amusing (and endearing) trait in Steve is that—when he's crowded—sir mindness, and his helplessness about the workaday things of life, is to be found in his first seven years. Raised as he was, during those years, partly by married aunts and uncles who didn't have any children, Steve filled the lack in their lives—and they, in turn, dotted on him and waited on him, literally hand and foot. If Steve's bicycle broke and he tried to fix it on an unraveled and fixed it for him. If he started to make himself a peanut-butter sandwich, an aunt materialized and made it for him. If he didn't wake up in time for school, he was waked up. It was almost a "Steve, you sit down, I'll stand up" sort of thing.

Unused to doing anything of a practical nature, all his life, Steve Allen is a perfect example of a person absolutely helpless in a kitchen. Before I met Steve, I never knew any man who couldn't boil an egg. I know one now.

What first attracted Steve to me, I'm positive, was my cooking—and the material instinct of which liking to cook for one's men folks is a part, in every woman. I still remember the fervent, "Wow, yes!" with which, when we began dating, he accepted their first and very expensive apartment Audrey and I shared, for a home-cooked meal. I can see him now, sitting in the living room before dinner, sort of pale around the gills and asking if he might have "a glass of tomato juice or something?—I haven't eaten since last night!" After that, there were many home-cooked meals—and, clearly, none too soon!

But, after we were married, however much I ever, did I realize how genuinely helpless he is. The first time I wasn't at home to get breakfast for him (I think I was at my mother's), his mind, I'll get myself something for breakfast.

What he got himself, I discovered later, was a piece of cake and a Pepsi-Cola! When he asked me, "Can I get you a cup of coffee?"—being a very considerate, he sometimes does—the tea, poor darling, is always cold. Once when I was ill—most inopportune, on the maid's day off—he got me dinner. Brought me soup into which he'd dropped everything in the kitchen. Tasted good, though.

Steve's stomach is, I would say, his last consideration. Of all the men I've ever known, he is the easiest to please at table. A bonne fide meat—and-potato man, he can't bear delicacies—caviar, frogs' legs, anything like that. . . .

In other household departments, as in the kitchen, Steve is "Man overboard!" Before we were married, nothing ever got put away for the summer. He didn't know there were such things as clothes, and when he knew, they were in other people's apartments, not in his. He was always rushing out to buy a shirt, having forgotten to send out his laundry. He never remembered to get the right important and very legal stickers for his car, and drove around for months, after he came East from California, without a New York license.

Makes a good living, though, and such a sweet, thoughtful husband—I say, who cares if he can't cook, can't find anything, doesn't know the time of day? No one. Certainly not I. For the wonderful thing (one of the many wonderful things) about Steve Allen is that he is absent-minded and helpless only about the things that do not interest him. And the things that do interest him—"Macs, gals (and learn) are the things—and values—that do not really matter.

Calendar dates, for instance. Since he has thousands of birthdays, one of his many secretaries (the one in Charge of Absent-Mindedness) remembers for him. My last birthday (September 27th) he remembered a bit late and, at 5:30, Steve improvised on little little after 6—having bought me a most beautiful matching cigarette case, compact, and billfold. For our first anniversary, he gave me the claret chalup and a ring. Sweet and lovely. For our second anniversary,
explains. "I was taught you were never to admit you were too tired, or too cold, or too sick, or anything. That you just sort of over-ride those things.

"There's a Spartan streak in her family," her husband adds.

In the double life Jane leads today, she can well use "all the Wyatt energy." Every morning at seven, says Jane's sturdy little car (with the four-way mystery shift) out the family drive and through the traffic to the sound stage at Columbia Studios, where "Dark-Eyes" is filmed for Screen Gems. All day she's the gay, understanding wife of Robert Young and the sometimes puzzled mother coping with an energetic brood of teenagers in the home. In the evening she is Edg-ah-ma-hue (Betty), Billy Gray (Bud), and little Lauren Chapan, who plays the impish Kathy in Jane's television family.

After seven P.M. Jane is again immersed in the myriad activities of her own lively household. Her husband, Edgar, is an active "fly-fishing" man, a sport about which Jane knows very little, but that she participates to a degree. "I'm a bird-watcher. I go fishing with Eddie—and watch the birds," she says. Her young son, Mike, likes to watch the violin and is currently engrossed in building and flying model airplanes.

Her oldest son, Chris, who attends M.I.T. in Boston, is interested in sports cars, chamber music, and in becoming a fine engineer—a field about which, individually or collectively, his mother knows nothing of. "Chris is the intellectual mind of the family," she says proudly, "and I can't add one and one.

You may truly say that this mother's work is never done. Before the cameras, during the day, Jane may be faced with the situation that her son Bud has decided to become a writer and insists on going out into the world—at least far beyond Pomona—to gain ideas for life. Then back home, that evening, Jane may be faced with the grim reality that Mike's growing up—and going away to camp for the first time."

"That'll never forget!" sighs Jane. "Going to Glendale to the station when Mike went away. All the mothers were there, seeing their sons off and clinging to them—including me. I took first trip on a train and he was going to the mountains about a thousand miles away. I felt awful when I saw that big train coming in, waving and waving—and Mike standing there waving and crying and fishing rod and violin. That was what made him look so pathetic—the violin..."

At times like this, Jane admits, the "Spartan streak" in her personality shows. She was born Jane Waddington Wyatt in a place called Campgaw, New Jersey, about which she admittedly remembers nothing. "I was only there three months."

One of four children, she grew up in the red brick ancestral mansion in New York City, just off Gramercy Park, and she's "socially" descended on all sides. Her great-great-grandfather, in fact, co-founded the Colgate-Dana Company. Jane has been there, and when pressed, Jane will admit that convincing directors and producers a so-called "society girl" could be serious about a dramatic career with "the right thing—the intriguing thing." Her father was a wealthy financier until 1929. Her mother, Mrs. Christopher Wyatt, who is still the drama critic for the Catholic World, early influenced Jane's decision to give expression. "Mother's seen every play in New York for the last thirty years," says Jane. "We were all taken to the theater at an early age.

Jane, in fact, first decided to be an actress at the age of five, when she ac-

companied her mother to see Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella." She remem-

bers "seeing John Barrymore in 'Hamlet,'" and then "Watching Miss Champlain's School, Jane found herself a fine emotional vehicle in 'St. Joan.'" She was president of the dramatic club, she laughs, "so I could pick the part I wanted to play." Impressed with her perform-

ance, a producer told her then, "If you ever want to go on to the stage, come see me." However, Jane wanted to go on to college, to acquire more maturity and much more experience.

"I felt it was a very tricky and a difficult thing to do—putting your whole life into acting," she explains. "I didn't want to go on to the stage—sitting an ego. I felt you had to prepare for it, and I didn't know whether I had any talent for the theater or not." She attended Barnard College, she worked with the Players Club and with the Westport Players—and one day she began, as she puts it: "walking up and down Broadway. I started walking every morning at A.M. until I made every office." The producer she'd impressed had stopped producing by then. However, he did give her a little commercial advice. "Go buy yourself a lipstick and a pair of earrings—and pretend you're very sure of yourself," he said. Which she did. She also pretended a whole backlog of experience: "You fib like a top, telling them you've done all sorts of things."

Because somebody thought she looked like Rose Hobart, she got a job as an understudy in "Trade Winds," in which she had the following words spoken to her: "Just run of the run of the play—five days. Through sheer persistence, she finally got in to see a producer and read for the role of Louise Caple's daughter in "Give Me Yesterday." And she got it.

However, the play closed almost before it began. In two heartbreaking years, Jane was in six plays that flopped, played with "name" authors and for casts. Her scrapbook reveals that critics unanimously called her "the most promising ingenue."

And, as seasons passed, they went farther than that. They panned producers, as one critic put it, "for not giving Jane Wyatt a chance to play the roles for which the gods created her." Then, on the strength of her performance in Philip Barry's "The Jomden-Session," which also flopped—she was signed to a Universal movie contract.

In Hollywood—where, traditionally, boys meet girls—Jane Wyatt was reunited with an old friend, Edgar Ward, handsome Har-

vard graduate and wealthy young sportsman whom Jane had known since she was sixteen. They first met "on a plane flying to Hollywood, to a house party at the Roosevelt." They dated, found each other, through the years. And, when Jane shuttled to the Coast to make "Great Expectations," Edgar was there sweating out a leg in the successful film. He'd broken his leg skiing at St. Moritz, inflammation had set in, and he'd been rushed to a great bone surgeon in Los Angeles to save his leg.

Their reunion there, Jane recalls now, was one of the few times she's ever been angry at him. "I arrived back in town for the picture. I put down my suitcase and rushed breathless and flustered and called the hospital. 'Hello—guess who this is,' I said. And he said, 'I never guess on the telephone.' I started to hang the phone down."

"You can get in a lot of trouble, guessing on the phone," her husband observes now, hearing this.

The next day went over to the hospital and courted her. "We were married," Jane says laughingly.

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Today, her husband says teasingly, "I wouldn't marry an actress—except Jane Wyatt. She's the one actress I would marry." One senses theirs is the healthy, smiling love and understanding. "My husband is quite a philosopher," Jane says quietly, paying tribute to his encouragement during tense, unholy periods of her career.

But for her husband's encouragement, Jane probably never would have starred in "Lost Horizon," which seemed to promise such a brilliant future for her, with the ambition of going on in picture directed by Frank Capra, and they'd celebrated with champagne the day she was told she would play the part. But, the day before she was to go to New York to be examined by Capra, her husband was taken to the hospital for another operation on his leg which would decide the final outcome. Jane wanted to give up and go home, but Eddie wouldn't hear of it. This was the one part she'd waited for, the one director she'd been dying to work for. "Go home and take it, honey," he told her. "I'll be all right." Besides, there was the family reputation to maintain. What about all the "Wyatt energy" and over-riding all the obstacles? "Show them what you're made of," he smiled.

Every day at six A.M., Jane Wyatt would streak for the hospital, having made arrangements with the authorities to visit him. Then at 7:30 A.M. she would arrive to make up for the previous night. From 9 until 12, she worked before the camera with Ronald Colman. During the lunch hour, she was again at the hospital, and by one o'clock back to the studio. Jane's working routine for a month, and nobody who worked with Jane on "Lost Horizon" knew what was happening—until the happy day Eddie went home from the hospital assured he would walk.

CAREER-wise, however, Jane Wyatt was to find her own Shangri-La in television. And, with her experienced background, no challenge was too much. She quickly absorbed the hour-long live dramatic shows that pale many another performer, and shooting a film in three days worked no hardship for her. Directors welcomed a fine, clear, and temperamental. And, one day, there came along a wonderfully warm, gay part so perfect for her. In fact, the role waited a year just for Jane.

Jane was always Romantically inclined to choice to the work she wished to do. At the beginning of 1953, when producer Eugene B. Rodney and Bob Young, who co-produces Father Knows Best, first sat down to talk about the possibilities of a TV version, "I was in tears," Bob recalls, "but she wasn't available. She was living in New York, her boys were in school there, her husband was in business there, and I thought for sure, "No, thank you.""

"The whole family's going and we're looking forward so to the trip," she bubbled. "Elinor's just dying to go—she's never been there. This is going to be a ball."

She didn't wait a minute to go to the Empire State Building, and to Sardi's—and to all the places they've heard about. How we'll keep track of all of them, I don't know!"

Sometimes, when Jane's walking, it's a little like her television family ends and her own family begins. When the cast of Father Knows Best visited New York recently, Jane couldn't have been more thrilled, to have them around her. "The whole family's going and we're looking forward so to the trip," she bubbled. "Elinor's just dying to go—she's never been there. This is going to be a ball."

She didn't wait a minute to go to the Empire State Building, and to Sardi's—and to all the places they've heard about. How we'll keep track of all of them, I don't know!"

Jane is sure that being so full of chatter about her TV family must be a little monotonous, conversationally, to Eddie at home. "I go home so full of talk about the kids and all the dramatic little things that happen on the set which seem so awfully important there, but which must not seem awfully important to your husband in comparison with real family affairs at home," she laughs.

The Ward's live in a charming old two-storey English house on a quiet tree-shaded street where West Hollywood and Beverly Hills come together and lived-in. It has spacious lawns and many fruit trees and a wide brick patio in the backyard "where I watch the birds." There were a few other birds but I enjoy it," says Jane. "This is a fun-street," she'll tell you. "I don't think many people even know it's here. Aldous Huxley and Ring Lardner used to live right next door. I think this once started out to be the place to live—they then passed it over and went on to Beverly Hills."

It's evident that Jane's a "happy kind of family" at home, too. Her youngest son comes bounding down the stairs in blue jeans, monoculars in hand, and politely acknowledges the introductions.

"I brought Mike that from Germany," Jane says of the long one-eyed instrument he so carefully holds. Taking a bead out the window, on an object some distance away, she seems to hit it. "No, Ma—too big, Mom—but I like them better than binoculars."

There have been times, Jane admits with a chuckle, when the whole script seemed to have been written so that her home could be that on the television show. "I came home the other evening," she smiles, "and I found Eddie upstairs with a small fishing rod in his hand in the bedroom. He was fishing in the bathtub—"

"I was pulling the flies through the water," her husband explains. He had been tying some "Roballo flies," some for fishing in the pond, others featuring "saddle hackles—or rather, rooster feathers," she says. They've had great success with the bass in Florida with this sort of fly. He was checking the movements in water.

Jane accompanies Eddie on many fishing trips. As he says warmly, "She's a very good companion watching the birds." His wife also loves to watch Eddie fish. "I love everything that goes with camping out—as long as somebody else does the fishing."

"I'm terrified to be left without a book anywhere—especially if we keep the compartment of the car filled with books, so, when we stop at the service station, I'll have to grab a book while they're working on the car."

Presently, Jane Wyatt's "inherited" ability for over-riding obstacles is getting quite a workout, redecorating their home. Visualizing for her own family just how elegant these small rooms could look some day done in the assorted splatches of grey and gold material. Just how smart the charcoal and white chinitz will look accents by the bright tomato red. That is, of course, get that shade. Out of twenty shades of red, we finally narrowed it down to this—now they say they are out of it.

"Eddie went to Canada fishing and excepted to come home and find it all finished," Jane says, looking around at the dismantled fireplace and the uncovered chairs. "But we can't get anything done until we get the piano and the walls for the mantel and we can't get the marble for three weeks."

Her husband is confident and content however to leave all such details up to Jane, "Just another energy." She's so much of it," he says.

"That comes from the theater," Jane says now. "It takes tremendous energy or you'll never last through the physical mantel and agony part."

Today, there's no "agony part" in Jane's professional life. She's found her Shangri-La professionally, as well as personally. She's hit that true "actress" who would run and run and run. Her theater stretches across America—farther than the unhappy young actress who was so certain she'd have no part in the world."

And Jane Wyatt's performance as an All-American wife and mother, which is so reflective of her own home and happiness, touches the lives of many women of which that girl would never have envisioned.
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Cover portrait of the Lennon Sisters courtesy of ABC-TV

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my father know me?
big laugh...
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to
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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

Top Secret: Top brass at a certain network are debating a TV spec on James Dean. And who would play Dean? Present thinking calls for young, unknown actor. A wag suggests Dunniger as emcee. . . Believing tempus fugit, a bright agency lad is fishing for Mamie Eisenhower's presence on a dignified video stanza to be aired after Ike's present term expires. . . . Hugh O'Brien, ABC-TV's Wyatt Earp, is finally settling down. After all, when you've got the kind of looks that make women feel like climbing walls, it's just as easy to be a restless bachelor as a restless spouse. But now, on his own, Hugh is reorganizing himself business-wise and in personal life. He's a different kind of fellow, serious and quiet, who innocently says, "I want to get married very badly. I'm just not running into the right girl." Advice to eligible and eager women: If the iron is hot, now is the time to strike. . . Nanette Fabray celebrating her thirtieth anniversary in show business, which would make her the most beautiful old woman in the country except that you must keep in mind that Nan went to work at the age of three in "Our Gang" comedies. . . Speaking of beauties, Anita Ellis, a frequent guest this season with Gobel, has a fascinating disc for Epic titled, "I Wonder What Became of Me." Anita has incredible flexibility and warmth. If her voice haunts you and sounds as if you've heard her before, you have. Anita Ellis has dubbed voices for many film actresses, including Rita Hayworth and Vera Ellen—you saw them "singing," but heard Anita.

Men & Babies: Two of the biggest names in TV will be fathers for the first time—and about the same time. Bald, bold Phil Silvers has let it be known that, come late summer, around August or Labor Day, his wife, former model Evelyn Patrick, will present "Sgt. Bilko" with a little recruit . . . Our other new father will be Hal March, and the stork for Hal and Candy will arrive a month or so ahead of the Silvers'. Obstetrician will be none other than $64,000-winner, Dr. Francis Salvatore. For Hal, this has been a year of decision and slight confusion. He has given up the title role in the May spec, "The George M. Cohan Story." Says Hal, "There's only one reason. Cohan had a highly individual dance style and I'm no dancer. Never danced professionally in my life and I don't believe I could learn fast enough to do the part justice. That's it." Now, with the new baby coming, Hal and Candy are house-hunting more earnestly than ever, for they do want to get out of Manhattan. Recently they had an appointment to see a house in Connecticut and arrived at a specified time to find a full-fledged cocktail party in swing. The woman admitted that she had planned the party that way, so as to have Hal and Candy as her guest-star attraction. Hal, such a sweet guy, showed no resentment.

Short Stuff: The forecast is that, on Valentine's Day, TV's Valiant Lady, Helen Emerson (Flora Campbell) will make Governor Walker (John Graham) the happiest politician in the country when she takes his hand...
Husband and wife, Ernie and Edie Adams Kovacs, will bring radio's beloved Easy Aces couple to television.

When the stork visits Hal and Candy March, sometime this summer, he'll be assisted by a $64,000 quiz winner.

at the altar. We predict that by 1960 our Valiant Lady will mold the Governer into presidential timber. Any bets? . . . The most fun album of any year is titled "Required Singing" (Epic). This is "required singing" for boy scouts, bank presidents, fashion models and just people. These are the best American songs heard at campfires, in the Ivy League and bath tubs. It's all fun. . . . Marv Kaplan, comic of Meet Millie, returns to TV in new series, Tom, Dick And Harry. Now if we can just get Elena Verdugo back with that tantalizing wink. . . . Next fall, Mary Martin will star on NBC-TV in "Annie Get Your Gun." This should suit her very well. Certainly better than "Born Yesterday." Very few people were satisfied with that performance. . . . Young (24-year-old) Mark Murphy is a discovery on a new Decca platter. No yuans here. His singing is the kind that tickles red corpuscles. Album title: "Meet Mark Murphy." . . . Talking about the high cost of living, sponsors Pepsi and Shulton pay out $555,000 to light up your screen with Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Cinderella" on March 31st. . . . Almond-eyed Melba Rae, Search For Tomorrow star, married to artist Gil Shawn. Says Melba, "Our biggest problem to date is trying to share closet space, of which there is none." . . . Martin Block, despite twenty-one years as dean of deejays, calls golf his first love. And that was where he met his new, blond wife, Joyce Davis. They teed off well together.

Moppet Rocket: She's got freckles and mousy brown hair and she's won the hearts of Como and Frankie Laine and Jerry Lewis and just about everyone she's ever worked with. That's "ten-year-old" Brenda Lee, jet-propelled singing satellite, whose rock 'n' roll singing has earned her stardom on Red Foley's Ozark Jubilee and made her the best-seller at Decca. Such has been her zoom that she has guested twice on the Como show and spent her birthday as an act in a famed Las Vegas club. Little Brenda, a native of Alabama, now lives in Springfield, Missouri, but you don't have to show her. She knows. She's sharp. She's hep. She loves Como and the affection is mutual, but they made rare dialogue at rehearsal. When Perry first asked, "What can you sing, honey?" she replied graciously, "Depends on what the band can play." But she says it so cute. She is not precocious. Merely incisive. There was the moment at rehearsal when she and Perry were to do a duet, but Brenda didn't know this. So Perry stopped, turned to her and said, "Why don't you join me?" She said, "Why not, honey? I'm just standing here killing time." Perry gave her a hug. Success has been piling up for the 65-pound meteor. She is at the moment under consideration for the starring role of "The Shirley Temple Story," to be filmed by 20th Century-Fox. But Brenda, even at her tender age, turned out to be hoarding her years. When she celebrated her birthday in Las Vegas, instead of having one cake for her eleventh year she had three cakes, for she admitted to thirteen. On (Continued on page 9)
When William B. Williams greets his audience with the words, "Good evening, World," he is being deliberately specific. The thirtyish bachelor about music is "fascinated by the fact that there might be intelligent people on other planets than ours." The adjective "intelligent" is also chosen with care. "It may sound like boasting," says Bill, "but I think my audience is more intelligent." ... But until a transmitter is built to reach a possible outer-space audience, Bill confines his subtle, urbane approach to the Station WNEW wave-length. Seven evenings a week, from nine to eleven, he spins records and transcriptions for earthlings. Once, and only once, has this included an Elvis Presley recording. Bill was making an appeal for a charity when a listener—a man!—offered $230 for the charity, if Bill would spin an Elvis disc. Bill obliged but, he now adds, "I've since been offered even more money if I never play another one." Between records, Bill's attack is casual and offbeat. "Seduction, rather than attack," he says, "would be the word." The tall, dark and handsome product of Babylon-on-Long-Island also turns up Monday through Saturday at noon with Harrington, Williams & Co., an hour show where the music is "live." Once a week, Bill sings. "We also have a singer," he grins, "who is known as a singer." ... William B. Williams—"The 'B' stands for nothing, it's there to break up the monotony"—could recite the rosters of the leading bands when other kids his age were reeling off the names of baseball players. A former NBC page boy and Syracuse University student, Bill first went to work for Newark's WAAT, then moved over to WNEW in 1944. Eventually, Bill might like to transfer his radio mood to television. "Daytime," he specifies. "It's less demanding and more lasting." ... Bill is not especially athletic. He exercises his critical faculties on the current crop of TV shows. "Sometimes, though," he says, "I walk to work." (Bill lives some four blocks from the studio.) Having explored the more glamorous aspects of a bachelor's life, there are days when Bill looks with enthusiasm on the prospect of matrimony. "The girl would have to have more patience than any woman has yet been born with," he says. She'd probably be a career girl. "But," Bill adds, "most career girls are intelligent enough to give up their careers if they think they might find happiness in other areas." Meanwhile, the wedding march, like rock 'n' roll, is missing from the Williams microphone.
Thirty-nine year-old woman's face looks 14 years younger after clinical test!

Swedish scientist demonstrates how new skin foods formula, based on Scandinavian beauty secrets, smooths away lines, wrinkles...improves flabby, dry skin!

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, (J.M.S.)—At a dramatic news conference today, Dr. Max Laserow, Swedish skin scientist, revealed that he had finally discovered how to restore youthful beauty to skin. The secret lies in an age-old Scandinavian beauty methods. A special food formula that works to nourish skin tissues in a completely new and different way!

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5. Nose-to-lip lines
6. Lines around mouth
7. Lines on neck, under chin

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THE RECORD PLAYERS

Every month, your favorite disc jockeys will go on record with views and interviews in TV Radio Mirror's new feature, "The Record Players."
Jerry Warren, the all-night emcee of New York's Station WINS, leads off with an interview with Sammy Davis, Jr.

Meet Mr. Wonderful

By JERRY WARREN

An Interview With Sammy Davis, Jr.

Jerry: Sammy, do you ever have that tremendous urge to join a star on stage? If I were a performer with the kind of talent you have, it would sort of burst out every time I'd hear the bell.
Sammy: I think that age and the better part of discretion or valor simmer you down a little bit and you can sit and watch someone else without saying, "Gee, I wish I was up there." I used to be that way six or seven years ago. Now, I can sit and enjoy a little laugh. I can very happily say that I was just about the first to stand up the night Roberta Sherwood opened at the Copa. You know, there was almost a spontaneous reaction from the audience.
Jerry: What do you think was the most outstanding part of her act?
Sammy: It is just the complete sleight of hand—how she makes her performance had on everyone. In this very jaded business, people have preconceived ideas about what a singer of songs looks like or does. Breaking such a preconceived idea is dangerous—unless you do it in such a way that it captures and fires the imagination. And she did just that. She started singing with the microphone and the back of the room, walking down with glasses and a little sweater on her shoulders. When people saw it was sincere, they were disarmed.
Jerry: What do you think is the tremendous quality that makes the difference between an amateur and a pro?
Sammy: Many professionals will be amateurs for as long as they perform, and many amateurs have that professional knack. There are many names for it—stage presence, know-how. . . . It is something the performer has within himself and there's almost a chemical reaction from the people sitting in the audience when he gets through to them. This is something very few people have nowadays. Many old and very great performers had it. Certainly Jolson had, and Jessel, Bert Williams, Eva Tanguay. Now in the days of records and everything, it is not a set prerequisite to have it. You can just sing in a mike and that's it.
Jerry: Is the viewpoint that "This is a business and this is the way I make my living, I am going to do a good job"?
Sammy: A kid who wants to be in show business should not confuse himself with glamour and the gaiety and parties. The main purpose is a business and a trade. You know what you are capable of doing and you know what you can do to learn the trade. You try to define, to file of the rough edges. The extra things that happen, well, that's extra. That's like whipped cream on top of already good cake.
Jerry: Speaking of extra good things, what kind of girls do you prefer?
Sammy: Don't pin me down, daddy. I'm engaged. Don't start with me. I can't make any more statements. I can't even say I like girls, or my girl—a really beautiful girl—flies in from Chicago with a hatchet and hits me on the head. No, really I'm engaged and I'm very happy.
Jerry: Has it been publicized? I mean, who but me doesn't know about it?
Sammy: Publicized! We might become the new Eddie Fisher—Debbie Reynolds.
Jerry: Hey, that's very exciting. Do you plan to get married soon?
Sammy: I'd like to wait until our show, "Mr. Wonderful," closes, which will be in February, so I can have some semblance of a honeymoon. I don't want to do the bit where you go out of town for two days and that's it.
Jerry: What will this mean for you, closing in February?
Sammy: I'll probably take a few weeks off, prepare my new act for night clubs.
Jerry: How about motion pictures?
Sammy: I have a couple of motion pictures to do. I'm doing a picture with the illustrious Mr. Sinatra, a picture called "The Jazz Train." Then I'm going to do a picture at Metro called "St. Louis Woman." And, then, I'm going to do a picture for Universal—International whenever they get a script for the Bill Robinson story.

LIGHTLY IN THE GROOVE:

Three proposals came her way when Jill Corey told Ken Manley of WGGY in Bangor, Me., that she might make the money, but she marries who will spend it. . . . On the air, Jerry Lewis had deejays repeat after him, word for word, that they would play his new record, "Come Rain or Come Shine." By the time he got to Buddy Dean of Baltimore's WTHY, Jerry'd bought a book on hypnotism—and Buddy's been playing the disc twice an hour ever since, even at home. . . . All in one week, Patti Page, Eddie Fisher, Jerry Southern and Nat Cole guested with Larry Brown on his 950 Club over WPEN in Philadelphia. A dream that he had to pay their going salaries out of his own paycheck is still keeping Larry awake nights. . . . Annette Warren's new record, "The Right Kind of Love (From the Wrong Kind of Guy)," voted most realistic new love ballad by Joe Pyne of WILM in Wilmington.
NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO PUTS SUNNY SPARKLE IN HAIR!

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

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Economical 29c, 59c, $1.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7081—Pretty wrap-around halter top. Make it in gay stripes for casual wear; with embroidery to star above dressy skirts. Misses' Sizes 12-14; 16-18 included. Pattern, transfer, directions. 25¢

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7109—Brighten your kitchen accessories with these gay motifs. These designs look like gingham applique—but are easy 5-to-the-inch cross-stitch. Transfer of six—5½ x 6 inches. 25¢

7180—Quick-to-crochet medallion lends itself to both fine cotton and string. Make small articles, or plan a bedspread or tablecloth. Complete directions included. 25¢

768—Use scraps of many different fabrics to make this colorful applique quilt. Practical! Each butterfly is a single patch. Pattern for applique butterflies, chart, directions. 25¢

500—Luxurious milk-glass effect is achieved by simple crochet. Jiffy-crochet bowl and doily 13 x 8 inches, or doily alone, 9 inches. Use heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton; starch stiffly. 25¢

701—This graceful swan makes an effective chair or buffet set for your home. Easy crochet; mainly pineapple design. Crochet directions included for chair-back about 12 x 16 inches; armrest 5 x 12 in No. 30 mere. cotton. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
Lee and Gale Storm Bonnell named Susanna for Mom's television role.

only one of the sisters with children. She has two boys. But Aunts Phyllis and Dot know what they're about, too. When the McGiures sampled a couple of these holiday numbers on the Godfrey show, they were avalancheed with approval.

Hit & Run: Ernie Kovacs and wife Edie Adams will make a TV version of the once beloved radio series, Easy Aces. (Jane Ace is retired, but husband Goodman Ace is still a top comedy writer, at work currently on Como show.) . . . Eve Arden, who has legally adopted several American children, financially "adopted" two French boys through the Foster Parents' Plan. . . . Up at the Garroway penthouse, records are piled waist-high (and Dave has a mighty high waist). Dave continues to try to educate his bride to his taste for jazz, so it is not unexpected to find a Victor release titled "Garroway's Wide Wide World of Jazz." . . . And Leonard Bernstein's appearance on TV's Omnibus, to discuss jazz, received such favorable outbursts that Columbia Records has recorded a similar session. Buck Clayton, Satchmo and others contribute the jazz and Bernstein the analysis—and where could you find more erudite musicians for the job? This is titled "What Is Jazz?" and even if you know the answer, you'll be intrigued by this session.

And how about this? George Fiala, ABC-TV makeup expert, is marketing eyebrow toupees. The "brow wigs" are for women who pluck not wisely but too well.

Headaches & Bellyaches: Very curious things happen to the stars. Take the present situation of Jack Barry, who is making a nice comeback this season. His morning show, Tic Tac Dough, is doing well and the same can be said for his evening session, Twenty-One. Matched against U.S. Steel Hour, Twenty-One not only held its own but sometimes topped the fine dramatic program in rating. Then what happens? Well, you know. Since the first of the year, Twenty-One has been scheduled opposite Lucy. It's not a spot to warm the (Continued on page 13)
"Take it easy" is a family motto for George, Betty, sons Doug and David.

He catches the 10:25 (A.M.) train home in time to help with marketing.

Trina's usually the friskier Afghan, all-white Tammy's a retired champion.

SOME LIKE IT STRAIGHT

There are four things people want in the morning, according to George Skinner. They're news, weather, time and music. These George provides over Station WABC, Monday through Saturday from six to nine—and there isn't a gimmick or alter voice to be heard.

"There are lots of people," says Skinner, "who like it straight." The music is in the mood that Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman set from 1935 to 1950. "The greatest compliment anyone can pay me," says George, "is to say that I've set music back twenty years." . . .

Born in Oregon, reared in Ohio, George slants his New York show toward the more relaxed mood of the Midwest, where it's the personality and not the format that counts. "You can't be agin anything but sin and Communism," laughs George. With the Midwest still in his voice, he says, "I don't worry about boners. I figure that if I misread the time, the guy listening has probably done the same thing in his day." . . .

George is just what the doctor ordered, and he might very well have been that doctor if it hadn't been for an embalmed cat. One look—and whiff—at his first dissection in a pre-med course persuaded George that his inclination toward writing was the one to follow. He became "a dedicated reporter"—and went to jail for it. When the cornerstone of a new jail turned up missing, George uncovered it. Refusing to reveal the sources of his information, he became the jail's first guest. . . .

Reporting led to news announcing, then to other radio and TV chores making full use of George's knack for good talk. George, whose past experiences include We The People, Candid Camera and Today, would like to add news and special events to his schedule again. He's making headway in that direction on Skinner Spotlight. He hopes "someday" to get a couple of novels and plays down on paper. . . .

Aside from constructing sentences, George actually constructs—such things as a new wing on his Riverside, Connecticut home and a variety of tables and cabinets. With wife Betty and their two sons, Doug, 10, and David, 5, George leads a quiet, comfortable life that is a far cry from "the Connecticut country-club set." "Don't ever tell people about how hard I work," George says. "The guy who shovels coal can't feel sorry for someone who just sits at a mike. Actually, it's a pretty easy life."

To praise WABC's George Skinner, just say he's set music back twenty years.
ENDS DULL DRY "THIRSTY" HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

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

Q: What’s the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: Ordinary hairdressings “coat” your hair — make it oily — Lanolin Discovery’s misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

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

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Pied Piper of Boston Town

Jay McMaster of WMEX addresses teenagers as “ladies and gentlemen”—and that’s how they behave!

Teenagers in Boston not only follow Jay McMaster—they follow his rules! Known around town as “the Pied Piper,” Jay spotted the trend Boston had set in record dances and started his own three years ago. Now, on Saturday nights, some 1200 Bean Towners between the ages of fifteen and nineteen dance to the latest records. Wednesday nights, Jay presides at a dance at a local roller skating rink. Jay’s Friday night dances alternate between two large high schools. ... Jay plays the tunes, and the teenagers pay attention. There are a set of ten “rules and regulations” that apply to all dances at which Jay presides. The young people are screened when they come in. Dances start at 9:30 and late-comers are barred. The last record plays at 11:30 or midnight, “to enable all to arrive home at a reasonable hour.” Boys must wear jackets and ties. Slacks are taboo for girls. The dances are run in sets of four slow numbers, two fast, and then specialties. The supervisors at the dances ban all drinking, show-off dancing and loud, brassy groups. ... If the rules sound strict, nobody seems to mind. The church or school groups that run the dances know the rules insure a successful and good time for all. Parents feel secure knowing that their sons and daughters are at a supervised gathering.

And, most important of all, the teenagers love it. They know they can meet their friends and have a good time—and without trouble. Jay addresses them as “ladies and gentlemen,” and treats them as such. In turn, that’s how the teenagers behave. ... Jay’s theme for living is “Do everything in good taste.” On his afternoon WMEX show, now ten years old, he features “all the music in good taste.” Beginning at two, he slants his first hour towards the housewife, with show tunes and ballads. From three to five, it’s the “Tops in Pops”—with no rock ‘n’ roll. Then, for the last hour, Jay offers “Band and Ballads” for everyone. “The young people today can’t be expected to appreciate good music unless they have a chance to hear it,” he says. But while opening his daily stack of mail, Jay must often think how different his life might have been had he followed his father into the “security” of a civil service job at the post office. Instead, the Portsmouth, New Hampshire boy began to earn spending money by ushering at the local vaudeville theater. Show business seemed to offer more “glamour” than a small town post office. The stage-struck youth headed for Boston and a career in radio. ... Jay and wife Jenny share a home in West Newton with a houseful of animals. As we go to press, the menagerie is down to two blond cocker spaniels and a budgie bird who informs all and sundry that “Pretty birds don’t talk—Hello, Baby.” But, at one time, the animal population was up to eleven. ... Jenny keeps busy during Jay’s sixty-hour work-week by raising cockers under the registered kennel name of “Merri-Macs.” She also acts as advisor to a Junior Achievement Company of twenty-three high-school juniors and seniors who run an actual business. Weekends, Mr. and Mrs. “Pied Piper” McMaster are quietly at-home.

Musical good taste is a matter of education, says Jay. Above, the “teachers” are Jerry Vale and Eileen Rogers. These are Jay’s “students.” Their requests prove that, given a chance to hear good music, teens will like it.
Mornings, Jay golfs—in the 80's. How better to start a day that will end about midnight?

Deejay Jay takes a rare time-out with Princess Juliana and Mr. Buffington. On extra-busy days, Jenny visits by car.
very continental. . . NBC's Jack Costello returned from an Inter-American Announcers' Congress at Panama City. This is the second time Jack Costello has been honored and designated U. S. rep to the Congress. Jack has quite a reputation. He has announced hundreds of shows, including Catholic Hour, Voice Of Firestone, Janer Sanetum, What's My Name and The Bob And Ray Show. Currently, he is the mainstay of Monitor and Road Show. He is a brilliant man, an avid reader. He "looks and feels naked" if he's caught without a book in his hand. His home is in Forest Hills and he has three children—two boys, eighteen and sixteen, and a girl, eleven. In spring and summer, Jack loves to garden. He cultivates Floribunda roses. Jack has traveled widely and says it is impossible to escape American culture. In Panama, he was in a night club divided into two sections, one side for adults and the other for teenagers. He says, "The teenagers wore bright colored shirts somewhat like our sport shirts. They had a juke box and danced to one record over and over. It was Elvis Presley's 'Hound Dog.'"

**DATELINE: HOLLYWOOD**

Namesake: The most exciting thing in Gale Storm's life these days is her new daughter, Susanna. She made her appearance November 12, at 1:25 P.M., measuring 18½ inches and weighing 6 pounds, 9 ounces. She's named Susanna Jo, the first part coming from Gale's CBS-TV series, Oh! Susanna. "I felt the least we could do was to name her after the series, after giving everybody there so much trouble, being pregnant and all," Gale says. "Besides, we like the name. And she was in every one of the episodes, though you'd never know it. Gale and her husband, Lee Bonnell, have three boys and, though they wouldn't admit it beforehand, both had wanted a girl. Their sons are equally pleased. "We've got four daddies," Gale says of her menfolk. "And they love her so, there's really not enough to go around. They have to take turns holding her. Of my three boys, Phillip, Peter and Paul, I thought Paul, being the youngest, might feel a little bad about not being the 'baby' anymore. But he and ten-year-old Peter don't want to miss a thing," Gale grins. "They insist on settling their alarm for the two-o'clock feeding!" Most confused member of the household is Jolie, the dog, "The baby talk has always been for him," Gale explains. "Now, everytime we cook, he starts to get up, finds we aren't talking to him at all, and then sits down again, looking—well, sort of strained and self-conscious."

Here Come the Girls: Twenty-five lovely alumnae of the Bob Cummings Club have formed a "Bob Cummings Club" in appreciation of the boost he gave them. The girls are all beautiful models and their motto is this: "When a fellow looks a girl in the eyes, it's time for her to do something about her figure." Claudette Colbert plays Playhouse 90 on February 28. It's a whimsical H. Allen Smith story adapted for TV and should make hilarious entertainment. . . Dinah Shore's thirty-day cross-country tour won her another million friends. She's at home in Hollywood, but not for long. Next, it's an engagement at Las Vegas. . . Well-stacked Frances Langford filming a new TV series bankrolled by her well-stashed husband.

**Paints and Pastimes: Jack Bailey, NBC-TV's Queen For A Day emcee, mentioned on the air that he was painting his house. A few days later, an admirer sent Jack a bucket of paint and brushes. Jack sent it back with a note explaining that, as a hobbyist-artist, he wasn't painting the outside, he was painting a "portrait" of his house on canvas. . . George Gobel is painting, too. He has just bought a new home in the San Fernando Valley for his parents, who recently moved to Hollywood from Chicago. For two Saturdays, George

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Lovely alumnae of his television show formed a "Bob Cummings Girls Club." Left to right: Lois Fern, Bob, Beverly Thomas, Carole Conn, Sue Lass, and, at rear, Ann B. Davis ("Schultz").
and his brother-in-law, Bob Humeeke, put up screens and played it in the kitchen. On the third Saturday, George remarked: "This house has minny, minny walls."... Tennessee Ernie Ford bought a new bull, a prize Hereford, to go with the twenty-six head of cattle on his northern California ranch. "The cows were lonesome as scarecrows in a corn patch, and everybody knows that unless cows are happy, they don't milk right. We sure got a lot of contented cows now," says Ernie.

On the Run: Gail Patrick Jackson, co-producer of the upcoming Perry Mason series on CBS, has beautiful gray hair, but as Gail Patrick, movie star, the tall beauty was noted for her raven tresses. Seeing her on TV recently in an old movie, her two younters exclaimed: "Look, Mommy's wearing a wig!"... According to the rumor factory, Jan Clayton may be leaving the Lassie show. In her forthcoming series for CBS-TV, Lone Woman, Kathryn Grayson portrays a Nevada Indian. Miss Grayson doesn't sing, but she makes a mighty attractive squaw. ... Dewey Martin speaking: "My biggest thrill? The time, in Spain, I caught a small, lively bull. My biggest mistake? Not getting out of his way! ... Do You Trust Your Wife?, the Edgar Bergen quiz, started its second year on CBS-TV on New Year's Day. During the first fifty shows, contestants collected a total of $345,400 in hard cash.... Jeannie Carson's Hey, Jeannie! series is now being seen in England and Australia. The red-headed star, by the way, is scheduled to make a movie in England for J. Arthur Rank. ... Guess who's writing the screenplay for the film Mario Lanza will make in Italy this summer? Redd Foxx, whose running theme concerns an opera singer, with Lana type-cast.... Ann Sothern, whose Private Secretary series enjoyed so much success through the years, has no future plans for another TV series. And as long as her Sun Valley, Idaho sewing center continues its present thriving pace, she isn't going to be too concerned about finding another video meal-ticket.

All-Star Plans: Ralph Edwards is making secret plans for his 1957 summer vacation. Why secrecy? It's not that Ralph is trying to hide from fans, he's only trying to guarantee himself a quiet vacation. He is picking some spot miles away from radio, TV, telephone and newspapers, so that, no matter what happens, he won't be able to say, "Why, that story would be terrific for This Is Your Life!"—and rush back into town to plan it. ... Academy Award winner Mercedes McCambridge and her husband, Fletcher Markle, left their ABC-TV production unit soon. With a choice role in the film, "Giant," and rave notices for her starring work in ABC-TV's Wire Service, Mercedes is busy. But friends note a change that has come over her recently. She is so happy in her marriage to Fletcher that she has lost the old push that used to be synonymous with her talent. Mercy says happiness has sapped her old aggression.

Three Guys and a Gal: Kuldip Singh (pronounced Cool-Dip Sing) is the former medical student from India who blossomed into a singing star after an appearance as a contestant on Groucho's You Bet Your Life. Now seen on ABC-TV's The Ray Anthony Show, he was scheduled to appear at twelve o'clock for a rehearsal of the George Gobel show. The cast was assembled and waiting at noon. But no Kuldip. One o'clock. No Kuldip. Two o'clock and still no Kuldip. At 2:45, Kuldip was on the phone explaining that he was making an interview for a newspaper. The paper, with a circulation of 500, was the University of Southern California's Daily Trojan.

Carole Richards of the Bob Crosby festivities on CBS-TV has bought a lodge at Lake Arrowhead for summer vacations. That's one way to beat the problem of reservations. ... John Lupton and Fess Parker, whose friendship began several years ago when they were struggling unknowns sharing a room together, are just as close now that they are both successful. John, on ABC-TV's Broken Arrow, has always felt that, to be a "real" cowboy, he ought to be able to play the guitar. He asked his friend to help and Fess bought out his antique dulcimer, an instrument used in the Ozarks around the turn of the century—seventeenth century, that is. After an hour, John decided he didn't take to music quite as naturally as he did to a saddle. "I hope nobody asks me to play in Carnegie Hall," he grimmed. "In fact, I hope they don't ask me to play at all!" John and his wife, by the way, are expecting their first child momentarily.

Champagne People: Heart attacks frighten us all, but last month brought good news for Myron Floren, popular accordionist on the Lawrence Welk shows. Myron, who has suffered for the last thirty years with a heart damaged by rheumatic fever, was told by his doctor that the condition had cleared up of itself. Only last year, Myron feared he would have to undergo a serious operation to correct the weakness. "For the first time in my life," Myron says happily, "I've been okay for a life insurance policy. It's such a wonderful feeling to know that my wife and children have this protection."... Larry Dean's fan mail has tripled since he began singing duets with cute Dianne Lennon on Welk's show. The fans don't seem to care that twenty-year-old Larry Dean is married and the father of a four-year-old son, or that Dianne Lennon, seventeen, is more than slightly interested in Bob O'Neil, a Notre Dame student. Bob, in fact, spent Christmas holidays with Dianne. The fan mail shows the viewers don't take the pairing of Dianne and Larry seriously—but, just like a decorative valentine, it's fun to look at, as well as to listen to.

A product as personal as Tampax' internal sanitary protection does not draw sacks full of fan mail. But when women are writing us for some other reason—in response to an offer, perhaps, that we have placed in our package—they go out of their way to say the nicest things! "I've been using it for 15 years, and never once have I felt the slightest discomfort..." "Everything's nice about it... disposal... lack of odor... well, I'm just a Tampax enthusiast!"

"So I told this friend of mine, 'You're just crazy if you don't use Tampax. Believe me, it's made me practically forget about differences in days of the month.' ...

"You make a product that's really a blessing for women."

Perhaps the opposite side of the coin is equally important; Tampax practically never gets a complaint. So again we say, "Thanks for the mail—thanks for being enthusiastic about Tampax (it's now in 75 countries)—thanks for making Tampax a success, and thanks for letting Tampax give you more personal convenience, security."

Tampax is available in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Knowing that detective James Gregory assumes him guilty, James MacArthur is defiant.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on
your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Young Stranger
RKO
Introducing the sturdy young talent of James MacArthur to movies, this is another of the excellent films based on TV plays. The eighteen-year-old son of Helen Hayes and the late Charles MacArthur originated on "Climax" the role that he plays in the expanded movie version. As a sensible teenager hauled into a police station after a movie-theater scuffle, Jim gets no understanding from his father, a producer too absorbed in a successful film career. TV regular James Daly does a first-rate job as the stubborn father; so does Kim Hunter, as the troubled mother.

The Rainmaker
WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR
Here's a wry, wistful, altogether pleasing comedy-drama, which was born as a TV show, though it later became a Broadway hit, as well. Katharine Hepburn's a delight as a spinster who keeps house for her farmer father and brothers, all lovingly determined to marry her off. Wendell Corey's their choice, but adventurer Burt Lancaster breezes in to break up the pattern. Though all roles are splendidly done, TV viewers will be especially interested in Lloyd Bridges. On a live show a while back, he got so carried away that he forgot to watch his language. It couldn't happen in movies!

Edge of the City
M-G-M
Still another TV play becomes an honest and strikingly simple movie, featuring John Cassavetes as an unhappy youth who can't believe that anyone in the world wants to be his friend. As a fellow workman, Sidney Poitier shows him that he's wrong. It's a gentle story, but violence creeps up and closes in.

The Wrong Man
WARNERS
Just as he does weekly on the TV screen, suspense maestro Alfred Hitchcock comes onto your theater screen to prepare you for a new tale of tension. This one's off-beat for the rotund director. With no whimsical or fantastic twists, it sticks soberly to fact, casting Henry Fonda in the real-life role of a musician falsely accused of robbery. Vera Miles as distraught wife.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Bundle of Joy (RKO, Technicolor): New parents off-screen, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher are mistakenly thought to be parents in this gay farce. She's a department-store clerk who gets stuck with a foundling; he's the boss's son. Innocent family fun, with songs.

Hollywood or Bust (Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor): Slap-happy comedy, okay for Martin-Lewis fans of all ages. Jerry's off to meet idol Anita Ekberg; Dean flees racketeers; Pat Crowley joins the cross-country junket.

Baby Doll ( Warners): Definitely not for the whole family, this one. Trained on TV, Carroll Baker's a sensation as the Southern child bride who keeps husband Karl Malden at arm's length, but has a harder time coping with Eli Wallach.

Don't Knock the Rock (Columbia): Lively rock 'n' roll music dominates the love story of young Patricia Hardy and singer Alan Dale, who innocently starts a campaign against modern rhythms by taking a vacation. Among the many popular groups featured are Haley and his Comets, the Treniers, Little Richard's band.
ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS (RKO): Absorbing, inspiring study of Lincoln's early years, with Raymond Massey as Abe, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd. The Lincoln-Douglas debate (Gene Lockhart as Douglas) seems quite up-to-date.


BERLIN EXPRESS (RKO): Vigorous melodrama of Europe just after World War II. Set mostly on a Germany-bound train, the action involves American Robert Ryan, German scientist Paul Lukas and secretary Merle Oberon.

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

CORN IS GREEN, THE (Warners): Another strong Bette Davis portrayal. She is a spinster schoolteacher in Wales, advancing the career of student John Dall, though Joan Lorring interferes.

COUNTER-ATTACK (Columbia): Dating back to times when U. S. A. and U. S. S. R. were allies, this effective war drama casts Paul Muni as a Soviet soldier who subly pumps captive Nazis.

DESPERADOES, THE (Columbia): Lively Western. Glenn Ford's the ex-outlaw who can't avoid trouble; Randolph Scott, the sheriff; Claire Trevor, the good-hearted dance-hall gal; Evelyn Keyes, nice gal.


IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK (Columbia): Up from the Golden Age of movie light comedies comes a pleasant yarn about Depression days. Unemployed, Jean Arthur tries to keep Herbert Marshall jobless. Both go into domestic service.

INTERMEZZO (U.A.): Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicite love is brief.

KISS AND TELL (Columbia): The teenage Shirley Temple sparkles in a hilarious, slyly suggestive story of youthful high-jinks. Jerome Courtland's her innocent beau; Walter Abel, her dad.

LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A (RKO): A charmer of a comedy. On a Western vacation, Jean Arthur tries her best to lasso rodeo cowboy John Wayne. Fine character job by some guy named Phil Silvers, as the good-time conductor of a bus tour.

MADELEINE (U.I.): Interesting British mystery, based on a real case. Ann Todd is the Scottish lass who may or may not have poisoned her French lover.

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (RKO): Any homebuilder will laugh—(tears in eyes)—at Cary Grant's efforts to get his house finished, with wife Myrna Loy supervising.

MURDER, MY SWEET (RKO): Fast, tough whodunit casts Dick Powell as private eye seeking a stolen necklace and a missing night-club doll. With Claire Trevor, Mike Mazurki.

PARADISE CASE, THE (Selznick): Another Hitchcock special. Lawyer Gregory Peck's defense of accused murderer Valli affects his marriage to Ann Todd. With Charles Laughton, other top-flight players.

ROARING TWENTIES, THE (Warner's): Lusty re-creation of a wild decade casts Jimmy Cagney as a likable bootlegger and Humphrey Bogart as a murderous racketeer. With Priscilla Lane.

SO LONG AT THE FAIR (Eagle-Lion): Fascinating English version of a popular legend. At a 19th Century Paris exhibition, Jean Simmons seeks a missing brother—only to be told that he never existed. Artist Dirk Bogarde comes to her rescue.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE (RKO): Splendidly photographed, well-acted thriller. Servant to Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire is a mute who solves a mystery involving Rhonda Fleming.

STEEL TRAP, THE (20th): Taut tale of suspense. Bank employee Joseph Cotten tries locating the vault as an experiment, given in temptation and takes off, deceiving wife Teresa Wright.


TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia): Show business goes on in Blitztown. London. Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair are gallant show girls; Lee Bowman, a naturally amorous flyer; Marc Platt, dedicated dancer. Fine musical.

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.): In a rough action story, Elizabeth Scott plays a dame who just loves men. Arthur Kennedy's her honest husband; Dan Duryea, a hood who's not as tough as Liz.

TALENT, COUNTRY-STYLE

Connie B. Gay’s “Town and Country” aggregations sparkle with such stars as Jimmy Dean and George Hamilton IV

Impresario Connie B. Gay has hitched a number of stars to his wagon. In the doing, he's created a country-music empire. Its capital is Washington, D.C., and the fabulous “Town and Country” productions carry its banner. Weekdays at 6:30 P.M., Town And Country Time originates at Washington’s Station WMAL-TV and is carried “live” by WAAM in Baltimore, WTVR in Richmond, and WSVI in Harrisonburg. Forty television stations across the country carry it as a filmed half-hour show and more than 1800 radio stations carry it as a transcribed program. (See your local paper for time and station.) The biggest country-music show on television, Town And Country Jamboree is seen on WMAL-TV on Saturday nights from 10:30 to 1:30. Portions of the show are picked up by other stations and thousands of country-music fans jam the downtown Washington Capitol Arena to dance and applaud in-person. . . . The farflung musical operation had its beginnings when, as a specialist with the Department of Agriculture, Connie B. Gay presented farm reports on the Farm And Home Hour. He noticed that, whenever country music was played on the show, the mail response soared. He decided folks wanted more of this music, and he began giving it to them as a deejay on an Arlington, Virginia station. Soon Connie was bringing top hillbilly entertainers to Washington, and operating shows up and down the Eastern seaboard. . . . A prime reason for the resounding success of “Town and Country” concerts, radio and TV shows, and service tours is Connie’s eye—and ear—for talent. Jimmy Dean—who now headlines the shows as leader of the Texas Wildcats—was spotted by Connie when Jimmy came to Washington as a GI and put together a group of soldier-instrumentalists. With his “Bummin’ Around” near the million-sales mark, the six-foot-three Texan is now at home with his wife and two children on a 75-acre Virginia farm. . . . George Hamilton IV was a student at the University of North Carolina when Connie signed him as a “Town and Country” regular. Now a sopho-
more at Washington’s American University, George has seen his recording of “A Rose and a Baby Ruth” on the ABC-Paramount label become a golden, million-sale one.
New Patterns for You

State size: 35¢

State size: 35¢

4506—Only four main pattern parts to cut out and stitch, this dress is a cinch to sew with our new Printed Pattern! Its smooth, simple lines are figure-flattering. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 35-inch fabric. 
State size: 35¢

PRINTED PATTERN

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-37, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL

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.
Calling All Fans

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

International Vie Damone Fan Club, c/o Ann Titus, 1188 Bailey Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Tim Considine Fan Club, c/o Suzie O’Rourke, 2437 Auburn Ave., Dayton 6, Ohio.

Beanstalk Jackpot

Would you please tell me something about Joel Grey, who appeared as Jack in NBC-TV's color spectacular, "Jack and the Beanstalk"?

P. W., Winchester, Ind.

For actor-singer-dancer Joel Grey, the telephone sounded the call to fame and fortune. It was while he was in the phone booth of a New York restaurant that he was spotted by famed Hollywood scripter Helen Deutsch, who did the book and lyrics for "Jack and the Beanstalk." She thought five-foot-three-inch Joel ideal for the role, and composer Jerry Livingston agreed. Several auditions and two flying trips to Hollywood later, Joel became Jack. The show was widely praised, has since been referred to as the first successful original TV musical. Joel became a sought-after video guest. . . . Twenty-five-year-old Joel has been preparing for his big break for fifteen years. Cleveland-born, he acted with the famed Cleveland Players at age ten, and when his father, comedian Mickey Katz, traveled to the West Coast, Joel went with him. There, he appeared on small-fry radio shows and acted in school plays. He later joined his dad on a cross-country vaudeville tour and was spotted by Eddie Cantor at a Miami benefit. "Banjo Eyes" began to use him on TV as a specialty singer and dancer, and this led to numerous TV guest shots and a spot in the Warner Bros. film, "About Face." His debut at New York's Copacabana night club was a big success and led, after an equally happy interim booking at Chicago's Chez Paree, to a triumphant return engagement. London audiences applauded his Palladium debut two years ago, and, in last season's off-Broadway "Littlest Revue," he bagged the lion's share of critics' raves. . . . This brown-haired, brown-eyed bachelor likes fine clothes, and is a gourmet with a huge file of recipes. For this reason, single lasses who can turn a skilled hand in the kitchen are apt to rate the most.

Mirthful Maestro

I would like to know something about Ray Bloch.

I. L. B., Bangor, Me.

As millions of televiwers know, the shiny-domed sharpy who trades quips with the head men on CBS-TV's Ed Sullivan and Jackie Gleason shows and on CBS Radio's Robert Q. Lewis Show, is none other than composer-conductor Ray Bloch. "I couldn't stand there and grin as they kept hurling one joke or another at me," comments Ray. "I decided it was about time to develop my own sense of humor. Since then, I've found that I get as much pleasure out of throwing back an occasional wisecrack as I do out of my music." And whether conducting his own music or the music of others, Ray Bloch's distinctive stylings have given many moments of pleasure to people everywhere. . . . He was born, in 1902, in the French province of Alsace-Lorraine. At age eight, the Bloch boy-soprano was being heard in neighborhood choirs, and at twelve, Ray gained his first conducting experience at a Christmas festival. But war broke out, and Ray was forced to flee, escaping from Alsace concealed in a wagon-load of hay. Brought to the United States, he continued his musical studies while working for a foreign-language newspaper. Later, he played piano in a music publishing house. Much ballroom band experience came in handy when he organized a jazz quintet and toured the country. Later, his position as director of several choral groups led to his entry into radio. Since then, a busy schedule of conducting, composing, coaching, arranging and choral directing has put him into working relationships with most of the notable names in the music field. . . . An ASCAP member since 1939, Ray has many tuneful hits to his credit, probably the most popular being "The Very Thought of You." An inveterate pipe smoker, Ray remains urbane and amiable even under heavy pressure. He is married to the former Ann Seaton, and, when not trading quips with the funnymen or tending to musical chores, relaxes at his farm in Brewster, New York.

Young Veteran

Could you please give me some information about Tommy Sands?

C. S., Phoenix, Arizona

To young Tommy Sands, singing just came naturally. Tommy makes weekly appearances on NBC-TV's Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, and is seen locally on Los Angeles' Station KTLA on Hometown Jamboree, Saturday evenings from 7 to 8. The eighteen-year-old troubadour is a versatile show-business veteran whose career got underway eleven years ago.... At age seven, back in his native Shreveport, Louisiana, Tommy was given a guitar for Christmas. Before long the "miniature Burl Ives," as he was called, was making local radio and TV appearances, which led directly to a three-year contract for twice-a-week TV appearances in Chicago. When Tommy was thirteen, he and his family moved to Houston, where Tommy soon had his own radio and TV...
shows. Time out to appear on the local stage was rewarded with an "actor of the year" accolade. But offers to follow up on an acting career were refused in favor of concentration on Tommy's principal goal: To be a top-notch country singer. To this end, he appeared in such leading shows as National Barn Dance, Louisiana Hayride, and Grand Ole Opry. Now, in addition to his weekly TV appearances and ever-growing popularity, Tommy has just signed an RCA Victor contract and is on the way to becoming a popular recording star as well. . . .

Off-camera, Tommy enjoys his boxing and other school activities. He's also an eager songwriter, and co-authored the tune "Love Pains." Houston classmates voted Tommy "Most Personable Boy" in the sophomore class. The title holds true on TV, too.

Junior Miss

I would appreciate some information about Darlene Gillespie.
A. B., Reading, Pa.

Darlene Gillespie holds the distinction of being the first dramatic star to emerge from the group of twenty-four talented youngsters who comprise the Mouseketeers on ABC-TV's Mickey Mouse Club. The freckle-faced 15-year-old was picked by bossman Walt Disney to star in the "Corky and White Shadow" series—about an inquisitive little miss and her dog, who both get involved in a bank robbery. Never one to stint on production, Disney surrounded Darlene with Buddy Ebsen, Chinkook (a 145-pound white German shepherd), and a bear, coyote, burro, Himalayan bear, skunk, raccoon, rabbit, several chickens, ducks, squirrels, 25 horses, a rattlesnake, half a dozen blue jays, and an owl! Needless to say, both Darlene and the series were a smash hit.

. . . Born in Montreal, Canada, of show-business parents, Darlene gave an early indication that she would follow in their footsteps. The family moved to Los Angeles when she was a year old, and a few years later, Mrs. Gillespie enrolled Darlene in dancing school. "I liked dancing so much that I used to spend most of my summer holidays practicing at dancing school," remembers Darlene. It was there that she got the chance to audition for Disney, and was eventually selected to play "Corky." "Working with Buddy Ebsen was the big thrill of my life," enthuses Darlene. "When he co-starred with Fess Parker in the Davy Crockett film, he became one of my big movie favorites." Darlene had her own chance to co-star with Fess, in the recent "Westward Ho the Wagons!" but a bout with pneumonia forced her to bow out, and she was replaced by good friend and fellow mouseketeer, Doreen Tracey. . . .

Now the possessor of a long-term Disney contract, Darlene is comfortably settled with her parents and three sisters in a modern, four-bedroom stucco home in San Gabriel. The brown-haired, hazel-eyed lass likes painting and drawing and collects figurines. Though not too sports-minded, she learned to ride a horse for her "Corky" role, but her chief interests are dancing and singing. Her mother says she despairs of ever getting Darlene to help around the house, but that should soon change when this talented gal starts thinking of a homemaking role for herself.

Back Issues

How do I obtain reprints of articles that appeared in TV Radio Mirror?
D. P., Salt Lake City, Utah

In many homes, popular TV Radio Mirror has a strange way of "disappearing" before the whole family gets a chance to read it. Or sometimes there's a reference to stories about favorite programs and personalities which might have been missed. Then again, if you're a fan club proxy, you know that keeping up a generous file on your idol or heroine is an absolute "must." Whatever the reason, many of our readers will be happy to know that they can obtain previous issues of TV Radio Mirror by sending thirty-five cents for each copy to Back Issue Department, Macfadden Publications, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. Please be sure to specify month and year of issue desired.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
Your dreams are getting better all the time!

NOW YOU CAN

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest

Dreams were never this good before! What's the dream you'd most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? Quick—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word maidenform cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package, your winnings are doubled! Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to $20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize $10,000 cash! Second Prize $3,000 cash! Third Prize $1,000 cash! 4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each! 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!

Remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow rules carefully!

Chansonette...the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads "I dreamed I was a toreador...", "I dreamed I played Cleopatra...", "I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman..."! You, too, can dream up a dream for this bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest

Official Entry Blank

"I dreamed I..."

In my Maidenform bra"

NAME

STREET

CITY, STATE

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because

200, $2.50
Music was just a natural way of life in the Lennons’ house of harmony.

Now it’s proved to be the natural way to fame on the Lawrence Welk shows!

By BUD GOODE

Lawrence Welk's biggest Christmas present to ABC-TV viewers a year ago was an enchanting young singing quartet billed as The Lennon Sisters. And sisters they really are, part of a happy, loving family of Lennons who live in a large, welcoming house in Venice, California.

The Lennon sisters come by their singing naturally, since their dad, Bill Lennon, was one of a brother singing quartet with his brothers Pat, Bob and Ted Lennon. Dianne, Peggy, Kathy and Janet simply grew from a Dianne-Peggy duo to a Dianne-Peggy-Kathy trio to the ultimate quartet when Janet was old enough to join in
Duo: A family-album picture, taken when Dianne was almost three years old and Peggy was a year-and-a-half.

Trio: And by this time Dianne was a schoolgirl of seven, Peggy was five, and "newcomer" Kathy was just three.

Quartet: Then the "newcomer" was Janet, at three. By now, Dianne was ten, Peggy was eight, and Kathy, six.

song. Completely without professional training, the Lennon girls just sang—starting with Irish lullabies and working up to more complex tunes and more complex harmonic effects. To this day, they do not work from musical scores but are natural singers for whom, with some rehearsal, the close harmonic blending of voices is as effortless as breathing.

In a way, it is a special miracle that they were ever given the chance to brighten up the lives of the millions

Plenty of room for exercise in the new back yard. Here golfer Dianne practices her driving stance, Kathy and Janet play tether ball, Peggy keeps Billy out of range.
Music to sing in a circle: Dionne, Janet, Peggy and Kathy gather around Lawrence Welk—whose son, Lawrence, Jr., actually discovered the Lennon Sisters and talent-scouted them for father's TV shows.

Music to dance by: Dianne and Larry Dean can't resist, during rehearsal. Janet takes a turn with "boss man" Welk, who builds up her confidence. Dianne with Lawrence Welk, Jr.—who discovered the four Cinderellas!
Long before Elvis Presley became a controversial and world-famous performer, the home folks in Memphis, Tennessee, knew and admired him. And, long before he flashed to singing success on TV, his first fans were the students at Humes High School, who bought up the records of the boy they knew as one of the Humes “grads.” In this unique and true-to-heart story, the Humes teacher he greatly admired gives a new perspective on Presley. THE EDITORS
Elvis a "bad influence"? Remembering him as I knew him, I can't ever believe that. I'm proud to share my memories with the girls at Humes.

By MILDRED SCRIVEN

History Teacher, Humes High School, Memphis, Tennessee

NOT LONG AGO, I was invited to come to New York to be on Jack Barry's quiz show, Twenty-One. The first thing they asked me was if I thought Elvis Presley was a bad influence. To have answered that question the way I wanted to answer it would have taken up the entire program time. For I had in mind what had happened just a short while before in Memphis. Elvis was home for a few days before going over to Tupelo, where they were celebrating "Elvis Presley Day" at their fair.

Elvis had come from Hollywood, where he had almost finished work on his first picture, "Love Me Tender." Had he chosen to sell that time, he could have appeared in any theater in the country at his own price. He was very tired. He could have sat and loafed. Instead, Elvis made a bee line for (Continued on page 84)
"What THE $64,000

Hal March was as happy as Mrs. De Berry herself, when the 74-year-old widow did so well in her category. She says now, "I would have stood up there for the $64,000 question itself—just for the love of Shakespeare. But..."

With a catch in her voice, still unable to believe what had happened, Mrs. Frances C. De Berry said, "Never in my whole life did I dream of such a thing as this!" For five weeks, the 74-year-old widow from Louisville, Kentucky, had been a contestant on The $64,000 Question. Five weeks, culminating in the dream Mrs. De Berry had never dared to have. The first time, she had appeared only briefly, in the closing moments of the show, and selected Shakespeare as her category. When she returned for her initial questioning, she reached the $4,000 level. On the next program, she ascended the $8,000 plateau. The following week, the end of the program came before she could tell master-of-ceremonies Hal March whether she chose to attempt the $16,000 question—or retire with the $8,000 she had already won. Seven days later, she announced that she would indeed try for the $16,000. She won, and was content. For her, a whole new vista had opened to view. "Seventy-four years on the highway of life," she breathed, "and just now, just now, this—what shall I call it?—this transition. Yes, transition, for it is going to change me. I will never be as I was before. I can't go back to the old life. I will never feel quite so much at home in Louisville again, always thinking of New York, thinking of the strangers who gave me such a break."

"Or could I, without being sacrilegious, call it a miracle? During a lifetime of hard work, with the joys and the sorrows that come to all of us, frequently worrying about the future, sometimes I thought maybe He didn't hear me. Now I know He does. I think He was with me on the train from Louisville up to New York... with me when the wonderful people who interview you for The $64,000 Question said, 'We like you...' and when Mr. Mert Koplin, the producer of the show, said, 'You have a great knowledge of Shakespeare,' and I realized that (Continued on page 90)

Mrs. Frances De Berry climbed up to the $16,000 plateau—and stopped there, to enjoy a view of life of which she'd never dreamed.
"QUESTION Meant to Me"

Thomas J. Kane found the route to fortune while driving his cab—and then went all the way, to win top prize of $64,000.

By GLADYS HALL

HEADLINES shouted: "Cab Driver Picks Up $64,000!" Reporters spread the news: "A $64,000 fare was registered last night by Thomas J. Kane, 49-year-old cab driver from Lockport, N. Y., who correctly metered the top-money question in his 'English Language' category on The $64,000 Question." And how did Irish-born Thomas J. Kane himself feel about it all, in the daze that followed? Lunching at a Fifth Avenue hotel in New York City, a few afternoons after that memorable night, red-headed cab driver Kane was happily smiling but somewhat wonder-struck, as he regarded the elegant menu.

"The few times I've eaten in a place

Continued

Tom Kane and Hal March can laugh now, as they point out the fifth part of Tom's eight-part final question on the English Language. It's the "only edgy moment" Tom can recall—and, as he says, "The luck of the Irish held!"
What THE

(Continued)

like this,” said Mr. Kane, a quizzical expression in his bright blue eyes, “I have always looked at the right-hand column first—with a very analytical eye. Eighty cents for soup, now! Strikes me with a sort of horror. It takes a man time, I suppose, to get used to such extravagance. For many years, I have worked for the Van Dyke Cab Company in Buffalo, some twenty-two miles from Lockport, where I live. From sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars a week is about the best you can make as a cab driver, and eighty is about average. Come to think of it, I made the hundred-twenty only once, and that by dint of driving a fare from Buffalo to Canada and part way back again!

“It follows, then, that the fare I ‘picked up’ on The $64,000 Question is the biggest I ever metered in my tallest dreams—but no dream so tall as that I would ever be looking at a checkbook, my checkbook, with $64,000 entered in it, plain to see. After Uncle Sam takes his bite of it—and welcome!—$27,700 will be left. $27,700 for five days’ fun! And thanks be for it, not only to the program, but to my mother, who was a school-teacher in Armagh. That’s a small town thirty-three miles from Belfast, where I was born and raised in a working-class home.

“My earliest memory,” Tom Kane recalled, “is of my mother bringing in the (Continued on page 91)
Relatives and friends help read the mail which has been pouring in on bachelor Tom. Some letters ask for money, others ask how they, too, can get on the program. Tom himself plans to spend his money cautiously—with emphasis on hobbies which always occupied his leisure time.

He shows niece, Mrs. Phyllis King, one of the early pictures he painted.

At home, he putters around garden with his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Coutourier.

Tom shows niece Pat Maher the dictionary given him by assistant on program.
Chris, at five-and-a-half, finds Mommy is a perfect companion, whether they're exploring Central Park together or examining a spaceship-of-the-future at Hayden Planetarium.

He loves the Museum of Natural History and haunts the Hall of Dinosaurs. "I don't know a Stegosaurus from a Steinway," Margaret gaily admits, "but I'm learning!"
To Margaret Draper, Linda is more than a part to be played—for acting is just an enlargement of life

By MARY PARKER

They all love Linda, these devoted listeners to Pepper Young's Family, as heard over NBC Radio. Their letters to Margaret Draper prove it. Her voice and inflections have told them that Margaret is perfectly cast as Pepper's wife, Linda. Their own intuition tells them she'd always be perfectly cast as a young wife and mother—a pretty one, too! And it's all true.

A graceful, slender redhead with arresting forget-me-not blue eyes, Margaret finds that her acting career has virtually been dedicated to matrimony, not only on radio and TV but on stage, as well. Two years ago, she achieved her childhood dream of Broadway stardom, when she appeared in "The Gambler"—in the role of Alfred Drake's wife. In another successful venture onto the legitimate stage, "Sing Me No Lullabies," she was again a hit—and again a wife.

"I suppose I'm just naturally the wifely type," Margaret admits, with mock resignation in her melodious, slightly husky voice. "Perhaps it's because I come from a large, very normal, non-theatrical family. (Continued on page 86)

Margaret Draper is Linda Young in Pepper Young's Family, as heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:45 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Mommy is a good pal with whom to share an informal picnic in the park. But Chris knows that Margaret's a good actress, too—"because she can read 'Little Lulu' better'n anybody."

Turnabout: Margaret shares not only his entertainment but his education. She admires the teaching profession, helps out with volunteer library work at Chris's school.
People Are Funny — Linkletter knows they can be lonely, too!
Gazing at their ring, John and Barbara aren’t lonely anymore.

Mr. and Miss Univac
The huge electronic computing machine called Univac bears little resemblance to chubby old-fashioned Cupid with his bow and arrow. But Univac proved a successful matchmaker for young Barbara Smith and John Caran.

Through questionnaires, Barbara and John told Univac they preferred owning a home. John had already made his dream come true. Now they discuss furnishings—together.

By ELSA MOLINA

Boy meets girl is a familiar theme in Hollywood. But even there, where romance comes by the reel, boy seldom meets girl as John Caran met Barbara Smith on People Are Funny—brought together by a "thinking machine"! It was emcee Art Linkletter, of course, who performed the actual introductions on the air. But the real Cupid in the case was an electronic marvel known as Univac. For months, Linkletter and his staff had been "feeding" the machine with personality profiles, in the form of coded questionnaires, to determine whether or not Univac could successfully match the hearts of a boy and a girl who'd never met. And now, after comparing 14,000 pairs, Univac had decided that John Caran (six feet tall, 190 pounds, brunet and 28) and Barbara Smith (five-feet-seven, 130 pounds, brunette and 23) were (Continued on page 68)

People Are Funny, as emceed by Art Linkletter, is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Salem Cigarettes and The Toni Company—heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
Erin studies score in her dressing room, but eyes often stray to snaps of her toddler sons, Pat and Greg.

Music has always been an important part of their family life. Husband James Fitzgerald is a singer, too!

After show, Erin and Jimmy stop at a soda fountain, discuss their dream of a musical career together.

LADY IN LUCK

With the Irish gift of song—and Steve Allen’s show—Erin O’Brien has everything a colleen could desire

By JUDITH FIELD

Sometimes luck strikes a lady with the speed of lightning, and with all its electrifying force. That’s the way it was with Erin O’Brien. Little more than six months ago, she was a very pretty girl who had once done some singing and now spent all her time taking care of her house and two children. Suddenly, one night, the spotlight singled her out of Steve Allen’s studio audience, she sang one little song—and became one of the most popular new singers in television.

“Erin O’Brien has the potential to become a very big star,” says Steve. “If I do,” says Erin, “it will be marvelous, and I’m going to work hard and do my best. But, if not, I’ll still be happy.” You know that’s the way it really is, when you see her eyes sparkle as she shows you snapshots of five-year-old Pat and two-year-old Greg and her husband, Jimmy Fitzgerald—who is also a singer—and when you hear the warmth of her voice, as she talks about Mom and Dad and the thirteen (Continued on page 77)

Erin O’Brien sings on The Steve Allen Show, as seen over NBC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Viceroy Cigarettes, Andrew Jergens Company, Polaroid, Maybelline, and others.
Young Sanford Clark hardly dared to hope. Then a song soared out of Phoenix, and it seemed all America was listening to “Sandy’s” voice.

By EUNICE FIELD

It was a very ordinary night some eight months ago... a night when thousands of young entertainers throughout the country must have looked into their mirrors and asked the same old heart-breaking question, “Will tomorrow be the big day—and will I be the lucky one this time?” In Phoenix, Arizona, on this ordinary night, three young men stood expectantly around an ordinary piggy-bank as one of them

Baby-sitter: The Hazelwood youngsters think a lot of Sanford, too.

Collector: He has a big scrapbook—filled with pictures of his fans!

Mechanic: Tinkering with his old car, he dreams of a shiny new one.

Continued
SINGIN' FOOL
Phoenix Union High School: It was Phoenix Tech, when Sanford was a student. "Too thin" for athletic teams, he did well at R.O.T.C., later joined the Air Force.

First grief: He was just a bewildered boy when his parents, Connie and Geneva Pool Clark, parted. From then on, he and Geneva lived with Grandfather Pool.

New delight: Sanford, at 12, and his youthful uncle, Dan Pool (left), with their cherished guitars. Susie, a neighbor's child, was his first girl—and first fan.

Boyhood treasures: He has tragic memories of his dog "Butch." But the second-hand bike his mother gave him on his eleventh birthday became a constant companion—also a working partner.

SINGIN' FOOL

(Continued)

raised a ball-hammer and brought it smartly down on the ceramic snout. A jingle of coins fell on the table. Their silence at that moment was like a prayer.

That was the moment, young Sanford Clark has come to believe, when the long whimsical finger of fortune reached out and anointed his forehead... For, with those savings, the three young hopefuls made the great gamble. Early the next day, they rented a studio and recorded "The Fool," a song composed by Lee Hazelwood, Phoenix disc jockey. Sanford did the singing and Al Casey, a lifelong friend, accompanied him on the guitar. ... And, for each of this trio, the gamble paid off brilliantly. Copies of the record were sent out to disc jockeys and Bill Randall of Station WERE, Cleveland, liked it enough to send it to Randy Wood, president of Dot Records, who snatched it up. On release, it climbed swiftly into the top ten, soaring above the 800,000 mark, at a recent count.

Requests for new songs have showered upon Lee; applause from all quarters has thundereous in on Al Casey. And that star of fame, so passionately yearned for by thousands of singers, blazes more brightly each passing day above the handsome head of a twenty-one-year-old lad who, stunned and frightened by the clamor, smiles helplessly at his interviewer with the plea, "What can I tell you about myself? Come back when I've lived a little, please..."

This plea of Sanford's is not likely to be honored, especially now that they've waxed their second disc, "A Cheat," and songwriters all over the country are deluging Sanford with special material and arrangements tailored to his distinctive voice and style. The public, which is never inclined to heed the reservations of modesty when it chooses a favorite, has in fact begun to demand that the spotlight be broadened to cover not only Sanford and his two talented friends, but the background of a story glimpsed only briefly in the press so far.

Sorrow came early to the child of Connie and Geneva Pool Clark, born to them on October 24, 1935, on the outskirts of Tulsa, Oklahoma. At the age
of nine, his little world broke apart. Grownups have great and mysterious problems which, like powerful tides, carry little boys with them. Connie and Geneva were decent, hard-working people who were operating a small filling station near Winslow, Arizona. But, as with so many others who were fighting the battle of the Depression, their customers diminished with bad times (Continued on page 87)
It's normal, says Ozzie, for growing boys to "kick over the traces a little." And unfair, adds Harriet, to judge them by the few who make bad headlines. Sons David (just turned 20) and Ricky (not yet 17) take an even closer view of teen problems.
Don't Call Teenagers "DELINQUENTS"

David and Ricky Nelson have a man-size gripe. Ozzie and Harriet agree, wondering if other parents don't remember when—?

By MAURINE REMENIH

I'm getting just a little tired of reading about how the younger generation is going to the dogs!" David Nelson, ordinarily a man of few words (and those few apt to be polite and soft-spoken), was Having His Say. "Seems like these days anyone from thirteen through nineteen is forced to feel apologetic about his age. With the amount of publicity being given juvenile delinquents, a lot of folks seem to have the idea that anyone in that age bracket is hopeless."

Sitting around in an earnest huddle, the four Nelsons, so familiar in living rooms across the nation for their weekly show, The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, over ABC-TV, thrashed out this mass indictment of today's. (Continued on page 80)

The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet stars all four Nelsons, as seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Eastman Kodak.
INDIANA Loves Herb Shriner

Here in Fort Wayne, we know our Hoosier humorist doesn't "come back home." He never really left!

By CLIFF MILNOR
The Journal-Gazette, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Herb Shriner differs from many other entertainers who are always "on stage." He never is. He is scratching the same-sized head, pulling the same ear and piping his own peculiar version of English through the same nasal passages he was using more than twenty years ago. Those who discount his down-at-the-heels grammar and Sinus Belt drawl as the hickish act of a sophisticate don't know Shriner.

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, there is a coterie of persons who really know him. They saw him grow up and cock an ear toward Fame's faint call. (It must have been faint. Nobody else heard it.)

Early in 1934, a gangling kid, whose most prominent feature was his Adam's apple, started haunting music stores and the halls and studios of Radio Station WOWO. Herb played the harmonica fairly well and, by his own admission, was getting better at it. What's more, he had some buddies who played, and they were going to start their own band.

Meanwhile, Tom Berry, music-store proprietor, took an interest in the kids. (Continued on page 74)

"Harmaniacs," he called them. Just kids, in the '30's, they didn't make the big-time, but Harmonica Herb never lost his enthusiasm. Pictured here are Harold Fritze, Herb himself, Lee Hause, and Richard Alexander (Dick is now secretary of the Fort Wayne musicians' local).

"Happy Herb" Haworth saw a future in Shriner's humor—not his music. Dorothy Durbin, then WOWO program director, tried to spare his feelings. Jeanne Brown (now Mrs. Bosselman) let Shriner play the theater organ.

See Next Page
The nation's most fervid extra-marital love affair is Herb Shriner's romance with the state of Indiana. For all its public character, this is a real love and, as such, it strikes a responsive chord with everyone who has found a place where he knows he belongs—or has wished he might. Herb, via the slow-breaking wise-crack, expresses his devotion to the land and to its outspoken people. “You don’t have to come from Indiana to share what you might call a pioneer kind of belief that your opinion is just as good as the next guy’s,” says Herb. “But it helps.”

Such candor, he admits, has its hazards. “Gosh, when I'm down home where no one is ashamed to say what he wants to say, it’s all my life is worth to mention maybe I’m going to play the harmonica next week. Sure as shooting, some one is liable to remark, ‘Do you have to?’”

As current title-holder in a long line of Hoosier humorists, Herb, in reality, is a quipster not without laughs in his own country. “Twice they’ve had me play the Indiana State Fair,” he says with pride. “They’ve even paid me for it.” Yet, in the next breath, he modestly claims he is exiled to New York and television simply because every Hoosier is a humorist. “I couldn’t make a living with jokes back home. There are guys just standing around on the street corner who can tell a story better than I can.”

He has a theory why “no one,” as he says, “takes himself too seriously in Indiana.” The state’s motto is “Crossroads of the Nation.” Herb sees a cause and effect. “In an early day, it sure got crossed. Settlers going west didn’t travel the high country to the south of us, they came right smack across the (Continued on page 75)
Shades of Indiana tractors! This one, at his Eastern home, totes a precious crew—twin sons Kin and Wil, daughter Indy and wife Pixie. At left, the boys "help" Dad with his film collection. Below, all the Shriners are "Harmaniacs" today.
To Victor Borge,
it's wonderful—and
sometimes frustrating!—
the way everything
he touches turns to gold

By LILLA ANDERSON

Victor Borge is a man with a genius
for turning the improbable into
both reality and strange enchantment—
through the magic of a laugh. According
to all the experts, no single per-
former should be able to hold a crowd's
attention for an hour or two hours on
end, but Borge does it. Each time he
walks into a spotlight and sits down at
the piano, he captures his audience by
breaking up his impressive chords with
his irrepressible quips. While playing
the classics, he also plays the clown.
He calls it "Comedy in Music," and
jokes about that most solemn thing in
broadcasting—money. He insists his
greatest achievement in television has
been that of (Continued on page 65)
of Music and Mirth

One-man show: Borge has performed his blithe "Comedy in Music" for small groups of GI's in France, as well as enormous audiences on Broadway, on tour, and on TV.

Sir Victor: Knighted by his native Denmark, the prince of unpredictable piano and puns poses imposingly with a children's band and guard in Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen.

Business: Before it was ViBo Farm, it was a place to hunt pheasant. Victor decided to raise the birds instead, now packs and ships thousands from his own modern plant.

Decorating: It's his hobby. He redoes "Mama's room" as a surprise, each time Sanna has a baby. For their dining room, he borrowed carved casings from a Southern mansion.

History: The guest house on their farm is a centuries-old cottage which was once the home of Ethan Allen, the Revolutionary War hero who led the Green Mountain Boys.
I. For Kathy Long and Mark Holden, true love has come at last—but a love blocked by the necessity to consider the happiness of others.
After many joys and sorrows, Kathy faces her gravest decision—and seeks...

THE GUIDING LIGHT

CHILDHOOD INSECURITY: You see the words often in medical reports of emotionally disturbed people. And the same words are really the key to the complex and troubled character of the girl who was born Kathy Roberts. Beautiful she was, as a child. Intelligent. Charming. Too bad her mother died when she was so young—only ten. Her father was devastated by the loss of Kathy's mother. The home grew quiet and rooted with sorrow. But after a time Joe Roberts realized his absolute need for a home, for a woman to care for his daughter, for a normal life. And so—with a fine mature love—he married Meta Bauer and turned over to her the upbringing of Kathy.

Meta, deeply in love with Joe, undertook her role as stepmother with vigor and the high hope that Kathy would accept her as her own mother. But Kathy refused to adapt herself to the new relationship. Her ill-concealed hostility to this family situation really accounts for all that has happened to Kathy in the years of growing up. In these years she has caused herself much pain—she has brought others to disaster.

At seventeen, Kathy's yearning for attention and affection made it easy for her to fall in love with Dick Grant, who was then only beginning medical school. Had Kathy's wish to marry Dick not been frustrated by Dick's mother, she might have made a satisfactory adjustment during those turbulent teen-age years. Her feelings of rejection explained her hasty, secret marriage to Bob Lang—but it didn't take Kathy long to realize she had made a serious mistake for herself and Bob. Driving home one night, Kathy asked Bob for a divorce—he lost control of the car and was immediately killed in an accident which left Kathy unharmed physically but scarred emotionally for years to come. Bob Lang's death left behind him a desperate teenager who was soon to be the mother of his child.

Dick Grant's proposal of marriage seemed to offer her a haven. Not only was she still in love with him, but this might be a way to keep secret forever her disastrous marriage to Bob Lang. Or so Kathy rationalized, confused and seeking a way out of her predicament. So Kathy was married a second time. Her basic insecurity was such that she did not tell Dick of her secret marriage to Bob, and let him believe that the little girl she bore was his own child. Yet the guilt she felt in this falsehood was to ruin her marriage to Dick. When she eventually admitted the whole sorry situation, Dr. Dick Grant forced an annulment of the marriage. Kathy and her child returned to live with Meta and Joe Roberts—and the scarcely hidden resentment between stepmother and stepdaughter was revived and intensified.

It is scarcely surprising that, under these circumstances, Kathy's love for her own daughter became obsessive. Nor is it surprising that Kathy—always attractive to men—should have been sought out by many admirers. But when any of these flirtations seemed to be reaching a serious level, Kathy—still ridden with guilt—broke off the relationship.

So matters stood, until tragedy struck again with the death of Kathy's father, Joe Roberts, when Kathy's daughter was still only a little girl. To Kathy and her stepmother, Joe's death removed the only kindly influence which had permitted them to live under the same roof.

Meta, lost without her husband's love, turned to
3. Bertha and Bill Bauer face a problem. The illness of Grandma Elsie’s husband is a concern to all of them.

the support and sustaining friendship of her brother Bill Bauer and his wife, Bertha.
Kathy took young Robin and fled to the New York City home of Bob Lang’s mother, Robin’s true grandmother. It seemed her only refuge. The advice and help of her current suitor, Dan Clark, did little to make her happy. She was still lost and searching for the key to her own personality problems.

Meanwhile, in California, Meta Roberts tried her best to face up to the lonely life of a widow. Her love for Joe had been deep and genuine. And it took months for her normal good spirits to return. Meta’s brother Bill and sister-in-law Bertha did what they could. And it was their great joy when Mark Holden, a bachelor friend of Bill’s, began to show a growing interest in Meta. All of them began to hope that a marriage to Mark might result.

And so it might have, had not Kathy made a flying visit to California. Because Kathy met Mark Holden. Different in age (Mark is a number of years older


than Kathy), the two fell deeply in love. For the first time, Kathy found herself capable of adult emotion. And for the first time she also found herself capable of concern for others than herself.

She felt distress over Meta’s disappointment, yet realized that a loveless marriage between Meta and Mark Holden was impossible. She felt concern for Robin. Would a marriage to Mark throw Robin into the same kind of unhappy girlhood as Kathy herself had suffered when her father had married Meta? She felt deep pity for Dr. Dick Grant, her ex-husband, whom she had seen again during her visit. Dick had suffered an injury to his hand which made it impossible for him to continue his career as a surgeon. Although Kathy was impressed by Dick’s inner strength, his unhappy plight seemed a direct charge against herself. Perhaps if she had not been so childish during their marriage, all the tragic developments in Dick’s life would never have occurred.

Mark Holden’s visit to Kathy in New York, at the Christmas holidays, only served to intensify Kathy’s troubles. She steadfastly refuses to marry until she can be convinced that the marriage is right for all of them. And Mark is growing increasingly disturbed at Kathy’s temporizing about the wedding date.

In California, Bill and Bertha Bauer worry over Meta—unreconciled to her loss of Mark’s love. And their lives are further complicated by the serious illness of Bertha's stepfather, Albert Franklin.

But the inner serenity and strength of the Bauers gives them hope that some guiding light will soon alleviate their own problems and the problems of the troubled people they love so well.

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Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Meta Roberts..................................................Ellen Demming
Bertha Bauer..................................................Charita Bauer
Bill Bauer......................................................Lyle Sudrow
Papa Bauer....................................................Theo Getz
Kathy Lang.....................................................Susan Douglas
Dr. Dick Grant.................................................James Lipton
Mark Holden..................................................Whitfield Connor
Marie Wallace................................................Lynne Rogers
“Grandma Elsie”.................................................Evelyn Remea

*The Guiding Light*. CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Proctor & Gamble Co. for Ivory, Duz and Cheer.
5. Kathy's engagement to Mark Holden has brought sorrow to Meta Roberts (Kathy's stepmother). For Meta had hoped to marry Mark herself, Meta turns to Bertha, Bill and Papa Bauer for needed comfort and advice.
December Bride helped teach me that a sympathetic ear is rarer than a golden tongue—and far more valuable, to yourself as well as to others

By SPRING BYINGTON

Today, I love to listen. But it wasn’t always thus! Talking is my business. Actresses know that a cradle-to-grave romance with words is one of the essentials for earning a living in the chatty world of TV, radio, theater, movies. It’s a little harder for us to realize that words operate most effectively on a two-way street. At least, it was for me. I had some peculiarly embarrassing experiences (of which more anon, if you’ll pardon my Shakespearean) before I learned to listen. And some very rewarding ones,

Like grandmother, like granddaughter: Chris Baxley stages a puppet show for me and her mother, my daughter Phyllis.

Spring Byington stars as Lily Ruskin in December Bride CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods Corp., for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.
Fan mail makes "good listening," too, even when people tell me their problems.

after I found out that other people's words could be important, too. How exciting it is, to share their lives and thoughts! How good, to discover you can even help them, just by listening.

Oddly enough, I learned to listen—at least chiefly—from reading letters written to me by fans and personal friends. Yes, you can listen to a letter. Not by reading it in the usual way, glancing over it, gleaning the gist, then going on to something else. But reading it, as I learned how, once I'd decided it (Continued on page 82)

My family includes Phyllis, son-in-law Bill, Christine and S'An Baxley (and I have another married daughter, Lois).

Above, when I'm Lily Ruskin in December Bride, my TV family includes Frances Rafferty and Dean Miller (left) as my daughter Ruth and my son-in-law Matt—plus Harry Morgan and Verna Felton (right) as Pete Porter and Hilda Crocker.
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Don's Reluctant Double Life

Three fine dramas in New York, three fine children in Vermont—all this and Mary, too! Can't you guess where MacLaughlin's heart finds its home?
By FRANCES KISH

Down in New York City, Don MacLaughlin has a tiny apartment—and considerable fame. Fame, because he's Chris Hughes on CBS-TV's As The World Turns, Dr. Jim Brent on CBS Radio's The Road Of Life, David Harding on Mutual's CounterSpy. A tiny apartment, because it's just a place to hole up at night, study his next day's script and get some sleep. For New York isn't "home," Don's leading a double life! His career takes him to the big city, but his heart abides in a small New England town. And there couldn't be a greater difference between the two.

Up in Vermont, where Don really lives with his wife and family, people aren't impressed by stardom. In their community life, an actor is rated only as a fellow citizen. And, if he rates, he can share their close-knit interests, his family can lead the same well-balanced life,

See Next Page——>
Small-town background is just what Don MacLaughlin wanted for his children. How he enjoys those weekends, roaming the New England countryside with Britt!

his children can grow up with the same high, practical standards. For this—reluctant as he may be to spend the workdays separated from Mary and their three children—Don MacLaughlin is more than willing to divide his life in two.

It was a momentous decision to make, but the MacLaughlins had known the Vermont town for five years before they decided to settle there all year 'round. Originally, Don and Mary discovered the place when one of their youngsters was ill and required a comfortable summer climate for convalescence. Each summer after that helped strengthen the MacLaughlins' feeling of "belonging." Last year, when Don and Mary suddenly faced the truth that the children were really growing up, that the two older ones, Douglas and Janet, would be away at school, and their year-'round house in Connecticut was too big for only themselves and young Britton, they decided it was now time for them to become true Vermonter.

Don had been commuting from Connecticut to New York, having to stay overnight in the city more and more frequently because of some of his late programs. The trip of five hours by train to Vermont didn't seem much more formidable and, as always, he would have weekends at home with the family. So bag, baggage, furniture—including the assorted impedimenta that every family worth its salt collects—domestic pets and all, they moved to their Vermont acreage.

"Ours is a very small, close-knit community," Don describes his town. "We are all (Continued on page 70)
Don’s Reluctant Double Life

(Continued)

Skiing for Don and Britt—and Janet, when she’s home from private school. Below, Doug—who goes to Amherst—admires the baby pigeons Britt is helping Don to raise.

Husky outdoor chores for Doug and Don, at home. All too soon, it’s time for woodsman-husband-father MacLaughlin to head back to New York and his double life as an actor.

Don is seen as Chris Hughes in As the World Turns, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Ivory Snow and Oxydol. He’s heard as Dr. Jim Brent on The Road Of Life, CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M. EST, and David Harding on Counterspy, Mutual, Fri., 8 P.M. EST.
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"Ours is a very small, close-knit community," Don describes his town. "We are all (Continued on page 20)
Jan Miner gives nature just a little, artful nudge—for lighter, brighter hair beauty.

THE HINT OF A TINT

By MARY SHERWOOD

Jan Miner is a pretty but proper Bostonian, and it took her a long time to decide to add color to her hair. But, now she's done it, she can't imagine why she didn't try that hint-of-a-tint a whole lot sooner. Her once unmanageable, baby-fine tresses are sleek and silky and beautifully behaved and just the subtlest soupcon of a shade lighter and brighter than nature decreed. "It looks better, more becoming, on a kinescope," she sighs contentedly, "and even the ultra-conservative man in my life approves!"

Jan may be more familiar to you as the serene and sympathetic Julie Nixon of Hilltop House or in the title role of The Second Mrs. Burton, but there's a courtyard apartment house on New York City's East Side where the portly doorman knows her proudly as Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan. And five flights up in a modish modern apartment (ebony and taupe and gold, with a dash of pimiento) lives a man named Terry who is also proud to call her Mrs. O'Sullivan! He's proud, too, of Jan's appearance because she always looks "just naturally nice!"

For her many and various parts on the stage, radio and TV, Jan has worn her hair in every conceivable style and shade (she has a collection of sixteen switches and chignons to commemorate her career as a chameleon!). But, in her private life, it's Terry who calls the tune. "I please myself by pleasing him," she says, "and no man will ever admit that he likes an artificial effect." The trick, she feels, is to avoid drastic changes: Begin with a mild-mannered rinse before you really need it, progress by slow and easy stages to your most compatible color and don't be tempted to go beyond. "By all means have your hair tinted," she advises, "but don't have it overdone!" Jan, herself, features a muted ash-blonde which is so close to her natural coloring that it needs to be retouched only once in six weeks. "My hair has never had so much life," says Jan, "and it looks as natural as all outdoors!"

The "ultra-conservative" man in her life, husband Terry O'Sullivan, is proud of her appearance, says Jan always looks "just naturally nice."
performing as little as possible: "TV can be the goose that lays the golden egg—but you must be careful not to cook the egg too often or it will go bad. It is also true, how much gold and how little cooking are required is measured by his CBS contract. For two-hour-long shows and two guest performances, he will be paid a quarterly of a million dollars per hour ever earned by an entertainer.

He's a super-salesman who can wise-crack his way through a shrewd act, but he is also a businessman who stubbornly refuses to change. This even includes romance. Take the manner in which he met his charming wife, Sanna. "I was playing a night club. Sanna recalls, "He had just fired his manager when he encountered friends of mine. . . ."

Borge had problems, and the friends were certain Sanna was just the girl to cope with them. She could handle the detail work which Victor hated, for she had majored in accounting at the University of Indiana. She was probably the prettiest, quickest-to-smile from a CPA charter who ever turned into a fashion model. She also had proved her business ability by acting as sales representative for group rates. "What a pity," said the friends, "that all this didn't happen sooner. Now Sanna is doing so well with her own business that she wouldn't take anything."

Sanna, in telling the story, short-cuts it with a knowing smile: "But you know Borge. Before very long, he had persuaded me to sell my business and go to work for him. Anything is difficult, that turns out to be the thing he is sure he must have."

Perhaps one of the most difficult things to maintain, in the face of today's all-consuming taxes on high-bracket incomes, is a country estate. To almost anyone else, that lovely place in Connecticut which Victor did not live in or lease but had to look after, is only a 450-acre white elephant, a place so expensive to maintain that no one could afford to live there. Borge has made it into a magnificent home for Sanna and children. (He left the Green Mountains to the Cohasset and in the fall, he moved to the British stronghold, Fort Ticonderoga.)

A place of historic interest, the farm had once been the home of Ethan Allen, Revolutionary War patriot who, with the Green Mountain Boys, helped capture the British stronghold, Fort Ticonderoga. His cottage is now the Borge guest house. Wallace Nutting, the minister whose fine photographs of the place are credited with having aroused this century's interest in antiques, had owned it, too.

The farm's last owner had made it a hunting preserve—a luxury retreat where wealthy sportsmen came to hunt the abundant Borge decided to raise pheasants instead. When cautious friends questioned what he knew about such an undertaking, Borge had an answer: "I told them I didn't have to do that. Thepheasants already knew all about it."

An important asset which he did possess was a Continental gentleman's knowledge of fine food. Born in Copenhagen, January 3, 1899, he had always been a world of elegance and fashion. His father was a violinist with the Denmark Royal Symphony. His mother was an accomplished pianist and violinist. At four, he could read both words and music, and, at ten, he gave his first concert. At eleven, the Borger wit burst forth right in the middle of a concert in which he was the soloist with the State Symphony. Borge's account of it has become a minor classic: "I came to a long trill which I played with two fingers, the entire string section supporting me. The sight of these serious old musicians, so tense and watchful, while I twiddled my fingers, was too much for me. I looked over my shoulder and winked at the audience."

A good time was sure to follow these Borge jokes was Adolph Hitler, the butt of many of them. In 1940, when the Nazis goose-stepped into Denmark, Borge was high on the extermination list. With his first wife, Eva, Borge then, as he caugh the last boat out of Finland. Knowing little English, and himself unknown in America, he went through a most unhappy period, together with Eva. One day before Bing Crosby invited him to do a guest shot and discovered the Dane's offbeat interpolations. Crosby threw away the script—and let Victor go solo.

Borge's gourmet tastes having been thus sharpened by hunger, he viewed the potential of those wooded hills on the same preserve with a connoisseur's delight. He bought, among other things, a pheasant, geese, and Rock Cornish hens—a fancy fowl which he described as having "all white meat and a chest expansion which would do credit to Marilyn Monroe."

He set up his own quick-freeze packing plant, and soon had so many orders that he enlisted neighboring farmers in the operation. Borge buys the birds just after they are hatched, retains some of them on his own place and parcels out the remainder, together with special feed and instructions. He sells more than 10,000 birds a year. He is just completing a new building which will more than double the plant capacity.

The recipes which Victor supplies with his bird sera and for such mouth-watering concoctions as "The Pheasant, Braised Marsala," and "Guinea Hen With Cherries. But, for his prized Cornish Rock, he adds one in strictly French, and his cooking is no different from that of the "Dangers of the Hours," dragging it slightly. When you've done that, your goose is cooked—and if that isn't clear, the best thing to do is forget the whole thing and go to your mother-in-law's for dinner."

A visit to Viho farm is an experience in hospitality. It is a breath-takingly beautiful place, high in the Connecticut hills, near the town of Southbury.

In the house, the warmth of the antique meets the comfort of the modern. Periods are mixed: spartan and grand, with master hand to create unity and beauty. That hand, one soon discovers, was Victor's. "Like most old houses, this one just grew," he explains. "When they needed more room—a fortune was spent— and then they pushed another house up against it and joined it on. We didn't have to do much for the older house. That was built in 1790s. But the second house was a mess."

The two houses became three houses after Borge paid a visit to North Carolina. There he discovered a Southern mansion which the Smithsonian decided. Connecticut went some of its most beautiful portions. The hand-carved window and door casings now grace the Borge dining room, a perfect blend of crystal, silver and polished wood. "When there weren't enough casings to go around," he adds, "I had them copied—I knew a man who knew a man who could do the work."

