Writer Turns Actor with Bilko

ROUND-UP: YOUR NEARVEST STARS

Christmas Spirit—Lennon Style

George & Dina Success Team

John Payne of Restless Gun

Atlantic Coast Alarm Clock

Jack Sterling

Dad Bill Lennon with His Best Girls
NEW... revives hair surely as moisture refreshes a flower

Ever watch a drooping rose revive after a summer rain? Now you can see the same sort of miracle happen in your hair, thanks to fabulous new Suave Creme. Just a touch a day actually moisturizes hair problems away! Dryness disappears, drabness goes. Highlights sparkle and shimmer. Suddenly your hair obeys perfectly, takes any hairstyle easily. Not a sticky jelly, but a delicate beauty creme for hair.

New moisturizing miracle by HELENE CURTIS
Don't try to brush 
bad breath away-
reach for Listerine!

Listerine stops bad breath 
4 times better 
than tooth paste!

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

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

Always reach for Listerine 
after you brush your teeth.

...your No. 1 protection 
against bad breath
HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

All is calm, all is bright. In America we worship as we please, in peace.

But like so many precious things, peace doesn’t come easy. Peace costs money.

Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America’s Peace Power.

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA’S PEACE POWER

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What’s New on the West Coast...
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YOUR LOCAL STATION

Get Up and Gary Owens (WIL)...
Smooth Sailing (Mary McNeely of WKMH)...
The Record Players: Turn Over a New Album Leaf...
U.S. Marshal in the Making (John Bromfield)...
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YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies...
Information Booth...
Beauty: Figure It Out With Dancing (Sarah Hardy’s ballet-inspired exercises)...
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions)
New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns)

Cover portrait of the Lennon Sisters and their dad by Gary Wagner

BUY YOUR FEBRUARY ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE JANUARY 6
**TV \ RADIO \ MIRROR**

**goes to the movies**

**The Last Hurrah**

*COLUMBIA*

Edwin O’Connor’s best-selling novel of a few years ago is brought to vivid life on screen, with big-wig politician Skeffington played magnificently by Spencer Tracy. Long-time Mayor of an Irish-American city, the aging Skeffington seeks re-election, is aided in his campaign by his nephew (Jeffrey Hunter). He loses, to the despair of his loyal ward bosses and constituents, but remains the triumphant strong-man to the end. Critics predict the movie may be Academy Award winner.

**A Question of Adultery**

*NTA PICTURES, INC.*

A frank treatment of a controversial theme: Does artificial insemination constitute justification for a legal charge of adultery against the wife as basis for a divorce action? Anthony Steel plays a race-car driver married to Julie London, ex-cabaret singer. Unwontedly jealous of his beautiful wife, Steel invokes a violent quarrel when he learns his wife is pregnant—accusing her of an affair with a young man she scarcely knows. An automobile accident ensues, with result that the wife miscarries her natural child, the husband is made sterile. Yearning for a child to cement the stormy marriage, the wife gains agreement to artificial insemination so she may bear an heir to the marriage. Roused again to jealousy of a young Swiss living near the nursing home where artificial insemination project is under way, Steel changes his mind—decides to sue his wife for divorce, claiming adultery. Movie is played out within the framework of the court trial which results, with a flashback giving details of plot development leading up to trial. An honest attempt is made within structure of the trial to explain the complicated legal questions involved in such a case.

**Bell, Book and Candle**

*COLUMBIA; TECHNICOLOR*

John Van Druten’s amusing play about modern witchcraft is rendered into a star-studded movie by writer Daniel Taradash. Involved in the witchly goings-on are beautiful blonde witch Kim Novak, who bewitches (what else?) publisher James Stewart, but eventually loses her skill with a fast hex due to the fact that she falls truly in love. Various other-worldly types abet the zany action, including TV favorites Ernie Kovacs, Hermione Gingold and Jack Lemmon.
Let It Snow: Phil Silvers expecting January delivery of a little Bilko. His wife is former model Evelyn Patrick and this is their second production.

... Grim thinking behind the scenes. ABC-TV booked seven star cowboys—including Maverick brothers, Sugarfoot, Wyatt Earp, others—to fly into New York for mass guest-shot, then was struck with what might happen to network if plane tragedy should involve all. Solution: They sent the gunlers in on different airlines. ... Bing's second show in February may include the Slender Sender and Judy Garland as guest stars. Should make a sensational hour. ... Anthony Ray, "Bud Gardner" in Search For Tomorrow, leaves the TV serial to take over lead in the national company of "Dark at the Top of the Stairs." ... Debbie Reynolds, not a girl to be floored by tragic personal problems, may do a spring spectacular. ... Sullivan's son-in-law, Bob Precht, upped to job of associate producer on Ed's show. Bob's first job was to make ready the Alaskan show slated for December 7 telecasting. Ed, himself, flies to India next month to find out what's new on the Ganges. ... Audrey Meadows, now separated, suing for divorce from Washington businessman, Randy Rouse. Sister Jayne separating from I've Got A Secret to co-star in Broadway play, "The Gazebo," opposite Walter Slezak. This is her first Broadway role since 1945, when she was billed as Jayne Cotter. Program note: Jayne and Audrey re-appear on Steve Allen's stanza December 14. ... They're playing around with the idea of "smellsies" for TV. Idea is your future TV set would be stashed with separate vials of perfume to be controlled electronically. A scent would be sprayed into your living room to make the drama more realistic: That is, pine odor for an outdoor scene, maybe vermouth for a cocktail party, etc.