The living room, in perfection of detail, were antiques with modern and they marry surprisingly well. Again, Borge was the decorator, and the furnishings came from all over the world. "I've taken window from this, a table from that, a dresser from somewhere. Whenever I'm in a city, I watch for things we would want. If I haven't time to buy it, I write. I remember where everything is."

He takes a special delight in showing off what he calls "Mama's room," a dainty boudoir with linen-covered walls, pink brocade, a canopy bed and an antique chaise longue.

Sanna waited until Borge was out of earshot to confide the reason for his pleasure in the room: "It's my surprise. Every time I go to the hospital to have another baby, I find it completely redecorated on my return. He has been shopping and planning all the time we waited for this child."

There are two babies in the Borge household. Victor Bernhardt, age three, a twinkling-eyed lad with an eager, outgoing disposition, is called "NeeBee" to avoid confusion with his older brother. Wallace, who has not yet celebrated his first birthday. Sanna's daughter, also called Sanna, is eleven. In summers, Victor's twins, Ronald and Janet, join their wife.

Only infant Ricky was left at home last summer when the family went to Europe. Borge turned in, to what turned out to be more of a triumphal tour than a vacation. In Denmark, he met Victor For, the Danish ambassador who had conferred the honor in Washington, making him a Knight of the Royal Order of Danebrog, for recognition of "his many contributions to the effective Denmark." In England, where Borge supplied a sample of his artistry via the BBC, one noted critic headlined his review, "Pardon me while I potted up the antique floor. I'm still laughing." Another enthused, "For forty-five minutes, Victor Borge held all England in the palm of his hand."

The fact that the same sort of enthusiasm found across the United States is both the blessing and bane of the Borger present life. His "Comedy in Music," which broke Broadway records by running for 849 performances at the Golden Theater, is now proving that there are still large, avid audiences to be found on the road, too. From Hartford, where he grossed $30,000, to the Texas City Bowl in October, he played to a crowd of 70,000—the story of packed houses was the same. In Worcester, Massachusetts, so many people were placed on the stage, Borge couldn't see the end of it at the end of the intermission. He finally shouldered his way to the piano—then spent fifteen minutes helping a dislocated lady find a seat.

Victor and Sanna and the children, the boundless success is wonderful, but it's also a little frustrating. Sanna says wistfully, "He's away so much . . . " and Victor, in the same tone, "I don't get much chance to enjoy the life I really work for."

Like the fabled King Midas, Borge has learned that having too much of a good thing is not the precious gift in life. But, unlike King Midas, he's worked hard for that much magic—and must, in his heart, the glow of achievement which comes to every great talent that brings both melody and laughter to the world.
Hollywood lends a hand

In the cause of mental health, the stars follow

Thalia—the muse of comedy . . . and charity

When the whisper of scandal had reached to a shriek from the expose magazines, Hollywood's younger set decided to do something to offset the unfavorable publicity. They banded together as the Thallians, an organization that had been formed back in 1935 and named after the Greek muse of comedy. But today's generation of performers, writers and publicists knew that Thalia had another attribute—charity. They reorganized the group to emphasize this aspect of their namesake, then chose the cause of mental health as the one that needed their help. Actor Hugh O'Brian is president, singer Margaret Whiting is vice president, and the membership rolls are studded with such names as Gary Crosby, Debbie Reynolds, Barbara Whiting, Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis. Their "advisors" include Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra and Danny Thomas. The group appears on telethons, makes speeches, gives luncheons, fashion shows and parties to raise funds. Mostly, these funds go to the Reis-Davis Clinic, a Hollywood institution for research and child guidance. The Thallians wanted particularly to work with children. "We think of defective mental health as cancer of the personality," says Margaret Whiting. "And, like cancer, it has to be found in its early stages and then cut out." The Thallians pitch in everywhere. They will man the switchboard, drive cars, register patients, help with therapy—or stay up three days and nights to buy and wrap 2500 Christmas gifts for patients at the Camarillo State Hospital. But the greatest gift that can be given to anyone, child or adult, is a healthy mind. You, too, can aid in this cause by sending contributions to Thalians, Hollywood, Calif.
When youth needs someone to talk to, Dr. Helen Parkhurst listens. World famous as an educator and child psychologist, she is an old hand at listening. She was six when she overheard two teachers chatting about how children felt. "But I didn't feel that way," she still protests. By the time she was fourteen, she was a teacher herself, in a rural school in her native Wisconsin.

Here, another protest was born, this one against "the old, uncreative methods" of teaching. Miss Parkhurst founded the Laboratory Plan for elementary education, later known as the Dalton Plan. Her book, "Education on the Dalton Plan," was one of a small number of books the American government recently translated to help fight Communism in Germany.

Founder of New York's Dalton School, she is the only U.S. educator after whom has been named a European school, the Helen Parkhurst Dalton School in Rotterdam, Holland. Primarily, Miss Parkhurst's life work is to speak and listen to children. Miss Parkhurst selects groups of children who don't know each other and gathers them around her "ring," a metal circle at which they stand and hear for the first time what the topic for discussion will be. "I am interested in 'why,' not 'what!"" says Miss Parkhurst. "I always keep myself the learner. I never comment, never pass judgment." By asking questions that will make the children see by themselves the advantages and disadvantages, the rights and wrongs, of a particular action or attitude, she brings the children to a point where they can judge themselves. "That's the point," she says, "at which the child meets God."... Illuminating, warm, and often funny, these conversations can be heard on the Westhinghouse Broadcasting Company radio series, Growing Pains.

The series is heard on the WBC stations (WBZ-WBZA in Boston-Springfield, KDKA in Pittsburgh, KYW in Cleveland, WOWO in Fort Wayne and KEX in Portland, Oregon) and is available to non-commercial stations (WNYC in New York, WBAA in Lafayette, WOSU in Columbus, WPWT-FM in Philadelphia, and others).

With teenagers in different cities, Miss Parkhurst discusses juvenile delinquency, sex, prejudice, going steady, or rock 'n' roll... Miss Parkhurst was the first to take a group of slum children and follow them through to adulthood. "The most extraordinarily beautiful things come from children in the slums," she says, "as if they dreamed of the beauty they wanted." Before moving this winter to a new studio and home in New Preston, Connecticut, Miss Parkhurst lived and worked in the exclusive neighborhood of New York's Park Avenue. Once, when neighbors objected to the rough-looking, ragged boys who would come to visit her there, she avoided eviction by disguising them as delivery boys from the local groceries. ... "Teenagers," says Miss Parkhurst, "need affection and understanding, and just enough support to make them feel warm and comfortable. The 'growing pains' come from a lack of understanding."
Mr. and Miss Uniavc

(Continued from page 39)

"made for each other."

But were they? What would John and Barbara themselves have to say about it? The coded questionnaires had told Uniavc that the youthful advertising executive and the alert young secretary had more tastes in common than they had grounds for disagreement. But how would they react to each other, when they met for the very first time? Linkletter held his breath. If the introduction didn’t “take,” if it didn’t lead toward romance and marriage, embarrassed Uniavc might blow a fuse.

The idea of using Uniavc as a mechanical Cupid came to Linkletter and his partner-producer John Guedel as they sat in Hollywood’s Brown Derby, sharing a Cobb salad and discussing the foibles of human nature. At that same table, some fifteen years before, producer Guedel had made the sage remark, “People are funny,” thus giving birth to the title of the TV-radio show which has consistently proved its name.

But the show has proved more than that. And, once again inspired by Bob Cobb’s famous food, Linkletter and Guedel decided to bring an added quality to People Are Funny. Conducting an intensive national survey over several months in search of appropriate ideas, Art and John had found that, in addition to being funny, people are lonely.

Here was the nucleus of an idea. Perhaps People Are Funny could serve some other worthwhile purpose besides making people laugh. Could it in some way assuage a portion of this loneliness? Linkletter and Guedel thought so. Working in their television “garden,” these two electronic Luther Burbanks decided to cross thinking-machine Uniavc with a pair of lonely hearts. Whether the affairs of the heart could be reduced to a series of electronic pulses remained to be seen.

Cupid, in the guise of Uniavc, first appeared in February, 1956, in a series of Saturday California newspapers. John Caran and Barbara Smith were only two among the thousands of respondents. The ad read in part: “If you are 21, eligible to be married, and would like the chance to meet Mr. or Mrs. Uniavc, drop us a postcard telling us about yourself.”

Barbara, a pert, comely secretary in Schenley’s Southern California office was intrigued. “I don’t remember my entire letter,” she says, “but I do remember a questionnaire to be filled out came in the return mail.”

Meanwhile, John Caran, young advertising executive with National Silver Company’s office in Los Angeles, had also written in answer. “I’m generally not inclined to answer newspaper ads,” says John, “But, when I saw it was Art Linkletter’s People Are Funny, I knew it was legitimate. For days I carried the clipping around in my pocket. One evening something seemed to tell me to sit down and write a letter and a mystery I didn’t feel all the time that nothing would come of it.”

“A few days later, I was surprised to receive a call from program writer Lou Sehor and Jim Henderson asking me to come in for an interview. I filled out the questionnaire, listing my interests and hobbies, and at the same time, answering a number of questions related to preferences in marriage. We discussed, in short, what I thought my ideal girl would be like. Working in the advertising field and knowing that the odds were about 10,000 to one against my final selection, even after the interview, I still had the feeling that chances were pretty slim I’d be chosen.”

Months passed, during which time Barbara made plans to spend her summer vacation in Las Vegas with her sister, and John flew to Detroit to spend his two-week vacation with his parents. Two thousand miles apart by that time, neither John nor Barbara knew that fate had fingered their meeting to take place within the next few days.

On Monday morning of that fateful week, John’s returning plane was late landing. Racing for home, he had just enough time to change and shower before driving to work. The phone rang as he was going out the door. Not wanting to be late for work, he almost didn’t answer the phone. He called it “It was Lou Sehor informing me I’d been selected to be on the show. The odds were so long, even the final phone call didn’t make it seem real.”

Barbara could hardly believe it, either, when production assistant Genie Allen called and asked if she could go on the program that week. The sudden phone call from People Are Funny put her in a quandary. “Oh, no, I can’t,” she said. “I’m going to Las Vegas with my sister. She’s coming all the way from Chicago.”

“Don’t you want to go on the program?”

Each put the decision squarely up to Barbara. “Well, yes . . .” she replied, and next day cancelled her Las Vegas reservations. Little did she know that the change in her vacation plans would later change the overall plan of her life.

Barbara and John did not meet until that very moment when People Are Funny’s national television audience saw Art Linkletter introduce them. In fact, the program staff’s biggest job that evening was making sure that John’s and Barbara’s paths didn’t cross until they met

Univac sorted and matched People Are Funny questionnaires and interview data at the rate of 3,000 subjects a minute! You can’t get such speedy or accurate results with mere pen or pencil. But you can have fun, filling in the form below, then have your favorite “date” (or mate) answer the questions, too—just to see for yourselves how many interests you share.

**PEOPLE ARE FUNNY QUESTIONNAIRE**

Instructions:

Please answer all individual questions by filling in the appropriate boxes:

- Example: weight [1] [2] [5] to nearest 5 pounds
- Example: height [6] [0] [1] to nearest inch
- Example: do you want to get married? yes [x] no [ ]

1. Sex: Male □ Female □
2. Race: White □ Negro □ Indian □ Asiatic □
3. Age: □ □ □
4. Hair: Blond □ Brunette □ Redhead □ Grey □ Bold □
5. Weight: □ □ □ to nearest 5 pounds
6. Height: □ □ □ to nearest inch
7. Do you want to get married? yes □ no □
8. Are you going steady? yes □ no □
9. Have you been married before? yes □ no □
10. If so: (children) none □ one □ more □
11. Income: (do you make) under 100 □ 100-200 □ over 200/wk. □
12. Sports: (do you like to watch) baseball □ boxing □ horse racing □
    (do you like to participate in) tennis □ golf □ swimming □
13. Religion: Protestant □ Catholic □ Jewish □ Other □
14. Children: For ideal size family—none □ one □ more □
15. Home preference: own home □ rent □
16. Vacation preference: Mountains □ Seashore □ Desert □ Foreign Travel □
17. Occupation: in business □ in profession □ student □ employer □ employee □
18. Marriage ceremony: religious □ civil □
20. After marriage preference: double bed □ twin beds □
21. Education: Grammar School □ High School □ College □
22. Music: Classical □ Popular □
23. Are you on only child; yes □ no □
24. Do you think a wife should work after marriage? yes □ no □
25. Do you object to smoking? yes □ no □
26. Do you object to drinking? yes □ no □
27. Do you like pets in the house? yes □ no □
28. Do you enjoy dancing? yes □ no □

(SAMPLE—DO NOT SEND IN)
for the first time, on camera.

John was sitting in his chair at stage-side. "The staff took great precautions to make sure we wouldn't meet beforehand," he says, smiling. "I think associate producer Irv Atkins' principal job was to watch me and make sure I stayed in the right seat behind the audience. I tried to peek around the wings and take a look, but Mr. Atkins wouldn't let me. He said, You'll be on camera enough."

With Barbara's introduction, Irv said, "Okay, now!" And the curtains parted. At this moment, I saw Barbara for the first time. My initial reaction? I looked at her. "Okay, I guess," I thought.

Barbara herself recalls, "I haven't the vaguest idea of how I looked or how I felt. When you're under tension and pressure, you're not yourself. The first time I saw John, I was numb."

After introducing John, Art Linkletter explained how all Univac had picked the young couple as a perfect pair and sent them to each other according to their likes and dislikes on a variety of subjects. Whether it "took" or not was up to John and Barbara. The young couple were invited to a private party.

"They also arranged for the young couple to meet Barbara. "My house had always been a dream until recently," he says. "I saved for it all my life. It was important what Barbara thought. I wonder what she would think? Well, when she first saw it, the day of the barbecue, she said, 'I like it very much. And, if I'd done it myself, I wouldn't change a thing.'"

After Barbara had left, John Linkletter asked how things were progressing. John answered with amazement: "That Univac is astounding. The questionnaire covered a lot of territory, but I didn't know how far. We found out a lot of little things in common, too. For example, the first time we went out to dinner, after looking at the menu, I knew in my heart that Barbara would like it. Barbara, of course, ordered first. She asked for the same things I intended asking for—right down to the dressing on the salad!"

It was the first time John had found that John and Barbara had some differences in tastes, as well as similarities. Both had answered that they wanted to get married. But John indicated he was "growing somewhat impatient" and that he had come to the same conclusion. Both prefer watching baseball or playing tennis. But Barbara also enjoys swimming and golf, and John prefers looking at art and prefers to have a home of their own. But John voted for twin beds, Barbara for a double.

Under "education," Barbara checked of right, and John checked both school and college. And they both say their religion, though Barbara said she'd like a religious ceremony, while John indicated no choice. Neither had objections to children, for children to business for foreign travel, dancing, popular music, and pets. And they belong to the same political party.

"Things were not dissimilar. And, when they again were successful half-way through the anagram game on People Are Funny, they agreed to return next week for $5,000. Meanwhile, the magic of Univac was taking effect—for, after the third week, they found they were really caring for each other. John had already learned that Barbara liked red roses, and red roses were not in the game."

On the ninth week's show, Art asked what they thought about having a child. "You're getting a lot of mileage out of that," John answered. "You're also providing us with a marvelous prize for young newswomen."

"No, John," says Barbara. "What we might do is if we won all that money. At first, we were afraid even to think about buying a house. We were afraid we'd have to share the money with many worthwhile purposes. Even though I have this home and all, it is not completely furnished. And we could use a new car. So, let's see what we can do."

"But we started with nothing," he continued, "and Barbara and I were introduced by Univac. That's the important thing. That no matter what is going on, being together will always be enough."

Univac has introduced other couples on People Are Funny. But, so far, John and Barbara are the happiest. Their story has truly proved to be an electronic Cupid. But that fact in itself has been satisfying reward for Art Linkletter's and John Guedel's fond hope for bringing both entertainment and good from Univac. People can be lonely, as well as funny—and John and Barbara are two who are most definitely not lonely now."

"But I'm going to have to meet Mr. Univac," John says, with a smile.
The cats carry on a half-feud with Buttons, but they can't really mean it, because they miss her, when she has to stay at the vet's.

Janet, a boarding student at a private school, gets home from her usual jolt of the special whir of a popular girl in her middle teens. She has the gift of getting along well with practically every- one, of liking them and being liked, and the things she starts to do perceptively whenever she comes home.

Douglas is at Amherst, wrapped up in engineering and music. He wants to go to M.I.T. later, and get practical experience in the electrical laboratory. "He has a good head on him," Don says proudly. "He is a good worker, and he won the commendation of doing a good job during his vacation time."

Doug also "made" the All-American orchestra in St. Louis last year. He plays bass viol and sousaphone, has a knowledge of several other instruments. He's a member of the various musical activities at college, including the Amherst orchestra, and plays in a dance band Saturday nights. Once, when his son was attempting to follow too many extra-curricular interests, Doug pointed out that he would probably be dancing to the band if he weren't playing in it. It's one of the best time for a boy to study, anyhow. It sounded so logical that Don gave in.

In looks the kids are composites of both parents, except that Janet seems more like Don and Douglas more like Mary's family. Britt is a distinct mixture of both, favoring neither. Oddly enough, they are in their own way, more alike in looks than the children in As The World Turns, the children to whom Don plays father. On the show, the older boy is eighteen, the same age as Douglas. The younger boy is twelve, the same age as Britt. The ten-year-old daughter is a little older than Janet who is fifteen.

"Chris Hughes' life and my own have similar exciting and happy similarities like that," Don says. "We have a good family life, which we try hard to keep on an even keel. Sometimes, as Chris, I say things on the show which are not true. I have been known occasionally to my own kids. I was bawling out my son one day and, in the middle of my fatherly harangue, the thought suddenly struck me that I was talking and acting like Chris Hughes. After that, I had a hard time keeping my mind on the thing that was angering me!"

Because Don is the typical "father type," a well-rounded man to whom people turn for advice and help, the crew on the show have a way of calling him "Dad." That's all right with him. He likes being a Dad. "I got the part," he says simply. "Because they were looking for a married guy with kids whose life followed a pleasant pattern unless—and until—other people's problems come along to upset it."  

Douglas used to watch the show, but the mountain scenery in their Vermont valley shut out the CBS television network. To see As The World Turns, she has to go up the mountain about five miles to visit. For the most part—she follows the story line by calling Don when she studies his script, or by listening to Britt and Don. "I miss having Don talk," he admits, "although, of course, she listens to the radio shows as often as possible."

Weekends, when Don isn't boning up on next week's scripts, he is doing chores all around the place, admitting supplies, visiting around town, swapping information about crops and gardening. Mostly he's on the receiving end of such information, trying to learn, from those who know local lore, to get the most from the rocky Vermont soil. "It's an exciting problem," he says. "The gardening season is short in our part of the country, and it's nip and tuck—mostly nip—to get crops in before the first frosts start. We properly to take advantage of every day of warm weather in the spring and summer. My neighbors, are gradually educating me."

He also plans to spend most of his leisure with cameras and dark-room procedures, but he is painting now, studying here and there, whenever there is a good class to be found at the hours he can work. He has an excellent oil of Douglas at thirteen, with his first bass fiddle, hangs in the house along with Don's self-portrait and other paintings. One day there will be a gallery of the entire family. Don plays a guitar, little, once played accompaniments on the guitar as a singing cowboy on a radio show, but he doesn't consider himself a musician.

The man who is now so much at home in New England is really a Midwesterner, who was graduated from the University of Iowa, got some of his education at the University of Chicago, and at the University of Arizona. Like many actors Don has tried his hand at many in-between jobs while he was struggling to get established—from delivering mail, to illustrating, to being seaman on a freighter. About every five years, he has done a Broadway show, for a total of four to date. The only time he has been in Pacific, as Commander Harbinson. "I replaced a replacement," he grins, "and liked every minute of it."

While in New York, Don leads quite a different kind of life. His housekeeping only in Vermont. Weekdays in the city, he is up at 6:30, at work by 7:30, and the TV show is on the air at 1:30 P.M., Eastern time. After a short break to take off make-up, it is back for rehearsal until late afternoon.

When Don takes his scripts home over the weekends, he often wishes he were the kind of actor who could read a script one time and learn it. Saying that the lines out loud comes more naturally to him and, when he studies on the train, he has to catch himself to keep from de-claiming and giving theognic passengers a show. "Television," says Don, "has something of the same challenge as the stage. And, once that red light is on the camera and the show gets rolling, everyone is on his corner of the stage all the time. After that is over 'Cut.' But there is excitement, and fulfillment, in this. The actors on our show are all such 'pros' who know their stuff. Such nice people, too. The whole thing is very satisfying."

Up in Vermont, however, Don tries to forget MacLaughlin, the actor. There is a picture he painted which hangs there, one that Mary and the family wouldn't part with. "I painted it when I was older of their town, at the time when they first began to feel they wanted to "belong" and be part of the community in every possible way.

"Mary has become absorbed in community life," Don says. "She has been able to do that better than I, but I am hoping to do more. I want to be a good citizen, and a good neighbor." It's what you would expect Chris Hughes to say, as well as Don MacLaughlin himself.
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Fabulous Singing Sisters

(Continued from page 28)

was supported by Bill Lennon a few years ago by a job driving an early-morning milk truck for Edgemar Farms. He says, "It’s logical for the father of a family of eight to be driving a milk truck. The girls each drink a gallon a day!"

Since the Lennon Sisters first appeared on the Welk show, Janet has come into her own. Mr. Welk has taken to addressing her as spokesperson for the group, and this

PEGGY, next in line, at fifteen, has her mother’s coloring—snapping black eyes and brown hair. She is possessor of a wonderfully outgoing personality, yet has a sweet, shy side. Peggy was born a year before her sister Janet and her cousin Mary, the oldest of the family, she regularly helps out with the younger children.

Blue-eyed Dianne—who has been nick-named "DeDe" by her family—is a frequent visitor to Peggy’s house in blue. Her bedroom is decorated in blue. Her favorite skirts and blouses are blue to match her eyes. And she loves blue-jeans.

Peggy still hasn’t decided definitely about joining a religious order, but she is an avid reader of religious books. Recently, she and Lawrence Welk fell into a conversation on this topic, and Peggy determined to study in St. Thomas Aquinas. Peggy’s subsequent research into the works of St. Thomas kept this voluble Lennon out of family discussions, is well-digested fare. She is red. And her mother has an interesting comment to make. "I tell Peggy," says Isabel Lennon, "I’ve never yet seen a nun with hair like my daughters. They respect and reverse Peggy’s devout nature."

Pretty thirteen-year-old Kathy, number three of the four singing Lennon sisters, is brown-eyed, has light brown hair. Like all her sisters, she is unique in her own right. And she is the only one of all the Lenmons who is left-handed. According to national statistics, about a million children in the U.S. are left-handed. Mrs. Lennon says with a laugh, "That means we have to have another ten children before we can expect another southpaw."

Kathy is a tearful, humorous kid, according to her dad, who says, "Kathy’s sayings come straight out of left-field." Her hobby time is spent on record-listening and reading ‘just plain girl books.’

Ten-year-old Janet is nicknamed "The Little Child" (from the song she performed with violinist Aladdin on the Welk show). Since the Lennon Sisters first appeared on the Welk show, Janet has come into her own. Mr. Welk has taken to addressing her as spokesperson for the group, and this

has helped Janet to realize self-confidence. She is studying in music, taking lessons to all the Lennon Sisters. But singing isn’t. "Bill and I," says Isabel Lennon, "sang Irish lullabies like ‘Toor-a-loo-loo-loo-raal’ to Dianne and Peggy when they were tiny. I was both surprised and pleased at our daughters’ natural musical ability. I told my father about Kathy’s attempt at harmony and he, having been a song and dance man, helped her in the Janot, a song-and-dance team at the time, got into the act. She sang with the others—taking the part of the one she was standing closest to—and, when we had entertained it was understood the girls to perform." Dianne was the director. "But all kids put on shows. We didn’t think it was out of the ordinary that our girls sang. Today, never having taken a music lesson, and they’re regular quartets with arrangements without putting a note on paper. They pick their songs from among their favorites on records, radio and TV. Dianne, at fifteen, in high school, they play it at home until memorized."

"That’s where my brother Pat and I come in," Bill Lennon adds. "When Pat, Bob and I attended the Lenmon Brothers, Pat was the only one who understood harmony. Today, he helps the girls straighten out their musical arrangements. After each girl has her melody established, he adds another and a cutie ending, and I help them here, too."

When the girls were younger, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lennon felt they were publicizing their girls to become professionals. "We brought them up to think, Mrs. Lennon, our church put on a big show to raise money for charity. We hired the Culver City Auditorium and it was suggested the girls appear."

"This was their first public appearance together. The arrangements were made so hurriedly I was still sewing their costumes before the performance. They did two numbers, "Close as Two Sisters" and ‘Dry Bones,’ which they did with their father and his brothers (who had long sung together as a quartet)."

"We were all surprised. The Lenmons hadn’t realized how good their children were. Both song numbers at the benefit were show-stoppers. In the audience were the famous Venetian Lions Club and the Elks Club. After the performance, these gentlemen asked Bill Lennon if his daughters would be willing to sing for their organizations, too. Bill said yes. The girls did so readily and well, though they were not remotely aware at the time that all this benefit singing might lead them to a professional career."

At this same time, Bill Lennon met Lawrence Welk, Jr., and he heard the girls singing at the Elks Club benefit. Afterward, he said to Mr. Lennon, "Gee, they’re great. I’d sure like to have your daughters in my show," and Bill said, "Sure, I’d be willing." Mr. Lennon said, "I’d sure like my dad to hear your daughter sing, too."

"That would be fine," said Dianne, never dreaming anything would come of it.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Welk wasn’t easy to get in the feeling, perhaps, that his son was still seeking a talent. He used to see the girls acting as a talent scout. One Sunday, however, Mr. Welk was confined to his bed with a bad cold. Knowing his father couldn’t escape, Larry called the girls and told them to hurry over after mass. "I went with the girls," says Mrs. Len-

non, "never really expecting that anything would come from the audition." It didn’t occur to us that Mr. Welk would want the girls on the show. Actually, we only wanted him to listen to them and get them back from our family."

"The girls sang one song, ‘He,’ during which time Mr. Welk’s expression never changed. Right then and there, I was thinking to myself, I knew nothing would come of this. ‘Some times I’ve fooled about these things. Do you mind if I call my agent, Sam Lutz… he has a very good ear. He made a call and said, ‘Sam,’ and the girls, ‘Would you like to listen to, Sam…’ and the girls another number into the phone for Mr. Lutz. When they were finished, there wasn’t—for us—an endless two minutes of silence, while Mr. Welk listened to Mr. Lutz’s reaction. Then he turned to us and said, ‘The Cardinal gives a big charity party for children every Christmas. Would you?’"

"Oh, yes! the girls chorused. Then, as we left, he added, ‘And by the way, do you think you could be on my television show on Christmas?’"

"We went down to Mr. Welk’s rehearsal at the Aragon Ballroom. I stood in the back, hoping to stay out of the way—but, after the girls sang and the bandleaders took their break, I couldn’t help myself. I went over to them and said, ‘Violinist Aladdin was standing next to me talking to Bob Lido, Aladdin said, ‘The way those girls sing just makes my heart hurt. And my wife had a laugh, ‘Aladdin and his wife have become two of our most special friends.’"

The girls were quickly accepted into the Welk band family. "There is one thing about those Lenmon girls," says Ed Sobel, the producer, "they are the greatest. And Mr. Welk loves them like his daughters."

The fellow in the band who love Mr. Welk, the band, and their work, Agent Sam Lutz told them recently, "There’s a good chance, in the not too distant future, for your girls to make a movie. Get yourself pictures and you can all retire for life." They gave this their considered thought for a moment. Then Peggy replied, "We don’t care about being in movies. We’d rather work for Mr. Welk on television."

The family schedule today is a far cry from what it was a few years ago, when Bill Lennon was driving that early-morning milk truck. He left the chauffeur, two-bedroom house, and the black of morning, in those days. But, since his promotion he has more “normal” hours.

Today, the family’s day begins about 6:30. "Bill reported at 6," says Mrs. Lennon. "The girls get up about 8:45 (or 6:30, if they haven’t finished their homework). If I make pancakes, biscuits, muffins, and everything they’ll eat, like, we’ll eat the same thing. Otherwise, they are on their own, for everybody likes a different kind of toast, or one wants scrambled eggs, another wants poached. But they all like the same kind of orange juice."

As an afterthought, she
Lennon has room for the girls, while I start the dishes. And one of them will help Danny get his teeth brushed and hair combed—be- cause that’s the only way we can all keep up appearances.

After making their own beds and hanging up their clothes, they are off to school.

The girls get home about four and start their homework. At six, I take Mimi up to bed and dump the boys in a tub to keep them out of the way while the girls start rehearsals. We’ll put in an hour or two a day, helped by their dad, who joins them after he reads the evening paper.

Bill sits on the living-room floor with his wayward made-up words while they sing through their number. He then suggests at which points he thinks they can go from unison to harmony and back again. He introduces their harmony, says Bill, “it is the old-fashioned barber-shop variety—without mustaches.”

The girls have never decided in what key they sing. The closest thing to a key for the Lennon School of Harmony is the treadle trusty pitch—pipe, which determines their “starting notes.” Holding up the pitch-pipe Bill Lennon says proudly, “We call it our ‘blow.’ Someday we’re going to have it gold-plated.”

After the rehearsal, the girls are on their own. They listen to records—they are fond of Dixieland and popular music and Prudence are the “end.” They do not par- ticularly like rock ‘n’ roll.

The Lennons live now in a large two-story-

storeyed, five-bedroom home (a comforter for seven). The living room (where the children recently slept) . . . “Best part about it,” says Dianne, “is the color of living space. Now we finally have room to hang our clothes.”

Sparking of clothes, the girls are partial to a fabric called Ivy-League. A blouse just doesn’t mean anything anymore if it doesn’t have a button on the back of the collar. The clothes for the boys I know, in fact, are all from Henshey’s Santa Monica Department Store. “A fairly neat arrangement,” says Mrs. Lennon, “because my best friend and I finally gave up trying to make them costumes every week—our fingers look like pin cushions.”

The “new” house, about thirty years old, has a giant palm tree in the front and a spacious back yard for the children. The kids love to play tether ball. Danny, who may be the next Mickey Mantle, practices pitching, hitting, and base-running while older sister Diana swings her golf clubs.

Pat shags balls.

The house is one short block from their church, St. Mark’s. “We just love it,” says Mrs. Lennon, “for our religion is the cen- ter of our lives. We all work hard to deal to all of us.” On the maple bench in the living room rest eight Bibles.

The children were all baptized and, so far, have made their confirmations at St. Mark’s. In fact, all the children were born in this area: Janet in Culver City; Dianne and Peggy in Leimert Park; and Kathy, Danny, Pat, Billy and Mimi at St. John’s hospital. Just when one child is about to toddle on to the next, she says with a smile, “will be born at St. John’s, too. Your eighth one, and all those after, are free. And, oh, they just treat you like royalty.”

The Lennon fans across the country will be pleased to know that a ninth little Lennon is due in May, thereby guaran- teeing the possibility of a Lennon teen-age quartet throughout the year. With this addition, it will obviously be welcomed with love into the Lennon’s house of harmony.
Since they spent so much time in his place, he put them in the window on Saturday mornings and let them attract attention. That was the start of Har- monica Herb and His Harmaniacs. According to Eddie Meadows, one of the original Harmaniacs and more recently a TV cameraman, they probably were the men who first asked permission to take Hempstead into an Indiana saloon. From club dates in bars, they veered into the wholesome rural business and played many small-town affairs for gasoline money and a good meal.

Berry gave the boys harmonica. He later provided Herb with an accordian so Herb took lessons from Al Crowder. Years later, Crowder, now of Mason City, Iowa, was to appear on Shriner's TV show. By that time, neither could play the accordian. About four years ago, Fort Wayne turned out to welcome Shriner at a performance on the courthouse square. Tom Berry presented him with another harmonica, turned to the crowd and said, "I'm not sure about this, but I think he still owes me for that accordian." Shriners said he couldn't be sure, either.

In the mid-1930's, the program director for WOWO was Dorothy Durbin, who now operates and the station. By this time, Shriner and his outfits were making sporadic radio appearances. The kid, who sold baked goods on Saturday to buy gasoline that would take his band to its Saturday night dates, eyed the radio announcers enviously. They wore suits, white shirts and ties. Why shouldn't he be a radio announcer? Many times he asked Dorothy for an announcer's audition. She politely evaded him until one day when she carried her problem to the station owner, Fred Zieg. "How can I tell the boy without hurting him?" she asked, "that with his lousy grammar and nasal drawl—there simply is no future in radio for him?"

While Herb and his band were still at attendance Center High School, he entered an amateur contest. The prize was a week's booking in the Berghoff Gardens, the city's swankiest night club. Herb came in second. A young girl who had lined up to audition was another student named Marvel Maxwell. She later moved to Hollywood and changed her first name to Marilyn. Years later, says Shriner, he understood the choice that the judges made.

No one ever tried to discourage Herb in his drive to become an entertainer. On the contrary, the friends he had then in Fort Wayne are his friends today. They're the persons with whom he spends his time in Indiana. One of them, Happy Herb Haworth, musician-announcer on WOWO, once took him aside after listening to Shriner's early monologue and said, "You're funny, boy. Fairly funny, that is. So why don't you get somebody to write you a couple good scripts and go out as a single?"

"I was trying to tell him there wasn't much future in his mouthband," says Haworth, "but I really did think he had possibilities with his humor."

For a time, the Shriner band played on the Hoosier Hop, which was aired on CBS each week. Shirley Wayne—later a member of the Olsen and Johnson "Hellzapoppin" cast (she played a violin while wearing boxing gloves)—was the foil for all his gags. "He tried them out on everybody in the place," says Shirley, "but particularly on me. His biggest trouble was he couldn't stop talking when he started. He went cue-blind. One night he kept talking until the network cut in. That show never was signed off!"

Another great friend of Herb's early days was Jeanne Brown, WOWO staff organist. Jeanne sensed his flair for music, regardless of the instrument. She often allowed him to play the organ in the Em- boyd Theater when she was practicing in the mornings. Years later, Herb bought a house near New York City, just because it had a pipe organ in it. When Jeanne and her husband, Dr. Elmer Bosselman, visited there, Herb had mastered "Nola" right hand only—and was working on "Wabash Cannon Ball."

His love for pipe organs is genuine—and so is his love for old "classic" automobiles. That's the kind he always drove. Many an out-of-town show was late in starting because a Shriner-conceived gadget to increase mileage had caused a breakdown. He discovered the tireless tube in those days, too. His tire casings were as threadbare as his elbows.

Her Harmaniacs had a Chicago phase, too, although Herb doesn't talk about it. Members of the group—Eddie Meadows, Dick Alexander, Harold Fritze, Eldon Walker and Bud Landis—plied into Shriner's wreck of the moment and headed for the big time. Herb's first concern was the boys' individual appearance. They needed uniforms, he decided.

We secured Herb's agreement with the Fort Wayne Instrument Company, and wangled an audience with the president, Fred Gretsch. The manu- facturer heard Shriner's proposition and was so pleased to play a number. When the Harmaniacs had the produced Holter instru- ments, he was delighted with their au- dacity. He didn't buy the uniforms, but he took them all out to dinner and later furnished a remote-controlled light station WBBM which led to a few weeks on the National Barn Dance over WLS.

Indiana's favorite comedian always was eager to promote a legitimate buck. He had a weakness for a bit he used for catching rats. For instance, one bleak winter in the De- pression-ridden '30's, he found it cold going on his jaunts to play in Churubusco, Cassian, Bean Blossom, Wawaka, and knew that a heavy coat would solve the problem. "From somewhere, Herb came up with an overcoat," one of his fellow Harmaniacs recalls, "it was made of horsehide, and Herb had a habit of taking thirty-four cents. That night we traveled to some near-by town with Herb wearing his coat, a scarf tied over his hat and under his chin. He didn't wear the coat very long. He probably saved it for a rainy day. Actually, Herb says today, the coat belonged to his grandfather.)

One Saturday afternoon when he had finished his baked-goods rounds, Herb and Bud Landis sauntered into the bakery operated by Eddie Meadows' father. They wanted to get warm and enjoy the smells. There, a row of doughnut pies took the boys' fancy. To do Mr. Meadows a favor and perhaps earn a small commission.

Taking Landis into his plans, Shriner and his pal canvassed the nearest area for any outlet that might house taking orders for pies. They sold them, too. Triumphantly, they ran back to the bakery with the news and some down payments. But the pie case had been purchased and the boys assumed the pies were unsold. But, when Mr. Meadows heard of their unsolicited enter- prise, he shook his head warily and cranked out another batch of pies to keep the kids happy.

Herb's love affair with Indiana is a two- way deal. When he talks about the sheriff back home who never lost an election until the day he showed up sober, the Allen County, Indiana sheriff chuckles. He knows Herb doesn't mean anything personal—he's referring to the sheriff "a couple of counties away."

When Shriner returns to his old hometown, he slips in quietly with his pretty wife, Pixie, and heads for the Bosselman's country home. He may fan out from there on his old horse and ramble through some country stores. The passing of the familiar cheese knife and flypaper strips wounded his nostalgic soul. At the Bosselman home, Herb sees all his old cronies. He meanders his neighbor- bors and catches up on all births, mar- riages and building-razings. He scratches his head and pulls his ear, whether he's talking about his latest car or his 1926 Hupmobile.

On his last visit, Jeanne Bosselman wanted to take the Shriners to dinner in a nice restaurant. She let Herb choose the spot. He selected a drive-in hamburger stand downtown. "I'll never for- get how good those hamburgers smelled when I couldn't afford one," he said.

Things are different now, but Herb himself hasn't changed. As Mayor Rob-
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sufficient mechanical skill to fold back the open ends of a cotter pin, could fail to center his best dreams around the gasoline engine. Shriner, Sr.—who, according to Herb, was “crazy about motorcycles”—forever sought a way to make automobiles equal to the machines. He had, he said, luck with his gas-saving device,” says Herb.

“He got it to the point where it was working pretty good, so he made up a couple hundred by hand and was ready to market them. But then he changed, and manufacturers changed to down-draft carburetors and made them obsolete.”

Shattering though this was to the family, Herb, who then had no inkling of the event, cites the law of increasing sentiment which makes his youthful recollection resemble an up-dated Tom Sawyer.

“The further you get from home, the more you think of home, and the more you remember things that were, what was nice. As a kid, I was exposed to doing lots of things and they have remained with me. Now they’re my hobbies.”

The first on his list, “Every kid in town aimed to get to the big Memorial Day race at Indianapolis. The Speedway was Meecha.” Herb was a grown man before he was able to make the trip, but he did manage a Sunday drive which the family took set for the stage for the Shriner collection of classic cars and the show of them which he once toured around the country.

His own first car was a Star, already out of production by the time some one gave it to him. “I traded off my bicycle for a real car to go to a party,” he says. “I had fourteen years old and entitled to a driver’s license. His particular pal was Harold Troxell, now a watchmaker at Rockford, Ill. We got it from a family of watchmakers,” says Herb, ‘and that guy could fix anything. The car was a real convertible. We had a collection of bodies. We’d shift them, according to what we wanted to do and how many kids were going along. We could make it a coupe, a roadster or a touring car.”

It opened a new world to explore. Earlier, they had daydreamed about the ‘forty, the row of Fort Wayne's three rivers, where—sitting on the high-graded railroad tracks—they would watch and wonder about the hobo jungle below. Or they sat on the flowers—of the lake operated by a friend's parents. Smelling fresh bread still makes me feel good all over,” says Herb.

With a car, they could move, en masse—A favorite destination was Trier’s amusement park. Herb had fun, but he also looked, listened and began banking observations for his treasury of humor. He recalls the old man who owned Trier’s, a sort of local P. T. Barnum. Every Sunday, he’d be out there in his shirt sleeves, barking for his rides and games. At night, he insisted on shooting off all the firework sparklers we expected to go up with a skyrocket himself.”

From Trier’s Park came some of Herb's first monologues. I'd tell about the fellows that got drunk and got into the air blower at the fun house. Then there was the Tunnel of Love where the boats were so leaky that each one had a bucket, and some idiot would fill it up until so much smoothing a guy had done with his girl according to how much water he hadn't bailed out of the boat bottom.”

He called it ‘fifth sentiment.’ “Here were all these big guys and their wives, in full evening dress. They climbed into the haywagons at the Plaza hotel on Fifth Avenue and we paraded over to Broadway and the movies and saw the theater. It sure was something.”

He also “feels good” because in 1955 they named him "Hoosier of the Year," and for the second time in their history, the St. Joseph County Chamber of Commerce honored Herb’s public relations man, New York Howard Weissman.

Herb has set up his own bit of Indiana nemesis on a mountain in Indiana. No children who discovered during their courtship that it was “Love me, love my state”—wishes that their children have the same freedom to know their neighbors, the same interest in the outdoors, same interest in the same sort of projects and pets and hobbies that Herb had as a child. That sprit, Indy (named for you know what), Trier’s, and one in Hubbard and that other homespun guy from further west, Will Rogers) are lively three-year-olds. They have cats and a dog and a fort and a tent, the latter furnished by a present by an old friend. "People back home don’t forget," says Herb. "When that show duck of mine, the one that ate spaghetti, got little perch on a neighbor's dog, darned if Mr. Rarick didn’t have his stick mallard. And I hadn't seen him since he was entertainment chairman for the Eagles at War saw, Indiana, and hired us for the very first show we ever got paid for.”

As soon as the children are old enough to understand, Herb plans to take them and go over the whole state of Indiana. "I'd like to," he says. "I want them to see the old things that are left, like a covered bridge. Maybe we'll be lucky like I was last summer at a place called "New Mexico," a life guard would have to wear hip boots. A family was fishing. The man was sitting with the fish pole and the woman was rowing. The boat was covered with moss three weeks after he put it with it. The woman wore one of those big petal sunbonnets I hadn't seen since I was a kid. That's what I mean by being yourself. Not doing what they wanted to do, the way they thought you should do it.”

He expects to see change. "Indiana is no museum; it's a very progressive state. But kids there are having their own kind of fun. They don’t know. Last summer, out of MacMillan Park, there’s a guy who is say bean king of the section was entertaining everybody. They had ten thousand pieces of fried chicken all ready to serve to ten thousand people. He is going to remember that, same way as I remember our amusement park.”

Herb takes issue with the lost cry of another stone-cutter's son, the late, great novelist Thomas Wolfe, who mourned, "You can’t go home again.”

Says Herb, "I haven’t found it that way. In Indiana, there was room to grow up and there’s room to go back. My parents and grandparents and people are my folks.”

He runs a list which sounds like a goddly portion of the Fort Wayne city directory, and speaks particularly of his Harmaenes and those of WOWO who go by the name of "Giant Towerer Hope.”

"Herb Haworth hasn’t changed," says Herb Shriner. "He’s almost blind now, and I’m sure sorry about that, but he’s independent enough to wear a straw hat that in July. It’s just a hat. He can run a disc-jockey show from memory and get just as many laughs as he ever did. I can walk into Jeanne Brown Bosselmann's kitchen, and she'll pick up a day old of Dorothy Durbin’s office and say, ‘You got a booking for me?’ They’re friends. They’re happy people who have good, full lives of their own. And when we walk down our paths cross, whether it’s in Indiana or New York, we’re glad to see each other. As you get older and home seems further away, it's a real nice feeling to know you have a place to return to, a really belong.”
Lady in Luck

(Continued from page 40)
brothers and sisters back in Long Beach, California. A talented performer, yes. But she’s a person of all things. "Erin has beauty and a pure, sweet voice," as Steve Allen puts it. "But her chief attraction, I believe, is her old-fashioned simplicity and charm." From the very first—when we discovered her in our studio audience, one night shortly after she had been a winner on Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts—our audience evidenced a great interest in her.

That was the night the lightning struck. To Erin, winning on Talent Scouts had been breathtaking enough, but this was something in a wild, impossible dream—"I really and truly didn’t believe it was happening!" Only ten days before, she had left California for a week’s engagement on Godfrey’s morning show, her prize for winning on Talent Scouts. Now the week was over and she was ready to go home. Visiting the Steve Allen Tonight show, which she had often watched on the Coast, seemed like the way to spend one of her last evenings in New York. She had, of course, never met or talked to Steve before. Her only personal contact with his program was a casual phone call from a staff member who had watched her on the Godfrey show and now asked her if she’d care to sit in the studio audience on that Friday night.

In her heart, Erin may have hoped that Steve might stop to talk to her, in one of his audience interviews—but she was sure she’d "collapse from embarrassment!" In fact, she almost did, when Steve stopped, asked her name, and then queried: "Aren’t you a Talent Scout winner?"

"Everyone applauded at that," Erin recalls, and Steve asked me to stand, so the audience could see me. Of course, I proceeded to drop my purse and gloves—and everything else I was carrying—as I got up. Well, everyone really applauded then and "oohed and ahed," and Steve pointed to the television monitor in the studio and said, "Just look at that picture! It was really embarrassing."

Then Steve asked if she’d sing a little of the song with which she had won on Talent Scouts. So, with Skitch Henderson’s orchestra playing an impromptu accompaniment, Erin stood there and, in her clear, gentle voice, sang about half a chorus of "Only a Girl." Only a girl, sentimental song from a bygone operetta.

When she stopped, the applause really rang out, and Steve Allen was beaming. "I don’t think we should let this young lady go back to California without appearing on our show," he said to the audience, and the applause started again.

That was a Friday night and Erin sang on Tonight the next Monday. On Wednesday morning, she got another call. Could she possibly go on again that night? One of the singers was ill. "So," says Erin, "I washed my hair and went on." From then on, the snowball kept rolling and getting bigger. The studio audience had loved Erin. She was the audience loved her and sent in unusual amounts of fan letters to tell her and Steve Allen about it. On September 30th, he put her on his big Sunday-night program for the first time. She sang Noel Coward’s beautiful "I’ll See You Again," and this time the fan mail was a regular avalanche.

"It was terribly confusing," she says, "and I really was lost for a while—until I got this." And she takes a fat, red appointment book out of her handbag. Everyone kids me about it, but I never go anywhere without this little book. My whole life is in it!"
They've been swimming today, and it's been a good day. I thought I was just going away for a week."

She knew that Pat and Greg were perfectly well and happy at her mother's because she had been talking to Jimmy over the phone and just couldn't conceal the tears in her voice. Two days later, at five o'clock in the morning, the telephone rang again.

"Hello, baby," said Jimmy's voice. Tired and lonely, she thought it was just another long-distance call—until suddenly, there was a knock on her door. And there stood Jimmy.

"I was heartbroken," she says, "and I knew that Jimmy was going to be. But I had to make up my mind: Either I was going to do my best to make good, or I would just let it go and be the best person I could be, because we'd talk all through.

Still, it was a pretty bad moment when Erin told Jimmy over the phone that she was going to New York, the capital of October, and was going to go back, but it was firmly agreed that she would come home for Thanksgiving. Then, as Thanksgiving drew closer, Erin saw that it was going to be impossible.

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(Continued from page 47)

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The Nelsons aren't judging the entire population of teenagers by just their own two. They've had a pretty fair segment of that under-twenty population trooping through their living room for the past ten years, and you can believe that to haul eight or ten buddies home for dinner, or for a late snack after the movies. On weekends, there are apt to be sixteen the Nelsons' new beach house in Laguna.

"About the only accusation against teenagers that I can go along with is the one about their appetites," Harriet chuckles. "Their appetites these days. In California, even the average adult could exist comfortably for a week on what one healthy teenager consumes in a day. But what's so wrong about that? After all, what is new?"

To meet this problem, Harriet never lets the supply of hamburger and buns dwindle. And she insists that any mass forays on the kitchen be accompanied by "meal together, as we used to do."

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To meet this problem, Harriet never lets the supply of hamburger and buns dwindle. And she insists that any mass forays on the kitchen be accompanied by "meal together, as we used to do."

Ricky, who hasn't been able to get a word in up to now, makes his presence known.

"You're always trying to sound like some snide crack about rock 'n' roll music, and how corny is it. Who they kidding? I've heard some of those old records, and anytime I'm feeling down, I put the old records on. They're the best. The most popular things in the world."

"Mom likes rock 'n' roll," he adds, "so I never have any fun getting an argument out of her on that one. But, for a while she was pretty down on Presley. So I'd put a stack of his records on the player while we were around home in the evening, and then just sit there and enjoy hearing her sputter."

"But you know what happened the other evening? We were all watching Perry Como and Andy Williams, and they had a little boy and a girl up with 'This guy is here to stay!' And Mom says, 'I'm beginning to think he has a very nice voice!' Now I ask you, what fun is that? We've got a great argument worked up with your parents on such a controversial subject as Presley? I'll bet it's a conspiracy!"

Harriet, elaborating, goes on to explain that the Nelsons have, in fact, lobbied, along with President Johnson, for the passage of a law that would keep a given percentage of the adult population in the U.S. from using drugs. They've been lobbying for the past ten years, and they're still lobbying. And they say that the majority of teenagers across the country are much like David and Ricky and their friends—secure in the knowledge of parents and friends, and committed to doing what's right for themselves, and therefore not over-eager to gain it by artificial methods.

One trend the Nelsons have been more or less forced to go along with is the "car culture," which has been around since the 1950's. A driver's license isn't enough to satisfy most Southern California kids. Among the boys, at least, by the time they're sixteen, there is not a single one who is not the owner of a car. And, of course, many girls drive, as well.

Actually, viewed objectively, this is more of a necessity than a luxury in the Los Angeles area. The city is spread out over an unusually large area, distances are great, and public transportation is woefully inadequate. Often the family car (or cars) is almost constantly in use. So the teenagers lean toward a "car culture"—on weekends, they all drive to football field meets, go hiking, or have their own car. Happily, adults flock more on the former than on the latter.

Many young people end up with jalopies. This is not necessarily detrimental. The younger Jug Scut, for instance, has been driving a jalopy for about ten years. He has a few thousand miles on it, and lots of times they have a better fund of information than many adults. Same thing goes for music, drama, art—when you're young, you don't remember being so interested in the whole thing, you're just starting out.
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(Continued from page 59)

was time for me to become a "good listener." From then on, when I read a letter, I tried to recite in my mind's ear the voice of the person writing to me. Word for word, I took in the message. And, word for word, I remembered what had been communicated.

What treasures I began to find in letters! Gone forever was the cursory reading I'd habitually given to communiques from my daughters, away at school, or from my sister in Denver. I learned to "listen" for the overtones, the hidden meanings, the laughter or tears sometimes contained in a simple note. I suddenly began to take up and enrich many hours of my life. Through it, I was permitted to live for a few moments in a home perhaps thousands of miles away, and to look into the human hearts under one roof.

Best of all, after such thorough listening—whether in person or by mail—there comes the time when one is privileged to speak at last, giving aid or bringing comfort to a troubled mind. For a year, I had the privilege of writing an advice column for TV Guide magazine, "Listenplay." During the first month of "listening" to the problems of distressed individuals, as set forth in a letter, I encountered a legitimate heartwrencher.

The note was from a man who had been maimed in an automobile accident. Every word he wrote bespoke a despair that bordered upon the totally hopeless. I answered—rather to the number of people—such as Sarah Bernhardt, Major de Severnys, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt—who had suffered the loss of a limb, faculty, yet had triumphed in the professions. So I replied, as if my mind. The magazine had not been on the stands a week before I began to receive answers to the boy, addressed to me to be forwarded. The people who were building rich, useful, meaningful lives of their own were themselves and those they loved, and each letter offered a fresh suggestion for the physical and mental rehabilitation of the reader. Over a hundred letters and thirty of these letters to the boy, and his answering note of thanks was something I shall never forget.

That one, for distance" case of listening, but several months later I was approached by a girl whom I had known slightly for some time. She explained that she had read my articles, so had been encouraged to talk to me. Hers was not an unusual problem. Sometimes I think the only solution is to lie down and go to sleep, and never wake up.

I listened to my young friend for nearly two hours. Eventually, we reached the point at which she let me make two lists. One list was made up of the man's faults, and the other of the good qualities of the man. She never wrote anything to him. The other consisted of his faults, described in detail. The statistics set down, we drew off a balance.

Looking at the score, the girl was astonished. It was rather clear that, in black and white, her prince charming was flunking the course. "Perhaps I've been a child," she said, "crying over a broken toy on the fifteen floors. I should have read in the paper that Christmas was only ten days away. Perhaps there's something far better in store... I'll keep you posted.

Naturally, the boy's problem wasn't that easy; it took time and common sense to end the futile romance. However, the important fact at that period was that she had been able to talk out her love and longing, her doubts and disappointments, and to come to a better understanding of herself and the situation. And to acquire enough poise to want to work it out. It's something I once had to work for myself and trust I have an idea that young people who dream of making the theater their life's work have a natural inclination to be garrulous. In addition to this built-in garrulness, we personally had another reason for wanting to hang my tongue in the middle. I had always been an introvert, determined to hide behind my high school, I envied the lucky girls who were able to launch into interesting chitchat with anyone at any time. I yearned for that ability. It turned out to be fairly easy to acquire, once I had analyzed the way I did that. It's quite another story, with which I'm not going to agitate myself now. Suffice it to say that there are ways of entering— if one knows when to quit. Trouble was, I didn't learn when to quit. Not then.

One night in Argentina, for instance, I was invited to a glamorous garden party. The host and hostess were the head teachers of the English school in Buenos Aires, which my husband had attended, and his guest list included the most fascinating guests available. Naturally, I wanted to shine, and I had the brief satisfaction of being told afterward that no one in the Fourth of July sparked more brightly.

Mr. Bridges? "I repeated uncertainly. He was the rugged chap with whom you had to play the greatest game of all, and I remembered him very well. Rugged, indeed. Intriguing. Attentive— he had a way of leaning forward to look at his visitors. And he was the first person to name the only one who was speaking it. When I should have been listening.

Mr. Bridges, it seemed, was the grand- sergeant of the Falkland Islands. When he had succeeded to the chief authorities in all but the coastal settlements. He had grown up in a small village, and had learned how to take care of himself in the wilderness as the average American youngster learns baseball.

Can you imagine it? I had spent perhaps four months in New York, given by a friend whom I'd known so long that she and I were extensively familiar with one another's biography. Her guest list, as always, included the usual people from the theatrical, literary and business worlds, so I was glad that I had licked my old-time introversion. I found myself talking to the young sergeant, and I envied that lady of indefinite age; we had delighted by her attitude; she seemed to imply that she found me amusing... and perhaps something more. Let's say her expression indicated an almost affectionate interest.

Afterward, I asked my hostess for the lady's name. My friend clapped her hand to her forehead and cried, "Isn't that exact lady who was the subject of my short story? She you in advance, but I was certain you would make the discovery for yourself. That lady was Dr. So-and-so, recently returned from China. Unless I'm mistaken, she and your mother attended medical school together; but she is so shy that a person must pry every word from her.

I might as well admit to my final conversion of that, and have done with it. I was on board a very glamorous situation

I Love To Listen
always—so I felt uncommonly communicative. During my brisk "constitutional" one evening, I met an extremely handsome man—tall, blondish, with twinkling blue eyes.

The gentleman proved to be adroit at "encouraging me to talk about myself. There are few subjects as fascinating as one's own history, so I enjoyed every moment. From his laughter and his further questions, I think it is safe to say that he suffered no pain from my boorishness. Came the day of docking at Liverpool, hurried farewells, and my surprise to note that my deck-walking companion was greeted by such pomp and ceremony as is accorded only to personages of great rank. "Can you tell me, please, the name of the tall gentleman?" I asked one of the uniformed chaps who seemed to be in full charge of the business.

"That is Lord Halifax, ma'am," was the answer.

If water weren't so wet, I might have drowned myself. At that time, Lord Halifax had served His Majesty's government as undersecretary for colonies, minister of agriculture, governor-general of India, secretary for war, lord privy seal, leader of the House of Lords, and was—at the time of our meeting—returning to his home on holiday from his post as ambassador to the United States.

I may not learn fast, but I learn deep. The fact had now penetrated to the ninth layer that I was missing some of the large experiences in life because I was on an "up-" and "down-" frequency. What I needed to do, I concluded, was to throw away the needle.

"Very well," I told myself, "I'll learn to listen, but I don't think I'm going to like it."

But I was wrong. It wasn't long before I discovered that my hard-earned silence was purchasing a knowledge of courage and philosophy which I might never have learned had I not become a listener. Not only chance acquaintances, but people who shared my daily routine began to open windows for me and I began to enjoy dinner parties, whereas—in the yakity-yak days—I had always exhausted myself being "charming." Within my own home, too, I soon found that my personal silence fomented all manner of interesting sound, from family and visitors alike.

One day, after I had repeated an interesting story one caller had told me, my younger daughter said thoughtfully, "Remember how you used to tell us by the hour? It didn't do much good. Then, something changed you. Instead of telling, you began to ask. Instead of talking, you began to listen, and the things you heard and passed on to us had twice the result that the lectures did."

"Yes, dear," I said meekly.

This is probably as good a time as any to confess that—hard as I try—I don't always listen. Several years ago, when I moved into a new house, a friend gave me a handsome teapot, inscribed with the words, "Peace and Plenty," the traditional house-warming gift. And I thought "because nothing expresses a wish for your peace and plenty quite so well as a teapot."

I was going about it at a great rate, chatting away happily about the thoughtfulness of the gift, the charm of the house, the delight I found in my new home. . . . I turned to my granddaughter, S'An Baxley, who was then only seven, and I burbled, "Isn't it delightful, darling?" I had the new house, and seeing friends, and opening packages, and the thought behind the giving of a teapot . . .

In a Charles Lathrawn voice, S'An said coldly, "Sounds corny to me."

Well, as I said, I love to listen. I never know what I'm going to hear next.

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(Continued from page 31)

Humes High School, bringing with him a friend from Hollywood, Nick Adams. Nick caught the spirit. Before a class of eleventh- and twelfth-graders, he did imitations of Hollywood marketeers. And facts, like wish you could have seen Elvis’ face when the students applauded. He was so proud that his friend pleased his “gang.” Elvis answered students’ questions for a long time. When it did come up to his home room and sat down at his old desk. We talked. And, as he left, he kissed me on the cheek. How can a girl and terrible be accused of being a bad influence?

On that same trip, he presented a television set to a Memphis teacher to be used for educational purposes. No Humes, where Elvis felt that the R.O.T.C. class helped him outgrow his awkward age, he made a most important gift. At a cost of about nine hundred dollars, he is outfiniting a drill team. The boys who wear those uniforms will be the snappiest, and certainly the proudest, in town. This gift means a great deal to them because it comes from some boys a boy who re-

Please continue the text as if you were reading it naturally.
Humes endeavors to give the students actual occupational training, he was applying himself with fervor. In academic studies, he did fairly well.

I first found out Elvis could sing when someone suggested that he bring his guitar to our home-room picnic. While the other students were dashing around Overton Park playing games and generally working off their high spirits, Elvis sat by himself, plunking softly on that guitar. The other students began to gather around. There was something about his quiet, plaintive singing which drew them like a magnet. It wasn't the rock and roll for which he later became famous, but was much more like "Love Me Tender." Encouraged by knowing that the other students wanted him to hear, he went on and on, singing his young heart out.

In his senior year, Elvis sang for his first "big" audience—the 1,500 people who crowded our auditorium for our variety show, run annually as a benefit for the Humes fund I've mentioned. As producer of that show, I found I had almost too much talent available. When I listed them all, there were more than thirty acts.

More acts than time, really. And what about encores? I solved the problem by calling the cast together and making a little speech. "We just do not have that many minutes," I told them. "People would be here all night. So let's be fair. We'll have just one encore. The person who gets the most applause can go out again at the end of the show."

Backstage that night, tension mounted higher than it ever had. As students do, each one when he came off stage, pretended not to care. "Was I lousy?" And, to another, "Kid, you were the most. You'll get it for sure." But a teacher who knows her teenagers could tell. Each one of them hoped.

And, by now, you know who got it. Elvis was standing alone at the edge of the stage, half-hidden by the curtain, when I told him. "It's you, Elvis, go on back out there."

I know that first success continues to mean something to Elvis, for he has returned twice to appear on the show as our guest star. The last time, he brought his band with him. Of course we sold out solid for both performances.

I'm particularly glad that Humes is continually important to Elvis, because Elvis is important to Humes. Seeing Elvis succeed is an incentive to all.

The students feel that, if Elvis did it, they can, too.

They bring me little stories about him, too. One is typically our Elvis. He was walking down the midway at the fair, on one of his trips back home. A very tiny girl was carrying a bottle of perfume she had won at some booth. Noticing her, Elvis stopped and said, "Let me smell it."

The child's face clouded as she confessed, "It doesn't have any smell."

Elvis patted her on the head. "It doesn't matter, honey," he said. "You're sweet enough for both."

For the sake of the Humes students, as well as his own sake, I'm glad Elvis wants to be an actor. He has common sense enough to realize all times cannot be peak times. Dreamer though he is, he realizes new learning in new fields will bring him new security. Elvis, like the students who are still in school, has something to work toward.

Elvis a bad influence? If I believed for one moment that this boy was determining the strength and morality of our youth, I would not hesitate to tell him so myself. But I saw him as a decent-thinking, right-living, generous and kind person. And I am convinced he will remain as he is today—one of my very own boys.
There were five of us children all growing up together in a nice, respectable home in Salt Lake City. I wasn’t exactly born a young matron. But I did start baby-sitting at the age of three.

This wholesome and utterly unadorned background, which would ordinarily equip a girl for a successful career as chief cook and baby-bottle-washer in her own little home, has produced a sensitive and talented artist who performs with equal skill on radio and TV, stage and screen. Dramatic courses at the University of Utah, in both winter and summer stock, certainly contributed smoothness and assurance to her technique. But Margaret believes that her pleasantly unexceptional childhood is, in a way, Margaret’s dramatic asset: its unprepossessing and plausible performance in the role of a woman she’s most often asked to play.

When Margaret first came to New York to make her amateur Broadway—precisely with a brand-new Bachelor of Arts degree from Utah U. and thirty-eight dollars in solid cash—she found the going a little rough. But, sometimes, “talking from Don’t—Don’t—Win—Zin-o-pads,” a great many letters-of-application finally won her a place with the Provincetown Players and she was on her way!

Next came a break with the Theater Guild in the role of “Papa Is All,” a part in the Actors’ Equity production of “Peer Gynt” (she was voted one of the most promising actresses of the year for that performance) and radio roles such as Liz Dennis in the “Brighter Day.” Then, about two years ago, when the part of Linda Pepper was being cast, Margaret “Perfect Wife” Draper was asked to audition—and won the role.

In private life, Margaret became the wife of actor Joe De Santis in 1936—and mother of little Christopher Santis De Santis in 1951. Her home is a charming, contemporary apartment (Margaret calls it “comfortably modern”) on Manhattan’s Central Park West, featuring several fine pieces of sculpture by Joe, a number of sketches and portraits by Margaret—and a steady stream of five-year-old visitors invited by Chris. By all accounts, Margaret’s most ardent admirer is her son Chris. She may have been “wife” to many men, but she’s just one man’s mother, and to this handsome lad of five summers she is the most fascinating woman in the world. Not, you understand, because she’s a famous star—but because she can read “Little Lulu” better than anybody.

“Chris isn’t a precious child,” Margaret says of her son (who actually has a strictly upper-echelon I.Q. and began to read at the age of two), “but he’s alert and observant. And he hasn’t the right instincts.” As an example, she tells of his reaction to the brilliant woman assigned to teach his five-year-old class at Hunter College’s very exclusive school for exceptional children. This truly dedicated teacher, Margaret explains, is “a wide, wonderful person about sixty years old, with a face that is full of Gertrude Stein’s and a Marie Dressler-like sort of figure.” Yet young Chris, rushing home to report on his first day back in school, said: “Mommy, my new teacher is a kind and beautiful person. She is full of stories and jokes.”

“And, of course, in the deepest sense, he was right!” adds Margaret, who has a very real sense of appreciation for the understanding and undervalued heroines of our country’s classrooms. She has done a good bit of reading and thinking on the subject of education—she can quote fluently and verbatim from all sorts of authorities, ranging from Gesell to Jacques Barzun—and she truly believes that the development and encouragement of fine teachers is the crying need in America today. “I can’t actually be a teacher,” she says regretfully, “because I don’t have the training or the temperament. But I can and will do everything in my power to make the sailing smoother for our children.”

As a step in this direction, Margaret last year accepted the role of Class Mother for The Fours at Chris’s school. In this capacity, she attended parent-teacher meetings; worked with Chris’s committee, worked in the music library—and even, for a few weeks, substituted in class for one of the assistant teachers who was out with the flu. The result was a dramatic reading of such items as “The Popcorn Dragon,” “Wee Willie Winkie” and “The Little Train Who Won a Medal” were received with overwhelming enthusiasm, and helped Margaret develop her own children’s friendships.

Although young Chris prefers reading to “changing diapers” (he reads anything and everything, but especially a paperback of ‘‘The Little Train Who Won a Medal’’—he does like to tune in on “Mommy’s program” (Pepper Young’s Family, of course).

“Chris adores to chat with grownups, too,” Margaret adds. “He’s always buttonholing a bus driver or striking up a conversation with the guard at the Museum of Natural History, which is one of his favorite haunts.” She confesses that, in the pre-Christopher phase of her life, she wasn’t exactly well informed on matters pertaining to science and natural history. “I didn’t cringe from a Steinbeck novel—but I’m learning. A few more visits to the Hall of Dinosaurs and I’ll be calling all those prehistoric monsters by their first names.”

In some ways, Margaret feels that the private life she’s now leading—“I’m sort of a Main-Street matron from Manhattan”—enables her understanding of the widly parts she gives. But she also believes that her experiences as an actress increase her understanding of people and situations encountered in reality, and helps her solve problems.

There are times, she admits, when the similarity between truth and fiction can be painfully close. The trouble that is not tormenting Pepper Young calls the rest of the world from a Steinbeck novel. But the real-life problem in the life of Margaret’s own family—when her brother was held a prisoner in the Philippines and was finally lost. “In four years, she says, my parents received only three letters, though he must have written hundreds.”

Linda’s fictional dilemma had to do with her first husband, whose imprisonment and death overseas during World War II had been officially announced by the War Department. It is easy for Margaret to convey the distress that Linda feels for this man, Jeff, who is the helpless victim of the hideous circumstances of war. It is not easy for her to be reminded, so personally and repeatedly, of her own personal loss.

Nevertheless, Margaret is an actress who turns in a completely understandable, completely human performance every time—even if her assignment is simply to read a bedtime story to Chris. Acting to her, not only is not a proud profession but a way of life.

“I suppose,” she muses, “I might some day give up my professional career. It’s conceivable that I could. But I’ll never give acting.”
Singing Fool

(Continued from page 49) and soon the darkness of business. Economic worries and harassments shattered the serenity of their home.

The boy did not understand what was happening. All he knew was that a sudden end had come to his plans. He shed his tuxedo and when he would sit at the feet of his parents, snug, warm and safe, and listen to spine-tingling tales of his Indian forebears. For, although he was the son of an ex-Pitch and his mother Irish, there was Indian blood in both, almost one-fourth on Geneva's side. He loved those stories of war and peace. They had shown him the very furniture of the house, and now there would be no more of them.... No more stories of how his great-grandparents turned from Indian ways to seek a future in the future. No more adventures and exploits of a paternal great-grandfather who was the first effective "peace officer" of Oklahoma. The freckled nine-year-old, with blue eyes that change to green and gray with the changing light, had to learn the bitter lesson of submission to the wayward winds of fortune. He followed his mother, holding her hand, to the home of her father.

Those were lean times in Oklahoma, and very soon Grandpa Fool came to a decision. "They're going to Phoenix, Arizona. This was a period of great excitement in the family—and, for the boy Sanford, a time of deepening interest in music. The family were interested in genealogy, and the children had been taught the packing of belongings and the gathering of the brood... a rather large brood, since Geneva had six brothers and sisters younger than herself. Sanford had alone ten months older than Sanford but already invested with the superiority of an uncle.

When I think back on it, Geneva Clark says now, I realize this is the boy who had to grow up responsible. That was a sad time for a little boy, but already he worried more about others than himself. I came into the house one day and saw him looking at his face in the mirror. When I asked him what he was doing, he said, 'I want to see if I was getting to look like an Indian.' And, when I asked why, he said, 'I feel sorry for the poor Indians. I wish there were some way I could help.'

It was during those days, when Sanford attended school in Phoenix, that he was recruited to sing a soprano part in "The Grand Canyon," an operetta which dimly recalls as having been written by one of his teachers.

"I can still feel my throat to ice," Sanford recalls wryly, "as I waited my turn to pass through the ocean of curious faces. The signal came. I literally bolted up the aisle and sang off to the rear of the audience. I looked out at a thousand sp spiring faces, opened my mouth—and gulped. Nothing came out! Not a note, not a squeak! I'd forgotten. Then, my lips gave a last ounce of my courage, I yelled to the pianist. 'Stop! Stop! I forgot!' The music halted, and a good-natured tittering arose from the audience. I realized, to me, it sounded like the crash of a million cymbals in mid-air.

His mother remembers that Sanford terried to the wings, where he was prompted in his part and shoved back on. Pales and HTC, he got over his stage fright and sang his lines. "I tried to comfort him," Geneva says. "I said nothing mattered except that he had the spunk to get up and try—and see if it was all right. His teacher tried to joke him out of it. He told him he'd heard of music stopping a singer but this was the first time he'd heard of a singer stopping the music. Sanford shook his head and cried. He was inconsolable."

Nevertheless, this did not deter Sanford's interest in music for its own sake. At eleven, he was the proud owner of a guitar. Money being short, lessons were rather spasmodic and he learned to play mainly by himself. Sanford had a good ear and could catch a note right off the orchestral score. Another form of art had caught his fancy about this time, and for several terms at Phoenix Technical High School, he was "up to try and to be" and might help him become a commercial artist. He can't remember exactly why this interest languished—but then his school was no great shakes. He was only an average student and was discouraged from trying for football. "Too gangly and thin," the coach said. After failing to make the team and, for obvious reasons, to get into R.O.T.C., and became one of the Color Guard that opened football games.

"The big things in my boyhood," Sanford reminisces, "were my big and dog 'Butch,' my guitar and my rifle. Mom bought me the rifle for my eleventh birthday. It was .45-70 and pretty beefy, but I thought it was the most beautiful thing in the world. It had a glistening royal blue, saved enough money to buy a basket for the handles, and then set out to make my fortune. I would take shopping orders for our neighbors and deliver to their door. My reward was usually a nickel tip. One day I got a dime and I rode home feeling like Rockefeller. The rifle, but she wouldn't take it. She made me save, and that's how I got my second wish—a guitar.

"To my uncle, if you can call a fellow less than a year older an uncle—and I bought guitars at the same time. We were living in a housing development in Phoenix and, for hours at a stretch, we'd prance around the buildings, playing cowboy tunes. We got a lot of dirty looks for our palms, but we had one loyal admirer. That was my first girl, Susie, a neighbor's child. She would follow at our heels, clapping hands and begging, 'More, Sanford—more!' I guess," Sanford added with a grin, "you might say she was my first fan, too.

The rifle was acquired when he visited his father in Tulsa. It was a joyful reunion: 'Dad bought me my first rifle, which I still keep oiled and polished. He taught me to shoot and to hunt. He also taught me the principles of good sportsmanship, to kill only as many rabbits and birds as were needed for food. We had some great times together.'

The dog? Sanford suddenly loses his look of eager remembering; he thrusts a hand roughly through his hair. "Let Mom tell it," he mutters. Mrs. Clark, who has gone to the window and is staring at the pleasant residential street stamped with all the traits of lower-middle-class suburbism, doesn't turn as she says: "It was during high school that Butch was born. My thoughts are back to my last dog, and he always called it Butch. No matter what the name was, to him it was Butch. The last Butch was his favorite. I think it was the thing he held most dear. Let me see..."

"Sanford was never without his Butch. It followed him to school like Mary's lamb, and it waited in the school yard until he got out so that it could go home. It slept in his bed. And when I ran out into the road one day and a truck passed over its poor little body. When Sanford got out of school that day, he said, "It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today..."
Butch was nowhere to be seen. And then, as he crossed the road, he saw the poor thing all bloody and dead. He told his mother about it. He said, "Why didn't they have him off the road? Why did they have to let him die there all by himself?" I offered to get him another "thanks but no thanks," and he never had one since." She pauses, hesi-
tates, glances uneasily at her son and adds in a subdued tone, "I don't guess any of us like to take the chance of being hit by a truck."

There's no doubt that Sanford has such fears. His dark-haired, clear-skinned handsomeness is strung just a bit too tightly. A careful look at the gesture and speech, the long conditioning he's had in losing loved ones or being parted from them, as well as the day-by-day grinding away of various inner pressures that he has had for his entire life since boyhood. It is obvious, and he knows it, that this is what has kept him from giving singing the big try before now.

"I wanted some kind of musical career for years," he admits. "At first, the guitar, and then—when I realized I wasn't in a class withfellows like Al Casey—singing, too. I guess I was just too late. I kept my dream under wraps. Only Mom guessed."

Unlike Elvis Presley and Pat Boone, who entered the field with nothing but the psychological advantages that go with firm and happy family life, Sanford is still fighting the inner battle for self-confi-
dence. Of the three singers, it is generally conceded that he has the least chance to develop this quality so vital to a professional entertainer. Aside from being almost two years younger than Elvis when he went on his Pacific tour, he has had only the past three-and-a-half years in the U.S. Air Force and will not become a full-time agent for months to come. Until then, he must content himself with an occasional appearance on radio.

It seems almost a miracle that, in six months, he has leaped to a level where he is picked by many "in the know" as the coming threat. "Elvis" tried this. It is not to say that Sanford thinks of himself as a rock 'n' roller. Far from it. Lee Hazelwood, his manager and the composer of both "The Fool" and "A Chest," has told me of the "greatest" in finds in guitarists since Eddie Condor, both agree that Sanford's style is a natural wedding of the hillbilly and show business. He's a genuine artist, a rare breed, in the opinion of Al Boone, who gave him his first job as a disk jockey. Sanford has "everything they had on "The Fool.""

But Sanford, whether he is fully aware of it or not, is already becoming famous. And that brings this story back to its beginning. Pat and I got the same impression that we had the same things on the minds of the words, the philosophy behind them . . . and he only distorts when the shape of the music demands it. This is a kid who has a real deal. He knows the meaning of emotions that kine his age usually don't know exist . . .

One such emotion may perhaps be heightened by the fact that, as his father tells. When Sanford was fifteen, his mother, a little Connie Clark in Turley, Oklahoma. Connie was working on construction of the YMCA in near-by Tulsa, Sanford picked in to help. At lunch time, he would strum his guitar and sing for the workmen. They were glad of the break in the day's rou-
tine and some of them, in appreciation, told Connie about a local talent contest that was to be staged in the town park. Connie urged his boy to enter. Sanford didn't know what an ac-
cordion player. To break the tie, the pair had to step out on a final round of applause. This time, Sanford re-
frained to go out. "Why? Why?" asked his father. "I just couldn't do it," he confided, with a candid grin, "you and the men have been whooping it up for me, Dad. But the other kid's really better and I figure he ought to win."

The boy's voice had gone solemn, "I'll make you a promise: When I get good enough for first place—no matter what it is—I won't step back for anyone.

In the three months in March that he's been stationed at Williams A. F. Base in Phoenix as a skilled teletypewriter with the rank of Airman First Class. Be-
cause of the necessity for working in shifts, it's a four months of making friends or promoting his career. He himself says, "The Air Force has been a great help to me. It's a way of living that keeps me the security of a pay check and, small as it is, it helped give me confidence. I've learned teletyping, and that's a trade I can fall back on any time I want to. And it gives me the time to do things."

Of course it's had some drawbacks, as far as making personal appearances is con-
cerned—although they've been dogged (female) for the time being.

"I'll say this: Unless there's a war—and then, of course, I'll stay in where I'm needed—I'll be glad to become a civilian again and devote all my time to singing. Less they bring me back to Pres-
ley and Pat Boone, but I'm not sure. I admire both of them, especially Pat. But if Al and I have the stuff, I don't have to make a brassy ass of myself in an attempt to get it."

What, for example, would a fair chance be?

"The same as Elvis got—a crack at the Ed Sullivan or Steve Allen deals," he says, then adds wistfully, "We're trying for it." And, at all once, the little boy he was jumps back into his grin as he ex-
claims, "Boy, I'd sure be famous then."

But Sanford, whether he is fully aware of it or not, is already becoming famous. And that brings this story back to its beginning.

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If you have trouble with plates that slide rock and cause sore gums, try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One applica-
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Mrs. Frances De Berry

(Continued from page 32)
I had been accepted as a contestant. And with me on the show, as I mounted, step by step, to each succeeding plateau.

A few days after it had happened, Mrs. Frances De Berry called me up on the telephone, but it happened to me can’t be described. I have no words. It dropped out of the blue. How could I have dreamed ?

Seventy-four years ago, Frances Carter was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Her parents, Green and Lila Carter, had been slaves. "It was twenty-five years after they were free," said Mrs. De Berry, "that I mounted on my own."

When the colored people came out of slavery, they didn’t have anything. In those days, three dollars a week kept a family. But, although we were what you could call poor and provided for, we did better than that. With nine children, he had to. Working as a riveter, bending iron and steel to help build bridges, he made a good living.

"My father was an exceptional man to come out of slavery. He spoke in dialect, but he named his dogs Romulus and Remus. And, they were more advanced in their pronunciation of the consonants, rolling them. Robinson and Rebus, he knew he had named them for the legendary founders of Rome. He knew about Hannibal and Attila the Hun, and Genghis Khan and the like. He got a school built on our property for the kids, his own and others roundabout. He had a kind of instinctively cultured man.

"I’d like to think I inherited my love of reading, of all the arts, from my father," Mrs. De Berry smiled. "McGuffey’s Readers were my first books—and oh, they taught me. You can’t do without the past riches for me, too. It was in one of them I read about Hamlet’s father’s ghost. He was marvelous, he just thrilled me. I looked for more of Shakespeare.

"Then, one day, our family doctor, Dr. Davidson, who had been a slave owner, stopped by and found me reading. He asked what I was reading, and I read aloud the first few lines, which begins: ‘Sweet are the uses of adversity...’ I can still see Dr. Davidson’s eyebrows making little gray exclamation points—husky ones—over the exclamation marks. ‘Why, that’s from Shakespeare!’ he said, ‘Why, that’s from Shakespeare!’

Little dreaming that the same lines and the same answer would, one far-off day, help her enter the world of Shakespeare.

From the age of twelve, Shakespeare was literally Frances Carter’s world. She has read and can quote from Byron, Tennyson, Shelley, Keats. She has read the Bible through, more than once—loving, especially, the Psalms. She read Dickens and Browning and Scott. But, always, her heart and most of her time were dedicated to Shakespeare. "He seemed almost more real than her own life.

She “continued in school” until she was nearly sixteen. "Later, I went to Fisk University, from which I graduated. I majored in English—a standard course, and perhaps not up-to-date," she smiled, "but I guess it did me all right!" And then she was married.

"After we were married," Frances Carter De Berry recalled, "my husband and I moved to Louisville, where I have lived for thirty-eight years—most recently, in a little apartment across the hall from my daughter’s. My husband, but I have been a widow for thirty-three years. Until after my husband died, I stayed home tending my three children. I had two twins, Caroline and Alfred, Tennyson, and one daughter, Myra. But I did no outside work. I was reading every spare minute. Reading, book in hand, over the cookstove. Reading, book propped on the edge of the stove, of an evening. Reading until one and two in the morning. What I couldn’t provide for my body—fine clothes and fancy foods and such—I provided for my mind. Reading has been my life.

"Of course, after my husband died, I went outside to work. For a time, I earned about eighteen dollars a week as a nurse. I picked up one of the Italian jobs, going out and talking to people, reading the Scriptures to them. After that, I did cooking and ‘day work’—cleaning, ironing, sewing. But, that didn’t do. I was so happy. I couldn’t stand it, I couldn’t take it. I just couldn’t make the money."

"I've done a lot of work in my time, shaved my effects. There was a lot of trouble, too, of the kind that is really trouble. The death of my son Caswell, when he was thirty-three. The long illness of my daughter, who died at the age of twenty-eight. Nothing but trouble, it seemed, and no comfort for me but to turn to Shakespeare."

"In Julius Caesar, Shakespeare speaks of a man who ‘mispronounced the world at the gate, and was cut at the foot, leads on to fortune.’ And so it was for me, one day last summer, when I was walking down the street. A passerby, a neighbor of ours, Miss Marie Marshall, called to me: ‘Mrs. De Berry, I’ve been thinking—why don’t you try to get on this $6,000 Question and make yourself some-thing? I think you could do well.’ But I didn’t know how I should gain entrance on the program, and I told her so. A day or so later, another neighbor friend, Juanita Garner, spoke to me about Mr. Redmond O’Hare, the producer of the program. He asked me what the $6,000 Question was, and I told her we didn’t have a television set. ‘I think you could answer those questions,’ she said to me. ‘Miss Marie Marshall,’ Mrs. De Berry smiled, ‘must have sowed a seed in my mind, for this time my answer wasn’t so positive. ‘I wouldn’t know how to go about getting on the program,’ I said. Then, that same week, I got a telephone call—‘Mrs. De Berry, you’re on the $6,000 Question.’ ‘But I don’t know how...’ I thought. ‘I think you could answer those questions,’ she said, ‘and her category was Shakespeare. I think you could answer those questions.’"

"To Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. De Berry smiled, ‘must have sowed a seed in my mind, for this time my answer wasn’t so positive. ‘I wouldn’t know how to go about getting on the program,’ I said. Then, that same week, I got a telephone call—‘Mrs. De Berry, you’re on the $6,000 Question.’ ‘But I don’t know how...’ I thought. ‘I think you could answer those questions,’ she said, ‘and her category was Shakespeare. I think you could answer those questions.’"

"Once the tide turns, it seems to come full tide. Perhaps I could do well, through the veins of my blood, as Shakespeare got in mine, they stay there. I wrote a letter to The $6,000 Question, in care of the Cable Broadcasting System, and I said to them, in my letter the things I should have said, in the way I should have said them, for I didn’t receive any answer. So I went to my friend, Mr. Edwin Wilson, the principal of the School for the Blind, and he wrote a letter for me. The graduating class of that year sent letters, too, speaking of me as I could not have been so bold to speak of myself.’"}

In due course of time, Mr. Wilson received an answer to his letter, and an application form to be filled in and returned.
Word came back that the application had been accepted and that—although the program does not pay an applicant’s expenses to New York—they would be pleased to have Mrs. De Berry call them, if she were ever in the city. She came to a sudden decision. "I think I would like to go to Shakespeare, and suddenly Miss Pearl Mitchell, who lives in New York, had been begging me to make her a visit. I’d go up to New York, make my visit. And while I was there..."

While there, she called the number which had been given her, was interviewed, went through the final screening—"and suddenly Mrs. De Berry found herself on The $64,000 Question. Why, five weeks later, she stopped at the $16,000 plateau, she still cannot quite explain, even to herself. People had written to her so kind. And then, to express her love of Shakespeare had made so much. "The opportunity to honor Shakespeare," she said simply, "was some small return for the $16,000 I fully intended to go on to the $32,000 question. I can’t explain why I didn’t. Something confused me, something I can’t name. And I am hurt over it, hurt bad. I would have stood up for this $4,000 question itself—even if, by so doing, I had lost—just for the love of Shakespeare. But so much had already happened, that was beyond all imagination.

Those were exciting days. When her friends asked, after she had won the $16,000, was she going to do with all this money? "I’m going to buy myself a very fine cloth coat. I am going to buy myself two or three pairs of the finest kind of shoes, and some dresses. I won’t buy many dresses, but of pride should have in life’s opportunities—a piece of jewelry, too, as a keepsake. If it turns out to be possible, I would like to buy a little house in the country... have my daughter live with me, if she wants to... have friends in, the circle of friends in whom I have worked up quite an interest in Shakespeare... and have tea and cakes.

"If I can see my way, of course, I’d love to go to Europe. If I could visit the Shakespeare country, find myself—oh, Lord of Mercy—in Stratford-on-Avon! I have always been interested in anything medieval, especially the great cathedrals in Europe. If I could stand, just once, in Westminster Abbey, visit the great basilicas of St. Peter’s in Rome, the Duomo in Florence, Notre Dame in Paris..."

"I would like to work with children in Shakespeare country, put on ‘The Winter’s Tale,’ with the children doing the Dance of the Shepherds. Put on Shakespearean plays with adults, too. If all this had happened to me when I was younger, I would have tried to be a Shakespearean actress.

"But, at the very least—and perhaps for the very best—the opportunity that has been given me may encourage everyone, young people, to read books.

"No, the money is not of the first importance. The first importance is that I have found friends, great friends, among strangers. I have an opportunity of pride and gratitude to share all of the Rehon people, who sponsor The $64,000 Question..."
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which he didn't actually expect me to know. But I must have made a fair showing, for Dr. Evans was kind enough to say that he had never met anyone with such an extraordinary vocabulary.

He should have heard me when truck drivers try to shove my cab up on the sidewalk! I've never been one to use profanity. I'm able to express myself, at least, without using language.

Telling them 'nicely' how to park their trucks in a small space can be more potent than the most colorful cuss words.

That final screening, Tom continued, "either you're in or you're not. This was a Friday. The following Tuesday, I was on. In the meantime, they had me transferred from the 'Y' to a hotel on Madison Avenue. Once you're scheduled to appear, they pick up the tab.

"I had only one edgy moment," he recalled, "and that was when I was asked—say, part five of the eight-part $64,000 question— to name a generic term for any important Greek temple." Then I hesitated, not sure whether they wanted the noun hieron or the adjective aieros. However, I said 'hieron,' and the luck of the Irish held. When we came to the eighth and last part of this crucial question—a frame on which skins are dried, as for parchments—I answered, 'hieron.' And, with that last word, I'd won the summit prize.

"As soon as I stepped down from that summit, it was into such a whirl as has to be seen to be believed, to be believed that night were my boss, John J. Montana, his wife, and his chauffeur, Johnny Germaine. Mr. Montana wanted me to go out and find some cab driver—such as me. I wasn't, I admit, exactly drunk. The word was: I was 'drunk'—since I neither drink nor smoke. I told him I'd just sit there like a jerk, a cup of coffee before me, while almost everyone else was getting mellow on champagne. It was just the proper time to go to a drugstore and have a cup of coffee with my nephew—by-marriage, Ted Stamm."

But there were other nights, and other cells, and other stories, and other names, such as: John Downey, vice-president of the Van Dyke Cab Company, took me to the Stork Club, where we got the real red-carpet treatment. And, a few days after that I went to the Woodbine Clubhouse in Toronto, Canada.

"Then Frank J. Moyer, Jr., mayor of Lockport, proclaimed 'Tom Kane Day,' and I received the key of the city."

And, of course, on The $64,000 Challenge, the Question's sister-quiz. The Reyon people have said they wanted to go to England and be on The $64,000 Shilling program which they also sponsor over there.

"Other honors have been professed," Tom said, "but I enjoy my work. Different people all day, every day. I like people. When you like people, you talk to them. And if I hadn't talked to the people I drove," Tom laughed, "I wouldn't be sitting here now, in a hotel on Fifth Avenue, telling you all about myself! For this is how it all began: One day, I picked up four faves—four advertising-agency men, as I found out—at the Hotel Stalter in Buffalo. They wanted to be driven to the Erlanger Theater, where they asked me to stand by and take them to the station. When they came out and settled in my cab, I asked them, 'Why don't you boys buy the theater and put up on a good version of 'Lysistrata'?'"

"I could see in the mirror that they sort of snapped to attention. They asked some questions, and I told them that Lysistrata was the title and the heroine of a Greek comedy by Aristophanes. They seemed to be getting quite excited, spoke of the difficulty of getting qualified participants for The $64,000 Question, and asked a few more questions. Finally, I gave them my name and address, just before they caught their breath..."

"I was a bit muddled, but I was on the way to New York City, having received and filled in an application blank for The $64,000 Question—and having duly noted the show's invitation to call the casting director myself."

Many people, before these four men, had asked Tom, "Why don't you try for The $64,000 Question?" As Tom explained, "I found I was right, but it was impossible, on the basis of mathematical computation—my own computation. A million or more applications. Out of the million, fifty that are good. Out of the fifty that are good, how should I suppose that I—Tom Kane, cab driver—would be one of the six? As I rode the train to New York, I thought: If I'm one of the eight-part $64,000 questions, I'm one of that very few."

"In the late evening, I would ride the cab to the other side of Central Park, and, as I rode back to my house, which looks a little like Tobacco Road, in its present condition—not a shingle on the outside. Now it will get a little fixing up, but how much, I'm not sure."

"I'm going to the Old Country and a few shingles for the house—and perhaps a new TV set—the rest of my prize money will be put into blue-chip securities, but what a shingled income isn't indicated. If I should win more on The $64,000 Challenge—that is, over and above what I have now—perhaps I'll buy that beautiful Stradivarius."

"There are a sort of 'musical foundation,' to be borrowed by students in the schools or universities who need such an instrument to give a concert."

But a momentary tabled this latest dream. "It's been a wonderful experience, wonderful. I told myself, the other night: If I were only permitted to make a selection from the list, I'd use one of the most beautiful words in the English language—memorable."
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Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll stay sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

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What's new on the East

By Peter Abbot

Scoop & Double-Scoop: Presley is rumored to be considering an offer to head his own series of spectacles next fall on a major TV network. Speaking of Elvis, Bing Crosby has this to say in Dave Kaufman's Variety column: "You can't just sing 'Hound Dog' all the time, and his tunes all sound like it. I think he's a sexy-looking kid, and can do very well in his career if he makes the most of the opportunity. But he has to take those side-burns off, and do other things. The kids will like him all the more, if he's smart and segues into something else." ... Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence reported to be just around the corner from the altar. ... Phyllis McGuire, youngest of the great singing trio, is going very, very steady. Lucky man is one of Manhattan's top oral surgeons. ... Ex-Challenger Sonny Fox, still of Let's Take A Trip, will watch his wife take a trip to maternity hospital come June. . . . Handsome Ed Murrow planning to cut down on his work. Most likely his radio chores will go. Neither illness nor anything else of a serious nature involved. . . . An electronic manufacturer will cut cost of color TV receivers to $300 by late spring. . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr., may be named an ambassador. . . . Judy Garland has had it and so has CBS. What a furor! Judy was supposed to do a big, special show on February 28 but didn't like the CBS program outline. They thought she should do an extract of her night-club and stage-show acts. Judy didn't think this was much of an idea, and furthermore felt, after her Palace engagement, that she was too tired to create her own. Sponsors and CBS in agony. Judy remained adamant. So CBS tore up long-term contract. The loser; The public. . . . Just as it's titled, "The Very Happy Piano" is a very happy listening. It's a Columbia collection of Errol Garner, one of the most creative of jazz pianists.

Panel Panic: Polly Bergen, "anchor man" on To Tell The Truth, thrilled over Playhouse 90 assignment for May 2, when she plays title role in "Helen Morgan Story." But beautiful Bergen notes that her continuing panel work is plenty rugged. Says she, "It's high-tension work. Particularly this panel show. It's like being a quiz contestant. There's no time to relax." Many people think you get to be a panelist by knowing the right people. Actually, in the case of To Tell The Truth, Polly was one of 300 persons auditioned. Panelists were chosen for appearance, intelligence, charm, wit, and composure. It's like no other aspect of show business and Polly should know, for she has starred on Broadway, in more than a dozen movies, in TV and radio and on records. "One of my big problems on the panel show is the fact that I'm near-sighted, which means I have to sneak on my glasses when the camera is off me." In private life, Polly is married to Freddie Fields, an exec at Music Corporation of America. The Fields, with nine-year-old daughter Kathy, live in a ten-room apartment. Polly has decorated her apartment so beautifully that her close friends, Phil and Evelyn Silvers, have called on her to do their honeymoon apart ment. Polly makes a rare excursion out of the city next month when she goes to Hollywood studios for Playhouse 90. "Generally, I turn down night-club or movie work that requires my leaving Manhattan," she says, and explains, "This is as a result of my childhood. My father was a contracting engineer and we lived in five to ten different towns every year. It was no fun."

Marge of Search For Tomorrow, Melba Roe bets it'll be a boy, due in June.

Kind of Personal: Jimmy Durante can't do enough for people. Ask him to a party and he knocks himself out entertaining. He's big-hearted, an easy touch, always ready to lend himself to benefits and a good cause, so it's altogether fitting that there should be an Entertainment Industry Tribute to Jimmy Durante at New York's Waldorf-Astoria on March 17. Sponsored by the Jewish Theatrical Guild, the testimonial dinner will also raise funds for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, Will Rogers Hospital, Welfare Funds of AGWA and AFTRA, Actors Fund, Catholic Actors Guild, Yiddish Theatrical Alliance, Negro Actors Guild and Episcopal Actors Guild. ... And while on the subject of awards, let it be noted that, on March 26, Perry Como receives the Friars' Club's Man of the Year Testimonial. Usually Perry tries to avoid testimonials but he's quite flustered about this one. . . . And Perry Como's ex-secretary, now Mrs. Julius La Rosa, has exciting news. She's gonna make Julie a pappy. About July 24. Says Julie, "I hope this will be the first of many." . . . Virginia Graham got herself a good, new deal. She becomes official spokesman for Colgate. A job comparable to the one Betty Furness does for Westinghouse. . . . Trend toward more and more calypso music. Predict in another year it will rival rock 'n roll, and with cause. New calypso is vivid, rhythmic and full of vitality. Proof of this is a Columbia item entitled "Hi Fi Calypso, Etc." starring Enid Moyes, Broadway star. She's just tremendous. . . . Positively set for "George M. Cohan Story" on NBC-TV, May 11th, is Mickey Rooney, assisted by Gloria DeHaven and June Havoc. All three were raised in vaudeville and should superbly interpret the Cohan era. . . . It's true that Ed Sulli-
Schnoz Jimmy Durante consented to be put on a "pedasill"—but for charity.

van sneaks out of Manhattan on free afternoons—he's off to visit his grandchildren in New Rochelle.

Have a Calorie: One nice thing about TV is that you don't have to be absolutely skinny. Everyone's commenting how much better Liz Allen looks. Not so gaunt. Liz is Jackie Gleason's Away-We-Go-Girl. Until recently Liz was combining fashion modeling with her TV career. For fashion, you've got to be positively splintery. Now Liz, who has launched her singing career at the Stork Club, can afford to eat nearly normal, for she has given up fashion modeling. TV cameras permit a little flesh. Another gal, Nancy Walter, just graduated from a Glea-girl to a Portrette, had a similar experience. Nancy, one of the most beautiful gals in the country, gave up fashion modeling for TV because she never felt right. Not getting enough to eat. She started out on The Big Payoff. Now she makes enough dough to pay for vocal lessons, a comfortable apartment, clothes—and a double-decker sandwich when she pleases.

Hit & Run: Pat Boone's father-in-law, Red Foley, now doing two radio shows a week for ABC. ... Another of Red's discoveries is hitting big time via rock 'n' roll on Capitol discs. That's Sonny James, twenty-nine, whose disc, "Young Love," started out as a country record, jumped the traces into the pop class and climbed close to two-million in sales. ... Young Sanford Clark, newly-discharged from the Air Force, breaks the news that he married Lucy Thrasher, sister of his fan club presy, early last spring. He is set to sing in Miami, Florida, during February and March. Also (Continued on page 70)
After a Paris jam session, Edward R. Murrow gets Louis Armstrong into a confiding mood. In Africa, Lucille Armstrong shows natives how to dance to her husband’s jazz.

**TV RADIO MIRROR**

goes to the movies

**TV favorites on your theater screen**

By JANET GRAVES

**The Saga of Satchmo**

UNITED ARTISTS

For one of his See It Now programs, Edward R. Murrow sent his roving camera crew along with Louis Armstrong to Europe and Africa, but only about ten minutes of the show is used in this thoroughly delightful movie. All the rest is brand-new, the rousing story of the New Orleans jazz man who has carried America’s own music to cheering fans overseas. Interviewed by Murrow, Louis outlines his background and musical beliefs. And the camera follows him from Switzerland to Paris to Africa to London and back home for a concert with New York’s Philharmonic. Reactions of all the listeners are fascinatingly different, but the most exciting are seen on Africa’s Gold Coast, where people recognize the music descended from theirs, and “Satchmo” plays with his group for a bigger crowd than any musical performance has ever attracted. Lovers of the good old Dixieland style will find this picture a rich treat. TV viewers devoted to Omnibus will find an old friend in young conductor-composer-commentator Leonard Bernstein, who practically blows his stack while conducting “St. Louis Blues.”

**Top Secret Affair**

WARNERS

Though Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are the stars, Jim Backus adds plenty of laughs to this gay romantic farce. Jim is known on TV as Joan Davis’ husband in I Married Joan, and he’s also the voice of animated cartoons’ nearsighted Mister Magoo. Here, he has a subordinate but amusing role as public-relations officer for Army general Kirk. Plotting to give the general the works in a news-magazine profile, Susan softens when love enters the picture.

**At Your Neighborhood Theaters**

**The Young Stranger** (RKO): In an excellent film based on a hit TV play, James MacArthur does a splendid job as a teenager in trouble. TV regular James Daly is his stubborn father; Kim Hunter, his mother.

**The Rainmaker** (Wallis, Paramount: Vista-Vision, Technicolor): Also born as a TV show, later a Broadway success, this wistful comedy-drama gives Katharine Hepburn a lovable role as a farm spinster who gets encouragement from adventurer Burt Lancaster.

**Edge of the City** (M-G-M): Score one more for TV’s playwrights. The familiar John Cassavetes is an unhappy youth, deliberately friendless until Sidney Poitier takes an interest in him. Gentle to begin with, the film ends violently.

**The Wrong Man** (Warners): Alfred Hitchcock turns from whimsy to a story based on fact. Henry Fonda’s a musician accused of robbery; Vera Miles, his wife.
movies on TV

Showing this month

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO (Warners): Drama of 19th Century France, excellently acted by Bette Davis, governess named as motive for nobleman Charles Boyer's alleged murder of wife Barbara O'Neill.

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

CAGE OF GOLD (Ellis): Jean Simmons sparks up a British suspense item with her beauty and skill. Believing that her Jewish husband David Farrar is dead, she marries James Donald. Then Farrar returns.

CAT PEOPLE (RKO): Wonderfully eerie fantasy casts Simone Simon as a girl who trusts in an ancestral legend. She holds husband Kent Smith off, sure that embrace will turn her into a jungle cat.

DAISY KENYON (20th): Adult triangle drama stars Joan Crawford involved in an affair with Dana Andrews, a married man. A widowed war veteran, Henry Fonda also loves Jean.

DESPERADOES, THE (Columbia): Lively Western, Glenn Ford's the out-law who can't avoid trouble; Randolph Scott, the sheriff; Claire Trevor, the good-hearted dance-hall gal; Evelyn Keyes, nice gal.


GALLANT JOURNEY (Columbia): As a little-known pioneer of aviation, Glenn Ford does gilder flights in the 1880's, beating the Wright brothers into the air. Janet Blair's his loyal wife.

HUDSON'S BAY (20th): Lusty story of Canada's early days, with Paul Muni as a Frenchman who made friends with Indians, persuaded England to open up the new country. The expert cast includes Vincent Price.

IN THIS OUR LIFE (Warner): Bette Davis plays a venomous Southern girl, with Olivia de Havilland as her civilized sister. Explosive drama springs from manslaughter Bette commits.

KISS OF DEATH (20th): Rough, top-flight thriller, famous for Richard Widmark's debut role, a giggling gunman. As a convict, Vic Mature turns stool pigeon for the sake of wife Coleen Gray.

LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A (RKO): A charmer of a comedy. On a Western vacation, Jean Arthur tries her best to lasso rodeo cowboy John Wayne. Fine character job by some guy named Phil Silvers, as the good-time conductor of a bus tour.

LIFEBOAT (20th): Tensely, Alfred Hitchcock close-ups of survivors of a wartime shipwreck, including a career woman (Talulah Bankhead), a sailor (the late John Hodiak), a Nazi submarine captain (Walter Slezak).

MURDER, MY SWEET (RKO): Fast, tough whodunit casts Dick Powell as private eye seeking a stolen necklace and a missing night-club doll. With Claire Trevor, Mike Mazurki.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warner): Warm, wit and inspirational qualities combine as minister Fredric March tries to do his duties, raise his family (with wife Martha Scott) and make ends meet.


PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honestly sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of "our songs," Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.


SO LONG AT THE FAIR (Eagle-Lion): Fascinating English version of a popular legend. At a 19th Century Paris exposition, Jean Simmons seeks a missing brother—only to be told that he never existed. Artist Dirk Bogarde comes to her rescue.

SUSPICION (RKO): Alfred Hitchcock is in top form with this suave tale of suspense. An innocent bride, Joan Fontaine suspects that debonair Cary Grant has done murder—and plans to kill her.

TALES OF HOFFMAN (Lopert): A lavish feast for ballet and opera fans. Robert Rounseville recalls the three loves he had as a student—exquisite Moira Shearer foremost among them.

"TIL WE MEET AGAIN" (Warner): Haunted romance, with Merle Oberon and George Brent as doomed lovers who meet on a trans-Pacific voyage.

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia): Show business goes on in blitztorn London. Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair are gallant show girls; Lee Bowman, a naturally handsome flyer; Marc Platt, dedicated dancer. Fine musical.

TOO MANY GIRLS (RKO): Here's where Lucy and Desi first got together, in a gay college musical. Miss Ball is a spoiled heiress; 'Mr. Arnas, a Latin football hero. Eddie Bracken, Richard Carlson join the tuneful fun.


New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES'

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

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really work. In skin specialist's tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES ... keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue ... permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES ... antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. "STARVES' PIMPLES ... CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES
CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication ... CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS
CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69c at all drug counters (economy size 98c).

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)
Like taking candy from a baby? Bob Smith, long a favorite of the lollipop set as Howdy Doody's pal, Buffalo Bob, has been reclaimed—and acclaimed—by his own generation. On The Bob Smith Show, heard weekday afternoons from two to five on New York's Station WOR, he plays records—but with a difference. A rare contradiction, an untemperamental virtuoso, Bob may harmonize a chorus on a Patti Page recording or improvise a vocal introduction for a Dorsey instrumental. He's also apt to join in on piano, organ, accordion, saxophone, clarinet, trombone, trumpet, guitar, contrabass, slide whistle, sweet potato, washboard, frying pan—or a set of perfectly pitched bicycle horns. Each day, there's a time-out for nostalgia, with music and memories of yesteryears. It's radio in a relaxed mood—and all of it comes from the studio in Bob's New Rochelle home. "My home is your home," Bob tells his listeners—and he means it. Born in Buffalo, Bob started piano at the age of five, was singing with a male trio, the Hi-Hatters, when he was fifteen. Coming to New York in 1936, he starred in a number of programs for adults. He especially remembers one that preceded a Tex and Jinx interview show: Bob would "plug" their guests and, one day, he was told that Dana Andrews was scheduled to appear. Bob, who's seen three movies in the last ten years, ad-libbed: "I just saw Dana Andrews out in the corridor and she's the most gorgeous girl I ever saw in my life!" A flood of mail informed Bob that Dana is a he-man star... When television appeared on the scene, Bob auditioned some ten shows for the NBC network. Howdy Doody was among them. Having done about 2,100 shows on "Howdy" alone, Bob...
has probably put in more hours before
the TV cameras than almost anyone else
in the business. He still does the show
on Saturday mornings for NBC-TV, but,
speaking of the days when "Howdy" was
a daily visitor, Bob says, "I'm glad I don't
have to work that hard any more. I love
radio and I love being able to work in a
sweatshirt and sneakers, with a cigar in my mouth." ... It took almost two years
for Bob to recuperate from a heart attack
he suffered on Labor Day, 1954. The doc-
tor's latest prescription: "Get out on the
golf course and get back to work." It
was just what the patient ordered. "I
treat it as a broken leg," Bob says of
his heart attack. "It doesn't mean I can't
break it again, but once you've broken a
leg, you don't go sliding into second base
any more." ... The long recovery gave
Bob a chance to count his blessings. First
there is his wife Mildred, a classmate of
Bob's through the eighth grade in Buffalo.
There are their three sons: Robin, 14,
Ronnie, 13, and Chris, two. There's the
gracious New Rochelle home, with its
studio-in-the-basement that means Bob
can have more time with his family. Like
Bob at their age, Robin and Ronnie both
prefer box-scores to musical scores. Mil-
dred likes to tell of the time Ronnie was
nine and she visited him at his day camp.
All the boys were marching, and each
carried a blanket. All, that is, but Ronnie.
The boy behind him carried two. When
Mildred asked him about it, Ronnie told
her, "He's carrying mine, because I'm
famous." Mildred began to admonish him
about trading on his father's name, when
Ronnie interrupted. "He doesn't even
know who my father is," he said. "I'm
famous myself. I hit three home-runs
today!" Fame runs in the Smith family.
Versatile's the Word

By GENE STUART

WA\VZ, New Haven

A few weeks ago, after signing off my show at 9 A.M., with my scalp intact—the exception and not the rule—I thought it would be nice to see Bobby Scott again. Three months had elapsed since last I visited the Scott abode and near-drowned Bobby with a spilled glass of water. Time heals all wounds, or so the saying goes, and I reasoned that when I told him I wanted to interview him for TV Radio Mirror, he would accept the fact as a peace offering. So, I strapped on my skates (no money for gas) and zoomed down the highways to New York City, barging in on Bobby at noontime. I think I startled him, for he looked over his shoulder at me, yawned and said, "Oh... hi, Gene-o."

After explaining to him about the intended interview, Bobby sprawled onto the couch, pointed a finger at me and smiled, "You're on, Mr. Stuart. Go."

Not yet twenty, this native New Yorker is definite concerning his work, his life, his likes and dislikes and his ambitions. Through the media of writing music, playing jazz piano and singing, Bobby intends eventually to have recorded the serious music—"classical" to some—he has written and will continue to write. He's already completed a number of suites and is now working on a musical comedy.

For the present, Bobby, who has had several nibbles from Hollywood, hopes for a regular spot on a network TV show, and also to keep his jazz trio together and working for the coming year.

On his home hi-fi set, you can hear anything from "Appalachia" by Delius and "Third Piano Concerto for Orchestra and Piano" by Bartok to his favorites in other forms of music. Mahalia Jackson, Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles rank as his favorite singers, while Bud Powell, Herman Chittison, Billy Taylor, Dave McKenna and "the master" Art Tatum are his favorite pianists. Musing over his own piano playing, Bobby says, "I find that playing jazz piano is great kicks for me, but even more important, it acts as a storehouse of improvisation that I'll use in my writing of serious music."

Bobby has worked with Gene Krupa, Tony Scott, his own group and many others while building his own distinctive piano style. More recently, he has played and sung on radio and TV shows and in clubs throughout the country and has recorded such hits for ABC-Paramount as "Chain Gang" and "There I've Said It Again."

"The reason for my singing is twofold; to make some money and to be able to help further the listener's appreciation of music by adding something new musically and technically with each recording."

When I asked him his likes and dislikes, he smiled: "I like baked macaroni, Sherwood Anderson books, Phil Silvers TV shows, Tony Bennett's warm personality and great character and Stella, my cat. Oh, yeah," he added with a wider grin, "don't forget my wife Betty. She's in a special category."

Bobby dislikes people who are phonies and who are unthinking. "I hate to see someone with native intelligence goof his life away by being lazy or indecisive. Of course, I hate the evils of this business, but I can't complain. I have my health, a great wife, my own apartment, a hi-fi set with my favorite records and a chance to work and make money. What more could a guy ask for?"

Then Bobby served me a cup of coffee, backed away quickly and laughed, "Don't spill this on me, 'cause I'm meeting Betty for lunch and it's too late to change clothes."

With that, he helped me strap on my skates and wished me Godspeed on the highways back to New Haven. Quite a fella, "Young Blood" Bobby Scott.

LIGHTLY IN THE GROOVE:

Deejaying can lead to big business. WATV's Paul Brenner manages talent, WABC's Martin Block has a publishing company, Grady and Hurst of Wilmington's WDEL-TV own record shops, and Gene Klawan of WNEW's Klaven And Finch Show owns a hatchery for baracuda, man-eating fish which he raises to send to competing morning deejays... Columbia Records' Mitch Miller relayed to WMGM's Dean Hunter a simple formula for becoming a successful songwriter: Blarney, guts and talent. Hit tunesmith Harry Warren answered a knock on his door some fifteen years ago. A young boy said, "I'm Johnny Mercer. I have some lyrics I'd like you to look at."

Result: "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"—and a famous writing team... John Milton Williams, who is perhaps our most photographed male model, had hoped to get his new singing discovery Joannie Dunn into an LP jacket. So far, he's only gotten himself on the cover of one—he's the "swinging lover" in Charles Varon's photo on the new Frank Sinatra album, "Adventures of the Heart."

—Jerry Warren
Which is your hair problem?

Hair dull...no shine?
Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new Suave! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! Suave gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," not oily shine...because it's greaseless.

Hair too dry?
The instant you apply Suave Hairdressing with its amazing greaseless lanolin, dryness is gone! Suave puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave...and so manageable, so exciting to feel!

Unruly after shampoo?
Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use Suave every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky...manageable, eager to wave. Keeps hair in place without oily film.

Hair abused...brittle?
After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up Suave. Apply liberally every day—and see satiny-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, how caressable your hair can look!

Teen Tangles?
Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don’t be a “tangle mop.” A kiss of Suave daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. Keeps it perfect! Gives it that "sparkly" look!

HELENE CURTIS
Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
Contains amazing greaseless lanolin
59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

NEW! for extra dry hair Special Suave Creme
Magic in his Voice

Man of many voices, Allen Swift of WPIX is also a master of many trades

Magic's a hobby Allen puts to TV use. Scripts for video and Broadway are another "professional" pastime.

Allen and son Lewis are chess mates, as Vivienne and "Scrabble" watch. Below, Allen's "Man With the Cane."

Captain Allen is all at sea in the 125,000 contest drawings of Popeye. In an average week, mail call is 2,000.

If the voice is familiar, it probably belongs to Allen Swift. Thirtyish of age, reddish-blond of hair, Allen has created more than a thousand voices for radio, TV and movies. This includes fifty voices on Howdy Doody and ninety percent of the voices that accompany the animated line-drawing commercials done by UPA. Often heard, Allen can also be seen. He's Captain Allen, a genial, white-bearded old salt who fills the time between reels of cartoons on Popeye The Sailor Man, seen on New York's Station WPIX, weekdays at 6 P.M. (Ray Heatherton emcees the show Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 4:30.)

Allen treats the youngsters to feats of prestidigitation, does "scribble scrabble" drawings, and slips in painless lessons on good behavior. The deck of the S.S. Popeye is his stage—which answers a question that troubled Allen as a boy. . . . When his mimicry at parties drew bravos, Allen decided on a career in show business. But, for public consumption, he announced he was going to be a painter. To Allen and his parents, this seemed more substantial. "I could always get a canvas," Allen says, "but where could I find a stage?" Eventually, he found quite a few—as a "legit" actor and a comedian. He was the comic at a Catskills resort when the wartime male shortage placed him at a table with eight beautiful girls. He married the one named Vivienne. Also a writer, songwriter, magician and mind reader, Allen describes his career as "an uphill fight not to be typed." . . . Nor has Allen limited his painting to the makeup he uses as Captain. He is a leading exhibitor at the famed ACA gallery. The Swifts' apartment in Forest Hills, done in "comfortable modern," features Allen's impressionistic canvases, originals by leading contemporaries, and Egyptian and Aztec sculpture. Son Lewis, now ten, inherits his dad's art and vocal talents. When he's in school, so is Vivienne. She's a straight-A student at Mills College of Education in New York. . . . "Basically, I'm a creative guy," Allen describes himself. "If this seems to be the age of specialization, I see no reason for myself to specialize." If this be talent—and we think it is—Allen makes the most of it.
Reticent Redskin

Please write something about Michael Ansara of Broken Arrow.

E. G., Baltimore, Md.

One of the big, new topics of fan chatter these days is Michael Ansara, who scores weekly as "Cochise" on ABC-TV's Broken Arrow. Yet Michael was once a shy, retiring type, and acting was about the farthest thing from his mind! ... The future Apache chieftain was born April 13, 1923, in Lowell, Massachusetts. Later, the family moved to Los Angeles, where Michael graduated from public school, and entered Los Angeles City College. Feeling that he lacked poise, Michael took part in college dramatics—and the acting bug soon had a willing victim. Subsequent training at Pasadena Playhouse was followed by numerous little-theater appearances in and around Hollywood. Curiously enough, he made his movie bow as another Indian warrior—Tuscos in Warners' "Only the Valiant." Many screen roles and a 1954 TV debut preceded his current assignment as "Cochise." ... History interested the tall, dark bachelor, and he's not adverse to sessions of fishing, hunting or golf, either.

Merry Mousketeer

Would you please publish some information about Doreen Tracey?

J. M., Omaha, Neb.

Out in Lotus Land, a certain Hollywood theater manager is a celebrity named Sid Tracey. Sid and his wife, Bessie Hay, are a retired dance team, but his current laurels have little to do with dancing. Sid happens to be the father of ABC-TV Mousketeer Doreen Tracey and, as such, is constantly besieged by a never-ending line of ambitious juveniles all clamoring to know "how Doreen did it." The pert, vivacious little star, along with her Mickey Mouse Club cohorts, is among the most popular personalities in TV today. ... With bombs falling, and war raging all around her, Doreen was born to her American show-parents in London, England, on April 13, 1943. The family settled in California in 1945, and though Sid gave Doreen her first dancing lessons, she eventually enrolled for formal training in tap and toe dancing, ballet and singing. Exactly two years ago, her studio sent her to audition for Walt Disney, and the result has been happy viewing for thousands of fans across the country. ... Soft brown hair set in a curly fringe of bangs, and a large and expressive pair of hazel-colored eyes, are Doreen's trademarks. The petite charmer stands four feet nine inches, weighs eighty-seven pounds, and is rated an excellent eight-grade student at Hollywood's Blessed Sacrament parochial school. She loves to swim and ride horseback, is fond of pets—especially a Siamese cat named "Samson"—plus a bevy of hamsters.

Calling All Fans

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


Mousketeers Fan Club, c/o Flapdoodle Club, 701 N. 30th St., Omaha 2, Neb.

Clint Walker Fan Club, c/o Frances Greene, 64 Florence St., Newington, Conn.

Newsmen of Note

Would you please give me some information about NBC-TV commentator David Brinkley?

B. K., Atlantic City, N. J.

While the Supreme Court pondered a decision in the Rosenberg case, NBC newswoman David Brinkley stood by with mobile cameras. Seconds after the Chief Justice announced the opinion, Dave passed it on to a nation of waiting viewers. "Nice going, Dave," commented a friendly rival. "You beat the world." It was nothing extraordinary, Dave Brinkley, who teams with Chet Huntley each weekday evening at 7:35 for NBC News Caravan, has been a world-beater ever since he first entered the news field. ... Born July 10, 1920, in Wilmington, North Carolina, Dave attended both North Carolina and Vanderbilt Universities, and got his first news job with the United Press in Nashville. Transfers to Montgomery, Atlanta, and Washington, D. C., plus time out for the Army, preceded his 1943 appointment as radio-TV newscaster with NBC in Washington. There, he was responsible for many NBC exclusives, including a filmed tour of the Russian Embassy. With everyone taking it for granted that the Reds would never open the doors to reporters and cameramen, Dave simply asked for permission—and got it. He cites coverage of the Army-McCarthy hearings as "one of the roughest," but only once has he received negative reaction—and that, after the 1953 Inaugural Parade. Dave became intrigued by the daily diet of an elephant named "Miss Burma." It specified that she receive a quart of whiskey in a bucket of hot water. While the ponderous pachyderm lurched up Pennsylvania Avenue, Dave commented fully on her unusual menu, and failed to note the passage of a smart-stepping Jackson, Michigan group known as the American Legion Zouaves. In the Jackson paper the next day, the title told all: "We Wuz Robbed." ... Soft-spoken and quietly self-assured, Dave drew on his extensive Capitol background to make quick spot-identifications at last summer's political conventions, received nationally favorable comment. But at the previous convention in 1952, the Brinkley applomb threatened to vanish. That was when the NBC staff slipped in some films, flown from Washington to Chicago, of Dave's new-born child—and Brinkley, Sr., found himself looking at his second son for the first time. Somewhat reluctantly, after the film was over, Dave turned back to politics. ... Three young sons—Alan, 7, Joel, 4, and John, who's now two—are the chief pride of Dave and wife Ann. On Sundays, Dave can be seen as Washington correspondent on NBC's Outlook show, to which he commutes from the Brinkley manse in Montgomery County, Maryland.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column— but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST

By BUD GOODE

Dancing your way on a new show are Marge and Gower Champion. Here, son’s first photo.

Guitarist Buddy Merrill, of Lawrence Welk’s shows, is at the marryin’ age. When he turns twenty-one, he’ll wed high-school sweetheart, Faye.

Buried Treasure: It’s been rumored that ABC-TV’s Cheyenne’s giant of a man, Clint Walker—six-feet-six, 230 pounds of well-distributed bone and sinew—buries the family garbage in his backyard. Why? “Organic fertilizer,” he explains. Health addict Clint doesn’t believe in chemical fertilizers. The fruits and vegetables in his garden have to be organically grown. Scientifically, not a bad idea; but what do you do, Clint, when your radishes come up like coffee flavored?

The Heart of Hollywood: Hugh O’Brian (ABC-TV’s Wyatt Earp) never does commercials, but agreed to do one for Gleem Toothpaste with the understanding that his $1,000 fee go to the treasury of Hollywood’s young performers group, The Thalians. Hugh is past president of the organization devoted to the problems of children’s mental health. The Thalians’ creed: “If you are of a mind to enjoy today—help a child’s mind enjoy tomorrow.” Congrats, kids…. And Groucho Marx’s wife, Eden, weekly contributes her time to the Los Angeles County Hospital working in the handicrafts ward, helping to rehabilitate psychiatric patients. “I don’t mind,” kids Groucho, “but I try to point out there’s a great deal of that kind of work to be done around our house, too.”

Goals and Guys: George Gobel confides his lifetime ambition was to become a big league ballplayer. Main objection to his plans was the observation that a ballplayer’s career lasted only ten years. “So,” says George, “I became a television comic — where they tell you it’s a miracle if you last three years!” … Looks like this year’s television awards are going to the dogs: CBS-TV’s Lassie romped off with “Best Children’s Show of the Year” from Philadelphia’s Poor Richard Club… Art Link-
New Patterns for You


4634—Wrap-on for daughter is jiffy sewing for you, mother, with our new Printed Pattern. It has few pattern parts, and opens out to iron. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 takes 2½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size, 35¢

4606—Perfect twosome—sundress and bolero designed for the shorter, fuller figure. Easy to sew with our new Printed Pattern. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3½ yards 35-inch for dress; 1½ yards for bolero. State size, 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to:
TV Radio Mirrors, 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 state pattern number and size when ordering.

Letter was voted the school’s most valuable basketball player while attending San Diego State College, where he garnered twelve letters. Phil Silvers says he received twenty-four letters while in college—all from his mother. . . . Jack Crosby, an artist at CBS-Television City, was being groomed for a part on the Phil Silvers show, but was beaten out for the role by another Crosby—his Uncle Bing. . . .

After the death of her daughter, Jan Clayton and her husband, Bob Lerner, and their family of three, are moving to Cuernavaca, Mexico, for a change of scenery. Jan will commute from Mexico to Hollywood. . . . Now it’s official: Buddy Merrill, guitarist on ABC-TV’s Lawrence Welk Show, will marry his high-school sweetheart, Faye Philipps, sometime after his twenty-first birthday, July 16. . . .

Although NBC-TV’s Noah’s Ark may go off the air soon, co-star May Wynn has her own production in preparation. She and husband Jack Kelly, married in November, are expecting. . . . So are Gordon MacRae and wife Sheila. Sheila’s recent role with Gordon on Lux Video Theater was her last professional appearance before baby number five arrives. . . . The twenty-six popular members of the ABC-TV Lawrence Welk band received over 300 pounds of candy from loyal fans for Valentine’s Day. Oh, what a tummy ache!

Casting: Marge and Gower Champion, those dancing parents of baby Gregg, will debut a new CBS-TV series on Sunday evening, March 31. It replaces Ann Sothern. . . . NBC-TV’s Nat “King” Cole, famous for his renditions of ballads, “Nature Boy,” “Mona Lisa,” and “Too Young,” has done an about-face. In 20th Century-Fox’s “China Gate,” he plays a French Foreign Legion villain. It’s tough to picture Nat, the guy who made (Continued on page 71)
AT EASE

With a frequency of such talent as Mac McGarry, WBUF rates ultra-high

Emcee, newscaster and all-around talent, Mac's at ease as he talks Fahrenheits or, below, fisticuffs with two "bantams."

From lightweight clowning to heavyweight topics, Mac is always interesting. Here, he talks shop with Joy Wilson, "Weather Girl" on an earlier show.

While many of the know-it-alls looked glum when the subject of ultra-high-frequency television channels came up, the brass at the NBC network grinned knowingly. In Buffalo, they were busy changing the skyline with a $1,500,000 Color Television Center—and a tower that is four times higher than Niagara Falls.

The structures were for NBC's new "leadership station" in the Niagara Frontier Area, Station WBUF. Construction was only half the battle. Next, the network had to break down the resistance of people to buying UHF converters. They did it with fireworks, a bicycle rodeo, a "Miss Channel 17" contest—and an antique fire-engine trademark. It was hoopla on a grand scale, but the most powerful persuader was the ultra-high frequency of talent being offered to WBUF. . . . Typical is Mac McGarry, a genial guy with a genius for putting people at ease. Mac is casual, informal, relaxed. Weekdays at 2:15 P.M., he captures the pulse-beat of Buffalo in Memo From McGarry. The highlight of the show is an interview, and Mac prefers his guests with an offbeat occupation—a night-club chorine or a town dog-catcher. If the guest is a celebrity, Mac is not unduly impressed. Coming to Buffalo last April from WRC and WRC-TV in Washington, D. C., Mac has introduced Presidents Truman and Eisenhower on the air from the White House and has greeted such Washington Airport arrivals as General MacArthur and the then-Princess Elizabeth. Other experiences include commentating on Three Star Final, announcing on Meet The Press and American Forum, and deejaying. . . . Weekday evenings, Mac does a newscast at 6:50, and is on camera with Weather Log at 11:10. Saturday at 7 P.M., he emcees Bantam Bouts, a half-hour during which youngsters display the zeal if not always the finesse of champions. "Their greatest danger," Mac grins, "is being flattened by the wind from a wild swing." . . . Mac was born Maurice J. McGarry in Atlanta, Georgia, of Scottish-Irish descent. The family moved to New York when Mac was four. An appropriate number of years later, while attending Fordham University, Mac became a deejay on WFUV-FM, one of the earliest college radio stations. Sheepskin in hand, he went to WBEC in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1947, as an announcer. He was program director when he left three years later. . . . Mac lives with his parents in Buffalo, where his father, Maurice S., is a land and tax agent for the New York Central Railroad. A TV star, Mac's also a fan—and a golfing enthusiast. His winning talent is par for the course at the WBUF "leadership station."
A Message for Easter

Dr. Billy Graham at his desk.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? ... My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

DR. BILLY GRAHAM has selected this Bible passage as an important message for this holy season. This American evangelist, who has fired men throughout the world with renewed fervor for the Word of God, believes that we cannot have a better, more peaceful world until we have better men. If all men and women could somehow solve their own problems, find personal peace instead of personal frustration, the wars and famines and hatreds and uglinesses of the world would melt away. Perhaps if we—men and women the whole world over—say together this comforting text Dr. Graham has chosen, we will be better people, and so make a better world filled with His peace.

J. S. Mantel
Publisher

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this new Kotex belt with the self-locking clasp — doesn't "dig in" as metal clasps do, yet won't ever break

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More women choose Kotex than all other brands.
Dinah Shore loved her own little Missy so much. How could she explain about the new, adopted brother—and expect Missy to love him, too?

By MAXINE ARNOLD

D inah Shore had prayed for guidance. For the words, the right words, to tell an adorable little six-year-old that she was going to have an adopted brother or sister. And now that hour had come.

Missy listened with her hazel eyes wide and thoughtful . . . with her own way of finding the words . . . and sinking them home. "Oh, Mommy," she said, her face stricken. "I want you to carry one next to your heart—"

"I would love to, darling, but it hasn't happened," Dinah explained, moved beyond words. What, she

See Next Page
Jody couldn't be closer, if Dinah had "carried him next to her heart." And Missy knows that, the more there are to love in a family, the more love there is to go around!

Each has a separate bedroom, but the two children share one playroom. Jody has his own sturdy toys, is learning not to touch more fragile treasures on Missy's shelves.

Missy's found out about family sharing. Fun together, yes. But "age" gives her privileges Jody doesn't have, as yet—and responsibilities which she shoulders gladly.
Tribute to a loving homemaker—and a public-spirited citizen: This month, Dinah is being honored as "Hollywood Mother of the Year," by the Westwood Chapter for the City of Hope (free, nonsectarian national medical center).
wondered, did you say at a moment like this?
Missy had been told many times just how loved she was. How her mother had carried her for months so close to her heart... how close, Missy could never know, as no child can ever know. From the moment they knew Melissa Ann was coming, her parents' every thought revolved around her. Her father spent long hours at night, after getting in from the studio, making Missy's maplewood cradle. Carving little animals lovingly on the side of the cradle. Elk, rabbits and buffalo. So Missy would have her own animal kingdom ever protectively near... One night, Dinah had a dream and awakened crying. There was a fire—and there was only one way out of the bedroom—down the front stairs... "George!" said Dinah, sitting straight up in bed. "We couldn't get down. There's just one way out of here. If we had a fire..."
"What fire?" her husband said drowsily. "Well—we could have one," she said.
The next morning, Dinah awakened to hear her husband hammering away. George was cutting another door out of their bedroom, a door leading to a back stairs... And then there was the morning Missy came!
"When I first saw her," Dinah was remembering now, "I cried. I kept my face covered when I loosed at her. I was so afraid. I might have a germ of some kind. I didn't know babies are less likely to contract disease than at any other time. To me she was the most gorgeous baby. I was scared to touch her. I thought, This exquisite little thing—mine? I couldn't take my (Continued on page 62)

Missy's found out about family sharing. Fun together, yes. But "gaps" gives her privileges Jody doesn't have, as yet—and responsibilities which she shouldered gladly.

Tribute to a loving homemaker—and a public-spirited citizen: This month, Dinah is being honored as "Hollywood Mother of the Year," by the Westwood Chapter for the City of Hope (free, nonsectarian national medical center).
The Dinah Show Show, NBC-TV, Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EST., is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America. Dinah also stars on The Chevy Show, NBC-TV, Fri., March 22, 9 to 10 P.M. EST.
CINCINNATI'S

Ma Perkins

Cincinnati: Miss Payne views the city of her birth from atop the Terrace Hilton Hotel. Below, in 1919, Virginia with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Lewis Payne, her younger sister Adele, and brother John.

Rushville Center: Ma Perkins and her beloved town were born in 1933, at Cincinnati's Station WLW. Virginia (below, right) was Ma and Charles Egelston (center) was Shuffle from the beginning—he hails from Covington, Kentucky, on the other side of the Ohio.
Exclusive! The first revealing story of talented Virginia Payne—and her two wonderful home towns

**By FRANCES KISH**

Unlike most people, Virginia Payne can claim two home towns, and both of them are dear to her. One is Cincinnati, Ohio; the other is Rushville Center. The latter really grew out of the former, because it was on Station WLW, Cincinnati, on August 14, 1933, that a very young Virginia first became the elderly but young-in-heart Ma Perkins on the now-famous radio program of that name. As Ma Perkins, a leading citizen of the fictional town of Rushville Center, a mother, grandmother, and the dynamic owner of the lumber yard founded by her late husband, she is adviser and comforter and problem-solver to most of the folks in the town.

Virginia not only created Ma Perkins’ voice that day in Cincinnati, she gave her a personality of her own. She could not help but endow her with some of the special Payne warmth and strength and charm. While they are years apart in age, the two women share many basic qualities and many basic ideals.

All through the years, however, Virginia

*See Next Page*
Recent visit home: Virginia Payne and Peter Grant compare new mikes with old ones they’d used at WLW.

At the Schuster-Martin School of Drama, she chats with Helen Rose—who gave her “wonderful training.”

Before leaving Schuster-Martin, “Ma” signs autographs for students Pat Minges (left) and Helen Dooley.

CINCINNATI’S

Ma Perkins

(Continued)

herself has remained in the background, and TV Radio Mirror is now honored to present the first story ever printed about her as Ma Perkins—and about Ma Perkins as Virginia Payne. As years have gone on and Ma has become such a real person in her own right, so dear to so many millions of listeners—in this country, in Hawaii, in Europe over Radio Luxembourg—letters from many of them have shown they now want to know about “the woman behind the woman” they have come to love. This other woman, who brings Ma Perkins’ wisdom and faith and understanding into their homes and hearts.

“At the time the broadcast begins,” she says, “I know people forget Virginia Payne completely, and that it is Ma Perkins they hear and ‘see.’ They admire her as a good wife, mother and grandmother, a good friend and neighbor and citizen, a good business woman. Older people, in particular, recalling the busy years of their own lives, thrill to the fact that she still runs a lumber yard successfully. Younger people look up to her as an example of what can be done by a courageous, good and generous person.”

Whenever Virginia goes back to Cincinnati, for brief vacations and holiday get-togethers in the house the family still calls by its street number, “866,” she returns to a (Continued on page 75)

Family reunion at “866”—John Louis, 7, Margaret Anne, 9, and their mother, Mrs. John Payne; sister Adele Hollem, Virginia, and brother, Dr. John H. Payne; their mother, and neighbor Ted Learn. (Right) A fine pianist, Virginia plays for her nephew, niece and sister-in-law.

Virginia Payne is Ma Perkins, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lever Brothers, Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., Scott Paper Company, and others.
On the U. of Cincinnati campus, she recalls playing St. Joan at dedication of Wilson Memorial Hall.

She chats with Theodore Learn, who was president of their neighborhood drama club, is now a bank officer.

At the news shop in Bell Block, Meyer Kawetzky tells her he watches for Ma Perkins stories in magazines.

They've been "in character" for many satisfying years—and still get along together as well off the air as on: Kay Campbell (Ma's daughter Evey), Miss Payne (Ma), Murray Forbes (Willy Fitz), and Charlie Egelston (Shuffle).
By MARTIN COHEN

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS most frequently asked by mothers of teen-age daughters is: “Can my daughter be happy?” Daughter may be unattractive for one or for several physical reasons. She may be shy and moody. She may not be popular with boys. She may be overweight. As a result, she is unhappy. And modern mothers have come to realize that their daughters’ figures, posture and grooming are just as important to the youngsters’ happiness as good health and good eyesight and straight teeth.

So speaks beautiful Eloise English, who gives down-to-earth advice on just such problems every Saturday on her CBS Radio show with Galen Drake. Eloise, twice chosen by the Fashion Academy as one of the nation’s best-dressed women, is also a successful business woman, as executive vice-president of Slenderella International. She is a stunning, pepper-and-salt blonde who fits perfectly into a size-twelve sheath dress or mink jacket. She is bright and animated, and speaks with a slight
Among figure faults, Eloise English classes bad posture as worst problem. Teenager who props schoolbooks on hip or stomach automatically throws herself into bad posture.

Student above illustrates correct way to carry books, in contrast to girl at left. Below, Eloise shows one of girls how to keep shoulders back for erect bearing.

smile as she continues, "Very few of us are lucky enough to be born pretty and popular.

"Cinderella herself was a teenager—and a rather unattractive one, until her fairy godmother showed her something about grooming. When she walked into the ballroom beautifully gowned and carrying herself like a princess, she was date bait." Eloise muses further, "Most attractive women were once upon a time Cinderellas. For one, it was bad posture; for another, bad health or too much weight or a frightful complexion or something else again."

Eloise recalls that her own problem was awkward height. "I was so very tall. I tried to bend into myself, and I still kept growing and didn't stop until I was five-ten. One day, however, I faced the mirror and took a long look at my frightful slump. (Continued on page 82)

Eloise English is heard on The Slenderella Show, CBS Radio, Saturdays at 10:50 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Slenderella International.
The singing sensation from the Show-Me State is really showing the world what a Missourian can do

By HELEN BOLSTAD

GIRLS MAY SWOON over his magazine-cover good looks, every time he makes a TV appearance. Listeners in the Greater New York area may stay glued to their sets, every weekday morning, for his shows over WCBS Radio. Purchasers may push sales of his recordings, such as "The Green Door," up into the millions. But Jim Lowe himself—the center of all this flattering interest—remains unimpressed. He's strictly from Missouri. From Springfield, Mo., to be exact.

His closest day-to-day friends are a tight-knit and talented group which includes production and business-staff people, as well as performers. Impatient with any form of sham or pretense, they shun the bright lights in favor of Saturday get-togethers in their own homes and apartments. And they'll tell you: "Jim's not one to make an entrance. He'll slip into a corner, but, before you realize what's happening, he's the focus

Continued

Who can enjoy a scrapbook better than "Mother"? And Jim finds special pleasure in retracing his trail to fame with Bess Rogers Lowe (Mrs. H. A. Lowe, Senior).
Jim's the center of attention for his nieces, Cindy and Melissa; brother, Dr. H. A. Lowe, Jr.; and sister-in-law — who's well-known to local TV-viewers as "Aunt Alice."

Let's look at the record: The womenfolk are eager to see Jim's latest. So are Drs. Lowe, Senior and Junior (unlike Jim, his brother took up their dad's profession).

Let's play it! Jim obliges Alice, Melissa and Cindy—who noted in a letter from Springfield: "They're saying here that Uncle Jim made it the hard way, without sideburns."

Now, in person, Jim sings, plays, signs autographs for a bevy of attractive student nurses at St. John's Hospital, where both his father and brother are on the staff.

Jim is heard over Station WCBS Radio (New York) on The Jim Lowe Show, Monday through Saturday, 9:05 to 9:30 A.M.—Jim Lowe Again, Monday through Friday, 11:30 to 11:45 A.M.—The Saturday Lowe Down, 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.
of the party. He’s fun to have around.”

Jim’s absolute lack of conceit continues to amaze newer acquaintances. Milton Rich, a veteran WCBS press agent, tells how, during the worst of last season’s Christmas-shopping rush, Jim steamed in, late for an appointment and full of apologies. He’d had to deliver a television set, he explained.

“What do you mean, deliver a television set?” Rich demanded.

“To my manager,” said Jim. “It was the last one the dealer had in his store and, if he had sent to the warehouse, it wouldn’t have arrived in time and . . .” he stopped, out of breath.

Rich didn’t get it. “What, exactly, did you do?” Jim explained. “It was just a couple blocks, so I asked this other fellow to help me and we couldn’t get a cab, so we just carried it, and people stopped to stare and they got in our way and once we almost dropped it and I caught it with my foot . . .” He thrust out for inspection a badly gouged toe-cap.

“Guess I ruined a pair of shoes.”

Rich, by this time, was in stitches. “Jim, will you ever start acting like a star?”

The look Jim gave him held a large portion of Missouri show-me. “If I had taken time out to be a star, as you call it, if I hadn’t carried it myself, then this star’s manager wouldn’t have had a Christmas present.”

Jim’s personal reaction to “the star stuff” continues mixed. Certainly, as a disc jockey who has helped to build other recording names and presided over their personal appearances, he is familiar with the pattern of popularity, and its consequences. Certainly, too, he has worked for his success. Although the recording industry says “The Green Door” just took off last fall, Jim aided the launching by many a long-distance call to disc jockeys. (Continued on page 65)
Jim Lowe Night at Hickory Hills Country Club—with the doors painted green! That's Sandra Kennon with Jim.

Back in New York, Jim likes informal get-togethers at home—behind his own green door! With him in the kitchen are former roommate Bill Carey and girls-next-door Barbara Wood and Marie Wollscheid. In the living room, Minneapolis deejay Sandy Singer watches the foursome play Spin-the-Platter, modern style.
Call it Luck

Or call it love—Joan Alexander doesn’t need any more worlds to conquer. The best of all possible worlds is right in her own home.
Joan enjoys home decorating but never "had such fun" as with this one! Plenty of space, no doubling up on rooms—and a fine collection of paintings and prints.

The kitchen is a spacious realm, presided over by French ma'mselle Odette Bemaille. Like every American housewife, Joan also relies on that indispensable ally, the telephone.

Arthur and Joan share an interest in all the arts, are happy to see her daughter Janie practicing piano seriously, whether or not she makes music her career.

Like any "youngest," year-old Adam is the present center of their household. "Janie is just wonderful with him," Joan tells you. "Sometimes I think he prefers her to me!"
Early in her marriage to Tom Lewis, Loretta learned a valuable lesson in making people happy. Later, she drew on that knowledge—and her own grateful heart—to cheer little blind children at New York's famous Lighthouse.

By DORA ALBERT

The six-year-old boy turned toward the lovely woman with the huge gray eyes and the shining brown hair. "They say you are very pretty," he said. "I want to see for myself."

A mist filled Loretta Young's eyes as she leaned toward him. Smiling, the little one—who "saw" with his hands—sent them, exploringly, over Loretta's face. They touched her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks, felt the beautiful narrow cheekbones, and lingered over her lips, which she had curved and looked into a radiant smile.

His smile was radiant, too, as he whispered to his teacher, "She is very pretty. And her smile is very beautiful."

Loretta Young swallowed the hard lump in her throat. She forced the mist from her eyes. She hasn't been called "the iron butterfly" for nothing. She can and does steel herself to composure. Only five minutes before, tears had escaped her control and cours ed down her cheeks. During this visit to the blind children at The Lighthouse, in New York, she had unexpectedly looked upon one who bore an amazing resemblance to her younger son, Peter. But only her close friend and associate, Helen Ferguson, knew of Loretta's tears—when she saw Loretta's face pale, she had drawn her swiftly into the corridor outside the room.

Loretta's tears had been tears of grief for these children forever deprived of sight, and of gratitude to God that her own children had the blessed gift of sight. The radiant smile she had managed while the little blind boy "looked" at her face was her silent gift to the child. She had smiled just for him. (Continued on page 68)

Loretta Young knows grief and joy—and that there's enough of both, without borrowing from past or future.
And his father tells tales to prove George Gobel's been a comic since he was four!

By HERMAN GOEBEL
as told to
Maurine Myers Remenih

BACK IN THE FALL OF 1953, Mrs. Goebel and I were guests when our son George opened his act at the Empire Room of the Palmer House in Chicago. This is one of the fanciest eating places in town. The cover charge there costs more than we pay for a Sunday roast. After George finished his act that night, all those people in that high-toned restaurant stood up and clapped. I guess it was what you call a standing ovation. I was mighty proud, of course, but I couldn't understand then, and I still can't figure out

Continued

George's career begins—"with the children's choir at St. Stephen's in Chicago."

Then—radio fame, at Station WLS, as Little Georgie Goebel. Later, he "just dropped out that 'e' so's people would pronounce it right."
Young George "about 1938"—with Ernie Newton, who played the bass with the original Les Paul Trio.

Alice began dating him at Roosevelt High. Before that—"she used to think he was an awful show-off."

They were married, not long after. "Then George enlisted in the Air Force—helped train B-26 pilots."

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HE'S FUNNY THAT WAY

(Continued)

why everybody gets so excited. George is doing the same sort of thing he's done since he was knee-high to a grasshopper. It isn't as if he'd all of a sudden come on something new. But all these people act like they've discovered something. Pshaw! I've been watching him cut up like that for years!

People are all the time asking me how-come George is so funny. They want to know if I was a comedian, or if Mrs. Goebel was in show business, or were any of George's grandparents entertainers. As for me, I've practically always run a small (Continued on page 78)

The George Gobel Show is seen on NBC-TV, three Sat. out of four, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Pet Milk and Armour & Co.

Gregg used money earned on Dad's show to buy him an infielder's glove— because Dad was "still using the one he'd had since Chicago." And George is teaching Georgia golf—at 5—"to make it easier for her husband someday."
George also helped entertain the men in uniform—"so he knew what they thought was funny." Pictured above, Bobby Byrne, Graham Young, G. G., Chubby Berger.

Even before he was an air cadet, he was plane crazy—"used to fly around and around over my store."

Can't call him "Lonesome George," with his wife and children, mother and father—who has a title all his own: "Kids in the neighborhood nicknamed me 'Handsome Herb'!"
Happy ending: Sue and Bill were married last December at the Riviera in Las Vegas, where Liberace and his brother George helped them cut the wedding cake. But in the beginning, Bill laughingly admits, Sue Coss wouldn't even "give me the time of day" after they'd first met.
Sentimental Journey

Bill Leyden’s heart races between two homes—one on the air, with TV audiences of It Could Be You—and one in the clouds, with his Sue

By GORDON BUDGE

Sentimental guy that he is, Bill Leyden has the most grateful job he could ever imagine, as host of Ralph Edwards’ It Could Be You. Daily on NBC-TV, he brings the “lost and found” together, reuniting mother and child, husband and wife—often after long separations by the widest of oceans. Other people’s reunions, yes. But they touch Bill to the heart, with the same gratitude and joy he felt when he and his bride, Sue Coss, were united in marriage last December 7, in Las Vegas.

The brief but beautiful ceremony took place before an altar covered with roses and gladioli, in the small wedding chapel of the Riviera Hotel. Judge Johnny Mendoza officiated, and Liberace was best man. However, the happily dazed bridegroom is still hazy about the details. Always genuine and sincere, but blessed with a beguiling sense of humor, Bill laughs as he recalls, “I was in a state of shock. I can’t remember a thing about it. Were there flowers? Let me see. . . . the only thing I’m sure of is that the marriage ceremony took three and a half minutes—I couldn’t have stood it much longer!

“Sue and I decided to get married without a large wedding or reception,” he explains. “Because of the daily TV show, we felt we didn’t have adequate time to plan. So Ben Goffstein, manager of the Riviera in Las Vegas, took care of everything. He looked after us in a regal manner, and we think of him as our Cupid.”

Shortly before It Could Be You made its debut on NBC-TV, Bill was working overtime at Station KTTV in Los Angeles, as (Continued on page 72)

Ralph Edwards’ It Could Be You, emceed by Bill Leyden, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Welch Grape Juice, Raleigh Cigarettes, Brillo, Boyle-Midway, Corn Products, Alberto Culver, Lehn & Fink, Armour & Co., Pharmaco, others.
If "perfect" was just the word for Eddie's and Debbie's marriage, how can they ever describe little Miss Carrie Frances Fisher?

By PAULINE TOWNSEND

You never saw a happier baby. And not because there are so many who love her, so many who were wishing her well, even in the months before she was born. Little Carrie Frances Fisher could never in the whole, wide world meet all the people who regard her with such personal interest and real affection. So far, her own world is a small one, but very warm, secure and satisfying.

Carrie knows her mother, who took her to her breast when Carrie was hungry, those first weeks before she was weaned. She knows her daddy, who has put her against his broad, strong shoulder and patted her gently from time to time, during those nursing periods, to "burp" out the air bubbles and make room for milk "to grow on." Yes, she knows the mother and daddy who hold her so tenderly, look at her so adoringly. But she doesn't know they are famous. She only knows they are hers.

She doesn't know that "mother" is Debbie Reynolds, movie star, admired the world over. Or that "daddy" is Eddie Fisher, idol of millions because of his very special gift of song. Not for years will she hear of the romance that filled the headlines until Debbie and Eddie were married, on September 26, 1955. And she can never really know all the excitement her own arrival created, last October 21. But, in a way, perhaps she guessed how very much she was wanted — for little Carrie Frances arrived two weeks earlier than she was expected!

Young father-to-be Eddie had been so solicitous, mother-to-be Debbie had been so careful, during those months of pregnancy. Everything had been so right, from the day (Continued on page 81)
For every woman who has faced the crack-up of her marriage and sought the courage to go on, here is the story of Claire Lowell: One of the several themes which make up the popular daytime drama,

**AS THE WORLD TURNS**

It was perfectly tranquil in Dr. Snyder’s office. It wasn’t at all like what Claire had once thought a psychiatrist’s office would be. In the past few months, she’d come here often enough to feel quite at ease, and yet today she had a feeling of inner disturbance. She had come to a conclusion—and a decision not to tell Dr. Snyder about it. It was an important conclusion. It might be the key to the solution of all her troubles, and even end the need for further treatments. The doctor probably should pass upon it, but there was a stronger reason not to tell him. She was still disturbed as she sat in the patient’s chair for the beginning of today’s session.

She answered the routine questions briskly. Yes, she’d slept fairly well. She hadn’t worried as much as usual. It had been easier to talk to people without looking for meanings behind the words they said. He nodded. He did not really act as though she were a patient, but as though she were someone with whom he consulted interestedly about the origin of her troubles, so they could be brought into the open and disposed of. He settled back in his chair, now, with the murmur of traffic in the street below a sort of soothing background of sound. He looked at her inquiringly.

“I’m better in every way,” she told him. “I don’t think there is anything I really need to discuss, today. I’m so much better that maybe I won’t need to bother you much longer.”

“If you really feel that way,” he said pleasantly, “it’s a very good sign.”

She nodded, in her turn. Then she looked at him intently. “If I really feel that way?” she asked. “Why do you put it that way, Doctor? Do you doubt it? Don’t I seem better?”

He smiled a little, but did not answer. And she suddenly was sure that she should not tell the doctor about the conclusion she’d reached. It was the key to the future: It was knowledge of the positive act which would mean her salvation. It was not a matter for Dr. Snyder to pass on. But he was waiting, not answering.

“Why do you speak as if you were doubtful?” she insisted. “If I really feel that way. Do you doubt that I slept well, or that I’m less nerve-racked?”

Doctor Snyder said mildly, “I spoke as anybody would. But you look for a hidden meaning, Claire. And that is a sign of fear, and one of the things you want to be rid of is fear.”

“But what did you mean?” she insisted again. “I meant nothing but politeness,” he said, as mildly as before. “But, since you’re afraid I meant more than I said, maybe you’d better think about whatever you’re afraid I may guess.”

He swung his chair and looked out of the window. It was not discourtesy, but a way to give her time to think without the feeling that he watched her. When he could not look at her directly, she could marshal her thoughts. Of course what she had been thinking was ultimately concerned with her husband Jim and her daughter Ellen. With the doctor’s eyes turned away, her thoughts flowed freely.

She saw the image of Jim, in her mind, as vividly as the picture on her dressing-table showed him. There’d been a time—even a very recent time—when an image of Jim meant only a wrenching at her heart. A long, long time ago, when Jim was living at his club and their marriage seemed to be breaking up out of sheer confusion and frustration—then, even his picture had been banished from sight. But now she could look at it without tears. Ellen adored her father and, despite and during her parents’ separation, she’d kept a picture of him in her room with a sort of quiet obstinacy. During that horrible period it had hurt Claire terribly that Ellen cherished a picture of the father who was publicly separated from her mother—and from her.

Claire hadn’t mentioned that it was disloyal of Ellen to cherish her father (Continued on page 84)

*As The World Turns* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow and Oxydol. Anne Burr and Ed Prentiss are pictured at right in their original TV roles as Claire Lowell and Dr. Snyder.
"You still have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes," Dr. Snyder observed quietly. Claire flushed.
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A Fiction Bonus

"You still have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes," Dr. Snyder observed quietly. Claire flushed.
Mama

It's the family show which insisted on living—because its heart beats with the pulse of all America's own heart.
Scene is San Francisco. Time has progressed from 1910 to 1918. Katrin Hansen, now 20, is married; Nels, 23, is in the Army; Dagmar, 14, is in high school. Pictured with Papa and Mama, left to right: Rosemary Rice as Katrin, Ruth Gates as Aunt Jenny, Toni Campbell as Dagmar, Dick Van Patten as Nels.

lady of the theater, Peggy Wood, who portrays her, has some answers. “It is concerned with the everyday drama of children growing up.” She recalls with pride that a woman judge in a Brooklyn family-relations court once made Mama prescribed viewing for husbands and wives at the break-up point. The judge found it helped save many a marriage.

Miss Wood has a theory why so many of the letters were written in childish scrawls. “Television is real life to children. Mama breaks through that bafflement between generations. They like the security of a day when children's manners were firmly taught.”

She cites a program incident in which the children, as children do, were playing one parent off against the other. Mama stopped it by saying, “Your father has the final word. Your father is head of this family.”

Miss Wood feels strongly on that score. “I object to the current attitude which depicts the father as the fool. It is unkind, and I'd like to see it stopped. Mama is the reverse of 'momism.' It re-establishes the authority of the father. Mama Hansen makes it clear that Papa not only is to be loved, he is to be respected. He is head of the house and the provider.”

Freedom is another appeal. She explains, “The Hansens have a little house, with a front yard and a back yard, a thing for which city children, whose play must always be supervised, always yearn. The Hansens have close friends. They have their church and the whole Norwegian community to draw from. They are not alone. I think the children who wrote to us would like to go back to a day when life was simpler. I think they were really saying, 'We wish things were like this.'”
Mama

(Continued)

Former child actor Dick Van Patten is the original and only Nels. Present child actor Kevin Coughlin is "T.R."—the child Aunt Jenny (Ruth Gates) took to her heart.

Seems as though Rosemary Rice has always been Katrin—and she has, TV-wise. Like Katrin herself, Rosemary has wed since Mama first came to CBS-TV, July 1, 1949.

Mama's success is the latest of many triumphs for its talented star. Born Margaret Wood in Brooklyn, before the turn of the century, she began studying voice at 8, changed her name to Peggy when she joined the chorus of a Victor Herbert musical at 18. Since then, she's won fame on two continents as both actress and singer, in works of Shakespeare and Shaw, Noel Coward and Jerome Kern. Widow of poet John V. A. Weaver, she is now the wife of printing executive William H. Walling—and a grandmother, courtesy of her son David.

... Like "Mama" Peggy, "Papa" Judson Laire adopted Norway as a second homeland, has visited Lars Hansen's own birthplace in Bergen. A real estate broker, he did little-theater work near his home at Pleasantville, N. Y., before turning "pro" at the age of 34. He made his Broadway debut with Jane Cowl, has done many stage plays, began TV in its experimental days, has entertained troops overseas in Germany and Austria. A bachelor, he boasts two families: His sister's—and his adored Hansens, whom he often entertains, off camera, in his New York apartment. ... Rosemary Rice has a very special role as Katrin—the "original" of Kathryn Forbes, who wrote the autobiography which inspired both the Broadway play and TV series. Rosemary's a native of Montclair, N. J., where a high-school play won her a scholarship at New York's Professional Children's School. She's done Broadway plays, radio daytime dramas, and summer stock. Rosemary wed insurance-man Jack Merritt in July, 1954. ... Dick Van Patten began his career in the cradle, as a baby model for a New York agency. He made his Broadway debut at 8, appeared on stage with many "greats," including Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, has done films, summer stock and radio, as well as TV. His wife is Pat Poole, a June Taylor dancer—and Dick's classmate at Professional Children's School. They have two small sons. ... Aunt Jenny is Ruth Gates' other self, by now. She created the role in Broadway's "I Remember Mama," has played it on tour, in summer stock, radio and TV. Texas-born Ruth got her first stage job from famed producer David Belasco—as the result of a fake telegram sent her by practical jokers. A TV and radio veteran, she can play any woman from 35 to 100 years old. ... Aunt Trina is Alice Frost from Minneapolis—
Modern teenagers grow up fast, so Mama has a new Dagmar in Toni Campbell. Alice Frost (near right) is still Mama's younger sister, Aunt Trina, now a widow.

where her father was a Swedish Lutheran minister. While studying voice and dramatics, Alice got an offer with a stock company in Florida, soon found herself acting on Broadway for the Theater Guild. Her many radio roles have included Pam in the late Mr. And Mrs. North and Marcia in today's The Second Mrs. Burton.

Youngest member of the cast, as "T.R." Ryan, is Kevin Coughlin, born Dec. 12, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coughlin of New York City. His mother was a professional dancer and still teaches. He himself began as a photographers' model at 3, did his first TV show at 4, has also acted on Broadway... Newest member is Toni Campbell, who is Dagmar, now that Robin Morgan has "graduated" to other TV roles. Born Sept. 27, 1944, in Newark, N. J., Toni won a citywide beauty contest at 3, studied dancing, did fashion modeling and TV commercials, but had little acting experience till her natural gifts—and resemblance to Peggy Wood—proved that here is a real little Hansen.

*Mama*, produced by Carol Irwin, is seen over CBS-TV, approximately three Sundays out of four, from 5 to 5:30 P.M. EST.
Crowds at WMC when Elvis visited me (below) showed how far he'd come since we both went to Humes High School.

I'd known Elvis Presley ever since we were in high school together. How much had fame and fortune changed him? Those hours at his home in Memphis gave me the answer—and some new questions!

By GEORGE KLEIN
Prominent Deejay, Station WMC, Memphis, Tenn.
Memphis girl—a real sweet one, too—is Barbara Hearn, I introduced 'em!

**Gee, as I remember it,** it was about eight years ago when I first heard Elvis Presley sing. It wasn't for big enormous screaming crowds, nor for television, radio, or even on records, but merely at a little eighth-grade music classroom get-together during the Christmas season at Humes High School here in Memphis. After the class had finished singing carols, Elvis got up in front of the room and started to sing "Cold, Cold, Icy Fingers," which was popular in the country and Western field at that time. I never will forget Elvis singing that song, there just seemed to be something about the way he sang that stayed with me.

Elvis came (Continued on page 87)

The sharp velvet shirts are new, but he has the same old love for his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Presley.

Elvis with Dewey Phillips, Memphis deejay who gave me that first Presley disc, and Hollywood actor Nick Adams.
You raise the questions.
The panel chooses its answers—and tells why. Result:
Solid entertainment!

Panel members Edith Walton and John S. Young (above) send up a brilliant opinion barrage

Arthur Henley, program's creator, producer.

Over the ABC Radio airwaves whizzes some of the fastest ad-lib thinking and talking current in this year 1957. Daily from Monday to Friday, a fifteen-minute panel session takes up everyday problems sent in by listeners, and a guest psychologist sums up the opinions invoked from regular panel members Edith Walton and John S. Young and two guests. The entire proceedings are competently moderated by George Skinner.

On a recent program the opening bombshell was this problem: You are a single man and have a very rich old uncle. He tells you if you marry the girl of his choice, he will leave his entire fortune to you, and it's considerable! But this girl is also considerable—considerably homely! So, how would you meet this situation.

Just refuse to marry the girl? Marry her for his money? Or try to talk him out of it and maybe lose your opportunity?

Make Up Your Mind!

Confronted with this intriguing set of alternatives, Joan Barnes—a secretary who was chosen from the audience—took a strong stand against the marriage, claiming that any man who would do such a thing would have to be very mercenary. Edmund Purdom, Hollywood star who was making a guest appearance, rejected with disdain the idea of anybody choosing to marry an unattractive wife, no matter how many shekels she would bring along with the marriage. John S. Young concurred. Only hold-out for money against the romantic concept of a beautiful wife (be she rich or poor) was Edith Walton, ex-newspaper woman and book reviewer, who stoutly maintained that "beauty is only skin deep," and the man in question might find that he had literally
married a treasure of a wife, in addition to all that money. When the opinions were in, Dr. Fred Brown, psychology professor of New York University, said: "If this man is suggestible, submissive and pleasure loving, he may marry for the uncle's money. If his pride is unusually high, he may regard the offer as an insult to dignity, and refuse. If he is not an extremist, he may talk the uncle out of his autocratic notion. But he may be mistaken about the girl's homeliness, and discover she has warmth, kindliness and humor, and that the uncle's wider experience with life has enabled him to discern these valuable traits."

Questions like these are considered daily by the panel. To the sessions they bring a variety of background. Mr. John S. Young has been an American diplomat, intelligence agent, and is now Deputy Chairman of the UN Committee of the City of New York. Edith Walton has long experience as a reporter and literary reviewer, is now an editorial adviser to the Macmillan Company and G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. George Skinner, moderator, also had a series of news jobs, broke into radio in Dayton and Cincinnati as an announcer and then into TV in Philadelphia—with three shows of his own. Arthur Henley, producer of Make Up Your Mind, also got an early start on radio with a show he produced while still in Far Rockaway, L.I. High School, and has an impressive array of show credits, including Duffy's Tavern, Kate Smith Hour, and others. With the bright bunch of minds at work, it's no wonder that Make Up Your Mind is such a fast fifteen minutes of argument and discussion—with a built-in information content.

Make Up Your Mind is heard on ABC Radio, Mon.-Fri., 11:15 A.M. EST (on WABC only, at 1:15 P.M.). George Skinner also has his own show over WABC Radio (N.Y.), Mon.-Sat., from 6 to 9 A.M.
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Is there a difference, on TV and off?  
*Ask Ronnie—he’s been part of “Burns and Allen” as far back as he can remember!*

By EUNICE FIELD

**Young,** dark and handsome Ronnie Burns looked genuinely puzzled. “Wonderful? My life with Burns and Allen?” he echoed. And then, with a sudden wry grin: “Let me give you an idea... Some time ago, I was skin-diving for abalone, off Catalina. I was about thirty feet down, and stuffing abalone into a bag, when I saw something big and silvery swirling in from my right side. My blood froze. It was a shark. According to instructions, I was to stay put—no panic, no movement. Luckily I had my aqua lung on. After three minutes, the shark swerved by and disappeared. I couldn’t get to the top fast enough. That evening at dinner, I told my family about this frightening experience. These were the comments:  
“Sandra (my sister): ‘Ronnie Burns, how can you fib

**Continued**

*Sandra at 3½, Ronnie at 2½—not long before he threw away his water-wings forever. Not to be outdone, Mommy learned to swim, too, with typically Gracie-ish results.*
with GEORGE and GRACIE
Burns and Allen, Sandy and Ronnie—when he was a student at military school, and learned he lived in a "crazyhouse"!

At 14, Ronnie was an amateur critic of "Sugarthroat's" singing. Gracie and Sandy played along with George.

so? I heard that one two years ago and it had a much better punch-line.'

"Gracie: "The poor shark was probably hungry. Why didn't you give him some of your abalone, dear?"

"George: 'Three minutes, eh? Your mother would have been a goner if she had to keep still three minutes!'

"How," asks Ronnie with a look almost as rueful as his dad's, "could anyone be anything but chipper in a family like that?"

Now in his second successful year with The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show, Ronnie confesses it was not until his middle teens that he became fully aware of what celebrities his parents were. That there was some-

Continued

Watching Sandy with her baby girl, Ronnie looks forward to the day "I have a family of my own."

Much kidding, when he decided to act—but George also gave Ronnie the serious advice only a true professional knows.
Ronnie has studied seriously at the Pasadena Playhouse, as well as the University of Southern California. But he finds time for dates, too—and the beach is his natural home. Below left, with Diane Jergens, Dwayne Hickman and Linda Burns. Below right, with Diane.
My Life with GEORGE and GRACIE

(Continued)

thing unusual about them, however, was impressed rather forcefully on him at a comparatively early age. He was about ten, and a student at the Black-Foxe Military Academy in Hollywood, when he met a schoolmate who seemed to have taken leave of his senses. Instead of the regular greeting, this boy did a handstand and yelled, "Hello, there, upside-down cake!" Since the boys were always coming new nicknames for one another, Ronnie thought nothing of it until the boy got back on his feet and declared, "You live in a crazyhouse!" When Ronnie protested this lack of respect on his part, the boy said, "My pop says that your mom turns everything topsy-turvy."

Precisely four minutes and twenty-odd blows later, Ronnie started for home, victorious but sporting several lumps and bruises as trophies of the encounter. He applied to his father for a key to this gilde. "Just what did that kid mean, Dad?" George pondered a moment. "Son," he said at last, "you know your mother and I are performers. We're what's called comedians. We tell funny stories. But, aside from that, your mother is a great American philosopher. A philosopher? That's a person who puts us in our place and makes us laugh doing it. Now, when people get to feeling they're too small or too big to enjoy the world, your mother turns everything upside-down—and, all at once, the ones who feel too small get a new slant on things, and the ones who feel too big realize that everything is touched with absurdity... even they themselves." One reason why children of entertainers are liable to take the importance of their parents for granted, Ronnie believes, is the "herding instinct" of theater people. "They stick together and their kids stick together," he explains. "When fans or autograph-seekers used to come to our table at the Brown Derby or some other restaurant, there would usually be Jack Benny, Fred Astaire, Groucho Marx, Johnny Green, or some other celeb at the table, and they would be getting an equal amount of attention. It was obvious Burns and Allen were 'somebodies.' But, at the same time, it was only something that happened when they were at their homes. Said one moppet, "Gary Cooper was at my house yesterday," Little Freddy Astaire, a lifelong friend of Ronnie's, retorted: "Shut up. We had the same visitor." Whereupon Ronnie drew himself to his full height and silenced them all with the awesome revelation, "We had a dress manufacturer from New York, and George and Allen attended. But Sandra, a toupee was sort of a badge of success.

Nobody looking at Ronald Burns, six-feet-two, tanned and muscular like a life-guardsman, would have supposed that this grand star had once been thought too sickly to adopt. Yet George Burns, in his hilarious and touching book, "I Love Her—That's Why," tells of his meeting with Gracie and how she and Gracie looked at the baby they had come to for their own, and he voiced a great doubt in his heart. "Gracie," he had said, "I don't mind responsibility, but this is a sick one." George taught him the character of the body and of the face, and George decided. "What if we'd had him ourselves and he'd turned out sick? Just look at his eyes, and you'll see what I mean. This is our son!"

The eyes that Gracie fell in love with are still large, dark and piercing; they dominate the long angular planes of his face, which will probably grow craggier in time. These eyes already show every indication of being as magnetic to the public, particularly women, as they were twenty-one years ago to his parents. Ronnie begat Burns and Allen in a triceps at the Hotel Lombardy in New York. He and his sister Sandra— one year his senior, and adopted the year before he was—remember nothing of this apart from the fact that they were all on their way to California. George and Gracie were going to make a film, and it was decided to buy a real home on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. It was a memorable storey, white frame house of sixteen rooms, and it was here that Ronnie developed one of the great interests of his life.

George had decided that the kids ought to have a swimming pool. But, when he approached Gracie, she expressed some fear. Sandra was only two, she pointed out, and Ronnie barely one. Wouldn't it be dangerous? After some time, George, Gracie gave in. The pool was built and the children allowed to splash about in water-wings and rubber tubes. While Gracie has always noticed that Sandy is swimming without any life-saving device at all. With his mother standing by, speechless with horror, he dived off his own back jack and jumped in. George came running across where he was going to the rescue when he saw Ronnie strike out boldly and thrash his way to the other end of the pool. The boy swam a whole hour that day, and has been an addict of water sports ever since. As a result of this exploit, Gracie—always anxious that the children think well of her—conquered her own fear of the water and learned to swim. She called Sandra and Ronnie out one day, swam the length of the pool and back, and hasn't been in it since.

Ronnie's devotion to the beach—he is constantly surfboarding, skindiving, sail- ing, fishing, and so on—is the subject of much teasing by his family. "Look who's talking!" they declare; but will finally say, "I've got to explode. A bunch of desert rats that rush out to Palm Springs in 120 degrees of heat, when every sane and sensible person is out dunking in nice, cool water!" Ronnie's father, was actually the sort of American boy that the movies and magazines have made popular. He was in all kinds of boyish escapades. He seldom used the stairs, when going up or down from his room, but made his entrances and exits by way of a trellis outside his window. One night, not so long ago, he forgot his key and, rather than wake the family, resorted to his trick of climbing the trellis. Suddenly he was caught in a glaring spotlight. The Beverly Hills police were below, eying him with apprehension. George and Gracie had to be called out to identify him. "A humiliating experience," Ronnie recalls, "and—in a family that knows eighty variations of every joke—the bitter, absolute truth."

There was also the time when Ronnie was given permission to buy his own coat for the first time. He returned with something in huge, plaid checks that George describes as: "The loudest thing ever seen outside a burlesque prop room.

Then there was the outrigger Ronnie wanted to build. He went to a lumber yard, bought the material for a ten-foot boat. As he began work in their back yard, members of the family stopped by to offer suggestions and criticism—not always charitable, even if funny. The boat was finally done. It had turned out too heavy to lift, too large to go through the gate—and, amid "a routine of Burns and Allen at their best," Ronnie had to tear the thing to pieces.

One of the more memorable incidents in a youth that seems to have had the usual amount of excitement was his fling at archery hunting. Though George has always warned Gracie of it with a squeamish eye, they both pretended to share his enthusiasm for this latest of his hobbies. Along with some ten-year schoolmates, Ronnie ventured into the hills near Lake Arrowhead and bagged his first deer. Bubbling over with elation, he brought it home, where he and Gracie named it, "a little knowledge and a great deal of imagination." Unfortunately, the carcass still retained what Ronnie calls "a slight odor" when he proudly hung it on his bed- room wall. After he had come in to view the prize, wrinkled her nose and called it something else.

She suggested gently that perhaps it would be more appealing in the garage. Ronnie protested hotly. Gracie said nothing more. Several days later, his enthusiasm had worn off and his nose had begun telling him he had made a dreadful mistake. Ronnie came back outside where Gracie slipped into his room one night while he was asleep, removed "the thing" and put it in the garage. She replaced it with a beautiful seascape in watercolor colors.

After studying the picture a few hours, Ronnie decided to re-do his room in nautical style. He and Gracie went shopping for drapes, bedspreads. (Continued on page 78)
Deejays brought back eye-witness accounts of the Hungarian tragedy. Refugees need food, shelter, and a new start in life, they reported.

Interviewed by Buddy Deane (with earphones) and Art Nelson (second from right), refugees sang U.S. songs learned via Radio Free Europe.

The beat comes from the heart as deejays unite for public service

Round up a group of deejays and you've rounded up as many opinions as record-spinners. One thing is unanimous: Every deejay wants music to be a force for good. Agreed on this, they also agreed that collectively they could exert a more powerful influence. The result is the newly-organized National Council of Disc Jockeys for Public Service, which is well on its way to a goal of 15,000 members. According to President Murray Kaufman, the Council will concentrate on campaigns which are of special interest to young listeners and which are not otherwise heavily supported. Their first project is to raise $5,000,000 through American youth for Hungarian relief, much of the money to go to CARE. Ten members of the Council—Murray Kaufman of WMCA in New York, Paul Berlin of KNUZ in Houston, Bob Clayton of WHDH in Boston, Del Courtney of KSPO in San Francisco, Buddy Deane of WITH in Baltimore, Al Jarvis of KFWB in Hollywood, Phil McLean of WERE in Cleveland, Don McLeod of WJBK in Detroit, Art Pallan of KDKA in Pittsburgh and Art Nelson of KLIF in Dallas—flew to Austria to talk to Hungarian refugees and bring back eye-witness reports on tape and film. Then the entire Council membership went to work organizing teen-age fund-raising committees. Other teenagers invited Hungarian immigrants into their homes. Music shows and record hops set CARE contributions as the price of admission. In this and future campaigns, the beat comes from the heart.

American Ambassador to Austria Llewelyn Thompson briefs the deejays. At table, l. to r.: Buddy Deane, Art Nelson, Paul Berlin, Mr. Thompson.
MUSIC
is his Beat

From the police force to the WWDC staff,
Jack Rowzie leads Washington’s music patrol

From Gang Busters to Dragnet, the airwaves are filled with show-business personalities impersonating policemen. Washington boasts the opposite. Jack Rowzie is a man who went from night stick to microphone in the twinkle of a brass button. . . . Once a member of Washington’s Metropolitan Police Force, Jack is now a top-ranking deejay on Station WWDC. The transformation occurred when Jack, assigned to night duty around Thomas Circle, struck up a friendship with George Crawford, a WINX announcer. When Crawford admitted the war had left the station hungry for announcers, the “flatfoot” hotfooted it over to the studios to file an application. One Sunday in 1943, the entire staff came down with the virus and a voice was needed fast. Jack went on the air for eight hours straight. . . . By 1951, he’d moved over to WWDC, where he soon had his own deejay show. Now, his beat is a solid one. Jack patrols Club 1260, heard Monday through Saturday from 3:30 to 8 P.M. For his first hour, Jack jumps for the teenagers. From 4:30 to 6, the emphasis is on traffic information, news and sports interspersed with records. And, from then to his sign-off time, Jack plays it sweeter for the dinner audience. Rating surveys put the show in the capital’s number-one spot. . . . Born June 1, 1914, in Manassas, Virginia, Jack moved to Washington in 1923. He admits to being “a ham from way back,” but his younger brother, Bruce Eliot, moved into radio first and is one of the top announcers with WOR-Mutual in New York. . . . As a deejay, Jack took to reading Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s poem, “How Do I Love Thee,” to a background of David Carroll’s instrumental record of “Melody of Love.” Then Mercury Records announced a national contest for the deejay who got the most requests to do just this. Jack won in a walk, later recorded his reading for Mercury and won a Gold Record Award. . . . Jack followed his brother into radio and his sister into marriage. He liked the family she’d married into so much that he married his sister–in-law, Edith Evans. They now live in a two-storey, seven-room frame house in Forest Heights, Maryland. Donna, 17, and Jon, 9, will greet a new sibling any day. As a booster of teenagers, Jack likes having one around the house. “Donna’s a built-in record player,” he grins. “If she plays a record more than ten times in a row, it’s a hit.” A parakeet named Joe Smith is the family’s other whiz at auditioning records. At home or on Station WWDC, Jack Rowzie patrols the music beat.
ON A MUSICAL free-for-all, it's three for all. In order
of seniority, they are Lee, Juanita and Candy Vincent,
father and daughters who take to the airwaves every
Saturday from 11 to 1 P.M. over Station WILK in Wilkes-
Barre. Between records, there are stories and chatter by
the Vincent trio—none of whom is likely to be at a loss for
words. . . . Lee, of course, is the popular Pennsylvania
maestro who graduated from bass man with such bands as
that of the late, great "Hot Lips" Page to baton man
with his own aggregation. Lee Vincent and His Band are
on record with a fast-selling album, "Collector's Club," have
appeared with such name stars as Nat Cole, Bill Haley and
His Comets, Eddie Fisher, and the Four Lads, and have
played in ballrooms all over the East. For six consecutive
seasons now, they have opened the famed Steel Pier in
Atlantic City . . . For Lee, baton-wielding led to
record-spinning and broadcasting. Then, one Saturday
afternoon, he brought Juanita, now thirteen, along to do
the radio show with him. Listeners responded with a deluge
of mail and Juanita became a regular. Candy, who'll be
seven this May, wasn't one to sit at home while her big
sister became a "star." She, too, joined the show, with
the same mail results. Juanita, who takes over when
Lee goes on tour with his band, has her own half-hour show
from 12:30 to 1, when she plays the top tunes of the day.
But even today, it's Candy who receives most of the
mail. Much of this is due to her uninhibited comments.
When Coca-Cola became one of Lee's sponsors, he asked
Candy how she liked it. "I don't like it, Daddy," she
replied. Lee grew pale—but amused listeners wrote so many
letters to comment on the accident that the sponsor renewed
his contract. . . . Lee, being a family man, is delighted at
the chance to work with his daughters. The trio lost
their number-one fan and listener when the girls' mother
passed away just after Penny was born. From then on,
Juanita was her dad's girl and went on many band dates
with him. She was jealous of every other woman—until
a visit to a beauty parlor one day for a haircut. "Daddy," she
reported, "I asked Lucille, the hairdresser, to come to
the show and dinner with us." Juanita arranged this first
"date," then followed it up by inviting Lucille to the
Vincent home for dinner. She played Cupid for six months,
until Lucille and Lee were married on Thanksgiving
Day, 1935. This December, a fourth daughter, Rose Ann,
arrived at the nine-room home in Shickshinny. Lee,
a former newsboy and coal miner, is a graduate of the high
school here, and his daughter-partners go to Shickshinny
School. It looks as though this lucky town will be famous
for music-makers for a long time to come.

Three
For All

It's a family affair as
maestro Lee Vincent and
his daughters, Juanita
and Candy, star on WILK

The Four Aces are among the many top stars to sing with Lee Vincent's band.

From jazz man to disc jockey, Lee has always hit just the right note.

Each has his own musical mind. Juanita likes rock 'n' roll, Lee's a jazz man, Candy's sweet on daddy's band.
Always Near Your Heart

(Continued from page 21)

eyes off her. She was absolutely perfect.”

They named her Melissa Ann. George had leaned to “Dinah.” But he was no
match for the look on the young mother’s face when she said, “I’ve always loved
Melissa . . . and—well Ann was my mother’s name.”

Then the magic day they took Missy home.

“All my life, I’d dreamed of the day my
husband would take our baby and me
home from the hospital. Well?” Dinah
smiles now. “George Montgomery is
naturally a very calm man, but he was a wild
man that day. He yelled at traffic and
shook his fist and bawled, “Where do
you think you’re going!” The new father
was so afraid somebody might run into them
and hurt Missy.” “George carried Missy
into the house so carefully—like she was
made of spun sugar—like she would
break . . .”

Yes, from the moment they knew she
was coming, her parents had carried Missy
very “next to their hearts.”

The decision to adopt a baby brother
or sister for her had not come suddenly. Nor
easily. There were all the mixed emotions... all
the longing and the hesitation.

“We knew this was a very big step—and
it’s so difficult to adopt a baby. You put
in an application, and then you sit on
the waiting list. We had our natural
child, and many of the others hadn’t. Then
again, there is the popular conception
of the instability of our town that makes
his immediate family, the stronger you
are.”

And so the day finally came, when Missy
had to be told they were enlarging their
own family. And how they were going
to do it. “We told Missy just a week before
Jody was born. If you tell a child too far
ahead of time, you can’t explain the pro-
cedure, the delays. We knew Missy would
keep asking questions like ‘But when,
Mommy? Questions you can’t easily an-
swer.”

Dinah began preparing her, that day,
by saying, “You know how you’ve wanted
a baby brother and sister for so long?”
Yes, Missy said, wide-eyed... waiting
... sensing ...

Dinah explained that Missy’s Mommy
and Daddy had put in an application
for one, and what a wonderful privilege it was
to be allowed to adopt a baby. They’d
told the authorities all about Missy—what
a wonderful little girl she was—and the authorities had decided she would make a
perfect sister for a little boy or girl. They
were particularly impressed with Missy—
and how lucky the little baby would be to
have Missy for a sister.

And then her daughter had stopped
Dinah with those simple words: “Oh,
Mommy—I want you to carry one next
to your heart!” As Dinah says now, “Missy
knew! He carried her close to my heart.
Then, too, children don’t want to be differ-
ent from other children. Missy knew she
would hear her little friends talking about
finding her mother suffering from a heart
attack. The overpowering sense of loss,
when her mother had gone. Her father
had to be away a lot, traveling around his
chain of stores. Her brother-in-law, Dr.
Maurice Seligman, who was interning in
St. Louis, and Dinah’s sister, Bessie, had
given up their place there and come to
Nashville to make a home for her . . .

In a small family it’s so hard to adjust
to a loss.” Dinah remembers—very well.
“A small family can be warm and cozy,
but it’s nothing like having responsibility
and attention spread around. I’ve always
felt this. And if one parent dies, the loss
is irreparable. Not that any loss isn’t—
but smaller the family, the greater the
loss. There’s something about a large
family, during tragedy or any time of
distress, that’s so wonderful. A certain
strength just being with each other—the
togetherness the feeling of belonging. I be-
lieve the more people you belong to, in
the immediate family, the stronger you
are.”

And Missy was worried at first,” Dinah
says now. “She wasn’t used to having another
child. And she’d look little and be soft for her
to know that her own security, or our
love for her, wasn’t being threatened.”

This was brought home poignantly one
day when Dinah and both children were in
church and Missy started to sob. “I want
Jody,” she wailed. Dinah explained
to her daughter that “her own family, or
our love for her, wasn’t being threatened.”

“Darling! Be careful. You’ll hurt your-
self,” her mother said.

And Missy’s response startled her. “You
love me anyhow, don’t you, Mommy?”

“Of course I do.”

“Then, you’ll never love Jody as much.
How could I ever love anybody more
than I love you?” Dinah said, holding her
close—and realizing Missy must really
have wanted a sister. “I guess it’s only what
I’ve thought, to come out with it suddenly that day.”

Missy’s parents were prepared from
the beginning for various facets of the tender
problem of the adopted versus a natural
relationship. They were prepared for all
questions you naturally anticipate,” Dinah
explains. “And you have the answers—you
hope. But, of course, nobody knows really
what the problems will be before they come.
The children are both still so young, it’s hard to know. And I don’t try to
anticipate too many problems. I take things
as they come—and just try to anticipate
the most vital things.”

That Missy could even feel this, as
she showed, that day in the nursery, was
a vital thing. By way of reassuring Missy
how important she was to her Mommy and
Daddy, Dinah described what it was like
for them, just as so many others, to
have more attention than usual. And
you try to be even more understanding
than you may have been on occasion. You
make them feel that vital part of the relation-
ship, and you favor them in certain ways.

“Missy gets certain privileges anyway,
that Jody doesn’t have. She gets to eat
later with the family. She gets to stay up
and spend the weekend evening with
you and Daddy. And she participates in
many various family activities. But we’ve found that, if
you’re always fair, if you let children know
their own security and your love for
them isn’t being threatened—that’s the
thing.”

Jody’s quarters were arranged from
the beginning so that his schedule would
in no way infringe upon Missy’s. We put

Don’t Miss!
TV RADIO MIRROR FOR A DAY
THE BIG AWARDS ISSUE

Stories and pictures on all the stars you
have voted your favorites for 1956-57
May Issue on Sale April 4
Jody's room 'way down the hall from Missy's room, so he wouldn't be a burden to her. So Missy won't have to worry about keeping her little friends quiet when they come, or have to be curtailling any of her own activities, noise or fun for fear of waking him."

Missy figured importantly, too, in preparations for him, contributing many of the furnishings for the nursery. "We used mostly Missy's things. Jody's bed was Missy's. George had made it for her when she got too big for the hand-carved cradle. And Jody not only has Missy's stuffed toys—she even contributed a beautiful Raggedy Ann doll which had been intended as a gift to me," her mother laughs now. When Missy saw the doll, she quickly latched onto it, saying, "Mommy, you can't keep that. It's perfect for Jody."

Picking up the doll and appraising it carefully, Missy decided, "It's Jody's. And it is.

Missy is assuming her full share of 'family responsibility' for her little brother, too, leaving no doubt that he is very near her own heart. "Missy's a fine little mother," Dinah says proudly of her nine-year-old. "She baby-sits with Jody whenever it's necessary, and she's very responsible. Nobody could be more responsive to his needs. If George and I go out, Missy always makes sure Jody's all right. She hangs onto him for me when we go shopping, too. and that's a labor of love, with any slipperly two-year-old!"

Although, as Missy informed Dinah, she herself no longer believes in Santa Claus, she insisted on taking Jody to see Santa. "I like it much better this way," she told her mother, in her amazing way of pinpointing just the right word. "Last year, I got my beautiful doll. And I like it much better, Mommy, that you picked it out, rather than Santa Claus, who picked out dolls and presents for so many people." But she still thought Jody should go see Santa.

While Jody was over ad-libbing with Santa Claus— "I want weendeer, I want no (snow)—and, in short, requesting a sample of everything the jolly, red-suited gentleman had—Missy took another doll. But, when Jody was through, she was immediately on active duty again. "Now, Mommy—you go get the car," she told her mother. 'Don't worry about him." And, where Dinah had taken Missy holding on to Jody with one iron little hand—and holding onto a post with the other, firmly anchoring them.

The baby-sitting is a labor of love and a family contribution. But, recently, Missy established a credit system for such regular chores as cleaning her room and picking up her clothes. With an eye toward promoting a raising her housework made a chart—and gives herself a gold star, whenever that seems in order. As her mother observes, "she didn't do too well for a while—but, toward Christmas, she improved amazingly!" Her dad gave her an automatic raise from fifty cents to a dollar, the chart got her another fifty cents and, by Christmas, Missy had saved eight dollars and did all her own shopping for the family—at the five-and-ten.

To her parents, Missy's is somewhat of a mystery chart, but she herself experiences no difficulty. The other day, noting a yellow diamond, "No Snacking of Candy," Dinah turned to her daughter for clarification. "Now, let's get this straight. You mean you get a gold star if you don't sneak any candy?" she asked. "Why, yes, Mommy," Missy said patiently.

Baby-sitting, however, never appears there. This is a responsibility for which Missy neither credits nor discredit herself. "Missy's so adorable with him,"
Dinah beams. "And Jody—well, he wor-
ships her. He follows her everywhere. If
she dances, he dances. If she cries, he
cries. He can't say 'Missy' yet—he calls her 'Me-
he'—but he makes himself generally un-
derstood."

And "Me-he" assumes her share of sisterly
disciplining, too, whenever her littlerother gets out of hand. As her
mother says, "If Jody messes with Missy's
things, she lets him know about it."

Missy keeps most of her "untouchables"
in her own pretty powder-blue room in
elegant tree-formed modern home George
Montgomery designed and personally built
in Beverly Hills for his family. Jody's gay
nursery, accented with bright red and
peopled with stuffed toys, is his own
little-boy-world. Here he keeps his own
special treasures, such as the toy Corvette
he keeps within reach of his bed, and
the wonderful rocking horse his dad made
him. George found a horse from an old
carousel, finished it beautifully, and
mounted it on a metal stand which swings
back and forth. Here in his room, a
delighted little boy rides the wind on a
mighty magic steed.

But there are times, in their joint play-
room upstairs, when the worlds of a two-
year-old and a nine-year-old overlap. The
room is equipped so they can play their
respective hearts out. They have individual
wall-boards "so each can paint whatever
they want on them." Jody has a window-
seat of toys on one side of the room. Missy
has a chest of toys, and shelves for her
toys on the other side. If Jody's busy little
toys get into her prized china dolls or her
toy horse collection, he gets his fingers
rapped lightly.

"Well—you're not supposed to touch her
things," his mother rules neutrally, when
an offended Jody comes running to her.
"His eyes get big as saucers, he turns this
way and that—and he can't find anything
anywhere. Then he goes away somewhere
and hides his head. When he comes back
a minute later, it's all over and he's full
of bubble again," Dinah says softly. "He's
a joy—this Jody."

There is also the way he shows affection.
"He has the cutest way of putting you on
the back and saying, 'Kiss Mommy—Kiss
Daddy.'" sighs Dinah. "When Jody does
this, George just melts."

At such times, it's of small moment
whether you carry a child close to your
heart—or whether heCreeps there. Jody
couldn't be closer, either way. And all
the problems child psychologists expound
about, concerning the "adopted-versus-
the-natural" family, seem far, far away.

The feeling of love and unity grows
stronger, month by month and year by
year. And the feeling of "belonging" grows
along with their family. "Our fifteen-year-
old niece, Donna Marie, is here from
Montana, and she'sרגש with us," says
Dinah, and "I can't wait to get home
to see what the three of them are doing."

Despite two of Hollywood's most de-
manding careers, Dinah and George ar-
range their schedules to spend a maximum
of time with their family. In addition to
constant film commitments, George Mont-
gomery has now formed his own pro-
cduction company. He's active in television,
starting in such dramatic shows as The
Alcoa Hour, Jane Wyman Show and others.
He also owns and operates a very suc-
cessful furniture factory in the San Fern-
ando Valley.

With her wealth of talent and energy,
Dinah Shore is the wonder girl of tele-
vision today. The Goliath of entertain-
ment mediums, which eats others alive,
seems to make no dent on Dinah. She
stars in her own fifteen-minute show each
week, over NBC-TV, and an hour-long
Chevy Show each month. She records and
makes personal appearances. But no star
spends more time with the family.

"We try to let nothing interfere with
this," says Dinah. "But that's the nice thing
about television," she adds. "You can have
more time with your family. I don't have
to leave to go to the studio until Jody's
up and fed and about to take his nap. I usu-
ally get home around five—thirty, and we
have a little time together before dinner.
We all have a standing date for dinner at
six every evening. On the two nights I
rehearse my monthly show, I always know
George will be there."

There are certain warm family observ-
ances that are a "must," too. Every even-
ing, Missy puts on a record and dances
for them—and, for her parents, this is
a command performance. "In the afternoons,
whenever we can, we have a little 'tea
party.' I have tea—the children have milk
and cake. On Sunday mornings, George
takes them over to the merry-go-round.
Later, to the club, and Missy has her
own group of young friends there.
We have lunch, we play tennis if we feel like
it, or we all go home and watch telev-
ision."

When they gather around the family TV
set, Jody's eager gold-red head is in the
front row. Jody’ll watch anything," her
mother says. "But we usually keep the
TV set tuned off until five—thirty in the
evening. I think it's a mistake for children
to depend on being entertained by telev-
ision all the time, instead of learning to
entertain themselves."

As the Dinah Shore fans? "Well—I
like to think so. They came to the studio
for one of my 'big ones.' Missy loved my
dance with Trigger—and Jody had eyes for
his music. He doesn't get to see the hour
show on television—he's in bed. But Missy's very much awake. She has a million suggestions—'Mommy, you
can do this,' and 'Mommy, why don't you
do that.' We're not real sure just how
important it is at home—until I have Elivs
Presley on the show. That's fifteen-year-
old Donna Marie's influence."

But Frances Rose Shore is home. No
doubt about that today. The lonely girl
from Tennessee, who was born with so
much music to give the world, has found
the "togetherness," the strength of family.
She loves it. All the warmth, all that happy
music, which so endears her to millions
who have adopted her into their own living
rooms, has come home to her to stay.

She's a great believer in that old truism:
In your family. She believes that love
will also provide the answers for any
problems, any questions, which Missy and
Jody may occasion either today or later on.

"You try to anticipate the vital things,
and if you're wrong, the rest, she says. "The children are still so
young—you can't really know what the problems and the question will be. It's hard to know how they will be.""
Jim Lowe From Springfield, Mo.

(Continued from page 30)

Yet he began his own round of personal appearances somewhat with the feeling of "Oh me, oh my, can this be true?" At Minneapolis, he had a ball during the Cerebral Palsy drive. Girls held out hands to be autographed and, after Jim had inked a signature, demanded, "Kiss it." Jim was flattered, the girls were pleased, everyone had fun.

A supermarket's gala opening on Long Island was a different story. Jim, among other WCBS Radio personalities, had spoken his piece and was crossing a parking lot when the kids surrounded him. Their autographing session was broken up by an over-obstreperous chick. As Jim tells it, "She must have taken a hundred-yard running start. When she hit me, flat-handed, between the shoulder blades, she nearly bowled me over. As I stumbled into the crowd, all I could think was, 'Gosh, I hope I don't hurt anybody. I still can't figure why the girl did it.'"

Jim much prefers the lady-like girl to the wildcat, "A kid can be hip without being rowdy." He likes blue jeans and toreador pants "when the occasion warrants—but, at parties, no. Girls look so pretty all dressed up that I don't think they should miss the opportunity. Or am I being an idealist?"

Jim's eleven-year-old niece, Cindy, reported her observation of Jim's relationship with his fans in a letter. "They're saying here that Uncle Jim made it the hard way, without sideburns."

Jim Lowe was born in Springfield, Missouri, home of Ozark Jubilee. Proudly, he calls it, "the Paris of the Ozarks." He is the second son of Dr. H. A. Lowe, Sr., and Pearl Lines Lowe, who died when Jim was two years old. Dr. Lowe then married vivacious Bess Rogers.

He had a happy childhood. "For a long time, our big old house was the only one in the block. We had two dogs, a bulldog and a scottie. Something was happening all the time. When my folks sold the old house, they built another at the corner. Then, when my brother and I grew up, they moved to a hotel." But, again, it is home base. "My brother, when he went into practice and married, bought the old house back. He and Alice—who is Aunt Alice on KYTV—have two daughters, Lu-
cinda and Melissa. They also have a bull-
dog and a scottie. And my folks bought a house just down the block. We're back where we started."

Both boys made sick calls with Dr. Lowe. It was taken for granted they would become physicians. At the age of seven, Jim balked. "I watched an opera-
tion and I knew medicine wasn't for me. His hangout became his maternal grandfather's Linen Music Company, which then had a three-storey building, just off the public square, and branches in near-by towns. "On the first floor," Jim recalls, "there was a stock of instruments, radios, records and phonographs, and al-
ways a woman at a piano 'demonstrating' sheet music. On the second and third floors, there was a forest of pianos—a fine place to play hide-and-seek." Jim's piano lessons were fairly painless.

The store, now on Jefferson Street, is still in the family. "After my grandfa-
thor died, my Uncle Mort took over and today his son, Mort, Jr., runs it. Funny thing happened when I made 'Gambler's Guitar,' my first hit record. The promo-
tion manager came to me, excited about a telegram which said this record was the greatest."

Jim, when he read the signature, had to grin. He also had to say, "I hate to tell you this, but that man who signed it—Mort Lines, Jr.—he's my cousin."

Hickory Hills Country Club became a second home, for the whole family loves golf. His mother became city champion and tri-state champion. Jim was so ab-
sorbed in it, he paid little attention to school athletics. When 'The Green Door' first reached the hit parade, club mem-
bers hunted up, an authentic and well-
green painted, autographed it in orange paint and sent it to Jim at WCBS in New York—express collect. During his recent trip home, they celebrated 'Jim Lowe Night.' Says Jim, "They got me over to the piano, yelled 'Surprise!' and we went on from there."

In high school, he made National Hon-
or Society and took part in dramatics. Their class plays were "You Can't Take It With You" and "Our Town" (Jim was the narrator). At the University of Mis-
souri, he enrolled in the Journalism School and later settled on a political sci-
ence major. "I thought I might want to be a radio commentator."

His choice caused no family consterna-
tion. "Dad was a theater usher while he was working his way through medical school," says Jim. "He admits he has a lot of ham in him, too. I say that he's the only physician who also is an A & R (artists' and repertoire) man. I get a kick out of the way he reads Billboard and Variety. Dad can listen to a recording of mine and tell right away whether I've got a hit. One of the nicest things about all

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funny

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Jim

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landlady,

and

mover.

They

borrowed

a

chair

from

Jim's

managers.

"We

didn't

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a

year,"

Ed

Burton.

They

borrowed

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from

other

Bill,

who

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same

size

but

so

as

Jim

is

fair,"

first

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was

the

laundry

that

thought

up.

I

discovered

I

was

wearing

one

of

Jim's

shorts

and

with

himself

a

T-shirt,

and

even

a

nuisance

until

realized

it

doubled

our

wardrobes.

whichever

one

had

an

important

appointment

first

choice."

the

most

interesting

feature

of

the

apartment

with

it

and

the

reporter,

"We

would

be

working

on

a

song,

and

we'd

hear

girls'

voices

on

the

other

side

of

the

wall

...." Says

Jim, "We

couldn't

figure

it

out;

it

was

time

to

make

ourselves

known."

How

did

they

accomplish

the

meeting?

Jim

grins

the

question.

"Out

where

I

came,

you

can

always

borrow

a

cup

of

sugar."

And

that's

what

they

did,"

says

Marie

Wollschled. "We,

being

naturally

gave

it

to

them.

It

was

the

start

of

a

bewildering

love

story."

Marie,

Barbara

Avalone

and

Barbara

Wood

are

secretaries.

The

fourth

girl,

Sue

Spurier,

an

actress,

later

departed.

to

play

Florida's

winter-stock

circuit.

For

a

youthful

Jim

Manhat-

tan,

having

such

neighbors

was

a

happy

break.

"I

wouldn't

either

one

of

them

really

handy

around

a

house,"

says

Marie.

Jim

became

a

hit.

I

think

Jim's

voice

was

peculiarly

fine,

but

it

mattered

more

to

us

than

to

them

or

to

any

other

than

his

neighbors.

Meanwhile

Jim

was

living

comfortably.

"When

he

knew

he

was

home,

we'd

always

set

an

extra

table.

Says

Jim, "Those

girls

are

wonderful.

Having

a

man

in

the

house

was

at

its

best.

And

Jim's

voice

It

was

promising,

but

it

had

to

be

developed.

The

solution

to

his

professional

problem

came

through

the

combined

forces

of

the

Csida

office,

MCA,

and

a

packager,

Gordon

Auchincloss.

They

put

Jim

on

WCBS,

the

CBS

key

station

in

New

York,

for

a

nine

A.M.

daily

radio

show

on

which

he

spins

records,

talks

a

bit,

and

finishes

by

singing

one

song

to

his

own

accompaniment.

On

Sunday

afternoon

sessions

keep

in

touch

with

his

teen-age

followers."

"When

I

saw

that,

I

figured

I

was

living

again,"

says

Jim.

Last

year,

as

May

approached,

Jim

be-

gan

to

assert

himself

more

in

public.

"It's

my

lucky

month,"

he

explains.

"I

was

born

in

May,

graduated

from

college

in

May,

got

my

first-

time

job

in

May,

and

my

first

radio

job.

Jim

was

in

Chicago

and

in

New

York.

In

May,

Jim

got

his

break.

I

figured

I

was

living

again,"

says

Jim.

The

green

dream,

written

by

Bob

Dave

and

Marvin

Moore,

and

destined

to

be

so

important

in

Jim's

career,

got

plenty

of

personal-life

competition.

Jim's

parents

were

in

town,

and

with

Marilyn

Lovato,

Jim

had

been

one

of

Jim's

special

friends

since

they

were

both

at

WNBC,

they

had

a

round

of

sightseeing

planned.

Marilyn

couldn't

attend

his

recording

session—she

had

one

of

her

own

scheduled—but

Dr.

and

Mrs.

Lovato

were

present.

Says

Jim, "We

were

in

a

hurry.

We

had

tickets

for

Mr.

Fair

Lady—those

almost-unobtain-
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GIVE—

Strike back at CANCER
pretended joy for him, though she felt her heart was standing still.

"Live for today," Loretta has always said, "not for yesterday, not for tomorrow." Moreover, she believes in living each moment as fully, tenderly and exquisitely as possible. For her, the day is not something divided into twenty-four parts—some of them reserved for the beleaguered, for the lost, for the wasted away. To her, a day is full of seconds and moments, all of which are precious and to be treated reverently.

Loretta doesn't mean that one should never take time to watch a beautiful sky, or sit still in meditation. She doesn't challenge the poet who wrote: What is this life if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare.

"If a woman spent a whole day staring at the sky, and found spiritual peace that way, she'd be spending that time very well," said Lore. "Ever so still that 'living for today.' Anne Lindbergh wasn't wasting time, when she went down to the seashore, and spent those days alone, studying the seashells and trying to grow in understanding of the creatures that inhabit the sea.

We were sitting in the living room of the Tom Lewis home in Hollywood. It is a beautiful room, its decor Chinese modern. Sunlight pours through the plate-glass windows onto the shelves which completely fill one wall from floor to ceiling. It fell gently on exquisite antiques, brought out the glossy green hue of a little ivy plant.

The sunlight also brought out coppery lights in Loretta's dark brown hair. Loretta looked exquisitely feminine in a powder-blue dress, her legs as trim as a willow, her back and swirled in close in back. It was hard to remember that this radiant, sun-tanned girl is one of the most intelligent, most professional actresses in Hollywood. Toward acting and toward living, she has an approach that is a rare combination of masculine directness and feminine subtlety.

In her own living room, Loretta is very much like the girl who swoons gracelessly onto your television screen. The hostess of The Loretta Young Show is truly Loretta. Like Loretta, she likes to tell upbeat stories, near-perfect situations, and light quotations. Loretta Young loves quotations! One of her favorites was written in her guest book by a priest she admires greatly. A missionary, he had rescued some of Doolittle's flyers from the Chinese Communists. "He's the happiest man I know," she says. "He hasn't a material possession in the world. Once, I wanted to give him a book. He shook his head. 'In six months,' he said, 'I give away everything I own. I'd only have to give it away in six months.'"

To this brave man, Loretta owes the quotation which has become the heart of her philosophy: Give to the storm a chance to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed: give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed, and the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other.

By inclination and training, Loretta is a perfectionist. The perfectionism had its roots when she was only a child—trying, at fourteen, to play a mature woman. She knew so little about life and love that, when she had to play a love scene with Nils Asther, she heaved her chest up and down and thinking that she was expressing great emotion. Finally Nils said to her, ever so kindly, "Look, child. Just look at me—as though I were the largest, loveliest, most beautiful ice-cream sundae you ever drooled over."

Loretta was rescued from her insecurity, as an actress by Frank Capra, when she was making a picture for him. "What do you think of this character, Loretta?" he asked her. "Think?" she murmured. "I never think about the characters I play. I just try to do what the director says."

"Loretta," he said gently. "Little Loretta, you must learn to think. Your opinions are important. Acting isn't doing just what the director says. It's deciding what to do while you're playing what would, and then doing just that." So it was Frank Capra who slew the dragons of Loretta's uncertainties—and released her artistry as any action.

The years went by, and Loretta became an accomplished, polished actress. But as a young teen-age girl, she was uncertain, not too sure of herself, a little shyly with all the world.

One day, the Reverend Pat Ward, a Jesuit priest who often had dinner at the home which Loretta—whose real name is Gretchen—shared with her mother and sisters, spoke to her very sternly. He didn't speak as one usually does to a star, carefully avoiding criticism—but honestly, candidly.

"You're living at much too fast a pace, Gretchen," he said. "Did it ever occur to you that God didn't give you your talent, your beauty, just to delight your ego?"

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These are great gifts—you are bound to them as much as they to you. And, in your position, you are bound to be an example. Whether you like it or not, you'll be an example. You dare not be a bad example.

Some more years went by. Loretta, the impulsive, wide-eyed, eager child, became Loretta, the beautiful, disciplined woman. She couldn't be completely in the present. "I do not believe in wasting the present in remorse about the past or in worries about the future," she said. "My heart aches for those who swing madly on the character you're regrets for the past and fears for the future.

"I know a woman who used to worry continually for fear she'd become ill. One day, her fear came true. Then she went through a real agony of worry for fear she'd lose her job. Eventually, she recovered. And she went back to work. But there was a new sensitivity in her. Because now she worried right back where she started, with fear she would become ill again."

"The present never has any meaning to her. She worries about the past; she frets about the future. There's no happiness in her—past, present or future. 'If only I hadn't become ill,' she moans. She's in perfect health, but she doesn't really enjoy it. She's got a wonderful job, but she can't enjoy it. And that is the future she stews over is a pretty dreary prospect, too."