My Fair Lady: The musical version of O.Henry's famous "Gift of the Magi" is set for December 9, CBS-TV, and it turns out to be a family deal. CBS angled "My Fair Lady" and has chosen its current Broadway star, Sally Ann Howes, to play the lead, Della. Sally Ann's husband, Dick Adler (she's from the south of England), has written the music. Dick Adler also wrote the score for "The Pajama Game." Sally Ann, an agreeable, lovely gal, recalls that she first met Dick in London when he asked her to audition for another show. She refused. "I hadn't seen the script in advance and just said no." But she accepted a social date auditioned him for the part of bridegroom and he got the job. "Now I hope to make my career over here," she says. "I love New York and I love pizza pie. I consider myself completely Americanized." She has no fear of sounding too British when she plays the classic American short story, "Gift of the Magi." She says, "I've known the story since I was a child, for Mother was an avid reader and O. Henry was one of her favorite writers." She

"Gift" is music to ears of Dick Adler, his sons Andy and Chris, wife Sally Ann Howes, "Santa" Ernest Adler. Which Meadows "twin" has the Broadway play—which the TV panel? It's Jayne to the left, Audrey to the right.
She felt her disposition was showing, so Betsy Palmer sleeps a little later now.

Two quiet people with something to say after ten years—Don McNeill, Patti Page.

Californians, here they come: the marshal (Richard Coogan) and the saloon keeper (Carole Mathews) in New York's Gaslight during Gold Rush party.

Missile Toes: Betsy Palmer gave up her permanent berth on the Garrovay show because it was too much work. She had to get up at four in the morning, sometimes couldn't get home to Englewood till 4:30 or five in the afternoon. The job was worth $100,000 a year. Betsy continues with her other TV assignments and goes to Hollywood to make "The Last Angry Man." ... Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy live uneasily. Son Michael is carrying on nuclear-fission experiments in the basement. ... Playhouse 90 breaks away from the dramatic format on December 25 to present the New York City Ballet in "The Nutcracker Suite." ... The way fan mail is piling into Jimmy Dean's basket, it's a reasonable prediction that he is top choice to become the "great man" on TV. ... Grim note: Erle Stanley Gardner, creator of Perry Mason, says, "When you look at a corpse, it could be you. Based on statistics, you'd be surprised to know your chances for being murdered are pretty good." ... Peter Whitney, co-star of Rough Riders, is an unusual fellow. Once he decided to be a writer and took his wife and five children to a grass shack in Tahiti for a year while he pounded out fiction. Gave up in '57 and returned to acting. On the other hand, Hector Chevigny, who turns out The Second Mrs. Burton scripts, started writing to pay for his medical education. That was thirty years ago. He never did finish medical school. ... Negative News: So much fuss made about Mary Martin doing a CBS show on December 12 it should be noted that it won't be. Too many complications, too many other commitments. ... Suzanne Storrs, female interest in Naked City, dating Jody McCrea. Says she, "Just friends." ... Julie La Rosa has been on a tiger kick for years and has accumulated statues and pictures of jungle cats. But everyone thinks he went a little too far when he named his sophisticated French poodle, "Tiger."
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

On road for personal appearances, Lawman John Russell and Peter Brown make best of enforced "bachelor" joys, play gin rummy on the suitcase.


For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4

Everything came off okay. The first day home from the hospital with the new baby, six-pound Michael Arthur, gave Bobbie Linkletter her first chance to change the young'un. Looking over her shoulder were mother-in-law Lois Linkletter, mother of five; their neighbor, Mrs. Bob Cummings, mother of five; and their close friend, Mrs. Charles (Amos 'N' Andy) Correll, mother of five. Bobbie had one anxious moment as she struggled with the first layer, but everything came off as it should and she was complemented by the trio of "experts" who had shared fifteen such experiences between them. Speaking of babies, it looks like the Old West is going to be pretty heavily populated: CBS-TV's Rory Calhoun is expecting a little "Texan." Likewise Steve McQueen and his lovely wife Neile. And Bob Culp's young giant, Joshua, who, at six months, is tracking around their new one-acre Encino manse. "Big kids need lots of room to play in," says Bob.

Christmas in Hollywood: Dale Robertson and his ex-wife, Jackie, still very friendly, planning to spend Christmas Eve together, with tree and all, for the benefit of six-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Rochelle. Dale's mother is planning to be with them too, for an old-fashioned Santa Claus Eve at home. Rochelle received her Christmas present early this year—a high spirited pony they call "Buttons."

But "Buttons" bucked little Rochelle off her button, and now Jackie, a good rider, is breaking the colt for her.