Loretta never worries about her health. She's always said, "If you're healthy, you can do anything perfectly! Would it make any difference that she's ill—as she was a couple of years ago, for four pain-ridden months—she asks herself what lessons God means her to learn from her illness. And she tries, healings, learning.

When she recovers, she sits on top of the world again, enjoying each blessed moment. 'A complainer, a worrier, she is never a good friend. "You know how many women whine about their troubles. Never, no matter what problems she's had to cope with, have I heard Loretta whine. When she has a problem to face, she never yackety-yackety-yacks about it, as most of us do. She has great reticence. She wraps herself in her silences. When the problem is real tough, I've seen her disappear suddenly from an evening rosary in her hand. To God, and God alone. She's the one who burden herself—and, from Him, seek the answer to what troubles her."

Loretta likes the old English proverb: For every evil under the sun there is a remedy, or there is none. If there be one, try and find it; if there be none, never mind it.

When she was first married to Tom Lewis, even then a brilliant advertising man, Loretta knew some uncertainties in her role as a young wife. Of course she wanted to be a perfect wife and hostess. The Tommies, as the girls, she love their friends, and they decided to give a series of dinner parties.

For Loretta, these parties were as seriously important as her career. She intended for them to be perfect in every detail. On the first one, she worried about her guest list. She worried about whether or not she'd succeed in seating her guests properly. She wouldn't want anyone else to invite some guest to whom she owed a social or business obligation.

How could she be sure that everything at the dinners would be perfect? Would the meat be done to perfection? Would the wine be served at just the correct temperature? Would it be the right wine? And what about the silver, the linens, the centerpieces? Would each of these be perfect?

By the time the dinner hour arrived, Loretta was a bundle of nerves. A real hostess-tension victim.

At last the guests were there; the last guest gone. Loretta turned to her husband. "Tom, how was it?"

He smiled, and then he gave Loretta the shock of her life. "Everything was perfect," he said, "except the woman who was invited."

Loretta turned pale. "Tom," she said, "what do you mean?"

"You planned and executed a perfect party," he explained. "But you were so little hostess that night, I think, imperfect part of the whole evening. It would have been a far more enjoyable example of hospitality if the meat had been overcooked, or the wine served at the wrong temperature—the linen wrinkled, the china cracked. Our guests couldn't have cared less about those things. They did care that their hostess wasn't enjoying their company. We were so anxious, they couldn't enjoy themselves, either."

Loretta was crushed. But she accepts just criticism quickly. She knew this was just how she pondered every word Tom said. Her next dinner party was a brilliant
success. Something went wrong with the linens. But Loretta was having such a good time at her own party, no one noticed that not all the napkins were exactly alike.

"Today," Loretta laughs, "television takes up so much of our time that we're lucky if we can give a half-dozen dinner parties a year. When we do give them, I never worry about details. I do know that, if I have a good time and 'go' to my own party, my guests will have a good time, too."

To Loretta, there is a simple solution for every problem. Literal-minded, she sometimes greatly over-simplifies a problem. Take her entrance into television, for instance. She fell in love with TV when she and Tom bought their first television set at an auction given for the benefit of their favorite charity, St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unmarried Mothers.

Soon the whole family was enchanted by such "visitors" as Hopalong Cassidy, Arthur Godfrey, Ted Mack, Kate Smith and other TV pioneers.

"What fun they must have visiting!" said Loretta. "I'd like to go visiting in hundreds of thousands of homes, just as they do. This is so exciting, so intimate, like floating right into other people's living rooms. And, seriously, I think it is more challenging than motion pictures. TV's going to be in every home—and forever!"

One day Loretta said to Tom, dreamily, "I'm going to be on television. I've made up my mind."

Tom actually shared her faith and vision regarding the new medium, even while he wondered if Loretta would be able to adjust to it. It's no easy task, trying to achieve—in a week of rehearsals and shooting—the perfection that it takes the moviemakers months to achieve. And, knowing Loretta's own perfectionist tendencies, Tom was afraid that TV might cause too much tension in her. How would she adjust to the difficult grind of making thirty-nine TV shows a year? At the accelerated pace of TV?

Loretta grinned. "If you'd produce the show, I know everything would be perfect," she said serenely. And, forthwith, she told her agents not to accept any movie commitments for her, but to start looking at once, for a TV series.

Months went by. There were conferences and more conferences. Finally Loretta wearied of them. She likes action, not dawdling, not talking. She drove to her agency offices. "What are we waiting for?" she asked.

"We have to have a perfect pilot script," they said.

"Well, then, get a script."

They tried to explain that scripts don't grow on trees, like so many leaves, or get self-sown, like white alyssum in the garden. Loretta wasn't listening. This was now; this was today; this was the time to get going. "Let's go!" she said. "Get a script and let's go." They did, miraculously. And the pilot was filmed, and sold, in four weeks.

Loretta had achieved her dream. She could go visiting via TV every Sunday evening.

Since then, Loretta has learned that good scripts don't flourish like weeds in a garden, but have to be developed with tender care, like a glossy carpet of dichondra. And achieving her TV dream has compelled her to live even more completely in the present. In the beginning, she had no idea of the amount of time she would have to give to her show, day after day, week after week—of the unrelenting pace she would have to follow. For the first three weeks, that first season, the set was like "Old Home Week." Everyone came to visit Loretta. But there's nothing in the budget of any TV show to allow for all this visiting. A "No Visitors" sign had to be nailed firmly to the door of the stage.

Loretta still sighs over it. "If only it weren't so big," she says. "So implacable. But she knows it's got to be there.

Where other women stew about little and big worries, Loretta says: "What's to be done?" then does it. Like the time she discovered a big mistake she'd made. "I had carelessly repeated something detrimental I had heard about someone. Months later, I learned it was not true. I had to find the people to whom I'd told it—and admit my stupidity. I was wrong—and there was no time to waste in fretting—I had to do all I could to correct what I'd done, and do it pronto. When I'd reached each of the six to whom I'd been so glibby—and repeated my apologies and admitted my error—I felt I had been honest about it, and I knew I'd learned a lesson.

"I ate humble pie that day," she smiles, "and found out a strange thing: Eating humble pie can be mighty sweet."

Her six friends respected Loretta for her honesty. Loretta says simply, "The incident taught me to keep my big mouth shut."

"But if I had stewed and fretted about what I had done—if I'd been filled with remorse—what good would that have done the woman the gossip was about?" Loretta asks, with her usual reasonableness. "When you know you've done something wrong, you've got to try to set it right, if you can. Not tomorrow—not next week. But just as fast as possible—this minute.

"Today is the only fraction of time we really have. We can't do a thing about yesterday. Tomorrow hasn't even been born yet. But if we can fill every day with 1,440 minutes beautifully spent, we'll have no need to regret yesterday, or worry about tomorrow."

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Norwich, N.Y. 69
rumored is a young Clark progeny...

Martin Agronsky swings over to NBC this spring as Washington correspondent. ... Lovely Melba Rae, seen on Search For Tomorrow, expecting about June. Melba and artist husband Gil Shaw have got an assortment of boys' names ready but are totally unprepared for a girl. Any bets? ... Liberate and candlesticks to England again this fall. ... Owing to poor health, Jimmy Dorsey will retire from the band business. ... Margaret Truman not very active in TV. Speculation is that a former President (not Hoover) may be a grandfather this year. ... Biggest event of the spring is Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella on CBS-TV, March 31st, starring Julie Andrews, 21-year-old "Fair Lady." Between her Broadway role and rehearsal for Cindy, Julie has been using her voice more than an opera star, so her physician has ordered her to limit conversations to ten minutes out of an hour. ... CBS didn't renew Bing Crosby's contract. NBC couldn't come to an agreement with him. Now ABC is hopeful. ... Most exciting issue of the year is Victor's "tribute to Dorsey" in two 12-inch discs. The music is from TD's great swing era, when his vocalists were Sinatra, Jo Stoddard, Connie Haines and Jack Leonard. Band instrumentalists were such as Bunny Berigan, Dave Tough and Buddy Rich. Pianist on most of the music is Howard Smith, who has been Garry Moore's musical director for many years. All the music is Dorsey at his best and what more can you say except to remember that the Sentimental Gentleman gave many youngsters their first break? Sinatra was one of the first. One of the last was Elvis, who made his TV debut on the Dorsey show.

Burning Stars: Rumor has it that The Big Surprise is on the critical list and may perish momentarily, but Mike Wallace is causing a sensation with his local Gotham show titled Nightbeat, on Du Mont's WABD.

It is an interview show, but not so polite as Ed Murrow's Person To Person. Mike pulls no punches. He interviews celebrities and asks controversial or highly personal questions. The camera holds close on the interviewee's face, in what is described as the "open-pore" technique or "look-at-me-Mad-I'm-sweating." So successful has the show become in New York City that Mike has been signed to a $100,000 contract by ABC-TV. The network will beam his program country-wide Sundays, beginning April 28th, at 10:00 P.M. Mike, himself, favors the late hour. He says, "We talk about a lot of things which I wouldn't want my own kids to hear." And there are four kids in his home.

Scratching Around: That Wyatt Earp man—Hugh O'Brian—will debut in Eastern theaters in a one-man show, yet. He will dance, sing and bongo the drums. Honest! Incidentally, Hugh, who is Hollywood's sharpest and straightest shooter, has been making some good sense in his campaign to foster safety in the use of firearms. ... Brenda Lee, a miniature Ethel Merman, started out with Como at a thousand bucks per, is now getting more than double that from Steve Allen and Dinah Shore. ... Dave Garroway not having so much trouble with his gout. ... Stop to think about it, things haven't changed much for Lescoule since he switched from Today to Tonight. When he worked with Dave, he left home at 3:45 A.M. Now it's 3 A.M. when he drives home. It's like living in a black-out. ... Denise Lor made her supper-club debut at Manhattan's Persian Room and overwhelmed the mink set. ... Keeping up with the times; Strapless evening gowns verbotten on Voice Of Firestone. ... Anyone for Barbara Bel Geddes, Mrs. Rodgers, on The Second Mrs. Burton, is already dreaming about another summer abroad. Last year, she spent three months in England, France and Italy with Charita Bauer of The Guiding Light. This coming summer, Elaine is hoping things clear up in the Middle East so that she can paddle around the Mediterranean. Wanna paddle along? She's looking for a companion. Handsome Donald Gray, who stars as Mark Saber in The Vise, British-made ABC-TV series, says what British TV and movies need most is a large dose of American actresses. Says Donald, "British actresses are better trained because of our repertory companies, but American girls have chi-chi chiness that projects so gloriously on the screen. American girls dress smarter, make up better, and carry themselves with carefree dignity. They are absolutely smashing." Donald interviewed thirty beautiful starlets for roles on The Vise. He dismissed twenty-three. The remaining seven, with Beverly Timsak in the lead, "smashed" him.

TV Graveyard: Buried, or enroute to the cemetery this season, are Giant Step, The Brothers, Bailey, Winchell, Can Do, My Friend Flicka and Hiram Holliday. It's been a bloody year, but the biggest casualties are likely to be the Sid Caesar and Jackie Gleason shows. Nothing definite on Caesar, but sponsors are withdrawing and NBC is murmuring dissatisfaction, for they expected a greater show of strength from the mighty Caesar. On the other hand, Jackie Gleason has announced that he will not return next year with his present show. Two reasons: He has taken a rating licking from Como, and he is tired of doing the same show after six years. Gleason has a fifteen-year contract with CBS that pays him whether he works or not. He will work. At the moment, he figures on appearing only in special shows. What he would like to do first, though—and this is his real secret ambition—is make a motion picture, preferably in collaboration with his good friend Orson Welles. Anyway, it would be a sad commentary on the state of TV programming if we were to lose the great comedy of either Gleason or Caesar. ... And here's the big news on what you can expect a lot of in the future. They're filming Westerns like mad for both kids and grownups. Difference between kid and adult shoot-em-ups is mainly in the ending. In the end of an adult Western, the cowboy gets the girl. In the end of a kid Western, he kisses the horse.

Singers Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme may do a duet—and for life.

Virginia Graham fans will soon see their favorite as TV rep for Colgate.
Who's Breaking Records? Pat Boone had five gold records, for five tunes cut in the last year on the Dot label, waiting for him when he recently came to Hollywood for filming 20th's "Bernardine." Tab Hunter is the boy who didn't believe he could sing well enough to record, went into his first session, "just plain scared." Tab just won gold record number one from Dot for his recording, "Young Love," which sold over a million copies in three weeks.... The one, the only, glamorous grandmother Marlene Dietrich has signed with Dot Records, too. She made her first recordings in February. What a barber shop quartet Dot records president Randy Woods has now: Tenor Tab Hunter, baritone Pat Boone and Sanford Clark, backed by the inimitable bass voice of Marlene!

Family Affairs: Ever since December Bride made its CBS-TV debut, Harry Morgan, who plays next-door neighbor Pete Porter, has been talking about his mother-in-law, Gladys. Recently viewers asked, "When are we going to see Gladys?" You will be pleased to know that Gladys will be on the show March 18. Well, not exactly. Gladys will appear at a masquerade party—disguised as a gorilla. Nobody connected with the show knows when we'll see Gladys after that. We'd hate to think she's going back to the jungle. This should be a big year for twenty-four-year-old Jack Imel, dancer-marimba player of the ABC-TV Top Tunes And New Talent, who is moving his wife and two children from San Diego to Hollywood. Jack is celebrating his recent discharge from the Navy, his joining the Welk gang, and the eagerly-awaited arrival of a third little Imel. It's rumored that Tennessee Ernie may drop one of his shows, and it won't be the Thursday night-time hour. Ernie's big problem—he loves his children too much to spend all his hours in front of a TV camera.

Cuties and Cabbies: Mary Costa, CBS-TV's super-salesgirl of Cimex, would like to be an opera diva. She sings as pretty as she looks, too. Molly Bee has just bought a half-dozen parakeets and named them after members of the cast, Ernie, Doris, Dick, etc. Seventeen-year-old Molly says, "I know about the bees—now I'm learning about the birds." There's a cab driver in Hollywood whose adroit maneuverings down Sunset Boulevard have earned him the nickname of "Swifty." Last week Swifty was carrying two very prominent Hollywood TV stars, both married, but to different people. Swifty reports he couldn't help overhearing the family-type squabble going on in the back seat. "The gal was giving the guy what-for because last night she'd seen him on TV kissin' his own wife!" Well, what's one man's Hollywood is another man's punch-line.

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71
Sentimental Journey

(Continued from page 41)

host, emcee and entertainer on three daily shows. One day, running from show A to show B, he passed through colleague Jack O’Callahan working in parking. There was Sue Coz, a natural blonde with a pixie sense of humor.

 Says Bill, “I made some smart-ass-aleck remark that inspired her dead look in her pretty brown eyes. I knew that, although I had my motor racing, I’d been left at the starting line with my brakes on—in short, I was making no headway with this pretty lady. It took two weeks, at least, before she’d give me the time of day.

 Then, by chance, I asked if she’d like to tour formal footing in a game. When I said ‘football,’ she suddenly sat up in her chair as though it had been wired. As it turned out, Sue was an avid football fan. She switched to Radio Station KFWB, but never missed a game. Of course, the Rams lost them all—but, by then, we’d found other things to talk about. In fact, I talked her into working for me.”

 Sue was married to a stockbroker but her right-hand man. She quickly learned that, under his surface humor, Bill is hard-working and sincere, and she was soon identified with his image staff.

 “Sue began having ideas about the shows and making practical suggestions,” says Bill, “I found myself listening to her. Then one day we were together in a few free minutes between shows. On the spur of the moment, I said, ‘Will you marry me?’ She thought I was kidding. The next day, I asked her again. This time she said, yes.”

 Born in Chicago, Bill attended the St. Thomas of Canterbury School and Sem High, later went on to both De Paul and Northwestern University. His hockey began when he was only eighteen, while he was still going to school, as a page boy at NBC’s radio station in Chicago. There, he was soon advanced on the staff to duty on the nineteenth and twentieth floors, known as ‘the artists’ floors.”

 “At the time,” says Bill, “Chicago was the radio center of the nation. Nearly all dramatic shows out of New York had a studio there. The show sequence originated there. Members of the page staff working the artists’ floors had to know where every actor and actress was at any given moment. Producers and directors had to be reported to keep the station on the air. A lot of ‘big names’ were starting then. Don Ameche, John Hodik, Tyrone Power—all strangers to the swing-shift workers on benches in the hall waiting for a call.”

 NBC had an announcing school for the boys on the staff. “We were taught by the top announcers of the time.” Bill recalls, “Charlie Lyon, Louis Rowen, Ken Griffin, and Edward Mitchell, among others. ‘Edward, producer of Truth Or Consequences, was my partner in crime with me.” Upon completing the course, aspiring student announcers were sent to NBC affiliates for actualizations. Bill went to WHK, in Cleveland. “This is where I’d never worked at announcing,” he says. “I was nineteen and, though we worked six and a half days a week on a split shift, I still managed to swing Chicago.”

 Bill went back to Chicago as a replacement for a well-known disc jockey. Then, in 1940, he went on to Detroit’s WJBK, an independent station that hired him on a small salary and a percentage—the new, untitled, was earning three dollars a week. Bill called it Corn ‘Til Morn, and married a pretty blonde from a nearby industrial town. In a few short months, he was making more money than he would have earned at the network.

 His announcing career was interrupted for a period of three years and ten months while he served with the Army Air Force. Here he learned he had a heart condition, a fact he mentions only casually today, since he’s not the kind of guy to talk about his exploits in the war.

 After the war, he was stationed in California, where fate smiled on him as brightly as the sun. Walking down Sunset Boulevard one afternoon, he ran into an old friend, Harry Hodiak, station manager of Radio Station KMPC, who had an interview with him immediately, still in Air Force uniform—his civilian clothes didn’t catch up with him for five days.

 He took over to Radio Station KFWB. During the five years he was there, he also took his first step into television, on a twice-a-week, two-hour show at KTTV. If You Ask Me, the reaction to television? “Bewildment. I couldn’t find any microphones—and I was upset because I couldn’t appear before the camera with a two-way growth of beard or I would fall foul of TV’s fast pace challenging and exciting. When KTTV asked me to do their two-hour Top Of The Morning, I jumped at the chance because I still remember that show as a wild melange. I did everything: Drove an Army tank on stage, rode an Arabian horse, was shot from a cannon—and had my skull fractured by a speeding eagle flying down from the wings.”

 It was while Bill was at KTTV that he met Sue and was offered the emcee’s role on the up-and-coming station. "Our reaction to the offer was one of concern,” Sue says, “because he would have to change the visual character his audience had come to know, from a brash comedian to a sensitive ‘straight’ personality. He worried about that, but his philosophy of life has always been: What will be, will be. ‘Things take care of themselves,’ he said. ‘It’s not something you can buy or anything else to do.’ He accepted the offer—and, if 22,000 fan letters a week mean anything, he’s a whopping success.”

 Bill himself says that the Ralph Edwards show, Could It Be You offers more laughter and more tears than any show he’s ever worked on. He’s not the kind to hide his sentiment under a false front. “People are old-fashioned and expect fluff. It’s what he’s experienced—the reuniting of Mrs. Gerald Mount with her daughter Hannelora.”

 As he himself describes his work: “Mrs. Mount originally had been married to a Communist policeman, who was the father of her child, Hannelora. In an attempt to escape the growing Communist oppression, she left him, took the name of her second husband and married an American Army sergeant, Gerald Mount, later coming to the United States. For years, she tried to bring her daughter and son back to the States. She saved every penny, in the hope that somehow she would be able to get Hannelora into West Germany and then supply passage for herself and her son to the United States. But, as the months went by, the prospect of ever seeing her daughter again grew dim, and Mrs. Mount lost hope.

 ‘Then It Could Be You heard about Hannelora through secret channels, the Army was able to deliver the younger to Denmark. From there, the program flew her here by Scandinavian Airlines, over the North Pole. When mother and daughter were once again united, the tears flowed like a sweet fountain, she cried too.” Bill admits candidly. “I’m sorry—but on this show I just can’t help feeling the same emotions as the subjects.”

 He adds, “Though he knew, by the way, that Christmas, I received a card from Hannelora. She wrote: Remember September 26, 1956—that was the day you brought me home, to spend time with my mother. ‘As if I could ever forget!’”

 Bill’s schedule today calls for him to be at NBC-TV early in the morning, with two hours of rehearsal before showtime, three hours of actual work, by scrip, work, and meetings and additional rehearsals. Morning, noon or night, Bill would be satisfied with the same dish for his meals—steak, large bumps, and mushrooms. At dinner, he’ll want two helpings. After his steak luncheon, he returns to his office over the famed Hollywood Brown Derby and spends the after- noon, in meetings with producers and writers, who still works with him, says: “I try to keep him from pawing through all the mail, because he’s so conscientious that—even if it’s just a small item—he wants to sit down and write a long letter.”

 When he isn’t busy with his program or his mail, Bill works in the yard of his new home or on his sports car and his two prime interests at present: ‘It’s really not yard,” he says. “It’s more like a jungle. We have three-quarters of an acre, and it all slopes down hill. It’s heavily planted with shrubs, and trees, and avocados, and wilds overgrown.”

 Before they bought their home—a rambling, contemporary ranch-style house with more than enough room for the family, and still looking for a place to rent. For some weeks, they’d been out searching with a rental agent, but with no success. Passing the house one day, Bill commented, “That’s nice.” He pointed out that it wasn’t for rent, but for sale. However, at Bill’s insistence, he showed it to them. They liked it. Two days later, they bought it. Bill says, “After we had stopped living out of boxes, Bill says, ‘we had some old friends over for dinner. I was all for going out to eat, to see a movie, to prepare a roast and a fancy frozen steak. That’s how the trouble began! The electricity ‘cocked out’ in the stove and refrigerator at the same time, so the roast was uncooked, the potatoes only half-baked, and the dessert melted to a soup. And we had so wanted to make a good impression’”.

 “I was almost in tears,” Sue remembers. “Bill has a personality that never lets these things go down. He laughed good-naturedly over what seemed a catastrophe to me, and said, ‘Don’t worry. Tomorrow we’ll get an electrician over and we’ll eat out to eat. He’d never say, ‘I told you so.’”

 Whenever Bill has a free moment from the heavy schedule of It Could Be You and his other commitments, he is often seen tinkering with his sports car. His interest in racing motors began while he was a teenager in Chicago’s Senn High School, when he and eight of his chums chipped in $15 each to buy a cheap二手车 Alfa Romeo. Later, of course, there were the zooming bombers during the war.

 Today, he still enjoys getting places in a hurry—but for a brand-new reason. Blue eyes sparkling, Bill Leyden says, “Easy in traffic, easy on gas, and great acceleration on the hills, my speedy little roadster brings me home just that much faster to my wonderful wife.”
with their children was the youngsters' love of sports and exercise. Gracie viewed their gymnastics and athletic games apathetically, while George was almost as bad. "When Daddy feels the urge to do more than a round of golf," Ronnie jokes, "he lies down and concentrates on forgetting all about it."

Another interest of Ronnie's not enjoyed by his parents is the ancient art and ritual of bullfighting. Ronnie has considered himself an aficionado since he took his first trip to the ring in Tijuana. Remembering Ronnie's deer-hunting memento, Gracie warned him, "You can go to the bullfights if you want to, but please don't bring home any little souvenirs like a bull's tail or ears."

While in Mexico, Ronnie became acquainted with a group of matadors and was entertained by them. On saying goodbye, he invited them to give him a call "if you're ever in L.A." A few weeks later, several of them came to Hollywood, and true to their promise, called Ronnie up. He immediately invited them to the house. It was a whal of a party, lasting to 7 A.M., with Spanish records going like mad, and Joe Carioca doing his stuff on the piano and guitar. The next day at lunch, Gracie, unflustered and smiling, told her son, "Dear, next time just bring home the bulls."

Although Ronnie has been raised according to Gracie's faith, Catholic, he has been taught a deep and abiding affection for his Dad's Jewish relatives and for friends of the family who follow various sects and creeds. "We're show people," he likes to quote George, "and, with us, it's what you do that counts, not what you are."

Gracie runs the household. But, on occasion, George, like most fathers, has been pushed into doing some of the disciplinary chores. These were made especially difficult in the case of Ronnie, who apparently was born with a fine talent for talking his way out of punishment. This has been further complicated by Sandra's habit of rushing to her brother's defense, even assuming some of the blame for his mischief. "The trouble with punishing that kid," George concedes, "was that he was always on your side. When he was naughty and I told him he'd have to take his medicine like a man, he'd pipe up, 'You're right, Daddy. I was very, very bad, so you go ahead and spank me!' How can you spank a kid after that? Besides, the little faker knew I'd never laid a hand on either of the children and never would."

Once the governess complained to Gracie that Ronnie had been naughty while company was in the house. Gracie told him he couldn't stay up the next time there would be guests. Shortly after, guests came and she began marching the boy upstairs. On each step, he paused to assure her she was doing the right thing, that he was only getting what he deserved. By the time they reached his bedroom, Gracie was in tears and only too eager to give him a full and humble pardon.

Still on the subject of discipline, Ronnie points out that he benefited by a theory of George's: "Daddy believes that anything forbidden becomes an added temptation. He learned that from Grandma Birnbaum. (George's real name is Nathan Birnbaum.) She never had anything in her home that was too dear, too special to allow one to touch."

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was transformed into a daring adventure. One night, she amazed Daddy by locking the door, pulling down the shades and producing a bottle from a closet. When I was high enough to reach him, he was playing with a governess. Daddy gave her a bottle of sherry and told her to give us a teaspoonful of the stuff at night if she thought we were behaving badly. As a result, we associated alcohol with medicine and never had any real hankering for it. That doesn’t mean we don’t like a sociable drink. Our bar is always open for the right people to take much advantage of the opportunity.

“The same was true of cigarettes,” he grins. “A friend and I hid in a closet to sneak a smoke. The maid thought the place was left to dry. Daddy he took as ‘both into his den and said, ‘Why be sneaky about it? If you’ve asked me, I’d have given you a couple of cigarettes—and lit them for you, too.’ Everybody’s never seemed very important since.”

Privacy? That seems to be a dirty word in the Burns family, at least in Ronnie’s version. Family conferences are more the ordinary through talking at the dinner table. Everybody got in on that one. If we had a dog, he’d probably have offered a few well-chosen words, too. One thing they never talk about is education.” George admits he leaned toward the law. Gracie was all for Ronnie becoming an architect. Sandra, “probably seeing herself serving tea at my first son’s wedding.”

“But when all had said their say,” Ronnie recalls, “Daddy wound up by telling me to do whatever I really liked doing and felt I could do well. He said there was nothing so frustrating as working at a job that bores you. He said, ‘A fifty-dollar-a-week clerk who loves his work is happier than a millionaire who hates what he’s doing.’” Meanwhile he lives at home, thereby saving rent and board, and gets along splendidly on his salary and the extras he picks up on guest appearances.

After the Burns and Allen show, he rushed up to his father and asked, “How was it? George answered as follows: “The first time I played the Palace with Elsie I did a little acting with the idea that I had to carry her into the theater. After the show, I asked her, ‘Momma, how was it?’ She gave me a hard look that had a little twinkle around the edges and said, ‘Elsie was better.’” Further comment was not required.

Actually, both George and Gracie were delighted with his showing and their bi- belief that their son would be a great performer. Nevertheless, they do not spoil him with flattery. Instead, they try to be helpful with hints derived from their long years of experience. Dad has a great memory for the big jokes, George told him, ‘so only repeat the little ones.’ George also takes him along on Friday nights when he dines at the Friars. The jokes fly thick and fast among George, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, George Jessel and other members and Ronnie has learned a great deal about timing from these experts. He is proud and awed by the way his father can trace
dilection for loud plaid checks, he has turned into a quiet, almost conservative dresser. Five suits, three sports jackets, and a good tie—plus a pair of shoes, a ‘barest foot in bathing trunks.’

“I haven’t asked for a raise yet,” Ronnie explains, “but when I do, it will be strictly business. I will honestly feel I’ve earned it.” Meanwhile he lives at home, thereby saving rent and board, and gets along splendidly on his salary and the extras he picks up on guest appearances.

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some additional lines on my typewriter. Ginny could take them and read them with the proper inflections and meanings the first time over, without a stumble." Virginia has said of Jack that the programs he wrote were so interesting, and he did such tremendous research to make them truthful, that she had an instant and exciting experience to work with—and having to grab extra lines to read at first glance was probably part of the exciting training she felt necessary to a good actress.

In preparation for her role, listening to radio, watching her today, perhaps it is not so difficult to imagine how she became the voice and the interpreter of an older woman like Ma Perkins. She has utilized her emotions, vivid imagination, and her wisdom through many scripts, over many years. There is a quiet maturity in her own manner, although there is still that "little-girl" look about her which she has always kept. Ginny, her hair in bangs, in blue-grey, and she was still playing at being an actress. She is still petite, five-feet-one, with a small, piquant face that is expressive and sensitive.

The only two persons who ever seemed to doubt for one moment that she could be Ma Perkins were Virginia herself, and Virginia’s father, the doctor. In his opinion, she could not talk into the role, even after she had successfully auditioned for it. "I didn’t like the idea a bit at first," Mrs. Payne says, "I just couldn’t see my daughter as an old woman." But what mother could see her daughter, who had married the Reverend Hodson Young) became Virginia’s dramatic teacher. At six or seven, she was reciting at a club for the tuberculous; when she was a high school student, she was studying at Schuster-Martin, apprenticing two summers with the famous Stuart Walker stock company, continuing her dramatic work at the University of Cincinnati for her B.A. degree, and then her M.A., in English literature, continuing piano and voice at the Cincinnati College of Music.

Virginia’s father may have had some qualms about the whole acting business for a while. In fact, she recalls the time he helped her make out her first résumé, but, "Just mother, and the line marked "Occupation," he said rather wryly, "I suppose we shall have to write ‘Actress.’" Later, he used to say that he had once been known as Dr. Payne’s daughter, and now he had become Virginia Payne’s father!

"He certainly had not, nor did he ever," she says of him. "He was the finest type of family doctor, a general practitioner who was also a surgeon. He was a member of the American Medical Association for fifty years in the practice of medicine. He taught at the medical college, he ministered untiringly. He was interested in the welfare of great numbers of people, and was a trusted adviser on many subjects besides medicine. Sometimes, when Ma Perkins is said to be almost too good to be true, I think immediately of my father and know that the criticism is not valid.

Being born into a family which for generations has produced civic and social minded men and women, scientists and physicians—and being born in a city like Cincinnati—has always seemed a double blessing to Virginia. From her family, she has her legacy in this, in which, in her case, have made her a worker for many cultural causes and for various projects for young people. From her city, she has a cultural background she feels is invaluable and which she and I have no idea of the unusual advantages we had in Cincinnati, so like many of the cities of Europe. There has always been a truly professional and preparatory atmosphere for careers in the arts. As a child, I went regularly to symphony concerts planned for children, and Thomas James Kelly of our Cincinnati Conservatory of Music was a constant and close collaborator, pointing out themes, identifying instruments. While the music itself was being indelibly impressed upon us, we learned to appreciate the fine relationship of the orchestra. All our schools were

...exciting in their training, and highly professional.

Virginia went through the elementary grades and the four years of high school at Cedar Grove Academy, and no doubt the teachers there knew from the beginning that they had a born actress in their midst. Her recitations were cast out all over her," one of them has said.

Helen Rose, speech teacher at Schuster-Martin School of Drama, spotted that talent in Virginia, in the school. She was only about twelve or thirteen then, but she brought her talent with her. In her first play, we realized she could act with rare ability and feel the beauty of voice, although you would never know just how rich and beautiful, hearing her as Ma Perkins.

(Editor note: Ma Perkins’ voice is older, a flatter, matter-of-fact, which is exactly the way that lady should sound. Ma Perkins’ grammar is also sometimes distinctly of her own invention, while Miss Payne’s is. This, too, is in character for the unschooled, unpretentious but glorious woman she plays.) Understanding this situation fully, Miss Rose says: “It’s just part of Virginia’s talent that she can disguise her own voice like that.”

Her mother, a woman who lives literature and poetry, began to teach Virginia bits of fine poems almost as soon as she began to talk. (She married the great F H. Young, later married the Reverend Hodson Young) became Virginia’s dramatic teacher. At six or seven, she was reciting at a club for the tuberculous; when she was a high school student, she was studying at Schuster-Martin, apprenticing two summers with the famous Stuart Walker stock company, continuing her dramatic work at the University of Cincinnati for her B.A. degree, and then her M.A., in English literature, continuing piano and voice at the Cincinnati College of Music.

Helen Schuster-Martin, one of her dramatic teachers was Mrs. Patia Power—and one of her classmates was the latter’s son, Tyrone Power, Jr. “Tyrone was a handsome boy, very like his beautiful, regal mother. Every year I was immensely impressed with them, and with Ty’s sister Anne, now Mrs. Hardenburgh and still my very good friend. Even then Tyrone was surrounded by girls, but his mother was as exciting with him as she was with the rest of us. She had been her husband’s leading lady before she turned to teaching, and her standards were high and the performances were very effective.”

“Mrs. Martin, who has since passed on, was the head of the school. A wonderful woman, marvelously kind to me, a great influence in my life. Her daughter Roberta, now Mrs. Walter Eyer, and her son Bill Martin have schools of their own now, but were part of my happy life at Schuster-Martin.”

Roberta Eyer remembers Virginia as “a very brilliant teenager, with a wide appreciation of everything. She not only knew theater but she knew music, could play the piano, and was a most talented person.” When the school was asked by Station WLW to put on some dramatic programs, it was natural that Virginia should be chosen, and she and many of her contemporaries, like Ma Perkins, were regularly on WLW, not for payment but for experience. Incidentally, her first paycheck from radio was for being the speaking voice of an actress. At the time, in the role of a Southern girl, Honey Adams. More than forty actresses had been tested, thirty of them authentic Southerners with accents, before Virginia was chosen—a tribute to her vocal versatility.

Her first radio role (unpaid) was in a Thanksgiving play in which she played an old woman. They telegraphed all the relatives announcing that event, and its importance was not to be underestimated, since it probably was the turning point for her career, although it is the start of the first serial mystery story ever put on the air, A Step On The Stairs—a three-station broadcast, over WLW in Cincinnati, and over WJZ in Chicago, and KDKA in Pittsburgh. The show cost WLW $250, but could take cabs to and from the broadcasts at studio expense, and all of them were sure they had attained Lunt-Fontanne stardom out of gesture.

A Step On The Stairs was directed by Helen Rose, and Virginia says, “I thought then, as I do now, that she was an amazing person, with great ingenuity and inventiveness, and ability to complete any city. She would cast and direct plays, work out all the sound effects (we actors then did them for ourselves), and she could handle anything and everything. Working with her was like working for me.

They did a series of opera stories in which Virginia played all the heroines—"I died a different way every Sunday," Virginia says. They also did many different plays and series. Some years later, when Virginia went back to the Cincinnati College of Music to participate in a symposium on radio, she and Fred Smith, an old friend of the family, were recalling the many types of programs they put on during those days, and the daring way in which they attacked every new situation.

In August of 1933, when Virginia heard that auditions would be held for a proposed daytime serial, Ma Perkins, she called Harry Holcombe, now well known as a radio executive and television producer, but then directing at WLW. He said, sure, she could come and read for the part, along with the others. She was number five, and was asked to wait while they went through four others. Finally the three were waiting, then only two. Then Virginia was chosen—and so was Charles Engelston, who is still the Shuttle of Ma Perkins, and Jack’s future wife, Willie, Ma’s son-in-law, joined the cast a few months later when the show went to the network in Chicago.

The producers had a tough time talking her out of taking the role, for her excellent audition, largely because she began to doubt her capacity to portray a woman like Ma Perkins. “We thought it would be a thirteen-week series, and had I known that, I might not have joined the full network—and, after about thirteen years, to New York—I really would have been overwhelmed. I had no idea I was beginning a whole career.

“Charles Schenck was our first network director, and he helped me greatly. At first, I felt that I was making Ma Perkins sound a little harsh, and I kept reminding myself, if you think, you can see the twinkle in her eye and the little smile playing around her lips even when she seemed to be a bit gruff, but quickly her voice began to match her genuine kindliness.”

The tremendous mail response to the initial weeks of the broadcasts was largely responsible for the decision to take the program national. It fell in love with Ma Perkins at first hearing. They felt the show was about real people they could know and appreciate. So Virginia left home, set up her own apartment in the big city, made new friends to add to the old ones, went on with her study of voice at the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and became an independent person. It was in Chicago, too,
that she became president of the local AFTRA (American Federation of Radio Artists), which later led to being active in AFTRA, the organization which succeeded it to include television.

One day, in Cincinnati, before the great move, a woman was waiting to see her after the broadcast. “My name is Marian Jordan,” she said. “I have been in vaudeville and radio all my life, and I wanted to tell you that, in your Ma Perkins characterization, you have a fortune in your pocket. Don’t ever let anyone change anything about her.” Virginia didn’t know she was talking to the famous Molly of Fibber McGee And Molly, only that she liked the woman very much, and that those were wonderful words of encouragement which meant a great deal to her.

It was in Chicago that she broke her ankle one evening, had it set in a hospital before midnight, and hobbled into the broadcast on crutches the next day. She holds a record for having missed a broadcast in more than six thousand consecutive times.

In New York for the past ten years, she had surrounded herself with the things she has picked up in travels to many countries, and with beautiful antique furniture she ferrets out wherever she goes. Her apartment is an entire floor in an old New York mansion on the upper East Side. Off the small kitchen, at the back, is a terrace planted with roses in season, and other flowers and shrubs. At the five-room vacation cottage she has been building at Ogunquit, Maine, there is a big flower garden, where she is learning to “winter” the plantings and is waiting with excitement to see how well she has done. Two roses have been named for her—the “Virginia Payne” of the American Rose Growers Association, and the “Ma Perkins” of the Jackson & Perkins rose growers.

Addie, who has kept house for Miss Payne for ten years, is referred to as “a treasure.” Addie was a Ma Perkins fan before she ever met Virginia and had always hoped to meet this woman she listened to every day and admired so much. “The whole cast has been at the house many times, and I don’t wish to meet nicer people,” Addie says. “They are like a real family that has stayed together for a long time. I say that, if everyone were like Ma Perkins and Miss Payne, there would be no more trouble in this world.”

When Station WLW, Cincinnati, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary, Charles Egelston and Virginia returned for the occasion and re-did the very first broadcast of the Ma Perkins series, some 6,000 scripts ago! So touched was Virginia by the memories that crowd her heart, she had difficulty keeping Ma Perkins’ voice to its usual calm level. When she spoke as Virginia Payne, home-town girl who had won fame as an actress, she let her feelings come through and her audience felt them, too. Among them were those who knew her as the only actress in a family filled with scientists and doctors—and they may have remembered something Mrs. Payne said when a reporter asked how these scientific men felt about the budding actress of those days. “Frankly,” Virginia’s mother had told the reporter, “they were quite bored!”

No one, however, could have been anything but thrilled by this girl who had taken on her first radio assignment at fifteen and, since then, had played many diversified parts, on radio and on the stage, with skill and imagination. No one could have been anything but thrilled by a girl who, in her early twenties, had taken on the difficult role of an elderly woman—and had made that personality a rich contribution to the radio listening of countless millions.

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general store. And Mrs. Goebel was always a housewife. Oh, she played the piano some, and even had a few pupils. And I must say she's got a good ear, for she's always 80 80 what she's recording. But neither of us ever thought of show business. I was an orphan, and Mrs. Goebel's father was a tug-boat captain on the Chicago river, Captain George, and George did 80 80 inherity any of this theatrical stuff. And I've read a lot of this high-falutin' psychology stuff, where someone says George, at the age of six, was just a little boy, he has always had to attract attention by what he did instead of by what he was physically. Now, this is all nonsense, because George has been funny since he was four years old. And had his just the same size as every other four-year-old in the neighborhood.

No, it's just like I've always said. George was just born funny, to boot. When he was born, we lived in a flat over the store, at the corner of Waveland and Francisco. It was just like that last fall, when we moved to California.

That was in Irving Park, one of the neighborhoods on the northwest side of Chicago. I guess you'd call it a "mixed" neighborhood—lots of Polish people living there, and Jewish and Irish and Swedish, and lots of Germans like us Goebels. They'd all come into the store, and if you were one on the wrong side, or in one of the wrong social circles, they'd go in and out on in front on benches in the summertime. And, of course, every one of them would have stories to tell.

George was quiet, quite, and listen. Just listen. And he must have 80 soaked it all in. Because every once in a while, since he got to doing this comedy stuff, he's come out with one of those stories. He never did tell them, but Chris Petersen, or Sol Kaplan, or Pat McGinnis, tell them in, back in Irving Park.

Except for being such a clown, I don't imagine George was much different from any other boy his age. He'd spend his summers "exploring" the woods near the store, and was quite a bit of open country out there. But that day, when he went to Cleveland School, near by. One of his teachers there was Miss Frey. She's been out to visit him in California twice in the last five years—so I guess he couldn't have made anything of a impression at school.

He spent all his spare time at the Neighborhood Boys Club, over in Paul Revere Park on Irving Park and Milwaukee. The club was started by Robert Buehler— 80 I think he was co-owner of the Victor Adding Machine Company. In fine weather, the kids went hiking trips, and did handicrafts at the clubhouse on rainy days.

George used to like to ride his bike around the edges of the clay pits over at the brickyard not far from our place. Till we heard about it, that is, and put a stop to it. I'd try to see just how close to the edge he'd go without falling in—good thing he never got too close.

Not long ago, he was flying back from Chicago, and his plane went over the Chicago River at Logan Airport, to Pop, that looked just like those clay pits they used to look to me back in Irving Park. I swear they were every bit as deep! 80

No, I don't think we ever spoiled George. Love and trust and security don't spoil a kid. We just expected him to be 80 himself, and he did. It was that simple. We never gave him an allowance, but he always knew he could help himself to some from the cash register. Same thing with the stock.

He worked some around the place, sort of as a stock boy in the store. But I don't remember he ever was any keener for work than any other boy his age. Did it if he was asked—but was pretty careful about volunteering.

Just before WLS signed him, he appeared in some Saturday-morning kids shows at the Commodore Theater, there in Irving Park. He got a big thrill out of this, but I'd been going to those shows for several years, paying ten cents to get in. Now, as one of the entertainers, he got in free. He liked that.

But then it was just too much for a couple of years, too. I guess the first song he ever sang "professionally" was "Oh Promise Me." He'd sing at Polish weddings, Jewish, German or Irish weddings—made the best of the 80 more than a dollar or two, if he was paid at all. But it was good training, standing up in front of an audience.

Then he'd gone over on Radio Station WMAQ. He did kid parts in the old Tom Mix radio show on the NBC network. He was the one who'd always pipe up, "I'll hold your horse, Tom," or They went through the years.

After he got started on WLS, he'd make the rounds of the county fairs, there in northern and central Illinois, whenever they were held on weekends so he didn't have to go to school. He'd learned a lot of cowboy and hillbilly songs by this time, things like "Beneath the Lonely Mound of Clay" and 'Billy Richards' Last Ride.' George went to school with WLS then, and they taught him a lot of songs. So did the other folks at the station. I remember how they used to trade song books around like kids trade comic books nowadays.

It's funny, but most of George's close friends in California nowadays are those same people who used to be on WLS way back in the days Foley both live out in the Valley, same as he does. And there's Pat Buttram, Curt Massey, Rex Allen, and the folks who called themselves the Hoosier Hot Shots. They're all still living now.

It was while George was with WLS that he made his first phonograph record. It was under the Sears, Roebuck label, and was "The House That Jack Built." On it. It had a guitar accompaniment played by Gene Autry, except Gene didn't get any mention on the label. The record was only 10 cents, and real thin ones they used to make. Then somebody called it a "collectors item" nowadays—people pay fancy prices for it whenever they find a copy. I can't imagine why.

One of the things George always mentioned was that he was a fiddler. He told me that he learned to play the fiddle when he was about six years old, and that he would play for the neighbors on the weekends. He would bring a chair and set it up in the middle of the room, and he would play while the neighbors came in to listen. He would play all sorts of tunes, from old country songs to modern ones. He was a very good fiddler, and he would play for hours on end. He would also play for the local radio station, and he would also play for the neighbors on the weekends. He would bring a chair and set it up in the middle of the room, and he would play while the neighbors came in to listen. He would play all sorts of tunes, from old country songs to modern ones.
downtown with him on the streetcar that morning. We had a car then, but Mrs. Goebel didn't drive, and Saturday morning was too busy at the store for me to take time off for that kind of nonsense. A few years later Gilbert bought his first car. A new Hudson sedan, it was, and was he ever proud of it! He didn't drive it himself, for several years—one of the fellows from WLS would pick him up and drive it when George had a county-fair date or something to do. But he sure loved that car! Things went pretty fast for George the next couple of years. He was working pretty hard, lot, and going to school, too, of course. He went on to Roosevelt High School, after he finished at Cleveland Grammar School. About the only brush with theatricals that George got was playing Ralph Rackstraw, the tenor lead in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H.M.S. Pinafore." He wasn't any great shakes as a scholar, but he managed to get through school, and I've always figured that that was pretty good, considering how much time he spent working outside school.

It was while he was going to Cleveland Grammar that he met Alice. Her father, Anthony Humbeck, worked in the Chicago post office. I guess George liked Alice right off, but it was several years before they were married. Maybe it was because she sat at the end of the same row George was in, Alice was the one who always picked up the homework every day. George remembers trying to attract her attention by trying to trip her. This must have been the wrong approach; she says now she used to think he was an awful show-off.

I guess it got to George that didn't matter so much to her after they started going to Roosevelt High School. They started dating, and it wasn't too long after they were out of school before they were married. They moved around to different apartments, like a lot of young couples. But they always stayed in Irving Park, and not far from us. Later on they bought a little house, out on Polonia Street—but that wasn't till after the war.

George bought a plane. He kept the plane out at Sky Harbor airport, and learned to fly it. He used to fly around and around, and over the streets, so that we'd know it was him in the plane. We'd all go outside, and Mrs. Goebel would wave a tea towel, and we'd all get excited and know it was him out there, trying to trip her. He says he used to be able to find our place, from up there, by first sighting the big chimney on the Goebel's house out on Addison and California Streets, near by.

Then George enlisted in the Air Force, and they sent him down to Frederick, Oklahoma, where he helped train B-25 pilots. He returned home fast when Hiram Greg was born, back in 1945. I remember that, when George came home to see Alice in the hospital after that first child was born, and couldn't afford to take a limousine or a taxi to the Loop. So he took the streetcar, had to transfer four times, and the trip from the airport to the hospital took him longer than the plane ride might have from Oklahoma to Chicago!

It was while he was in service that he turned into a comedian. He'd just been a single man, living in a hotel room by himself. But he used to entertain at the officers' club, playing his guitar and singing. To sort of string things out—they were short on entertainment in those days. He could tell a funny story, or a sad one, or make a story really go over. All of a
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sudden he realized that this hesitating was what was getting to him. He worked on it a while, and that was the way he developed the style he's famous for nowadays. The one where he says, "Well, maybe not.... You know the way he does it.

After he got out of the service, most of the pilots were hunting jobs with the airlines. But with George it was different. He sort of thought he'd like to get back into show business, and he figured maybe he'd be a succeed. He built up in the service might go over. None of the agents called on in Chicago felt that way. But he got in touch with David P. O'Malley office. Dave booked talent for what they called industrial dates—big conventions, sales meetings, that kind of thing.

George struck Dave as being pretty funny, with that frozen-face delivery of his. So Dave took a chance, and booked George for a big U.S.O. show there in Chicago. George went, and did well. Then George—after all, he'd been playing to soldiers for several years, and he knew what they thought was funny. Then Dave sent him off to a convention show in Grand Rapids, Michigan that was lots it was a different type audience, George still made a hit.

After that, Dave kept George pretty busy with bookings. Sometimes he'd play two or three dates in a single evening. He'd do his act for the Funeral Directors' association at the Stevens Hotel at 8 o'clock, for instance, and then he'd dash across the street to the Palace Hotel, where he'd do his act at ten o'clock before the Plumbing Contractors' association. He was a pretty busy boy.

Building up from those industrial dates, Dave booked George into some of the night clubs in hotel dining rooms across the country. He almost became a fixture at Helsing's Vodil Lounge, up on Monroe Avenue and Sheridan Road in Chicago. Bill and Frank Helsing owned the restaurant then. I understand it was sold last fall, and is now called the Flamingo. Surprisingly, George had never been in Helsing's then; that's where George met them. They got to be real good friends, and when George moved out to California a couple of years ago, Sam bought his family moved out, too. Of course, Dave O'Malley did too—he and George formed Gomaco, the company that handles all George's business. Sam still handles George's publicity.

But I'm getting a little ahead of my story. There in Chicago, George played at the Walnut Room of the Bismarck Hotel. Too. And Don got bookings at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the Hotel Pierre in New York, the Raddison in Minneapolis, and the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. I never saw any of these places, but from what I heard, they're pretty fancy. Then he came back to Chicago, and played the Marine Dining Room at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and at the Empire Room in the Palmer House, like I mentioned before.

It seems to be a little bit closer in here started showing up on television now and then. He was a guest on the "Gerry Moore Show," and "Sundays With a Smile," and "This Is Show Business," all in 1952. The next year, he was on seven weeks in NBC's summer show, "A Show of Shows," and a couple weeks later we had the famous NBC's "A Night of Comedy," that's the one that had Hoagy Carmichael as master of ceremonies, and I guess that's the one that did it. Anyway, in the fall of '52, he started George on his own weekly show.

A couple of weeks after his show started, he did a spot on the special "Plants a Julep in the Light," produced by David O. Selznick, and shown on all three networks. George got up there and made like a drunk—just what was necessary for his brain—only, of course, neither he nor his audience could make head or tails of it. In the original plans for that show, George's act was scheduled for six minutes. But at rehearsals he started flubbing around, ad-libbing and stuff, and what do you know but Selznick told him to keep a lot of that foolishness in. So when the show was broadcast, George was on the screen for twelve minutes. And that's a long time.

Next day, a lot of the critics were raving about him, calling him a "new Robert Benchley"—as we've known it. Robert Benchley—"a Benchley fellow—it was just the same old George Goebel so far as I was concerned.

Oh, yes—about that name. When George was born, it was George Goebel. He used it that way all the time he was at WLS, and through the Army. But when he became a standard act, he found out that a lot television stations was going to pronounce it. So he just dropped it out of "e," so's they'd make sure to pronounce it right. I didn't mind him changing it.

Like he said, "After all, Pop, I'm no Gable, and that's where he was pronouncing it with that 'e' in it." I still keep that extra "e" in Goebel. After all, it's not me that's famous, and everybody I know knows me.

I think maybe the biggest thrill George has had since he got famous was when he went back to Chicago about a year ago for "George Goebel Day." Dick Valentino has done his act in the Neighborhood Boys Club, brought a bus-load of kids from the club out to the airport to meet George. They even brought along his old baseball hat. And darnd if he wasn't able to squeeze into it! Wore it on the trip back into town.

Then he went back to WLS, and everybody he ever knew came to talk to him, and congratulate him on becoming such a success, and all that. He'd just finished his first movie, "The Birds and the Bees," and I think that trip might have been considered a publicity tour for that picture. But, so far as George and the rest of us were concerned, it was Old Home Week.

He did another movie last summer—"I Married a Woman." They called it. In the first one, he played opposite Mitzi Gaynor. In this second one, it was Diana Dors and Nita Talbot. And he has the nerve to claim he "works!"

When George went on TV with his show regular, he moved out to California. Alice's mother came out with them—Mr. Hummels were here four years earlier. George and Alice kept writing back about how wonderful the climate was, and all, and I guess Mrs. Goebel and I have tell ourselves, we'd sell business about ten years ago, but Mrs. Goebel and I had stayed on in the flat above the store.

If you're anything keeping us back there, and those Chicago winters and summers can be pretty fierce. Besides, we got sort of lonesome for our three grandchildren. So we decided to sell the building here and stay out to live. I miss my friends pretty much, but I must say George was right about the climate.

George said to begin with, I figure George is a pretty lucky boy. He's doing pretty much just the same thing he did back there for free in the Army, but look what he's getting paid for. Puts them to tell me his house isn't "fancy," like lots of television and movie stars have. But it looks pretty good to me. After all, we never had any swimming pool in the back yard at the place in Irving Park!
Debbie and Eddie were weekending in Palm Springs when they knew that the time was at hand. Fortunately, their obstetrician, Dr. Levy, was in the desert resort town with them. Eddie had been foresighted enough to insist that they not leave town without him.

A little after midnight, on October 21, the excited family loaded into Dr. Levy’s car and, with the doctor at the wheel, made their way to St. Joseph’s, one hundred and fifty miles away. Eddie held Debbie’s hand, and she managed frequent happy smiles to encourage him. Early reports said they “raced,” which wasn’t true. Debbie was comfortable and there was plenty of time, so they drove at safe, normal pace. They made excellent time, however, since the Los Angeles to Palm Springs highway is not jammed with traffic at that time of night. It was almost Carrie’s birthday—when they arrived in Burbank.

Eddie stayed with his wife almost until the deadline, and the awed excitement and tremendous surge of love they shared in those hours would never be something neither of them will ever forget.

By the time Debbie was rolled into the delivery room—some friends and family had gathered there—Dr. Levy and Debbie’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Francis Reynolds (Eddie’s father and mother were both in the East, and he called them as soon as he could speak coherently to his wife), Dr. Monte Proser, producer of the Coke Time shows, Eddie’s press secretary, Gloria Luckenbill, and her husband Phil, Eddie’s brother, were in the room, waiting. Eddie and Joey Foreman—now actors in Hollywood—spoke with his pals, smiled in response to their murmured encouragement, but he didn’t really hear much of what they were saying, his mind was on Debbie, and her child. When Dr. Levy appeared in the waiting room in his surgical gown, Eddie leaped up, his face going white. ‘No, not yet,’” his surgeon told him, “but it’s getting close to the time.” He told Eddie that now he could go up and wait outside the delivery room on the fifth floor.

Eddie heard his daughter’s first cry at exactly 12:40 P.M. Five minutes later, he was holding a tiny, blanketed—and noisy—bundle in his arms. With something Around their little baby’s neck. Eddie kissed into the little face. After a moment, the baby quieted and opened his eyes. How little she is, he thought, how sweet. What was eating those guys, anyway, these people, that Mrs. Baker looked like wrinkled old men? Not his baby, not Debbie’s. She was she was beautiful.

Dr. Levy, the white-masked nurse held out her arms for the child, and headed for the nursery. As they disappeared behind a heavy sound-proof door, Carrie was again kicking and crying lustily.

Dazed from the impact of his first few moments of fatherhood, Eddie didn’t hear the rubber-tired approach of the hospital cart until it was almost upon him. “Hi,” a small, weary but exultant voice said, and he wheeled to see his wife. Debbie was pale from her ordeal but smiling. Their embraces were wordless. Their emotions were too strong—just then—for words.

Their days in the hospital were a blur of almost miraculous happiness for Debbie. She had a brief glimpse of Carrie before she was carried from the delivery room, enough to know that she was “perfect”—and perfectly beautiful. Debbie was absolutely triumphant late in the afternoon of Carrie’s first day, when mother and child met for a longer time and Debbie discovered that she was going to be able to nurse her child.

It was his triumph, too, as he brought Debbie’s family and all their closest friends, one or two at a time, to visit the hospital, and admire the miraculous new creature behind the glass wall of the nursery. But Carrie’s home was even better. After Carrie had cooed in her ruffled bassinet and popped off to sleep as though she already knew that everything here was going to be just right, Eddie sat by Debbie’s bed in the big master bedroom and they talked quietly and with full hearts of the new dimension in their lives.

And, ultimately, a brother, a sister. They had always said they wanted a big family. Now they would have something, if not everything, for her, just yet, they decided. No important decisions would be made about her future until Carrie herself was big enough to have a voice in her own affairs. They would just see to it that she had a happy, healthy start.

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81
Twelve Answers For Teens

(Continued from page 27)

I thought of what I was doing to myself. I threw away my flats and began to wear heels and walk straight.

Today, Eloise has every opportunity to help others to good posture and grooming, for she has had a chance to know intimately the problems of women all over the world, through her work with Slenderella. Obviously, she is well-equipped to discuss teen-age problems of personality and appearance, since during the war she held an important job as personal officer with the Waves, handling the problems of many young women.

In answer to a series of questions, Eloise Elsie realizes some of the teens' biggest problems.

Question: Eloise, will you analyze the figure faults of the average teen-age girl?
Answer: The worst fault is bad posture. There is the L-shaped girl— the L in reverse. There is the girl who leans herself out of shape carrying books on her hips. The most frequent weight problems seem to run to thick hips and thighs. Of course, when girls are excessively overweight, the fat may bunch on waist, bust and arms, as well as hips. But teenagers should be happy to know that, when they do lose inches in the hips, they lose inches much faster than weight. And they lose inches and weight much faster than adults.

Question: Are there food problems peculiar to teenagers?
Answer: Definitely yes. Snacking is one bad habit. I mean nibbling while studying or watching TV. Running to the icebox for a quick bite. To fight the nibbling habit, I recommend self-control. And, if you must nibble, try low-calorie snacks—celery, carrots, radishes, watercress. Fill the stomach without adding much to calorie intake.

Another problem for the teen is the fact that most school lunchrooms tend to serve foods which are fattening. The poor dieter is confronted with sandwiches with fillings, meat loaf with rich gravy and potatoes, creamed chopped beef, chicken a la king. For the dieter, it may be wiser to settle for a salad and ice cream, and let the habit settle for a sandwich and lettuce and mustard, or hard-boiled eggs and lettuce. She may even have to bring her own lunch from home. But the trouble is well repaid by lost poundage.

Probably the worst teen-age eating habit is gang-eating. When you're out with the crowd and everyone else orders malted and hamburgers, it's hard to stick with a diet. But try to limit yourself to low-calorie type of plain soda or black coffee. You'll still be with the gang, and they'll understand your wish to reduce.

Question: What can a mother do to help her daughter achieve a slim figure?
Answer: It's best when mother and daughter work as a team. And, when mother takes care of her figure, daughter usually follows suit. In the same way, if the mother is intelligent about foods served at home, she can encourage good eating habits in her daughter. But there are exceptions. Some mothers still contend that teen-age girls actually need weight for energy. This is scientifically untrue. Other mothers reflect a naive view, when they say, "My daughter has 'baby fat.' It will go away in a few months." Unfortunately, teen-age fat can become adult fat. The adolescent weight cannot be counted on to disappear magically at twenty.

Teen-age overeating may also be compulsive—an unconscious rebellion against feelings of insufficiency, or against a family conflict. For example, perhaps, a teenager has a nagging mother. In resentment of what she feels is unfair treatment, the girl may turn to the pleasure of eating. Thus she compensates for the disagreeable feelings, given her by her mother, that she is using up the things she does. This attitude is typified by the remark one teenager made to me: "My mother thinks I’m eating all the time, so I might as well."

I have to find that magical image of adults, respond to positive treatment. An ounce of flattening is worth a pound of nagging. And mothers can help their teen-age daughters, immeasurably by the simple remark, "You look lovely today, dear. That dress is so becoming."

Of course, when only the teenager in the family is dieting, she must develop stamina in sticking to her diet. Few families are in position to prepare two completely separate menus. I know one girl, struggling with a diet, who struggled mightily whenever her mother ordered a second helping. And when a friend of hers ended up eating two large pieces. But should her mother have stopped baking for the family because her daughter had no will power? I don't think so.

Question: If a teenager doesn't get help from her mother about dieting and other problems, what should she do?
Answer: Being a teenager is difficult. They are simply too busy in the difficult spot of being neither children nor adults. A teenager seldom knows when she will be applauded for making her own de-

Remember too... your dentist knows that diet and clean teeth are the best decay stoppers.

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can be improved by standing erect against a wall or by walking fifteen or twenty minutes a day with a book balanced on the head. There are good leg exercises to slim down hips and thighs as well as the waist. An exercise program plus diet requires discipline, but will result in a good figure and good posture.

Question: This has raised the age of the "sweetheart". Anyhow, a lot of girls worry about the size of their bust—line—is there any way to bring it up to normal or down to normal?

Answer: No one can say a 34-inch bust, for example, is normal or subnormal or abnormal. The size of the bosom depends on a girl's build, her height and bone structure. The bust should ideally be in proportion with the waist and hips. The current accent on big bosoms has become a fetish.

The teen-aged girl who is lumpy, thick-waisted and too bony can do something about it with diet and exercise. As she slenderizes, her bust should resolve into more natural lines. Posture has a lot to do with the bust-line. If a girl stands round-shouldered, the supporting tissue and muscle break down, with the resultant effect of a pendulous, sagging bosom. The answer here is obviously exercise and good posture. The under-sized bust, exercise can add inches to the bust, but will not develop the size of the bust. Some girls try swimming for this purpose, but at the risk of straining their arms muscles. Posture and confidence are just as important for the small-bosomed woman, as for the large-bosomed. In any case, a girl should strive for the slender, proportioned figure of the little white dress, you must have the figure for it.

Question: As a fashion authority, have you any advice for the teenager on clothes?

Answer: The teenager is inclined to think that a large figure needs large clothes. The more elaborate they have to be. Actually, the reverse is true—for good, tailored, simple clothes can be expensive. But, regardless of cost, it is important to wear what is right for the individual, regardless of fashion and fad. General rules exist for those of us who are too tall or too short. You can't wear bows and bangles. We must use our clothes and shape our figures. Of course, I am too tall to wear vertical stripes. They only accentuate my height. But I can wear big jewels of jewelry. A large figure can wear small jewelry. Her jewelry should be delicate and a hat should never cover her face, or she'll look like a mushroom.

A small girl should dress in one color, rather than in a contrasting skirt and jacket. The two masses of color give the effect of cutting her height—which she can't afford. Anything that is too thick, but, if her blouse is lighter than the skirt, she looks as if she's in flight. In the girl in between, neither too tall nor too short, can wear more types of clothes.

Color: For young girls, Olive-skinned girls, for example, should never wear black or brown. It makes the skin look sallow. They should favor pastels and high color. A girl in white can, however, wear any almost color. Of course, grooming makes or mars the entire picture. There is no substitute for neatness. Clothes should be hung up after wearing. If a hem droops, odds are that the dress wasn't hung away properly.

Question: Are there any tricks for complexion?

Answer: For a teenager, cleanliness is the important thing. Face should be cleansed thoroughly at least twice a day—three times in hot weather. The foods and lots of drinking water, along with exercise, are helpful for a good complexion. and keep your hair shining and clean. Straight hair can be just as attractive as curled, if it has enough body. I see many girls wearing hair attractively straight or turned under. If you find your hair thinning out regularly so that your head doesn't look untidy. And your hair-do should be chosen for what it does for you, not what it looks like. Incidentally, one glaring fault of teenagers is their choice of nail polish. Too often they choose garish colors rather than subdued pale tones.

Question: You have proposed universal military training for girls. Why?

Answer: I began thinking along this line during my service in the Navy. It occurred to me that military training would be just as helpful for girls as for boys. Such training develops self-respect, self-discipline and self-reliance. It teaches good grooming and good posture. Military service would give girls in shape mentally and physically, plus giving them a chance to think about their careers. Often, girls go off to college with no idea of what they want to do in life. Incidentally, in line with my thinking, one college has instituted R.O.T.C. for women.

Question: Isn't UMT for women an unusual approach?

Answer: I don't think it's a bad idea—but I have very strong opinions about education for women. For one thing, I don't believe in a straight business course for a girl. If she plans to start a career in secretarial work, she should take typing and shorthand in addition to an academic course. Women, and teenagers in particular, should stop thinking of themselves as the serving class in business. The typewriter and filing cabinet shouldn't be the limit of a girl's ambition. She can and should strive toward the same executive jobs as men. For these jobs, she needs a larger horizon, the kind that she will get in an academic course. Languages, literature and science open the mind to the world. They contribute to personality in a lasting sense. It's not enough to be pretty and efficient. But a teenage girl may ask, "Who needs French and science to have babies?" Well, the modern housewife doesn't stay at home. She is active in the community—in driving the car in charity drives, wheat- and-iron drives, drama clubs, church groups—where she is expected to show signs of learning. And a teenager is not too young to prepare for the mature world. One way to do this is to develop a curious mind. The knack of thinking outside one's self is in itself self-educating and absolutely priceless.

Question: Then what you are saying is that an active woman must be mentally as well as physically attractive?

Answer: Yes, and sometimes they are one and the same. For example, I don't approve of the younger generation thinking jeans lead into bad habits—of sloppiness and laziness. Good grooming sparks a mental attitude important to women, and habits of good grooming should start any later than the teen years. These years set the pattern of a woman's life, establish the foundation for good health, good looks and a healthy outlook. In November, there were two cute, slender girls—the daytime drudges and the dazzling girl at the prince's ball. Put the drudge behind you right now.

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As The World Turns

(Continued from page 44)
while he acted as he did. No. Not even when she found that, alone in her room, Ellen talked to the picture as though her father were there with her. Claire had heard her saying softly to the picture that she missed him—her father—and wished he would come home. And Claire heard her confide things to the picture that she would never have told her mother.

That was anguish. Such emotional turmoil had brought Claire to sheer despair. But it wasn't like that now! Blessedly and wonderfully, it wasn't like that now! She found herself trembling a little. Not the nervousness she'd known before. There was no dreary, hopeless sense of utter frustration behind the way she felt now. This was a new kind of feeling. It was a confidence, a sure, a clear-eyed view of reality. She knew she could tell Dr. Snyder. But if she did—

He spoke without turning. "You understand, I do not suggest that you talk about it if you do not choose. Upsetting things should be faced. But, for the facing to be useful, it must be done by your choice, not my direction."

"Y-yes," said Claire. "There is something I do want to talk about. Jim and—she stopped and then said resolutely, "I can do it, but—"

Doctor Snyder sat silently looking out of the window. His air was that of meditative attention. Claire's thoughts raced back through time.

She and Jim had grown up together. In high school, it was so natural as to seem inevitable that Jim would take her to the school dances and the parties. If a day passed when they were not together, some- one asked solicitously if there was anything wrong. Her parents beamed sentimentally upon them. Jim's father was a tyrant, but he did not object to Claire, and Jim's mother really seemed to love her. So that going with Claire was one matter in which Jim could at once please the mother he adored and the father he dreaded.

It was natural, then, that a day came when Claire found herself in a bridal veil, being married to Jim. She had believed honestly that they loved each other, but they really married because they'd always known each other and because her parents would have it so. It was a long time before Jim realized the truth. Claire's hope he never would. But he did. ... And she didn't want Ellen to have a marriage like that! That would be disastrous.

She said abruptly, 'I've told Ellen that I'd rather not have any more, close friends with Donald's sister Penny. I would like to have her break off their companionship. I had a long talk with her about it."

Doctor Snyder nodded to notice that she spoke about Ellen when she'd said she wanted to talk about Jim. He waited.

"She's going away to college soon," said Claire. "She'll need to make new friends there. Penny will go to the university here in town. It's better for Ellen to be ready to make new friends, and not miss old ones."

Doctor Snyder still waited. He began to look faintly quizzical.

"She hasn't a brother," added Claire. "And Penny has. I wish Ellen did have a brother. My brother was a wonderful help to me when I was Ellen's age! But—a brother has to be a real brother. When girls are as close as Ellen and Penny—there's a chance that Donald could become involved."

Doctor Snyder had a distinctly quizzical air, now. It was as if he waited for Claire to be amused at her own dodging around something she was reluctant to say. She didn't. Then she said defiantly, "I think it dangerous for Ellen to be too close a friend to Donald Hughes' sister!"

Doctor Snyder seemed to think over what she said. "You're worried that they'd think they were in love because they knew each other so well," he observed. "You and Jim were childhood sweethearts. Then he said, in a different, meditative tone, "Have you noticed that, when you speak of Donald ordinarily, you use his first name alone? But, when you disapprove, you call him Donald Hughes? You still have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes." Claire flushed.

Pictures, images, memories flooded her mind. They brought surging emotion with them. The emotion came, of course, from the tragic time when, because his own marriage was a pattern of mutual frustrations, Jim considered that he was in love with Edith Hughes. Which was monstrous in every possible way! Edith's brother Chris was Jim's best friend, and Chris's wife Nancy was close to Claire, and Edith's niece Penny was Ellen's inseparable companion, and of course there was Donald. ... Of all people, Edith Hughes should have left Jim alone! Not that he was... "
guiltless! For he was partly responsible.

Surely it was natural for Claire to have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes!

When she remained silent, Doctor Snyder stirred in his chair. "Would you want to talk about Ellen's reaction when you asked her to give up Penny's friendship?"

"No-o-o," said Claire. "She was not happy. But I said, when I came in, that there was no reference to cases, Doctor. I really do feel tremendously better!"

"You should not try to consult with me when you feel so good," said Doctor Snyder mildly. "It would not be useful. I take it you would rather not try? Not today?"

Claire shrugged. But she picked up her purse.

She did feel more composed, more poised, more confident of herself and of the future than she'd felt for longer than she could remember. She knew now that the improvement had come about, at the beginning, she'd been so harried and upset that she'd been a dutifully subservient patient, frighteningly discussing anything Doctor Snyder thought it wise for her to talk about, bringing out facts she'd tried to hide from herself, unraveling a tangled web of fears and frustrations and unhappiness. But that was over, now. Blessedly and wonderfully ended!

"Claire," said Doctor Snyder mildly, as she stood up, "do you think this has been a successful—ah—part of a session?"

She smiled uncertainly, without answering.

"You came in," he observed judicially, "saying that you had nothing in your mind worth discussing. When I made a comment in which you suspected a hidden meaning, and you picked at it until I guessed that there was something you were afraid I might guess."

Claire tensed a little. "Well?"

"So you said you wanted to talk about your husband. But do you realize that you actually talked about nearly everything else—when you say you want to talk about your husband?"

"I realize that it has been you who guided the conversation throughout, not I? That you carefully kept it from something you did not want to talk about?"

Claire tensed a little more. It was true, of course. But she was not distressed and upset at the discovery, as she would have been only a little while before. Now she needed no more of you! She has done so much for me!"

"Yes. You will need me for a while, still. But I am encouraged. It is natural and promising for you to want to think for yourself instead of only feeling. It is even natural to want to make decisions without asking advice."

She was startled—almost to the point of blunting out an appalled question of how much or what he'd guessed. But he rose from the chair, "You've got it out, Claire. She got it out without any reference to the conclusion she'd decided must be solely her own. On the way down to the street she realized that he must have come to the same conclusion a little while before, and that he'd been working gently and patiently with her until she could arrive at it for herself."

Because, Claire, she knew she could take her own life into her own hands again. She became suddenly, warmly aware that the sunshine was bright and that the sky was blue, that she could remember, that she looked for happiness for herself. Not at once, certainly. What she must do would be difficult. She would even be unhappy, often. But she could do what she now saw must be done. She had her own life in her own hands again, and she could use it for the purposes for which life is given. She heard within her heart, re-joicing in the inner strength she'd fought back to, ready to face and conquer the problems and the griefs that had defeated her.

She thought tenderly of Ellen. With her new wisdom, she could make sure that her daughter's life would be happier than hers had been.

That, and far ahead, would be her own happiness.

(Continued from page 32)
much the same 'method' the Actors' Studio uses today.

It is just this varied experience which has made it possible for Joan to play the 'menace' on Backstage Wife—and then, less than one hour later, be equally as comically convincing as the 'gallant' in A Bed to Call Your Own, Young Dr. Malone. And, in 1955, she returned to Broadway to take on quite another type of role, as the challenging female lead in the hit whodunit, 'Witness for the Prosecution.'

"You might say," Joan interjects, "that that Broadway stint whetted my appetite for more—and even though I can't talk about it right now, I am looking forward to another play in the near future. If I do return to Broadway, there will be a major difference from years ago...I've been sufficiently matured to know now what I can do in the living room I want to do, not having to do just anything to keep going."

Yes, even though Joan was not always lucky in her chosen profession and has had her share of failures, she has a long and better record of successes. In eighteen years of conscientious work, she has arrived at the most enviable position of being able to do what she wants to do. But the actress with her heart in the right place, will not have luck personally as well as professionally. Like anyone else, Joan's personal life has had its ups and downs which itself could be a good thing, since it is often the contrast between privations that makes one appreciate the good things when they come along.

Today it is hard to imagine that Joan_Albert never had a fortune within herself. But the fact is that, as a child, she claims to have been most insecure—"probably because I spent so much time in boarding schools," she says, of being pushed away from the family. Believe me, there will be no boarding schools for my children...going away to college will be soon enough."

As her career progressed, she naturally developed a sense of security, a belief in herself. But as she will tell you, it takes love—unstinting love—to produce a really secure person. With Arthur Stanton she has that.

However, love was not always kind to Joan. Her first marriage dissolved in the divorce court, at a low point. Then in June, 1953, life perked up. She met Arthur Stanton at a party...and a few months later, they were married in Mexico.

"Arthur's business is pretty far afield from the theater," Joan continues. "It's in charge of distribution of the Volkswagen in six Eastern states. But his outside interests all dwell with the creative arts and the people in them. That perhaps is where we met was a group composed mainly of theatrical people. We have so many friends in common that it's amazing we never met before."

Besides the acting profession, Arthur has a lot of friends in the arts...writing and painting. One of their common interests is art. Although Arthur's true taste is sculpture, that's out of distances mine. In fact, over the course of years he's become what you might call a small collector...Picasso prints and lithographs, modern oils, a Marin sculpture, to name a few. He has wonderful taste.

"In the past, I've decorated several of my own apartments, and even if I do say so myself, they've been considered successes. But compared with this apartment, they've been pretty conventional. I suppose that's one of the reasons I've had such fun working on this apartment. It has real Arthur...with the help of Arthur, I've finally been able to master my inhibitions about decoration.

"Of course, the size and arrangement of the rooms has had us decorating a little easier than is usually the case with New York apartments. With ten rooms and three baths, it hasn't been necessary to move roomers 'double in brass,' so to speak. That in itself gave me freedom of thought, which wasn't ever the case in the past. Funny, now that I think of it, but the only room that isn't finished is one in which I have only one room which may see double duty...overflow overnight guests."

"It's probably the most conventional room in the house. It is a very simple room, black, white and color scheme. The walls are of a deep but soft green—a bitter green—and the carpet will be blue. Startle you? Well, it did me, too, at first, but that's where Arthur's artistic sense kicks in.

"Nor would it ever occur to me to mix as many periods and nationalities, so to speak, in one house or apartment as we've done. The shows are in the living room...it's a large room, twenty-nine by eighteen, so it's not crowded. But, even so, there's a contemporary couch, an English coffee table, a French chair, a Biedermeier table, and a Japanese table which I think he picked up for a few pieces. One of the most outstanding features, to my way of thinking, is the wall that houses the fireplace. It's wood, light, and beautiful, and has a group of knot-holes and graining show through.

"The dining room is quite interesting, too. One wall is a series of windows to which we've attached white louvre shutters and a white marble mantel, like a piece of a French one...an oval, marble-topped table with iron legs. Suspended from the ceiling is a large, black, painted French chandelier. It's the right size for an English hunt table. I guess we've been pretty unconventional in our decor for most of the rooms.

"That's all except the nursery...which is just plain nursery and—sentimentally at least—my favorite room. It certainly is one of the most used rooms in the apartment. Though I have a nurse for Adam, Jane loves to book him in. It's her way of showing how much she's grown in her place.
An Evening With Elvis

(Continued from page 51) to Humes in the eighth grade and stayed on to graduate in 1953. As Humes is a pretty large school, I noticed Elvis too much until he began to sing at school parties and functions. I can remember lots of times seeing Elvis walk down the hall with his guitar in his hand. It was noticeable because no one else brought a guitar to school except Elvis. And I just sort of marveled at the way he sang, because I really hadn’t ever seen anyone else do that. And then one day all of a sudden he walked up and played a guitar at the same time. Elvis seemed to have talent, I thought, and anyway, no one else ever volunteered to sing. But, boy, Elvis was always ready.

The new president of the class and also editor of the school paper, and I had a couple of classes with Elvis in the senior year. I remember in particular, a class called American Problems, a discussion class dealing with the general problems facing us then, such as the election, taxes, various laws, and so on. It was a per- mission class, I had to write a paper to make oral reports. You can take my word Elvis certainly held his own.

About this time Elvis’ sideburns began to show up pretty good, since he was somewhat the image of a maturing boy. No boy do. Elvis took quite a bit of kidding about the now-famous sideburns. Elvis didn’t seem to mind and went right along with the kidding.

Elvis was one of the best-dressed kids in school, as his parents were having a pretty tough time. But he always seemed to dress real “catty” and looked pretty cool. One fellow in particular used to kid Elvis a lot about the way he dressed. This guy wore some pretty nice clothes and was sharp himself. However, Elvis, although he couldn’t afford it, always seemed to have at least a new pair of shoes and some other thing you could get by. Elvis took the kidding from this fellow without saying anything. It was as though he was thinking, okay, wise guy, someday you’ll eat those words. And Dewey during the interview, if the other classmates seemed to lay off Elvis and give this other guy the eye, Elvis was okay in our book.

The last time I heard and saw Elvis sing in high school was at a variety show in the spring of our senior year. It’s real funny that, once again, I can’t tell you anything about anybody else on the show except Elvis. Elvis sang a couple of country and Western songs that night (as that was his style then). And, believe me, he got the biggest applause of the night. You could sort of tell he was really happy and pleased. In fact, he showed more professionalism than anybody else on the show. As he stepped back before he sang the second song, he dedicated it to a couple of kids in the audience. He did this in a kidding manner, and all the other students got a real kick out of it.

After graduation I didn’t see a whole lot of Elvis, as I went to college (Memphis State then) and was too busy trying to make a living. However, I didn’t live too far from Elvis, so I frequently ran into him. In the meantime I had landed a part-time job at night at Radio Station WHBQ. One night, I happened to be in the parking lot on Main Street to the station and I ran into Elvis. We shot the bull for a while. He said that he had heard Dewey Phillips (who later dropped out of college and bought the road to success) mention my name on his show. Dewey and I both worked the night shift at WHBQ and I was frequently around when he was on the air. Sometimes I sort of helped Dewey do little things to prepare for his show, and thus he talked about me on the air. Elvis and I chatted while and then we talked about the college. Elvis said he wished he had been able to go to college. He said that he was then working in a machine shop and it was kind of tough but he liked it and was getting a fair salary.

The next time I saw Elvis was a couple of months later, and he said that he was now driving a truck and working for Crown Electric Company here in Memphis. And it so happened that Memphis State College was recessed for the summer. I had been offered a summer disk-jockey job in a town about fifty miles from Memphis. I used to come home for a couple of days a week, and usually I would stay by an interview with Dewey Phillips at WHBQ. Well, one night, just as I walked into the station, Dewey grabbed me by the arm. He said, "I just want you to listen to a new record." He seemed very excited.

Along we went to his studio and he put a record on the turntable. The first thing I heard was "Blue moon, blue moon" (the Elvis version of "Blue Moon of Kentucky"). I was puzzled as to who was singing. Dewey said, "You ought to know him, since you and he went to school together—Elvis?" I shouted with excitement. Dewey began to tell me a whole story about how Sam Phillips of Sun Records Company in Memphis had recorded Elvis and developed this new style of singing. The record hadn’t even been released yet. Dewey told me this huge hit number, and the record up to him, the night before. Dewey played it on his show. The reaction was tremendous as telegrams and phone calls were pouring in to hear the record again. "Well," Dewey said, "before the night was up, I had played the record seven times." Dewey told me that, after the telegrams and phone calls began to come in, he thought he’d got a hit. Dewey and Dewey interviewed him over the air. Dewey told me that Elvis called him "Mr." Phillips (which made Dewey feel real good). He reminded Elvis just to call him by that name so, because he was the interview. But Elvis. He called him "Mr." Phillips all during the interview.

That night Dewey gave me an extra copy of the record. I took it with me back home, but I was too busy working, for the next couple of weeks. They said that Elvis’ record was the “hottest” thing in Memphis.

When my summer job ended, I came back to Memphis. A new shopping center at the State hardware store had opened up. He decided to take a couple of weeks. They said that Elvis’ record was the “hottest” thing in Memphis.

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Elvis headed back to Hollywood to finish up the picture and then came back to Memphis. I told him that I had his new RCA record album and asked him about a couple of the songs. Elvis said that he didn't even know the album was out and asked if I'd bring it out to his house so he could play it. When I got there, about two hundred people were standing out front of the house hoping Elvis would come and talk. It sure was a sight to see a plain-clothes guard at the gate keeping the crowd away from the house. I went in.

Elvis noticed that I had the album, so he put it on the record player and we talked about the songs. Elvis was a couple of fellows who were in Humes High with us were cut front. The guard wouldn't let them in. Elvis went out himself to get them. We all got together in Elvis' room and started asking him questions about Hollywood and the movies.

Just then, June Juria closed the phone, and Elvis' mother and father had just picked them up at the airport. They had invited the girls to be Elvis' house guest for a couple of days.

We had previously met June when she was in Memphis a couple of days ago. Elvis gave her a hello kiss right in front of all of us. Elvis picked up his conversation about Hollywood. He said the only bad part of the album was that you have to get up at five in the morning to report on set. He hates the way they pack the makeup on you, too.

He told one anecdot about how great the color was on his movie techniques. There was a scene in "Love Me Tender" where Elvis shoots his brother (played by Richard Egan). When Elvis shot the gun, he thought he got Richard Egan. Richard Egan grabbed his shoulder where the bullet had ripped into his shirt. Blood seemed to be gushing out. Elvis said he really got scared. He had heard about those electric wires and how that gun put out so he loaded. He started to run toward Egan. He thought he'd really shot him. Everybody on the set started to laugh. It seems it's an old Hollywood trick. An electric wire fires off some powder on the "victim" and breaks a sack of red fluid to give a realistic effect of bloodshed. Elvis said he was really embarrassed.

Elvis and Debra Paget were even prettier off the screen than on. She'd been real nice and friendly toward him. On Elvis' dresser was a big picture of Debra on which she had written a complimentary message to Elvis.

That night Elvis was wearing a blue velvet shirt, black denim pants and white desert boots. I asked him about the shirt. He said he hadn't made it for himself but for him and she also gave him a red one. He jumped up and went to his closet, which looked like a rack in a clothing store—shirts, pants, and sports coats. He got the red velvet shirt and showed it to us. He said that each cost seventy-five dollars. I asked him about Natalie Wood. He told me that every day they drove out-to-earth and not stuck-up at all.

I started to ask Elvis questions about how he felt about his sudden success, so I had told you four years ago that someday you'd be the top show-business attraction in the country?" He snapped back, "Why, I would have told them they were wrong."

"I never thought I'd be as well off as I am now," he said. "But somehow I always had a feeling down deep that someday I'd have something. I owe it all to the good God above."

"How does it feel, Elvis?" I asked, "when you are on stage and the fans start
to screaming and hollering and carrying on?"

"Well, when it first started real big,"

he said, "I looked around on stage for the star. I just couldn't believe they were screaming for me. It's a real funny feeling. When I drive up at night to this house, I just shut off and meditate. I ask myself, 'Is this really me?' I still can't realize that I'm a big star and that all this was really destined. I'm afraid all the time that I'll get big-headed. That's one thing I don't want to do. I've met many people who were just half-way up the road and thought themselves big stars and acted kind of stuck-up."

I asked Elvis if the fans in any certain city were more wild for him? "No," he said. "They're just alike all over. I was mobbed in Kansas City, just like I was in California." 

"What about New York?" I said.

"Well, once when I was going shopping in New York, some fans spotted me. They started to tear right through the whole store, the keeper had to slip me out through the back basement door. I jumped in a cab and shot back to the hotel. And when I was in New York for The Ed Sullivan Show, I had to be taken in and out twice. Both times I was mobbed before I could get into the show. I had to go back to the hotel to keep from being ripped apart."

I asked Elvis if he knew how so many false rumors got started about him.

"I know about some," he said. "For instance, once in Kansas City, I was mobbed on stage right after the drummer, D. J. Fontana, had been thrown into the orchestra pit. The funny part about it was that there wasn't even an orchestra pit in the place. Another story had me shot in the face when I was young. Isn't that just crazy?"

"How about the capped teeth you were supposed to have had made in Hollywood? I asked. Elvis put his hand up to his mouth and slipped off a small round object, a cap for one of his teeth. He said that he had worn two of them originally, but he dropped one on the floor in a cafe in downtown Memphis. When he went to pick it up someone had stepped on it and broken it to pieces. He said that they were very expensive and he would have to have another one made.

It was about 10:15 now and we were sort of getting restless. Elvis told us to follow him, as he had something to show us. So off we went in his little puppy was running around and June Januco picked it up and started patting it. Off to one side was a huge cage with a little monkey in it. Then Elvis told the monkey. Then Elvis said, "Come on out in the back yard. I have something real unusual I want you to see." Out behind the garage Elvis had two big burros in a fenced-off area. His manager, Colonel Tom Parker, had sent them from Texas as gifts. Elvis grabbed June and put her on one of the burros. She started to ride him, but he began to run away. Elvis ran up and caught her just before she slid off.

We asked Elvis about the cars. So he opened his garage. There was a 1956 Eldorado - car he had bought in 1955. Fleetwood Cadillac. Also Elvis pointed out his little German Messerschmitt foreign car, which he said he hadn't driven too much when he got the little foreign car he took me riding in it down Main Street. Boy, did we cause a commotion! Parked out in the yard was his Cadillac limousine, in which the band sometimes travels. And in the drive was his 1956 Lincoln continental. I asked Elvis if it was okay if I sat in it. He said, "Sure." So I hopped in and started looking around, feeling like a king. Elvis sort of laughed and said, "Well, it looks a mile long in the front, doesn't it?"

We then all walked over and inspected Elvis' swimming pool. Elvis took us back into the house then, into his den. He had Headed. He looks organ music very much. Elvis sat down at the organ and played while everybody else sat around. We started playing a lot of little quilt theme of the melody. Elvis would play a song on the organ and taking turns (I acted as emcee) I would quiz someone as to the name of it. If they answered correctly, they would be given a lot of fun doing this. I asked Elvis which of all the songs he had recorded was his favorite. He quickly answered, "Don't."}

We continued to play the game for a while, until about 11:15, and then Elvis suggested that we break it up. I agreed, as we had been there for over three hours. As we were leaving there were, forty or fifty people standing outside of Elvis' house hoping to get a look at him. Elvis likes gospel singing a lot. The other night, he turned up on a gospel sign at the auditorium here in Memphis. The Blackwood Brothers were sponsoring the show (they are featured on my station, WMC) and Elvis was glued to the girls on the stage watching every performance. He said that he would like to have sung a couple of numbers with them, but his contract wouldn't permit it.

Of course, about girls, Elvis was as fascinated about young women as it might be that Elvis likes best. June Januco, the girl from Biloxi, is a good friend. She's spent a lot of time with Elvis. And there's another girl named Dolly Harmony, who's dancer Elvis met. She works at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, and Elvis met her when he was on the West Coast, and liked her. He asked his mother to invite her to Memphis during the holidays at the end of last year, and she spent a few days here. And there's Barbara Hearn, his girl in Memphis.}

About June, he said that June was not at all the same as some of the other female groupies. June was a real star for him and was a real sweet girl. And so that brings me up to date on Elvis Presley, the man whom I went to school. He is now the most popular thing in show business. It seems now as if Elvis will be going into the Army not too soon but that we're all sure that he'll continue successfully on his career after his service is over. The way we all feel here is that, in spite of all the publicity about him, Elvis - who else with his kind of kind - is just about the way he always was. And all his friends here in Memphis respect and like him and wish him a great future.
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BRINGING UP BABY (RKO): Off on a farcical fling, with heiress Katharine Hepburn chasing shy scientist Cary Grant. A stray leopard (and Katie's pretty legs) add to the happy confusion.


CANADIAN PACIFIC (20th): Fortright Western, actionful if not very thoughtful. Randolph Scott spearheads a railroad-building job, encouraged by Nancy Olson, opposed by Victor Jory.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia): Paul Muni's forceful performance highlights the rugged story of Norse patriots' aid in a British attack on Nazi-occupied Norway.

CONQUEST OF EVEREST (U.A.): Splendid British documentary on the triumph of Hillary and Tensing, showing the planning and teamwork leading to the mighty peak.

DEADLINE AT DAWN (RKO): Modest but effective suspense tale, involving dance hostess Susan Hayward in the danger that threatens sailor Bill Williams.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th): Realistic, exciting saga of pioneers fighting Indians in upstate New York, during the Revolution. Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert are a courageous farm couple.


MR. AND MRS. SMITH (RKO): Robert Montgomery and the late Carole Lombard clown engagingly as bickering husband and wife who find their marriage wasn't legal. Director Hitchcock proves adept at comedy.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honestly sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of "our songs," Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.

STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE (RKO): More serious than most of the Astaire-Rogers films, this nostalgic musical casts Fred and Ginger as the beloved dance team of World War I days.

SUSPICION (RKO): Alfred Hitchcock is in top form with this suave tale of suspense. An innocent bride, Joan Fontaine suspects that debonair Cary Grant has done murder—and plans to kill her.
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Information

On His Toes

Could you please give me some information about Tom Hansen?

L. B., Trenton, N. J.

The pride of Watsonville, California, is a debonair gent who keeps the ladies’ heads in a whirl, and is one of the big reasons for the continuing high popularity of NBC-TV’s Your Hit Parade. He’s dancer-choreographer Tom Hansen, who smartly refers to himself as “the veteran,” which, from point of fact of service on the show, he is. Also, it was during a wartime stint for Special Services that Tom and his fancy footwork received the plaudits that encouraged him to try for a show-business career... His first experience was gained in ensemble work on the stage of New York’s Roxy Theater. The day before its New York opening, Tom was chosen to join the cast of “Kiss Me, Kate.” Leaving the show in 1950, he teamed with Betty Ann Grove for agile terpsichore sessions on TV’s Stop The Music. This happy pairing was later repeated on The Big Payoff. In between, there were choreography and guest spots on Celebrity Time and, in the fall of 1951, the beginning of Tom’s lengthy service on Your Hit Parade... Tom’s busy schedule also includes choreography and appearances on TV spectaculars, guest shots on other shows, and various commercial stints. The very eligible bachelor lives in a large, modern apartment on Manhattan’s Upper West Side. Also present is a basset hound named “Claude,” so tagged by Gisele Mackenzie, and once, briefly, the object of Snookie Lanson’s attentions in a Hit Parade version of “Hound Dog.” Records (“just about everything, with strong emphasis on show albums”) and swimming are Tom’s major hobbies. He works constantly to enlarge his talents—does musical stock during the summers, is presently being coached in acting, and has handled dramatic roles on Kraft Theater and Robert Montgomery Presents. He would like someday to do movies.

George Brent

George Did It

We would like to know something about George Brent.

The Campbells, Albuquerque, N. M.

George Brent, whom you see as one of the three rotating leads on ABC-TV’s Wire Service, has lived a life that far outdoes any of the several hundred roles he has appeared in before the public. Born in Shannonbridge, Ireland, George was sent to America at age eleven, returned after high school to enter the National University at Dublin. These were the turbulent days of the Irish independence movement, and George became an active worker for the Republic’s cause... After graduation, he obtained work at Dublin’s famed Abbey Theater, but the British were soon hot on his trail. With a price on his head, the adventurous young Irishman was forced to flee the country, thus setting in motion a dizzying chain of events which took him to sea, to the diamond fields of South Africa, to Canada, and, eventually, the U. S. After two years as a struggling actor in New York, he gained stock experience in Denver and on tours as actor-manager of six separate stock companies. He found his first acclaim on Broadway opposite Alice Brady in “Love, Honor and Betray,” and in Hollywood opposite Ruth Chatterton in “The Rich Are Always With Us.” When he was hailed as a “discovery” after performing in the memorable “Dark Victory,” George Brent laid it on the line: “Discovery! I’m an old bag around here—I’ve been in Hollywood for eight years.” On his looks: “I’m no Tyrone Power and I know it.” On romance: “Romance rumors are all right for beginners in this business, but for me, this romance stuff is a pain.” On Hollywood marriage: “A thousand to one against you—especially where both parties are pursuing a career.” On young “know-it-alls”: “They call it a ‘defense mechanism,’ but when I began to act, we weren’t allowed defense mechanisms or any other alibis. We behaved ourselves and did our...
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Calling All Fans

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

Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Kathie Coogan, 2961 N. 58th St., Milwaukee 10, Wis.
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TV and Your Eyesight

How long should I let my children watch television at one sitting?
A. S., Midland, Mich.

Many parents are naturally concerned about the effect of televiewing on young eyes. Herewith, some suggestions based on considerable research.
1. TV should never be watched in complete darkness. Partial illumination from moderately lit, well-shaded lamps is recommended. Your light should be diffused around the room, so that the child never looks from darkness into bright light.
2. Be sure that your lights cause no reflection on the TV screen.
3. Proper focus is essential. A child who can turn on a set may also be taught how to focus the picture correctly.
4. Children should never be allowed to glue themselves to the set approximately two feet from the picture. The relative strength of each child's eyes will determine proper distance, but "not too close" is a safe rule of thumb.
5. Comfortable chairs and posture are desirable, since "hunched up" positions affect bodily circulation, including that to the eyes.
6. The importance of glancing away from the set every few minutes should be emphasized.
7. Watch for telltale signs of eyestrain—including excessive blinking and irritability.

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—be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

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It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. D-57, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Soat in plain wrapper.)

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL
All Drugstores have Midol

OUTDOOR MAN
Roy Rogers likes the good earth and all God's children

FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR
Life on their Chatsworth ranch suits Roy and Dale Evans down to the ground.

He's come a long way since his first days on an Ohio riverboat and his childhood on the small farm at Duck Run. But Roy Rogers hasn't changed. "Many times," smiles his wife, Dale Evans, "I've heard him say, 'I'll never understand how I've come so far—there are guys in Hollywood with more looks and more talent! I'm prejudiced, so I don't think so. There certainly aren't many with more heart. His is big and warm as an oven—perhaps because he's known what it is to be bone-poor himself.'"

Raised on a rocky hillside farm, and in harness behind the old mare when he was seven, Roy knew what "struggle" meant before he could spell it. His father worked in an Ohio shoe factory, while Roy, his mother and three sisters worked on the farm—raising potatoes, corn and apples. Roy's still fond of apples: "You can do so many things with them...fry 'em, bake 'em, stew 'em."

When he was ten, Roy began calling square dances—he still knows a hundred old hill songs. If you catch him singing around the house, chances are it's one of those square-dance tunes or a nostalgic old-time ballad. "Roy is sentimental as an old 'hope chest,'" Dale says. "He still has his first guitar, that he bought for twenty dollars in a hock shop. He also has the old Dodge touring car that carried him and his family to California. The guitar is scratched and the strings are gone, the car's barely able to stand out in the yard, but Roy wouldn't part with either of them."

He's even more sentimental about his family. "There were times in the past," Dale recalls, "when we were away from our seven children, on tour, and they grew lonesome. So, last season, we took them with us. Roy's also had the children working with us on TV, to help keep us closer together."

"Roy spends a great deal of time with them. He can take on all seven, roughhousing on the floor, and not come up puffing. I've never seen anything like Roy for energy. Out coon hunting, he could outwalk an Olympic champion. On the other hand, he's just as long-winded on the phone as he is in the field! I don't know what they talk about, but he has some old
Dale and Roy with four of their beloved seven: Marion Fleming and Cheryl in musical mood, Debbie and Dodie in typical “roughhouse” romp.

cronies with whom he’ll chat for what seems like an hour, several times a week. They’re the only ones who can make him sit still for more than fifteen minutes.”

When he’s not on the phone or romping with the children, he’s working on a car or sanding down his small boat. Roy could live in tennis shoes or gumsoled loafers (to protect the boat-deck varnish). A real outdoor man, he loves fishing and boating. He’s often said that, if he ever retired, it would be high up in the San Bernardino Mountains at Big Bear Lake. He likes the lake and mountains ... perhaps because they’re closer to God.

Two things he’s sure to take with him on his road tours: His Bible, which he reads every night—and an accordion-like plastic folder with room for a dozen snapshots. “You don’t have to ask him how the family is,” Dale laughs. “When Roy’s on the road, just say hello—and he comes back, ‘Seen the latest pictures of the kids’.”

Roy Rogers Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Post Cereals, Maxwell House Coffee, Baker’s Instant Chocolate Mix.

ENDS DULL DRY
“THIRSTY” HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

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

Q: What’s the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: Ordinary hairdressings “coat” your hair—make it oily—Lanolin Discovery’s misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

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

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery
THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

$1.25 and $1.89

Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
Go, Man, Go: The radical element in the
Manhattan Presley Fan Club is petition-
ing their idol to get a crew-cut. Might
keep in mind that yesterday’s “Presleys,”
Sinatra and Crosby, are now baldish, and
that brings up the question, “What will
Elvis look like when he’s bald?” Close
your eyes and think about it . . . And
think about this handsome teen-age cou-
ples, the new singing sensation Tommy
Sands taking Molly Bee to the movies.
They’re a combination of opposites: Mol-
ly so outgoing and Tommy so shy . . .
Good way to combine business with
pleasure: Jane Wyman makes a steady
thing of Gale Smith, a big exec for one
of her sponsors. . . . Buddies Art Link-
letter & Bob Cummings take off for three
weeks in Australia. Reason: They’ve in-
vested in a new process for growing rice
and want to see their first crop. . . . Sam
Levenson, back with the entertaining
Two For The Money, notes, “There’s no
personality problem in marriage when
the rocks in his head fit the holes in
hers,” . . . The Desilu Studio (Desi &
Lucy’s) preparing new half-hour film
series with Walter Winchell as story-tell-
ing host . . . One of the greatest of Duke
Ellington’s collections has been baked by
Victor into a cookie titled, “In a Mellow-
tone,” . . . Denise Lor, pretty canary on
Garry Moore’s show, has the nervous
habit of checking her appearance when
she’s on camera. She’s always sneaking
glances of herself on the TV monitor. So
there she was one morning, wearing a
lovely off-the-shoulder gown, standing
perfectly still and singing, when her eye
flickered toward the monitor. She near-
ly fainted. On the monitor she saw hers-
elves singing in shorts. A mischievous
cameraman, knowing her habit, had sub-
stituted a kinescope of a previous TV
show when she wore a brief costume.

What’s for Summer? One thing that
maybe Mr. Steve Allen didn’t count on
when he locked horns with Mr. Ed Sulli-
van is that Ed has worked every sum-

Maestro Lawrence Welk accepts our
gold medal Award from Lou Crosby.

The Browns have their cake—but Jim
may soon eat it under a new name.

Stormy’s a gal’s best audience as
Betty White prepares a new show.

Stars Tony Perkins and Tab Hunter
visit Peter Potter on Juke Box Jury.
mer for eight years and has no intention of quitting. Ed made many friends in the early years of TV by keeping television profitable and lively while other stars were sunning. And Ed intends to continue this practice. Ed loves competition. He is not the type to ever rest on his laurels. So Steve, if he is going to stay in there pitching, will have to be on hand through the hot, hot summer. . . . And this summer several big advertisers will try out new programs before taking on sponsorship themselves. Either in defense or defiance, Procter & Gamble, assisted by General Foods in one case, are financing their own shows. This is not new in the industry. Actually, the term, "soap operas," grew out of the soap companies' creation and development of their own radio serials. The term is now considered derogatory in connotation—and has been changed to "daytime drama." What they have in mind at the moment are three half-hour weekly TV shows. One titled The Whiting Sisters, stars the sisters of the same name. Another, Meet McGraw, has Frank Lovejoy in the title role. A third program is Date With The Angels, starring wonderful, wonderful Betty White. Betty was recently chosen "most glamorous business woman of the year" by the Hollywood Business and Professional Woman's club.

Personal Patter: Dwayne Hickman, nephew on Bob Cummings Show, and Cindy Lindt, pretty Big Payoff model, are letter-writing. Dwayne is hoping to do Manhattan with Cindy on his next trip East. It was on his last trip that he met Cindy but, unfortunately, he met her on his very last afternoon in New York. . . . Elinor Donahue, who plays the teenage daughter in Father Knows Best, expecting a May baby. She's married to sound technician Dick Smith. . . . Catch a plane: Johnnie Ray opens at the London Palladium April 15th. . . . For Sauter-Finnegan built, a new album with the charming title, "Under Analysis," and the kick is that the boys diagnose great hits such as "Star Dust," "Rockin' Chair," "I Get a Kick out of You." This is an ear-awakening dozen. . . . The wholesale firing of the Hit Parade cast, effective June, came after a season of persistent rumors. Gisele MacKenzie, however, had given her notice long beforehand that she would not be available for another year. She's got a Broadway musical lined up for the fall. . . . Robert Q. Lewis has been panting to do a movie for years, and may get the chance this summer. . . . Hugh O'Brien, Bob Wagner and Jeannie Carson, who live and work in Hollywood, met for the first time in New York City on Ed Sullivan's show. Hugh was particularly nervous about singing on TV. Counseled lassie Jeannie, "A lad shouldn't be scared with such a bonnie frame as yours." . . . A news-gal, interviewing Bishop Sheen, suddenly sighed and said, "That beautiful cape of yours, Bishop—I was just thinking how magnificent it would look over my emerald green dress!" "You borrow it. I told her with a twinkle, "—anytime." . . . The McGuire Sisters are excited about their first appearance at the Cocolnut Grove next month. . . . Noted cultural advance: Next season will see the debut of a network kiddie-quiz show to be titled, A Penny For Your Thought. This will be an all time low in cash give-aways. A penny!!!

Three Blondes & Two Brunettes: The gals sing the best and any one of these gals is a beautiful bundle of excitement on or off wax. . . . Dorothy Collins, take her first. A vocalist on Hit Parade, she must sing whatever is on the best-seller list, and so has sung everything—rock 'n' roll, ballads, polkas, waltzes, and she is great. But for Coral's "Songs by Dorothy Collins," she sings what she wants in a relaxed, knowing way. She's a swinging sophisticate backed not by Hubby Raymond Scott's big band but, instead, by the delightful jazz trio headed by guitarist Barney Keasel, . . . Two other blondes having their say are Decca's Peggy Lee and Jeri Southern. Peggy's voice is lightly smoky in an

(Continued on page 13)
Command Performance

Red Skelton tackles his greatest role, with God's gift of laughter—and the prayers of all the world
Behind the make-up and "Freddie the Freeloader's" tramp costume, there are tears as well as laughter. But Red Skelton—the man who "can fall the hardest and fastest" and still come up smiling—fights his biggest battle with courage and skill.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

He believes "The Boss Man" put him here on this earth for one purpose—to make laughter. This is his religion and this is his life. And this is what is sustaining Red Skelton today. This is how the show can go on...

And, today, all the laughter Red has made, the happiness he's spread, is coming back to him in an hour when he needs it most... and helping that show go on. Heartened by thousands of letters, wires and calls from those whose hope and faith so strengthen Red's own.

The lovable Hoosier redhead who, from childhood, has lived to make others laugh today proving himself the greatest of clowns... in every meaning of that word. The sign on the door of his rehearsal studio at CBS Television City in Hollywood tells the story of that performance... and the strain of making laughter today. "Closed Set—Cast And Crew Only," it reads. Inside the studio, however well you know him—every word must be weighed. A word of sympathy or concern can turn that laughter into tears.

Tell him, "It's a funny show, Red," and his face lights up like a kid's with a red balloon. But what you feel in your heart—what you hope—what you (Continued on page 12)

The Red Skelton Show is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Johnson's Wax and Pet Milk.
praying—said until. Today the line between comedy and tears is too fine...

He's wearing the trusty "lucky" old brown hat that shapes into so many of the comedy bits and words. He's growing (constantly) his familiar cold cigar. Comb-
ing that thick, elastic red hair into hilar-

ious "do's." And making laughter is his job. His job is to be funny. He ad-libbed, watching the faces of the crew—
sensitive to a chuckle or even a smile. Building the laughter as he goes... and warming to the job as the laughs begin to

"Leave that line in—they laughed," he says to the director.

"What did you say, Red?"

"I don't know—but leave it in"—

And so the show goes on. . .

But when the show is over, when the curtain goes down and the studio is emptied and all the laughter is gone, "Freddie the Freeloader" takes off his battered hat and his black tramp suit and the beard and the clown face... and Red Skelton, the father, goes home. Home to remember to be given—

other and still tougher show. . .

Home to a little boy. Freeckled, thin, and with Red's own quick grin. Home to make laughter for Richard Skelton during and away from that leukemia.

To play with the shiny new trains that welcomed Richard home from the hospital when the first tests were made. Be-
ing and seldom to show too much affection, or too much emotion, or too much concern.

And playing with the fabulous new trains running them through towns and through tunnels against a like a hop of city lights, a father watches the happy face of a child... hangs on to his own faith... and commits every look, every word and every little-boy grin to heart and memory.

Red and little Richard are the busiest engineers of the most extensive railway system in all Bel Air. A kingdom of traveling marks on the face. He plays any nine-year-old, with its exciting maze of tracks that thread through two rooms in the Skelton home. Under the close supervision of a little boy, lovingly with George, a carpenter built special elevated tracks that slant to ground-level in Richard's room. There are auxiliary tracks in the sitting room between Red's and Georgia's rooms, with tracks criss-crossing in dizzying patterns on all sides.

By the hour, you'll find them there together, engrossed in the operation—the big redhead and the small. It's a

illuminating project when Red and Richard get into the pick-up with "Val-Richard Productions" on the side, and go shopping for some special equipment for their railway lines. Or, on Saturdays, you may find Georgia, Valentina, Red and Richard down on the beach at Malibu—

scouting sandstone to decorate the little trains.

The shiny new trains, the elevated track, all the little-made-believe towns, were waiting for Richard when he came home from California Medical Center. After the sad diagnosis had been made. His parents smiled for the first time in eight days, seeing an excited little boy's eyes light up when they took him upstairs to show him his "surprise." Still a bad dream to them was another night when they'd driven home from the hospital in a state of shock and grief—unprepared for what they had heard.

Richard had had a bad cold that kept hanging on. He'd lost some weight and there was a stubborn "cold sore" just inside his nose that wouldn't heal. In the course of a general check-up, their family physician took a blood count and sent it out to the University of California School of Medicine—where there are three labor-

tories that deal with children's blood diseases alone.

Hospital authorities asked Red and Georgia to bring Richard in for a day, to take a bone-marrow test, which was the first intimation they had that anything serious was even suspected. And, in a matter of hours, the sad results were known. The Skeltons were told—as kindly as such truths can be told. Richard remained in the hospital for additional blood tests.

At the hospital, every precaution was taken to keep the diagnosis in confidence. In the whole department, only one doctor, one nurse and two assistants knew. No description of the case was ever put into writing, no directions for treatment.

Then—either through human error, or a breach of family trust—a television comment-

ator who knew them broke the news to the world... and to Richard, who was watching the TV show with other children in a hospital ward. He didn't know what the dreaded word meant, but older children with him explained—and, even then, he couldn't really comprehend.

Overnight, a story which belonged right-

fully to three people—a father, a mother and a child—was shared by millions...

During the weeks and months to come, Red and Georgia Skelton were to show the world a rare kind of courage. Taking it spiritually and intelligently in stride. Resuming life as nearly normally as possible at home. And during the first few days, when the shock was overwhelming, their good friend of many years' standing, Father Edward J. Carney, flew out from Lawrence, Massachusetts, to be with them.

The priest, a strapping Irishman, six-

foot-four and with red hair, could be Red's brother—they're that much alike. They have a great sense of understand-

ing... and Father Carney and the Skeltons have faced tragedy together before. Enroute from Rome, a few years ago, their plane seemed fate the highest peak of the Alps. With two moto-

tors in the plane gone and the third going, Red went to work making laughter for the twenty-four children of all nationalities aboard. Father Carney, put-
ing on his purple ribbon to give the last rites and setting up an imaginary altar in the window of the plane. "You take no care of your department, Red, and I'll take care of mine." He was praying—and Red was pantomiming—when the plane landed safely on a tiny air strip at Lyon, France.

Now their two departments were over-

lapping again. For those first few days, all of Red's laughter had deserted him. Still, he maintained a aura of peace. And, eventually, the laughter would come. If, as Red and Georgia had always put it, "The Guy Upstairs—The Boss Man—

still had something for him to do... A job that had been Red's since he was a year old. But, when he's waiting—following in the baggy pants of his clown-father (who'd somersaulted to his death)—Red left home to make his own laugh-

ter. He left then because he was hungry. And he helped his Mom out with the rest of the brood. His big dream? To become the greatest of clowns. He worked in a circus, then traveled, then talked out of the hood of a jalopy on a circus track. He would fall in sawdust and be repaid by all the smiling faces he saw as he picked himself up and walked away. He was a jousts, burlesque, vaudeville—taking falls... anything for a laugh. A reviewer is a little New Jersey paper pegged him right then, when he noted the "antics of a young Richard Skelton, the clown, who can fail the hardest and the fastest—and then get up someway none the worse for wear and tear..."

And, during the weeks and months to come, Red Skelton a few days to pick himself up off the floor... and he would be helped up by thousands of unseen hands... He missed one show, and the first one after that made the toughest of them. Facing the sympathy of all the cast and crew, too—and what do you say? Mickey Rooney played a double performance... one for the TV audience and one for Red. The Mick, a fair clown himself, went around egg-

nagging it up... picking up the corners whenever he caught Red looking sad. And, when he saw any well-wishers head-

ing in his direction, Mickey would be in there fast with: "Red, what do you think about doing such-and-such?" Any excuse to take him away.

But there was unseen support, too, helping Red Skelton through that show—and the many more to come. In the form of the thousands of letters and wires and phone calls, and the faces behind them. They were there, fortifying Red's own hope and faith... and he was playing to them.

Leaving the stage that night, Red walked back to a beautiful girl with red hair—to the Richard's) and the family arms around him, saying, "Honey, it was so wonderful!" The two of them drove home alone... knowing, with full heart, they were not alone.

Twenty-five thousand letters came in the first avalanche, but this was only the beginning. From every corner of the land—and, as time's gone by, from across the world—more than the Red's Bel Air home, Red's office, "Skelton Productions," in Westwood, CBS in Hollywood and in New York.

Human letters from across the nation, from all walks of life. From a monastery in Louisiana, a farm in Kansas, a tenement in Brooklyn, and a mining camp in Colorado. Letters saying how...

(Continued on page 98)
assortment, titled "Dream Street," that includes the haunting poetry of "My Old Flame" and "Dancing on the Ceiling." And just as great is the remarkable Miss Southern. Jeri is a gal endearred to jazzmen and yet her virtue is a beautiful simplicity—no tricks, no echo chambers—just pure music on the line. She does it with things like "When Your Heart's on Fire" and "Someone to Watch Over Me."...

On the brunette side is Steve Allen's Eydie Gorme with a knock-out album. She mixes 'em up like an ace pitcher, running from moody ones to belters. She is swinging and soars, or goes to the other extreme and hugs a ballad with real passion. This is a fine showcase and it's ABC-Paramount's disc, "Eydie Gorme."...

And last but not least is an item by M-G-M, "Jana Sings Victor Young & Frank Loesser." Young is songs like "Stella by Starlight" and "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance." Loesser is "Slow Boat to China" and "If I Were a Bell." And Joni is to the song world what MM is to the movies. The James girl puts into her voice what Marilyn puts into her walk. And, brother, that's quite enough.

Iddy-Bits: When Pat Boone finishes his movie, he flies to London for a personal appearance. ... Four million bucks given away on top TV shows so far this season. ... Tab Hunter, whose first record sold over a million, recalls that he was so dubious about singing that he extracted the promise that his first master recording would be destroyed if he didn't like it. ... Don't know whether radio is here to stay, but Heater is. Gabe is celebrating his 26th anniversary on the air. ... Another husband-wife team to TV, Joan Caulfield and producer-husband Frank Ross ready to roll with new comedy series, Molly. This goes to NBC-TV next season. Marion Lorne, character actress who wowed the nation on Mr. Peepers, has feature role. ... Bob Hope got himself a $10-million deal with NBC and says he needs every cent of it. He says big names make big ratings and big names cost big money. Lana Turner cost him in the neighborhood of 50-grand, and that's a nice neighborhood. Hope says that this season he has been losing about $30,000 per show. His show costs that much more to produce than what he is paid. He says, "Everything costs too much—labor, guest stars, production, even me." ... And if your husband is griping about his income tax, ask him how he'd like to pay Presley's. Elvis grossed $3-million last year—and that doesn't count the Cadillacs. Incidentally, El traded in two of his Caddys for Lincolns, out of deference to friend Ed Sullivan.

A Man By Any Other Name: Movie, TV and recording star James Brown is being pressured about a name change. Henry Willson, Hollywood manager, did it to Tab Hunter and Rip Torn, and thinks a name change would enhance plain Jim Brown. The idea is to add his TV moniker, Rip Masters, which Jim totes on Ron Ttn Ttn. Handsome Jim, who made his movie debut in "Going My Way" and has waxed a half-dozen best sellers for M-G-M Records, is deliberating the name matter at the Sherman Oaks home he shares with his wife and daughters Beverly, 15, Carol, 12, and Barbara, 11. The daughters are by his first marriage. He married Betty Brown just eight years ago and brought the girls with him. Betty recalls, "The wedding was something. Jim was making (Continued on page 24)
Lowell Thomas doesn't simply report the news—he makes it

Arabia: In the land of Lawrence, Lowell Thomas visits his old friend, Sherif Hussein, the desert chieftain of Wadi Beihan.

Voice of History

In a rough Colorado gold-mining camp, a doctor-schoolteacher put his young son through a strict course in elocution. But the boy, though he minded his vowels, was more interested in listening spellbound to the tales of the gold-seekers, or in looking bemused at the vista of mountains and wondering what lay beyond their horizon. Later, when the boy had found that beyond the mountains lay adventure, it was that early concern with clear and incisive speech which enabled him to tell his story to the world. The voice of Lowell Thomas has been heard by more of his fellow mortals than any other voice in history. With a record for the longest run of any type of program, his news broadcast goes into its twenty-seventh year at the same hour. His radio career began thirty-one years ago, appropriately enough on the occasion of a broadcast of man's first flight around the world, for which he was official historian. The man who reports the news also makes news. He discovered Lawrence of Arabia and, in lectures, films and books, broke the story of the archeologist who became the mysterious sheik of the desert. With his son, Lowell, Jr., he crossed the Himalayas to visit the Forbidden City of Tibet and bring to light the story of the real-life Shangri-La. With adventure as his climate, Lowell finds that deserts and mountains are not the only places for discoveries. In so relatively tame a place as a laboratory, he "found" Cinerama and guided the cinema process to vivid production. Born April 6, 1892, Lowell has since been a gold miner, cowpuncher, college professor, newspaper and newsreel reporter, editor, historian, lecturer, world traveler, and author of more than forty books. Daredevil trails at three large ski developments are aptly named for Lowell Thomas, who continues to schuss down them and who is the man responsible for Arthur Godfrey's introduction to skiing. "If you don't abuse your position, you have an opportunity to do a vast amount of good," Lowell sums up his career. "If you do abuse it, you soon find yourself talking to yourself."

Lowell Thomas And The News, CBS Radio, M-F, 6:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by United Motors Service, Division of General Motors, for Delco Batteries.
He Couldn’t Say “No”

FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR
Showmanship and news judgment win Doug his fourth Award.

Douglas Edwards, dean of TV news commentators, is glad CBS wouldn’t take “no” for an answer.

OPPORTUNITY knocked for the first time when teen-age friends invited Douglas Edwards, then just turned fifteen, to join their Alabama radio station. Then opportunity knocked again, and with the persistence of a bill collector. Well-established as a CBS Radio newsmen, Doug was asked to do a daily telecast. It was ten years ago, and video was in swaddling clothes. Doug demurred. CBS insisted. Doug continued to demur—and CBS rewrote his contract. Still, as insurance against the unknown medium, Doug continued to keep one foot in radio. Now known as dean of TV commentators, Doug covers, in person, such stories as the conventions and the Andrea Doria sinking, or calls in CBS newsmen from around the world. “I try to make the show believable and conversational,” says Doug, “and still give it punch and drama.” The teamwork of his staff in New York and the newsmen in distant corners of the world gets full credit from Doug. . . . Though his face is familiar to millions, Doug retains his modesty. He likes to tell of the cab driver who enthused about the show. “Gee,” said the cabbie, “I’d sure like to see the show.” As Doug paid his fare, he explained that there was no regular audience, but that the cabbie could watch from the control booth. “Thanks,” said the cabbie earnestly. “Thanks very much, Mr. Gobel.” . . . At home in Weston, Connecticut, Doug, his wife Sara, and their three children pay less attention to Doug’s fame than to their menagerie: A thoroughbred gift horse, two cats to which Doug is allergic, a collie named Prince, and a cross between a French poodle and a German shepherd that is known as “the dog” or Alsace-Lorraine. Daughter Lynn, 15, nicknamed “Swayze” by her classmates, is interested in journalism. Says Doug, “I think good-looking women will eventually replace us men.” Donna, 9, is “a complete little ham.” Of Bobby, 11, Doug grins, “He looks exactly like me, but they say that on him it looks good.” This family does things together. As Doug says, he’s always part of a team.

Douglas Edwards With The News is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 6:45 P.M. (7:15 on WCBS-TV), for Ronson Corp., Anacin, Aero Shave, Hazel Bishop. He is heard on Wendy Warren And The News, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon. (EST)
Close your eyes and open your imagination to the CBS Radio Workshop

AN OPPORTUNITY TO DREAM. That's how Howard Barnes, CBS Radio Vice President in Charge of Network Programming, describes CBS Radio Workshop. For dreaming, you need wide-open spaces, without frontiers or formats. Though this experimental program is grounded in reality, the sky—Cloud Nine, to be specific—is the limit. Barnes asks only one question: "Is it worth doing?"

In Paul Roberts as producer in New York and William N. Robson as producer in Hollywood, he has found two original minds. In friendly competition, they stimulate each other. In weekly alternation, they stamp the programs with two distinct and dynamic personalities. Roberts is a quiet-spoken, hard-working, deep-thinking, intense Chicagoan. Robson, originally a New Yorker, has a flair for flamboyancy and showmanship and thrives in an atmosphere of crisis. Both have the welcome mat out for ideas and experimentation; both close the door firmly on gimmicks for the sake of gimmickry; both avail the program of an unlimited geography of talent. Barnes points to Hollywood's "Brave New World," "I Was the Duke" and "No Time for Heartaches," and to New York's "Bring on the Angels" and "A Writer at Work." Says Paul Roberts: "The program is essentially a preoccupation with the condition of man in society, man searching for ethics and morality, man searching to understand himself. Never is it a bedtime story or a plot with a twist on the end." Thus, in March, the on-the-air laboratory produced the story of Mohammed and his teachings on "Flaming Sword," then humanized canines and kidded their masters on "Dog's Life." On April 14, audiences will hear the best script by a young unknown in a verse-drama contest. A new show, CBS Radio Workshop is a direct descendant of the famed Columbia Workshop, which experimented in physical sounds and created excitement by discovering new writers. "Today we are forced to be more searching," says Howard Barnes. "The ideas are what make the show stand up."

CBS Radio Workshop, Sun., 4:05-4:30 P.M. EST, on CBS Radio.
Circle Without End

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER
Hull discusses show with Strike It Rich creator Walt Framer.

Just let the people know, says Warren Hull of Strike It Rich, and they'll follow their hearts, reach out their hands to help

ALTHOUGH Strike It Rich is now in its tenth year, Warren Hull is still amazed at the vast number of people who, given the true facts, want to help others. Just let the people know, and they will follow their hearts, he has learned.

"Warren has never become callous to the thrill of quick response from listeners and viewers, or to the gratitude of those who are helped," says the show's producer, Walt Framer. "It is a constant miracle to him, as it is to all of us. He is wrapped up in the program the entire time he is on, and he remembers many of those who are helped, long after they have appeared with Warren on the air."

Warren's voice is filled with emotion as he talks about some of them. The small boy who sacrificed a foot in an accident but now runs and plays games with the other kids, because the program helped him get an artificial foot. The family that almost lost its home during the illness of the breadwinner, and is happily getting back to normal. The young New York City couple who longed to start (Continued on page 91)

Warren's sympathies extend beyond studio walls. Below, he visits polio victim Barbara Bertram and autographs her cast, as Nurse Braun watches.

He's a proud grandpop now. Below, John Warren Hull the Second hands Dad the traditional cigar to honor arrival of John Warren Hull the Third!

Warren Hull emcees Strike It Rich, M-F—CBS-TV, 11:30 A.M. EST, and CBS Radio, 2:30 P.M. EST—as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive.
FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER
BEST PROGRAM ON TELEVISION
What's in a name? Dinah's is on ships, planes, flowers, a bridge in France, a beach on Long Island—and six big Awards!

A LUCKY FEW see the honey-blond hair, brown eyes and best-dressed figure in color. But more than a few million viewers consider themselves fortunate, even in black-and-white. Than Dinah Shore, they chorus, nothing is finer. This was a landslide opinion back in 1947, when Dinah won our first Award as favorite songstress on radio. When someone this good is seen as well as heard, she finds herself with a total of six such Awards, having struck it doubly rich this year with her first TV medals as favorite female singer and as star of the "best program on television," The Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore. . . . Hospitable as her native Tennessee, fresh as the ocean breezes that blow across her adopted California, Dinah simply projects happiness. Hers is the sort of effortless display of joy that is really a sharing of the happiness that fills her life as wife of George Montgomery and mother to "Missy" and Jody. But if Dinah's talent for joyful living is obvious, there was a time when her talent for song escaped many people. Her father, S. A. Shore, predicted his daughter Frances Rose would never become a singer. Her first singing teacher agreed to come to an amicable parting of the ways just two months after lessons had begun. When Nashville radio listeners grew so enthusiastic over her swinging delivery of the song, "Dinah," she changed her name—but the new name was no magic password in New York. When Dinah sang for the Dorsey Brothers, they heard no call to greatness. When she auditioned for Benny Goodman, he never missed a bite out of his ham sandwich. Her first recordings, with Xavier Cugat, credited "vocal by Dinah Shaw." When she joined Ben Bernie on a network radio show, the sponsor fired her as neither loud nor fast enough. Eddie Cantor promptly hired her, and that was the turning point. Dinah found herself smiling right at Dame Fortune, who, along with a coast-to-coast audience, began smiling right back.

The Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore will be on NBC-TV, Fri., April 19, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST. The Dinah Shore Show is on NBC-TV, Thurs. at 7:30 P.M., for Chevrolet Dealers of America.

Songstress Shore sells happiness—and all America is buying

When Frank Sinatra was Dinah's guest, they took time-out to autograph a tree.

Dinah's proved a comedienne, too. Here, she keeps George Gobel company.

For both Eddie Fisher and Dinah, it was Eddie Cantor who was starmaker.
CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Mitch Miller is a bearded musical prophet
with honor among both long-hairs and crew-cuts

Stars such as Frankie Laine know Mitch as both Sunday host and weekday record genius.

Mike and Marge admire "Lorenzo," but their song, recorded by Mitch, is of another bird.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Wife Fran took this picture of Count Von Duck, Mitch and Democrat.

By now, Mitch Miller is used to the dubious looks and the shaking of heads. "Crazy," people have muttered, then changed it to a bop term of approbation as an unorthodox Millerism proved again that to be a pace-setter you have to depart from the beaten path. As Director of Popular Artists and Repertoire with Columbia Records, Mitch is the man who matches singer and song, often in unexpected, jackpot combinations. As orchestra leader and oboist, he's been playing Bach since the age of six, is now a distinguished soloist. "My long-hair friends may not be psychologically adjusted to my financial success," grins Mitch, "but I've always felt you don't have to starve in music." As host on the hour-long Mitch Miller Show, the bearded prophet and profit-maker finds he's made a lot of friends along the way. High-priced "names" sing for little more than their supper on Mitch's radio round-table. Conversation, they prove, is still a lively art.

Personally as well as professionally, Mitch inspires the raised-eye-brow treatment. Fifteen years ago, when Mitch thought he was a good enough musician to be worthy of it, he grew a beard. Then Mitch took a rare edition of Lawrence of Arabia's book, opened it to an Augustus John illustration of an Arabian dignitary, Emir Feisal, and told a somewhat astonished barber to trim accordingly. About the same time, friends told Mitch he was crazy to live as far from New York as Stony Point, where the Millers had bought a 165-year-old farmhouse. As the move to suburbia spread, the same friends later paid many times what Mitch had, to commute from even further away. The house is filled with modern art treasures and with antiques, "but not the kind with curlicues," Mitch adds. Mitch first met wife Fran when both were students at the Eastman School of Music. Their children—Anny, 18, Margie, 12, and Mike, 10—are musical, too. The two youngest are the composers of "Song of the Sparrow," which was played on Studio One and then recorded by Mitch. "They just think of it as making up tunes," says Mitch, who's not prophesying a Miller musical dynasty. Composer Mike also plays the recorder, and therein lies a cue for other parents. Thumb-sucking is a traditional childhood problem. But when Mike wanted an oboe like dad's, Mitch handed him the simpler recorder, and the digit never went mouthwards. Once a do-it-yourselfer, Mitch has given up handiwork. "The best thing," he says, "is to loaf and play with the kids."

The Mitch Miller Show is heard each Sunday from 8:05 to 9:00 P.M. EST over CBS Radio.
Big Jon Arthur and Sparkie go right on winning plaudits from children of all ages

When Jon Arthur thinks about his bushel of awards—including his fourth Award this year from TV Radio Mirror—a note of genuine embarrassment makes itself heard. "Don't get me wrong," he explains. "I'm truly grateful for the wonderful reception accorded No School Today. I just wish we had some company." By "company" is meant competition, for Big Jon's show status has changed from best nationwide children's show on radio to best and only. In this regard, Jon's firm idea of radio's responsibility to children was recently put to an interesting test. Someone had pontificated that small-fry shows lacked "adult appeal," and Jon thought he saw a way to blast that theory. "What," asked he, "would you consider a satisfactory mail response?" "Five hundred letters," was the reply. Jon then asked listeners for two thousand, and is currently plowing his way through the more than five thousand letters that resulted. Which is most of the reason why talk of switching to TV or other plans leaves Jon quite unmoved. . . . Many of Sparkie's on-the-air adventures begin in the Arthur family. They live in a large, rambling Connecticut home, where Jon's day includes everything from work on his programs to being with the children, keeping up with his photography hobby, and cleaning a rug on which "Eyelet," a boxer dog, may have thoughtfully deposited generous bits of thoroughly-chewed paper towels. All in all, it's the kind of warm family life that many listeners recognize—a top reason why Big Jon and No School Today are so popular, and will remain so in the successful seasons to come.

No School Today is on ABC Radio, Sat., 9 to 10:30 A.M. EST.

Portrait of the happy Arthur family includes Rosalie, Lloyd, Debbie, Jon and baby Danny. They have fun together, and the children provide Jon with program ideas. Another contributor is prize boxer "Eyelet," here eyeing one of Jon's little pals.
MICKEY the Magnificent

As host on Walt Disney's
Mickey Mouse Club, the world's
favorite star triumphs again

The rise to fame of Mickey Mouse is a case
of rags-to-riches, rodent-style. "Walt Disney
had been working to exhaustion on my first
film, 'Plane Crazy,'" reminisces Mickey. "In
those days I was poor as a church mouse.
Didn't even own a pair of shoes. When the
picture was finally previewed, I looked for
the nearest hole." The pint-sized performer
figured it would be a flop—but the public
thought otherwise. There followed the
celebrated "Steamboat Willie," and, later, "The
Lonesome Ghost," in which Mickey first
 teamed with Donald Duck and Goofy. A high
point came when Mickey joined Leopold
Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony
Orchestra to do "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" in
"Fantasia." By October, 1955, Mickey had
been a star for twenty-seven years, had appeared
in no less than 125 films, and had covered
with glory his creator, Walt Disney, who
publicly saluted him as "the little fellow who
made everything else possible." With a
background like this, his entry into TV was a
natural. And the staggering success of Mickey
Mouse Club is now a video legend. . . . On-
camera, Mickey gets plenty of help from such
animated friends as Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto,
Jimmie Cricket and Mickey's longtime girl
friend, Minnie Mouse (they've been going
steady now for twenty-nine years!). But most
prominent are the Mouseketeers—a group of
seventeen youngsters, plus young-in-heart
Jimmie Dodd and Roy Williams, who inspire
mountains of fan mail each week. Says
"Uncle Walt": "They are regular American
kids. There isn't a show-off among them."
. . . The show's format calls for four segments
per day, with a lively musical introduction
of the club's theme song, various production
numbers, brief pep talks by Jimmie Dodd plus
other specialties as connecting links. As
for the segments, they have included popular
serial stories like "The Hardy Boys" and "The
Further Adventures of Spin and Marty";
glimpses of youthful activity all around the
world on "Newsreel"; personalities like Donna
Atwood and Leo Carrillo on "Guest Star Day";
weekly visits with popular English puppet,
"Sooty"; highly entertaining literary
explorations with Jimmie Cricket; fun at the
circus; lots of happy musical numbers, and
all of the beloved Disney menagerie in
animated cartoons. . . . The genius of Walt
Disney has been honored by twenty-six Oscars
and a roomful of other awards, trophies and
citations—to which is now added your TVRM
medal. Praise from every nation was perhaps
best expressed in a letter which is among
Walt's most cherished possessions. "Dear Walt
Disney," it read, "I love you very much."

Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club is seen on ABC-TV,
M-F, from 5 to 6 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM
"Come join in the fun," urges Mickey, an invitation
seconded by pals Walt Disney and Donald Duck.

Merry Mouseketeers—"regular American kids." From left to right,
front: Annette Funicello, Karen Pendleton, Cubby O'Brien, Sherry
Allen and Dennis Day. Second row: Charley Laney, Sharon Baird,
Darlene Gillespie and Jay Jay Solari. Third row: Tommy Cole,
Cheryl Holdridge, Larry Larsen, Doreen Tracey and Eileen Diamond.
Top row: Lonnie Burr, Margene Storey, Jimmie Dodd, Bobby Burgess.
As announcer of champions, Mel Allen proves he's one, too.

Yankee Stadium is Mel's "home." He's friend and fan to such players as Mickey Mantle, Triple Crown winner in '56.

Home away from the Yankees is in Bedford Village, where Mel relaxes with brother and co-worker Larry and parents.

How about that!

TV R

Mel Allen's Sports Report, on ABC Radio, M-F, 6:35 P.M. EST (WABC, N.Y., 6:50), for Allstate Insurance. He's "The Voice of the Yankees" on the Home of Champions network (WPIX and WINS, in N.Y.) for Ballantine Beer and Winston Cigarettes.

Through Mel Allen takes his sports seriously, the laughs still come. The laugh was on Mel when he covered the Vanderbilt Cup Auto Races from the air. On his first big-time sportscast and his first trip in a plane, Mel ad-libbed for fifty-two long minutes. He was up in the air, literally and figuratively, until they let Mel in on the big secret—the race had been called on account of rain! Still, Mel had proved himself, and sports assignments began coming his way. Starting his seventeenth year as the voice of the Yankees, Mel recalls one game when his favorite team opposed the St. Louis Browns. It was the first time that year that Mel had seen the Browns, who announced a pinch-hitter towards the end of the game. "Well, folks," laughed Mel, "I've just got to tell you. The guy I've had catching all game is now coming in to pinch-hit." Mel can laugh as he tells tales on himself. His reputation as an encyclopedia on sports is assured. Mel has "always majored in sports," but he's done just about everything in radio and TV, including broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic and of Truth Or Consequences, created by his former roommate, Ralph Edwards. Ralph has succumbed to matrimony, but Mel still clings to his bachelor status. "A couple of times, I thought I was a goner," Mel grins. More seriously, he explains, "I never hit in the same circles often enough, or maybe it's the proper circle." Mel is on the road for almost half the year. At home, there are night games, newsmagazine, his daily sports show, and Mel's inability to say no to worthwhile causes. "If people think enough of you to ask you," says Mel, "you do it." At least, if you're Mel Allen!
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7306—It's easy to make a needle-painting—just follow our transfer and color-charts to make this woodland scene your next picture. Transfer 15 x 19½ inches. Simple stitches. 25¢

7307—Swedish weaving—a handicraft favorite—is so easy and fascinating to do. Charts, directions for 2 baby motifs; 5 borders that can be used in variety of widths. 25¢

7086—A full-blooming flower is this beautiful apron—fashioned from remnants, in two shades of glowing color. Embroidery transfer, directions for "flower" apron, 16 inches long. 25¢

537—Old-Fashioned Bouquet is a fascinating quilt to make! Each patch takes but a small scrap of material—use many different fabrics to give it gay "flower" coloring. Charts, directions, pattern for patches. Yardages for single and double-bed sizes. 25¢

624—Elegant centerpieces for your table. "Swan" basket is simple crochet; pineapples alternating with shell stitch give the lovely feather-effect. Directions for 11-inch basket in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly. 25¢

543—Let these filet doilies add a look of elegance to your home. Easy-to-follow charts make crocheting so simple. Lace stitch and K-stitch bring out the lovely design. Crochet directions, charts for 18- and 12-inch doilies, done in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

7194—Only two balls of No. 30 cotton for this popular pineapple design scarf in 28-inch length. Crochet it any length you need for your table. Crochet directions. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
Fighting to retain sanity, Tony Perkins relies on the faith of wife Norma Moore.

What's New

(Continued from page 13)
a Marine picture and his hair was close-cropped. The rented wedding shoes were a size too small and he was running a small fever. But we got married anyway." Barbara, who is the most colorful of the Brown family, went around tellling everyone for weeks, "I'm so excited about going to Daddy's wedding." At the church, Barbara, who prefers to be called "Wendy," was given a basket of gardenias. She was told to stand at the door and pass them out to the guests. Asked Wendy, and seriously, "How much do I charge for them?" The daughters are very close to Jim, for he is a handy homebody. He cooks for them, carpenters shelves for their rooms and grows their corgaise in the garden. He recently built a tennis court and has been giving them lessons. But, as fond of him as they are, the girls have never quite realized how important Daddy has become. Jim reports he was in a Los Angeles department store autographing records when he looked up to find his irrepressible Wendy in line. "What are you doing here?" he asked. Said she, "Daddy, I just couldn't believe it when people told me you're famous, so I came to see for myself." She came, she saw—she conquered.

Come and Get It: If you want to live a little, check in with Victor's new album, "An Evening With Belafonte." Harry ranges from "Mary's Baby Child" thru "Danny Boy" and on to the rousing "The Saints Go Marching In." Plus nine other ballads from England, Israel, Haiti and the West Indies. . . . TV actress and panelist Betsy Palmer at work with another TV grad, Tony Perkins. Betsy and Tony co-star with Henry Fonda in an off-beat Western, "Tin Star." Tony plays a young sheriff who matures in the job. Betsy, as a young widow, helps him grow, but notes, "As much fun as it was working with Tony, I was really looking forward to my first Western because I love to ride. But they put me in long skirts and kept me on a backboard. . . . Our Gal Sunday celebrates its tenth birthday. Vivacious Vi- vian Smolen, so exciting as Sunday, Lord Brintheope's wife, is still single. . . . Kate Smith is very busy. There was the Glen- son 16 last week; a few days later, she works with Ed Sullivan and then has an hour of her own on Sunday evening, April 28, on ABC-TV. In the meantime, her mentor, Ted Collins, is feuding with M-G-M Records, who just released a new album of Kate's containing hit songs of past years. Ted complains that she would sound better in new hi-fi. A spokesman for M-G-M says, "Low-fi, we wouldn't have released the album if she didn't sound good. We thought it would make a nice album for people who like Kate Smith. That's all." For the many who like Kate Smith, that's enough.

No-Guts Or Why-Quiz-Show-Dee: No one blames Mike Wallace for the weak-end condition of The Big Surprise. The problem is with contestants. No guts. Ratings are made by contestants who cause excitement by going for the limit. Big Surprise's big prize is $100,000, but most of their contestants have stopped yearnng around $30,000. Even dashing Errol Flynn called it quits when he got to that point. It's getting to be a very practical world on all quiz and audience-participation shows. Take the day Jack Bailey, of Queen For A Day, asked, "When you grow up, little lady, what do you want to be?" The answer was, abruptly and succinctly, "A rich old widow."

TV radio mirror goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Fear Strikes Out PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION
A TV pro before Hollywood discovered him, new sensation Anthony Perkins stars in a powerful story that also stems from television. On Climax!, Tab Hunter scored in the real-life role of Jim Piersall, and Tony now takes over as the young baseball star facing serious emotional problems. Karl Malden gives the movie added impact, as the father whose am- bition pushes Tony into fame on the diamond—and into mental collapse. In his fight for recovery, the young wife warmly portrayed by Norma Moore helps him with her faith. Early boyhood scenes feature Peter Vetryan, one of TV's finest child actors. With its intimacy, this picture strongly expresses the influence of TV on Hollywood. All the wide-screen processes had movies concentrating on spectacles and sweeping action yarns—until "Mart" made its way from the home screen to the theater screen. That set off the current cycle of more personal films, close-upping human beings.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR
While Jerry Lewis beat Dean Martin into the solo-flight business on TV and in vaudeville, Dean's first to go it alone in a movie. This pleasant musical casts the romantic half of the former team as a dashing bachelor who gets thoroughly involved in the husband-hunting schemes of four Italian sisters. Eva Bartok and Anna Maria Alberghetti, oldest and youngest of the quartet, play the most im- portant roles, each engaging Dean's affections in turn. Several agreeable songs keep the picture cruising along at a leisurely tempo, as beautiful vistas of Rome satisfy the eye. Be- cause the accent is on love, though lightly, you don't miss Jerry's antics, and Dean's a likable singing hero.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Saga of Satchmo (U.A.): With Edward R. Murrow as narrator, the story of Louis Armstrong and his travels provides a feast of Dixieland jazz and an exciting variety of scenes and people. Socko on TV, Leonard Bernstein's also a movie success.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! (20th; Cine- mascope, De Luxe Color: Star of TV dramas, once Mr. Peepers' pal, expert comic Tony Randall almost steals this ditty farce. David Niven's a psychiatrist engaged to Barbara Rush; Ginger Rogers is a client; Dan Dailey, her husband.

The Young Stranger (UI): In an excellent film based on a hit TV play, James MacArthur does a splendid job as a teenager in trouble. TV regular James Daly is this stubborn father; Kim Hunter, his more understanding mother.

The Rainmaker (Wallis, Paramount; Vista- Vision, Technicolor): Also born as a TV show, later a Broadway success, this vistful comedy-drama gives Katharine Hepburn an lovable role as a farm spinster who gets en- couragement from adventurer Burt Lancaster, none from brother Lloyd Bridges.

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I dreamed I was an Outdoor Girl

*in my maidenform* bra

I'm the nicest sign of the times... openly admired by thousands! And the bra that makes all this possible is the new Maidenform Allegro*. Here's the *pretty* elastic bra with dreamy comfort built right in... it *gives* with you, *goes* with you every hour of the day. Always keeps you looking as glamorous and youthful as Allegro's easy-control elastic makes you feel. White dacron and acetate elastic satin. A, B, C cups 3.50; D cup 3.95
“Talk about comfort...”

... the new Kotex napkin with gentle Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe, fits perfectly—gives you the instant and complete absorbency you need.

And the new Kotex belt has a special clasp that won't "dig in" like metal. This self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug—the edges won't curl or twist.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.

KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.
Here are the champs, just as you viewers and listeners chose them in our tenth big nationwide poll

TENTH ANNIVERSARY! But no “tin wedding” gifts for winners of TV Radio Mirror’s Tenth Annual Awards, as chosen by our readers in the only nationwide poll of listeners and viewers. Every year, each lucky star and program receives a jeweler-designed gold medal. With this year’s tally, some old favorites have a bracelet-ful! But new ideas, new schedules—and new voters, judging by the overflowing ballot boxes—have also scored some notable first-time victories.

Length is part of the new look. NBC Bandstand gave you two “live” hours of popular orchestras and entertainers weekday mornings—and you gave Bandstand a fanfare as your favorite music program on radio. With two full hours weekly on ABC-TV, counting his new Top Tunes And New Talent, Lawrence Welk won the TV music-emcee title handily. And The Lawrence Welk Show itself, in its second season, polka-ed off with its second medal as your favorite musical program on television.

NBC Matinee Theater, with a sixty-minute play each day, was voted best in TV daytime drama after little more than a year on the air. (Two of its closest contenders were those first half-hour-daily newcomers, CBS-TV’s As The World Turns and The Edge Of Night.) In night-

FAVORITE WOMEN’S TV PROGRAM
Home, just three years old on NBC-TV, wins its third annual gold medal in a row! Arlene Francis has been editor-in-chief from first edition, Hugh Downs is the only “permanent” male.

see following pages for more Award Winners
time TV drama, the hour-long Lux Video Theater triumphed, with Climax! and Playhouse 90 as chief runners-up.

In radio drama, listeners still loved old favorites in the familiar fifteen-minute format. Again this year, the night-time medal goes to One Man’s Family at NBC—where Father Barbour (J. Anthony Smythe) now frets as fondly over his grandchildren as he did over his children, back in 1932. And The Romance Of Helen Trent wins daytime honors in competition with such long-established favorites as Ma Perkins—both series began in 1933, and both have been previous Award winners.

Viewers apparently meant it, when they told Gleason they thought he was The Greatest in a sixty-minute show—and “live.” Missing from the Awards list last year, The Jackie Gleason Show came back strong to sweep in as your favorite TV comedy. Amos ’N’ Andy Music Hall won in the radio category. Readers must have been writing CBS at the same time we were counting their votes, for Music Hall has since been expanded to some forty minutes a night, with an extra airing on Saturdays. Meanwhile, “The Kingfish” (Freeman Gosden) handled the Hall’s turntables so well he was voted your favorite music emcee on radio!

Competition’s always keen among the laughmakers, and they often take turns winning. As your favorite TV comedian, Red Skelton garners his sixth Award for program or personality, in either radio or television. Robert Q. Lewis now has a nicely assorted half-dozen, too—duplicating last year’s medal as radio comedian, and adding a brand-new one in the evening-variety category, for his hour-long show on CBS Radio. Lucille Ball is one-up on them all, winning a seventh Award for I Love Lucy, as TV comedienne.

Fran Allison pulled a surprise out of the ballot box. She’s won twice previously as a TV star, for Kukla, Fran And Ollie. This year, she gets her first medal as radio comedienne, for her “Aunt Fanny” characterization on Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club. Counting Fran’s personal Awards, these two popular Chicago-originated programs now have a total of fifteen to date!

Walt Disney—a relative newcomer whose impact has been felt since his first telecast over ABC—garners a first medal this year,
FAVORITE RADIO RECORD PROGRAM
For 1956-57: The Martin Block Show, on the ABC network. Martin won his first Award from our readers as "favorite disc jockey" in 1948 when he was on a local station.

FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE
It's no news by now that everybody loves Lucille Ball. She and husband Desi Arnaz and I Love Lucy have won a fistful of gold medals—as star, team, and/or program.

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM
Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life! The quipmaster and his NBC cash-and-parry show have now hit the jackpot in every combination of categories on radio and TV.

FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM
Cheyenne, the adult Western produced by Warner Bros., starring Clint Walker in the title role over ABC-TV, out-drew some very big guns in hotly contested territory.
TV Radio Mirror
Award Winners, 1956-57

FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Gang Busters captures its second successive gold medal on Mutual, thanks to dynamic direction and star-filled casts. Seated—Mason Adams, Santos Ortega, director Leonard L. Bass, Marion Carr, Lawson Zerbe; standing—Larry Haines, Russ Dunbar, Mandel Kramer.

(Continued)

with Mickey Mouse Club winning out over his own Disneyland and older favorites, as best children's show on TV. The corresponding radio Award goes to a four-time winner, "Big Jon" Arthur's beloved No School Today. In the women's program field, two champions have proved it can be a habit: Home wins for the third time straight, on TV, and Queen For A Day makes it five-in-a-row on radio.

In the mystery-adventure field, Alfred Hitchcock Presents wins its first gold medal in the midst of its second season on CBS-TV, while Gang Busters—the long-running, pace-setting law enforcement program heard over Mutual—repeats its resounding success of last year. Jack Webb's Dragnet, a frequent winner in previous polls, provided their closest competition in both radio and TV.

TV Westerns have been steadily increasing in both quantity and quality, and the contest in this territory was a knock-down, drag-out battle. Radio-wise, Gunsmoke had little difficulty roping in its third gold medal as favorite program, while William "Marshal Dillon" Conrad outdrew all comers as favorite star. But TV's Gunsmoke and star James Arness, Cheyenne and Clint Walker, Wyatt Earp and Hugh O'Brian, fought it out to the bitter end—with "veteran" Roy Rogers and his show making it a four-sided fight. The winners? It's a first gold medal for Cheyenne, as favorite program, a sixth Award for Roy, as favorite star.

It was a great year for the ladies, too, and not only in the feminine categories. There's no element of surprise in the fact that Loretta Young picked up her fourth successive Award as favorite TV actress, on her own night-time dramatic show, or that Jan Miner, star of daytime's Hilltop House, won the corresponding radio title—for the seventh consecutive time. It is news, however, that the girls walked off with some television titles which might easily have gone to the menfolk, or to more general programs—such as CBS Radio Workshop, the exciting, experimental drama program which did win this year's Award as the best new program on radio.

But look at these Awards won by the ladies in open competition: The Gale Storm Show, Oh! Susanna, won out as the best of all new TV programs. Pert little Jeannie Carson— (Continued on page 84)
FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS
Champion of champions—seven consecutive gold medals!—Jan Miner, beloved Julie Nixon of Hilltop House, now heard on NBC Radio.

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM
Fifth Award—in as many years—for Mutual's Queen For A Day, as emceed by Jack Bailey, whose sympathies are as quick as his smile.

FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM
Newcomer: Alfred Hitchcock Presents—thrills and chills. It took viewers only one full season to discover that the most "suspenseful" director of Hollywood movies was equally effective on CBS-TV screens.
Dialing Ed Sullivan, they know they'll always find a super-showman who highlights talent from all over the globe.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Above, Bing Crosby—Ed "brought him back live" on TV. Left, Elvis Presley also made history on show—$50,000 for a half-dozen songs.
Appearing for the first time as a dramatic actor, Ed made news on another man’s program, too—when he turned up playing himself on The Phil Silvers Show.

You think you know what Ed Sullivan looks like? Well, you don’t. He’s actually sixty feet tall. He’s got muscles like Atlas and a voice that projects from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ed is a giant in show business. For nine years, he has held secure the most competitive hour in TV, eight to nine P.M. EST, on Sunday evenings. And he’s stronger than ever with viewers, even though the opposition has tried slingshots, spectacular spectacles, comedy kings, beanstalks and the kitchen sink. Every week, Ed goes on playing to some fifty million people, more people on one evening than any other great showman has played to in a lifetime.

In the flesh, Ed is a medium-sized man, fifty-five years old, with black hair and gray eyes. His poker face is in character and in keeping with his personality, for he is 99-and-99/100% serious. He works in a quiet, modest office in a Park Avenue hotel. There are the usual cabinets, desks and typewriters. The walls are lined ceiling-high with books. Windows along one wall are draped in soft brown. The room is L-shaped. Ed shares his office with his two assistants, Carmine Santullo and Jean Sweeney, with Ed occupying the short part (Continued on page 92)

Flying to Europe, Sullivan interviewed Ingrid Bergman on the "Anastasia" set, with Yul Brynner and Helen Hayes—then returned home to find the presentation of Bergman "nixed."

Ed’s favorite haven is his Connecticut farm. It was while driving there he suffered that big auto accident last year.

The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Mercury-Lincoln Dealers.
GODFREY AND HIS STAR WAGON

Like the magicians of olden times,
Godfrey’s miracles enchant and amaze
everybody—and none more than
the youngsters he turns into stars

By MARTIN COHEN

Arthur Godfrey says, “The fun is in new talent, fresh talent, in helping the young ones go up. Of course, when they get in the big money, then they can go out on their own. But, in the meantime, wonderful things happen to you when you’re working with new people. Just watching the youngsters build and develop is a fine experience. You get to know their minds, the way of their hearts. The best ones turn out to be decent, hard-working, healthy people.”

Arthur has done more to turn raw talent into bright stars than any other twenty men in radio or television. Example? Take the lithe and lovely McGuire Sisters. Their records sell by the millions. They receive royal pay for club appearances. In a dozen major cities, they have broken attendance records set by other entertainers. It is hard to remember that, when they first met Arthur, they were—as Phyllis says—“so awkward we didn’t even know how to take a bow on stage. We’d never even seen an arrangement. Honest. We had been singing at the Van Cleef Hotel in Cincinnati before we came to New York. To Dot and Chris and me, singing had been a way to earn our living in a way we enjoyed. Nothing more. People kept asking why we didn’t go to New York to audition for the big shows. Finally, we took the chance. We made Talent Scouts and, when Arthur Godfrey phoned several weeks later inviting us to appear regularly on

Two more for Arthur Godfrey Time, three for his discoveries—the fabulous redhead’s a “forty-niner” in the number of Awards voted by readers. The McGuire Sisters—Chris, Dot and Phyllis—now triumph as your favorite femme singers on radio, and can’t thank him enough for the way he’s worked with them to build up their careers.
Grateful as he is for his gold medals and all the other wonderful things that have happened to him lately, Pat Boone finds his greatest joy with wife Shirley, daughters Cherry (who just can’t stay in her crib when Daddy’s around), baby Debbie and Linda.
the show, we were thrilled. As soon as we got on the show, we began to realize how little we really knew about professional work."

But Arthur was interested in more than the gals' singing talent. As he says, "The intimacy of TV and radio, especially TV these days, requires that performers be either talented actors who play well-rehearsed parts, or real-life personalities. Since my shows are completely off-the-cuff, my people must be just that—people. Real people. They must possess integrity and intelligence. They must 'grow on you.'"

Pat Boone, youngest of Arthur's discoveries, is just twenty-two. But he has sold nearly seven million records. He has signed a seven-year, million-dollar contract with 20th Century-Fox to make at least one motion picture a year. Pat may well become an institution, the Sinatra or Crosby of the future. Yet Pat's career in the big time began only a year and a half ago, when he began to guest regularly with Arthur. Pat says, "I always have the feeling that the things Arthur has done for me came from friendship and genuine interest. When Arthur (Continued on page 80)

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., at 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., The Toni Company, and Paper-Mate Pens. The Arthur Godfrey Show is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co., Bristol-Myers (Ban, Bufferin, and Ipana), and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee. (All EST)
Welk (left, with Alice Lon and Myron Floren) is proud that all his band members have exceptional talent and training.

"Champagne Music"

Pied piper Lawrence Welk lures a nation back to dancing...and leads young musicians back to a gay tradition

By FREDDA BALLING

Whether you’re attending the country club cotillion, the junior-senior prom, the annual dinner dance given by your husband’s trade association—or just going out because you love to dance—there’s the age-old feminine problem: What to wear? Skipping over a host of advisers of both sexes and unlimited geography, one comes to the man who is, simultaneously, most qualified to give dress-for-dancing advice—and also courageous enough to speak up: Lawrence Welk of “Champagne Music” fame.

Says Mr. Welk, “I’m proud to say that (Continued on page 74)"

The Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M., is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk’s Top Tunes And New Talent, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30-10:30 P.M., is sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth. On ABC Radio, Lawrence Welk and his band are heard Sat., at 10:05 P.M., and once a week on ABC’s Dancing Party, M-F, 9 P.M., also at various times in different areas (see local papers: all times given here are EST).
Hal March wishes all the world the kind of happiness he has found with his wife, Candy, her two children, Steven and Missy—and the brand-new baby they expect some time this very month.

Just whimsical decor—home is no "house of cards" to Hal and Candy. He enjoys his records—and all the other things which success can buy. But "things" aren't important—Hal and Candy know life's true values.
the Man who Really Won

With all that The $64,000 Question has meant to both winners and viewers, it's Hal March who got the prize which can never be measured in money

By ED MEYERSON

Behind every TV program, there is an idea. In front of every program, facing the camera, there is a man. When the idea is good, and the man is good, you have a successful show. When the idea is as good as The $64,000 Question, and the man is as good as Hal March, you have a prodigious hit which sweeps audience ratings and wins many honors. But the key word is still "good." Hal March is just that—in the most old-fashioned, religious sense of the word. He cares about his fellow human beings. And, caring about them, he has found himself and his own niche in this world he loves.

From the show's inception, back in June, 1955, Hal has insisted that the contestants are the real stars of the show. As performers, however, they are amateurs. They don't know how to "put a wall around themselves" so their personal feelings don't show. And because they are so exposed, Hal feels protective towards them. He uses all of his professional technique—the result of nineteen years in every branch of show business—to make them look good, rather than himself. That is why contestants on The $64,000 Question sound more interesting, reveal more colorful personalities, and evoke more enthusiasm. Somehow, that agonizing decision—"Shall they take their winnings and quit, or go on to gamble on the next question?"—seems more earth-shaking with Hal in there rooting for those who must make the choice.

But selflessness is not (Continued on page 78)

The $64,000 Question, emceed by Hal March, is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.

To Hal, the show's real stars are the quiz contestants—such mighty men as sea-wise explorer Peter Freuchen.
a Crown for the KINGFISH

FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Gosden’s office holds prized mementoes of three decades: Bound copies of Amos ’N’ Andy scripts, pictures of a fellow-golfer named Dwight D. Eisenhower, photos of Chicago, where the first beloved series began.

Two radio immortals at the turntable: Charles Correll—best known to millions as Andy—and Freeman Gosden, who’s both Amos and Kingfish.

Freeman Gosden, of Amos ’n’ Andy Music Hall, reaps new laurels for one of radio’s most honored teams

By DEE PHILLIPS

Amos ’n’ Andy—Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll—have been broadcast favorites for thirty years. On weekday evenings, the Amos ’N’ Andy Music Hall still sounds the Angelus for millions of listeners to CBS Radio, as their friend, the Kingfish, casually emcees forty-five minutes of music and fun. But Gosden and Correll remain humble. “We’ve received a lot of awards and keys to the city, but—since the advent of television—not too many,” admits Freeman Gosden, who is George “Kingfish” Stevens in person, as well as Amos. “I’m proud to know that people are still thinking of us. Competing with the quantity and quality of emcees on radio today, I’m very grateful.”

“One award,” he grins, “we’ve kept here in the office. I believe it’s one of the few of its kind.” It was dated March, 1938, commemorating Amos ’N’ Andy’s tenth anniversary in national coast-to-coast radio—and it’s signed by both Lenox Lohr, then prexy of NBC, and Bill Paley, prexy of CBS.

Freeman’s office looks more like a lovely study. On one wall are pictures of Bobby Jones, the Augusta National Golf Club, and one of President (Continued on page 93)
HUMOR
with a Heart

As Fran Allison or "Aunt Fanny," here's one native wit who is also—and always—a lovable lady

By HELEN BOLSTAD

AUNT FANNY had come to town. In Charleston, West Virginia, children lined the streets and mothers held their hands tight to keep them from running headlong into the car. That night at the theater, a very young lady did escape parental supervision.

Miss Mildred Lucas, president of Promotional Enterprises, who had staged the show to introduce Aunt Fanny bread, tells the story: "The child had been eating an ice cream cone. She threw the cone and flung herself into Fran's arms. Before the mother could pry the child loose, Fran's face was smeared from sticky kisses, she had ice cream on her shoulders, and her evening gown was all spotted. But Fran was happy. She loves children as much as they love her. When she took her encore, she explained to the audience, 'I met a little friend.'"

In Milwaukee, it was the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage who broke ranks to greet her. In Chicago, youngsters thwarted a cop and caused a traffic jam. Fran had stalled her car at a traffic light. An angry police officer demanded her driver's license. Fran produced an outdated one. The new one was at home. During the ensuing discussion, a boy spotted her and yelled, "There's Franny." Children seemed to materialize from thin air. The cop shook his head. "Lady, I wouldn't dare give you a ticket. But please get going before you tie up the town."

If Fran Allison fails to win a lasting place as an American humorist, it will be because her charm outshadows her wit. Fans accept her as part of their daily lives. They love her too much to stop to evaluate her great talent.

If her small town stories fail to become an enduring part of (Continued on page 71)

Fran Allison is heard as Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, M-F, from 9 to 10 A.M. She's seen on Burr Tillstrom's Kukla, Fran And Ollie, ABC-TV, M-F, from 7 to 7:15 P.M. (All times EST)

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

Heard as "Aunt Fanny" on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club (above)—or seen co-starring with Kukla and Ollie on TV—Fran Allison just naturally has spontaneity and charm.

Kiss for a small admirer at St. Joseph's Orphanage in Milwaukee. Children know Fran's laugh is always kind.
I've Got A Secret stars Garry Moore as host, with some of TV's brightest "jurors" on its panel: Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, Faye Emerson. All five have no secrets from each other nor, seemingly, from their viewers. Closets, trunks—everything's opened and revealed to the camera!

Garry has just one "secret"—shared only by his audiences and fellow workers!—which many a star would still like to learn.
By MARY TEMPLE

It's rather an odd paradox that I've Got A Secret keeps everyone's secrets safe except its own! By now, every viewer knows all sorts of things about everyone on the panel: Jayne Meadows, Bill Cullen, Faye Emerson, Henry Morgan. Most of all, they know that man-of-all-talents, moderator Garry Moore. The qualities and facets revealed, week by week and month by month, on the air.

The same goes for The Garry Moore Show, Garry's daytime television program. By now, everyone knows all sorts of things about the show's regulars: Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith. Little foibles, big ambitions. Amusing things, interesting things, and sentimental things.

It's no secret to anyone any more, for instance, that Garry himself is a bit on the
(Continued on page 76)

I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds for Winston Cigarettes. The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10-11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. (All EST)

Garry never beats the drum for himself—except in an occasional jam session on The Garry Moore Show, with Howard Smith's "Barefoot Philharmonics": Ed Shaughnessy on drums; Herman "Trigger" Alpert, bass; Howard Smith, piano; Phil Olivella, clarinet; and Carl Kress, guitar.

Fancy costumes can't hide the good sportsmanship of Durward Kirby . . .

Or singing voices and charm of Denise Lor and Ken Carson.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES
It’s LOVE, not Luck

Ozzie and Harriet agree that children are the most important ingredients of a happy marriage—particularly such fine sons as David and Ricky (right).
Ideally matched as they are, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson realize that happy marriages don’t “just happen”

By GORDON BUDGE

HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM—it’s an ideal description of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson. Eight times, they’ve been voted our readers’ favorites. But the story goes back much further in time. They’ve been a happily married team for more than twenty-one years—though, standing between her two athletic sons, twenty-year-old David and seventeen-year-old Ricky, Harriet still looks more like their sister than their mother! The youthful sparkle in her blue eyes is only a reflection of the happiness she and Ozzie have found in their life together . . . the happiness they’ve found, not accidentally, but on purpose.

“To Ozzie and me,” says Harriet, “consideration of each other is one of the most important factors in making a marriage work. If people are considerate, look at life from the other fellow’s point of view, they are not apt to get into trouble. And being honest with each other is also part of the consideration. I think if you really value your marriage—or any relationship, for that matter—you’ll agree it’s something to be worked at. There’s no starting (Continued on page 82)

Harriet is glad the family can spend so much time together, from ice-box raiding to acting on the set.

They have individual interests, too. The boys, their car and studies. Oz, his production duties. Harriet, her homemaking. But they never want to be apart very long—that’s how they first learned they were in love.

New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, with David and Ricky. ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Eastman Kodak.
Today, possessions don’t matter much to Bob—but he still gets a laugh out of his clown collection!

Happy Birthday,

ROBERT Q.

By GLADYS HALL

This month of April, Robert Q. Lewis celebrates a birthday. This month, relatives, friends and colleagues also join in wishing him a happy anniversary. For this month marks Bob’s tenth year with CBS—both CBS Radio and CBS-TV—the most important decade he has spent on this laugh-hungry earth. What does a man think, how does he feel, when he is passing such a significant milestone?

“Ten years, ten working years, in the life of a man,” says Bob, “is a period of growing up, of learning to survive. At the end of the decade, the time has come to ask yourself: Where am I? What am I? What have I got, in these ten crucial years, that is of value to myself? What have I given that is of value to others?”
It's a very grateful Mr. Lewis who counts up the blessings which ten years at CBS (radio and/or TV) have brought him

Today, it's people that matter—fine folks like announcer Lee Vines, producer Bruno Zirato, Jr., singer Richard Hayes, musical director Ray Bloch, songbird Judy Johnson.

In short, what have I learned—and what am I going to do with it, in the years ahead?

"Such questions must be answered honestly. Where I am, professionally, is easy to answer: From 8 to 9 P.M., New York time, Monday through Friday, I am on CBS Radio—and from 11:05 A.M. to 12 noon, Saturday. With me on the evening show are singers Judy Johnson and Richard Hayes, Ray Bloch and his orchestra, our announcer, Lee Vines, and, of course, guests. What we try to do on the show is provide an hour of light, breezy entertainment, tuneful, laugh-ful, provocative, gay. To those who are not already among our listeners—to all those who have deserted radio for TV—I'd like to extend a hearty invitation: Come back to radio.

"Come back to radio, as I have done. Not altogether willingly at first, I must admit. (Continued on page 87)
Call it Faith

Art Linkletter believes in many things, but in nothing more strongly than the hope of our children

By DORA ALBERT

The small boy cowered in his seat in church, his blue eyes fixed on the floor. Out of the corner of his eyes, he had seen his foster father stop the minister of the church at the end of a Biblical quotation. "Brother," said his foster father, in his stentorian voice, while his well-meaning face beamed with good will, "I'm sure you'll want to know that you made a mistake in the text you just read. If you will just look at your text of Matthew 5:20 again, you'll see that you shouldn't have read: 'the righteousness of the scribes and the Pharisees.' You should not have used the article 'the' before the word 'Pharisees.'"

The Reverend John Fulton Linkletter, Art Linkletter’s foster father, was always right on such matters. He knew his (Continued on page 72)

One of life's greatest gifts to Art and his wife, Lois, is the opportunity to bring up their own five children: Robert, Sharon and Diane (in foreground), teenagers Jack and Dawn.

Art early learned to work, but not to worry. It was a big gamble for him, doing the San Francisco Fair 'way back when.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Art Linkletter's House Party is on the air Monday through Friday—on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg, Swift & Co., Simoniz, Campbell Soup, Standard Brands—CBS Radio, 3 P.M., Pharmra Craft, Lever, Standard Brands, Swift, Simoniz, A. E. Staley, California Prunes, Renuzit. His People Are Funny is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., for Salem Cigarettes and The Toni Company—and heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 8:05 P.M., for Anahist and others. (All times EST)
Even in the mammoth medium of television, NBC Matinee Theater is a giant. The statistics on this five-day-a-week, full-hour dramatic program, presented live and in color, would make a feast for the hungriest Univac. In one year, the program used 3,500 actors, presented 248 plays and worked through 1,750,000 pages of scripts. Not counting actors, it takes 275 men and women to produce the program in Hollywood. One of the most intriguing figures involved belongs to Mrs. Cleo Maletis of Portland, Oregon. The mother of three, she was named "Mrs. America of 1957," then explained her proficiency at cooking, sewing and ironing as a result of her desire to make time to watch Matinee Theater.

As executive producer Albert McCleery has said: "The American housewife has been emancipated from a good many of her chores by modern electrical appliances and, if you give her good entertainment, she'll find the time to watch it." ... With creative rather than mechanical brains, McCleery and his staff have kept to night-time quality, even while going at an assembly-line pace. With original stories and stage, screen and literary adaptations, acted by top stars from both coasts, they provide viewers with the kind of entertainment that is the closest we have yet come to the concept of a "national theater."

There are more directors and actors at the disposal of producer McCleery than are used by the Comedie Francaise, or the largest theater company in the world. Their audience is in the millions and, judging by the votes for the show and its host, it is growing every day.

As host and, from time to time, as star, John Conte is the Matinee Idol. As a singer and actor, this handsome figure of a man has been basking in the footlights ever since he sang "Oh! Susanna," in a grammar-school production and found the applause was irresistible. He studied at the Pasadena Playhouse, carried a spear in Katharine Cornell's touring company of "Romeo and Juliet," then went on radio as an announcer. Later, he starred in his own network musical series and was singing emcee of the Frank Morgan-Fanny Brice radio show. After service with the Armed Forces, he appeared on Broadway in musical comedies, some of which he also did as TV spectaculars. Then a trip to Hollywood for a role in Climax! led to a featured part in the film "The Man With the Golden Arm," and to his hosting chores on Matinee Theater. Returning to Hollywood, John brought a bride with him. Redheaded Ruth Harris of Atlanta was a long-time Conte fan. "I had had a crush on John Conte since I was in high school," she admits. "I used to duck out of class for fifteen minutes every morning to turn on his singing show on the car radio." Ruth, who takes over as hostess when John stars in a Matinee Theater play, also admits that she had to do the proposing. But John, even for an audience of one, answered on cue.

NBC Matinee Theater, with John Conte as host, is seen on NBC-TV, Monday to Friday, from 3 to 4 P.M. EST, in color and black-and-white.
Riding high, this crew won two gold medals, the first time 'round. Left to right: Arthur Hiller, Laurence Schwab, Walter Grauman, Lamont Johnson and Livia Granito, all directors; Eddie Allen, staging supervisor; June Left, casting director; Darrell Ross, operations head; Boris Sagal, director; Winston O'Keefe, talent chief; William Moseley, executive assistant; Albert McCleery, executive producer, and John Conte, host.

Savrola starred Sarah Churchill, Lamont Johnson. Author: Sarah's dad.

Host John Conte and Maria Palmer in "Temptation for a King," the 100th play.

Classic drama "Wuthering Heights" paired Richard Boone, Peggy Webber.
FOREVER "THE GREATEST"

"Honeymooners" Joyce Randolph, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney give solid backing to Jackie's inspirations.

With "The Honeymooners" now turning to musical comedy, Jackie obligingly belts out a song for maestro Ray Bloch.

Jackie's moods and movements are larger than life—to the delight of Jack Lescoulie and others on the show.
When things get toughest, Jackie jokes. Laughing staff includes such Gleason kingpins as (left to right) "Bullets" Durgom, Jack Hurdle, Jack Philbin, Stanley Poss, Frank Satenstein.

You don't have to take Gleason's own word for it. Just ask the folks who work with Jackie—and love it!

By FRANCES KISH

WHEREVER Gleason is, there's excitement. It underscores the entire Jackie Gleason Show, runs through it like a charge of electricity. Crackles and sputters across the stage of CBS-TV Studio 50, down into the audience, out through the television screens across the country. The actors feel it, the crew feels it, and anyone who drops in at a Saturday afternoon rehearsal and is (Continued on page 90)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as co-sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.
JUST HAVING FUN
That's how Perry Como describes it, but it takes a lot of know-how to relax—and do a superlative job, too

By ALICE FRANCIS

All of us were happy with The Perry Como Show last year," a man who works with Perry was saying recently. "But we just didn't know then how good it could get. We have been even happier with it this year."

"Yes. And, while all those nice stories people write about Perry are true," a girl co-worker added, "still, they don't tell half enough. Perry has the kind of charm that is hard to put down on paper. He's easy. He's helpful to many people, without making a big deal of it. He's a very hard worker and a thinker, underneath that casual manner, but he never tries to impress you with any of it. It's—well, it's refreshing!

"They always say he's relaxed. He is. So relaxed he could be poured on pancakes is the way someone put it. That made Perry laugh, and probably comes as close to describing his special kind of casualness as anything could.... They say he's a really nice guy. He is... That he really must believe there is enough of everything (Continued on page 79)

The Perry Como Show (both color and black-and-white) is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Gold Seal Co., International Cellucotton, Noxzema Chemical, Radio Corp. of America, Sperry & Hutchinson, and Sunbeam.

Perry loves everybody—especially children. Nothing makes him happier than a chance to showcase such promising youngsters as organist Glenn Derringer and singer Brenda Lee.

Grown-up guest stars—like popular Julius La Rosa, right—also know that they will always get all the best of it from Como and the "wonderful gang who help put on the show."
That's how Perry Como describes it, but it takes a lot of know-how to relax—and do a superlative job, too

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Perry loves everybody—especially children. Nothing makes him happier than a chance to showcase such promising youngsters as organist Glenn Derringer and singer Brenda Lee.

Grown-up guest stars—like popular Julius La Rosa, right—also know that they will always get the best of it from Como and the 'wonderful gang who help put on the show.'
Versatile Loretta can play such demanding roles as the historic Queen Nefertiti of old Egypt...

Be equally effective as a sports-minded modern miss, coaching Jerry Cohen and Ray Ferrell at baseball...

Or touch the heart in a love scene with Craig Stevens, one of the stars playing opposite her, on her big show.

Loretta Young

Beauty to dazzle the eye . . .

Warmth to melt the heart . . .

Talent to enchant the mind . . .

By BUD GOODE

Loretta Young, who has just been voted your favorite TV dramatic actress for the fourth consecutive year, is a star among stars. Performing since she was four, she has starred in eighty-seven motion pictures—and, in four brief seasons on television, more than one hundred teleplays. And, in Loretta's case, quality goes with quantity: She's the only Hollywood performer to have earned the plaudits from members of both the motion-picture and television Academies—Loretta has both an "Oscar" and an "Emmy."

But Loretta is a credit-giver, and automatically shares the praise lavished on her, saying it is because she works with "so many to whom I owe so much." Her memory of others' helpfulness, her gratitude for lessons learned, is precise. Those who inspire her expressions of appreciation (Continued on page 82)

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Tide, Camay and Gleem.

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS
Lux Video Theater version of "One Sunday Afternoon" scrambled two famous show-business teams, casting Gordon MacRae and Mary Healy (Mrs. Hayes) as a married couple—Sheila Stevens (Mrs. MacRae) and Peter Lind Hayes, ditto!
The best of past and future combine
to make a very entertaining present

DRAMA in the grand tradition, in one of network broadcasting’s oldest traditions... almost a quarter-century of “live” full-hour plays based on great motion-picture scenarios, enacted by the film colony’s most brilliant stars. . . .

It all began with Lux Radio Theater, which was already a long-established institution when this magazine’s annual polls were inaugurated in 1947. Radio Theater proved its supremacy then by winning our first drama Award... and went on to set a record never equalled, on either radio or TV, by capturing readers’ votes as evening-drama favorite for eight years—plus gold medals as “best program on the air” during its last two seasons.

Modern and streamlined, Lux Video Theater now carries on its older sister’s best traditions, even to capturing your votes as favorite evening drama on TV! And—just as in radio days—movie stars afraid of the “new” medium (as they once feared the little black microphones and bare studios of the early 1930’s) have felt happier and more secure, making their television debuts on Video Theater.

They know that, as in the past, there will be top scripts and direction, as well as the production values possible only to a major TV operation. They welcome the freshness of ideas, the willingness to experiment constructively... not only has many a Hollywood luminary re-created an Oscar-winning role, but there have also been many who got a chance to prove other talents in parts for which a “type-conscious” industry had never even tested them.

This season, the big news has been increased emphasis on “originals”... regular telecasts in both color and black-and-white... the addition of musicals to the previously all-dramatic line-up... and the signing of filmdom’s “hottest” musical actor as both permanent host and frequent performer—the acquisition of Gordon MacRae in this capacity has been another forward step for both an ever improving program and a rapidly rising star.

“It’s one of the most satisfying assignments I’ve ever undertaken,” says Gordon. Judging by his enthusiasm, he might well become as permanent a part of the program’s grand old tradition as announcer Ken Carpenter—whose association with Lux doings dates back deep in the history of Radio Theater itself!

Lux Video Theater is seen on NBC-TV (in both color and black-and-white), Thursday, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST, for Lux, Wisk, Pepsodent, Imperial Margarine and other Lever Brothers products.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA

As host, Gordon MacRae welcomes both actors and singers... such bright newcomers to film fame as 11-year-old Tim Hovey...

And all-time greats who helped make Hollywood history... such as the musical-movie team of Nelson Eddy—Jeanette MacDonald.
Bob Crosby's femme soloists, Joan O'Brien (left) and Carol Richards (right) are occasionally joined by his singing daughter, Cathy, when her school work permits.
They knew what you wanted

The Bob Crosby Show found the way to offer song, human interest—and the kind of relaxation which is just what the doctors ordered for your happiness

By EUNICE FIELD

Success is a tree of many branches. It has certainly been the great "money tree" for some. But in the case of George Robert Crosby, that king of Bobcats, it happens to be more than just that. It has become a tree rooted in the heart of a crucial public need. That need, born of the fury of modern times, is for an easy, pleasant art of relaxation. It would seem that the youngest of the Crosby brothers has come up with the perfect formula for that purpose.

Any afternoon, from Monday to Friday, Bob can be seen over CBS-TV, singing, conducting his band, dancing, interviewing guests, wisecracking, pushing on props, doing commercials, acting as emcee for his troupe of talented performers—and doing it all with a smooth, suave, (Continued on page 84)

Informality is the show's keynote. Only The Modernaires—left to right, Fran Scott, Paula Kelly, Hal Dickinson, John Drake, Dick Cathcart—get a chance to rehearse their lively precision-singing numbers before actual day of the program.

Earl Grant got on-the-air audition—and won recording contract!—when his U.S.C. classmate, Joan Southern, acted as "Good Guy" and brought him to Bob's notice.

"Good Guy" Gene Sherman (next to Bob) introduced viewers to kindly German shepherd, Flash—"guide dog" for Teddy, blind pet of the David Ledermans and son Duffy.
Hey, Jeannie! brings the British-born Miss Carson to the heart of New York City, with Allen Jenkins as a friendly cabbie, and Jane Dulo as his sister. Real life has been just as much an adventure—and almost as comical—to Jeannie and her husband, Bill Redmond.

JEANNIE CARSON burst into living rooms all over the country, via television, just a few short months ago. She was an instant success. Her big-eyed, lilting effervescence is the same in real or reel life. She is a gray-eyed, petite (five-foot-two), bright red-haired bundle of charming nervous energy. She is naturally outgoing... but deeply sensitive. She is acutely conscious of atmosphere... and colors. If something is wrong, she has an internal tizzy. "I get very jumpy-nervous. I drive everybody else mad by moving constantly," Also, she explains solemnly, "I perch on the very edge of a straight-back chair for hours."

She is happily married to Bill Redmond, an entertainer in his own right, who now is her associate producer, adviser and father confessor. He has a fascinating insight into his provocative little wife, and their mutual admiration society is a delight to behold. Both English born and bred, their humor speeds across a room in clipped quips.

"I should like," Jeannie says with a twinkle, "to say everything in one fell swoop. I hate hats, never wear 'em, except to protect my head, usually in the rain. I can't sit in the sun. I burn like mad and even come up with a rash under the skin. I prefer trousers. I'm a bug about comfort. I hate to dress up and, when I do, it's invariably a tailored rig. I will go to great lengths not to dress!"

"Ouch!" groaned her hep and handsome husband. "You have now alienated the dress and hat designers! You want to try for one more?"

"Ah, now really," the wide-eyed Jeannie protests, "the American woman has a beautiful mind of her own and she's not about to change her way of thinking because of what I do. As a (Continued on page 76)

Hey, Jeannie! is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Dash, Drene and Crest (Procter & Gamble) and Chesterfield Cigarettes.
FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR
FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM
Gunsmoke stars Conrad as Marshal Dillon of Dodge City.

Western by classification, Gunsmoke is more truly a dramatic series which pays allegiance to the basic integrity of human beings in any period or place. It has that quality which producer-director Norman Macdonnell calls "honesty," and which star William Conrad calls "realism." As Conrad says of the character he portrays, "Matt Dillon is neither hero nor villain, but a human being. The best of us are sometimes ashamed of our thoughts, and there are times when the worst of us can be proud of our deeds. Matt Dillon is no different. He is a law-enforcement officer who doesn't like killing. He hates the (Continued on page 90)

Gunsmoke is heard twice on CBS Radio—Sun., 6:30 P.M., repeated Sat., 12:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by L&M Filter Cigarettes.

Realism is their watchword. Above, producer Norman Macdonnell with actors Howard McNear ("Doc"), Parley Baer (Chester) and Bill Conrad (Matt Dillon). Georgia Ellis as saloon-hostess Kitty—below, with Matt and Chester—has the only regularly featured feminine role.

Off-mike (left), Conrad's an outdoor man with many indoor hobbies—including his wife Junie's cooking!
THE ROMANCE
OF HELEN TRENT

Tormented by her love for Gil and by his agonizing doubts, Helen saw a ray of sunshine: Perhaps, with lovable Shari and her attractive uncle, Kurt . . .

Helen woke early—too early. It was dawn: A rose-red dawn with innumerable tranquil sounds waking with the light. There was a breeze stirring the curtains of her room. It was a new day in which to start all over again. But Helen found herself wistfully comparing this with other dawnings, when life had seemed quite simple . . . and what one should do quite clear . . . and when there were no complexities. In the first light of a brand-new day, one ought to be able to think very clearly and get everything quite straight.

For instance, Gil . . . but she exerted a mental effort. She would not think of him just yet. To love as she and Gil did, and yet be unable to surround themselves with that love so that nothing else mattered . . . She’d told Gil she’d marry him—as an assurance of the depth and permanence of her love. But Gil had been through too much that rasped his pride. He couldn’t believe himself fortunate any longer. He couldn’t believe the love she bore him was as deep or as great as she knew it to be. He tortured himself, like a man seeing heaven before him yet not daring to enter it, for fear it would vanish at his touch. And he tortured Helen, too. There were times when it seemed that, from sheer weariness, she would cease to try for the joy that she knew she and Gil could have together. But she knew it would be happiness to serve him in every possible way—that yachting accident, she suspected, had left effects he denied. And she could find a sort of mystic rapture in soothing even those dreadful moods when he did not believe in anything or anybody, not even himself. If only she and Gil . . .

But this was early morning, and to think about Gil in this fashion was a disheartening way to begin the day. She tried to fix her mind on something else. There was Kurt, for example—Kurt Bonine—and his niece Shari. Kurt was a hard man, but he found her attractive. He’d shown it. Not over-insistently, but at least he was not tormented by intangibles like Gil. Gil could not believe that the happiness he longed for could actually be. He’d feel he had done Helen a monstrous injury if she married him and later regretted it. He frantically feared she would. But Kurt . . .

Helen stirred uneasily. She did not want to think of Kurt and Gil together, again. She’d meant to think of Shari. And Shari could be thought of without any unease at all. Helen glanced at the clock. It was still very early. She would think about Shari for a little while—tenderly and perhaps a bit amused—and then meet the day with composure. Shari was only a little bit of a problem. A touching one, because she admired Helen so deeply. She had no mother and sought blindly for someone more mature to give her the affection she needed so desperately and the feeling of security she needed even more. She worshipped Helen. And when a girl like Shari, only seventeen, wholly and openly adores one, one wants to be very careful not to hurt her . . . Helen smiled a little as she thought of Shari. She almost stopped thinking of Gil altogether.

At breakfast, with Agatha, she cheerfully assured herself that this would be one day, when, with Gil away, she would draw back from the problem that was the greatest of many in her life. She would rest her mind and her feelings from the frustration of emotional stalemate. She would not let herself think anything about Gil—except that she loved him, and he loved her, and therefore it must all come out right in the end. But, over the second cup of coffee, Agatha said briskly, “You look well today, Helen. You look rested. It seems to be good for you for Gil to be away. The man practically battens on your suffering—and it seems to me that he thrives on his own.”

“You know that’s absurd, (Continued on page 86)
Love of Children

As Young Dr. Malone or youthful Mr. Becker, Sandy's innate sympathy is as big as his inborn talents

By FRANCESCA WILLIAMS

After nine years of being Young Dr. Malone on CBS Radio, Sandy Becker still finds his starring role absorbing. "Jerry Malone is a purposeful man, with great courage," Sandy says. "A fine doctor and a good person. Sensitive, kind, but uncompromising where his ideals are concerned. An exciting man to do."

That Sandy portrays this man so perfectly is evidenced by the overwhelming listener approval, but it may not be as well known that Sandy himself is something of the same sort of idealist. A purposeful young man, in a hurry to do many of the things he feels need doing. A man who is sensitive to (Continued on page 83)

Sandy and Ruth Becker's own brood includes Joyce, Curtis, and Anelle—reading upstairs—and that's Tanko, down in front. Below, Sandy shows his trio some fascinating dolls he brought back from his big good-will tour, visiting children of South America.
Humor With a Heart

(Continued from page 43)

American folklore, it is because they are literally written on air. That a script, for Fran, is a few notes—jotted down while taxiing to the studio—is a loss to our literature of humor.

Spontaneously created, both her Aunt Fanny of Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club and her Fran, of Burr Tillstrom’s Kukla, Fran And Ollie, continue to be spontaneous creations. Burr, who originated “Kukla, Ollie and all the players,” has always dated their teaming with Fran back to a war-bond rally on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. As he tells it, “Ollie, never one to pass up a pretty girl, said, ‘Hello, cutie!’ Fran, never one to pass up a quick answer, said, ‘Hello, yourself.’ Because she accepted him as a child accepts them, she gave them reality. On a day-to-day basis, she is the Dorothy who went to Oz, the Alice in a modern Wonderland. But—most important to her—she has the imagination and the talent to join us in making up the story as we go along.”

Aunt Fanny, too, sprang full-grown from Fran’s lively imagination. Fran, the busy young girl of all work in a small Iowa radio station, was rushing past a man-in-the-street broadcast. The announcer caught her arm. “Here’s Aunt Fanny,” he said. “Say something for the folks.” In developing the character of Aunt Fanny, since then, Fran has given her small-town spinster a third dimension. Her sharp observations concern today’s world. They become more searching because Aunt Fanny’s clothes, her colloquialisms and her viewpoint are those of a by-gone day.

She has a word for every occasion. Peering around a Breakfast Club audience, she inquired, “Mister McNeill, where is that lady that fell in the furnace? Don McNeill pointed her out. “Well,” remarked Aunt Fanny, “I always said there’s no limit to what some folks will do to have a hot time in the old town tonight.”

Aunt Fanny’s stories often sprang from the traditional “embarrassing moment”. Bake sale was coming up. Aunt Fanny, unfortunately, had loaned Myrt her recipe for pineapple upside-down cake. She wouldn’t, for love or money, give it back. She would, instead, buy cake mix and “take the recipe off the box.”

But the grocer, too, had his troubles. Said Aunt Fanny, “That high water we had had too. She laved off of everything. But he said to me, he says, ‘Take my word for it, Fanny, I can put my hand on anything in this store.’” Aunt Fanny did.

The cake weighed so much her arm was tired before she got it to the church. The auctioneer declined to put it on sale. Only then did Aunt Fanny discover that her cake mix was actually Mrs. Doolittle’s Handy Household Cement. The pineapple, too, was suspect.

It is characteristic of Fran Allison’s philosophy, for Aunt Fanny that every problem should produce a minor triumph. Aunt Fanny’s concrete cake achieved a certain immortality. “That was the day the cornerstone was being laid. Mrs. Doolittle put my cake right inside. They did! And when they turned it over, there, pretty as you please, there string beans spelled out Welcome straight across the top.”

It is with pleasure that TV Radio Mirror presents its Award as top wartime comedienne to the Breakfast Club’s Aunt Fanny, to Kukla, Fran And Ollie’s Fran— to Fran Allison, a true American humorist who is also a great lady.

CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner 109. Dean Martin
2. Berry Grable 110. Jerry Lewis
3. Ava Gardner 111. Susan Hayward
4. Alan Ladd 117. Terry Moore
5. Tyrone Power 121. Tony Curtis
6. Gregory Peck 124. Gail Davis
7. Esther Williams 127. Piper Laurie
8. Elizabeth Taylor 128. Debbie Reynolds
9. Cornelia Wilde 135. Jeff Chandler
10. Frank Sinatra 136. Rock Hudson
11. Deanna Durbin 137. Stewart Granger
12. Bing Crosby 139. Debra Paget
13. Dale Evans 140. Dale Robertson
14. Jeanette MacDonald 141. Marilyn Monroe
15. Gene Autry 142. Leslie Caron
16. Roy Rogers 143. Pier Angeli
17. June Allyson 144. Mitzi Gaynor
18. Sunset Carson 145. Marlon Brando
19. Ulysses Grant 146. Aldo Ray
20. Bob Mitchum 147. Tab Hunter
22. Burt Lancaster 149. Russ Tamblyn
23. Bing Crosby 150. Jeff Hunter
24. Peter Lawford 151. Marge and Gower Champion
25. Montgomery Clift 152. Marge and Gower Champion
27. Perry Como 175. Charlton Heston
29. Gordon MacRae 177. Richard Burton
31. Jean Crain 180. Lucille Ball
33. Jeff Chandler 185. Richard Egan
34. Janet Leigh 187. Jeff Richards
35. Farley Granger 190. Pat Crowley
36. John Derek 191. Robert Taylor
37. Guy Madison 192. Jean Simmons
38. Maclean 194. Audrey Hepburn
41. Lana Turner 205. Ann Sothern
42. Berry Grable 207. Eddie Fisher
43. Ava Gardner 209. Liberase
44. Alan Ladd 211. Bob Firth
45. Tyrone Power 212. Grace Kelly
46. Gregory Peck 213. James Dean
47. Esther Williams 214. Shirley MacLaine
49. Cornelia Wilde 216. Richard Davalos
50. Frank Sinatra 217. Eve Marie Saint
52. Peter Lawford 220. Dewey Martin
53. Bob Mitchum 221. Joan Collins
54. Burt Lancaster 222. Jayne Mansfield
55. Bing Crosby 223. Sal Mineo
56. Peter Lawford 224. Shirley Jones
57. Montgomery Clift 225. Elvis Presley
58. Richard Widmark 226. Victoria Shaw
59. Perry Como 227. Tony Perkins
60. Bill Holden 228. Cliff Weiker
61. Gordon MacRae 229. Pat Boone
63. Jean Crain 231. Don Murray
64. June Allyson 232. Don Cherry
65. Jeff Chandler 233. Pat Wayne
66. John Derek 234. Carroll Baker
67. Guy Madison 235. Anita Ekberg
68. Maclean 236. Corey Allen
69. Nan Gray 237. Dana Wynter
70. Bill Holden 238. Diana Dors
71. Judy Busch 239. Patrice Page
72. June Allyson 241. Lawrence Welk
73. Jeff Chandler 242. Alice Lon
74. John Derek 244. Buddy Merrill
75. William Holden 245. Hugh O’Brian
76. James Arness 246. Janis Joplin
77. William Holden 247. Sanford Clark
78. Montgomery Clift 248. Vera Miles
79. Richard Davalos 249. John Saxon
80. Peter Lawford 250. Dean Stockwell
81. Montgomery Clift 251. Diane Jerigens
82. Richard Davalos 252. Warren Berlinger
83. Peter Lawford 253. James MacArthur
84. Montgomery Clift 254. Nick Adams
85. Richard Davalos 255. John Kerr
86. Peter Lawford 256. Harry Belafonte
87. Richard Davalos 257. Jim Lowe
88. Peter Lawford 258. Luana Patten
89. Richard Davalos 259. Dennis Hopper
90. Richard Davalos 260. Tom Tryon
91. Richard Davalos 261. Tommy Sands
92. Richard Davalos 262. Will Hutchins

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(Continued from page 50)

Bible from cover to cover, and could detect a change in me, "wound in the middle of a long sermon. Himself an evangelist, he believed that all ministers would be glad to have a slip of the tongue corrected, and so he said. But he also observed that this was a service he often performed for other ministers, to the intense dismay of his adopted son, Art.

"He was a wonderful man," Art recalls, "kind, gentle, a shining spirit. He was also completely ingenuous, unconscious of self, and warm-hearted, with the spirit of a child. If he saw a strange child on the street, he would put his arms around him. If he had a small wing, he'd bring it home and nurse it.

"He sympathized with everyone's misfortunes, rejoiced with everyone's good fortune, would cry if we wept. He read the Bible for five hours."

He also, almost literally, followed the injunction to pray without ceasing. "Though we were a terribly poor family, we had the longest grace of any family I ever heard."

"My foster father could think of more things to be thankful for than anyone else. I was eighteen before I tasted hot tea. Our food cooled off during his prayers.

As a child, banging the triangle at revival meetings, to draw crowds to listen to his foster father, Art would squirm with the embarrassment when the crowd lost control of its emotions, after a particularly moving exhortation by his dad.

No wonder, later on, after he became the emcee of Art Linkletter's House Party, he was very sympathetic, when he interviewed a minister's son who said he helped his dad with his work.

"What's the hardest work you do?"

"He asked me.

"Listening to my father's sermons," came the prompt response.

If some sage ever had asked Art the same question when he was seven or eight, he probably would have gotten the same answer. As a child, Art couldn't understand the world of complete spirituality in which Linkletter lived, and he breathed. "Like any growing child," he said, "I resented the fact that I had to read the Bible aloud for hours at a time while other kids were playing, and that I couldn't see the children in 'Country Bumpkin' like other kids. It took me years to realize the value of some of the hardships I suffered as a child."

At a very early age, Art learned the value of money, and the necessity of earning it by hard work. He was only seven when he first took up a collection for his father after a sermon. Soon he got to the point where he would go out to milk and he could tell, almost to the penny, how much he was likely to collect. "My foster father was the kindest, most loving man I ever knew," Art says, "and had the tightest knowledge of the value of money."

"He never worried about rent or food, for he was convinced that the good Lord would provide. The provisions he expected always came—gentle and had some narrow squeaks."

"Sometimes, when rent time was only a week away, he would suddenly feel the urge to preach. Saying, 'Don't worry,' he'd hitch up the bicycle, go to the church on the bus, and have a wonderful time."

"Some church or group that knew about it would give him a handout.

Art and his foster mother were sometimes left to fend for themselves.

"Some church or group that knew about it would give him a handout. Sometimes, I'd go to an old folks' home.

"Nobody worried, so I never worried when I was a child," Art observes. "To-

day, as a carryover from childhood, I still don't worry much. Perhaps I have some hangover from expecting things to be wrong. I don't feel that everything will come to me. To get anywhere, you have to do the work your- self. In those days, my foster father didn't worry about a thing. We didn't exactly live—we existed."

When Art discovered, at eleven, that he was adopted, he was momentarily be- wildered. He needed desperately to feel that there were people who loved him. "Wonderful as my foster parents were, they were in their late forties when they adopted me, in their sixties by the time I was twelve. My foster father was handicapped, too, by the fact that he had a wooden leg, and so couldn't participate in active sports with me. We had no point of contact, outside our home."

"The family in general was a happy family, but we were never really close."

After all, the Linkletters moved some twelve times in six years—much too often for the family to establish any kind of roots. Not that Art was wished away. But the thought of the boys who weren't above stealing hub caps or other kinds of property. He himself never stole. He'd been too much impressed by the Pinkertons and Allan Pinkerton's Command- ments. But he often felt adrift.

Just about that time, Art met David Bomberger, now general secretary of the Riverside YMCA. "I don't know what happened between us, but I became frank, "if I hadn't met him. He was young enough to understand my problems and to help me find an outlet for my energy." Art became a kind of father figure to Bomberger, and Art, in turn, encouraged him to become a Friendly Indian, a Y group somewhat similar to various Boy Scout groups. Through David Bom- berger and the Y, Art became interested in camping and physical education. Pre- viously, he'd played basketball with vari- ous church leagues; now he learned to play the game better and more earnestly than ever. "Every kid," he says, "feels that he wants to belong to a gang. Every kid has to belong to one, children are the greatest joiners. They want to earn re- cognition. Art, desiring to be a part of some group like the Boy Scouts or Friendly Indians and winning merit badges, or else join some gang and get rec-ognition for how many hubcaps they have."

Art believes that those who say, "There are no bad children, only bad parents," may be right. Once he was at a cocktail party where a woman declared to be having a wonderful time. Art and his wife were enjoying themselves, too. But, with Art, it's almost automatic to talk about his five children, so he happened to spring the subject. "Most of the mothers were doing that evening. The man to whom he was speaking looked surprised.

"You mean to say that, even when you're at a party, you know what each of your youngsters is doing?"

"Sure," said Art.

"Well, I'll be darned. My kids are like wild horses. I never know from one hour to the next what they'll be doing or where they'll be."

Art's fellow guest was a man from a prominent social family, who had brought up his children with the help of nurses. But Art was amused that he had given them every advantage. But he'd failed to give them one important advantage—the knowledge that he cared what they were doing."

Art and his wife, you may be sure, al- ways know where their children are each day, and make it clear to the children that they care tremendously. Though the youngest is only in grade school, the eldest, Art's son Tom, 11, and his son Jack, 10, they enjoy sharing the news of their activities with their mother and dad.

At one time Art Linkletter persuaded a psychologist to come over and examine them psychologically to appear on one of his programs and answer questions from the audience. One mother put up her hand to ask: "My children won't obey me. What shall I do about it? You can't just keep scold- ing them."

"Yes, it is a terrible problem," said the psychologist, "and one that almost all parents face. We haven't come up with any scientific answer yet—how do we get a child to mind."

"I hope you'll pardon me for giving an unscholarly answer," said Art. "I'm no psychologist, but I have been working with children, and I will try to explain."

There are some who imagine that, where there's plenty of money in a family, it's a cinch to bring up children. Not so, says Art. "Children have a better chance of growing up happy and healthy if they do not come from wealthy homes. One of the greatest things in life is work. But there is a lot of difference between work that is necessary and work that is invented, just to keep rich children busy."

As a youngster, Art had to work. At eight, he had a newspaper route and mowed lawns. In his teens, he operated a switchboard if they did not come from wealthy homes. One of the greatest things in life is work. But there is a lot of difference between work that is necessary and work that is invented, just to keep rich children busy.

To try to duplicate such conditions in the lives of his children would be prepos- terous. Still, Art has taught his children a few things. He has tried to work out system of allowances, chores, and privileges. Each child is somewhat responsible for his own room. "Occasionally," Art explains, "We have inspections, and if they do a good job we give them a prize."

They are not given every toy they want. Art believes that children should be exposed to religion, but that it may some- times be more effective if you're not spending an inordinate amount of time at church, as he did during his boyhood. "If my parents had been musicians and insisted on my playing piano or the violin, I probably would have rebelled against music as a child."

"Today, I believe that everyone should have the right to believe what he wants to believe, and if a child is going to try to make up their own minds, but they are also given every chance to be exposed to religion. Every Sunday, they go to church. Nothing would please me more if I had discovered a dedicated, imaginative, inspir- ing religious teacher.
"Personally, I am sure that there is a God. Members of different religions call Him by different names. I have traveled so much and met so many who thoroughly believe in their own religions, that I have great respect and tolerance for the beliefs of others. All the major religions boil down to half a dozen rules—the Golden Rule, in one form or another, being prominent among them. Whatever you do with people comes back to roost one way or another."

Art believes that the Golden Rule really works in daily life—if you honestly try to live by it. "Often," he says, "individuals forget all about the Golden Rule when it comes to business. But it applies there just as much as anywhere else. You can't ignore it just because you're trying to make a buck."

Art himself has the well-earned reputation of following the Golden Rule in business. Once, a hard-boiled attorney who has handled the legal affairs of many of the biggest stars in show business, said, "I'd rather do business with Art and John Guedel (Art's partner-producer of People Are Funny and House Party) than with anyone else. Not because they'll let you walk over them, for they won't. But you also know that they'll never try to take advantage of you—or anyone else."

Offer Art a chance to do anything at which he's had little or no previous experience but which might present a challenge, and he'll grab it—and let you name the salary. Once, when he was twenty-three, holding down a desirable job as announcer at KGB in San Diego, and being groomed for an executive position, he left his well-paying, secure position to work with the Dallas Exposition. He knew that the new job couldn't last more than six months.

"How much are you going to get?" his wife asked. Art shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't ask. But I do know that this is a wonderful opportunity to work and learn."

Later, when he was offered a job at the San Francisco Fair, he again accepted without knowing what the salary was. "Some people," he said, "think of me as so mercenary and so sharp in business that they don't believe I would do a thing like that. It's true that, if I'm asked to work as an emcee, I'll charge a stiff price, for I've been training for this kind of work for about twenty years, and know my value as an emcee. But if I'm offered a chance to do something new and challenging, I'll do it, and not quibble about how much I'm paid. When I was offered a role on the G. E. Theater, I was glad to try it. When they asked me how much I wanted, I told them, 'I don't want to be paid. I'm here to try something new and stretch my talent muscles.'"

From the time they were just small tots, Art and his wife were determined to try to get something new, or to try to make money by wangling an unfair monopoly for yourself.

"Does a father bring up children so as to accompany, save, and eliminate the negative? With five children, all of different temperaments, Art and Mrs. Linkletter discovered while the children were very young that each had to be handled differently.

"Some children have to be spanked frequently; some should never be spanked at all," says Art. "In general, I believe that children should be brought up with loose discipline surrounded by a good iron fence. Many mothers and fathers complain that children roughhouse all over the house. Though we Linkletters, like most normal parents, aren't mad for roughhousing, we wink at it, provided the children curb their spirits in three rooms: The living room, the dining room, and the bedroom. The children respect those boundaries. When they come through the door to one of those rooms, they start to walk sedately, even if they've been running till then."

"When we have cocktail or dinner parties, the kids are instructed to our guests and are permitted to remain for about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, they know it's time to leave—and they do."

"Some parents tell me they just can't understand how we can get the children to go to bed when they're told to. This it the way we do it: We tell them, 'We want you with us. If you want to watch TV, we'll arrange things so that you can be with us watching the programs till the very last possible minute. Then, when we say it's time to go to bed, you'll know that it is—and no arguments.'"

"The kids never argue about this. If, occasionally, there's an exceptionally good program and they're too late to hear, they ask ahead of time, and we call a family clam-bake to decide whether the program is worth staying up late for."

I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story". It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

Tune in Every Morning to "MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"My experience may change your whole life." Read "Chained By Fear" in the current issue of True Story Magazine, now at all newsstands.

The Linkletter children know their mother and don't want to lose fun. And they do. They do camping in the summer, and on weekly bicycle safaris.

Art, with his wonderful ad-lib sense of humor, is apt to pull outrageous gags any time the program is on. One of his funnier tricks is to teach the kids how to order dinner from a menu table. For years a pet Linkletter gag was to pretend that the youngest member of the family had a "mastic nose" and that, with a wave of his hand, it wouldn't appear out of thin air. Actually, of course, Art had an electric buzzer under the table which he pushed at the same time his youngest tried out his "mastic nose."

Art has a triple parlay for bringing up children: Faith, humor, and love. His faith in his children goes so deep that once, about two years ago, when he, his wife, and his four children were out, and Art had no objection as a lady of the evening accosted Jack, thinking he was alone, and persuaded him to order refreshments for half a dozen friends. A few minutes, Art and his wife joined them.

"I was so confused," Jack confessed later, "my conversation was mostly stuttered English. For a few minutes, I wondered if Dad had permitted such a situation to arise. Later on, however, I realized that there'd been method in my father's madness. I was a young buck of seventeen and the time he was pulling me was time I learned something about life on the other side of the tracks. Dad drew her out to talk about her life. As a result, I learned more about that side of the tracks than I've ever heard from anyone else.

"I felt sorry for the girl. My father had enough faith in me to believe that I'd have a admirable future."

When Art himself was a teenager, facing the terrific tides of adolescent problems, his foster father was too old to guide him, or to give him any advice. So this had been his chance to give his teen-aged son what it had never been possible for his foster father to do for him. Later Jack said gratefully, "He showed me what it was like as old as he was, and what happens to a person when he sinks in life."

As he told a friend, "It was just one more example of Dad's adroit way of letting us find out things for ourselves. Art is too witty and sharp to us to ever come his points the way some fathers do.

Still, he lets the children know that he and Mrs. Linkletter expect them to grow into kind of men and women they have the potentialities of becoming. Art has told them frankly, "Every time you do or say anything the least bit out of line, you're going to be criticized, and so am I. Because I've been on radio TV for so many years, I'm considered a kind of national figure. If any member of the family does something unwise, we'll be more than willing to criticize them also."

"You can ruin the family reputation by doing foolish or terrible things, hurting the whole family. But I know you won't. You'll have to learn not to ask for special favors, and not to be rowdy."

"You'll also have to acquire the kind of strength that enables you to say 'No,' when other kids want you to do something you think is wrong. Maybe some of the others will try to influence you to do things we tell you to, you can't belong to our bunch."

"What's so wonderful about being one of a bunch? Even a banana can have that dictation! What you want is to be one of a bunch, but to be outstanding."

As Art's friends say, "If Art had become just one of a bunch, like some of the others, he might have ended up in a penitentiary—instead of as the happiest and hardest working emcee in radio and TV."
my dancing audiences always look as if they were powdering their noses. The men are well-groomed and carry themselves with pride; the women move in an air of beauty. The most beautiful dancing gown is, of course, of ballerina length with a hoop—a hoop is likely to prove an embarrassment on a crowded floor. The bodice should be supported by some version of strap, in order to prevent any spillage from appearing selfish or worry. Jerry tape, Santa competent, have six Those now stride, a dozen thing velvet doubt, year at order supported themselves men. my praised it?”

Mr. Welk’s name, introduced into a musical tradition, may perhaps something from intemperate speech to the loud slamming of doors, as devotees of the choppy beat leave the room.

The Hollywood Reporter is one of the better music papers, and Leo Guild is one of its most respected columnists. Recently he wrote: “Though band business on the road is terrible, the TV and radio trend toward good band sounds is now evident. . . . Those in the trade say Lawrence Welk started the whole business.” A few days later, The Hollywood Reporter was in receipt of the following note, scribbled on a piece of legal paper: “Dear Sirs: You are nowhere—right beside L. Welk. He is a corn merchant, and it seems he grows a lot higher than an elephant’s eye. He says he plays good band long minutes and takes chair kind—you might say he has a gift complex. Champagne—who needs it?”

Between these points of opinion stands one of the most musically criticized and praised men of the 1950’s. This somewhat puzzles the mild-mannered gentleman whose “Champagne Music” sparkles, not only on ABC Radio but on the Saturday-night “L. Welk Show” and the Monday-night Top Tunes And New Talent, over ABC-TV.

His success is such that he can afford to hire the best from the ranks of TV dancers. His has been selected by the National Ballroom Operators of America as the nation’s number-one dance band; for six consecutive years, he has played three to six evenings each week (depending upon the season and tour commitments) at Ocean Park’s Aragon Ballroom; repeatedly, the readers of newspapers and magazine radio and TV shows the best of the year. He has waded more than 500 records, which sell slightly better than one million discs each year. In this city, the City of Santa Monica honored Mr. Welk with a key.

The young men as outstanding citizens of the community, tendering them a parade, and a luncheon at which over a dozen scrolls and medals of merit were given. And just last January, he played for President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the Inaugural Ball.

In private life, Lawrence Welk has been married to the same pretty wife for over twenty-two years. They live in a ranch house on the outskirts of town, and in their home are three children: A daughter, twenty-four and married; a daughter, twenty; and a son, seventeen. It should be added hastily that they enjoy their parents’ musical style above all others, and that he taught all three to dance. With wry good humor, parent Welk says, “My three are among the young minority who consider my music useful and are strongly in favor of giving it air time.”

However that may be, the fact remains that Lawrence Welk is developing an enviable reputation as a star-bUILDER. A sympathetic, warm-hearted, kindly man—but one not to be bamboozled—he understandstands youthful amb’ion, has experienced more than the usual early struggles of the musician, and is constantly alert to talent that needs fostering, virtue that belongs in his band.

Rather wistfully, Lawrence Welk has pointed out his need for fresh faces: “You know, standing up there in the glare of bald heads is awfully hard on the eyes,” he has said affectionately of his veteran music men. “But acquiring able young musicians today isn’t easy.”

Many of his adversaries in recruiting have been what one might call rife with frustration. As Mr. Welk was leaving the studio one afternoon, he was approached by a pleasant appearing chap, probably in his early twenties, who applied for a position by saying, “Say, I’m from Zephyr Junction, New Jersey, and I want you to give me a start in the band business.”

Mr. Welk asked what instrument the applicant played. “Trombone, and I’m good,” was the response, accompanied by an empathic nod and a superior smile. “What do you think you’d be good for? I’d give to meet a young musician who plays violin,” he admitted. “I’m constantly on the alert for a violinist, because the violin, being the most difficult, has been the most neglected instrument for several years. Someone could put you to work tomorrow if you were a string man, but I can’t use another trombonist.”

"But I tell you, I’m good," reiterated the young man with a horn. “Furthermore, I’ve got to eat, too, don’t forget.”

On another occasion, Mr. Welk asked an applicant why he wanted to join the Champagne Music Makers, and the answer was: “Because I want to express myself. I feel that I have something important to say, musically, but I need a band of my own to give me the proper dramatic support.”

Another audition-seeker sauntered up to Mr. Welk and chirped, “Howdy, maestro. What’s your going rate for musicians? If the price is right, I might sign on.”

The entire financial structure of the instrumental profession has changed so much in recent years that such a question drives Welk into as much of a frenzy as his generous and natural geniuses will permit. “In the old days,” he says—and he has known the old days for a long time, having seen changes taking place in musical standards. “In the ‘forties—’a bandman was lucky if he could knock out four to five thousand dollars a year, and earning such an income meant living many a season on the road, stopping on a catch-a-wink basis, eating in poorly plained taverns, shoveling a bus out of mud or snow as the seasons changed—but, worst of all, becoming a stranger to his family. Nowadays, a competent, hardworking bandman can make four times that amount if he is an authentic professional, not merely a lazy guy who plays an instrument—and he can live a normal family life with a nice home of his own.”

Normal family life is infinitely precious to Lawrence Welk. He was next-to-youngest in a family of four boys and four girls, who grew up on a farm near Strasburg, Pennsylvania. Each of the children had his chores to perform. All ten Welks were kept busy from dawn to dusk. But around the crackling fire on wintry nights, or by the light of a kerosene lamp, the family would gather to hear their father play his accordion. It was the only possession Ludwig Welk and his wife had been able to carry along with them when they fled the Nazis in 1938 before the invading Prussian troops in 1918.

Naturally, Lawrence’s intense young interest in the accordion was a great satisfaction to his father, who taught the boy the instrument along with a new language with which to express his. For years, they shared the battered “squeeze box.” And then, on Lawrence’s fifteenth Christmas, he was given a priceless accordion with a new type, modern, with piano keyboard. The gift represented every spare penny the elder Welks had been able to set aside for many years. It had been bought with every possible penny from the proceeds of fruit sold to passersby. It was a dream come true.

Inescapably, music is—to Lawrence Welk—an expression of family cohesion. He grew up in the midst of such a philosophy, lived rather than expressed. Nowadays, his band participates in this clan concept of music. To belong to the Lawrence Welk band, he be musically and sentimentally acceptable to his leader. Perhaps this fact explains why there seems to be an unusually warm fraternalism among the Champagne Music Makers, and why new stars are usually selected, first, for their talent, and second, for their assimilation by the group.

That Lawrence Welk’s musicians share his and are accustomed to the fact that their service with him to date totals, in aggregate, around 140 years. Greatest contributor to this grand total is Jerry Burke, with a proud twenty-two years. It was Jerry Burke who introduced young Welk and his accordion assumed the leadership of the first Music Maker aggregation. Jerry plays the Hammond organ and celeste along with the 88’s, and—like Mr. Welk—is a Dakotan (South instead of North, however).

Record for shortest length of service is held equally by Jack Imel (the sailmaker) and Don Johnson (who had13 years, or one-third of the period, added to the troupe in January, 1956) and the Lennon Sisters (added at Christmas time, 1955).

Jack Imel began his career at age twenty, when he began to take tap dancing. During high-school days, he began to study xylophone. By the time he was ready to enlist in the Navy, to serve his obligatory military obligation in the Pacific, Harrison and Heidt’s “Opportunity” show for eighteen months. As a first-class musician with a Navy 3/c rating, Jack repeatedly won talent shows and served as a member of the Navy’s “Entertainment Unit.” With his honorable discharge imminent, Jack approached the Champagne Music Makers through channels: He forwarded a tape recording of his marimba playing, along with a brief biography and a photograph. Mr. Welk auditioned him at the Aragon Ballroom, an experiment that almost
wrecked the joint. The fans—normally a restrained and calmly knowing group—went somewhat wild. So did the wives of tons of rapid fan mail. (Sorry, girls, but Jack is married and the father of two handsome youngsters—a girl and a boy—and number three will debut shortly.)

The Lennon Sisters’ story adds another chapter to Welk family history. Dianne, now seventeen, is a fellow student of Lawrence Welk, Jr., at St. Monica’s High School in Santa Monica. Dianne and her three sisters—Peggy, fifteen, Kathy, thirteen, and Janet, ten—have been singing practically from the cradle. Their father had been a member of the once well-known Lennon Brothers Quartet, and, as his children grew along (eight at this date, and number nine scheduled), he sang with his progeny, teaching them the facts of harmony in an informal way. Dianne had been seven and Peggy five when they discovered that—even without their father’s aid—they could divide a song between them and double its effectiveness. Kathy’s voice proved to be different in pitch and tone quality from that of her two older sisters, which added zest to the group, and Janet was discovered to have the knack of singing any one of four parts.

It was Larry who brought the Lennon Sisters to his father’s attention, and their addition to the Champagne Music Makers’ family adds sugar to a variety show whose life is spice—which is to say that the story of any member of the troupe would make a good movie.

For instance, Myron Floren, at seven, spotted a $19.95 accordion in a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, ordered it, and has been playing accordion ever since. At nine, he won both first and second place in a school music contest: First, for accordion; second, for piano. He worked his way through Augustana College by teaching accordion. One of his students was a lovely girl named Berylne, whom he married. She doesn’t in the least mind the perennial sound of the accordion around the house, which is lucky because—between playing special engagements, working with the Champagne Music Makers, teaching and simply practicing—Myron is harnessed to the accordion for seven to ten hours each day.

Then there’s Larry Hooper, ace pianist, whose speaking voice was so similar to the churning of a great-grandfather clock that Mr. Welk felt certain Larry could sing a soothing bass. Larry protested that his tones were fit only for bouncing off a tile shower with the water overflowing freely. But, when the boss—man makes a suggestion in a flattering confident tone, a musician usually goes along with the experiment. “Oh Happy Day” was the result, and Larry has been singing ever since.

Aladdin, the violinist—singer who reminds some audiences of the actor, Reginald Gardiner, prefers to be known simply as Aladdin (without reference to lamps, please). However, the name on his birth certificate—issued in New York City—is Aladdin Abdullah Ahmed Anthony Palante. He can explain “why” in twelve languages, a feat that reduces most questioners to awe—stricken silence.

Rocky Rockwell, the band’s comedy vocalist—trumpeter—trombonist, has trouble with both friends and fans. Repeatedly he is asked, “What are you wearing on your head, Rocky? A dead squirrel, maybe? Spanish moss? Or are you merely scared?” He grins and lets it pass, being a shy type unless confronted by camera and mike.

Are you one of those who dotes on Buddy Merrill and his romantic guitar? He’ll be twenty—one on July 16, 1957. Born in Utah, Buddy grew up in Gardena, California, just an E-string away from the ABC-TV studios. Before he was ready for kindergarten, Buddy was playing his father’s guitar and, by the time he was struggling through fifth-grade arithmetic, he could have doubled for Don Juan beneath a balcony... if he hadn’t regarded girls as beneath his notice. He has changed his opinion considerably since fifth grade, however—Buddy’s marrying high-school sweetheart Faye Phulpott this summer!

Another fascinating fact about the Champagne men is that many of them tried other ways of life before admitting that the note of success, for them, had to be coaxed from a musical instrument. Johnny Klein, the terrific typhonist, was a schoolteacher; Norman Bailey, who doubles in trumpet and trombone, prepared himself to be a business statistician, but very nearly employed his talent permanently in the guided missile department of an aircraft plant; Jack Martin, salut of the sax, was graduated from Ohio U. with every intention of becoming an advertising tycoon.

Lawrence Welk is glad that every member of his musical family gravitated, eventually, to him, and he turns an occasional eye upon the second generation being brought up by his musician men. That family touch again. However, it is well known that musical ability is often handed down from parent to child. Lawrence Welk, as has been stated, has three youngsters; Alice Leon the sparkling “Champagne Lady,” has three sons. The rest of the band own a junior section totaling twenty-nine, with two more set to make an appearance soon.

Lawrence Welk, the pied piper of the champagne parade, should be able to provide the best in music for dancing feet and happy hearts for at least another generation!

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...HOW TO LOOK LOVELY THROUGH EFFICIENT

Trust young moderns to find a way... a way to crowd into one short day all the taxiing, mothering, clubbing, gardening and housekeeping, and still meet him at 5:30 looking lovely. It takes smart planning, even to your make-up... Magic Touch.

This blessedly simple aid to loveliness is a creamy compact. A fingertip does its, in seconds—hides the freckle and bump, freshens the color, adds the fresh, young look. But more, it lubricates, protects your skin all day—ends tedious bedtime dreaming. It’s a natural for today’s hectic life—the easy way to be effortlessly lovely, even on busiest days.

You get Magic Touch at all variety stores and better drug stores, and pay only 45¢ or $1.00. Hard to believe, ‘til you look in your mirror! It’s made for the modern woman—people like you!—by Campana.
Brave New World

(Continued from page 64)

matter of fact, I'll try for another. I like and enjoy women generally, but the two types that throw me into right field are the overbearing career women and sophists. The sophists I'm good enough to ignore completely, but the overbearing career women . . .

Bill snorts in amusement at the sound of Jeanne trying to be careful with a subject. The feeling that Bill might be a sort of Svengali is abruptly amputated when Jeanne speaks up again suddenly.

"I like men, too," she says, with the devil in her eyes. "I like them to dress casually—not overly, like blue jeans—and to be condescendingly a fun type, easy and enjoyable to be around. I hate egomaniacs and 'selling' men. The egos talk through you about themselves and never know who they're talking to, to prove their self-importance. We sing out at the first at 5:30. So, at 4:30, Jeanne will disappear into that labyrinthine lady's wardrobe and make up. At 4:35, I am ready. At 4:47, the minute roar of Jeanne will be heard: 'I'm not going! Used to, I'd dash for the phone and make our apologies ... now I know better. I wait for five minutes. At three minutes of five, she will call, 'Come in a minute!' She looks fine. She seems I lookritable. I can't possibly go. At five, she tears the whole lot off and starts over. I retreat and walk on the lawn—until suddenly, at 5:15, a lovely dream of running from flowers to my wife, I escort her to the first party ... late, but dressed.'

"Ah, but men," Jeanne has a quick rebuttal. "They've only to dive in the shower, dress in a blue suit and conservative tie, splash a bit of spice on their jaws, and they're ready. It's not fair."

"Then why," responds Bill, "do you, at every conjugation, have to get right out dressed to kill, look at my sports shirt and ask me why I'm not ready?"

"It's because I've bought a new dress and am ready early," Jeanne replies with strict female logic. "Your digressions are confusing. . . . When I wake up," Jeanne continues, striking the pose of a torch singer, "sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue . . . my disposition depends on—me."

"Don't let her fool you," Bill interrupts. "She's usually on an even keel."

And, when I'm depressed, I'm deeply aware of it. I didn't used to be, but now I know it's nothing to go without. I'm not a stupid depression ... so I wait it out. I would love to shout 'Shut up!' at people who sing along with records. I have a temper to match my hair about surface things, but I'm pretty easygoing when I'm working. I've worked awfully hard and I believe you never get anything for nothing."

If there's a hard way of doing it," Bill points out, "Jeanne will do it. How about your impulsiveness? Your generosity? She's always concerned with older people. A pitiful little old lady can send her a whole roll of Band-Aids.

"I think that's all of me," Jeanne says thoughtfully, "except Bill and I love it here. We want to become American citizens—to talk about taking the kids on a picnic or to the zoo, or shopping en famille at the supermarket. People know Howard Smith's modest way of coming into a scene when Garry calls on him, as well as they know his music."

They know Garry's ideas about his shows: His feeling that there should be no forced heartiness with guests or audience ("We demonstrate our liking for people by being natural with them at all times," he says). None of what is called "insult" humor, funny as it may be on other programs ("But our audiences would think it out of character for us."). No talking down to the daytime audience ("How can you expect a woman to be less intelligent in the daytime when she looks at it with her husband?"). No offensive lines or situations ("Being on TV is a lot like being invited to visit friends at home.").

Above all, viewers know that Garry Morris and Maxine, the TV Radio Miss America Awards for himself and his programs for many years running, and that he will never accept them personally. Always there is someone who gets to see the shows, and seen and unseen workers who have contributed to winning.

Perhaps the biggest secret of all is that Garry himself is a singularly modest man who gives out loyalty and enthusiasm and always seems to get it back, with dividends.

The Great Moore Mystery

(Continued from page 45)

sentiments, as if they were saying to each other: You won't just part of it.) That he's a man who goes home at night, family-man style, to Nell and their two teen-age boys, Mason, and Garry, Jr. That he plays very little night-clubbing and partying, but has a passion for cool sailing and hot music, and that he beats a mean drum. (Didn't the guy Get A Secret take revenge on him for tricks on them, by having him crated on the program one night, in a huge box, and sending him over to Birdland—where, undaunted, Garry promptly got on the drums and had a jam session with Count Basie and the boys?)

People have heard him talk about the fun of mothering, and they know he's boat-crazy and has recently turned in his yawl for a fine big slope. They have watched him try to hide some of his feeling for Jimmy Durante when that beloved funnyman appeared with Garry on the show last winter—the first time the two had been together in this way since they were a team on radio some ten years ago on "The G & M Show" and that over two people who love each other very much and weren't really ashamed of it.)

Who but Garry would have bought a heavy new drum tank and had it brought on the set of his show, and, without preliminaries, opened it before the TV cameras? To discover, to his own and everyone else's amazement and amusement, that it held nothing but keys. Eighty thousand of them, by a later actual count, and of every size and type!

As for the panel of Five Got A Secret, everyone knows that, while Henry Morgan has a wry, rich sense of humor himself and Faye Emerson is outspoken and has interesting opinions on a very wide variety of subjects . . . That Jayne Meadows is the first to laugh, but is the most knowledgeable of sports and sports personalities and events . . . That Bill Cullen's glib tongue has put him in some tight situations on camera—and the same glissens has pulled him right out again . . . And that these are only a few of the things each has revealed about himself.

People even know what some of the rooms in their homes are like. And the closets. Realizing that most of us have at least one closet which overflows with things we just can't bear to throw away, Garry proved that performers are people, even as you and I, and transported some of their closets to the set. He had a room of Faye's home moved out, piece by piece, and brought intact to the show one night—oh, it went delightfully. Faye's first words: "Oh, I have been meaning to have that sofa re-covered for three years!" Later, she had Garry's office brought on, to retailal the walls were complete with his secretary, Joan Meade's, unanswered mail, the office clutter and the overflowing wastebaskets.

On the daytime Garry Moore Show, everyone knows that J.J. Kirky is such a good sport, as well as a super performer, that he let Garry "award" him as a contest prize—and, when he was "won," he went off manfully to keep faith with the winner and to spend a weekend with her and her husband and children. (It worked out so well that his hosts later became the Kirbys' guests at their home.) Everyone knows that Dennis the First and Carson have a wonderful way with a song, and they also know these are what Garry has described as "nice people with a lot of talent. People so often talk about taking the kids on a picnic or to the zoo, or shopping en famille at the supermarket. People know Howard Smith's modest way of coming into a scene when Garry calls on him, as well as they know his music."

They know Garry's ideas about his shows: His feeling that there should be no forced heartiness with guests or audience ("We demonstrate our liking for people by being natural with them at all times," he says). None of what is called "insult" humor, funny as it may be on other programs ("But our audiences would think it out of character for us."). No talking down to the daytime audience ("How can you expect a woman to be less intelligent in the daytime when she looks at it with her husband?"). No offensive lines or situations ("Being on TV is a lot like being invited to visit friends at home.").

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Perhaps the biggest secret of all is that Garry himself is a singularly modest man who gives out loyalty and enthusiasm and always seems to get it back, with dividends.
Most Happy Season

(Continued from page 70)

Gale is allowed to travel all over the world—without leaving Stage One of Hal Roach Studios. Before Susanna, Gale never had been on board an ocean liner, so she says the thing that she was most looking forward to was visiting her uncle and aunt in Paris, Texas. "Now, I’ve learned to love travel," she twirls. "One week, we’re in Switzerland, and the next week we’re visiting the volcanoes in Italy. By the end of the season, I figure I’ll have gone around the world four times!"

Nevertheless, such elaborate shows do not come without a price. To Gale, the executive producer responsible for both My Little Margie and Oh! Susanna, describes Gale with such phrases as: "Gay, bright, clean and projective. Just like the child she is, we’d all like to all be level-headed, with all-around talent." Then he adds, "And she’s one of the hardest-working girls in television."

Gale’s present schedule is as well organized as a railroad timetable. Five days a week, Gale is up at five. She dresses while I feed the baby," says husband Lee Bon- nell. And Gale feeds the baby while I dress. We leave the house at six, and I drive her sixteen miles to the studio. She’s in make-up by six-thirty, and the first five scenes of the show are finished by seven-thirty. I go home, see that the boys get off to school, and to get my office around 7:45 A.M. I pick up Gale at six P.M., we’re home by seven, have dinner at half-past "Dinner time," I say, "is the family able to share together on weekdays?"

"We long ago agreed that the dinner hour is the most important one to us and should be shared, no matter what. Here, in the show, we have the opportunity to talk about their day and discuss things of mutual family interest. It was at the dinner table, for instance, that Gale learned that her father or brother was on the way. This week, we’re discussing the problems of an administrator—Phillip is vice-president at his junior high—and Phillip’s problems with Latin."

"From time to time, Gale studies her scripts for the next day—each night, she learns fifteen pages of dialogue. From then until ten, we’ve scheduled a playtime with baby-boy. The boys are still up, so that we all enjoy her during this time. Then, at ten, I go her bottle and all the kids are out to sleep. Saturdays, Gale practices a song or reherses a dance for new week’s show, so she doesn’t have to get up until eight. Sundays, we take the boys to 9:30 Sunday school. Sometimes we take them to the Wednesday-night meeting too."

Recently, the church program was turned over to the Operation Youth group. Because Phillip was to give the benediction and invitation, Gale and Lee were both there. The church program, a handsome young man of the age of fourteen-year-old Phillip, called the meeting to order by saying, "Ladies and gentleman, we have some visitors with us tonight, from New Orleans. The next, I’d like to introduce Gale Storm." Gale took a bow, and sat down. Then the youthful emcee added, "Most of you think of Gale Storm as a celebrity." Gale’s father, as she knew, "as Philip Bonnell’s mother." Gale couldn’t have been more pleased. Even being the star of Oh! Susanna—the sparkling series which viewers have voted the best new program on television this season—isn’t as important to Gale as being a successful mother. Certainly, if awards were given for devoted families, Gale Storm’s would be a winner!
The Man Who Really Won

(Continued from page 41)

the stuff that stars are made of, and calling attention to others, rather than to oneself, is not the only skill necessary to succeed in show business. Yet, thanks to the medium of television, that’s exactly what happened to Hal. He was not only seen by a weekly audience of 32 million souls but was included in all the intimacy of camera close-up. The public got to know the man as well as the performer, and to realize just why it is that Hal seems to bring out the best in contestants and to bring out just about the best technical technique. It’s because he genuinely cares about the other fellow—cares what happens to him. This was love, love, in the old-fashioned religion—of the sort you see in Hollyhock days, loving Hal in return. Sure, they root for the contestants and applaud their amazing displays of knowledge. But the quizmaster himself, they sense, has something finer, more enduring, more enduring. And it was knowledge, the quizmaster seems to have that humility that comes from wisdom.

Hal March sits in the tremendous living room of his Manhattan apartment, holding a tiny baby in his hands—holding her up so they can look in each other’s faces and laugh. He never ceases to wonder that Melissa is not his own child, that it never occurred to Hal. Last year, when he married Candy Totsen Tornoe, her two children by a former marriage seemed so much a part of the two of them now, they just naturally seem a part of him, too.

"Isn’t she lovely?" he asks, holding "Missy" up even higher. "Isn’t she the love of your life?"

And Missy gurgles in delight, as though she not only understood but also agreed.

"It’s in the Bible, you know. And a little child shall lead them." And that’s how it started, his love affair with life and love and where a little child can lead. Throughout it all, though Missy didn’t say a word, it certainly dominated the conversation. Blue-eyed, blond, halting words, she knew that she was loved—and she knew how to love in return. And it was all so easy for her! She was born knowing the things it has taken Hal a lifetime of searching to learn.

"I’ve always been a curious and perceptive guy," he says. He isn’t boasting. He’s trying to explain why, perhaps, growing up has been a more painful business for him than, say, for his wife, who has a habit of being herself, which is exactly how he got to know her. It wasn’t enough merely to live; he had to figure out the true meaning of life. Easier, more comforting, however, it was bad type-casting. He didn’t look the part of the introspective introvert. He was popular. He played sports. At high school, he’d played football, basketball, and baseball team. He’d been copy editor of the student body. He was even an amateur boxer, fighting twenty-five-bout in his home town of San Francisco.

Introspection was as sensitive as a dreamy young kid taking long walks in the rain, all by himself, with five books under his arm. There were doubts, he looked back, to and the pain that comes of probing deep, young, who cannot yet solve the same problems that a psychologist handles today. Hal tried to handle himself—philosophically.

"It’s wrong," he said, and I want to change." Even today, looking back on it, Hal insists that “this is important. But it’s the toughest thing in the world to do.”

And perhaps that explains why, at the age of twelve, he decided to be an actor. If you don’t like yourself as you are, it’s much easier to play at being someone else than it is to change yourself. Besides, he had appeared in an operetta staged by his junior high school class, and it was his hope to become just such a performer—to have others applaud your efforts. It wasn’t all applause, however. It was a long struggle up from cheap night clubs to occasional spots on radio, from the place of Sweeney And March—with a sustaining program on CBS—to featured comedian on the Perry Como, Jack Benny, and Bob Hope radio shows. It was the character of Hal was Allen’s next door neighbor, Tom Andrea’s sidekick in The Soldiers, and Imogene Coca’s “husband” when she starred in her own television series.

Throughout his own—master-of-ceremonies of The $64,000 Question. The show not only made television history, it made Hal March. At thirty-five, he was a shrewdly appraised, mature, and a new, overwhelming success. He had den and so overwhelming, it could have thrown another man. To Hal, however, success in show business sold nothing. "Life," he has always maintained, "is a real career." And he knew he was failing at that.

"Why don’t you get married?" people asked at the time. He hadn’t sufficiently stabilize to make me a good husband," he would reply, with character, or with the "he didn’t mean financial"—he means emotional.

"Before you can be happily married," he figures, "you have to find yourself, understand your own particular needs, evolve yourself, you’ve got to find your niche, whether it be as the husband or the wife, and he studied. He read the great books. It is significant that he started writing a long psychological novel in which he tries to develop the six conflicting facets of one man’s character.

"I had the capacity for recognizing truth," he recalls. "The problem was learning to apply it to myself."

But truth and reality aren’t always and life Hal felt he had to test each truth emotionally—in actual living. "I exposed myself to everything possible," he admits. "I wanted to experience everything first-hand."

As it turned out, he experienced just about everything but love. For the truth was—well, it was the truth, bumbling in a good, dull way. "He did the job of playing the innocent and eternal wisdom. Little Missy doesn’t stop to wonder whether she’s worthy of love. She just gives it, as naturally as breathing."

"That was the problem," Hal recalls. "Learning to give love—and to accept it. And, before you can do that, you have to learn to love yourself. He didn’t mean you have to be prima donna more. He meant self-esteem—like a healthy, psychologically adjusted person’s. It wasn’t enough merely to find yourself, to know yourself, to be free. Maturation requires that a man except with which can’t find love."

"You are born out of a womb, the same as other people, and you are expected to save your character. Like a set of emotions," Hal explains. "And, as you grow, if you’re objective and reason, you become aware of the fact that you are like everyone else. And it follows, then, that we should stop trying to think about ourselves so much and start trying to understand others."

Hal had found himself by forgetting himself and thinking of others. He had even learned to laugh at himself, and so he could start liking himself. Humility had brought with it maturity and self-esteem. At long last, he was ready to love. Only, where did one find a mature woman who could be too mature?"

It was simple. He went into maturity, and there was Candy. She was young, she was beautiful, she had the gift of laughing at herself. But more than that, as the "sin of holiness," she was open on any question. She’s had hard times, too. It’s made her completely selfless."

"I know now what he has been missing all his life. He was thirty-six when he married, and yet—"I’m glad I waited," he confesses. "We worked out all our problems individually, before we got married. Not in the marital problem, together. There’s nothing that comes up that we can’t handle. We understand it. We arrive at a solution. And, usually, when I’m going along, and the biggest problem seem a little thing to her all.""

They can laugh about anything. The one exception," Hal adds, "is illness. That’s because Steven, Candy’s four-year-old son, was very quick to fact, in fact, he almost lost him. But Steven is the picture of health now, and his illness produced something of lasting benefit. It brought them a lot closer together as a family unit.

As Hal tells you about their life together and marvels at his good fortune, he only thing constant is that just hit the $64,000 jackpot himself. He still can’t believe he found the right answer. It’s all too good to be true, and somehow, he’s earned it by proving to so many people in show business. Hal says: "I know it can go like that. But then, unlike so many people in show business, he quotes Marcus Aurelius: "Candy and I have both been poor," he points out, "so we can appreciate success all the more. We’re aware that this is a wonderful opportunity."

"I’m fulfilled. I don’t have to write to prove my maturity."

But there’s another reason Hal is anxious to keep his evenings free. Sometimes, he tells you, his first child will be born. And, though Candy claims that "men don’t even look at babies the first ten months, Hal looks as though he’s never seen a baby before. And if it goes well and they can get the house they’ve set their hearts on, they hope to move to Scarsdale—just outside Manhattan.

"It’s a race with the stork!" Hal explains. But Candy merely smiles. If they could move in time, they would. Otherwise, they would wait until after the baby was born. "But they’re definitive—"if it goes well—"they would have to move. Hal’s apartment was perfect for a bachelor, but not for a wife and three children."

And so, it seemed, a little child was less than a year distant. The other day, out among the bulks, to an old-fashioned home of their own instead of a modern apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. And, if Hal seems the more impatient to make the move, it’s because he doesn’t want to wait. This is the life he’s been searching for so long. He doesn’t want to waste another minute.
Just Having Fun
(Continued from page 57)
to go ‘round, enough popularity for everybody, enough opportunities, because that’s the way he lives. They couldn’t be more right. It shows in the way he never pushes anyone else out of the way so he can stay in front, the way he never presses too hard for himself, the way he never wants to take all the bows.

Good things are “catching,” according to Perry’s ideas—not just jumps and measles and such. When the guests do well and enjoy the show, then Perry gives an even better than usual performance. Everybody gets the grade-A treatment, not only such established stars as Peggy Lee and Johnnie Ray and Patti Page and Julius La Rosa, but the less well known ones, too.

Como gets a really big kick when he has a talented youngster as a guest. Ten-year-old Brenda Lee, of Red Foley’s country-music shows—a singer who has been compared to the Judy Garland of the early days, and who has a sassy way with both songs and the spoken word—made a first appearance with Perry and was invited back several times because of the big response he got. Perry thinks she is fabulous. Thirteen-year-old organist Glenn Derringer has been on the show a couple of times this year, and again Perry couldn’t have been more pleased with the wonderful response. He has a special spot in his heart for kids, anyhow. “They give me my biggest kicks,” he says. (His own are Ronnie, now seventeen, ten-year-old David, and Terri, who is nine.) “They, and my elderly fans—folks around seventy and eighty who have been listening to me for years.”

Perhaps one of the best examples of Como informality happened during the winter, when Guy Lombardo was a guest. He had some time on the show before his cue to come on with Perry, Guy started down from the dressing room, taking the backstage elevator at the Ziegfeld Theater, from which the show originates. Midway between the floors the elevator stuck—and, in due time, Perry was introducing a Lombardo who failed to appear on cue. Mitch- ell Ayres and the orchestra relayed the entrance music, and Perry just stood there, laughing a little to himself, while frantic search parties were being organized behind the scenes.

Those who had seen the rehearsal, or knew the script, realized what was happening, but for a moment the audience thought Perry was merely enjoying one of his more relaxed moments, on camera or off. He was. He knew something had gone wrong, but it didn’t throw him. “Mitch,” he called out to the orchestra leader, “you’d better come on over here and do this with me”—and he bent right into the routine he had planned for Guy.

When you can get him to talk about himself at all, Perry merely says: “I like to think I know what I’m doing. I have been doing it long enough to know.” Which is probably his modest way of saying that, if he seems sure of himself, it’s no more than should be expected of any pro who has worked at his job as hard and as long as Perry. And that he wouldn’t deserve to be where he is if he couldn’t sing the way people liked and do a good job all the way through.

This is an attitude that goes a long way toward explaining the winning of awards. Perry would laugh that off. “What attitude?” he would ask. “I’m just having fun on this show. Just singing, and being myself with wonderful guests and a wonderful gang all down the line who help me put on the show.”

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Godfrey and His Star Wagon

(Continued from page 37)

asked me to do something a little better, or explained something to me, I didn't have the feeling that he was doing it for the sake of the show but rather for me personally.

Pat has those extras which Arthur says make for TV stardom. Pat has a straight-ahead personality, Columbia University. He is a husband and the father of three girls. To be a TV, recording and movie star, as well as student, husband and parent, Pat has to work in up to nineteen hours a day. But success never comes easy. And Pat's success is no exception to the rule. Neither is the McGuire's success. Arthur has said many times, "No one in television or motion pictures or any other field of entertainment has ever worked harder than the McGuire family."

Chris, eldest of the three, says, "When we came to New York we weren't actually ready for a role of our own."

In those days, we didn't even know what to do with our arms when we were performing." In the beginning, they worked so hard that Phyllis just plain wore out her voice and couldn't talk for nearly four days. There are days, we didn't even know how to deliver our lines with our arms when we were performing.

The girls were born in Middletown, Ohio. Their father, A. M. McGuire, a hard- working worker of a steel worker. Three times in a row he had hoped for a boy baby but, instead, there were Chris, Dot and Phyllis. Their mother was an ordained minister. Who served as part of the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio, until her retirement two years ago. "Our living room at home was like a hotel lobby," Chris recalls. "People were always visiting, and we always had games and singing."

The girls began to sing as a trio for their own pleasure and then, by request, at church, weddings and funerals. They sang only sacred music and, between 1950 and 1956, traveled over the country appearing at evangelical meetings. "We didn't think it was right to sing both pop and religious music."

And might never have begun ballad singing if we hadn't volunteered to sing for veterans. They began to request pop tunes, and you don't refuse bedridden men."

In 1951, they made the complete transition to show business. December of 1951, they were a smash on Talent Scouts. "We went home for a month's vacation," Phyllis recalled. "When we got back, Arthur invited us back to work on the show. He prepared us for the future. He told us we'd have to change. We've found the change he predicted came true. He told us that we had to work at other things besides singing. For example, he gave us free dancing lessons for a year. He said it would be important to us. We had to learn to work at other things besides singing. For example, we had to learn to work at other things besides singing."

Says Dot, "And during those days we were very quiet. Hard to talk to. Not Phyllis so much, but Chris and I were. We were scared, I think. We didn't know what was expected of us."

"But Arthur has the knack of making people feel secure. He's always been for us through thick and thin. When we've had to miss the show—because of illness or an accident—he's never made us feel that we had to worry about it. I remember Phyllis was in the hospital during the holiday season. Arthur was not only wonderful about our absence but went over to the hospital three times, in spite of his heavy schedule."

The girls have arrived. They have been singularly honored in receiving the Copa Bonnet, which is the Academy Award of the night club world, at least, given dis- crimination to such entertainers as Sophie Tucker, Frank Sinatra, Lena Horne and Jerry Lewis. When the McGuire's played Desert Inn, Las Vegas, this spring, they received a $25,000 on check for four weeks! Now, when they return to Boston or Chicago or Miami or Atlantic City, they are competing with their own record-breaking attendance records.

"Arthur told us, in the beginning, that you can't take yourself for granted in this business. That you must constantly work and improving. He does it himself. He's always ready to try something new," says Chris. She continues, "He's helped us with so many things that we are so indebted to Arthur. He not only gave us our first real break, but he taught us—and put up with us while we learned. In those days, we didn't even know how to deliver our lines with our arms when we were performing."

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When the girls are before the camera, they look as good as they sound. Arthur may get credit for the way they handle themselves, but Chris McGuire takes credit for what they wear. The girls have never been confident about their clothing, and it is Chris' job to choose and buy clothes that suit them. She favors simple sports clothes for herself and her sisters. They dress with as little fuss as possible and wear practically the same clothes. They handle the news every show. Chris is on the phone to talk over the outfits they'll wear the next day.

It is the job of Phyllis to handle tele- phoning. She organizes the day, makes appointments for fittings, picture-taking, rehearsals and a dozen other things. Dot, who is the balance wheel of the trio, also lends her body to the fitting problem.

We've got all three exactly the same size. We're the same exact height—of the length. So, to save time for others, I often stand in for the fitting for all of us. It makes sense.

Both of our joint duties require that they be together almost constantly. Not until evening—rather, some evenings do they separate. All three girls live on the east side of Manhattan, within a block of each other. Chris is married to John Teeter, who is executive director of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. She has two sons, Harold, fourteen, and Asa, two. Both boys are in private schools. Phyllis is married to Dr. John Fulham and they have two sons. Chris is a member of the church building committee. Phyllis is a member of the church building committee."

"We don't do any cooking or house- keeping," the girls tell you, "for we don't have time for it. Several evenings a week, we are in rehearsal or on the show itself. Our only evenings free may be Friday and Saturday. Friday, we like to see a Broadway show. On Saturday, we entertain friends. Sunday night, we start rehearsals again for the Wednesday-night show."

A man whose name you've heard is the air is that of Murray Kane, who has written for the McGuire's. Murray writes and stages their material and is their personal manager. The girls are proud of him as a friend and arranger. They swear their arrangements are greatly responsible for their success.

Murray, a tall, spare man, talks candidly about the McGuire's: "I wouldn't agree that they've changed much in the past five years. Actually, I think they've changed very little. But, they've learned another important thing. They aren't show-wise and smart-alecky. They are basically simple and sweet, sensitive to criticism, and hard- working. When they first started to work with them, they listened to me. When they didn't agree, they talked it out. They still do, and that's important. Usually, once an act achieves stardom, all the people in it know all the answers."

The McGuire's way of life has changed little. They are still a close family. Their parents frequently visit in New York, and the girls get back to Miamisburg several times a year. At home, they visit with old friends and sing in the church their mother founded. They continue to make regular and special contributions to the church. They have arranged sectional ping-pong tables for the recreation room. Their church is probably one of the few that has a paid musical director, and this again is a McGuire Sisters' project."

"People wonder whether it isn't hard on our nerves being together most of the time. It isn't. We're close. We like each other."

"Oh, we have our differences," Phyl says, "and we still have our arguments. We can have an argument anywhere—in a taxicab or in the middle of Broadway. Dot picks most things together. She instantly if one is hurt, and we know the best thing to do is talk right out. Never more than two of us get involved in an argument. The third is always ready to mediate."

Living by the clock is the great occu-
pational hazard for people in TV and radio. Pat Boone contends with it, too. He’s been a busy boy, commuting from his New Jersey home to attend Columbia and appearances with Godfrey. And the future looks just as busy, with his 20th Century-Fox film contract—and the long-term deal he recently signed with ABC-TV, to start now.

"The way I figure," he says, "is that, if I get five hours’ sleep a night, I’m lucky," There’s an extra hazard at home, too, he adds. "My daughter, Cherry, has this new habit of waking me up in the middle of the night. I’m thinking of putting a lid over her bed so that she can’t get out."

Pat mixes up a sigh and grin, explaining that he’s not really upset about it. He’s hoping to have at least three more children, and optimistically expects that at least one of them will be a girl. His present family—Cherry, almost three, Linda, going on two, and Debbie, the baby. Wife Shirley approves of a big family. She is a particularly helpful and understanding wife, often keeping her car all through the night. I’m thinking of putting a lid over her bed so that she can’t get out.

Pat governs Shirley’s athletic skill. Pat has played some football, but was talked out of trying for Columbia’s squad by Arthur Godfrey. Pat still tries to get out and catch some baseball on TV. He is the life of the living room and usually gets licked. He recalls ruefully, “Even when she’s pregnant, she beats me. She can’t move fast, so she stands there and waves her hands and makes me move her feet at all, and she still wins.”

Pat’s grades have been perfect—straight A’s. Before he signed the movie contract, he investigated the effect it might have on his grades. He made a study of the figures between Hollywood and Columbia University. “I had a long talk with the Dean. He told me I could have a leave of absence. But I didn’t think I could do that because of my reasons, and that it wouldn’t affect my chances for Phi Beta Kappa. I have one more semester to go. I’ll take that next fall and graduate in January of ’58.”

Godfrey is particularly thoughtful about Pat’s academic progress. Pat says, “Mr. Godfrey takes almost as much interest in my grades at Columbia as I do. He’ll tell me, ‘Now don’t get behind. Any time you need a day off to catch up in your studies, just tell me. Don’t let anything stand in the way of your schooling.’”

It’s rather ironic that Pat, whose voice has brought him fame and fortune, is pitting his daily strength at Columbia to earn a B.A. degree in Speech. But Pat tells you he’s interested in the subject. He explains, “I would like to be able to teach eventually, no matter how successful I am in show business. To me, teaching is more than the subject. Teaching is creative, in that there is a freedom. I don’t know of any student who leaves a class who isn’t affected by the teacher in other ways. Maybe that sounds a little high-minded, but I mean it.

For all his youth, Pat Boone has sense and judgment. He knows pretty much what he wants. He recalls, “You know my manager and I turned down several pictures that we just didn’t want to go out to Hollywood and make a film where I’d just walk through the part and smile and sing a few songs.” He goes on, “The chance of acting appealed to me. There is no music, except for the theme song, in ‘Bernardine.’ It’s a good story and proved itself on Broadway. John Kerr starred in the Broadway play. He was to do eight shows daily from 1:30 P.M. until midnight. He says, "The mistake I made was due to ignorance. I figured Atlantic City would be a forty or forty-five minute hop to New York. But, when I got to Atlantic City, I found there was no plane service and that it would be a three-hour drive. I had to leave Atlantic City at five in the morning to get to Manhattan by eight. Well, that’s the way I started off. Arthur Godfrey bought me a contract. I was thinking about it with me. We were on the air and he asked me when I started at the Pier and I told him my first show was at 1:30. Pat’s first show was at 11:30 here, so how are you going to drive down in two hours’? Right then he picked up his phone and called the airport. He told his pilot to fly me down that day and every day that week. He got me out of a pickle.”

Things have happened mighty fast to Pat, although nobody could call his private life ‘famous’. He doesn’t smoke or club around town. “Even if I wanted to, I couldn’t. Besides, Cherry keeps putting on her middle-of-the-night show, and she would be disappointed if I wasn’t there. But I’m serious about thinking about putting that lid on her crib. The other night something awful happened. She’d been up three times and I was trying to make the best of four hours I had. She was so bad. She wouldn’t go to bed. So, the fourth time I got ticked off. She got herself back in bed, I locked our own bedroom door. I was hoping that, if she saw the door closed, she’d go back to her own bed. She only got the door closed, then I’d get up again. Well, my plan worked fine, I thought, until morning when I got up and unlocked the bedroom door. There she was, cuddled up against the door and sleep on the floor. Made me feel awful.”

There’s no telling where Pat Boone or the McGuirges will end up. The sky is their limit. He doesn’t think the ultimate goal in the life of an entertainer is the position Arthur finds himself in—when he can be both entertainer and teacher. You can see the thread of this already in the way he works with his musical director—or in Pat Boone, when he talks about teaching. And what Pat has to say to creative teaching has something in common with Arthur’s approach to his work as talent scout and talent developer.

“ ‘This business has its headaches,’ Arthur says. ‘It also has its rewards—wonderful rewards. I think the most important requisite for success in it is that you have to like people generally. Individuals may get on your nerves and be temporary—irritating, once in a while, but this profession of mine has taught me that most people are good, and I therefore love them.” And he concludes, “I started with nothing, so it gives me great satisfaction to help others.”

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It's Love, Not Luck

(The continued from page 47) the game and quitting because you don't like the rules. Marriage is for adults only. I think the most important ideals of marriage is comradeship. Two people together can add so much to each other's lives. Certainly they can live a fuller life than either one could enjoy alone. And, by uniting their efforts, they can accomplish what neither could single-handedly. Ozzie and I, for example, are really good friends. We share and confide everything to each other. As a matter of fact, I think we are luckier than most because our interests are together in the home, in our children, our business. Most people, it seems to me, have the advantage of being in business with the family. We do—and it has given us a great understanding of one another's problems.

"So people," she continues, "might think that working and living together is too much, that it might present a problem. Actually, it doesn't. When we're on the set, it's true we're together. But, when the cameras stop rolling, Ozzie has his cutting, dubbing and writing to do, while I am off to wardrobe to look after costume details, or on the phone checking on the house and shopping and making sure the boys' doctors and dental appointments are kept. And the boys, in turn, are busy with their books—or polishing their car.

"Of course, when Ozzie and I first met, it was a different story. In fact, that's how we realized we were in love. I was singing with Ozzie's band and we had come to every one of his shows. My mother and I went off to one resort, while Ozzie and his mother went off to another. After three days of being apart, we found we missed each other. In a year or two, we were living in Ozzie's home. Shortly after we were married, my mother came to live with us. Ozzie, always the first to phone, suggesting that my mother and I join his mother and him. 'Besides,' he said, 'the lake where I am staying is bigger than yours.' As if that mattered.

"From what I have heard and seen, Harriet points out, "Ozzie and I have always shared a number of common interests. By that, I mean we come from the same kind of family and social background, we were brought up the same way, our parents were the same kind of people. In addition we had the same goals. That's especially true when it comes to our family. We have never discussed having children, but when it was just taken for granted. Before the boys were born, we did agree, though, that we would never put our children up for adoption, if you can find you are not certain to have them, are certainly necessary for a complete life.

"Ozzie and I also agreed on some other 'fairly important details,' like sports, for instance. Ours being an athletic household, I'm forced to say this. But it is here I draw the line, for Ozzie's and my sporting interests have never been the same. As a matter of fact, I'm 'agin' the necessity of a wife having to share her husband's athletic interest. Before we started on television, Ozzie played tennis. I'm interested in tennis, enjoy watching him, but never play myself. I used to be interested in ice-skating. He was not. He enjoyed watching me, but he didn't want to ice-skate. He wants to have goals and larger common interests and important. But I think everybody should be allowed freedom of expression in smaller individual interests.

"But for encouragement," Harriet adds, "is another thing that makes a marriage grow. It's like asking yourself the question, 'Do we bring out the best in one another?' Ozzie always asks me myself. I think I can observe what he expects of me. It's that simple. I think Ozzie will agree the same is true in his case—it never occurs to me that there is a chance Ozzie wouldn't do. Take, for example, his producing and directing a television series. That's a big job. A motion picture actor seldom pays attention to production. He doesn't know where the lights are—or why, for that matter—and, though there may be a hundred people on the stage, he doesn't pay attention to what they're doing.

"In our first year of television, though, we made only one mistake. We entered real business, and at first it was a little frightening. But it never occurred to me that Ozzie couldn't handle it. So he did. I guess he learned more about making pictures than he does in twenty-five. So you can see why I think I'm married to a rather unusual guy.

"Then there's the question of similar ideas. Harriet will say, 'Okay' as a person, I think, is the biggest, most important phrase in our vocabulary. It's a 'to-thine-own-self-be-true' sort of thing that we try to teach the boys. In the entertainment world, it might have an advantage by buttering up people and being a 'yes' man. But we try to teach David and Ricky you can't do this and live with yourself.

"A marriage grows because you give a great deal to it. Marriages are successful because what you want isn't always important. But nobody is proud of a 'door mat.' You've got to keep your own integrity and self-respect. Your first concern is for the other person, it will be hard for your marriage to fail. That is, if you are concerned with the other person first, it means love—and, in television or real-life, love makes a happy marriage.'"

Harriet and Ozzie Nelson should know.

Loretta Young

(The continued from page 59) of appreciation range from silent-screen stars to Ozzie and Harriet. In '49, Gretchen Young be put under contract, and re-named her "Loretta," when she was twelve years old—through a long and varied list of Hollywood celebrities to names which the world never heard of, but which Loretta will never forget. From executives to grips, from friends to fans, from those who praised to those who have tried to destroy an enjoyable life. My mother and I went off to one resort, while Ozzie and his mother went off to another. After three days of being apart, we found we missed each other. In a year or two, we were living in Ozzie's home. Shortly after we were married, my mother came to live with us. Ozzie, always the first to phone, suggesting that my mother and I join his mother and him. 'Besides,' he said, 'the lake where I am staying is bigger than yours.' As if that mattered.

To really know Loretta, you have to know her interests. She is the kind of woman who will spend all her free time helping others. She was a candidate for president of St. Anne's Foundation, but her interest was the St. Anne's Celebrity Auction in 1949. St. Anne's Foundation needed a large sum of money to establish the scholarships for the people sponsored by the president. Loretta and the board were determined it should be raised. The auction was arranged and, at its end, Loretta—grinning from ear to ear—was able to hand over to Sister Winifred a check for $41,012.50.

Another of Loretta's characteristics traits is a certain determination and confidence, without which she would never have become the award-winning actress she is. This determination is apparently something she was born with, for it was made manifest shortly after her initial picture appearance at the age of four. Some, her mother and sisters were visiting her Aunt Colleen. After following her aunt around the house for an hour, watching while she swept and polished, little Loretta (then Gretchen) suddenly offered the promise. "When I'm a star, Aunt Collie, I'm going to buy you a new broom!"

There was no doubt in her young mind that she would become a star. And, at the age of twelve, when she signed her First National Contract—she did buy the broom!

But the one personality trait of Loretta's which, more than any other, makes her an award-winning actress is her sensitivity to the feeling of others. Psychologists call this "empathy." It is simply the ability to sense sympathetic the feelings of others.

Today, Loretta's charm, naturalness and genuine interest in people has made her one of the most warmly respected stars in the world. Each week, 37,000,000 Americans invite her to visit them, simply by touching the tiny knob which releases the magic genie of television—and presto—the one, the only Loretta is in their living rooms.
Love of Children

(Continued from page 68)

the moods and needs of others, to those who are ill or unhappy, and especially to children. He, own, and children everywhere.

Although Dr. Malone’s son David is already interning at the hospital, Sandy and Ruth Becker’s own brood are still youngsters. Joyce, their eldest, will be thirteen on her next birthday, which will automatically change her status to that of a teenager, but Curtis is only eight and Anne is six. All are ardent rooters for their daddy’s programs, for Young Dr. Malone and for the group of children’s TV shows he does over Du Mont’s New York station, WABD—these include the early morning Looney Tunes, and Bugs Bunny Theater. The kids like the way their daddy does commercials, too, and the way he plays host on some of the other programs they watch... in fact, they think he’s quite a fellow!

Sandy believes that shows for children should teach by making it fun to learn, and the ratings would seem to prove he’s right. It’s also his belief that even the barrier of language cannot stand between someone who loves children and the children themselves. Last year, the Ideal Toy Company and Panagra Airlines sent him on a tour of the west coast of South America at Christmas time, to help distribute toys to needy and sick children, a wonderful kind of good-will mission. Sandy’s Spanish, learned in his school days, proved rather inadequate for fluent conversation, but for the language of the heart there were no limitations.

Little pictures quickly sketched served to convey some of his ideas. He drew hundreds of his rapid, amusing cartoons of animals and people and places and everything under the sun. By gesture and smile he captured all the kids, and soon they were singing along with him, the more than six-foot stranger with the friendly gray-brown eyes and the warmly comforting hands. Dr. Malone would have considered it first-rate therapy.

Back in New York, when he leaves the studios, Sandy goes home to a roomy, white-with-green-trim Georgian house on Long Island. Besides Ruth, the charming wife and mother around whom his home centers, and the kids, Tanko will be there to greet him. Tanko took the place in their saddened hearts of their other German shepherd dog, Jocko, who was killed.

Goldie, the golden-yellow parakeet who has been their pet since she was six weeks old, flies out to greet him. Pops, the hand-some cockateel, winks an eye in welcome. Even the tanks of fish—all over the house and the with all kinds, sizes, and colors—swim 'round and 'round more frantically.

He may find a new stray kitten that one of the children has picked up, or some little outdoor animal or bird that has been injured and needs care. For this is a household where all animals are loved and tended. Sandy uses birds and animals on his children’s shows and there are always a few cages of pets at the studio.

He believes that all children instinctively love animals and should be taught to understand them and to care for them properly.

Curtis Becker is a small replica of his dad, and his constant shadow. When Sandy makes things in the basement workshop—all kinds of shelves and cabinets and tables and many household devices—Curt is the tool-bearer and helper. When Sandy goes peering into the engine of a sports car, the kind he’s crazy about, Curt peers, too.

Joyce, fast developing into a good pianist, is a girl with definite personality. She has appeared on some of Sandy’s programs and has taken over for him several times when he had to be away, carrying on with poise and charm. She even did commercials usually handled by Sandy.

“We seem to be developing a new family tradition,” he says proudly. “I had no show-business background, but it looks as though our branch of the family may turn out to be performers, if the other kids show any of Joyce’s natural talent. Anne may have it, too, but right now we want her to be just the wonderful, lovely little girl she is, enjoying her school and her friends and her dolls.”

It’s Young Dr. Malone that brings out the more serious side of Sandy’s nature, of course, while the kids’ shows are on the lighter side. As Young Dr. Malone, he becomes the thoughtful man he really is, trying to express the best of himself, with what amounts to a passion for truth and honesty, trying to live confidently in the face of life’s many problems. He admires the way David Lean continues to write Jerry Malone’s story with depth and with interest, and the reality with which the actors do it.

It is a highly congenial group that makes up this cast, including Joan Alexander as Tracey, Dr. Malone’s wife; Bill Lipton as Jerry’s young intern son; and Rosemary Rice as daughter Jill. Bob Readick and Elspeth Eric are Dr. and Mrs. Mason, and Bill Smith is Dr. Brown. A real friendship and admiration exists among them.

Sometimes Sandy is apt to talk about himself quite an unspectacular sort of man, taking his job seriously, enjoying his family and his home, working at his hobbies, counting himself lucky to have these blessings. If he were impatient at times to be doing more things, to be turning more of his dreams into realities, it is because he is one of those creative individuals who is never satisfied to remain at the point where he stands.

At other times, he is more content to stand still for a while and get a perspective on life. To see how the important things gradually come into focus, while the less important ones gradually slip away. How they always have, and they always will, for those who will stop a while and be still.

“I suppose that is a sign of growth,” he says laughing a little at himself. “A sign of maturity. Perhaps a sign that Dr. Malone and I are growing mature, together.”

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(Continued from page 30)
Hey, Jeannie!—triumphed as the brightest new star in television. Dinah Shore not only won as your favorite female singer on TV (a little custom she started in her radio days, as the winning songbird in our very first poll). She also proved she'd found the perfect format for her talents, when the hour-long, colorcast Cherry Show Starring Dinah Shore was voted the best program to be seen on television last year.

Patti Page, last year's gold-medalist, was Dinah's strongest challenger as favorite TV thrush—and it took three to beat her, even in the radio category. That was won by the McGuire Sisters, whose triple star seems to be steadily rising. Meanwhile, Pat Boone left no doubt that his career was off to a skyrocket start, as with us, and he proved to score on radio—but as the best new radio star! He was also runner-up for the title of top male singer on TV, but the ever-reliable Perry Como repeated his triumph of last year. Their closest contenders for vocal honors, on both TV and radio, were two tuneful champs named Eddie Fisher and Elvis Presley.

With the Boone and McGuire victories, Arthur Godfrey adds to his unequaled collection of almost fifty Awards for himself, his programs and featured performers. Arthur Godfrey Time picked up two more to add to his running tally of favorite radio daytime-program but also the best on the air. The Bob Crosby Show triumphed for the third straight time as favorite TV daytime variety, chosen by program watchers as voted by The Garry Moore Show. But Garry, who's figured in eleven Awards to date, has his own sweet victories: A third gold medal as daytime emcee on TV, and ditto in the Get A Secret, as favorite panel show.

Traditionally, the voting has always been closest in the quiz, variety and emcee classifications. This year—if one can interpret the votes as anything but “splitting” their votes more than ever, spreading them out to provide new plums for old favorites. Godfrey challenged in every possible category. So did Groucho Marx—whose You Bet Your Life won out as radio quiz this time. So did Strike It Rich—who's host, Warren Hull, proved to be your favorite radio quizmaster. And so did Art Linkletter—who's new gold medal as radio daytime emcee is his ninth personal Award in as many years.

In nighttime TV, with less than two years on the air, The $64,000 Question wins its third Award (including “best” last year) as quiz show, and Hal March picked up his first as quizmaster. Ed Sullivan and his supercharged show on CBS made a favorite evening variety program and emcee. Ed's closest challenger for both prizes? That talented chap, Steve Allen, of NBC-TV.

The only other newcomers in this year's list are Mitch Miller, who gets your nod as favorite evening emcee, for his sparkling show on CBS, and John Coli, NBC's Matinee Theater host, who wins our TV drama program—previous Award-winners John Larkin, James Lipton and Jack Webb got many votes this year, too, in both TV and radio. But it's Saul Bellow versus Young Dr. Watson, who wins the radio actor's medal—his third.

Three very popular TV couples vied for honors as your favorite husband-and-wife team. Arthur Godfrey and Dorothy Anne Allen were the best of the bunch, each challenged the way, but Ozzie and Harriet Nelson—who won in our first poll, back in 1947—trotted off with their eighth such trophy. The Martin Block Show, over ABC Radio, is a new winner in a new record-program category. But Martin himself figured in the Awards list nine years ago, as “favorite disc jockey.”

Lowell Thomas, who won again this year as top radio news commentator, is another who started winning back in 1947. Douglas Edwards, the gold-medalist for TV, began collecting our TV news Awards in 1950. Sportscaster Mel Allen didn't make the readers' honor list till 1951. But he's never missed a year since, for either TV or radio—and, this year, he sprints with both sports honors to the finish.

Which only goes to prove that, no matter how formats may change—or even the tastes of listeners and viewers—there's always room for the TV Mirror Awards."

They Knew What You Wanted

(Continued from page 63)
kindly and happy-making manner which, by all popular counts, is doing more for jangled nerves than a bucket of tranquilizer pills.

Proper tribute to this art of Bob's was given, during a recent rehearsal, by Gil Rodin, one-time Bobcast and now producer of The Bob Crosby Show. As Gil points out: "Many top-name performers are related to radio and have been casual in their delivery. The big difference, in Bob's case, is that he has been able to communicate this manner to his entire TV company, and to his vast audience of viewers. I don't know if it's because of his small size or something in his chubby face, or his rather lazy gestures—it comes over, and it stays with the people for hours after."

This was highlighted during rehearsal of a Western number. Bob, the Modernaires, Joan O'Brien, Carol Richards, and The Bobcats were to be attired in ranch wear. "Somehow "wardrobe" slipped up and there was a real pinch for the girls. "Won't it look funny?" Joan asked, as the girls, in a small panic, started looking at each other's smart cotton dresses. 'Don't worry about it,' Bob reassured us. 'Just lean on these eager tails. We'll introduce you as three cowgirls just back from a Neiman-Marcus fashion show."

Bob's earned thumbs down on any "set format" for the show. "We don't want the audience to foreclose every move we make," he argues. "A program too strictly rehearsed would lull your interest. We plan to have a neat set at it. By no means is it to act as a sort of editor, and make suggestions or corrections now and then, when I'm lucky enough to think of one."

This does not mean that the show is unrehearsed or forgetless. Actually, run-throughs start about 9:30 A.M. and—since none of the troupe has studied the script, though the Modernaires have been given a chance to practice their songs the day before—it requires hard, concentrated work to get spontaneity without giving way to fluffing of lines, awkward movements and loss of timing.

One of the charms of his TV family as being a "variety stock company" and, for that reason, each member must feel more for the troupe as a whole than for himself. That's why five male singers and three female vocalists—plus some tricks which managed to keep surprisingly free of jealousy. Gil announces who is going to do what song, and nary a show of temperament. They all know they will get their chance to stand out.

At noon, the entire cast assembles in make-up and costume for the pre-teletest introductions to the studio audiences. Also at noon, a great hunger for food. "Which should speak well of our sponsors," laughs Bob, "since we definitely eat up all the pastries our companies provide. We're thinking of adding the dog to the cast," he says, "so the Pard won't go to waste."

In a very loose sense, the program hews to the following lines: Two days a week, strong variety, with various members of the cast emerging as soloists; sandwiched within the three remaining shows are the features known as Hollywood Backfence, "Who's got the funniest dog in the world?"

"We shake these ingredients up as often as possible to get new effects," explains Rodin. "That was why we dropped the quizzes and some of the gamy variety, they began to harden into a set pattern."

This problem, keeping the show inform-

TV Mirror Awards

kling show on CBS Radio, and John Coli, NBC's Matinee Theater host, who wins our TV drama program—previous Award-winners John Larkin, James Lipton and Jack Webb got many votes this year, too, in both TV and radio. But it's Saul Bellow versus Young Dr. Watson, who wins the radio actor's medal—his third.

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That then was the case of Earl Grant, 26, a singer whose talent and master's degree from the University of Southern California has been his vicissitudes of life. Miss Joan Southern, his "Good Guy" classmate, told how he'd been forced to work at menial jobs to continue his studies and career. Miss Southern, together with another graduate of Earl singing "Moonlight in Vermont," and Bob had him do it on the show. Naturally, the young man's delight was unbounded. He said, "I think that he'd won a recording contract with Decca."

As sometimes happens, the first proved the best—at last insofar as the sensational goes. Mrs. Verda Rose, 51, of Los Angeles, uttered a "Good Guy" whom she had been looking for to her mother. There was reason enough for that cry. Mrs. Rose had been blind for forty-six years. Just before the "Springboard," the show's closedown, and the show's debut, Mrs. Rose, according to a letter from the Los Angeles County Medical Association, she was one of the many who will be delighted so many people to will their eyes to the blind that "it may help us administer to this need for a lifetime."

Reports from other areas show the same response. "Springboard," the latest segment, was grafted to the show on Tuesday, December 11, and is now a once-a-week feature. It offers a showcase for young musical talent—talent whose career has been sprout to public recognition. With thousands of young "would-be" beggin' for a chance to break in, Bob has made one of his rare solemn statements. "Springboard" is open to kids in high school or college, but I want it clearly understood that I'm not out to help youngsters quit school and dive into show business, I want to show them the sky it's hard to climb, but it can be climbed, and that, but do you realize they really don't have a leader? It's a rare day when I can get out there and keep time for them.

"And the Modernaires work out all their arrangements themselves. They're sung with top orchestras for fifteen years and their Columbia records have been selling for a long time. It was a break for me when I was able to let them take a short TV show from Club 15, my radio show."

“We add to them, cute, titian-haired Carol Richards, and pert blond Joanie O'Brien, and a production staff headed by Gil—and what a cluster of brains, beauty and talent! I'm the luckiest emcee in show business 'cause I have 'em!'”

Bob speaks of them with the easy, tender manner which is his stock in trade, and with his own particular style described in a banner letter as “better than a happy pill or a trip to my masseuse, because it braces me up and calms me down at the same time.”

For a show that got off to a pretty hum-bum start, and a month ago (when it made its debut September 12, 1954), studio executives figured it only for a fill-in until something better came along—or a debut on the roster. "Now, it's been successful. We've worked hard for perfection and have won a large, vocal following. And they now have the security of a seven-year contract, four years of which are still to go. But they're not letting themselves get fat, fat and shoddy, as many a group has done before."

"Frankly," Bob sums up, "we want our own night-time show, and we'd like it to go on for a while. We feel we need a wider setting for our features and assorted acts. We need this show as a launching pad for our day-time show. We love it, and we're grateful to our fans, one and all, and hope they'll be still with us at the commencement of the "Dark-Eyes" show next month."

"But we'd like to reach those millions of viewers who don't get a chance to turn on their sets until the evening. And, at the risk of being a bore, we'd be tickled right smart with that extra dough. If it's only in my power, I'm going to make our dreams come true in 1957!"
The Romance Of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 86)

Agatha!" Helen protested.

"It's my opinion," said Agatha, "that you'd marry Gil in a minute if he asked you, and he knows it. But he doesn't ask.

Helen crumbled a bit of breakfast-roll between her fingers. "I'd marry him," she admitted slowly, "and he does know it. But Gil is very proud! He thinks he'd be sacrificing myself if I married him—"

"And I'd say," said Agatha, "that he's right."

"He needs," said Helen, distressed, "to feel that he's giving, not taking. Don't you see? He gave up his independence to work for Kurt. That hurts his pride. He had that—accident, and it hurts his pride that he was helpless for a while, and I think he suspects he isn't over all the effects yet. I know he isn't! So—it's pride that makes him resent Kurt's being attracted to me. If he weren't the really fine person he is inside, it would tickle his vanity that I'd marry him rather than a multi-millionaire. ... But, at that, Kurt hasn't asked me to marry him. I don't think he ever will."

"If I were inclined to bet," said Agatha, "I'd make a small wager to the contrary. Shari—"

"Shari's a darling!" said Helen. "But it's nonsense for her to scheme to bring Kurt and me together. I'm sure Kurt doesn't approve. But—about Gil—he loves me and I know it. It's that he's so terribly proud he wants to give me everything he can imagine me wanting. That's the trouble! He can't believe he can give me enough!"

Agatha got up from the breakfast-table, carrying her cup. "There's one thing," she said drily, "that he makes no attempt to give you. Doesn't the man know that a woman likes a little peace of mind sometimes?" Then she said impulsively, "Forget it, Helen! I used a friend's privilege to say I think you're foolish. But what woman isn't a fool about a man—or men? It'll all come out somehow! And you've had one good night's rest, anyhow. Don't waste its effects by worrying. Take it easy. At least nothing harrowing is apt to happen for the next day or two! No fusses about dinners, or corsages, or what you meant by saying this or that—"

She caught herself. She went out. Helen smiled after her, but with her lips only. It was true that she'd slept more peacefully because she hadn't done Gil's self-torturing doubts and suspicions and moods to anticipate today. She was sure, though, that those things were caused by past events and past sufferings and past mistakes. They weren't really Gil—just what had happened to him. But when he came back, just the same. . . .

It struck her with something like a shock that she felt tense at the thought of Gomez. It was as if she had only one thought in all her life—Shari's mother. But his own brother had married her, and she died when Shari was born. Then Shari's father died afterward. Kurt had something precious to her. He cared for her, but he gave her nothing of himself. Only lately, within the past years, had he allowed her to make her home with him. Before that, she'd lived the year 'round at boarding schools and camps.

But Cadora alone was still a cold home, though it was a vast rich pile of a mansion. Helen had dined there once, with Shari and Kurt. She remembered the memories it gave. Poor Gil had been half-mad with jealousy then, even while he insisted that she go. He made her go, out of his seeming instinct to self-torture, that he believed Kurt and Shari were happier because he gave her as the first woman he'd looked at since Shari's mother died. He made her go because he knew that Shari—young and sweet and terribly lonely—longed desparately for a home of her own as she'd never had. And Gil insisted—and raged—exactly because . . . transparently, ingenuously, with a pathetic attempt at guilt. Shari! Helen almost refused to believe the romance between Helen, whom she worshiped, and the uncle who would not permit her to love him.

That was another time when Quentin had seemed to snap sharply at a case for -. No! . . . The meaning of things suddenly struck home. Nothing happened to cause it. She continued to sit where she had sat to answer the phone. But abruptly she guessed. Everything. And she knew the guess was right. For some time past, now, Shari had been quoting her uncle to Helen. Breathlessly, when she talked to Helen, she hinted at things that would not be less than indications of interest in Helen equalizing anything poor Gil had suspected. When Shari spoke so, Helen had pretended not to hear. But she'd since noticed that Shari twisted and exaggerating things a little because of her longing for a home and family such as only Helen and her uncle Kurt could constitute. Helen had long since admitted to herself, in honesty, that—if she didn't love Gil—Kurt would be marvelously attractive . . . rich and handsome and with an inner strength that poor Gil would never have.

But now she knew more. She was at once appalled and oddly touched by what she realized. Because, of course, Shari would have used the same tactics on Kurt. She'd have quoted to him, relating things Helen had said—all out of context—to give him the impression that Helen gladly talked to Shari about him. And Shari'd have levered her, some- times, into saying things that could be encouraging to a man who needed only encouragement. There were times when she had to agree to words Shari put into her mouth, or else hurt the intense and starry-eyed young girl who schemed so transparently and so touchingly. But it might have worked, to the degree that Kurt now discounted Gil's seemingly preferred status.

Helen wanted at once to be annoyed and to feel sympathy for Shari. In all

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 13

ACROSS

29. 26. Wilson
30. 27. NC
31. Dorothy
32. 28. Dod
33. 29. Helen
34. 30. Ernie
35. 31. Barney
36. 32. Firs
37. 33. Vallee
38. 34. Loud
39. 35. Cell
40. 36. Gil's
41. 37. Logan
42. 38. Ed
43. 39. Ione
44. 40. Money
45. 41. Amber
46. 42. Ox
47. 43. Wynn
48. 44. Oh
49. 45. To
50. 46. TV
51. 47. Ps

T 1

V R

DOWN

21. 26. 1st
22. 25. 1st
23. 24. 1st
25. 23. 1st
26. 22. 1st

1. Dave
2. Bob
3. Roy
4. Epic
5. Orol
6. Ake
7. Lise
8. Religion
9. Monica
10. Loin
11. Mirk
12. NH
13. Toe
14. Toe
15. Hoedown
16. Dr

9. 8. Alice
10. 9. Pot
11. 10. Era
12. 11. Life
13. 12. Keep
14. 13. Eye
15. 14. Field
16. 15. Mission
"

innocence, Shari couldn't realize what she
did. She was simply, passionately anxious to have Helen in the place of a mother, because she adored her, and she hoped

then Kurt would become in some

that

sense a father— and then she would live

home and a family. ...
But suddenly Helen felt the old familiar

in a

panic. If Gil ever heard about this, he'd
never believe Helen wasn't a party to it!

He would brood and storm and upbraid
her. He would be filled with bitterness and
would

sheer
misery. "Then Helen wept, quite alone, because she was so desperately weary of
being doubted by the man she loved. She
was so terribly weary of allaying his suspicions. She was exhausted with placating
his jealousy, with trying to make him believe in her love, when no sooner had
one jealous suspicion been laid, than some
ever more wretched suspicion took its
jealousy.

frantic

place.

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be

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When

Life

Shari arrived with a huge bou-

quet of flowers, it was close to sunset.
Shari's eyes were shining, and pure rapture showed on her face. Helen felt a
composure which was almost the apathy
of exhaustion. Sometimes one is too worn
out with feeling to feel anything any
longer. She greeted Shari pleasantly, despite her conviction of what Shari had
done, in her innocence and loneliness. But
she felt that she did not care. Through
sheer weariness, she had come at long last
to face the facts. Gil would never let either
her or himself be happy. He would torment ihem. both, even if they married. He
could never believe fully in her love. So
her love was futile.
With that knowledge in her mind, she
tried to smile at Shari. It was not successful. She knew she had made no new decision. She had only accepted the knowledge that Gil was Gil, and would never
be otherwise
and, if marriage to him
did come about, it would be tragedy for
both of them. "The acceptance of the fact
was numbing. With a dreary lack of revolt, she found herself thinking absurdly
that, if Kurt did want to marry her, and
she did marry him, at least one person
.

.

.

—

\

would be happy. Shari. Maybe Kurt in
his fashion would be content. For herself

Special

there could never be happiness without

and Gil would never let anybody be
happy with him. But there might be peace
Gil,

Relieves Monthly

in ceasing to strive for happiness.
"Mrs. Trent!" said Shari in the doorway,

Cramps

for3 out of 4 in Tests!

glowing and radiant and the very portrait
of joyfulness. "I've the most wonderful
news! Uncle Kurt has given me a message to deliver to you, and I think you'll
."
Tears
guess what it really means.
glistened in her eyes. "I'm so happy, and
maybe you'll think it's silly, but
She still had not passed the threshold.
A uniformed youth appeared outside. He
carried a yellow envelope in his hand. He
marched up. "Mrs. Trent? Telegram. Sign

—

New Tablet

—
.

—

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.

—

here, please."

"Thank you," said Helen. She signed.
She smiled at Shari, who trembled with a
rejoicing that could only mean she was
sure she was about to realize the uttersecurity in
most longing of her heart
.

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.

the love of those who belonged to her.
Helen opened the yellow envelope with
fingers that had no feeling in them. As
the paper tore, she felt as if she were tearing away the bonds of pain and anguish
which bound her to Gil. "I'm sure," she
said, "that anything which makes you so

happy—"

—

"It

make you happy

will

it

—

too," said

glowing. "It it has to! You're
Then she stopped, startled and

—

Shari,

the "
frightened. Every trace of color had vanished from Helen's cheeks. "Mrs. Trent!
Mrs. Trent! What's the matter?"

Helen could not speak. The telegram
Gil. He was in trouble. Deep
trouble. He did not name it, but the fact
that he was in trouble was enough. Trembling, Helen said, "I'm sorry. I have bad
news. I have to go at once. At once! I
can't listen to you now, Shari! Nothing

was from

—

matters but

.

.

Amazing new formula developed
especially for female distress gives

greater relief than aspirin I

you dread those "difficult days" each
month, listen! Science has developed a
special new tablet to relieve pain, cramps,
and tense feelings of monthly periods!
If

unique combination of mediblood-building iron.
more relief than plain aspirin!

It contains a

cines

— including

Thus offers

In doctors' tests painful distress was
relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many
didn't suffer even on the first day! They
also escaped much of the jitters and unhappy tension so common as you approach that trying time of month.
So don't suffer needlessly. Ask for
"Lydia Pinkham Tablets" at drug stores.
No prescription needed. See if they don't
help you feel worlds better both before
and during your period!

—

."

She wrung her hands as she went swiftly for a hat and coat and money with
which to go at once to Gil. Happiness?
Unhappiness? What did happiness matter
when she loved Gil and he needed her?

|<«<'HIGH SCHOOLh^me
>

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time train-

V

ling covers big choice of subjects. Friendly
\ instructors; standard texts. Full credit fori

Diploma awarded.!

previous schooling.

Write now

for

FREE

catalog HH-4e.

I

WAYNE SCHOOL

r

Happy

Birthday, Robert Q.

(CoJitinued from page 49)
But I'll tell you now that I couldn't be
happier despite the fact that what precipitated my return was not, on the face
of it, of a happy-making nature! Last
year, I got fired at CBS.
Fired, that is,

—

from CBS-TV. Did I mind very much?
At the time, I minded sure. When you've
been on TV regularly, day by day, for six
solid years, you can't take a thing like
that lightly. For me, however, the shock
was somewhat lessened by the fact that
I saw it coming, had seen it coming for
some time. And, moreover, had it coming! The ratings were going down. Whoever you may be, when the ratings go
down, you go down with them and some-

—

—

times out.

"The ratings were going down," Bob
says with characteristic honesty, "because
I had been on TV too long and too
much
. for so long and so much that, in
many households, I was more familiar to
the housewife than her own husband.
This ain't good," Bob grins. "If you stop
to think of it, most of us don't see our
best and most intimate friends more than
two or three times a week. If we should
see them more often, the compulsion, so
to speak, wouldn't be there.
Friends and
audiences alike, they've got to want to
see you. If you satiate them, sooner or
later but inevitably you will get the oh.

—

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—

utiim^^inst.)
i
2527 SheHield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois/

«Ny PHOTO EHURtED

it's-you-again reaction. I don't think I
got to the point where my TV audiences
won't care if they never see me again, but
the welcome mat was beginning to show
frayed edges!
"So I'm sort of glad I was jolted out of
it all before I reached the point of no return," says Robert Q.
"Glad that, as a
result of the jolting, I'm back again full
circle in radio, where I began.
It's true
that radio doesn't do quite as much for
your ego as TV does. There's a lot of
narcissism in all of us .. love of our own
reflection in a mirror, or on a screen.

—

—

Size

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Inches

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price for fall lensth or bust
form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any
part of a groap pictnre. Original is

returned with your enlargement.

67-

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postage— or send 69c with order and we pay postage. Take advantageof this amazing offer. Send your photos today.
Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main,

Dept

37- E.

Princeton, Illinois

Shrinks Hemorrhoids

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"But

if

radio,

as

compared with TV,

subtracts a small sum from the ego, what
it adds to your health and life expectancy
You can't be quite
is compensation-plus.
as relaxed and easy-does-it on a nighttime as on a daytime show. But, day or
night, it's easier to do six hours of radio a
day than one half-hour of TV a week.
Compared with the amount of rehearsing
you are obliged to do for TV, radio reThere are no coshearsals are a ball.
tumes to worry about. No make-up. No
Above all, no physical restrictions.
sets.
"Suppose I want to do a 'scene' in the
African desert. Or in the deirk jungles
of the Belgian Congo.
Or in Paris then
cut over to London. Or visit the moon.
Or hold a conversation with a couple of
Martians on their native soU. What's to

—

New Way Without Surgery
Science Finds Healing Substance That
Relieves Pain— Shrinks Hemorrhoids
For the first time science has found a
new healing substance with the astonishing
ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve
pain — without surgery.
In case after case, while gently relieving
pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took
place.

Most amazing of

all

—

results were so

thorough that sufferers made astonishing
statements like "Piles have ceased to be a
problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance
(Bio-Dyne*) — discovery of a world-famous
research institute.
This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name
Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Beg. u. S. Pat. Off.

J
"


On radio, you have scope. Your mobility is limitless. Your imagination takes wing. So does the imagination of the listener. One of the best beautiful things any human being has is his or her imagination. On TV, where everything is mapped out for the viewer, the imagination is frozen. There, on radio, where nothing is visible, it is in high gear. It is the imagination that the listener conceives the set in which we play our scenes and the characters with whom the sets are peopled. I call it like ours a do-it-yourself spectacular.

Another wonderful thing about radio, Bob says, with warm appreciation, "is that for once great dramatic actors have to work with you—such as Kerke Dulan for instance. Louis Nye, Parker Fennelly. Ann Thomas, who is a great radio actress, and Ferl Kelton, who is a great, great voice. You know, being there and talking, speaking, radio doesn't require too much of their time. Nor are they afraid of 'over-exposure,' too-frequent appearances, as they tend to be on TV.

"Radio. That's where I am, after these ten years. As to what I am—well, a much pleasanter fellow, I hope, than when first I came to CBS and got myself the reputation of being 'difficult to work with.' I deserve, too, I didn't mean to be difficult. But, short-tempered as I am by nature, and the strain at the time being pretty nervous-making, I'd lash out at people who didn't deserve to be lashed out at. People who would have been kind, if I'd given them the chance to be. One of the most rewarding things that has happened to me, in these ten years, is hearing that many of these same people now say, 'Gad, how Bob has changed—working with him now, it's wonderful!'"

"I'm a very grateful guy today. There are only two persons to whom I owe very much: Goodman Ace, who gave me my start in radio by writing my first show, The Robert Q. Lewis Little Show. After ten years of knowing him, Goody remains one of my real links. A gentleman named Bill Paley (head man of CBS), who has never lost faith in me all these years—not even when I got fired at CBS. Paley could have told me he had tired of me, but he didn't."

"And I am forever grateful," Bob emphasizes, "to Arthur Godfrey, who gave me the first real big break I ever had, when he—and Bill Paley—chose me to represent a television show. I used to sing, that was all. Linda Hayes does now, and, later, on her hour-long Wednesday-night TV show, which reminds me of an amusing bit: The first time I did Godfrey on the night show, I rehearsed, the week beforehand, wearing my glasses—which without which I am blinder than the proverbial bat. When we got to the last dress rehearsal, just before the show went on the air, the director, who had taken a look at the glasses, said, "Take off the glasses, Bob. Can't wear glasses on TV. Yes, yes, you know I can see without them, but don't worry—we'll take care of everything.'"

"Ah, the memory of going on, Bob grins, "reminiscent of the orchestra tuned up, Tony Marvin announced: 'Here he is, the star of your show—Robert Q. Lewis!' Down stage walked 'the star of your show'—and fell into the orchestra pit. After that, I became the first guy on TV ever to wear glasses. Now there are quite a few of us in the be-spectacled fraternity: Garroway, Steve Allen, Wally Cox."

"Speaking of replacing Godfrey, that isn't half of it. In the course of time, I've replaced Ed Sullivan once, Jackie Gleason twice, Perry Como and NBC a couple of times. Once replaced a girl, too, by the name of Faye Emerson. For years, in fact, I was known as 'the Great Replacement.'"

"In the gratitude department," Bob resumes, "I am also grateful to radio and TV for having given me a lovely nest egg, so that I can now, and for the first time, do something else, if otherwise inclined. (Thanks to my late-in-life, my father, who is an attorney and advised me wisely about investments.) Thanks to the nest egg and its state of preservation, I am able to live pleasantly, which, to me, means living simply. I'm very catholic in my tastes when it comes to eating, but I like best the staple foods.

Steak and potatoes, for instance. And my housekeeper, Catherine Bolger, who has been with me for about seven years, makes the best Irish stew you ever ate.

'I've recently bought a cooperative apartment, here in New York, and it's as different as possible from the place I vacated when I moved. Funny, how your taste in living changes over the years. Before I left it, the living room in the previous apartment—which I once thought so dandily elegant, with its Empire and Regency pieces—began to remind me of a swank funeral parlor. I felt 'laid out,' when I sat in it. Now, where I place is contemporary. Livable. Tiled floor. Some yellow rugs—some of the walls are yellow. Others white. The contemporary furniture is comfortable and fitting.

'Most of the totem poles I used to collect have been disposed of,' Bob adds. "Of my various collections, the only one that remains—aside from my books and records, of course—is my collection of Venice clowns and clown paintings. Actually, I have now reached the point in life where there is no material thing I really want. And it's a lovely feeling. If you want something, you go out and buy it. If you are free. You can pick up and leave with backward look—as I do, when I go to Europe once a year. If fire should suddenly and threaten my possessions, the only one I would risk a finger to save would be Roué, my pillow."

"Perhaps what everything I've said boils down to is that I have now reached the goal which I so badly needed. The goal of being recognized. As a kid, was asthmatic. Couldn't play football or baseball. Couldn't join in any of the activities of the other kids. With the result that they invisibly and for all the notice they took of me. Then I hit on the one thing I could do and keep breathing—be funny. Whereupon the whole world began to notice me. Being ignored and left behind, the kids would say, 'Hey, let's bring him along. Even if he can't play tackle, he's good for laughs.' This was the beginning of my obsession to do and continue doing something—be it still be good for laughs—I would continue to be recognized, 'accepted,' by my fellow human beings.

'What's that I have gone in the past ten years is of value to me. To myself,' Bob says simply. 'Not that this goal is a stopping-place, by any means. One thing I'm rather proud of is that I've never allowed stagnation, nor my interests to diminish. Right now, I'm taking dancing lessons and singing lessons, and I'm also studying acting with Stella Adler. I love summer stock, which I've been doing, off and on, for the past few years. I'm restricting myself to light comedy, so far. I want to do a play on Broadway, and I will soon be making a picture in Hollywood."

"On TV, I'd like to restrict my activities to dramatic shows. Or, if I should again be on TV with any degree of regularity, I'd like it to be a sort of panel thing. Or an evening show—but not something easygoing. In addition, there are all kinds of things I want to do, places I want to go. I'd like to learn how to cook. Want to paint some day."

"As to what I've learned that is of some value to others, in the ten-year period now under the microscope, Bob reflects, 'well, some laughs, I hope, some easier of breathing. Of course I have been recognized, somewhat, because of the state of the world. And I like to think I've been good luck to some of the people with whom I've been associated. Rosemary and Betty Clooney, Jave Peerce, George Abbott, Sid Luft, for instance, have gone on from my shows to singing stardom on their own. One of the directors we had with us for a time on The Show Goes On, was a fellow by the name of Norman Foster who I think is one of the greatest writers in the business today are on our honor roll. Paddy Chayevsky, of 'Marty' fame, and George Axelrod, who wrote The Seven Year Itch."

"There's one thing I would like very much to do on TV, and that's a show on which I would showcase and present young talent. Godfrey is doing it, to some extent, on his Talent Scouts. But I would like to do it more so—give it more setting, more time, to give the kids even more of a chance. If ever I stop performing, I won't get bored, because I'll go into the active management and presentation of young talent. I feel I've learned enough from my own experience to be able to guide youngsters away from the pitfalls. And I feel I would do it anyway."

What I've also learned during these years is that, when you reach the goal—or one of them—on which you've set your sights, you've got to find something else. For me, what works room for others. Help them get up here, as you have been helped.

"In the meantime," Robert Q. sums up, "I'd like to continue with the radio shows for one more degree of frequency on the air. I'm very pleased with the response we're getting from our listening audience. To those of you who are not in the audience, I say again: Come back to radio!"
—

Command

Performiaiice

Corn,Callous,Bunion
(Continued from page 12)
how necesimportant that laughter is
sary that the show go on.
"Tragedy comes to the great please
And, "We all love
don't let us down."
you and pray for you in your hour of
woe." And, "Please, Red keep on making
the laughter the world needs so."
There are letters to Richard, offering
him a Shetland pony to ride. Letters like
that of three little boys who live on a
farm near Comanche, Oklahoma: "I don't
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know whether you know where Oklahoma
but this is where the first cowboy was^
born no matter what Texas says."
Telling about their animals and their
chores and how much they like Richard's
dad: "He's the one who makes us laugh."
People of all faiths, Protestant, Christian Scientist, Jewish and Catholic, want
Red to know they're praying for him. An
industrialist in Chicago says, "My sympathy won't help—but there is power in
prayer."
A lady in Baltimore sends a
little bag of dust:
"I brought this back
myself when I was in Rome for the Holy
Year please pin this to his undergarments nearest his heart." Another has
written to nuns and priests all over the
world, and Bishop Sheen, and to Rome
is,

—

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—

and "Heaven must hear."
At Temple Knesseth Israel in Los Angeles, the congregation prayed for Richard's recovery, and an anonymous doner
gave $1,000 to spur a fund for research.
Spiritual gifts and symbols of faith keep
pouring in. Mezuzahs, green scapulars, and
Christopher medals.
Red, touched to tears by such an overwhelming expression of concern, was
quick to say, from the first, "I want every
letter answered and I want to sign every
one of them myself." In Georgia's opinion,
"If anybody takes this much interest in
our little son, to sit down and compose
a letter, they deserve a personally signed
St.

—

reply."

In an hour when Red needs them most,
they're all there. Offering hope and faith.
Giving suggestions for diet and treatment.
Offering to be blood donors, if need be.
And there are letters from children enclosing a dollar bill for Red to start a
fund for research for the dreaded disease.
For all the thousands who write. Red
has a message: "The seconds, as they tick
away, seem to add confusion when told
of tragic news.
Faith in God is our
only hope. So we are praying.
"At first we felt so useless ^just another
mother and father asking for help. Then
came the kindness of unsolicited friends

—

—

like you,
to us
.

.

.

whose concern was unbeknown
friends who have gone beyond

their station of purpose, taken leave of
their own problems and offered prayers

and helpful information which we are
certain will bring around God's intended
goal for our son."
There are well-meaning wires with diet
suggestions, such as that received regarding "an ancient cure in our family that
has cured my own wife a broth made
from the tendons of Chinese deer and
green duck eggs."
commentator reports a child in Rhode Island has been
cured of leukemia in a year and a half
by a special cod liver oil. An anonymous
well-wisher leaves a bottle of herb juice
at U.C.L.A. Medical Center, tagged, "For
Richard Skelton." All are appreciated.
Calls are constantly coming in from those
who know of families with children suffering from the disease, and who think there
is merit in the treatment being used. These
calls are aU noted and some member of
the Skelton family follows through, asking,
"How old is he? How long has he had it?"

—

A

Throughout the country now, scores

of

"medical scouts" are anxiously passing
along to Red Skelton any personal knowledge they have of the disease or that
which they've heard. And every lead,
every suggestion, all the advice every
call, every letter, every wire
is carefully
screened and passed on to the medical
authorities at U.C.L.A. Medical Center,
who, in turn, pursue every credible lead.
No lead is unpursued even unto the
Ecuadorian jungles.
Eddie "Rochester"
Anderson called Red about a doctor in
Ecuador who reportedly has a very productive treatment.
Within minutes, the
Skeltons were contacting the Consul of
Ecuador in Los Angeles for further information and discovering that the doctor
in question was expected in the States
soon. The hospital has already made arrangements to get in touch with him.
The thousands who write feel they know
Richard very well. Red has often opened
his shows with something his little son
is supposed to have said or done.
Last
summer, when the Skeltons were flying
to Hawaii on vacation, and their plane
lost an engine and had to come back. Red
made headlines when he cracked:

—

—

—

—

"Richard,, I told you to quit fooling around
those controls!"
It wasn't until the plane was back over
Salinas, California, that the Skeltons had
known of any difficulty. Then, getting
dressed to land, Richard had come up with
some "material" of his own, asking the
stewardess excitedly, 'Is it time for us
to put

on our

life

.

zNERVE-bEFti

No waiting for relief when
you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.
They stop pain at its source
remove
ease new or tight shoes
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Zino-pads

SONG POEMS WANTED
To be

set

510-MG

—like

devout hope

his

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N. Y. 17. N. Y.

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has same opportunity. Send ONE small photo
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and address on back. Returned in 2 weeks
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8346 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

ffgli/

broken,

split nails,..

Marvel Nails
^-a new liquid preparation that hardens into long,
glamorous finger nails. Nowr you can change
broken, split, bitten nails into strong beautiful
stronger than your own nails. STOPS NAIL
nails

—

BITING.
Will not break or crack. Stays on until your own
nails grow out. Can be filed, trimmed and beauti-

Each nail is made in one minute,
/ou can do any ifpe work whi/e wearing f/iese

fully polished.

No preparation

lor $1.10)

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St..

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swer will be found.
He goes on making laughter for millions who pray with him: "God's will be

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yours for

helping us take or-

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laboratories all over the world
whereever serious-faced men and women in
white work far into the hours
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Los Angeles

ders for magazine subscriptions. Write
for

your feet wet,"
Mother
to keep fear out of
her voice, as Richard goes about a little
boy's important activities.
Hard to watch him p.utting together
his models of jet airplanes, and to remember that his dream has always been to

A

(A. B. Master of Music)

So. Alexandria

money^

—you'll get
says, trying

the normal thing to do.
At home, the "show goes on," too.
little boy wears his Cub Scout uniform,
swings a green scapular, and plays with a
shiny new train.
And, on a television stage, Red goes on
making laughter for the millions whose

Send your poems today for free

CHAS. McNeil,

J.

"Because

done."

to music.

examination]

"Why?"

Hard not to give him the
whole world, and yet this would not be

.

DrScholls

.

ride in one.

.

.

.

corns, callouses one of the quickest
ways known to medical science.
New skin-matching color; worn
invisibly. Try them! At Drug,
Shoe, Department, 5-10(i Stores.

rafts?"

He is a little boy without fear. His one
worry, while in the hospital, was whether
he would miss out joining the Cub Scouts.
His sister, Valentina, is a Brownie, and
Richard was supposed to join the Cub
Scouts in January.
Being in the hospital was really messing up his schediile.
"Say, what about the Scouts?" he kept
worrying. This was closest to his littleboy heart
and it was a proud little
Cub Scout who later bought his uniform
and wore it to meeting, that first time.
At the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, little
Richard is being treated with the most
effective of drugs and, as this is written,
is responding well.
Doctors advise that
he return to school and that a normal
routine be observed.
A hard thing, to
have a normal routine with an active little
eight-year-old.
Hard to watch, and yet
not watch. To seem casual, and yet be
so concerned. Hard to hide the anxiety,
when Richard is discovered outside watering the driveway, and Georgia says,
"Richard, put down that hose."
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**Forever “The Greatest”**

The big gamble was on. "We knew it might pay off," says Macdonnell, "and it might not." Casting around for talent he knew to be experienced and could carry the script, Macdonnell selected a small group of old friends—among them,2 Parley Baer, who plays Chester Proudstool, Georgia Ellis, cast as Kitty, and Howard McNear as crusty old Doc Adams. Now, just before their fiftieth anniversary, the team has come together and Macdonnell’s gamble has paid off. Wild Old West, Macdonnell’s eight-year-old western series Macdonnell was producing, has become the favorite of the public. The show has grown in popularity, and Macdonnell now finds himself with a new challenge: to keep the audience interested and involved. The series has continued to grow in popularity, and Macdonnell is determined to keep it that way. He has a new series in the works, and he is confident that it will be a success. Macdonnell is a true professional, and he is dedicated to giving his audience the best possible product. He is always looking for ways to improve his shows, and he is never satisfied with the status quo. He is a true artist, and he is committed to his craft. Macdonnell is a true legend, and he is a true artist.
Circle Without End

(Continued from page 17)

a new life in wide-open spaces and were assisted to homestead in Alaska, where they built their cabins which are now helping to build the first community place of worship.

The case of "Commander" Charles E. Macdonnell, Marshal Dillon, is an example of this kind of programs. Kelly, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner in World War II, got bogged down by continuous family illnesses. The money he won on Strike It Rich, in 1952 and which has been augmented by many offers from businessmen to help Kelly help himself. President Eisenhower, learning of his good fortune, wrote him a cheery telegram and awarded him the Medal of Honor. Later, Warren, his grandson, told Kelly, "Here was this solid citizen—a man who has done much for his country and is deserving of everything good—who, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, is the latest victim of temporary hard luck and encouragement. He didn't ask for sympathy, or want it, but there was something so winning and so sincere about the man that literally hundreds of letters came to us. Praising him.

In addition to the many, many individuals who have been in one way or another, Warren is greatly moved by those who take the time and trouble to come out and meet the people. There was the blind newspaper columnist for the Buffalo Courier-Express, H. Katherine Smith, who started a movement and sold thousands of old sets with faulty picture tubes—or without any—ready to be discarded for that reason, but with unimpaired audio reception. On Strike It Rich, she won funds and enough so all of the people

was awarded this house by the idea spreading throughout the country.

There was Mrs. Ethel Sloop, a snow-white woman of the "Over 40 Club" of Charlotte, North Carolina, which started at a time when, because she was over forty, she could not get a job. She won enough on the program for office equipment and about a dozen of larger meeting room to handle the fast-growing membership of job-seekers and those who wanted to help them. Warren, was entirely flooded with mail and was able to spread the idea and his personal joy to a wider audience.

He has seen the joy that can come from the program. He has been inspired to make the best of the situation and to make the best of it and to make the best of it and to make the best of it and to make the best of it and to make the best of it.

It's said that love is a two-way street.

We feel we have a great opportunity on Strike It Rich to demonstrate the brotherhood of man, not only to talk about it," says Warren Hull. "We hope we have succeeded, if just a little."
Fifty Million People Can’t Be Wrong

(Continued from page 33)

of the room. There is his description with the gold typewriter—a tribute from the Springfield, Massachusetts post of Jewish War Veterans—that he uses to write his column. Alongside the desk are two deep leather chairs. Between the chairs is a floor lamp, and the shade is made of color photographs of his wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren. When Ed talks to interviewers, he drops into one of the chairs and propels himself on the ottoman. He speaks softly but intently.

“I’ve made a list of the high points of the past year,” he says. “I wouldn’t exactly say I’ve had the year to end all years. A random-sized piece of paper he has listed: Japan, Venezuela, Honolulu, Paris—Anastasia, Auto Crash—August, Presley, Crossby ‘live,’ Phil Silver Show.”

“Japan, Honolulu, Venezuela, they were all new stops for me,” he says. “You know, I’ve been traveling constantly ever since I got in vaudeville, and it’s no novelty. Sometimes I get pretty tired of it, but the trips to Japan and Honolulu and Venezuela were different. I was in Venezuela on my way to Tobago, to do interviews with Bob Mitchum and Rita Hayworth. That was where the tour started. It was found I was exciting. Getting over to Japan was, I guess, the big trip of the year. We went over to do a story on Marlon Brando and the Teahouse of the August Moon company.”

On the basis of the foreign relations job Ed did in Japan, he should be appointed good-will ambassador by the State Department. Ed appeared on two Japanese TV shows, studied their theaters and institutions, played on their golf courses and, along the way, he managed to so ingratiate himself that he was front-page news. When he got back to the States and commented on the beauty and progress of the Japanese theater, the Tokyo papers front-pageEd him.

“Television was very interesting,” he adds. “Outside the station itself they had five monitors on the street, and there were always crowds around them. Baseball on TV is a great experience. We had a wonderful time. And that goes for our stopover in Honolulu, too.” Ed pauses, studies the paper and purses his lips in a nonchalant way. Then he says, “I suppose the real high points last year were the dramatic ones, the ones that made the headlines—Bergman and the auto crash and Presley. Let’s take them in order.”

Ed’s genius for engaging the right artist at the right time is one of the reasons for his mighty success. When he heard that Ingrid Bergman would be making her first American comeback for the film “Anastasia,” which he had seen as a Broadway play, he knew something great would come out of it. He thought Bergman a very fine actress, but he thought, too, of public opinion. He knew that, at one time, the public had turned against her. Ed discussed this aspect with an ex-CIA man.

“The film company told me that, if there were any controversy, the Church in Rome would make a statement exonerating Ingrid from blame. But, in the first place, the CIA has no office feeling against her since she isn’t Catholic, and then Rossellini is. However, she is bringing up their children as Catholics, and there’s been no change in years.”

Ed flew to Paris, where “Anastasia” was being filmed. He interviewed the cast, including Helen Hayes and Yul Brynner, as well as Bergman. When Ed got back, he found himself in the frying pan.

“Let me tell you what really happened,” he says. “One of the New York papers filed a story that was based on one of those ‘it is reported’ stories. According to the paper, high authorities in the State Department would not allow Ingrid Bergman to leave the country because of her turpitude laws. That story was front-page and sent out over the wires to every newspaper in the country. Just about everyone saw or heard of it. The following day, when he told me about it, Ed was saying there was no truth to the rumor. There had never been any discussion or thought of keeping Bergman out of the country. Of course, as was always the case with stories like these, the first story got all the attention.”

While Ed was in London, mail came in from the bushel to his office. In all, there were some nine thousand letters and he answered a large percentage of them. The mail was appecable: 8700 to 300 against Bergman’s appearance.

“It didn’t make sense to me,” says Ed. “I figured the only way to get a representative opinion—was to throw it open to the country. On the Sunday paper, I asked people to write in and let me know what they thought. I sent a telegram to Bergman at the Savoy in London and told her that. She was quick to come to the country because I believed Americans would support her. Well, even with the late start, opinion shifted tremendously. About 40,000 letters came in, at last count it was only 3000 to 1500 in favor of her. Of course, you always expect more dissenting opinions, anyway. I had no intention of backing out. Then the order came down from the brass. ‘Miss Bergman is not to appear under any condition.’ ”

Ed smiles, but not happily, and says, “I was right, you know. Bergman as Anastasia was the best of the year. And what about the people of this country and her reception? Let me quote from a newspaper, ‘Not even at the height of her career here—before Rossellini furor—was she ever greeted more cordially or with such genuine affection. You see, I was right about the American people, about their forgiving. But I think the accident, right next to my accident, the Bergman incident disturbed me more than anything that happened last year.” Ed pauses and asks, “You want me to talk about the accident?”

On the morning of August 6, the country was shocked to hear that, just a few hours earlier, Ed’s car had crashed head on into another car on the edge of town. He had been driving from the Bridgeport Airport to his farm. With him were his son-in-law, Bob Precht, and his caretaker, Ralph Boal. Ed was at the wheel and, when he saw the car, he thought it hit him the wrong lane, there was nowhere to go. He couldn’t drive off the road without going into the river. He drove until the medals office. Connecticut police photographs were proof that, as Ed reported, the car coming toward him had swung into the wrong lane. Nevertheless, the twenty-year-old boy driving the other car had fallen asleep at the wheel. All this was of little comfort.

To itemize the fractures, concussions, cuts, punctures, everything, was an almighty list of a small war. Ed, himself, fractured seven ribs, his chest bone and sternum, seriously, plus sustaining a bodyful of cuts and bruises. And Mrs. Sullivan had her hands full with his bandages, and he would see the others with their bandages and stitches, and he would say, ‘Now, if only I hadn’t made that phone call, we would have been well home by one-thirty. ’ Or, ‘If only Bob had been sitting in the back of the car, I wouldn’t have slashed his face against the mirror.’ ”

And Ed unrealistically thought he had got off lightly. He announced to the newspapers that he wouldn’t miss a Sunday show. But Ed was six weeks before he got back to work.

“I had a letter recently from the boy who was driving the other car,” Ed says. “He told me that he was sorry that he was out of the hospital and well and able to work again. He thanked all of us for our kindness and understanding through it all. He said he appreciated that it was an accident, and not a criminal action after the accident.” Ed frowns and says, “You saw the pictures of the crash, didn’t you? Terrible. We were lucky to get out of it alive. I’ve been so thankful that none of us lost a limb or an eye, or suffered any other permanent disabling injury.” Ed sighs and adds, “You know the accident happened just before Presley’s first appearance on the show. Well, I was flooded with letters and telegrams and cards after the accident. After Presley’s appearance, a number of people wrote and said they hoped then, as I hope now, that I didn’t hurt the same people who had just a few days earlier been so solicitous about me. That would make me feel very bad.”

The coup of the year in the entertainment business came about on the summer day in a locker room, when Ed Sullivan put his mind to getting the clubs to sign a contract for Presley’s three television appearances. Elvis was guaranteed $50,000, the highest price Ed has ever offered a performer. And Ed was so confident of his decision that he stated how Presley would make performance appearances at approximately eight-week intervals.

“Lot of people in the trade thought I was foolish,” he says. “They thought that, in the code of months, Elvis might be dead as a performer. The thinking was that he should run his three appearances close together to get my full value. And there were a lot of erroneous reports about the new producer of Presley’s show who I gave him. Of the many stars I’ve known, I don’t think I’ve met anyone who was or is more modest and likable than Elvis.”

Ed was learning from the accident when Elvis made his first appearance on the Sullivan show. But, the second time around, they met before the performance in Ed’s office and talked.

“First they hit him when, ‘What do you have to say for yourself? They say you contribute to juvenile delinquency,’ Elvis answered without hesitation. He said, ‘If I thought that was so, I’d go back to driving the other car, ye said yea so shall ye reap.’ Well, I don’t think that means if you’re bad one day God is going to slap your hands and give back a day of bad hurt. It means to me that you’re going to suffer for the rest of your life, and I wouldn’t want that.’ ”

Ed goes on, “Then there was a woman reporter who threw a loaded question at
A Crown for the Kingfish

(Continued from page 42)

Eisenhower, Freeman's personal friend. The resemblance between Ike and Freeman is striking. On another wall are excellent reproductions of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, signed and inscribed by Dwight D. Eisenhower. A huge, old-fashioned cabinet holds the library of scripts written by and for Amos and Andy for more than twenty years.

“I remember very well,” says Freeman, holding one of the bound volumes, “when Louise Summa—our girl Friday, then and now—would send some onion-skin paper for the scripts. When it came, we would be overwhelmed. There were six large boxes of it. Charlie and I looked at each other, and then asked Louise, ‘You don’t expect us to be done with Grace by now, do you?’ Now, Charlie and I have been together on radio for a hundred and five years. Just the other day, I got a picture from a friend at WDXN in Coronavirus. It was of the cast and crew of the 1921 Elks annual minstrel that we staged. That was where we first met. Fortunately, we’ve been the closest of friends, so our work has been a pleasure.”

Remember when “Amos ‘n’ Andy” were household words? When presidents, senators, and businessmen refused to make speeches at social gatherings because they were afraid of the nightly adventures? On Freeman’s wall there is a large cartoon by Reginald Marsh showing a multitude on its knees facing a huge clock set at seven o’clock... and, above the scene, the words “Brush your teeth night and morning. Consult your dentist twice a year.” That was probably the most heard and remembered slogan in the history of radio.

“We did the show for years from Chicago. We were in the Palmolive Building, and the show was picked up and recorded in the Merchandise Mart.” Freeman chuckles. Two decades ago, Chicago—soon to become a dump—pumped a fellow into a street on the one day who said, “Hello, how are you? You don’t know who I am, do you?” I said, “Sure—you’re the one who should know your name.” “Well, I guess you don’t want to guess.” How do you like your way your theme, “Perfect Song,” is played? I’ve been your organist for six years.”

Today, Amos N’ Andy Music Hall is a combination of Godsen and Correll’s own inimitable brand of dialogue, million-dollar star guests, and good music. Their open house, Saturday, 1934, was typical. They had Liberace as guest star and billed him as “the world’s greatest entertainer.” It was only natural that Jack Benny would be there—he and Charlie have had over one hundred and fifty top stars as guests—with no pay (and that includes Benny). The stars love to appear with Amos and Andy and agree to their agents for a free guest shot. The records are chosen very carefully, and do not include the top ten. They choose the very best tunes from the best singers and keep

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away from instrumental. Then, of course, the masterminding of the actual show by George "Kingfish" Stevens ties it all into a brilliant package.

"We developed the character of Kingfish way back in the beginning," Freeman reminisces. "We needed a contrast in voice between Amos and Andy. The first time we tried him, we got a letter telling us to stop that—they didn't like the new character. It scared us, so we left him alone for a while. But we needed a chiseler to 'play off of,' so we changed the character a little bit and used him again. It used to be that Andy gyped Amos—now Kingfish takes care of them both.

"When we planned the Music Hall, we mentally ran over all the characters—Sapphire, her momma, Algonquin J. Calhurn, Signora Mazzarelli, Kingfish and Andy. He was a natural for the master of ceremonies. After all, he takes charge of everybody, including the lodge. He's my favorite, too. I'm almost nervous without him," Freeman admitted. "I play a lot of golf with Phil Harris and Dean Martin and they both talk to me Kingfish-style.

Dean, yelling down the fairway, sounds more like Kingfish than I do."

The writers and producer work on the scripts and casting during the week, then Freeman and Charles meet them at CBS at ten A.M. and start rehearsing with the bit players. They break at noon and always have a Brown Derby lunch. Then back to taping. They try to do a week's shows in one day. They regulate themselves so they can have outside lives.

"My day," says Freeman, "usually starts when Craig, my seven-year-old son, comes into my bedroom with some excuse for waking me up before I want to be woken. If he gets away with it, then Linda, age four, follows triumphantly—and I'm up, whether I like it or not. I devote as much time as I can to my family. I've taken a house in Palm Springs, and we try to take the children there weekends. After Easter, you'd think the bubonic plague had hit down there. Then it's wonderful—no milling crowds—and beautiful weather. I like to go to Augusta for the Masters Golf Tournament, and, the rest of the time, I look after my modest income. I've dabbled in oil for eighteen years and have some real estate. I manage to keep busy," he said wryly.

Plans for the future include a long, long run for Music Hall. They still have seventy-nine television films of Amos N' Andy being used, and they are always on the lookout for a great idea for someone else. If they could build a new series, they would produce and write—not act. It is the consensus in Hollywood that any endeavor Godden and Correll attempt will, as always, be successful. Their ratings have always been impressive in any medium.

Speaking of ratings, I remember long ago when every radio show had impressive charts and data to point up to the sponsor how much he was getting for his money. At that time, Campbell's was our sponsor and Ward Wheelock the ad exec on our show. He came in one day while I was checking the ratings. 'Look,' I said anxiously, 'this Fred Waring fellow is only six points behind us.'

"Don't pay any attention to those silly ratings, Freeman," Ward said expansively, 'they don't mean a darn thing. Forget it.' Fifteen minutes later, I was talking about a new team coming up, Dokes and Blokes. Ward whipped out his rating sheet and cried, 'Let me show you—they're not worth a denny! See? Look at that! and he was pointing knowingly at a low rating.

"So? Ratings you only believe when you're up—never when you're down. I prefer Awards. You can hold them in your hand—and you know that a lot of people somewhere like you."
THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

The Breck Shampoos are gentle enough to be used on children. Each of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair, another is for oily hair and a third is for normal hair. When buying shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, fragrant and beautiful.

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You'll like the extra good taste of Winstons, too! And the way that exclusive Winston filter — snowy-white and pure — really lets the rich flavor come through! So, if you aren't already enjoying today's most talked-about flavor-filter combination, get yourself a pack of Winstons right now — for flavorful filter smoking!

Smoke WINSTON...enjoy the snow-white filter in the cork-smooth tip!
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Dramatic Life Story
MURIAL WILLIAMS
The Brighter Day

TOMMY SANDS: NEW SINGIN' IDOL

GUY MITCHELL
Knee-deep in Success

MELBA RAE
Search for Tomorrow

JACK BARRY
and 21's Money Tree
the 4th cake is pure savings

4 Cakes of Personal Size Ivory
COST NO MORE THAN 3 OF OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

Take a look at prices of leading toilet soaps next time you shop. Isn't it amazing how much less Personal Size Ivory costs—4 cakes for no more than you'd pay for 3 of other brands. That makes the 4th cake pure savings! And such a beautiful way to save, because Ivory is the finest soap you can buy — so pure, so mild, so right for your skin. Advised by more doctors than any other soap. Yes — take a look — That Ivory Look for your skin. So radiantly fresh and clear — so economically yours!

Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy
Janice is a familiar type. She’s popular with the girls . . . attractive to men for a while. Men seem serious—then just courteous—finally, oblivious. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a roadblock to romance. And the tragedy is, you’re never aware that you’re offending!

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

Why risk halitosis when Listerine Antiseptic ends it so quickly? Germs in the mouth are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Tests prove Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth, instantly on contact.

Tooth paste can’t kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can’t kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic—that’s why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning and night!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than tooth paste
I dreamed I was Twins in my maidenform* bra

I'm beside myself with joy! For when I walk down the street, everyone I meet looks twice at my glamorous Maidenform lines! The duet of dream bras: On the left, Pre-Lude* Six-Way; on the right, the same bra in a slimming long-line version. And each can be worn six-ways: strapless, with straps any way you like, for every neckline in your wardrobe! And whichever way you wear them—you'll agree they're the most comfortable, the most curve-snugging bras you've ever worn! Bandeau, 3.00. Bandeau, lightly lined, 3.95. Long-Line, 5.95.
PARTNERS IN LIFE

Bea Wayne and Andre Baruch of WABC keep their feet on the ground and their heads in the airwaves

Many's the wife who complains that she hardly sees her husband. It's a common problem, as is the one that faces parents whose children may be exposed to harmful slum influences. But not for Bea Wayne and Andre Baruch, who dispense wit, warmth and music each weekday at 1:15 on New York's Station WABC. "We're a family," says Andre, "just like the people who listen to us, be it on the kitchen or the car radio." But Mr. and Mrs. Baruch, once known as "Mr. and Mrs. Music," face these common problems in reverse. Where other husbands and wives part after breakfast, Bea and Andre continue to work together throughout the day. "It could be a problem, being together so much," says Bea, "but somehow it isn't." "Sure, we have our share of 'discussions,'" Andre admits, "but if we agreed all the time, it would be pretty dull." . . . As to Wayne, who'll be 11 in June, and Bonnie, who is 6, their parents have to protect them not from the evils of poverty but of wealth. The Baruches make their home in Harrison, New York, a very wealthy community. But they feel there is something wrong in teenagers dripping with furs or expensive cars. When Wayne or Bonnie announce that a friend has a big new something, they're told they can't have one, too. "We could afford to give it to them, but it would spoil them," explains Andre. "Later on in life, they'll hear no's and they'll have to know how to meet them." "What it amounts to is that we try to keep our feet on the ground," says Bea, "and we try to keep the children's feet on the ground, too." . . . Their parents' fame—beginning at age six for Bea, during college for Andre—is something the youngsters take in their stride. When Andre, who's been an announcer on Your Hit Parade on radio and TV, for 22 years, was doing play-by-play announcing on the Brooklyn Dodger games, Wayne got to meet all the players. He was thrilled, but he never told the other boys. "They wouldn't believe me," he said. In the same way, the children never take news clippings about their parents to show to other kids. Only once did Andre see Wayne cutting out a page with a story on them. Later, he learned that Wayne was showing his schoolmates an article on the new earth satellite, with the story on the Baruches carefully folded underneath! . . . Both the youngsters appear on their parents' show from time to time—and no Baruch, parent or child, is ever at a loss for words. When everyone begins talking at once, they hold a meeting, with strict parlia-
mentary procedure. Bea or Andre serves as chairman, the members have to ask for the floor, and everything is voted on. If there's a tie, the maid is called in to break it. "And everything is announced in our home," laughs Bea, "but by Bonnie." If she's going to play the piano, she announces, "Now I am going to play the piano." She takes a bow afterwards, also acts as announcer for "that famous pianist," her brother. All four of the family indulge in a mutual teasing society. It keeps the Baruch values real—and the head-size normal.
Bonnie and Wayne work on mosaics as Andre sculpts. He wants to do Bea—"but she won't sit still."

"Lucky" is a leftover Hit Parade prop for "Doggie in the Window."
Wayne has a real true voice, says Andre. Bonnie was born an actress.
Bea poses with portrait done when she wed Andre, eighteen years ago.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST

By BUD GOODE

Chaps and “Chaps”: Clint Walker and his cowboy costume are inseparable. Except for the blue jeans he wears when working around the house, Clint hasn’t worn anything but boots, “chaps” and jerkin since he’s come to Hollywood. But Cheyenne won so many awards and Clint was invited to so many dressy Hollywood affairs that his wife, Lucille, finally refused to accompany him in his Western weeds. Clint’s attendance at the Foreign Press Golden Globe Awards dinner was a milestone in his career—his wardrobe’s career, too. His closet now holds 6 cowboy suits, three pairs of worn jeans and one tux!... Elvis Presley, who’s hip-wiggled his way to six Cadillacs, doesn’t own a bicycle. Producer Hal Wallis gifted Elvis with a red two-wheeler at Paramount Studios to carry him more expeditiously from his dressing room to the set of “Love Me.” But Elvis’ hip-swinging antics, successful onstage, were his downfall on the bike—he threw his hip too far one way, ending up bruising his bumper against a stage door.

Here’s Hollywood: Mercedes McCambridge walked onto Universal-International’s “Badge of Evil” set to greet old friend, Orson Welles, there filming his first Hollywood picture in seven years. The conversation went something as follows: “Got a good set for ‘Two for Mercy,’” “Really? Show me.” “Look at this,” beamed Orson, flashing a half-page bit. “Not big, but meaty, huh?” The next thing Mercedes knew, she was in costume, leather-jacketed, beetle-browed and banging around on the floor in a free-for-all with leading lady, Janet Leigh. Unbilled, but not unskilled, the Oscar-winning actress drew her one day’s minimum salary, thanking Orson profusely for the “chance.” Limping slightly on her way out, she said, wryly, “Drop over to our Wire Service set some time, Orson. Maybe I can do as much for you.”... You Asked For It host Art Baker recently learned how reporters get their news so fast. In filling a viewer’s request, he spent a day with the L.A. Mirror-News radio cruiser. Starting out at the Cocoa-nut Grove, where a worker was injured, they then picked up an ambulance traffic call, covered a fire in Hollywood, ending up on the Sunset Strip, where a worker was killed in a cave-in. Art found news-gathering a fast and sometimes dangerous assignment. By the end of the day, Art’s face was as white as his hair.

Champagne Life: What do the subjects feel when Ralph Edwards comes up to them and says, “This Is Your Life”? Lawrence Welk, a recent guest, was turned to the NBC-Burbank studio on the pretext of doing a commercial for Dodge, sponsor of his ABC shows. Spotting Ralph as he stepped into the scene, he almost said, “Oh, are you in our commercial, too?”... Only off-camera personnel of This Is Your Life know about the one-hour and one-little-drama story each episode spawns. Welk, for example, leaving ABC for the Burbank “commercial,” suddenly decided to stop at home to pick up some sheet music. Welk’s quick-thinking secretary, Lois, had him long enough to call Mrs. Welk and tell her to “hide” daughters Donna, 20, and Shirley, 24, who had flown in from Indiana and Boston. When Lawrence arrived at his Brentwood home shortly thereafter, Mrs. Welk was calmly peeling potatoes. Later, Lawrence learned the girls were stilling giggles in the next room.

Tourists: Pat Boone, his wife, Shirley, and their two children were seen taking a family gallery to see, just like other visitors at fabulous Disneyland, ... Hugh O’Brien has temporarily put his “fortunes” in the hands of Colonel Tom Parker, the extraordinary showman who’s produced both Haddacool and Elvis Presley (at $15,000 per night). The “Cuhnel, Suh,” is booker-manager on the ten-city tour of Hugh’s “Variety Show.” By joining forces with the Colonel, Hugh has again shown he’s as smart as with a buck as he is with a bucking bronc.

There’ll Be Some Changes Made: Jack Imel, Lawrence Welk’s dancer-marimba player, named his new six-pound son Lawrence Jack. Jack, recently discharged from the Navy, reports, “When Greg and Debbi were in the Navy hospital, the docs wouldn’t let me get any closer than the front door—Navy rule, they said. I thought this sure time I could be with my wife and kids. Three days before my son arrived, I came down with chicken pox!”... Everything good comes in threes. Rosemary Clooney, who’s always said she wants an even half-dozen children, has number three on the way. It will soon be a trio also for Peter Potter and his lovely wife, Beryl Davis. John Lupton and his wife Anne named their first, a daughter, Rollin Tyson... When Bob Cummings’ wife Mary gave birth to their fifth child, Anthony, George Burns and Grace Allen wired, “Now that you have a basketball team, would you care to try for a baseball nine?”

Casting: Backstage on the NBC-TV Tennessee Ernie show, Tommy Sands had just received word he was to sing “Friendly Persuasion” at the Oscar Awards. Molly Bee rushed up, threw her arms around Tommy’s neck, planting a big kiss and shouting, “Congratulations!” Ah, it’s wonderful to own a half-million dollars. Mucho talk about Van Johnson making his live TV debut on Playhouse 90... Purty Kathy Nolan will co-star with Walter Brennan in ABC’s The Real McCoy. CBS-TV has come up with two “Arsene Lupin” scripts tailored especially for Jacques Bergerac. The dashing Frenchman who stole Ginger Rogers’ heart would like to portray the daring society dip on Climax! and may do a series built around the light-fingered character. For his new CBS-TV series, Spike Jones promises to come up with his novelty—for him. He’ll play a number of songs exactly as they were written. All networks are dickering for Art Carney’s services when his contract is up w/ Jackie Gleason this June. Nothing decided yet... George Gobel in all probability will alternate for an hour with Eddie Fisher next fall, and viewers can expect many variety this way. We can see it now: George and his guitar will supply the music, Eddie will make with the jokes, and John Scott Trotter will sing.

Something Old, Something New: Art Linkleiter’s nineteen-year-old son Jack has announced his engagement to pretty schoolteacher Barbara Hughes. Art’s reaction: “Lois and I feel Jack has matured...
COAST

Are you ever excited...

She came to visit with Orson Welles, Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh, but Mercedes McCambridge stayed to work.

beyond his nineteen years, had had a diversified life, been on his own in Europe, and been responsible for himself many years. We feel marriage is an individual problem, and the way he and Barbara are approaching it, seriously and with understanding, they can't go wrong. Each Wednesday night, they attend a marriage preparation class at U.C.L.A. They have to pass exams! Jack's asked Lois and me hundreds of questions ... some we can't answer. After five children and twenty years, we aren't sure we're ready for marriage!" Hollywood at Home: Jim Bowie settles in Cheviot Hills! With the success of the series assured, Scott Forbes and wife, actress Jeanne Moody, have given up their New York and Hollywood apartments, bought a home in Cheviot Hills. . . . Larry Dean, his wife Alice and their baby are bursting at the seams in their Santa Monica one-bedroom apartment. Larry has to wait until next July, when he'll be twenty-one, to buy a house. . . . Mary Pickford and husband Buddy Rogers have just redecorated Pickfair, famous Hollywood landmark—in Chinese Modern.

Horse Set: NBC-TV's Tonight interviewer, Paul Coates, is reputed to be as hard-shelled as an ex-police reporter, which indeed he is. But Coates is soft on a horse, "No Swaps" by name. "No Swaps" didn't earn his moniker merely because he can't run like record-breaker "Swaps." He's a sweet old nag who loves Paul's three children,smartly and patiently helping to teach them to ride. Paul wouldn't "swap" him for anything in the world—hence, "No Swaps." Why not teach him to talk, Paul? You'd be a sure guest spot with Ed Sullivan.

rushed?...

That's when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working

You've probably noticed . . . when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor safely—24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are. That's because Mum contains M-3—long-lasting hexachlorophene.

MUM contains M-3 (long-lasting hexachlorophene)

... it works when other deodorants fail
SPECTRUM

Culture goes spectacular as WRCV-TV presents ninety minutes of art, literature and music

Palette, with narrator Norman Brooks, presents color close-ups of famed art treasures.

Color Recital has Bob Bradley to host its adventures in music. Here, a presentation by the Dor-Mop Opera Company.

PHILADELPHIA's Station WRCV-TV hadn't counted the eggheads when they hatched their ambitious plans for a local cultural "spectacular" called Spectrum. The program is seen each Saturday from 5 to 6:30 P.M. and, judging by the 300-odd letters received each week, there are more culture-vultures than anybody had reckoned with. Or is it that other channels are placing their esteem of viewers too low? ... Spectrum comes in three parts, with Parts I and III in color. Part I is "Palette," presenting the works and life of a world-recognized classic or modern artist. Planned in conjunction with the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the segment has their storehouse of treasures to draw on for close-ups as Norman Brooks narrates. Part II, in conjunction with the Free Library of Philadelphia, is "Manuscript," dealing with literature and the many men "who have shaped the intellects of humanity and turned the fates of nations through the written word," Charles Lee, Associate Professor of Journalism at the University of Pennsylvania, is permanent host. Part III is "Color Recital," produced in cooperation with the Board of Education. With Robert Bradley as narrator, this is a weekly excursion into music, opera and dance via presentations by such groups as the Philadelphia Civic Ballet, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and the Academy of Vocal Arts. ... First reaction to the show suggested it might be a bit "heavy." Now, the three narrators are getting more chance to exercise a tongue-in-cheek wit. "Palette's" Norman Brooks was a boy radio star and has since been an actor, announcer, newsmen, writer and producer, and advertising man. Originator of Channel 3's Pick Your Ideal, he's a native of Atlantic City, now lives in Wayne, Pennsylvania, with wife Mary Louise, children Kenny and Hillary, and spaniel "Balduc." "Manuscript's" Charles Lee is well-known as a lecturer and book reviewer. He first appeared on TV several years ago when he and his wife Judy, now "WRCV-TV's Weather Girl," ad-libbed a daily show called Charles And Judy Lee At Home. Bob Bradley of "Color Recital" has been in show business since the age of five. He commutes from Forest Hills, New York, for WRCV-TV's Spectrum and Diamond Theater, is a part-time news announcer on New York's WNEW and does the Jan Bart Show on Newark's WATV. Every member of his family—wife Rosemary, children Robert, 6, Rebecca, 5, and Rosalind, 3—has the initials R.J.B. ... For Spectrum the initials, obviously, are O.K.
CELEBRITIES BY THE COLUMN

Mr. and Mrs., time at Eden Roc: The Sobols, Jayne and Steve Allen.

COLUMNIST Louis Sobol makes his home in eight rooms in midtown Manhattan. Tall buildings are his fence, Broadway is his back yard. A slight man decorated with glasses, a mustache and a cigar, Louis is on intimate terms with the great and near-great who work and play there. He's been in the newspaper columns for more than forty years, and on the airwaves, off and on, since 1932. With malice toward hardly any one, Louis chronicles the doings of his adopted town in his syndicated New York Journal-American column, "New York Cavalcade." On The Louis Sobol Show, heard daily on ABC Radio from 8:00 to 8:25 P.M., EST, his conversations with celebrities are revealing. Joining Louis at a table in the swank East Side restaurant, Eden Roc, are stars who, most usually, are friends of long standing. Many are Louis' "discoveries" — people whom he spotted early, gave their first good notices, and often their first introductions to the "right" people. "I try for controversy without sensationalism," says Louis of his interviews. "When I interview a dancer, I would never think of asking him if he's homosexual. I wouldn't ask Joan Crawford why it took her five tries to make a happy marriage. I don't get abusive." . . . If Louis sounds relaxed and poised, he is. But it was because of his shyness as a youngster in Waterbury, Connecticut, that Louis became a newspaperman. "I figured it was the best way to force yourself to meet people and talk to them," he says.

While still in high school, Louis held down a full-time job on the Waterbury Republican. Then, in steps that sound easier than they were, he became an editorial writer and then managing editor of the Graphic syndicate. Next, he replaced Walter Winchell as Broadway columnist on the Graphic and, in June of 1931, began his career with the Journal. . . . For many years, Louis headed his own star troupe at New York's Loew's State, and to him also goes the distinction of having headed the last big-time, two-a-day vaudeville bill at the Palace. "I guess I was so bad," he grins, "that they had to close it." Louis himself makes all the openings — and many of the closings — in the company of his wife, the former Peggy Marlowe, a singer-dancer who later became a successful publicist. The Sobols are on the town six nights a week. Saturdays, they're at home, with the phone shut off, the television turned on and perhaps a few friends in for a quiet visit. . . . Looking back on his years along Broadway, Louis says, "The public has grown up, and all the media have to be more adult. People don't go so much for the phony Cinderella story, although the real Cinderella story will never lose its appeal." Never that is, with Louis Sobol there to tell it.

East Side, West Side,
Louis Sobol knows New York town and the people who make it glitter

Broadway's changed, Louis admits. Now, stars like Victor Borge and Phil Silvers shine on TV.

But new stars keep coming along. Here, Louis with Ernie Kovacs and his wife, Edith Adams.

"Pros" or newcomers, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas know Louis is "historian" for them all.
Looks as if Anthony Franciosa is getting tough with Jean Simmons? He's only trying to save her from Murvyn Vye.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

This Could Be the Night
M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

Another arresting new personality comes to Hollywood from TV dramas. Young and forceful, Anthony Franciosa is cast in this sparkling romantic comedy as the tough-mannered but soft-hearted co-owner of a night club. Partner Paul Douglas hires a secretary who's hilariously out of place in these rakish surroundings. This is Jean Simmons, college-bred schoolteacher in search of a part-time job. She's so obviously innocent that everybody at the club wants to protect her. Adding to the fun, there are lively songs by blond Julie Wilson, sizzling dances by pert Neile Adams.

12 Angry Men
UNITED ARTISTS

A solid success when Robert Cummings and Franchot Tone starred in it on TV, this jury-room drama comes across with equal vigor on the theater screen. The Cummings role now goes to Henry Fonda, only member of the murder-trial jury who favors acquittal from the start. With the determination of a citizen sincerely intent on justice, with the shrewdness of a man who knows people, he argues his case. His prime opponent (the former Tone role) is Lee J. Cobb, who hates the defendant for personal reasons. Here you find the excitement of a detective story deepened by insight into character.

The Bachelor Party
UNITED ARTISTS

Also based on a TV play (by Paddy Chayefsky, author of "Marty"), this intimate close-up of ordinary people is notable chiefly for its honest, sympathetic acting. Don Murray (the young cowhand of "Bus Stop") is an office worker who has ambitions but sees them fading when wife Patricia Smith tells him they're going to have a baby, an unforeseen strain on the modest family budget. Feeling trapped, he agrees to join fellow employees in a bachelor party for a bridegroom-to-be. This turns into a long, drunken night on the town, with sadness underlying the group's search for a good time. Other outstanding players are E. G. Marshall, Carolyn Jones.

The Vintage
M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

TV trainee John Kerr, who still does air appearances between Hollywood stints, has a strong role in a poetically beautiful film shot in the vineyards of France. Because John is wanted for murder, he and older brother Mel Ferrer flee Italy and wind up among itinerant workers picking grapes in Southern France. Here a gentle romance builds up between Mel and Pier Angeli, while John, a youth needing a woman's understanding, is drawn toward Michele Morgan, his employer's wife.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Fear Strikes Out (Paramount, VistaVision): Powerful movie, with story and star from TV, Tony Perkins plays baseball's Jim Piersall, driven to mental collapse by a family situation.

The Young Stranger (U-I): In an excellent film based on a hit TV play, James MacArthur does a splendid job as a teenager in trouble. TV regular James Daly is his stubborn father; Kim Hunter, his more understanding mother.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms (M-G-M, Cinemascope): Dean Martin's first film solo flight, a pleasant musical with many scenes in Italy, casts him as a dashing bachelor involved with four sisters.
ends dull, dry "thirsty" hair—replaces your natural beauty oils so each and every strand shines with new natural color brilliance

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery®

The New Hairdressing in Spray Form

Unlike ordinary hairdressings which "coat" your hair—make it oily—Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing is pure greaseless lanolin in a mist so fine it is absorbed by each strand of hair. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing 100 strokes a day.

Used and recommended by beauticians everywhere. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
Scooter built for two provides transportation for Peter Lind Hoyes and wife Mary Healy, who have no parking problem as they play the night-club circuit.

Papa has a birthday. When Theo Goetz, who plays Papa Bauer on The Guiding Light, turned sixty-five, 26,000 viewers joined to wish him happy returns.

Come & Get It: Hoping that Princess Kelly yearns to return to show-biz, a network exec will "vacation" in Monaco this summer and pitch the sly idea of a spec-type film of Monaco starring its royal family. Rumors are rife that Elvis will marry before the year's out. The chosen gal is said to be one of Davy Crockett's Tennessean descendants. Colonel Parker says it's a crock of hogwash. But this is no rumor: Any moment now, vivacious canary Betty Johnson will marry her songwriter manager, Charley Grean. Pat Boone is nuts about Hollywood and would love to live there if it weren't for the semester he has to finish at Columbia University. So the new Boone show will originate in New York and Pat will continue to abide in his Jersey abode, at least until January of 1958. That's when he graduates. If you dig calypso the most, get with Victor's "Calypso Carnival With the Duke of Iron." The Duke is to calypso what Elvis is to rhythm-and-blues. NBC was on a sweat until Dennis James agreed to emcees their experimental Club 60 color show out of Chicago. Denny's deft touch has put the show in the professional groove. (Denny towed the wife and baby along for the 13-week stay) And six-footer Jan Murray recalls it was eleven years ago in Chicago that he complained to Paul Winchell about being so thin. Both were playing the same bill and Paul suggested that Jan go in for physical culture. Jan said, "Who needs it? I'm tired enough already." Paul explained that he had rebuilt his legs, after a bout with polio, through physical culture and talked Jan into trying it. So, in the past eleven years, Jan has built himself up from 142 to 187 pounds. Jan now has a gym in his Rye home and notes, "I've been gaining on the average of five pounds a year, which means that by 1977 I should weigh about 300 pounds."

Crucial Events: Two gals debut in the hot spot and they are Polly Bergen and Frances Wyatt. Polly, in just a few months, has proven herself to be the most exciting new gal on TV through exposure on To Tell the Truth. Alert, CBS signed Polly to an exclusive contract. And what Polly has is just about everything—beauty, charm, wit, intelligence, plus singing and dramatic talent. On May 16th, she literally makes a nation-wide audition when she plays and sings the part of Helen Morgan on Playhouse 90. Her impact may make her the hottest female property in electronics. Incidentally, Polly is no novice to show-biz. She has had dramatic experience in a half-dozen movies, a couple of Broadway plays and has entertained in the nation's smartest night clubs. Sophisticated Polly got started down in Tennessee as a country singer. And then there is the Cinderella story of petite, pretty Frances Wyatt of the Voice Of Firestone. Three years in the Firestone chorus, this past January she was called on to solo when star Patrice Munsel was stricken by virus. Frances got twelve hours' notice at her Connecticut home. She says, "I remember I got up the morning of the show as usual, at 6:30 A.M. I made the beds and breakfast, as usual. I dropped my son at the nursery and came into Manhattan with my husband. I didn't lose my nerve during rehearsal or the actual telecast but, three days later, when
COAST

I watched the kinescope, my teeth chattered so I thought they'd fall out." Mail poured in. More mail than the show had ever drawn. People wanted to see Frances again—as the star of the show. And on May 13th, she steps out of the Firestone chorus again, and this time as the star.

Quickly Now: Jill Corey, who will sing in next season's Hit Parade, is being seasonal—and dating a big-league pitcher. . . . Peter Lind Hayes is all over the place in his new Lambretta scooter. Mary says, "He's like a kid with his first bicycle." . . . Pat Buttram comments, "Thing that impresses me most about our generation is how well parents obey their children." . . . Ed Sullivan will be a grandfather for the third time any day now. . . . It's always difficult to think of Randy Merriman as a granddaddy. But the reminder is there again since his daughter and grandchild, who live in Minneapolis, recently paid him a visit at their Garden City home. The trip was primarily to visit with Mrs. Randy, who has nicely recovered from a serious operation. . . . When A Girl Meets goes into its 19th year on May 29th and Mary Jane Higby hasn't missed a year of it as "Joan Davis." . . . NBC has announced that next year they will have no more "spectaculars" so will everyone please call them "specials" instead. Well, one of NBC's last spectaculars of this season will be the "Festival of Magic" on May 27th, and it promises to be a threatening event. Milbourne Christopher, magician, will catch bullets, fired from a rifle, in his teeth. They say that twelve or thirteen magicians have been killed doing this trick, but I doubt it.

Danny Boy: A six-footer, happy-go-lucky, twenty-seven, handsome in the Cary Grant style, as muscular as you'd expect a former ballplayer to be, is a real comer. That's Daniel Patrick Costello—Danny to Arthur Godfrey and the gang. Danny's first recording, "Like a Brook Gets Lost in a River," for Caravan, soared close to a quarter-million copies and his second release, "That's Where I Shine," is likewise on the zoom. But Danny had hoped to be a pro pitcher and was under contract to Pittsburgh Pirates when he broke his pitching arm and that was the end of that. "I was always singing. I got to sing. It's part of me. I have fine vocal training from the age of ten in a professional choir, the Holy Rosary Choir of Jersey City." He was training with the Pirates when he met wife Mary. To kill time, Danny and a pal had sat in on a girls' softball game. They applauded the tall, pretty blonde on third base, and they razzed her, too. "After the game I went back to the clubhouse to apologize for ribbing her. A year later, we married." Danny got his first TV break on Chance Of A Lifetime. Next came Talent Scouts, but, the week Danny won, Arthur was on vacation, so he never heard him. But, six months later, Arthur sat down to chat with Jan Davis and the McGuire. He noted that Pat Boone was going out of town and that he was stuck for a boy singer. Jan and the McGuire unanimously remembered and recommended Danny. So Danny came in and so impressed Arthur that he has spent about sixteen weeks with Godfrey this season. Danny still makes his home in Jersey (Continued on page 87)

Mrs. and Sgt. Bilko, alias Evelyn and Phil Silvers, hope for a boy.

Out of school, they're telling tales of success for teacher Dorothy Olsen.

Be smart... be elegant...
with the PUSH BUTTON
MORSE DUOMATIC

Zig-Zags,
Scallops
Automatically
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WIN ONE
FREE 40 MORSE DUOMATICS
Win one of TEN Morse Duomatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machine to be GIVEN AWAY EACH MONTH in this Morse Contest!

HOW TO WIN: Get entry blank from your nearest Morse Dealer or fill in coupon below in a few words. Post to postcard and mail to:

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I'd love to own a completely automatic Morse Push Button Duomatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machine because:

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4 Monthly Contests, starting March, 1957
This Month's Contest Closes June 30, 1957

As Mark Twain, Hal Holbrook will co-star with frats at Calaveras County.
New! Clearasil Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

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

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES. . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES. . . antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. ‘STARVES’ PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL’s famous dry-up action ‘starves’ pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples ‘feed’ on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN ‘FEED’ PIMPLES CLEARASIL ‘STARVES’ THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually ‘feed’ pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, ‘starves’ pimples.

‘FLOATS OUT’ BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL’s penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underseas, so they ‘float out’ with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors’ tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 99¢).

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

On Conflict, Dennis Hopper starred as Ed in “A Question of Loyalty.”

Bernadette O’Farrell is Maid Marian, Richard Greene stars as Robin Hood.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite members. If you are interested write to address given—

not to TV Radio Mirror.

Patti Page Fan Club, c/o Bob Schram, 603 Madison St., Rochester, Michigan.

Eddie Fisher (“Fisherettes”) Fan Club, c/o Mary Ellen Bukaty, 223 Clifton Parkway, Hamburg, N. J.

Michael “Cochise” Ansara Fan Club, c/o Margaret Steward, R. 3, Tuckercreek Rd., Peebles, Ohio.

Derring-Do

I would appreciate some information about Richard Greene, who stars in Robin Hood on CBS-TV.

T. J. H., Greenville, S. C.

Robin’s alter-ego, Richard Greene, was born some 38 years ago in Plymouth, England. His family was represented on the English stage for four generations, but Richard says it was “more than family tradition” that set him on his thespian way. While still in his teens, making good on his own was so urgent a matter to him that he ever-extended his first role, a walk-on in “Julius Caesar,” by broad gesturings with his spear—and was promptly dismissed. Pained but undaunted, he kept knocking at the London stage-doors—not long in opening to him. No “spear-carrier” today, he still totes weapons. The TV role of Robin requires that Richard be accomplished in fencing and archery and the use of the little-known medieval arms such as the morning star and the crossbow, and, of course, in horsemanship. His instructor in archery, Mr. George Brown, has said his pupil could be “champion quality if time allowed.” For an exacting authenticity on the Sherwood Forest set, Robin and his

All the Lively Arts

Please give us some information on Dennis Hopper, whom I’ve seen on Conflict, Cheyenne and other dramatic programs.

S. W., Houston, Texas.

Dodge City, Kansas, 1939: Errol Flynn, star of the Warner Bros. film, “Dodge City,” arrives in town for the premiere. A three-year-old stands on tip toe in the crowd, the better to whiff that first fragrance of theatrical excitement. Dennis Hopper is now twenty-one. and his fine acting is testimony to the strength of that early impression. . . . Going “all out” for dramatics, Dennis also made the golf, tennis and swimming squads while in high school in California, was a football quarterback and welterweight finalist in the Golden Gloves tournament. Since then, summer jobs at anything from hash-slinging to construction work have probably taken Dennis out of “welterweight” for good—his five-nine-and-a-half frame weighs in at 160 now. A bit part in “The Postman Always Rings Twice” brought the well-built, blue-eyed youngster to the attention of Dorothy McGuire and John Swope, who recommended him for TV castings. A few months later, and three major studios were offering contracts—the result of his performance as the young epileptic on Medici’s “Boy in the Storm.” Signing with Warners, Dennis appeared in several films, notably “Giant” and “Rebel Without a Cause,” and has been assigned the starring role of Napoleon in “The Story of Mankind.” On TV, he has been seen in “Born Bad” for the Cheyenne series, “A Question of Loyalty” on Conflict, and in roles on other top drama shows. . . . Dennis is interested in painting and sculpture, and the poet in him remembers his first publication, “The Highlanders,” in his high-school paper.

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2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic
3. ‘STARVES’ PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL’s famous dry-up action
4. SKIN CREAMS CAN ‘FEED’ PIMPLES CLEARASIL ‘STARVES’ THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily
5. ‘FLOATS OUT’ BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL’s penetrating medical action softens and

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

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I would appreciate some information about Richard Greene, who stars in Robin Hood on CBS-TV.

T. J. H., Greenville, S. C.

Robin’s alter-ego, Richard Greene, was born some 38 years ago in Plymouth, England. His family was represented on the English stage for four generations, but Richard says it was more than family tradition that set him on his thespian way. While still in his teens, making good on his own was so urgent a matter to him that he ever-extended his first role, a walk-on in “Julius Caesar,” by broad gesturings with his spear—and was promptly dismissed. Pained but undaunted, he kept knocking at the London stage-doors—not long in opening to him. No spear-carrier today, he still totes weapons. The TV role of Robin requires that Richard be accomplished in fencing and archery and the use of the little-known medieval arms such as the morning star and the crossbow, and, of course, in horsemanship. His instructor in archery, Mr. George Brown, has said his pupil could be champion quality if time allowed. For an exacting authenticity on the Sherwood Forest set, Robin and his
BOOTH

As Chester, Dennis Weaver woos and wins pretty Mary Carver on Gunsmoke.

Merry Men are taught the use of all manner of strange battle gear by weapons expert Gabriel Toynie. One of these, the morning star, was so called because were a soldier to get hit with it on an early "morning" before he was quite awake, he would see "stars." ... Before enlisting in Britain's Royal Armoured Corps, Greene played in a movie with Loretta Young and made the Zanuck movies "Submarine Patrol" and "Kentucky." On TV, he has appeared on Studio One productions and on several other "live" dramas. ... On time-off from his demanding schedule, Richard tests his navigation and culinary skills on his sailing vessel, The Freya. "Friends say," Richard reports, "that if I don't drown them first, they'll probably die as a result of my cooking." ... As for his future with Robin in Sherwood Forest, Richard, now completing two years of the series, confesses he used to think one year long enough time to portray a single character—but that "now I'll be quite happy if we carry on. ... I can honestly say that I've never become tired of the adventures." In this he speaks for delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Truth Is Stranger ...

Could you tell me something about Dennis Weaver? S. B. L., Sand Springs, Okla.

Former classmates of Dennis Weaver must have received the shock of their lives when he made his first appearance on CBS-TV's Gunsmoke. Dennis plays Chester, Marshal Matt Dillon's deputy, and thereby hangs a tale. ... Back in his high-school days in Joplin, Missouri, Dennis amazed people with his physical prowess. He set records in football, track and field which remain unbroken to this day. In the U. S. Navy, he set a new track and field record for speed and agility. At Oklahoma University, Dennis was listed among the Midwest's top athletes, led his squad to national decathlon championships, and placed sixth out of thirty-six entrants in New York tryouts for the 1948 Olympic Games. Somewhere between sports and studies, Dennis found time to develop a lively interest in dramatics. All of which caused fellow students to voice their open admiration by voting him "Oklahoma U.'s Most Versatile Man." ... Dennis made his Broadway debut in 1951, later toured, as Turk, the "body beautiful," with Shirley Booth in "Come Back, Little Sheba." When a summer-stock company needed someone to play earthy, violent Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire," Dennis was their man. During a session at New York's famed Actors' Studio, Shelley Winters saw Dennis and recommended him to Universal-International, who promptly signed him to a seven-year contract. There followed a series of riding-jumping-shooting-brawling Western roles. Fearful of being typed, Dennis took on different assignments in such films as "Dragnet" and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," and on such TV shows as Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars and Cavalcade Of America. Then came Gunsmoke, the "big break!"—and the part of Chester, who bobbles about permanently on a stiff leg. "It's quite a switch," laughs Dennis good-naturedly. "I have to spend most of my spare time in answering letters from fans who want to know when I'll be back in shape!" All of which heartily confirms viewers' opinions that Dennis is a first-rate actor. Wife Gerry and sons Rick, 8, and Rob, 4, knew it all along.

Wanted: Frank Parker

Could you give me some information about Frank Parker? J. C., Bronx, N. Y.

As Frank tours the night clubs, his newly-released Coral Album, "Requests From The Mailbag," reprises many top Parker favorites. Incidentally, Frank wants firmly laid to rest any talk about a "feud" with former boss Arthur Godfrey, who is a friend of twenty years' standing. Frank was eager to try his current singing-acting-dancing-comedy format, with the future thought of his own TV show. A letter to Frank will reach him c/o Vincent Andrews, 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. And don't worry if this column can't be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

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ALL SUMMER LONG!

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You’re married. You love your husband. He loves you—deeply. But you feel in his love for his mother an older, more powerful pull. Can you shake him free of his mother’s grasp without destroying your own marriage? What does a wife do when the other woman is her own mother-in-law? Learn to know The Second Mrs. Burton. Let her share her struggles with you. You’ll want to make a place for her in your life. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to **THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Love is a Song

By EUNICE FIELD

Love, says Mr. Sourpuss, is only a printer's error in the Book of Life. Life, says Miss Stars-in-Her-Eyes, is only a postscript to the Book of Love. But enchanting Patti Page — once Clara Ann Fowler and recently turned Mrs. Charles O'Curran — cries, "Bosh! Life and love go together like a lyric and a tune—and I hope that every day from now on will be another song in my Book of Happiness!"

Such is the wonder that romance and marriage has wrought for a girl who is one of the brightest stars in entertainment—but who admits that her devotion to her career was by way of turning her into "the loneliest little doggie in show business." It is no secret that, until she fell in love with Charlie, Patti refused far more dates than she accepted, and her "going out" was gradually being restricted to taxi rides between her hotel and the spot where she was currently being featured.

"I've always given everything I had to the show," she explained, "and, after a while, I got into the habit of drifting back to my hotel to read, listen to records or watch television. Imagine the blessing of being married to a man like Charlie! He not only loves spending time with people and having fun, but won't let me go into a shell."

This very notion of a "good-time Charlie" had dismayed Patti, at first — while Charlie had a mistaken idea of a too-prim Patti. Between them, these two wrong impressions almost withered a romance before it had actually begun to bud. Patti speaks of it now with reminiscent humor. She was to open at the fashionable Fontainebleau in Miami, and she wanted something new and exciting in staging. Charlie was suggested

See Next Page

A hymn of happiness, a ballad of marital bliss . . . for Patti Page and bridegroom Charles O'Curran
Getting the license in Las Vegas—with only three days for a honeymoon—it seemed like a whirlwind marriage. But Patti and Charlie had been dreaming ahead for months.

Patti was as lovely a bride as Charlie could ever have imagined. And they were attended by two of their closest friends—Ray Ryan (at left), Mrs. Edward Barrett (right).

by General Artists Corporation, their mutual booking agency. Patty, who admired his artful staging of acts, as well as the innovations he had brought to the styling of many song and dance numbers, was more than willing.

The hitch was Charlie. Three years before, he had turned her down on a similar offer, with a rather curt, “Too busy!” Now Patti made up her mind that he “would at least have to see what he was turning down.” The irresistible force got in touch with the immovable object—and, as a result, moved it as far as Boston. Charlie flew out and caught her show at Blin-stub’s. One week later, they were lunching together in New York.

“Sure, you’re a terrific talent,” Charlie said. “And, obviously, there’s a real beauty behind that high-necked wholesome thing you’re wearing. But, you see, I’m an informal sort of guy. I’m not above blowing my stack once in a while, and what comes out won’t be ‘Fudge!’ or ‘Fiddle-faddle!’ And

There’ll be more closet space—and room for “expansion”—in the home they plan to build in Palm Springs.

Charlie likes exotic, gourmet fare, but Patti admits her own home-cooking runs only to “plain, nourishing food.”

Her Yorkshire terrier, Window, was a gift from Charlie, is named after her record hit, "Doggie in the Window."
Wedding took place at the Las Vegas home of Wilbur Clark, owner of The Desert Inn—and the cake was just as towering as the Page-O’Curran hopes for the future.

you, Miss Page, are the type of girl—” Patti chuckled. “I can see, Mr. O’Curran, that you think you’re having lunch with Grandma Moses and Ma Kettle rolled into one.”

Charlie looked at her more carefully. “Look, Patti, I’m not against sweetness and wholesomeness. I’d hate to see you lose those qualities. But I think it’s time—and I have a hunch the public will agree—that the girl-next-door show signs of growing into the woman-next-door. Brotherly applause is great, but I can see you in a gown with a little imagination to it, getting a few whistles for yourself.”

It was Charlie’s turn to be bowled over. “That’s exactly how I can see myself,” Patti replied. “That’s why I’m asking you to stage my act, and I’m not taking no for an answer. As for whistles, Mr. O’Curran, most people will assure you that I have been getting my fair share.”

So at first it was strictly business. Then the magic of proximity began to work. And when the show opened—with Patti about fifteen pounds slimmer and in a gown that set off her lovely curves—Charlie rushed backstage to ask for a date. For Patti had got more than a share of whistles. And the loudest of the wolf calls had come from Charlie.

Patti accepted this first date rather timidly. “I (Continued on page 78)

The Patti Page Show is seen over Station WCBS-TV (New York City), Saturdays, at 6:15 P.M. EDT. For day, time and station in other areas, consult local newspapers.
HIGH TENSION ON 21

Two by two, contestants face each other for the golden chance to shake that lovely green stuff from Jack Barry's "money tree."

Suspense mounted as, week after week, Charles Van Doren probed his amazing memory to answer Jack Barry's queries. The first opponent he faced was college student Herbert Stempel (far right), who waged gallant but losing battle.

By ELIZABETH BALL

You are on your own. You have never been so alone in your life, though millions are watching every move you make, listening to every word you utter. In your soundproof studio on Twenty-One, you see only the bright lights above you, the shadowy void from which Jack Barry asks the all-important question. Over your earphones, you hear only Jack's clear, friendly voice—or music recordings which cover the remotest chance of overhearing anything else being said in the world outside. You wait for the next gambit in this fascinating, fabulously rewarding game. And you wonder: What will the category be? Can I answer? If I do, should I go the limit for eleven points on the next one—or choose an easier question for fewer points? Is my score higher or lower than that of my rival in the other booth? Should I call a halt, when I have the chance—trusting that my own score is closer to 21? The tension mounts . . . the pressure increases . . .

Could you take it, as Charles Van Doren took it, for fourteen separate nights, in the most eagerly watched

---

Twenty-One is seen on NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, at 9 P.M., sponsored by Pharmaceuticals, Inc., for Geritol and other products. Jack Barry is also emcee of Tic Tac Dough, as seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 12 noon, under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)
Long-run battle of the booths—between Vivienne Nearing, New York attorney, and Charles Van Doren, Columbia U. instructor.

Van Doren held his booth for fourteen weeks, three of them against Mrs. Nearing. Three times, they tied. The fourth—?

Winner—and next to face the high tension—Mrs. Nearing. She took a chance on 17 points, proved to be closest to 21.
RCA just gave him his first set! He's co-author of a book on the Civil War—"Lincoln's Commando." Tastes range from sports to music—he taught himself to play guitar.

High tension on 21

(Continued)

duel of wits in this TV-quiz era? Could you take it, as Vivienne Nearing did, competing against Van Doren for three of those sessions—then stepping into the central spotlight herself, to be challenged in turn? It could happen to you, as explained further on. But, first, let's see what happened to these two.

"It's been a tremendous strain," Van Doren admitted frankly, as he said farewell to the familiar soundproof booth. "I'll sure enjoy watching on television next week!"

Until last December, Charles—thirty-one, six-foot-two, brown-haired and athletic—was known only on the Columbia University campus, where he teaches English literature for $4,400 a year. Then, as he demonstrated

Bachelor Charles relaxed from Twenty-One tension with his parents, Mark and Dorothy Van Doren (above). Father is a Pulitzer Prize poet, mother an author and editor. Vivienne got coffee and encouragement from husband Victor, who's also an attorney—and previous contestant.
Board of strategy meets at "Barry & Enright": Glorianne Rader, questions expert; Al Friedman, producer of Twenty-One; Jack Barry; Dan Enright; and Bob Noah, executive producer.

Barry is very happy about the show's resounding success, but happiest of all in his home life with his family.

Twenty-One winnings of $129,000. Early-bird students wrote messages on his classroom blackboard, ranging from teaser questions to a waggish "I know a good but not too honest accountant!"

For Vivienne—thirty, blond-haired, attractive and already married—there were no proposals. But, from the moment she first faced Van Doren, she reported there were wonderful letters: "Warm and personal letters from women who urged me to keep (Continued on page 72)"

Wife is former Marcia Van Dyke, violinist, singer and actress. Their sons are Jeffrey, 3½, and Jonathan, 2½.
Actress: Youthful Murial in Cape Cod days—with Richard Aldrich (at left), Arthur Sircom, the late, great Gertrude Lawrence ("Mrs. A."), and Jules Glaenzer (back to camera).

Executive: At a thriving agency in Boston, Murial Williams Hart trained models, ran a busy office, and staged big fashion shows.

THE CHARMING

Lady Williams

By FRANCES KISH

Stunning, red-haired actress Murial Williams was chatting with us on a recent morning, in the living room of her Greenwich Village apartment. We were discussing some of the qualities that give a girl charm, glamour, style. Qualities which make her exciting and fascinating as a person, as a woman.

The apartment itself, in a century-old house once belonging to some squire of the mid-1800's, had many of the qualities we talked about: Charm, individuality, character of its own. Furnished in Early American, in keeping with its tradition and with Murial's New England background; with cupboards and open shelves of old china and books old and new; with wide fireplaces and comfortable chairs and couches; and window plants set against ruffly curtains. A feminine apartment, and an inviting one.

Afternoons, on CBS-TV, Murial is Lydia Canfield, (Continued on page 68)

Murial is Lydia in The Brighter Day, seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, Crisco.
Like Lydia Canfield, in The Brighter Day, Murial Williams believes in women's courage.
By FRANCES KISH

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For years Denise Lor has been saying, "I'll start my diet tomorrow." She knew that she was getting plump, but the millions of housewives who enjoy her songs and mimicry five mornings a week on The Garry Moore Show didn't seem to mind.

"The routine of not eating, to lose weight, never worked for me," Denise says sadly. "I used to starve myself for three days, but then I'd start eating again—with revenge in my heart and a hole in my insides!"

However, last February, Denise was faced with a contract to sing in one of New York's most elegant supper clubs, the Persian Room at the Plaza Hotel. She simply couldn't appear before the dazzling supper-club set looking "comfortably plump." In three weeks, she had to have a figure that was sleek and chic—the same problem other women will be facing when summer swimming starts, and they have to trim off winter weight to look their best in bathing suits.

For Denise, it was sink or sing: Sink with ten pounds' overweight, or sing with ten pounds less in three weeks.

Denise Lor is the featured feminine singer on The Garry Moore Show, as seen over CBS-TV on weekday mornings—Monday through Thursday from 10 to 10:30 A.M. EDT, and Friday from 10 to 11:30 A.M. EDT—under multiple sponsorship.
Weight Problem

First, get a singing assignment at the Plaza. Then take a look in the mirror. Denise did . . . and took 12 pounds off in a hurry.

Husband Jay Martin and older son Ronnie thought she was just about perfect. But Denise wanted to fit into those glamour gowns—and, in three weeks, she did it!

She took the weight off successfully (with a couple of pounds to spare)—and so can anyone else who faces her mirror and looks the fat squarely in the hips. Denise found that was the secret: Face up to the facts and eat sensibly, instead of compulsively.

In admitting that she had to slim down, Denise shows the same forthright quality that makes her songs so believable and appealing. Her candor adds a rare quality of depth to her singing characterizations, and also blesses her with an engaging charm offstage.

Continued
Diet she did! But Denise Lor also went into

On the bars: Beginning this exercise is relaxed and easy—but the pull up stretches the whole body from toes to fingertips.

Honesty is essential, with such a problem as losing weight—you can't cheat with calories. But a sense of humor helps, too. Denise has one which sparkles. She'd rather see the funny side of things than not. And, when it comes to reducing, she's the first to admit that it makes for an amusing—if doubly difficult—conflict for her, because of her consuming interest in cooking and eating. Denise has been able to do both, supremely well, from earliest childhood.

"I'm insulted," she grins, "if I buy a pie and it has a crust as good as mine. I love to bake pies. Not one at a time—at least four." And she has just the family to eat them, in their modest seven-room house at Greenwich, Connecticut. Her husband, vocalist Jay Martin, not only records for M-G-M but revels in Denise's cooking. Both their sons—Dennis, five, and Ronnie, nine—are good pie-eaters.

"The boys like apple pie," says Denise, "but I like lemon meringue, mince, or nice, rich fruit pies. A piece of pie always calls for a glass of milk, and the boys like ice cream on top of theirs. I was known to give in to that temptation, too. And, when Dennis was a baby, I used to eat half a pie when I got up to warm his bottle! I loved pie for breakfast, too."

The two boys vary greatly in their eating habits. Dennis likes gooey foods. He's a cookie-eater, dessert-eater, and slathers butter on his bread—none of which Denise approves now, because she knows it's not good for children to be overweight. Ronnie, on the other hand, is the steak-eater. "I think he can eat twelve pounds of steak at one sitting," Denise sighs. "Myself, I like kidney stew with wine. I order a flavorful veal scallopini in a restaurant, not steak or roast beef. Nobody but the dog—the boys' golden retriever—will share some of the things I cook. Beef heart, for example."

Denise's father died, when she was a child, so her mother worked to support them both. Expensive foods like steak and chicken were out of the question, but meats like kidney and liver were inexpensive, and fish was only ten cents a pound. "Sometimes," Denise recalls, "Mother would buy the whole head of a cow from the butcher. That was a bargain. We'd have delicious beef tongue, the delicately flavored brains sautéed, and a flavorful stew made from the cheeks. Few Americans ate that kind of food then. But, being French, Mother made everything tasty with mouth-watering sauces."

"My mother was a scrumptious cook. There was practically nothing she couldn't do in the kitchen, and she never consulted a cookbook. Her knack for preparing a dish, seasoning it—and never tasting it until it reached the table—was phenomenal. That's not true of me. I'm a taster. And you know what calories that means, with those rich sauces!"

Being poor, Denise was brought up not to waste food by leaving it on her plate. "I still don't believe in wasting food," she says, "but I try not to be the kind of mother..."
who thinks that eating a lot is good for children. When I was a child, I think I grew sideways as fast as I grew up."

Until she was sixteen, Denise was chubby. "I've never been skinny," she sighs. Asked if she believes that she inherited plumpness, she admits with characteristic candor and humor, "No, I don't think the other girls had appetites as receptive as mine."

At the time, she was convinced she was going to be seven feet tall. Whenever her class had to line up by size, she was at the end of the line. Even when she was only five, a snapshot taken on the way to France for a family visit shows her with other youngsters three or four years older, but Denise is the tallest—and the roundest.

Later, she recalls, "I used to put a weight on my head to keep from growing taller. Next to most of my girl friends, I knew I looked fat. That made me self-conscious on dates, and I was always afraid that someone would point at me and call me fat.

"The exercises I tried didn't help. Now I know there is just one safe way to reduce. In those days, I had bad eating habits and it was hard for me to change them. Unless I ate between meals, I'd feel as if I were starving. My mouth waters when I remember those big, fat sandwiches I loved. My 'Dagwoods' used to have fresh bread generously spread with golden butter, tender slices of tongue boiled to a perfection of pinkness, a layer of tangy cheese, and maybe some spicy, homemade paté!"

When Denise was graduated from high school, she enrolled in the Cooper Union Art School, paying expenses by working part-time as a waitress at one of the Schrafft's restaurants. One thing she remembers is being able to eat all the cheese bread she wanted. "Do you know the Schrafft cheese bread?" she asks. "It's delicious just toasted." Her eyes light up. "And you can spread it with butter." Her blue eyes sparkle with another seventy calories. "Wonderful with sliced tongue between two slices." And her blue eyes fairly explode with the thought of those delicious extra calories.

The Schrafft's at which Denise worked was opposite the Paramount Theater, and show-business executives who came there for lunch tipped very well. One man ordered an orange juice every morning and left a seven-five-cent tip. "I was just out of high school," Denise says, "and very bashful. The first time someone put down a tip for me, I left it because I was ashamed to pick it up. One of the girls pushed me back and said, 'Don't be stupid, honey. Pick it up. That's what it's there for.'"

Probably that's where Denise acquired her habit of tipping so generously today. She still doesn't know how to give a modest tip. On her opening night at the Plaza, as one bellboy after another kept delivering flowers to her room, she said, "I'll go broke if friends send me any more flowers!"

Once Denise had become a (Continued on page 86)
By JUDITH FIELD

According to all the rules, Haila Stoddard and Whitfield Connor shouldn’t make a happily married couple. Their temperaments are as different as night and day. Their family life is filled with complications. Their professional lives are filled with unusual demands. What’s more, they’re both actors—well-known to television viewers as Pauline Harris in The Secret Storm and Mark Holden in The Guiding Light. And actors are popularly supposed to be difficult people to live with—especially when married to each other!

So Haila and Whit should have been headed for problems when they got married in March of 1956. Instead, they headed for solutions and great happiness, and they know the reasons.

“We complement each other,” says Whit. “Haila loosens me up and I pull her back from a certain impulsiveness. (Continued on page 64)
Family life for T.J., Haila, Chris, Robin and Whit is compressed into the weekends. "Like a bouillon cube," says Haila, who spends most of her Sunday in the kitchen, "traveling" via recipes. The result is a Sunday lunch of exotic foods—and just plain good conversation as the grownups compare the week’s doings with T.J., Chris and Robin.

Sports, whatever the season, are a bond between Whit and T.J. and Chris. Currently, it's fishing. For Robin, the big interest is fashion, with lots of help coming from Haila.

Once headed for top stardom as a solo dancer, June now teaches others the art which she loves and knows so well. And—thanks to a "skinny young comic" who remembered—June Taylor Dancers bring visual delight to millions every week on The Jackie Gleason Show.

Out of heartbreak and disaster, June Taylor created a shining pattern of beauty and skill—and courage

By WILL F. JENKINS

Millions of viewers see the June Taylor Dancers on The Jackie Gleason Show every Saturday night over CBS-TV. They are the most-watched dancers in the world. But very few people know the dramatic personal story of which they are a part. They are very pretty girls. They are faultlessly trained. With beautiful precision, they form patterns of color and graceful motion which shift and break and form again. But they are only one chapter in the life of June Taylor, which is more dramatic than most on-stage dramas—by virtue (Continued on page 84)

When she needed him most, Sol Lerner was there. Today, he is June's devoted husband, and manager of her Dancers and schools.

The June Taylor Dancers are starred on The Jackie Gleason Show, as seen over CBS-TV, Saturdays, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, co-sponsored by P. Lorillard Company for Old Gold Cigarettes.
Guy Mitchell has something to sing about—because of a boy named Al Cernick, a girl named Else

By GLADYS HALL

Who is Al Cernick? Well, here are the clues: Al Cernick is a strongly built young man, five-foot-nine, one hundred and seventy pounds, legs slightly bowed from the saddle. His hair is a light tan. His eyes are gray-blue. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, on February 27, 1927.

When, at seventeen, Al was appearing on the KYA and KGO radio programs of cowboy singer Dude Martin, the Dude called him "the singingest person I ever did meet." Al would sing on his way to the job, Martin recalls, sing all night on the job, and then sing all the way home.

Al Cernick is still the singingest person you ever did meet. Singing is in his blood. His family is of European background: Croatians (Al's dad was born in Croatia) who, in the Old Country, were wine-makers accustomed to singing as they work. "They sing the old folk songs," Al says.

Continued
Guy Mitchell's success story was built on song—and lots of hard work in night clubs, TV, radio, movies. But nowadays, whenever there's time to relax, there's Else to keep him company, bring him breakfast in bed. "that were my lullabies. My dad'll sing just about what he's doing. 'The little Mama, help the little Mama with the dishes,' he'll warble as he starts washing away. At weddings we'd go to, you could hear my dad for miles, after the wine began to flow. For my folks, singing is their natural element. They always sing when they feel good. And, when they don't feel good, they sing to make themselves feel better.

"So do I. Sing in the saddle. (My first real love is cowboyn')" Sing as I walk along Broadway. Sing when my pockets are empty. Sing when they're full. Sing when my heart is empty. Sing when my heart is full. Full to overflowing, as it is now," says Al Cernick—best known today as singing star Guy Mitchell, who is the hottest thing in show business, since his recording of "Singing the Blues" hit the jackpot. "Now everything has jelled. I tell you! Domestic life. Business life. Spiritual life. Everything is just great. And I put my domestic happiness first."

Actually, as well as romantically, it was when love walked into his life—in the golden-haired person of young Danish-born Else Sorenson—that success, as well as happiness, turned from ebb tide to full tide for...
the guy who was renamed Mitchell.

"We met," Guy recalls, "up in Vancouver, where Else was working in a bank, and I in a night club. She came into the club with somebody one night—and I flipped! Yes, ma'am, on sight. You can say an inner quality is what attracts. And it's true that, without an inner quality, an attraction would be short-lived. But the physical appearance attracts first. Else is beautiful," says Else's bridgetroom of some eight months. "Real beauty, real girl. Natural blonde. Nothing padded out, nothing tied in."

These soon-to-be young lovers didn't meet that first night, however. There was, Guy explains, no one in the club to introduce them. So Else—unaware that she could have reached out and touched her destiny—just dined and danced with her current date. And Guy just sang. (It can well be imagined how he sang, with his heart doing nip-ups!)

In order to meet her—or even to make sure he was going to see her again—Guy says he had to do a lot of research. Find out where she lived, where she worked, find someone to introduce them. When he finally found the someone and the introduction (Continued on page 69)

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There's another portable which is most important to Else. Her sewing machine—she makes not only her own clothes but Guy's shirts. He's good at handiwork, too, a real pro at hand-tooling leather belts and saddles.

This, says Guy, is "the way married life should be." Whenever there's time, they get on their boots and go riding. "She likes anything I like," he says happily. It's the crowning touch for a singing saga of success.
Last summer, Melba and Gil Shawn honeymooned at Long Island cottage.

Today, they plan a larger home—to house "two sets of everything."

The two have many treasures. Most cherished are Gil's own paintings.

Melba Rae discovered the answer to her own "search for tomorrow" was living just a block away!

By MARTIN COHEN

Sometimes, romance is so near that you could reach right out and touch it—if you only knew it was there. At least, that's how it was with Melba Rae and her husband, Gil Shawn. Looking at them now, it's easy to see why they belong together. But it took time for them to find that out for themselves.

Melba, who's Marge Bergman in Search For Tomorrow on CBS-TV, is charming and fair, with bright auburn hair and exotic blue eyes. Gil, (Continued on page 76)

Melba is Marge in Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.

Both have traveled in the East and like Oriental customs. They find Japanese "Happi" coats comfortable to wear.

Doing portrait of Melba, Gil had trouble "catching" her mouth. "Maybe," she laughs, "because we talked so much!"
Ernie, wife Betty, sons Brion and Buck, and grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Long, sit in the living room which Ralph Edwards (above and lower right) had transplanted from Tennessee for This Is Your Life. In rear row, childhood sweetheart Mary Bray Smiley, father Clarence and mother Maude Ford, Sunday School teacher Nan McQuillan, TV boss Cliffie Stone, Peter Ausden (Ernie’s top fan from England), and Charles Dermott (his former buddy at Carlsbad Army Air Field, New Mexico).

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Main Street in Tennessee Ernie Ford’s home town has its own marquee. Over the street there’s a big archway that proclaims: “Bristol Va-Tenn . . . A Good Place to Live.” The state line dividing Tennessee and Virginia runs right down the middle of Main Street, and at night the sign blazes with lights, proudly proclaiming its message to both sides.

One night, not long ago, Bristol had more reason than ever to tell the world that here was a good place to live. That night, you could have fired a Confederate cannon down the middle of the street and not hit a citizen in either state.

On both sides of the line, phones were ringing. The word
By 1950, Ernie was finding his niche, out in California, joining the broadcast shenanigans with Herman the Hermit, Cliffie Stone (center), Merle Travis and Eddie Kirk (right).

Today—the big Ford shows, as seen over NBC-TV, bring Tennessee’s Ernie to the nation, for all America to claim.

Nothing sleepy about Ernie in 1951, despite siesta pose with Kirk in Cliffie Stone’s Hometown Jamboree on KTLA. Ernie had “discovered” TV—and vice versa.

TENNESSEE’S ERNIE

(Continued)

was spreading. And television dials were turning . . . to Ralph Edwards—and to Clarence Ford’s boy, Ernest—out in California.

Clarence Ford had worked for the post office, Tennessee-side, thirty-four years. And many of those watching had known Ernest Ford long before he started picking peas in Hollywood. Since he was knee-high to either a Virginia or a Tennessee grasshopper, you might say. And tonight—this was Ernest Ford’s life!

There on the TV screens, on Ralph Edwards’ This Is Your Life, Ernie’s first Sunday School teacher, his first girl, his folks—Clarence and Maude Ford—were (Continued on page 80)

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 the Ford Dealers of America. The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 2:30 to 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Success has meant his own private pool, where he can teach Buck and Brion to swim—as well as the cozy home he and Betty always dreamed about. He’s finally got his farm, too, in northern California, likes to help build it up himself—but "success" also means Ernie doesn’t have much time to be there!
Teenager Tommy "rocks" his contemporaries, and some of the older folks, too. He was born in the city, but his heart's always belonged to the country and its music. On Ernie Ford's night-time show, he found a kindred soul.

"Lonely," says Tommy Sands. And the girl he's looking for, "all the time," sounds very like the girl-back-home that Jane McArthur played opposite him when he had the title role in Kraft Theater's "The Singin' Idol."

By GREGORY MERWIN

Meet Tommy Sands: Weight, 150; height, 5 feet 10 inches; hair and eyes, black; birthplace, Chicago, Illinois, August 27, 1937; profession, singer and actor; favorite sport, boxing; hobby, song-writing; romantic interests, none; condition, lonely.

"I don't make friends fast and I guess it's because I'm bashful. People sometimes think I'm stuck up but I'm really bashful. I'll go out with a girl and she'll think I don't care about her (Continued on page 62)

Tommy Sands is a frequent guest on the Ernie Ford shows (see preceding story).
Off to a fast start, at eight, as a singer on radio. Now—at 19—zooming like a rocket! . . . Here's how it all happened
Now convinced her marriage has always been a failure, Claire Lowell shocks her friends, Chris and Nancy Hughes, with her decision to make a final break with her husband. Divorce would be quite a blow to Jim's father, Judge Lowell, who's convalescing from a recent serious illness.

Two teenagers grope toward an uncertain future complicated by the emotional problems of those grown-ups closest to them.

Teens are a time of budding hope—and sudden dread. Of emotional turmoil, as teenagers face problems peculiarly their own, as well as problems of adults around them, in a world far more complicated than they'd ever dreamed.

For Penny Hughes and Ellen Lowell, growing up is proving particularly painful. Shocked and resentful, they ask themselves: If our parents expect us to be responsible individuals, why don't they treat us as responsible individuals? Why have they lied to us, kept from us the very knowledge we need most, to be effective members of the family?

Why, Ellen wonders, didn't Mother tell me that Edith Hughes was "the other woman" threatening our happiness? Why, Penny wonders, didn't Aunt Edie tell me she was in love with Ellen's father? Penny had always thought her aunt was perfection personified, Ellen had been devoted to her dad. Now, both have turned against their idols. And both feel rejected by their parents.

Ever since her sister Susan died, three years ago, Penny has been heartsick with the belief that her mother doesn't love
her as she loved Susan. To her, the fact that Nancy and Chris Hughes didn't take her into their confidence about Aunt Edie only proves how little they honestly consider Penny as a person. Ellen is equally sure that, if Jim and Claire Lowell really loved her, they couldn't even contemplate breaking up their home, no matter what has happened.

It doesn't, of course, occur to either bewildered teenager that she's falling into the same error of which she accuses her elders—that she isn't considering them as individuals who must make their own decisions. How could Ellen realize that her mother no longer even thinks of Edith but is convinced her marriage was doomed from the start because she and Jim were never really in love? How could Penny plumb the deep hurt which is driving Edith to leave Oakdale and seek a new life in California?

Drawn together by their mutual loneliness, Penny and Ellen are determined to seek solutions for their own lives without making the same mistakes older people have made. But in quite different ways. For Penny, the answer seems to lie in an early marriage, so that she'll never, never be a trouble-making "old maid" like Aunt Edie. For Ellen, marriage seems out of the question for ever and ever, now that she's seen what can happen in a home she'd always believed so secure.

Like Claire and Edith of the older generation, Ellen and Penny are quite sure their minds are made up. But the future, as always, holds its own surprises for everyone, and nothing is ever so certain as it seems. What will this very summer bring, to change the lives of all the Hugheses and Lowells, as the world turns?

See Next Page
And here's the story behind the story—the people behind those wonderful characters!

Donald MacLaughlin (Chris Hughes) has a wonderful family in private life, too. For their sake, he commutes to and from a quiet, steepled town in Vermont, where wife Mary keeps busy with an antique shop, now that their children are growing up. Daughter Janet is away at boarding school, older son Douglas has been studying at Amherst, and only younger son Briton—on the brink of teen-age—is at home all week. But what weekends the family has together! Down in New York, Don is one of broadcasting's busiest performers, not only on TV's As The World Turns, but as star of radio's The Road Of Life and Counterspy. Born a doctor's son, in Webster, Iowa, he attended colleges from his home state to Arizona, worked on everything from miniature-golf courses to the decks of a Singapore-bound freighter, before finding his niche as an actor.

Edith's (and Chris's) father doubts the wisdom of her decision to leave Oakdale. Will she solve anything, "Pa" Hughes asks, just by running away?
Brother before show business beckoned. . . . Ruth Warrick (Chris's sister Edith) is one beauty queen who has definitely proved outstanding dramatic ability. Born in St. Joseph, Missouri, she later moved with her family to Kansas City, where she was chosen "Miss Jubileesta." Part of her prize was a trip to New York, where she subsequently had a modest success on stage and radio. It was Orson Welles who gave her her first big break, in his pioneer movie, "Citizen Kane." Ruth made many pictures in Hollywood, but has been happiest in New York TV. At home, she's Mrs. Bob McNamara and part of a real "McNamara's Band"—with teen-aged daughter Karen and son Jon on clarinet and trombone, and baby Timothy taking a whack at the drums . . . Les Damon (Jim Lowell) has one of the most distinguished names in radio, is becoming equally popular in TV. A native of Providence, Rhode Island, he attended Brown University, got his professional start with the Albee Stock Company. Before tackling Broadway, he had a season with the famed Old Vic Theater in London. Perhaps best known in radio as Nick Charles in the long-run Thin Man adventures, he's also had key roles in such daytime dramas as This Is Nora Drake. His wife, Ginger Jones, was equally well known in broadcasting circles before retiring to their charming hilltop home in New Jersey to care for Lisa Judith, born just last fall . . . Anne Burr (Jim’s wife, Claire) is a proper Bostonian who was educated in England, Connecticut, and Virginia. At Sweet Briar College, in the latter state, she thought of devoting herself to a medical career—but the lure of the footlights was too strong. She has had a brilliant career on Broadway, with such notables as Orson Welles and Katharine Cornell, and some very popular roles on radio—notably, Big Sister. Married to TV executive Tom McDermott, she spends her spare time recording "talking books" for the blind, working needlepoint on set, gardening, taking pictures—and "inventing edible low-calorie recipes." . . . Wendy Drew (daughter Ellen Lowell) has had the distinction of playing Young Widder Brown on radio before facing TV cameras as the teenager she actually looks! But there's never been any doubt about the versatility of Wendy, who was born in Brooklyn, taken to Texas at four, and schooled in Florida. That's where she started acting, a study which she continued at Pasadena Playhouse in California when her family made still another move. Busy in TV, radio and summer stock, Wendy lives in a Manhattan apartment with her sister, Allega Kent—a soloist with the New York City Ballet—and lists her hobbies as "sea, sun, sailing, reading." . . . William Johnstone (Jim’s father, Judge Lowell) can boast a career which is a living history of modern show business. His stage successes began in 1925, with the Theater Guild’s "Caesar and Cleopatra." Radio roles date from 1931—The March Of Time, Cavalcade Of America, The Shadow—"you name it and I've played it!" Movies claimed him in 1942 and, after a wartime stint in the Army, TV welcomed him to its ranks in 1946, via the Bob Hope shows and Dragnet. Now back in New York, he's been busy on the top television playhouses, as well as being heard on radio's Pepper Young's Family. . . . Mark Rydell (Jeff Baker) is an accomplished pianist, conductor and arranger now perfecting his talents at the Juilliard, after studying in Chicago and playing with orchestras both East and Midwest. Meanwhile, of course, he's studied acting and has strong aspirations toward being a director. Mark lives in New York, reads "everything"—with special emphasis on the works of Thomas Wolfe of which he does adaptations.

As The World Turns is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow, Oxydol, Camay, and Comet.
THE ROOTS WE NEED

By DIANE ISOLA

As the petite young brunette hurriedly entered the Manhattan apartment house, one afternoon, she was stopped abruptly by a middle-aged woman who said accusingly, “You’re Leila Martin, the Diane Emerson of Valiant Lady! Well, I want to tell you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, the way you’re treating your mother! Now, because of you, she probably won’t marry the governor. Do you think that’s nice?” she finished with a glare.

Leila turned to the woman with understanding. “I know how you feel,” she sympathized. “Diane sure is causing a lot of trouble to everyone—and

In her own marriage and motherhood, Leila Martin finds the answer
Diane Emerson seeks in Valiant Lady
mostly to herself. But don’t you see, Diane is not doing all this intentionally. She means well. It’s simply that she has a knack for getting into wrong situations, and doesn’t know how to handle them. She’s just immature.”

The older woman’s sense of outrage turned to embarrassment. Abruptly, she realized that she was talking to Leila Martin, rather than Diane Emerson. This young lady’s face and voice were filled with a quiet warmth and tranquility. She was not, in her own life, the neurotic star-crossed daughter of Helen Emerson.

“Please forgive me,” she apologized. “I didn’t mean (Continued on page 66)
In her own marriage and motherhood, Leila Martin finds the answer
Diane Emerson seeks in Valiant Lady

Off to a happy day, little Juliet and Leila have breakfast together.
With nurse Nalo Earley, Juliet sees mom on TV. But tragedy is "censored."

In her own marriage and motherhood, Leila Martin finds the answer
Diane Emerson seeks in Valiant Lady

Mostly to herself. But don't you see, Diane is not doing all this intention-
ally. She means well. It's simply that she has a knack for getting into wrong
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and tranquility. She was not, in her own life, the neurotic star-crossed
daughter of Helen Emerson.

"Please forgive me," she apologized. "I didn't mean (Continued on page 66)"
EVERYONE has a right to a share of happiness, affirms the title of the CBS Radio program, The Right To Happiness, and most of us will agree. Peter Fernandez, who is teenager Skip Nelson on the dramatic series, certainly does.

Peter—who is twenty-eight, not so tall, but quite good-looking, with dark hair and eyes, a quizzical smile, inquisitive mind and quick wit (a happy mingling of his Cuban-Irish-French ancestry)—is happily married. To Marian Russell, the girl he met when she played the Princess and he the Prince in a filmed TV series of fairy tales. After a romantic storybook elopement. Living happily ever after, the "ever after" now running into its seventh year and stretching out into infinity, they're sure.

He's happy in his work, too. As Skip, the boy on radio, Peter is an average teenager with average teenage problems—except when grown-ups involve him in theirs.

"Like most kids, Skip sometimes becomes a sounding-board for adult problems," Peter explains. "I am often the sounding-board for my mother, Carolyn Nelson. She is played by Claudia Morgan, who is just the greatest! Like (Continued on page 74)"
One day, he put the ring on her finger. Next day, they eloped. The love story of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fernandez . . . who have proved their Right To Happiness

Peter has a special flair for writing and has sold a number of adventure stories. Marian's a talented artist and composes music, too. Both—believe-it-or-not—are good "business men"!

Tanks of fish vie with Marpie and Winky for Peter's and Marian's attention. Someday, they expect to own a house in the country with plenty of space, not just for their pets, but for the children they hope to have. "A girl, and a boy, in that order," Marian specifies.

Peter Fernandez is Skip Nelson in The Right To Happiness, CBS Radio, M-F, at 2 P.M. EDT. Marian Russell is Shari Bonine in The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT. (Both under multiple sponsorship)
PATSY O'SHEA:
Her Career

Pretty little Patsy O'Shea toddled off to dancing school—as most little girls do. That's where the similarity ends. One day, Patsy's mother was told Warner Bros. was looking for someone just like Patsy for a short to be made in New York. Lucille O'Shea laughed. Her husband was in banking, and no one in either family had ever been in show business. Still, she took Patsy to the audition, "just for laughs"—and Patsy was signed to a contract and a career. But Patsy was no "stage brat," and Lucille was no "stage mother." Though she still accompanies Patsy as her personal business manager, she stays in the background, has kept Patsy dependable, punctual, and as natural as her red hair. Now grown to five-foot-one, Patsy's saving for Daddy's dream: A house in the country. To her, show business is glamorous, but a business. And she is really "in business," with appearances on radio and TV daytime and night-time shows; the part of Louise on By The People over Mutual, the role of Agnes on Our Gal Sunday over CBS—and an offstage whisper of romance.

Patsy's often heard over ABC Radio, on My True Story, 10 A.M. — When A Girl Marries, 10:30 A.M. — Whispering Streets, 10:45 A.M. (All EDT, M-F)

Next to each menu and matchbook in the memory book Patsy's kept of all her dates is a comment—what she ate or thought, what he said.

Debut was in a Warner Bros. short. "I never played a shy girl," says Patsy, "because I never was one."

Her telecast as Little Miss RCA at the World's Fair, with Kukla and Ollie, was a "first."

At the Stage Door Canteen, Patsy served coffee, wished she were of age to drink it. "Now I still drink milk," she laughs.
Quick to memorize, Patsy studies scripts at home in her favorite costume—jeans and a man-tailored shirt.

Mom gets dinner as Patsy gets on phone—for hours. "We have chairs," she grins, "but the carpet's soft."

It was "the awkward age" for most girls, but not Patsy. She was on Broadway with Judith Evelyn, Victor Jory, Lyle Sunshine, Paul Porter, Jr. in "Bill Comes Back."

By staying on the honor roll, Patsy got time-off from school for such programs as Listening Post. Above, Paul Luther, Ethel Owen, Rene Terry, Betty Betz, Ben Cooper, Patsy, Edwin Bruce.

It's a level red-head that topped pretty Patsy O'Shea as she trouped her way from moppet to miss.

Patsy plays with Donald Buka and Larry Robinson on When A Girl Marries. Versatile, her voice ranges from babies on up!
Beauty "secrets" for Dorothy Collins—light make-up, a fresh, clean look, and (below) a taste for delicate, flowery perfumes.

Below, breakfast in front of the bedroom fireplace, as beautifully groomed for husband Raymond Scott as for TV cameras.

Dorothy Collins makes the most of her special type of beauty

By HARRIET SEGMAN

The sweet, smiling radio-TV star who has been singing her way into American hearts since 1950 looks fragile and innocent as a lace-paper doily. Yet, when it comes to the ways and wiles of being a woman, Dorothy Collins has mastered the secret of feminine beauty. Her dimples show as she sums it up with the words, “Be yourself.” Dorothy's own “self” is a gentle, natural, flower-garden personality. She emphasizes this with bath salts and perfume in light, delicate scents. “I like to smell fresh and clean,” she says, “not mysterious and heavy.” Her favorite is one of the world's most famous rose perfumes.

She keeps her blond hair fair with shampoos twice a week, wears pale pink lipstick by day and red-blue (but not purple) under evening lights. Pink and white are tops in her wardrobe, with small-scale jewelry of gold and seed pearls. She avoids a too-sweet look by selecting simple, tailored outfits, such as the dress-and-coat and blouse-and-skirt costumes of designer Vera Maxwell. She owns one black dress for formal occasions. Her pastel tastes are evident in her pale blue bedroom and bath, with carnation-splattered towels. Dorothy and her husband, Raymond Scott, are co-workers on Your Hit Parade on NBC-TV. True woman that she is, she has kept her husband's masculine tastes predominant in the rest of their home, with country tones of oak, gold and forest-green. Her regal-as-a-princess posture she credits to her grandmother, who had her marching around, book-on-head, at age seven. Grandma, too, knew a thing or two about grace and granddaughter Dorothy.
The greatest O'Day is coming up, says Al "Jazzbo" Collins, this month's deejay columnist

By AL COLLINS

It was in 1940, or maybe '41, that I first heard Anita O'Day sing. I was doing a late night show at Station WIND in Chicago, and it was the first time that I used the nickname "Jazzbo." I played this Gene Krupa record and when I heard the vocal chorus by Anita, well, I thought somebody was kidding with the voice—it was that different. It had a husky, sandy, breathy quality that I'd never heard before—and have heard imitated many times since, but not really successfully. Throughout the years, I've programmed Anita thousands of times... and I always get a boot out of her style. It seems like it's taken a long time for her to get the recognition she deserves, but her latest two albums for Verve—"Anita O'Day" and "Pick Yourself Up"—and her personal appearances in Hollywood, Las Vegas and Chicago, look like a little blood is going to be drawn—and maybe not just a little, because I understand Anita's life story is going to be filmed.

If you look up the word "uninhibited," you'll have an understatement of Anita's attitude toward singing. She doesn't listen to other singers because she wants no influence on her style by anyone else than Anita O'Day. They're always talking about throwing away the mold after making one of a kind... I don't even think Anita had a mold to start with. Try to find some of the old Gene Krupa records that Anita cut with Roy Eldridge ("Let Me Off Up-town") and a couple that she did with Stan Kenton ("And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine" and "Tampico") and you'll see what I'm talking about.

In all the years I've been playing records labeled Anita O'Day, I have actually only heard her sing, in person, in the flesh, right there, twice. Once was in Salt Lake City, when she played a club that had only been open two weeks and closed two weeks after she left. But the night she sang there, the club felt like it had been in business for ten years and people came in from very remote sections to hear the voice that was, until that night, a myth.

Several hundred Anita O'Day records later, I found myself in New York. The year was 1956 and I was doing a series of live musical shows over NBC for the United States Air Force Reserve. We had some of the greatest guest vocalists and one night we had the greatest. One night we had Anita O'Day. She was singing at Basin Street and we were into our show ten minutes when Anita arrived... and you might think that I am 'putting you on'—I mean, "pulling your leg," or if you're a little bit older, "joshing"—when I tell you she was electricity! I don't mean she shocked anybody, but when she stood in front of that microphone and sang "You're the Top," it gave off sparks.

If you like music, are a musician, collect records, or in the main know "what's shakin'," then all this has been a waste of time to you. But if the name Anita O'Day is something you've seen and not heard, then, my friend, I have got a small bulletin for you. "Watch Out!" In closing I'd like to say this: Quote: If you don't like Anita O'Day, please be advised that there is nothing wrong with her. Unquote.

LIGHTLY IN THE GROOVE:

Dick Clark announces that Philadelphia teens on his WFIL-TV Bandstand have created a half Calypso, half Cha-Cha dance called Cha-lypso... Tab Hunter, fretting over Warner Bros.' delayed okay on the release of his "99 Ways," sympathized with deejay Alx Blake of WABY in Albany, who penned two recitations—"A Teen-Age Boy" and "A Teen-Age Girl." Alx worried that the kids he wrote about would be grown-up and wed by the time the records finally came out. The happy ending: Alx's well that sells well... Vick Key of Key Records told Bill Cullen of New York's WRCA that his artist, Mary Chaudet ("I Call Him Daddy"), also does a great magic act with husband Bill. Her most fabulous trick: Turning vinylite, the stuff records are made of, into money!... WMID's Alan Owen has one of the most sought-after deejay jobs. Come summer in Atlantic City and he does his show from the beach, surrounded by lovely mermaids.

Jerry Warren

About the time I first used the nickname "Jazzbo," I first heard Anita O'Day. You might say I've become addicted to her ever since.
WHERE there's a woman like Donna Douglas, there's a way. Take the time Donna faced the television cameras in the company of a well-known Italian chef who spoke not a word of English. For a moment, Donna was startled, then she remembered her guiding philosophy: "Be yourself, worry more about what you say than how you say it." Donna turned to the chef and carried on an intelligent "conversation" in sign language.

... Talking without words is not the only contradiction about this charming and capable blonde. She also manages to be stimulating and relaxing at one and the same time on The Donna Douglas Show, seen weekdays on WTOP-TV at 1:10 P.M. and heard weekdays on WTOP at 11:30 A.M. Dedicated to women, the programs feature interviews with outstanding and qualified guests on anything from pre-marital counseling to politics. Donna is a crusader, too. One pet campaign is to get her listeners and viewers to refuse to accept inferior merchandise. If there's a crooked seam or a missing button, Donna urges that the item be returned to the store. The complaint is forwarded from the stores to the manufacturers, who are actually grateful. They agree with Donna that this is the only way to keep housewives from being "stuck." ... The only thing usual about Donna's shows is their unfailing interest, and Donna's varied life prepares her well for this. Born in Paris, Ontario, Canada, she went to school in Pontiac, Michigan, when her family moved to the States. At thirteen, Donna was a protege of dancer Vivian Fay and also a student at the Denishawn School of the Dance. From dance, Donna turned domestic and majored in Home Economics and Literature at Purdue University. She was a successful model when she competed with thirty girls experienced in radio and television and won a job as Mark Evans' assistant on WTOP-TV, in 1952. It wasn't long before she had a show of her own. A Washington resident since 1944, Donna feels fortunate in a broadcasting schedule that allows her to combine career and homemaking for her daughters, Rhea Ann, 11, and Ellen Laurie, 7, are off to school before Donna leaves for the studio, and she's back in time to welcome them home. Active in the PTA, she just took up golf. "You can learn a great deal from the game," she says, "principally control and concentration." Charm, as Washington knows, is something Donna Douglas learned early—and learned very well.
MORE THAN A VOICE

WNEW’s Lonny Starr tries to be part of the community, too

O NE OF THOSE stereotypes-come-true, Lonny Starr is that rotund, happy man, with nary a complex. As to “cares,” Lonny has ’em only in the positive sense—never negative. Lonny cares about music, and he’s been called “the most knowledgeable deejay in town.” He has an ear for a hit, has predicted many and “made” others on his two programs over New York’s Station WNEW: Music Hall, heard Monday through Sunday from 2 to 4 P.M., and Starr, Sinatra And Strings, heard Sunday from 10 to noon. Lonny cares about people, too. “I try to become part of the community,” he says, “not just a voice on the air.” A past president of the Valley Stream Rotary, Lonny is on a constant round of speeches and fund-raising for various charity drives. . . . A booming, one-man corporation for playing good music and doing good deeds, Lonny hails from Wilmington, Delaware, the state that boasts more corporations than any other. The son of a ship’s captain, he was fascinated by speech rather than the sea. He admired the diction of people who spoke at his classes or in church, and he first began emulating them for the public at Station WDEL in Wilmington—twenty-six years ago, while still a student at the University of Delaware. Except for a minor excursion into the business world and attendance at the Wharton School, he’s been on radio ever since.

“1 go back to the days of Mert And Marge and Amos ‘n’ Andy,” Lonny laughs. “Those were the days when we used to sign off the air to go out to lunch, or close the station early if we had a date.” When Lonny finally came to New York and WNEW, he came with a round-trip ticket. For years, he carried the return ticket with him, “just in case.” He cashed it in only when it was about to expire. . . . Long-time Starr listeners remember Lonny’s running gag on sunny days. “Well, Edna,” he’d address his wife, “get out the lawn mower.”

Edna marks her husband’s success first by the power lawn mower he bought for her, and now by the gardener they hire for their Valley Stream lawn. The lawn surrounds a comfortable, large home. The Starrs have a son Donald, 10½, and a daughter Janet, 8½. Don is a rock ‘n’ roll booster. Janet takes piano lessons—and takes them seriously. Both are Starr listeners. “And if I make a mistake on the air and they hear it,” says Lonny, “they’ll remind me of it.” Edna, first met on a blind date, was a practical nurse. “And she can cook!” Lonny grins. “I’m a walking example of that.” But, as anyone with either a good cause or a good record to promote knows, Lonnie Starr is frequently a good example for everyone.
Find a hobby, said his doctor. Instead, Don found a whole new way of life back at WSTC.

Don Russell jumps off a big city merry-go-round to make a full circle home to WSTC in Stamford

If success is a merry-go-round, Don Russell has caught the brass ring twice. On the first time around, Don was on-camera practically around the clock as chief announcer and newscaster for the Du Mont TV station in New York. But the brass ring was really brass. Don's family faded in the blur of his busy schedule and, with on-the-job disagreements and friction over how to present the news, Don found himself in a state of extreme nervous tension. Stop! his doctor told him, and Don, on the point of collapse, did. He kept his job as a "communicator" on NBC's weekend Monitor, then found the weekday "hobby" his doctor recommended. He built a broadcasting studio in his Stamford home and went back to work for WSTC, the station with which he started his career in 1941. And this time around, the ring has the glint of pure gold. . . . Don Russell Time, heard each weekday from 11 to noon, has become one of the highest-rated, most talked-about programs on the Atlantic seaboard. With no particular format, Don plays records, sings for the first time, covers local news, does interviews and speaks his mind on any and all subjects. Anyone from the Mayor or the Governor to Jackie Gleason to Don's youngest son is likely to wander in for a talk. Even during broadcast time, the studio is open territory for wife Virginia and for Donna, 12, Peggy, 11, and Patrick, 9. "I thoroughly refuse to do a program," says Don, "if it's going to disrupt my family life." The program is so flexible that, every now and then, listeners will hear Don announce, "Well, such-and-such a sponsor, we didn't get to your commercial today, but we'll get it in tomorrow." . . . "A year ago, I was catching the 7:55 into New York, coming home on the 11:35 at night," says Don. "I was so nervous and tense I used to sit around taking my pulse." Now, he's barely aware of clocks, has time to meet friends for leisurely lunches, collect records, read books, and even start a new hobby of flying. Don's the youngest man ever to be voted a member of the State Street Debating Society, Limited, a group of sixty prominent citizens who conduct debates. "I grew up in Stamford," he says, "and I never knew such things existed." Don's active in other clubs and organizations and is keenly civic-minded. "I'm bringing my kids up in this town," says Don, "and anything I can do to help the town helps them."

Now there's time to share books with Pat and Peggy or gather Donna and Peg at the organ.

Many fathers get on a treadmill on behalf of their family. Don got off one for his wife Virginia, Pat, Donna and Peggy.
is Tommy Sands the new Elvis?

Now—for the first time—the complete Tommy Sands story.

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NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS—35c
(Continued from page 44) because I can't express myself." So speaks handsome teenager Tommy Sands, the most promising male discovery of the year. In the past few months, Tommy has been turned on as a feature singer on the NBC-TV "You Are There" and joined the roster of Capitol's recording artists. He received star billing on Kraft Theater's "The Singin' Idol," and is under option there until he graduates from high school. Tommy has been courted by Wintergreen Records and has been contracted by 20th-Century-Fox to make his first film. He is suddenly burning star-bright. "I don't know what it's like, being a star. Right now being what I am, and having a few dollars in the bank, I just realize that all my mornings and evenings are just what's important. I'm the one that's important to you, and the one that you like the most."

Most afternoons I go walking by myself. Maybe I'll stop off and see a movie or go into a record store. Maybe I'll sit at home and read. I'm not afraid of being alone, and I'm not afraid of the people. It's not that I wouldn't like to be going to a dance. When I do go, I'd like to dance every dance and close the place. I'd like to go on to a drive-in hamburger place with my date and get something to eat and sit and talk. I like that. It's just that I haven't found the right girl to do these things with, and I've been looking for her a long time."

Tommy then recalls his first big love. "At eight, my heavy crush was Eliz-abeth Taylor. I was in love with her until I was twelve. No one at that time loved her more. We were the only boys in our school, and all my friends in Shreveport knew about it. When she got married the first time, one of the little girls in school said, 'You know that girl you love married Nicky Hilton?' I said, 'I know, but I don't see how this can mean to be is meant to be.' I thought that when I did get to Hollywood, Elizabeth Taylor would just look at me and know from my eyes that she was right for me."

Tommy hasn't yet come face to face with Liz Taylor, but he arrived in Holly-wood about a year ago. He was eighteen, then, with ten years' professional experience behind him. He began to work when he was in third grade.

"My kids aren't going into show business until they are out of high school," says Tommy. "It's no life for a kid. Not that I don't love the thrill of being a star, but it meant to be is meant to be."

"I'm young, and not yet at the age when I can do things like spend the five on lessons and music books and records and records and records and records."

Tommy's parents are divorced, but Tommy got used to being separated from his father. He can only remember being apart from him eight months. "I've never had a child who had the love and understanding of my parents."

At the time, he was ill and confined to bed, with a radio for companionship. He woke at 5:30 A.M., with the rest of the household, and tuned in Shreveport's KWKH and its morning star, Harme Smith. Then he read Thompson and played guitar. Years later he was to become a good friend of mine. But even then he represented a warmth and friendship to me just from hearing him on the radio. And he's still one of my best friends."

Tommy's love for music began in college. Listening to him play guitar made me want to do the same. I begged mother for a guitar for Christmas and she got me one. It was a cheap instrument, but I got it and I really wanted to play it. I couldn't have played it better than my mother that she decided I could have a good guitar. Well, we priced a good one. It was about $60 and we couldn't afford it. We had to buy it on time. Every Saturday morning I'd go into the music store and make my payment and they'd take the guitar off the shelf and let me play it awhile.

Tommy smiles and goes on, "It took about four months to pay for the guitar and by that time I was playing pretty good. I made the final payment and I was carrying the new guitar in a new case for the first time. On the way home I passed a little girl in a music store, and I was saying "hello" and talking and played and sang for the station manager. He gave me a program of my own, once a week singing Western music and playing the guitar, and I used to spend five on lessons and music books and records and records and records and records and records."

Tommy's parents thought his interest in the guitar was a temporary fling. They weren't keen on his being a musician or entertainer. When they found that they couldn't discourage him, they tried coaxing him into taking piano instead of guitar lessons. Tommy didn't like piano. Even in Chicago he spent hours playing Western music. "When I was nine I wanted a cowboy outfit in the worst way. I'm only in one of the bands. I got $50 a week and the heart was made up. Well, for Christmas I got cowboy togs—a tan hat, green shirt and brown pants. I wore them everywhere and carried along my guitar. I remember a time when I was on the train coming home. I explained, 'We don't dress that way in Chicago, Tommy,' but it made no difference to me.

"Tommy's parents are divorced, but Tommy got used to being separated from his father. He can only remember being apart from him eight months. "I've never had a child who had the love and understanding of my parents."

Tommy's mother, Bennie Sands, is a well-known pianist in Chicago. In the past he has played with Ted Lewis, Art Kassel and other name bands. Tommy's mother, a slender and fair woman, sang with name bands under her maiden name of Grand Lou Dickson. She had retired from the business when Tommy was born.

"From the time I was very young, mother and I were practically commuting between Chicago and New York. My mother is from Shreveport and my uncle and aunt had a fine, big farm there. They had raised her mother and she was very poor, and she was in need. And I'll never forget what it was like to see the acres of cotton fields and lots of old-fashioned, horse-drawn wagons. Then my aunt had at least five acres of gladiolus, which she took care of, and they were beautiful. I remember my aunt used to teach me stories and poems when I was about three and take me around to the neighbors to show them."

"When I was eighteen, my mother and she had me go to see my old pastor, who joined the church. Sunday after church I'd round up some of the neighborhood kids and take them behind the house. I'd climb up on a box and just tell them that on it, like people."

"Although Tommy's parents were identified with formal music, Tommy was first drawn to country music and the guitar. It happened at Shreveport in his eighth year."

"I was twelve and Mother decided we should move over to Houston. She thought she could make a better living there and yet it wouldn't be too far from her family in Shreveport. Of course, Mother had to go to work, and then I was just a young kid, and so I stayed at home."

"In Houston, Tommy immediately made a big hit with the KWKH Disk Jockey KLEE and he was there nearly five years. He began to work in TV and night clubs. He made up to eighty dollars a week, but not enough to support a family."

"In Houston, I was Biff Collie. Biff used to come on the air, still does, I guess, and say, 'This is your bellerin', bow-legged boy, Biff Collie, spelled just like a dog over at the Houston."
show over KXLA in Los Angeles plus a Saturday night show on KTLA Tommy became a regular on both shows. He also made a couple appearances on Ernie Ford's show. Then Colonel Parker got a script from Kraft Theater for Presley's consideration. Parker turned it down but recommended Tommy Sands for the lead. Tommy auditioned and got the part. It was his first professional role. Critically, the teleplay itself got mixed reviews. But Tommy, without exception, got high praise. Paul Bogart, who directed the drama, says, "Tommy was very responsive and a pleasure to work with. He has a native acting ability and he should go far," Kraft producer, Maury Holland, immediately put him under option for three more.

Tommy's first recording for Capitol is riding toward the million mark. Both songs on the disc were featured on the Kraft show and, in keeping with the character he portrayed, were rock 'n' roll. Actually, Tommy is singing more ballads these days. He has even dropped the guitar, for he feels it is Presley's trademark.

There is no reason to compare Tommy and Elvis for they are different personalities, but one thing they have in common in their devotion to religion.

"I joined the Methodist Church when I was four years old. That was down in Shreveport," Tommy says, "I've always been very religious but something happened to me in the last couple of years. I'd had some disappointments and headaches and I guess I wasn't going to church so regularly. Then Dad came out to visit me about a year ago. He'd had a stroke and, afterwards, became a Christian Scientist. Well, he got me interested and I joined, too. Well, I feel better and better things have been happening to me since. Yes, sir, I'm a man who takes religion very seriously."

Tommy neither drinks nor smokes. He says, "It used to bother me. Should I drink and should I smoke? Well, I can talk things over with Mother. Anything. So I told her one day, I mentioned a name of a friend and said that he smoked and drank. I asked her, 'What do you think about me doing it?' And she said, 'As I've always told you, you're a man. I'm not going to tell you what to do, but there are a couple of points to think about. You want to sing and you know smoking isn't good for your lungs. And you know from your religious upbringing that drinking is better left undone.' And then she concluded, as she usually does, by saying, 'The important thing is to remember anything done to excess is wrong regardless of what it is.' So I don't smoke or drink but I don't choose my friends on the basis of whether they ever did. I don't think other people can hurt you. When you get hurt, you're doing it to yourself."

Tommy is sensitive and introspective. In the apartment he shares with his mother, he has a collection of books on religion and philosophy that he reads frequently, but he balances this with a keen interest in sports. He's been boxing since he was a kid. He likes water sports and he's crazy about horses. But he finds his social life wanting.

"I'm looking for a girl all the time. I'd like to get married and I want a girl who is religious, loves a home life, children, dogs—the works. I just want to be at oneness with someone."

And Tommy isn't hard to find. Most afternoon he takes a walk up Hollywood Boulevard. On the way he may step into a music store to listen to some records. He may be studying the bill outside a movie. You can't mistake him—he's polite, handsome, and a very fine fellow. And he'll be alone. But I don't think for long.
The Lead Three Lives

(Continued from page 30)

We spark each other," Whit explains. "They felt it was their job to share."

They're an excellent team. We complement each other on the stage just as in real life.

It's something people have remarked on when Whit and Haila have worked together. And they felt it themselves from the very beginning—a magnetic pulling together that brought out the best in each other. It was, in fact, as a performing team that Whit and Haila met and started dating. This was at Ellitch's Gardens, the famous summer-stock company in Denver, where so many great American actors have played.

Haila was there for the first time that summer, as the company's leading lady, while it was Whit's fifth season as a leading man. Almost as soon as rehearsals started, they had formed a professional marriage.

As Haila says, "It was an immediate recognition born out of mutual respect and admiration." And Whit adds, "I was crazy about the way she worked, her great honesty, her tremendous versatility and believability."

"You might say," Haila remarks, "that we fell in love with each other's work long before there was any thought of a personal attachment."

That didn't develop till a couple of years later. In the meanwhile, after the ten-week season at Ellitch's Gardens was over, Haila and Whit were separated by every kind of distance. It was in beautiful country, and was furnished with fine old antiques. They took it.

And right away there were complications. Haila accepted a new assignment with the company, sending Whit the message, "comes along every day." Then, come the weekend, they head for the country. Whit gets there Saturday morning and Haila on Saturday night, after her Sunday duties are over. In the meantime, an fourteen-year-old Christopher and eighteen-year-old T. J. have in their appearance during the day.

Sometimes, during the week, when Whit doesn't have a rehearsal next day, they trek up to the country at midnight just in order to spend an hour or so there the next morning. "There's something about the mere act of getting away from the city into the country that gives you a new kick-off into the next day," Whit says.

"Just that lazy hour over coffee, before returning to the world, sends us back relaxed and re-charged."

They're able to spend a lot of time together because of their daytime-serial assignment. Like everything else, it just works out.

"We're really very lucky," Haila says. "We even work in the same building. We have lunch together almost every day.

Far from presenting problems, the fact that both are in the acting profession has been a great positive bond. There has never been the slightest question between them of the competitiveness which is often a bone of contention between couples.

"There never can be," Haila explains simply. "To begin with, we both know that we're good, and we both have tremendous respect for each other's work."

"More than that," Whit adds, "we're an excellent team. We complement each other on the stage just as in real life."

Michael Redgrave production of "Macbeth." At the end of the season, he received the New York Drama Critics Circle Award as the most promising young actors of the year.

After that, Whit returned to Hollywood once again. Up to the time he came back East for good, about three years ago, he had played "the character" in the television films and ten full-length movies, the last one being "The Saracen Blade."

It was in 1955 that he made his final decision to come East and start new. Whit, and then it was that he and Haila began to see a great deal of each other.

But a year and a half were still to pass before they got married. Both had experienced the numerous heartbreaks that comes with marriage to a performer. Each had gone through a relationship which, in the end, terminated not to make another mistake.

"We were very cautious about it," Haila explains. "We knew that we clicked beautifully in a professional relationship, but we were both unhappy and frightened of bringing a marriage into the mix."

During that time, they grew to know each other very well. "It was terribly exciting," Haila says, "because we kept discovering new things to which we were both interested. Finally, we realized there was no way we could work without which we don't share a mutual interest."

There is—to pick at random—Irish literature and music, cooking and interior decoration, the finer points of politics, and religion and extra-sensory perception, of course, the theater and television.

Actually, for Haila, television has supplanted the live theater in her enthusiasm to a point that was scarcely conceivable, yet she is getting more involved in television production than in acting. Production has always been her great interest in the theater. "Always," she says, "I wanted to work in sports and country living, religion and extra-sensory perception, of course, the theater and television.

Haila's career on the stage has been a brilliant one. It started with a sixty-five-year-old fellow actor in college, she's to be graduated from the University of Southern California, and went on to include starring and co-starring roles in some of the most celebrated Broadway hits, including "Saracen," "Hornet," "The Secret Storm," "Affairs of State" and "Dream Girl."

She was one of the first successful stage actresses to appear in motion pictures, and has been fascinated by it from the beginning. She has been playing the part of Pauline Harris in The Secret Storm since the drama began, and has always enjoyed it. Of television, she says, "It's never as developmental as in the theater, but it's a relationship that grew up between Whit and Haila's three children. They made it very clear that they liked him," the children do, and Whit's hopes for names, after all, they have their own—but perhaps a warm and trusted friend who represents the man's point of view in our home.

For eighteen-year-old Robin, who is in college, choosing a college and a field of work to study, this has meant advice and encouragement in what she wants to do.
While Robin's final sights are set on marriage—children for her career, she thinks that a girl ought to have the experience of working before she settles down. She would like to work as a buyer of high fashion women's apparel.

"She has a real flair and feeling for fashion, which I would say she inherits from her mother," Whit observes, "and I think she'd be an excellent buyer."

"Of course, I've told her the same thing," Haila laughs, "but it didn't seem to make quite the same impression. All the children have this great respect for Whit's opinion."

With fourteen-year-old Christopher and eight-year-old T. J., Whit's opinions rank particularly high in the field of sports. Whit has a great interest in practically every kind of sport, and especially football, which he played at school.

Chris plays on his school's first team in a number of sports, one of them football. "In fact," Whit points out proudly, "he has played several positions on the football team, which is very good.

Whit goes to the school games whenever he can, and sometimes offers constructive criticism, which is always welcome. Besides football, they're both very interested in ice-hockey and ice-skating. There's a little pond near the country house, where they did a good deal of skating last winter. According to Chris, Whit is "the best skater I've ever seen."

Both of them are great sports fans, of course, and spend a lot of time watching games on television. They have an agreement that each one has to choose a team to root for, before the game starts, and the same thing goes for boxing matches. The two of them have another understanding, too—an unspoken one—about doing things together. "We have a sort of mutual thing," Whit explains. "Either one is kind of always welcome to join in with the other in any activity."

Family life in the Connor-Stoddard household is more or less compressed into the weekend, when the children arrive from school and Haila and Whit come out from the city and their work. As Haila puts it, "It's kind of like a bouillon cube, with everything concentrated in one small time period."

Actually, Whit goes out with T. J. early on Saturday and is there to join Robin and Chris, who come in from their near-by boarding schools a little later. Haila arrives in the evening. Since she has to stay in town till late Saturday night, her time with her family is now really limited to Sundays.

"Sundays," she says, "aren't a day of rest. They're a day of change, a very welcome change." Most of her Sunday is spent in the kitchen cooking, which is "one of my great passions in life." She is an expert on exotic dishes from all over the world and, according to her husband, can compete with the "best of the best." A typical Sunday culinary session might find her preparing a delicious ragout of oxtail, a Luxembourg stew with veal, beer and ginger snaps, a filet of sole in white wine, or coq au vin. Her fame as a cook has, in fact, spread far beyond her own family, so that Robin's school friends are eager for invitations to visit and taste some of this mom's rare food.

Around four o'clock, the whole family gets together for Sunday lunch, which is the big meal of the day and the time for general family conversation, stories and discussions. Then, in the early evening, the children start on their way back to school and Whit and Haila settle down for a quiet evening at home—"We just put up our feet and watch television and talk."

In the little more than a year that has passed since their marriage, both Haila and Whit have found a new assurance and creative strength. Haila is impulsive and volatile, while Whit is more conservative and analytical. For them, this combination is a great affirmative source of security.

Whit says, "It means for me a steadier outlook on life, a much greater trust in the wisdom of what I do, an aliveness and freshness. And it's pretty exciting to realize what I do to help her and what she does to help me."

Haila, who has always wasted time and energy in too many interests and too-quick enthusiasms, has found Whit's insight and judgment helping her to focus on what is important—so that she does less, but finds that more projects work out successfully. They have an agreement that, whenever she gets a new idea, she'll talk it out with him right away.

"I'm always crazy about something—it might be a play to produce or a television idea—when I first hear about it," Haila admits. "I'll rave on about how wonderful it is. Then, a few days later, the second thought and doubts come along. By then, in the old days, I would be committed and it would be too late. Now I talk everything over with Whit first. I let off the steam to him, and he has a knack of quietly putting his finger on what counts."

And Whit says, "We complement each other and pull together," and this works all through their married relationship. Whether it involves sparking each other in the writing of a script, with Whit supplying the structure and story line and Haila contributing the character material and background, or pulling together in running their family life, Whit and Haila are a good team.

And, judging by the results for them, that's the secret of a good marriage.

...FOR TODAY'S LOOK OF CASUAL LOVELINESS

In case you haven't noticed, the siren is "old hat" these days. No more silly attempts to look sultry in shorts—or cafe-society in an apron. And brisk modern living has ended the studied effect in make-up, too. Casual loveliness has taken its place... the fresh young look of Campana's Magic Touch.

This modern make-up whisks on in seconds, with fingertips. Hides blemishes, smooths complexion, adds glorious color. But more—its creamy richness lubricates and protects your skin all day, and ends the need for elaborate bedtime creams.

It's the easy new way to look smart and fresh, no matter how crowded your daily schedule is.

Magic Touch (such a perfect name) at all variety stores and better drug stores. 6 shades—only 45¢ or $1.00.

Hard to believe, till you look in your mirror!
The Roots We Need

(Continued from page 51)

to talk to you like that. It's just that I got so mad at that girl yesterday ... I saw her, she and everyone in it are so real to me ... " she trailed off.

Leila smiled. "I know. To me, too. And Diane is a problem. But I think I understand her. In a way, not completely. All she needs is the love and security of a good man. ... And now, I must get upstairs to my baby."

Reflecting as she tucked her sixteen-month-old daughter, Juliet Sara, in bed for a nap, Leila thought, And that is the answer. Not only for Diane Emerson, but for any woman. A good man and this.

But I think I understand what Diane Emerson in Valiant Lady, feels that way about her life. True values and balance came with marriage and motherhood. Before that, Leila's life was a one-way street—an exciting and fascinating one, but limited. Show business.

"It isn't that now I'm less serious about my career," Leila explains in her quiet, serious way. "I'm just as interested in my work as I was before. But it is less a part of my life. I love to act, and I hope I'm giving viewers some enjoyment. And because I'm happy continuing with my career, I feel I'm a better wife and mother would be if I gave it up and was miserable. But, at the same time, my husband and baby have given me roots I needed. I feel more secure and have a better perspective on life in general.

In private life, Leila is the wife of Leonard Green, a theatrical agent, who heads Mercury Artists Corporation. The Greens and Juliet live in an apartment on East 54th Street, selected so that they can get back to their child from their professional duties in a few minutes.

However, Leila feels her convenient apartment is somewhat temporary. "By the time Juliet is old enough to enter school," she said, enthusiasm lighting up her solemn dark eyes, "both Len and I want to be settled in a nice spacious home, complete with swimming pool, back yards, and a butler in Connecticut somewhere. We want her to have as much community life as possible."

Meantime, Leila sees her daily routine as being similar to that of the average working woman. She has to make sure the studio is at her disposal for her to rehearse before the prom and the play. It is with a new heaviness in her heart that she-phoned the school director and her prom date that they would have to get replacements. There will never be another high school graduation, she thought sadly.

Leila and Juliet visited the musical. It caught the interest of the producer of Crest Summer Theater (Long Beach, Long Island), who sat in the audience one night. He suggested Leila for the part of "Lady in the Dark.""I'm going to open the summer season with 'Lady in the Dark,'" he informed her. "How would you like to be in it? I've an Equity company and you'll get your Equity card."

"Wish I could!" exclaimed Leila. "Of course. When do rehearsals begin?" And she thought, This will be perfect. It'll give me a chance to save more money for college.

But the tide of Leila's life had turned in another direction—toward Broadway. After "Lady in the Dark," Leila stayed on at the Crest for the next play, "Happy Joe," and was offered the role of a leading lady. Following this play, an amazing thing happened. She was offered the job as understudy to the leading feminine role in Mink Martin's "Peep Show."

Leila knew the musical Peep Show. This was a tremendous opportunity for a fledgling seventeen-year-old actress. But again it meant giving up something else she wanted very much. But when Leila, who was offered after this show, she thought. But the die was cast. Broadway took to Leila and, in turn, Leila gave it her full attention.

Not only was Leila's career a big hit. It gave Leila the opportunity to step into the top feminine role for two periods during the run—one for eight performances, the next time, for fourteen. The critics agreed that this newcomer had a "wonderful voice."

The show was the first of several Broadway musical hits for Leila, and each successive one brought her more recognition. Her performance in "Lahr," starring Bert Lahr, featured her in the singing number, "Everlasting." Next, Leila was the Bronx girl, Gusie, in "Wish You Were Here." Fellow actors nicknamed Leila "Lucky" Martin because of the way she stepped into one hit after another.

Leila, too, felt that things were going nicely. Her brother, Bad, had returned from college and was working in stores and at the same time he was also singing in "Wish You Were Here." She was busy and absorbed in her career.

On one day during her daily subway commuting, from her home in Brooklyn, did Leila have time to gather her thoughts. Often she spent the ride reading books on every subject, in an attempt to make up a little for not going to college. At times, her thoughts strayed to how she would like to prepare for an operatic career. I can't give the time needed to study operative arias and languages now, she'd dismiss the interminable thought, but maybe someday. Love and marriage were far from her mind that spring of 1953—until she met Leonard Green.

Leila went out at a party Leonard was hosting for his friends in the theater and in allied fields. Leila was impressed with his charm and warmth. They met a dinner date for the next night after the show and, from then on, Leonard tried to date Leila every night. Leila, to her surprise, found that she wanted to see Leonard every night, too. She had never felt that way about any man. She found that she was in love, and everything was wonderful—until serious marriage plans were discussed. Leonard felt that one career—his—was enough for a family. Leila thought his notion unfair. They separated—for a week.

In that week, Leila was miserable and faced up to important terms with herself. She realized that, first of all, she was a woman who had found love. Her career was important. But Leonard was more important.

Gathering all her courage, she phoned Leonard and quietly told him she would give him another chance. He, too, had learned in that never-passing week that life is not made up of cut-and-dried rules. Do anything you want, he happily answered her. And it was on this happy note, with both compromising and giving in, that Leila and Leonard were married on Christmas Eve of 1953. After two weeks in Cuba, they settled in a furnished apartment at last. And Leila continued to make discoveries about herself. She found that she liked being a homemaker and developed an interest in the interior decoration of the musical, Peep Show. When they decided to move to another apartment, Leila enjoyed herself immensely in choosing the color scheme and selecting new bits of furniture. She also learned that cooking was fun, if at times exasperating.

Most of all, she found that being mar-
ried to Leonard meant living a more balanced life. "Len insisted on days of complete relaxation whenever our schedules permitted. We went to the country on weekends, spending them playing tennis and swimming or just walking. I mingled more with people. Leonard loves to be with people. And this is good for me, since I’m inclined to want to be by myself too much."

Meanwhile, Leila’s career continued to blossom. Shortly after her marriage, Leila won the feminine lead role in a new musical, "Dolly." The show played its pre-Broadway engagement in Atlanta, Georgia. Leila got good notices. The show didn’t. It never reached Broadway.

Leila felt that "Dolly" had given her the biggest thrill—and the deepest disappointment—of her career. But she didn’t have time to dwell on this. She won her first daily TV role, the part of Juliet Goodwin, the singer-heroine in the daytime series, Golden Windmills. For Leila, it was a first experience in daytime television and she found it much to her liking, fitting in so well with her home duties. When the series went off the air after nine months it was just as well for Leila—little Juliet was found to be well on the way. And though the very next day Leila started rehearsals for the role of Sarah Brown in the City Center revival of "Guys and Dolls," the engagement, fortunately, was for the limited run of a month.

The Greens moved to a larger apartment—their present dwelling on East 54th—and Leila again gave vent to her newly-found love of setting up a home. The apartment is an interesting mixture of antiques and moderns. Their gold modern living-room suite is set off with such items as antique Italian lamps and French desks and tables. "When it comes to accessories, we like antiques," is the way Leila puts it, "but when it comes to something that has to be used a lot, such as a sofa, we want it comfortable and modern."

With the arrival of Juliet, Leila curtailed her professional activities, in order to spend more time at home during Juliet’s first year. "It was well worth the lull," she recalls. "Having a baby is probably the most wonderful experience a woman can have."

Her first return venture in the theater was the Broadway dramatic production of "The Best House in Naples" early this past season. Then, when she heard that Valiant Lady was looking for a Diane Emerson—not in the show during a one-year stay in Europe—she eagerly auditioned for it. Everyone agreed that Leila would be ideal for the role. It was a case of her growth as a person, in the last several years, paying off. For the director felt that Leila was "mature enough to see the immaturity of Diane . . . and had the skill to portray the role effectively."

"I also like playing Diane," Leila explains, "because a daily series gives you a chance to really develop a character. I think that’s why daytime serials continue year after year. The actors really become the characters they are playing, and the viewers begin to believe in them as real people. The neighbor in my building, who was so worked up about developments in the Emerson family, is an example of what I mean."

Her husband Leonard watches Leila on the screen, but Juliet is permitted to do so only when the scene of the day is fairly quiet. "I learned, the hard way, to censor the show as far as Juliet is concerned," Leila smiles. "She used to see it every day. One day, Diane was hysterical in the show. Juliet got upset and cried for an hour, calling 'Mama! Mama!'"

Leonard, too, sometimes has a difficult time remaining objective, in watching the show. For example, there was the day he invited his entire office crew to come into the office to see Leila. "That’s my wife," he told everyone proudly. And, as if to mock him, the girl on the screen was soundly kissed by a man. Everyone laughed.

"I felt funny," Leonard admits. "It wasn’t that I was jealous. I can’t explain it—just a funny feeling. Just like when Leila was playing in ‘Guys and Dolls’ and, in one scene, she had to be carried off in a seemingly rough way. Leila was expecting Juliet. I knew that she wasn’t really being handled roughly—that the technique just made it seem that way. But, just the same, every time I saw that scene, I felt funny and had to stifle an impulse to call out, Hey, stop that! She’s my wife and she’s pregnant."

Any qualms Leonard may have had about marrying an actress are now quieted by Leila’s obviously serious attitude toward her marriage and home. "It’s not that I have anything against actors," Leonard says in his quick way. "I love them, and they are my business. But, too often, I’ve seen marriages attempt to conform to the career—with disastrous results. I believe that a career should conform to marriage."

He feels that Leila is truly an artist with a magnificent voice. To this, Leila replies, "I’ve a wonderful husband. . . As for future career plans, who knows? I recently finished the first of a projected new television series called House On 89th Street, in which I act and sing with some very real puppets. And maybe, someday, I’ll devote myself to opera arias, as I’ve always wanted to do. Who knows? All I know now is that life is very good. I’m very thankful for Leonard and Juliet—and for Diane Emerson, who makes it possible for me to continue my career without disrupting too much my role as a homemaker."

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**Cuticura SHAMPOO**
The Charming Lady Williams

(Continued from page 24)

wife of newspaperman Max Canfield, in The Bride, faces up to life, without winning. Murial was talking about this woman, about her appeal and her courage, before she went on to talk about herself, as a young wife and widow, as an actress and fashion model, as teacher of models and producer of fashion shows, and as a TV star.

"Lydia and I have several things in common," Murial said. "She comes from Boston, which was my husband's home, and where I lived, too, for many years. We both lost our husbands, but Lydia has been remarried, after a long series of personal problems, to a younger man, who has made her a happier woman. Now her new marriage has brought new problems into her life, but she is not one of those complaining, whining, bitter wives. She has built up tremendous inner resources. She has outer charm and inner strength, and each complements the other.

"That's what makes Lydia so real," Murial continued. "Like all of the rest of us, she can't be happy and gay all the time. Don't we all have our moods, our days of being sweet and charming, our days when we're so overworked with our many problems, get impatient with ourselves, and with others? Don't all women have moments of sophistication, when they behave like mature human beings, and moments of wildness. People say they're different, but does it matter? Lydia is that kind of woman. It gives her dimension.

"Herb Nelson—a highly intelligent actor and solid sort of person, who plays Lydia's husband, must feel the way I do about both these people. Max has dimension, too. The story has dimension, and truth, as do all the people in it. We're a conglomerate of producers, directors, models, the head of the studio, Lewis, director of Del Hughes. We love what we're doing, and we get along well off the set as well on.

Like Murial, Lydia learned to face reality fairly early. She sometimes quotes a friend's remark: "All actors and actresses believe in fairy godmothers who will come and wave a wand, to confer on them the kind of life we get in dreams.

Long ago, Murial discovered that any wand-waving would have to be strictly of her own doing, although she is not at all sure that it's really actors who rely on fairy godmothers. "I learned about that when I was coaching young girls in modeling. They would want so much to work, and would sometimes do so little about improving themselves.

Murial was born in New Hampshire, of a non-acting family which settled in Boston when she was quite young, and she belongs to that group of actors who got their training in the actual work. Later on, when producers and managers asked her where she had studied, she was reluctant to admit that, instead of attending schools, she had learned by doing work. She began in show business since she was seventeen.

Finishing her schooling at a "finishing school" in Fairfax, Virginia, Murial was already well on her way as an actress when she married Francis Hart, a Boston banker and businessman who also had a passion for the theater, and talent for it, and was always torn between the two, until the two years they spent on Cape Cod, where both worked with the Cape Cod Playhouse in Dennis—Fran Hart as its publicity representative, and Richard Aldrich, Fran's friend from schooldays, as its producer. Later, Fran became president and treasurer. During the first summer of her marriage, the "honeymoon summer," Murial had to remember everything she had ever learned as a fashion model, and those additional resources of strength and humor. Francis Hart had two children by a former marriage, a daughter Bunny and a son Dick. "I had more work than I was doing used to my new life and my new responsibilities," Murial recalls, "and the children were getting used to me. The man who worked for us at the house that year was one of the best, but the house was the better because of him. We were away then, and was laid up a long time. Dick Aldrich was staying with us that season, along with a couple of young men apprentices. We had a large house and a lot of friends and did a lot of entertaining. We've come to the Cape were in and out of our home, welcome guests. Ethel Barrymore, Bette Davis, David Niven, scores of others.

"We handled our problems, and our ex-patients, and our ourselves, and the world. It was hard to teach the girls to walk and stand with beaming, and the world would see them and they could see the world. It was difficult to suggest changes in hairdressing, when the answer came, 'But I like it.'

"Many girls want to 'make it,' in modeling, in business, socially, but on their own terms," Murial reflects. "Many can, but most of us cannot. When girls complained about doing all the men's jobs, I would ask them to analyze why. Were they doing the best they knew how about their hair, their grooming, their clothes? Were they going from round to round, showing themselves available for jobs? It has always seemed sensible to me to look at some other woman whom you admire—often a movie or television star—not with envy, but with a desire to find out why she is so lovely, why her clothes seem so right for her, what is there in her voice and her manner that gave her charm and glamour. What is there in her life, her background, to bring out these qualities."

In her own case, when the producers of The Brighter Day were seeking an actress for Liz Williams—Mary IChoices for Murial they discovered them in Murial through television. By that time, she was well known in the new medium, and had volunteered to help, on a Sunday off, by appearing on a telephone to raise funds for arthritis research. Del Hughes, director of The Brighter Day, with whom she had worked three years before in the "Autumn Garden" company, tuned in the telephone on Sunday Morning.

"There's Murial Williams," he said, and remembered her fine performance in the play. Watching her interview patients, he saw her smile at the people who had the qualities they had been trying to find. He called the producer and a date was set for Murial to read for the part. That was more than two years ago. In interesting, satisfying years in many ways. Murial's stepchildren, Russ and Bunny, are now grown up. "Still very much a part of my life," she says. A bachelor girl since the day she married, Murial thinks of the married state as the happiest one for a woman: "I would like to marry again, if it's right." Meanwhile, she's filling in her weekend social itinerary with friends, and is watched over fondly by a huge French poodle.

Two charming women in one person: Lodina Canfield of The Brighter Day—Murial. When the writer has developed the charm and courage and femininity to lead both their lives.
Knee-Deep in Success

"No, sir, no, ma'am! Being in night clubs so much, traveling so much, what would I want with a wife who'd greet me at the door with 'Let's go out?' My idea of the way married life should be is to come home, find dinner ready and waiting, kick off the shoes, put on the jeans, layer on the doo-foo dress and watch TV, while my wife sits by, sewing. And that's the way it is, for Else and me.

"Here in New York," Guy explains, "we have a little hotel apartment—kitchenette, bedroom and bath—as a base, for the time being. Else does the cooking. Now and again, I'll cook up something. I'm good at making things appetizing, which seems to surprise people. I like to fool around with herbs and spices, make sauces and gravies. After dinner, we watch TV. During the commercials, I do set-ups on the floor. Else sits by, sewing. She's good at sewing. Makes my shirts, most of her own clothes. I bought her a sewing machine for a wedding present. Whenever there's time, my wife and I go riding. I like reading, too. So does Else. She likes any-thing I like. The husband who can say the same of his wife is blessed among men, as I sure am.

"We had an awful start, though. I tell you! The day Else arrived in New Orleans, we drove—along with Marty Horst- man, my road manager—to Bay St. Louis in Mississippi, where you don't have to wait to say the '1 do's.' It was hot and the bugs were hitting the windshield. When they missed the windshield, they hit us. Else wore a pretty pink suit and a pink hat. But no flowers. They'd have wilted. Her wedding ring is a diamond band (kind of small diamonds) between two thin gold bands. Sort of does double duty as an engagement and wedding ring. The ring is proof, I always say, that I only had a couple of thou in the bank."

"After the justice of the peace pronounced us man and wife," he recalls, "we drove back to the Safari, in New Orleans, where I was singing. I did three shows that night, worked until two in the morning. Then the people who run the Safari—real nice people—had a cake for us. So, about 2:30 A.M., we went back home to the hotel with a piece of the cake, champagne for Else and soda water for me, and got the marriage off to a flying start. In fact, at six A.M., we were flying to Atlanta, Georgia, where I had a singing date! Outside the windows of our hotel suite in Atlanta, there was a great big water cooler with a regular cascade of a drip. ' Couldn't take you to Niagara,' I told my bride, 'but look—listen—I arranged for the Falls!'"

"Next morning, the phone rang. How can the ring of a phone that is to change a man's life sound like any commonplace, everyday ring?' Guy wonders. 'But it can. This one did. It was Mike King, Columbia Records distributor in Atlanta, calling to ask Marty and me to listen to a tune called 'Singing the Blues.' We listened. We liked it. In New York, the next day, we cut it. Even before we cut it, we knew—we really did—that it would be a hit. You can be wrong, of course—as I have been, more than once. But this time, yes, I knew, Instinct, perhaps. A hunch. A whisper in the ear.'"

In spite of all this, Guy felt "kind of funny" about recording a tune Marty Robbins had recorded before him, also for Columbia Records. But Robbins—as Mitch Miller, boss man of Columbia Re-

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(Continued from page 37)

was accomplished—in the bank where Else was working—it was not an auspicious beginning.

"I was a little wild," Guy laughs. "I was champing at the bit a little, so she kind of balked at first. A couple of days later, though, I called and persuaded her to come to the club for dinner. Later, we went dancing. A few days after that, my engagement ended and I was obliged to go back to Los Angeles. Then I went back up to Vancouver. By this time, she knew I really cared for her. That it wasn't a lark. I wasn't wild—except wild in love.

"This time, we made plans to be together. I was working around L.A., getting odd jobs on radio and TV and in night clubs. Else, it developed, had an aunt there, so she came down, stayed with her aunt, and we saw a lot of each other. By now, we knew we really cared for each other. Then I had to play a job in Kansas City, another in New Orleans. The parting was rough. By the time I got to New Orleans, I was missing her so badly I wrote for her to come. At the moment, I had only two thousand dollars in the bank, and very few singing dates on the books. But, as I wrote Else, 'Some people start off worse—so money in the bank. Let's just get married and pray to God to watch over us.' So we did. And so He did," Guy adds soberly.

"By the way, I'd like to set straight one misconception concerning Else. When we got married, one of the newspapers put in that Else was a beauty contest winner. 'Miss Sweden,' I think they said. Or maybe it was 'Miss Denmark.' Another paper headlined: 'Guy Mitchell Marries Night Club Entertainer.'
ords, pointed out—is on a different part of the label, has a different audience. Country-and-Western disc jockeys play Robbins' version, whereas Guy's would have a more limited appeal. It was the voice—both a charm which has come more than true. In the States, Guy's recording has sold more than two million copies. In Canada, more than a hundred thousand—as the result of which a Canadian folk artist and a housewife artist ever to be given a "gold rec-
ord" in Canada. In England, where Mitch-
rell fans are legion and loyal, it is going strong.

So it is that, on the flood tide of his personal happiness, success turned full tide for Guy, too. "A happy guy," Guy smiles, "completely happy. For a number of reasons. I think in which I don't base my life on such an 'intangible' as show business is. I never have, since my first real love was—and is—cowboying, riding, horses, the outdoors."

Guy was three when the Cernick family moved from Detroit to St. Louis, where they lived on the edge of a farm—and where Guy started "getting the outdoor bugs." A few years later, the family, which now included Guy's younger broth-
er Don, moved again, this time to Colorado, where Guy's dad worked in the mines. In Colorado, an uncle of the Cernick's ran a ranch with the land near by. It was on this farm, and in these woods, that Guy began to learn how relatively little money matters in terms of human happiness.

"We kids made swings out of vines," he recalls. "Built big tree houses, tried jumping cliffs on horse-made skis. We rode the hitchhorses, milked the cows, helped the chores. We couldn't have been happier than we were, without any mon-
ey to speak of. Even when things got bad, we couldn't complain. We'd live in a tent and in the barn."

When the ranch was sold and the family moved back to Detroit, where Guy was about ten, there was a "pro
ducer" hanging around. Guy had gotten interested in acting, and this man Auslau, who owned a movie theater in the neighborhood, had offered to pay him a dollar a week to do a bit part. Guy agreed. When the next show opened, he was playing the role of "boy number three." The only trouble was that the "boy number three" got killed and Guy was left stranded in the movie, crying his eyes out. Auslau could do nothing but laugh, and the next week he brought Guy back, but this time as "boy number two," and this time the boy got killed in a plane crash. Auslau and Guy were both overjoyed when the third show opened and the boy was killed "the old-fashioned way—by gunshot." And so it went for six months.

Guy returned to the theater business when he was seventeen, and this time he was really serious about becoming a movie star. He had a pet project in mind: a movie in which he would play the role of a "character," a "タイプ" role. This was a common practice in the early days of the movies, when movie stars were still being discovered and their roles were still being written.

But when Guy was asked about his plans, he replied, "I don't want to be a movie star. I want to be a singer."

When the young man was asked to write the role of a "character," he replied, "I want to be an actor."

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didn't come along. The fan mail fell off.

The clamor quieted. The only place he retained his popularity was in England—where, in London and on tour, he sang last February. For about five years, what Guy calls "the dry spell" continued.

What happens when there are "dry spells?" What causes them? "A number of things," says Guy. "You get stale, you saturate the market, you get in a rut. But the number-one cause is that you don't find a new hit tune. The music business is very strange. You come out on top with one hit record—and you may never find one again."

Since troubles never run singly, it was during this ebb tide in Guy's life that his marriage to Jackie Loughrey (Miss United States) began and ended—due, it can be surmised from the way he feels about marriage now, to the handicap of two careers in one family.

These were not the good years for Guy, but he weathered them, chin up, still singing...

If you keep singing and have faith in God, you're going to make it, you're going to be all right. And Guy kept singing, and he had his faith in God. "I say a prayer," he confides, "every time before I go on stage. I always have. Every other day or so, I go to church—different churches. The Actors Chapel here in New York. St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue. A synagogue. You can pray in all of them. You find God in all of them."

Now, after five years of drought, the "dry spell" has broken. Now there is Else. Now there is "Singing the Blues"—that "hit record you may never find again." Now, as before, there are the demands for in-person appearances, for radio and TV guest shots. Now Broadway is re-alerted. And Hollywood. Now Guy is again "the hottest thing in show business."

"I'm going to keep singing, keep hoping for hits to sing. I'd like to do some movies and TV—but on the West Coast. In a city. I'm a duck out of water. Speaking of Hollywood, I'll take this occasion to make the following short speech, addressed to those whom it may concern: You should get me now before I turn into a character actor—or into a 'character' and charge you the mint!

"What I really want to do, as time goes on, is try to make less singing count more. Cowboying and riding, that's what I'm wanting to get back to. I made a start when I retired my folks bought them a small ranch—so I sort of help, you might say, to own a ranch. Now I'm going to buy a ranch for Else and me and for the kids we hope to have. My horses would be there, and my big old dog. Aim to buy the land in the San Fernando or maybe in the San Joaquin Valley.

"What I'd also like, as time goes on, is to have the place end up a boy's ranch. Run just like Boys Town is run. Or an agricultural college. Have underprivileged boys there. Boys in PAL who have done real good. A few delinquents; a few of the so-called 'irreconcilable' kind nobody's been able to do anything with, the kind you can't throw in with their own kind and expect results. Give each of these kids a horse, let them raise a few calves, borrow what they need from a central fund and, when they sell their calves, pay back what they've borrowed and keep the profit. We don't live alone, as the great Dr. Schweitzer says, and none of us should have to."

Who is Al Cernick? He's "just a plain guy" who, because his heart is as big as his voice, also happens to be, as the kids put it, "the most." He's the all-around happiest—as well as the singlingest—person you ever did meet.
into your personality. He tries to find out things in your background which will lead to good rapport with Jack Barry. He also discovers whether or not you are articulate (many a "brain" is not, by asking such questions as: "Do you have a good vocabulary? Why are you a lawyer? How did you meet your wife? What do you think of fraternities?"

If you seem poised during this barrage, Mr. Rubin is more disposed to put you in the potential category. If you are checked by asking pointedly personal questions. "I have to throw in queries that befuddle potential contestants," he explains, "because in order to determine that, no matter how packed their brains may be, they will not 'freeze' on camera. In case of 'freezing'—or if the game ends quickly and there's time for another contestant—have them make or repeat the potential questions in the studio on Monday night."

After Mr. Rubin has done with you, you are turned over to producer Al Friedman, who makes a final decision on who is "off." Assuming you now have enough breadth left in your body to surface again, you are passed on to Mr. Barry, Mr. Enright, and Bob Noah, executive producer of the "Twenty-One" and arbiter of the warring camp directors. You've been interviewed, and are then on your way to one of the glass-walled isolation booths—or you duck and run for cover.

As one of these less desirable souls put it, "I'm chickening out. I'm going to remain 'potential.' You can't know everything. No man can. It's impossible." During the many weeks he sweated out the right answers, Mr. Barry was convinced that Van Doren—an able, well-read young man, with an interest in philosophy, who was a known admirer of his alma mater—would win. Indeed, so certain was he that Van Doren would win on all counts—"clamped in—"to the point where he would win on camera. The eyes roll heavenward and square the brow, and with a painful query, Van Doren came eerily close to the impossible—but not painlessly. After he had reached the $122,000 mark, the axioms of his mental concentration were described in the following fashion: "Clamped in—"(as in a vice of earphones, the eyes roll heavenward and squeeze shut, the brow sweats and furrows, teeth gnaw at the lower lip."

Confronted with these two defenseless aren't the only ones who suffer from high tension on "Twenty-One." Experienced as he is, moderator Jack Barry admits: "I get little tremors. I run cold in the hands sometimes quite a little. Sometimes which never happened to me in all my years on "Juvenile Jury" or "Life Begins At 80," which I do know next time on "Twenty-One," I was frantic. No disbursing large sums of money had nothing to do with it. I save away $100,000 a couple of times on The Big Surprise."

Barry's results are certainly a question of the test—whether a contestant is winning or losing.

"I'm too preoccupied with the mechanics of the show," he laughs. "First of all, I confess that our booth is more than a booth. It's a mindscape, a small, isolated world that we've both, you and me, entered. The questions and answers in the Booth"—as hush-hush as a top secret in the Pentagon, but with a perception question as to whether or not you're green?—"would be a reasonable facsimile.

The test, if carefully done, should take you about three hours. You take it right there, in the penthouse office. No one is allowed to know the results of the test, not even you, until afterward. No one—not even Van Doren—has ever got anywhere near 100%. You are judged on the number of categories you fill in and the score you make in each of them.

Once you have passed such a brain-picking, you are turned over to staff interviewer Bob Rubin, who proceeds to dig for secrets, loves and interests, which he may use to his advantage in the studio."

Our luck changed," Jack recalls, "quite literally, with the flip of a card. One afternoon, about a year ago, Dan Enright, the executive who, and—for want of something better to do—play a game of Blackjack (also known as Twenty-One). I wonder,' Dan said aloud to Bob and me. 'If that game couldn't be turned into a quiz show? We don't have to be a Van Doren or a Nearing to know that answer!

"Soon after Dan and Bob got going with the idea, I couldn't wait. I went to it right away, I must admit. At first it was a very cumbersome thing which took months and months of work to simplify. For instance, it looked very unfair that the first contestant on mine should get 21 more quickly than the other. Should we or should we not deduct points when they miss? Eventually, we found there is no reason to be so precise, but which makes the game a fair game for both. For the IQ or 'Booth' test, we did the research here, more than one man had it checked for accuracy and authenticated by the Encyclopaedia Britannica. "Above all, of course, there was the problem of how to make one contestant win enough in their heads to stay the course on 'Twenty-One.' On the whole, we've been singularly fortunate. Van Doren, for instance, called us on the phone the other day, and said, as soon as the young lady who had been on "Tic Tac Dough" told him he should try for "Twenty-One." For the most part, we've found that schoolteachers and lawyers, and doctors, and newspaper and editorial people—all the way up from copy boy to editor-in-chief—score the highest, both on the test and on mine."
Certainly, Charles Lincoln Van Doren and Mrs. Vivienne Wex Nearing fit snuggly into those categories. Now teaching English at Columbia, he has three university degrees, one of which is in astrophysics. He actually got his M.A. in mathematics. Then, while working for his Ph.D., he read an average of twenty books a week and won a coveted Pulitzer Prize winner (Mark Van Doren, poet), he's also nephew of another (Carl Van Doren, biographer of Benjamin Franklin). Charles himself has just had a book published, a biography of the late baseball legend, Lou Gehrig. The biographical writing contract is one of the things that has turned him into a rich man.

Vivienne also has three degrees. She was an honor student at both Queens College, where she got a B.A. in social science, and Columbia, where she got an M.A. in economics. After winning more letters at Columbia Law School, she worked there as a research assistant, then for the Office of New Jersey Supreme Court. She's also been a statistician, a social worker in the Child Welfare Bureau, an editor for the monthly Journal of Taxation, a lawyer for Legal Action of New York, and has long handled contract and copyright matters in a major film company's New York office, she admits to being a "Sunday painter" specializing in portrait painting. "I've studied, incidentally, studied both piano and modern art. "It's all very exciting," Jack smiles, "very rewarding in terms of intangibles, as well as tangibles. I think there's no doubt, however, that one of the main reasons for taking the deal is that I'm free of all the pressures of a young man and Herbert Stempel—the young college student who was Charlie's first opponent—developed an enormous self-confidence from their appearances on Twenty-One, something I'd always lacked."

Most contestants have gained in other ways, aside from the actual cash involved. "Twenty-One has changed my own life, of course," he says. "At least I have the satisfaction of knowing that Barry & En- right Productions is considered the hottest producing company in TV right now."

That the show has raised my personal value as a performer is immediately satisfying, too," Jack grins. "Knowing that I can't be fired isn't hard to take, either. A cozy feeling. Not to mention certain other small things such as being able to afford the best table in a restaurant, more invitations than my wife and I could ever accept! I am no longer a wallflower," he laughs.

By way of tangible reward, Jack and Marcia have moved out of Florida and have blocks up, in Manhattan's East Eighties. From the five-room apartment to which Jack brought his beautiful and talented bride, in 1952, to the eleven-room duplex which is now home for them and for their two children, Jeffrey, who is three and a half, and Jonathan, a year younger.

"The apartment overlooks the river," says Jack, who is a very sophisticated type of fellow. "Events run through the whole thing, with awnings and a little garden and a rubber swimming pool for the kids. We've very much one of a kind."

In 1959, the Van Dorens moved to the very best in a two-story house in a residential neighborhood. "When we're going to bed at night, you can hear the kids singing, 'Tic, tac, dough, with an X and an O!' And you know we've got a couple of daytime viewers waiting for us."

As for the future time show, Marcia very often comes to the studio on Mondays and watches the show from the audience.

"We're happy, we're grateful. We hope that the luck will stay with us, for as long as we deserve it. Doesn't that just about say it all?" asks the luckiest and—with all due respect to those brainy contestants—perhaps the smartest man on Twenty-One.
Heavenly Twosome

(Continued from page 52)

most mothers, while she is talking things over with me, she is trying to find out the right and wrong of 8-year-old. It's one of the reasons why this story is so true to life and why it's so great to do."

In another CBS Radio drama, The Romance Of Helen Trent, Peter's wife, Marlan was twenty-five, small and graceful, with a light complexion. Shari, niece of Kurt, devoted to Helen, trying to find her way--just as Skip is trying to find his--in a troubled grown-up world. Marlan is twenty-five, small and graceful, with a light complexion. She is a Powells child-model, a boy who grew up later in radio and on the stage--even though, in the beginning, his mother thought what he wanted was to be a hard-working people who didn't dare stay up all night and had no greater opportunity than anyone else to live dangerously.

Marian's professional career was slower in starting--at sixteen, to be exact, in Chicago, although in Detroit, where she lived, she had always been in demand for singing starts at various civic organizations and in amateur and semi-professional theatricals. "I can hardly remember a time when someone wasn't calling on my father, or me--or both of us--to sing, but never Marian's professionalism. Incidentally, I used to listen to radio shows on which Peter was playing regularly--Madge Tucker's Coast To Coast On A Bus, and the lovely Let's Pretend series. And I used to tune in Helen Trent when I came home from high school in Detroit for lunch, never dreaming that someday we'd be there among all those interesting people."

In Chicago, Marian studied drama, was in some plays, began a radio career, doubled in night clubs as cigarette girl, lived in a hotel. Why should she trade in a theatrical boarding house they called "Crestfallen Inn." Loved it, and was happy there. When her mother came to visit and saw the place, she sat on the edge of the cracking bed and cried, begging her daughter to come back home, and it was difficult for Marian to convince her that nothing mattered so much as the happiness she was finding in inn more and more about acting. No one else in her family had chosen this way of life.

Eventually, Marian came east on the straw-hat circuit of summer stock, and finally to New York, where she and Peter first met on the fairy-tale set. She liked him right away, but had no idea what he thought of her, just kept hoping that this nice, rather quiet young man would ask her out. He didn't. He almost seemed to ignore her. "No wonder," she says now. "I was going through one of those silly young-girl periods when I was being very, very dramatic about everything."

"I was on my own that year, wasn't I?"

Peter did like her. "I thought she was being a bit hammy, but could be toned down." He was shy, just the same, about asking her for a date. The films were coming out.

They kept running into each other, around and about the studios. One day, when he was rehearsing across the street from the studio where she was doing a role in a filmed play, he pretended that he just dropped in for a quick visit. Encouraged, she sent him word when she was about to open in a play. Opening night, she sent a wire. "Wow! em, Princess." No opening night is complete without the same message, with no need for signature. The telegram was on her dressing table the day she began her role of Shari in The Romance Of Helen Trent--her first big running part in a major dramatic radio serial, although previously she had played a second lead in a TV serial, The Greatest Gift.

A few months later, Peter and Marian became engaged. And, the day after he put her engagement ring on her finger, Peter and Marian decided to elope. Perhaps Marian had read too many romantic novels, seen too many movies, played too many romantic scripts. She was set on having a honeymoon. Snow-covered landscape, a great blazing fire on the hearth, a bottle of champagne cooling for the wedding. The day before, they planned to go for a walk. But, there was no promise of snow. She had telephoned a little inn at New Palz, in the mountains northwest of New York, where once she had played summer stock. They could go to the inn that they were eloping and would be arriving by night.

Peter had rented a friend's car, and they picked up Ethel and Ethel's luggage, getting out to New York. They were married by a justice in the back of a drugstore in the town of Hyde Park, and one of their witnesses, hastily drafted from the drugstore, was a man who had been happily married for fifty years (they considered this a good omen) and had once been head gardener for the late Franklin D. Roosevelt on his Hyde Park estate.

For Peter, New Palz suddenly the snow began, a soft whiteness that enveloped them as in a dream world at first, then a real blizzard that all but obliged them to stay there. When he went out of the rented car wasn't working and the honeymoon equipage moved slowly as they searched for the road among the clumps of trees on each side.

The inn, however, were held in a white spell of quietness and beauty, and they went in to find a roaring fire waiting, and a bottle of champagne, and a bottle of the inn. "It was perfect, all as if planned," Marian says.

The honeymoon lasted the weekend, because Peter was due back for a television show and Marian was rehearsing for one of the time dramas. Later, when she went on tour with "The Giaconda Smile," after a short Broadway run, Peter went, too. That's where they found Winky, their dog, part collie, part origin unknown. "Winky was four feet, five inches," Marian says.

They had been hearing a low moaning through the night, and finally Peter went outside to investigate. There was this puppy, adorable, as malnourished a colt-starved, with fleas, and with thirst. Peter tore over to an all-night hamburgh for something. Marlan gave the puppy water and bathed him. When he collapsed into a lowing heap they promptly named him Rip Van Winkle, took him along the tour and back to New York when the tour was over. "Winky" is a real "lens hound" now, pokes his paw into every photograph.

When they moved into their apartment, they had suitcases, a TV set, and Peter's tanks of fish. They added the essentials--a bed, table and chairs--and, gradually, the local same thing still dominate the small apartment. There's a handsome fish from the Amazon, alone in a tank except for a tiny companion fish, Tonto. The big fellow swims to the side of glass, looking for food, then darts away with a peck and with thirst. Peter tore over to an all-night hamburgh for food. Marlan gave the puppy water and bathed him. When he collapsed into a lowing heap they promptly named him Rip Van Winkle, took him along the tour and back to New York when the tour was over. "Winky" is a real "lens hound" now, pokes his paw into every photograph.

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MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH
Close to Each Other

(Continued from page 39) who is in commercial art, is dark and handsome, with deep brown eyes, and was chosen together to make an attractive couple. Together, they have two TV receivers, six radios, two record players, two vacuum cleaners, two rrottissieres—a large and even two identical 400-day, glass-enclosed clocks.

"Until we married," Melba points out, "we both had our own apartments, independent households. As we later discovered, we lived just as separated in the Village, though we didn't meet for years—but that's not unusual in New York."

"I had a letter from a friend of mine, Ed Ross," Gil remembers. "He's a correspondent for Time in their Los Angeles bureau. Ed told me all about Melba. That she lived near by. That she was beautiful. That she wickedly intelligent. He suggested that I give her a ring. Then he added, in a footnote, that he didn't know Melba! Actually, she was a friend of his.

Gil phoned Melba and asked for a date, but she turned him down. That was in spring of 1954, and Melba was busy. She's always had many friends and little time. Then in the fall of 1954—one month from October—she was required to rise at 6:30 A.M. for an eight o'clock rehearsal—and that means early to bed. Also, she doesn't like blinding dates. So it was easy for her to turn down Gil.

On the other hand, Gil—a major in the Air Force Reserve—has flown and fought in two wars, so he was prepared to lay a lengthy siege. He kept calling back at two- or three-week intervals.

"We got to know each other fairly well over the phone," Melba explains. "And it developed that we'd both been in Europe and the Orient and we were both particularly fascinated by Japanese customs and art. So one evening—it was late August by then—he phoned early and I told him I was busy, but why didn't he drop over for a half-hour before I went out? He did, and I was still no more impressed than I had been by his phone calls. It's so odd, because I fell head over heels in love on our first date.

That came within a week, when Gil phoned again and asked her to a dinner party at his apartment. Melba said that she had no tentative date but would phone back. "He asked me to bring along a Japanese game he'd seen in my apartment," she recalls. "I misunderstood and thought he said that he was giving a Japanese dinner party and that intrigued me, so I accepted his invitation."

There were several couples there and, as it turned out, only one extra man—Gil himself. There was no Japanese food, only American. Melba was cold, for I'd never cared much for the sea. But Gil did all the cooking and serving that night and pulled a real switch in refusing to let his female guests 'help' with the dishes. That was a sign of real character."

It turned out to be a long evening. After the party, Gil and Melba, alone, took a long walk. They stopped at one of the cafe espresso in the Village and sipped coffee and talked. They walked back to Melba's apartment building and sat at the foot of the stairwell and talked some more.

Gil learned that Melba had several Broadway plays and many TV productions to her credit. That she was a graduate of Stanford University, where she made Phi Beta Kappa. That she was born and raised in Willard, Utah, at the mouth of Red Rock Canyon. That her forebears were Mormon pioneers who had trekked over the mountains in covered wagons. That she was named after the famous opera singer, Nellie Melba. Melba, in turn, learned that Gil was a New Yorker. That he had served in the Air Force in both World War II and the Korean War. That he had earned many medals (including the Purple Heart, Bronze Star, and Air Medal) and that he had been shot down over Belgium and lived in the underground for six months. They talked of war, of movies, of books, of cooking and photography. Melba learned that he was unattached to any other woman. Melba says, "I'd met men who were intelligent—and, certainly, lots of personal—ity boys," says Melba. "But Gil, in addition to the other things, struck me as a person with heart."

It was on a Thursday that they got together. Gil tried to make a date for the next evening, but Melba was busy. On Saturday, she had a yachting date for the weekend, and Gil took her to the train station. He wanted to ride along with her out to Long Island, where she was to meet friends, but she wouldn't let him.

That was the Long Weekend, says Gil. "Melba told me she would be home as early as possible Sunday, so I began phoning early Sunday morning. Her answering service kept reporting that she was still out of town. I called every half-hour, and it was sometime in late afternoon they told me that she was back. Well, I didn't even call Melba. I was with some friends, but I just said, 'Goodbye,' and kept right on. I ran all the way to her building and up four flights of stairs to her apartment."

"He came in wet and breathless," Melba recalls. "It was love, and so quick. It had been the same way for both of us, and wasn't that wonderful? This time it had been cold, for I'd never cared much for the sea. But Gil did all the cooking and serving that night and pulled a real switch in refusing to let his female guests 'help' with the dishes. That was a sign of real character."

Gil was running between the cottage and drug store most of that evening, hoping to find a medicine that would help Melba's throat. Nothing helped until the following morning, when she saw a picture—her voice, miraculously, came back.

"Talk about looking glamorous on your honeymoon?" Melba laughs. "We took Gil's boat to a tiny island for our picnic. Well, I was huddled up, worrying about a sunburn and getting a chill. So I was
wearing a floppy straw hat and I was wrapped in blankets. But it was worth it. Gil's little island was intriguing. It was about a half-mile long and only a couple hundred yards wide. Nothing but sand and shells and birds. That's where we had our picnic, and it was like being on the moon.

Monday evening, they returned to Manhattan, for Melba had a telecast on Tuesday. "We couldn't quite decide how to announce our engagement to friends," Gil reminisces. "I tried reverse technique. I'd phone them and, when they said, 'What are you doing, Gil?'—I'd answer, 'Oh, I'm just sitting here talking to my wife,' and then wait for the double-take. Melba was direct. To the first person she called, she announced, 'I've got some shocking news.' I suggested that 'shocking' was a little strong.'

Gil moved into Melba's apartment in person—and that's about all. He had been sharing his apartment with an airline pilot, and he continued to pay his share of rent just for the sake of having a place to store his possessions. Melba had a two-room apartment with very little closet and drawer space. "I couldn't bring more than a couple of suits with me," says Gil. "When a handkerchief went to the laundry, that was okay. But, when it came back, there was no place to put it! Besides," he adds, "I brought a 'trousseau' to the marriage, which makes me an exceptional husband. During my second war, the Korean, I was a little more judicious about the souvenirs I brought home. In Tokyo, I had bought a ninety-nine-piece set of Noritake china—the best made in Japan—a set of lead crystal, linen and other good things."

Gil and Melba have just recently begun to use the precious items. It wasn't until late last February that they moved into a new Riverside Drive apartment with room to "housekeep."

Melba and Gil like to entertain with dinner parties. Usually, Melba does the cooking, although occasionally Gil dons the chef's hat. Gil makes Oriental dishes which he learned about in Korea and Japan. He has a cooking advantage, too, in that his former roommate is a pilot on an international airline and brings in fresh foods from abroad. It might be fresh dill or a batch of snails from France or a loaf of bread hot out of an Irish oven. Gil's keen interest in food has led him to join the exclusive Wine and Food Society of New York. As a club member, he is invited to a special tasting affair six or seven times a year. Melba goes along, although she really prefers simple cooking.

But, when it comes to Japanese culture, she fully shares Gil's enthusiasm. "I began collecting Japanese carvings and screens and so forth when I visited Tokyo with a USO unit," she explains. "Once in a while, Gil and I have tea with a real Japanese tea set and, very often, we wear our Happi coats."

Happi coats are loose, silk Japanese robes. Gil brought back several and he shares them with Melba. Although they look exotic, the inscription on one is that of the chief of a fire-fighting unit. During Gil's service abroad, he once volunteered to help Japanese fire-fighters put out a blaze, and the rest of his gift to him was in their Happi coats. In the other Happi coats, surrounded by the possessions both have collected during their travels, Melba and Gil look forward to a larger home in the future, as their family grows. It seemed that their own "search for tomorrow" had reached fulfillment when they found each other, just a block away. But, for Melba and Gil, the search has only begun. There's a whole lifetime ahead for being close to each other—always.

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Love Is a Song

(Continued from page 19)

couldn’t help worrying. During rehearsals, it became plain that Charlie was lively and independent and the kind of fellow who liked to do the town every night, and would expect his young ladies to be sparkling every hour on the hour. But, she confesses aly, “I also couldn’t help loving him, and I decided that, if it was sparkle he wanted, then sparkle was what he’d get.”

For a while, their dating had to be on a watch-club basis, since she was making the night-club circuit and he was busy staging shows in Hollywood, New York and Las Vegas. In fact, it was settling down into a “wild telephone affair,” a phrase that was aptly suited to his familiar voice announcing, “I’m in New York.” Before she could squeeze a word from her choked-up throat, he had blithely rung off with a “Be right up.” This pleasant surprise was topped an hour later by another even more startling, “I’m not in the mood to go out tonight,” he confided as they sat, luxuriating in each other’s presence. “I wonder if you’d mind terribly if we stayed here and spent the evening alone?”

“But you must be hungry,” Patti said, not sure she was hearing right.

“I know,” he answered simply and with the intensity that only a true lover can manage without sounding ridiculous. “I’m hungry for the sight of you . . . to look at you as you are, instead of imagining you from a voice on the telephone. Without you, I’m empty, rootless . . .”

That night they talked seriously about themselves—and watched television, without seeing a thing but the future opening for us like a path out of the woods . . .

Like a path out of the woods. It’s a phenomenon of our day. How many others had grown aware of loneliness—and, perhaps, of being lost—apart from each other. Both had known the pain and sense of failure that accompanies divorce; she, from an early marriage to Jack Skiba; Charlie, from previous marriages to Betty Jo Brown, a non-professional, and Betty Hutton. Aside from the deep physical attraction that pulsed between them, all the incentives were there for both to yearn for a good marriage, to seek solace and fulfillment in it, to work at it.

“Not that we always agree,” protests the fresh-faced young woman whose green eyes glinted merrily. “We have words, like anybody else. For instance—”

“For instance, you called me fat,” accuses Patti, with a flash of her own fine eye.

“I called you Pat, and still do. It’s my pet name for you.”

You said I was dowdy and deserved a name change. It took place “at the most inopportune time for Charlie,” last December.

On the 28th, in the Las Vegas home of Wilbur Clark, owner of The Desert Inn, where Patti usually appears twice a year. Ray Ryan, a good friend, was the best man, while Patti was attended by Mrs. Edward Barrett, a dear friend from Chicago. Patti’s manager, Jack Rael, the man to whom she pays tribute as the one who helped her fly away from Florida. She describes her dress as “informal, at best,” with a white satin skirt, white cashmere sweater and white satin shoes. “It looked every inch a bride.” Ray Ryan offered his house in Palm Springs for their honeymoon, a three-day honeymoon which they were grateful to get, since it is a rare thing for a married couple to be free.

A sudden intuition swept over Charlie. “Then, on this rock, we’ll build our home,” he said, “God bless you, Patti, for making me the luckiest man in the world. I’ve exactly what I’ve always wanted—O’Curry’s plan to do. They have already bought the property owned by Ray and are now giving serious thought to the size and style of the house.

“It’s the honeymoon of my life,” sighs Patti, “and ours was just three days.” On January 3—“E-Day,” as she calls it, referring to Elvis Presley, who stars in “Loving You”—they returned to Hollywood. On January 4, Paramount, and Patti went to work on Charlie’s apartment, where they had set up temporary housekeeping. “In the afternoon,” she recalls, “with a mischievous smile. "Swept off her feet," she heard Dave, are among our closest friends here—drove me out to Paramount to pick Charlie up. I’d been sweeping, mopping and the like, so I was quite ready for makeup on and we were both in sweaters and slacks, since we hadn’t expected to go.

“I sent Charlie a message that we were waiting in the car. A few minutes later, he came out and said, "Elvis and I insist on meeting you." I gave a shriek, ‘Oh, no! Not in these clothes!” Charlie just stood there, grinning as if to say, 'Serves you right for giving me the slip again.'”

It was on this occasion that Wilbur Clark volunteered an opinion on the matter. “I gave a shriek, ‘Oh, no! Not in these clothes!” Charlie just stood there, grinning as if to say, ‘Serves you right for giving me the slip again.’”

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“Told me the conclusion stoutly denied by Charlie, while Elvis, queried over the phone, simply said, ‘What a dream!’ Nevertheless, Patti insists that “great transformations” have taken place in her, and to be living in love with Charlie. Yet she doesn’t know, and what all Charlie’s friends testify to is, that equally great transformations have been taking place in him. “It’s quite amazing,” he adds, “the way it all happened.”

She even came to see it as a place which need not be barren, a place where life and love can be brought to bloom. “We’re going to raise our family there,” she says. “We’ll have a house full of books that will be the new cities coming into being on the old sands.”

There will be lots of picture windows and at least one room-length sliding glass door overlooking a patio and swimming pool. “We’ll start with seven rooms—but, as Pat
says, 'with a view to future expansion.'"

"Why expansion? "Because," Charlie explains firmly. "Pat and I want a large family, the sooner the better. In fact, she has already told me she wants five children." The O'Curran clan boasts eight children, most of whom Patti met when she was nine. Her mother sent her to a school in New Jersey to meet Charlie's family last summer. Patti's grandmother, who passed away this December, left a brood of nine living children, fifty-nine grandchildren, ninety-four great-grandchildren and thirteen great-great-grandchildren.

The decoration of their home, in spite of Charlie's genius for staging, will be left pretty much to its present owner. Her mother has been making off with it in New York; she and Charlie are living in a house of their own, a sort of modern-day shanty on the sea. His first big number was the staging of the Bing Crosby–Jane Wyman dance routine of "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," for Paramount's "Here Comes the Groom." Since that time, he's done choreography for more than fifty films, and for such top stars as the Andrews Sisters, Bob Hope, DINAH Shore, Leslie Caron, and Dorothy Lamour. Patti herself got her first break still in her teens. A singer had become ill, and the Tulsa radio station where Patti was working—as an artist—sent out a call for a substitute. Patti was reluctant to push, by friends at the station, into the replacement spot. After hearing her perform, the program sponsor, the Page Milk Company, offered her a contract. Not long after, Jack Rael, a cousin of Benny Goodman, was passing through town and caught her show. He signed Patti (by then, she had taken the name Patti Page in honor of her sponsor), assured her she belonged in the big-time, an opinion that proved to be right many times over.

Patti was soon working with Frankie Laine, then became the replacement singer for Perry Como, for whom she had tremendous admiration. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came that wistful little dancing dirge of the gal who lost her lover to a friend, "The Tennessee Waltz." In quick succession followed "Doggie in the Window" (after which she named her Yorkshire terrier, at present in the care of friends in New York), "Go On With the Wedding," and others. Her latest hit, "A Poor Man's Roses" and "The Wall," is one of her greatest, according to Mercury Record officials.

Patti's night-club popularity is stronger than ever. A quote from Variety on her new act, broken in at The Desert Inn in Las Vegas, says: "Success of showcase is partially due to the brilliant staging of her gowns. Dramatic lighting and wise pacing blend well with the friendliness of Miss page's delivery . . . and, as always, she sounds as if she enjoys singing." Patti's comment on this tribute was characteristically refreshing. "Wasn't I the smart one to marry Charlie! Now I'm getting top-flight staging done for free."

The O'Curran clan, then, has all the days, with all sorts of plans: A home in the desert, a family, bringing their dog "Window" out to live with them, a second honeymoon at Lake Tahoe ("and we don't mean under the table") and a cruise on Patti's "Rage II" (a fifty-foot Chris-Craft boat that sleeps twelve, and which is presently in drydock at Miami Beach), a movie for Columbia (if it can be produced)," —last but far from least—Patti's new CBS-TV show (debuting in September), to be called The Big Record, featuring guest stars with Patti as f emcee.

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Tennessee's Ernie

(Continued from page 42)

telling the story of his life back home. And Gram had started to get a bit short-tempered when the eighty-two year old, was knitting away there in the family living room—on a stage at NBC Studios in Burbank!—just like she believed the theater to be.

Which, in a way, she did. A moving van had driven up to the front door of the Ford's two-storey gray frame house in Bristol, not many days before, and had taken all their possessions away in fancy damask drapes, the floral-print sofa, the rugs, the mahogany, the family upright piano, and the treasured "Thomas Jefferson" baby grand.

The clock had caught Tennessee Ernie's eye, right off, when—in a state of shock—he'd walked into the studio next door to his . . . to find his old living room had been immediately torn apart for him. That's my brother Stanley's picture—and that's the clock my dad bought from a lady back home,—Ernie said dazedly . . . and, overcome with emotion, he took a familiar little white-haired woman's hand. 

Watching back in Bristol—this was the life, too . . . of those whose lives had, at some time through the years, touched his own. They were doing a lot of remembering when . . .

Remember when Ernest worked at Hughes' grocery, the day he broke all those eggs? Bristol was poorer, he'd worry over time paying for them—at ten cents an hour? . . . Remember when he sang tenor—then bass—at Anderson Street Church? . . . Remember when the curtain of the theater caught on fire and the curtain man— and Ernest shinnied up the curtain and put it out? . . . Remember when . . .

This was his life. And this was his home town, his family, a place to live. Here he was born—in a little four-room frame house shaped like a boxcar, over on Anderson Street. And here, growing up, he'd planned to remain. Dreaming toward the day he could own his own farm, here among the green rolling hills and the silver streams. But Ernest Ford's voice was God-given, and intended to carry far beyond the hills in his home town. And Nancy, his mother, had heard throughout the land A . . . and a voice to echo all the good things of that land. He'd come back home from the Air Force, bringing back his charm, his brother Betty, with him. And he'd proudly wheeled into Main Street of Bristol, Tennessee-side. But, one day soon, he had adventurers on. Ernie hadn't had enough money for a farm, anyway. But he had eleven hundred dollars of severance pay in the family pocke—and he and Betty were all fired up about homesteading in Alaska, pioneering the wilderness, and they'd read in the Sunday supplement of a weekly, they'd read a glowing account of the opportunities there for young people who were "hard workers," homesteading lucrative five-acre plots. He—Ernie—had written the Chamber of Commerce in Anchorage for further details. Days passed . . . and still no reply.

Until one day, it was heard from, the two pioneers decided to go back to California, where Ernie had been stationed in the Air Force, and try radio. As he put it, logically enough, at the time. "And if we didn't want to go to Alaska, we'll be closer there.

There, too—although he could not know it then—he would be closer to the fame some day. . . ."

But the roots were here in Bristol, Ten-

ex. Here was his voice, and the heri-

tage he puts so richly into song.

Here, he was early "foundationed" for the future by the love and teachings and inspiration of his parents a boy ever had: Attractive, vivacious Maude Ford, with all her warmth and love. And Ernie's tall, distinguished-looking father, Charles Ford, a tower of gentleness and strength.

Their's was a happy home life during important formative years when Ernie and his brother, Stanley, who's twenty-two months younger, grew up. They were a close family, sharing every adventure—such as the remembered day Ernie's dad brought home that fabulous old clock. Clock which hung in the little old lady's house on his route one day when he was carrying the mail. "Hasn't run for over fifty years," she'd shrugged, when he asked her a question. Just an old piece of junky handed down. Some day she was going to get rid of it.

"I'm pretty good at fixing things. I'll give you two dollars for it,"Ernie's dad had said, fifty years ago.

In the workshop at home, an excited little boy, with big brown eyes and a Buster Brown haircut, hovered around his dad, watching him take the clock apart and put it back together again. He made a pendulum, fixed some weights—and, on the back of the dial, he found Thomas Jefferson's name written in pencil. I talked about the history of the time, Ernest Ford recalls, "and she said Jefferson and her grandfather were old friends. The clock's well over a hundred years old—we think it belonged to Thomas Jefferson. As a kid, Ernie's always been telling people about it," his dad grins.

Ernie was proud to have a father who was a postman, who knew everybody in town—and was known in return. His father used to make the rounds, sometimes, and sometimes Ernie would go trotting along beside him when he carried the mail. As his dad says, "He'd trot along and, when we got close to the grocery store on the route, he'd trot ahead—and order his favorite cherry-blossom soda pop.

Cherry-blossom pop . . . a Thomas Jefferson clock . . . the memories of childhood. 

He'd poked his nose in the old Ford home, a boy of eleven had finally mastered "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" on a new trombone. Here, in the sunny kitchen, Ernie had learned to bake his favorite; gingerbread "and I still like to cook," he says now.

Surrounded as he was so much love and family affection at home, Ernie was always wanting to share it with those less fortunate. One day, he brought in a little smudgy-faced four-year-old boy to be mothered. As Ma Ford says: "They'd been playing in the playground.

"Mother, this is Emmett Carter," he said, introducing them. "His little heart hurts because he has nobody to rock him to sleep at night, and his mother has to work for a living. She never has any time for him to sit in her lap and rock. I told him my mother just loves to rock. Next time, you will, won't you?" Emmett said anxiously.

"Of course I will," she assured him.

"Come on, Stanley," Ernie said to his brother, and they both walked out, leaving the little boy to his dreams.

"I took the little fellow on my lap and rocked him until he was asleep," Ernie's mother recalls. From there on, Emmett was a fairly steady client. Just an old-year-old would show up at the back door, saying, "Mrs. Ford, could I sit on your lap—just a little while;"

As Ernie grew a little older, his was a concerned eye for the opposite sex in the neighborhood. He could not resist a pretty little girl, with curly blond hair and big blue eyes, named Mary Brat. Ernie had a crush on her that was no less acute because of several obvious reasons—Mary's folks had some cows ("You could keep cows at the edge of town then") and Ernie remembers he was always walking a syrup, bucket up to Mary's house. "We'd go out, with our voices pitched high, Ernie said later, "to get milk, with a picture of a rose-covered cottage on the back."

Ernest made a dollar working Saturdays at the store, sweeping out, carrying packages and helping to wait on customers. And he'd shown how cheap a pay check on. During those days, Mary remembers, his generosity was only exceeded by his energy. "He was always on an adventure—never did sit," she smiles. "We always called him 'Ernest.' The 'Ernie' came later, in Hollywood. He was always playing cow-boy then and talking about having a ranch someday, and he'd promised it in years and years. "

Even then, Ernest Ford was developing into quite a personality. "He was always performing—he'd have us laughing all the time. Ernest was just a natural talent, anyway," Mary goes on. "Several of us used to walk to school together, and Ernest would entertain us all the way. Talking and singing and doing monkeyshines."

Ernie was a performer long before then. However, it was the act of another that will tell you, Ernest sang "The Old Rugged Cross" when he was less than three years old," Grandma Long recalls proudly. "He sang it at a church con-

vention—without any prompting," she adds pertly.

Ernest's mom helped him learn "The Old Rugged Cross," but only for home consumption, and there were mixed emo-
tions at the prospect of his performing it in public—straight through. This was a favorite hymn around the Fords' home and "Ernest automatically picked up most of the words," as his dad said, but "he had no idea he would be singing in public." Then, one day, a family friend heard little Ernest singing the verse, and said, "Why, Ernest..." as he said. "we're going to have the church conference soon. There'll be hundreds of delegates there—and I want them to hear this child sing."

"His appearance his mom will never forget: That tiny little figure standing on a table in the big main auditorium before hundreds of people—singing all those words," she says now. Years later, when Ernest was reading a book called of "The Old Rugged Cross" would be sweeping the country, this picture would come home to her. . . .

Then, as always, he was ready to go—anyway, and young Ernest grew up with an appreciation for music. His brother Stanley played piano, banjo—and could
get by picking a guitar. Ernest played the trombone and a half-hearted violin. "I'd have to make him practice the violin, but I could leave the trombone caused he had it." But I thought he'd have talent on the violin, because his dad was pretty good on homemade stuff.

In deference to that instrument, Clarence Ford insists, "I played a fiddle." But he could really bust loose on "Arkansas Traveler" or "Sourwood Mountain" or "Soldier's Joy." The Fords and a group of friends had a musical aggregation called "The Cornfield Canaries." They'd get together at the home of some elderly couple in Bristol who could use a little musical help and would meet in each other's homes where there was a piano. Ernest's dad would play the fiddle, Stanley the piano, somebody pick a guitar—and we'd all sing. Mr. Ford recollects,

On a balmy summer evening in Bristol, Tennessee, the voice of the youngest "Cornfield Canary" would filter through the crowds that streamed into his former Sunday School teacher, Mr. Linseed McQuillan, remembers it. "That was the first time I knew Ernest could really sing. He would sit outside in the swing on the porch and sing all the songs we older ones were singing inside—without missing a verse."

To hometowners, it was increasingly apparent that voice had something that "stood out." As one of them puts it, "He always stole the show wherever he appeared." What Ernest had—besides a basic talent and all that energy—was the makings of showmanship, whatever his audience.

His was a varied audience. He'd finagle the lead in a play or operetta at school, his dad grins now. He sang every Sunday in the choir at the Methodist Church. He would go caroling on Christmas, when the choir would pile into a borrowed truck and cruise around town. The Fords lived in an old folks' home—wherever people needed holiday cheer. Songbook in hand, he'd go with others in the congregation to the town jail and sing hymns.

And he always hit that, first Sunday he soloed in church. Mr. McQuillan recalls, "He sang a hymn called 'No Longer Lonely'—and I remember somebody said, 'Nelson Edwards is the best that ever sang.'"

Twenty years from then, Ernest Ford would be coming back to that same church and singing in the choir. His would be a television audience of millions, and his Capitol recordings of old hymns like "Rock of Ages" would be selling like hoecake in Tennessee. Most of the congregation would have known him since that day he was born, and they wouldn't have been surprised by his success. They always knew Ernest Ford "had something"—if he could just channel it.

The year Ernest was singing at the Anderson Street Methodist Church were to be an important part in that future. Here he sang hymns which would lead to a place on Cliffie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree" program, and eventually to a world jamboree of recognition for Tennessee's Ernest Ford.

Ernie was always very active in church work. "I don't believe never missing Sunday School or church, even went to prayer meeting," his former Sunday School teacher affirms. "Was a good student, did he answer the questions in school? I know he did the answers to the questions—Ernest wanted to take up the collection," Mrs. McQuillan laughs now. "He had to be busy—always jumping around."

The grassroots that would always be Tennessee Ernest Ford's grew firmly. Nature's setting was his stage, and God's wonderland his theater. He worked on his cousin's tobacco farm near Fordtown. He plowed fields and took it to be milking cows. He helped with the harvest. He went swimming in Muddy Creek and fishing on the Holston River with his family. As he says now, "My dad taught me to fish. He grew up on the river."

Someday—he would put all of it into song. "We had a wonderful life," his dad says now. "We never had any money, but we had a lot of fun. We had some great vacation trips."

But growing up, Ernie had no dream of singing fame. In his opinion, anybody would have been out of their cotton-pickin' mind to ever pay to hear him sing. I wanted a farm—and I finally got it a year and a half ago," he says happily still.

Referring to the 540-acre "farm" he owns in Northern California, the most beautiful land anywhere . . . short of back home. There he's got his own TV-studio, daily and weekly NBC-TV shows, the place I have now, in California, is too far away. I can't even get up there very often," he says regretfully.

Then there were the hits and the success. Finally—the farm he'd always dreamed about . . . and no time to go there. He's aiming for the day he and his family can enjoy it. When he has his two kids, Buck, 1, and D'Eric, 4, he knows the feeling of open country and their own good earth.

"My daddy's always had a solution for everything," says Ernie. "You've got to work—work and have patience—he'd say. I'm working."

Work and patience—the tempo of a town . . . a good place to live—Bristol, Tennessee.

Ernest Ford never thought of singing as his life's work. Not even when he won first place singing in the regional high-school talent meet. "All the high schools of the South, Maryland, and Washington, D.C., competed in a meet in Columbia, South Carolina," his Mom remembers well, "and Ernest's high school voice teacher said to him, 'You'd get first place there.' No second."

What Ernie remembers mostly was, "just getting to go. That thrilled me plenty—I'd never been to South Carolina. The trip was the main thing."

He was studying voice by then—from Mrs. Schroetter, head of the voice department at Virginia Intermount Girl's College. And being a male voice in a girl's college "was a pretty good recalls with a grin. "She put on various school operettas, and guys taking private lessons from her got the male roles."

In the choir at Anderson Street Church, it was apparent young Ernest was getting some professional advice. One day he sang the hymn, "Hold Thou My Hand," Mrs. McQuillan remembers. "The next day I heard him sing that same hymn, it was 'Hold Thou My Hand.'—he'd started taking voice lessons," she twinkles.

Ernie sang "On the Road to Mandalay" at the high-school graduation ceremonies that year—but there were no school honors for him. He was still too active being active. Nobody, however, had to burn the school down to get him graduated. On the day when the school almost burned down, it was Ernest who extinguished it. "Ernest and a friend, Charlie Oakley," says Mr. Ford, "wrote the senior class song, and they were all practicing it that night when the stage curtain caught on fire. They told me later that Ernest climbed up the curtain, pulled it down and stomped it out."

Graduation memories, for Ernest Ford, would be many. Like playing trombone in the high school band—and parading at

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Dance to My Dream

(Continued from page 32)
of handicaps defeated, heartbreak conquered, disaster valiantly defied.

At the beginning, there was a little girl in the kitchen of a house on Madison Street, Chicago. She stood, tense with anticipation, in her very best imitation of a ballet dancer waiting for her music cue. A wind-up violin made love to scratching noises, working toward the opening bar of music. The music began, and the little girl danced raptly.

That was the time when it seemed that the day-dream of dancing, dragging forever. Her father was a private chauffeur, and there were few jobs for such men then, fewer than in most lines of work—and, worse, there were more unemployed people by the millions. She’d had no training in the dance, of course. Unemployed, her father couldn’t afford to pay for such luxuries. But, on certain rare occasions, she had seen dancers in beautiful costumes, creating greater beauty in the dance itself.

So she tried to repeat the dancing she’d seen. But her tiny, vigorous little dance stopped while the music was still playing. She clenched her hands in the despair only a very special little girl would feel. “I’m not doing it right!” she cried bitterly to the wall. “If I just write the choreography I know I could learn by heart.”

Any other little girl would have given up. But June Taylor, aged ten, went valiantly to a dancing-school headed by Merriah Abbott, the dancing-teachers and dancing-schools in Chicago. And little June gravely proposed a bargain she had worked out. The bargain was an offer to help teach children even younger than she was, in exchange for producing dance-lessons for herself. It was to be very convincing about her earnestness and competence. But she was convincing.

Merriah Abbott the lessons she needed, and later on, for a time, was her manager and always her fast friend.

Only three years later, the need for money at home was no longer than ever. So June, aged thirteen, considered as gravely as before. She borrowed grown-up clothes and high-heeled shoes. She bluffed splendidly about her age. But she was told to go back to the Alexanders, and she did.

The dancing was the clincher, and she got the job she needed at the work she wanted. She became a member of the Chicago theater and the Chez Paree, where she was a first-rate dancer. She’s done more, perhaps it prevailed and June carried on her career.

June danced in night-club dance lines and in theaters. She danced with Ted Lewis, the great band "leader, and for Merriah Abbott, Ted Lewis. She made friends who stayed her friends. Merriah Abbott, Ted Weiss, Ted Lewis, and innumerable others. There have always been good friends—men and women both—in June Taylor’s life. But, in 1936, she made a very special one.

Sol Lerner was a law-school graduate who had been a great talent agent. Coming to New York, June Taylor had been advised to look up this particular agent—who shall be nameless. The agent was tremendously impressed. He wanted to represent her. He took her out, one evening, and it became very evident that he wanted to occupy her every moment from then on. It was becoming embarrasing to June by the time they ran into Sol Lerner. June greeted Lerner with a beaming smile and a whispered, “Don’t leave me! Don’t leave me alone!”

Sol Lerner was a specialist, of course. He had been a ballet dancer and was good at it. He had seen the black looks of his agent clients and stuck like glue until the evening was over. He earned June’s undying gratitude. Sol Lerner was a good friend for nine years—then he made her a permanent improvement in the situation.

But there were some very good and some very bad times in those nine years between June and the Lerner Band. June was in London dancing with the Ted Lewis band. She was doing very well. She was close to the top in her profession and she was earning many dollars. But most of the money went home, where she needed it. She lived simply. Fine clothes and jewelry didn’t mean much to her. A rehearsal costume meant more.

She danced herself, not only to perfect her dancing, but to learn and improve in all the things one needed if one was going to be a dancer and even more. Besides dancing, with the band, which was work enough, she studied acting and diction and singing and French. In between times, she was doing the choreography for Raymond Massey, then acting in it if it fitted the choreography. In June Taylor’s book, is not only dreaming up a dance—it is making it come to life in shimmering perfection on the stage. She was so busy she couldn’t even look at the stage. Dancing as she did was work. It was all together, entirely too much. She didn’t have time to sleep.

She was getting places, or so she thought. But she was not known in Hollywood. She wasn’t even a name. In the studio, the spotters and the commercial film producer, signed her to a seven-year contract with escatol salary clauses that would go up to $2,500 a week. It was her intention to go from one to a movie star—and it wasn’t a bad idea.

June Taylor was working harder than a ballet class, studying harder than most college students—each activity a full-time occupation—and, in what she fancied was “spare time,” working with Raymond Massey on “Idiot’s Delight.” True, she was using aspirin in place of the sleep she hadn’t been able to obtain. Her career. A Korda contract was offered and signed, it looked like the high spot of one career and the start of another, more brilliant one.

She went back to America to visit her family. There was no radio for the family was radio-crazy. But she couldn’t be anywhere for four weeks and not be pressed to dance. She danced, in the Palace Theater in Chicago. And she collapsed on the stage.

The diagnosis was advanced tuberculosis. She went to a hospital, and she stayed, flat on her back, for two years.

That would be bad for anyone. It was worst of all for June Taylor, who had so much joy in movement—which was forbidden... and dancing—which was then unlawful and against the law. From this, her ambitious planning for the future—which was no longer possible. Some people might have died of pure frustration. May be, she would have given up if she weren’t the strong woman she is.

That sort of person always has friends. There was one friend, Sol Lerner—who’d acted as chaperon when she was bothered by a twin, and who wrote for her at least twice a week during those two years. That helped. But it was June Taylor’s own will to live that made her soberly concentrate on getting well.

At the end of two years, she decided it was time for her to go home. The doctors didn’t agree with her. When she insisted, they told her flatly that, if she...
left the hospital, she would be dead in three months.

She left. She went home.

In three months, she had a job as a receptionist. She wasn’t dead—but she wasn’t dancing, either. She was soberly eating the nourishing foods she needed and getting as much rest as she ought to have. There was no more cheating with aspirins instead of shut-eye. Presently, she began to feel like her old self.

One lunch-hour she ate heartily and went to a near-by rehearsal hall to see how well she was. She tried, tentatively, to dance. And she found out what had happened to her. She could dance. But she didn’t have and could never get back the physical stamina—the more-than-perfect health—which allows a slim young girl to do dancing which would prostrate a husky football player.

She took it rather well. She recognized the wreck of all her ambitions and her hopes. She took it without flinching. Then—and this took a very special kind of courage—before she went back to her receptionist’s desk, she began to create a dance—a combination of steps and grace and idea which was beautifully satisfying because it was so perfectly right.

That night, ignoring the discovery that professional dancing was no longer for her, she showed the new, defiantly created dance to her sister Marilyn. Marilyn watched admiringly, and loyally grew enthusiastic as June showed her and told her the completely altered plans she’d made for the future. Next morning, they telephoned five old friends—all dancers.

Marilyn is June’s first assistant now. But Marilyn and the five friends became the first June Taylor Dancers, dancing the routines June Taylor created. With Ted Weiss’s help, the Dancers got a booking at the Black Hawk Restaurant in Chicago. Then Sol Lerner got the June Taylor Dancers a job at the Hurricane Club in New York, with Duke Ellington. The New York critics were not impressed, and advised June Taylor to take her “corn back to the West where it belonged. This was a blow, but Sol Lerner encouraged her to carry on.

A very helpful friend, this Sol Lerner. And, eventually, much more than that. In 1942, he and June Taylor were married. Now he is the business manager for the June Taylor Dancers, and of the June Taylor Schools of the Dance, and he’s highly capable in a business deal. But his marriage to June Taylor is not a business deal, and he regards his wife with that special warmth with which a happy man looks at the woman who has married him, can stand him, makes other men envy him, and is a swell cook, besides.

In the period today, the June Taylor Dancers were just another group of dancers, at the beginning. They had to make their mark—and June’s reputation as a choreographer—the hard way. Sometimes, though, whatever June Taylor touches becomes memorable. Her own dancing had been memorable enough. And, from the very outset, the dances she conceived and staged had a quality which made them stick in people’s minds.

For instance, Sol Lerner got an engagement for the Dancers at the Chanti- ler Club in 1942. There was a young, struggling comic working there at the same time, a skinny young comic. It seems a long time ago, because he was Jackie Gleason—and he was skinny! Actually, it was 1946. Jackie remembered the Dancers for years. When he was given a featured spot on the Du Mont show, Cavalcade Of Stars, he asked for the June Taylor Dancers to be on the show. They’ve been with Jackie ever since.

They’d made their debut on television before then, however. Not immediately, of course. The June Taylor Dancers began in 1942, after thirty-nine weeks—a television year—in the first Ed Sullivan variety show in 1948. They weren’t quite the production feature then that they are today, but persistent rumors—and nobody denies them—that Ed Sullivan’s budget was so low on that first show that he hired the June Taylor Dancers because they had their own costumes.

Things are different now. The Dancers joined Jackie Gleason the following year. Now they are as much a part of the show as their famous host, and their importance has been enhanced in the latest Jackie Gleason format. In 1954, June Taylor was awarded an Emmy, the television equivalent of an “Oscar,” as the year’s best choreographer. (She’s been nominated at least two other times.)

June Taylor is equally successful as a wife. Sol Lerner has been known to brag, “The way my wife cooks, you just can’t get that out of the restaurant in the world!” They live on Sutton Terrace, in an apartment filled with pictures, both paintings and the product of Sol Lerner’s camera. June does a little photography herself.

But a mere two careers—wife and choreographer—doesn’t make her life as completely full and rich as she has the capacity to enjoy. In 1958, she opened the first of the June Taylor Schools of the Dance, in New York. There are classes for all ages from four years up, through teen-agers, through those who dance professionally, and those who want to dance only for the enrichment of their lives.

There will be expansions of this school. There should be a June Taylor School of the Dance in Kaye Ballroom, if he fall, and in Miami Beach some time this autumn. Los Angeles should have a school before the end of the year, and Long Island will have one, too. All this, of course, is provoking that nothing goes very badly wrong.

June Taylor insists on that proviso. It’s not that she’s afraid of something going wrong, but she knows it can. She’s sensitive, her family is close, she has a home and husband, and a fullness of achievement which some people might envy. But it is, after all, rather difficult to envy June Taylor. One can admire her, and one can regard her with very great respect. But after the work she’s done and the hardships she overcame and the heartbreak she endured and the disaster she conquered—what could one envy her? June Taylor earned it!

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Among hundreds of airwaves favorites donating to Red Cross Blood Banks is Marjorie Reynolds of Life Of Riley.
Denise Lor: How She Beat the Weight Problem

(Continued from page 29)

sonstress instead of a waitress, you’d think she wouldn’t have a chance to eat on the job—but you’d be wrong. She’s ingenious. “Remember,” she twinkles, “I got used to eating anything that wasn’t nailed down!”

She has been on the Garry Moore Show since 1956 and sometimes she gets a plateful of food (such as Franco-American spaghetti) to nibble in front of the camera. “I didn’t have to finish it all,” she says, “but I wanted to do it. I could have had Crocker cake-mix commercial. There’d be one cake in the studio for the camera to shoot, but we’d always have two spares, too. After the show, there would be a mad scramble to get them—and I’d be in line for a generous hunk.

“I don’t do that any more. Yet I’ve been eating very well since I started dieting—and, in some ways, better than I did before. In the morning, when I was leaving home for the studio, I used to grab a glass of fruit juice and a slurp of coffee. The rest of the day would be one long meal. By the time I got to the studio at nine, I was hungry. I had Danish pastries for coffee and coffee. Later, when someone sending out for coffee would ask, ‘Want anything?’, I’d order a melted cheese sandwich, a cream soup, another cheese sandwich, or a hamburger on buttered roll. In the afternoon, more coffee and something to eat with it.

By that time, since I was in the habit of nibbling on some food, I’d get one for dinner—so I’d have another cheese sandwich in the kitchen before we sat down at the table. My appetite was like a bottomless pit.

“Now, I start the day by allowing enough time to have a good breakfast. First, fruit juice and a vitamin tablet. Then, two boiled eggs. I like them hard-boiled sometimes. They seem to fill me and can hardly get through the second one down, and they have no more calories than soft-boiled eggs. I got used to drinking coffee without sugar during the war. In fact, coffee with cream and sugar only disturbed my digestion.

“Lunch is a problem, since I’m at the studio. I send out for two hamburgers. Then I take step number-one to cut down calories in a sandwich more than one of the bun and eat just as little of the bottom as is necessary to keep from holding the hamburger in my hand. This can be messy, drippy and slitty, but it saves calories! Black coffee, of course, and an apple or pear for dessert. And when we send out for a snack between meals, I’ll order more black coffee.

“For dinner, I’m home with Jay and the boys. I like eating lots of fruits and yellow vegetables, because I haven’t eaten any all day. Sometimes I’ll have parsley potatoes with butter. Even on a diet, we need a main course, but I’ve got to use pile salt on it to a ridiculous extent. Now, I don’t add any to what’s been used in cooking. For dessert, I have fruit.”

As for drinking milk: The U. S. Department of Agriculture recommends a half-pint of milk and a half-pint of milk for the daily diet. (2)

Thus far—healthy eating is a rule for a woman who doesn’t eat anything that isn’t nailed down. But what about cookies? Sometimes I sneak a cookie, depending on what I’ve eaten all day. Or I’ll nibble a piece of cheese, which I love more than candy. I used to eat practically another meal before going to bed. But no more. That food, it seems to me, can turn into more weight. Now I’d rather not eat all day and get up and have a good breakfast, so that I use up the energy from that food during the day.”

On Saturdays and Sundays, Denise eats a big breakfast and then doesn’t eat with the family. Seeing the boys devouring bacon and eggs, toast with marmalade, and cups of hot chocolate, makes her feel fortunate to have to eat fat-free milk by now that, if she pours whole milk on cereal, it tastes like cream.

Her weekday schedule is busy one. Up at seven in the morning, into New York by nine, home by noon, then to 10:30 Monday to Thursday, from ten to 11:30 on Friday. Rehearsals go on until 2:30—except for Thursday, when the cast rehearses from noon to 3 for the one-and-one-half-hour Friday show. And while Denise was sitting at the Plaza there were two night performances, at nine and twelve.

In addition to changing her eating habits so she eats down and fits into the beautiful gowns Joe Fretwell designed for her Plaza appearance, Denise started going to Pilate’s gym for two one-hour sessions a week. “I’d get very numb in Pilate’s,” she recalls. “I thought it might be a mistake. I saw all the pictures of muscle-men and didn’t want to come out in that shape. I wanted to lose weight, not add muscles. After I got in Pilate’s, I lost the muscle and helps keep the body contours firm while a diet makes pounds fall off.

“I love to skate for exercise,” Denise says. “And, now that summer is coming, I look forward to it. In fact, I like it on all sorts, but I’m good at none. And I’m cautious about skiing, because I can picture how I’d look trying to ski with my teeth chattering.”

The kind of diet that Denise would like to find is the one that says you can have whipped cream. In fact, while still dreaming, Denise says, “What I’d like to do is take food that I love and the enzyme in each of the foods I eat. I like that.”

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City. He and Mary have two boys, Tommy, six, and Daniel Philip, two. For recreation, they like to go down to the beach and catch ball. Danny comments, "Mary throws as good as I do, but the kids run out of room before the ball does -- down to 110 pounds -- and that's not her good ball-playing weight."

Visiting Time: Alan Freed, who emceed his Rock 'n Roll Revue on ABC-TV in May, had two good reasons for his special visit to Ted Steele's Bandstand show on WOR-TV in New York. They're The Heavenly Days of Mark Twain, so impressed Alan that he made the special trip to introduce their new King record, a ballad titled "After School." The boys also impressed their local contemporaries, who voted them their favorites in a poll on the Steele show.... When Hal Holbrook steps out of the character of Grayling Dennis of The Brighter Side, he strips off his farmer's clothes, and here is Mark Twain. He impersonated the author on Ed Sullivan's Easter Sunday show and will do an encore on May 18 and 19, at Angel's Camp in Calaveras County. This is the third town in the state he has made a tour of. The other, the California county holds its Jumping Frog Jubilee, and 500 frogs will gather from all over the world to compete for the first prize of $1,000. It's estimated that 10,000 people will watch the frogs -- and also Hal.

Female Elvis or Not?: Abigail Francene Lane is her right name, but calling her Abigail is like calling a Jaguar a horse. Abbie Lane's two sacks and she, and she's famous for her sexy gyration (i.e., female Elvis) when she sings with hubbie Xavier Cugat's band. But that, too, is the wrong impression. Young Abbe (born 1924) is an intellectual sophisticate with serious ideas about acting. It's incidental that Abbe and Cugie's twice-weekly TV show are hitting high and certain to return next fall. He and Miss Cugat went to Italy to make the movie, "Bread, Love and Cha Cha," with Vittorio De Sica and Fernandel. This is the third and last in the trio of films they've turned out. First, the two starred Gina and Sophia -- and Abbe has everything and as much as they have. "I've turned down American movies," Abbe says. "All they've offered me are Western and Indian girls." Abbe's made eight good movies and starred in roles that called on her to portray a sweet ingenue, a mean Neapolitan, a Roman girl, and a French dancer. Surprisingly, in comedy, she turned into a boy, but not for too long. Abbe is a fine linguist and speaks French, Italian and Spanish as well as English. She was born in Brooklyn. Her father, of German extraction, was a beauty who won the Miss New York title. Her father, of German extraction, is a clothe. Abbe began single-professional engagements, and received so much encouragement that she has been in show-biz constantly. At seventeen, she joined Cugie's band and two years later made her film debut. Abbe (born 1909) are proud of their marriage and their happiness. They work well together and spend most evenings at home working, studying or just getting rid of a cold. They have three homes: A villa in Italy, a suite in Manhattan's Ritz Towers and a house in Brentwood. Abbe's hobby is designing shoes and she has designed all of her 200 pairs. She doesn't repudiate her excessive sex appeal. She says: "Unfortunately, in this day and age, first you must sell yourself to the public and then they let you act."

Slightly Personal: This month finally sees Warren and Sue Hilt catching a two-week vacation. Warren has been putting the rest off for months because, believe it or not, the ratings were on the upswing and that's no time to fool around with a deep breath. About the same holds true for bright Bill Cullen. Bill's new marriage to "beauty" Right, has had most fabulous pull in the business. The program receives as many as a million cards in a week. The rating has been on the rise and Bill, too, has been putting in many extra hours, which have not gone unnoticed by his wife, and spouse, the former Ann Macomber, take off for two weeks in Europe. And note, too, that Bill and Ann are on the front pages this month, it being their first anniversary. The program's ratings have skyrocketed and the program has been put on the air for the first time. It is a sign that the program is growing in popularity. The program has been put on the air for the first time. It is a sign that the program is growing in popularity. The program has been put on the air for the first time. It is a sign that the program is growing in popularity. The program has been put on the air for the first time.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST (Continued from page 13)
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7064—Cool, tie-shoulder halter to top your skirts, shorts, slacks. Trim with flower embroidery. Takes just a little more than 1 yard 35-inch fabric. In Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. State Size. 25¢

610—A religious picture—inspiring throughout the years. Done in simple embroidery. Transfer of picture, 16x19 inches, color chart, directions, detail of stitches. 25¢

7259—Attractive chair-set, beginner-easy to crochet in pineapple design. For both modern and traditional furniture. Simple crochet directions. 25¢

751—Embroider old-fashioned girl motif on towels, sheets, scarves, pillowcases; add frilly ruffling of eyelet or lace. Transfer of one motif 5x19½ inches; two 3½x14 inches. Color chart, directions. 25¢

7162—Easy-to-crochet place mats and centerpiece make an elegant table setting. Crochet directions of pineapple and star design. Centerpiece 19 inches; mats 14½ inches in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7278—Perfect hot-weather hobby—piece a patchwork quilt! Thriftiest way to use your scraps. You’ll display the finished work with pride. Pattern, chart, directions. 25¢

7074—Dainty crocheted shell pocket holds a wash cloth. Use heavy cotton for terry towels, lighter for linen. Crochet directions for holder, plus matching edging. 25¢

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