... More horses for Christmas: Amanda Blake, crazy about horses since she started riding on the Gunsmoke series, has just bought herself a registered quarter-horse, named him John The Brave." Why? "Because he's so brave to let me ride him," she says. Come now, Amanda, you look great on a horse— but then Amanda looks great any old place.

More Christmas: Producer Paul Henning of the Bob Cummings Show presented his stalwarts, Ann B. Davis and Rosemary DeCamp, with their Xmas presents— contracts to take them through their seventh year. Rosemary and her husband, Judge John Shidler, are taking their four daughters— Margaret, 16; Martha, 12; Valerie, 11; Nita Louise, 7—to Hawaii for the Christmas vacation, because they've been such good girls during the filming of their Borax commercials. Gale Storm's Christmas present to her fifteen-year-old son Philip will be a private phone (to be paid for out of his allowance). Handsome Phil is developing a fan following of his own as a result of his appearances with his mother in national magazines. Gale was sixteen when she began her Hollywood career—Phil only has one year to go. ... Hugh O'Brian will tour England's veterans' hospitals over the holidays whilst Marshal Earp gives the bobbies some advice on keeping law and order in London Town.

It's a wet Christmas for Ernie Ford and family— ol' Ern just put a new swimming pool in his backyard for his boys, Buck and Brion. Both the boys taught themselves to swim while in Hawaii this summer, are having a ball winter-splashing in their heated ocean with neighbor Bob Hope's kids, twelve-year-old Nora and Kelly. Ernie is as puffed up with pride as a bullfrog sittin' on the bank, over the fact that young Buck has joined the Cub Scouts. Ernie was a Scout when he was a kid and thinks the training is great for a boy. "Now Brion wants one of those crazy 'Thursday-night suits,' too," says Ern, who takes his son to the uniformed meetings, "and he follows Buck around like he's the hero of the week."

Uniforms of another kind are waving for Rick and David Nelson and Tommy Sands. There'd be sad songs sung in Hollywood if the three of them were to go all at one time. Tommy has just hit it big again with his great acting job in 20th Century-Fox's "Mardi Gras." Tommy's next Capitol Album will be clefted by Nelson Riddle, who has so successfully backed up Frank Sinatra lo, these many years. Tommy, with a little bit o' luck, could do as well. ... With their service career behind them, the Crosby boys are thinking of building their own permanent act to play the bigger hotels and Las Vegas. So we'll have four Bings instead of one. Dennis already has his own deejay show going successfully on ABC in Hollywood— the profits from this show, in fact, are going into a new home for his bride in Pacific Palisades; Philip Crosby and his bride, Sandra, meanwhile, are living in the Holmby Hills manse. ... Steve Allen and Jayne are shipping their favorite furnishings into the house down the block. Steve's reaction to his appearance on This Is Your Life: "I don't know what I did when Ralph Edwards came up behind me. ... I don't remember what I said. ... I had to watch the show to find out how I reacted! And even then I didn't believe it!"

Speaking of surprises, the two hundred ladies standing in line for the ABC-TV Liberace show were completely flipped when Lee walked out of the studio one hot day in the middle of winter (104 degrees, end of October) and said, "You girls shouldn't have to stand out here in this heat— why don't we open the doors now and you can sit down inside while I rehearse?" So the girls, now air-cooled, saw two shows instead of one. ... Here's a fattening item: The swimming pool at Ann Sothern's new Bel Air home has (Continued on page 15)
WCPO's pantomime people pick the tops of the pops for some live-wiring on the ABC-TV *This Is Music* show

Audio's by Lewis—Jerry, that is—as Lee Fogel and Bud Chase put "Shine on Your Shoes" on video.

No words, no music—this is brainstorming time, for exec producer Wally Dunhorn, Romona, Lee, Gail, Colin.

The man who said pantomime is "old hat" better eat it with his Monday dinner. Then, he can sit back in good conscience and enjoy *This Is Music*, videocast over ABC, Mondays at 10 P.M. (in Cincinnati, Fridays, 6:30, over WCPO). Scoring one-up on the record companies, this Cincinnati-originated pantomime portfolio—otherwise known as "video to listen to music by"—is sweeping the continent with topnotch production and performing talent. Though it's "all a big act," the numbers dubbed to the current tunes happen to be art of a pretty high order. Say the producers: "*This Is Music* isn't just mimicking to somebody else's vocals. Hour upon hour of practice is required of our stars to perfect action, expression and lip movement. Each singer's individual pronunciation and style must be caught by our 'actors' and synchronized precisely with the waxing. This is classical stuff, and much harder to do than taking a part in a play and working from your own concept of what the playwright means."

... Say the pantomime nine: "Actors' Studio was never like this."
The six stars and three co-stars of *This Is Music* may be “silent partners” on the set, but, once off, they’ve plenty to keep them moving—and talking. While their performing quality is invariably high whatever they do, their talents are various as the shows WCPO producers can think up for them. The result is, these nine alone comprise a performing nucleus for Cinci’s important production ideas. With exceptions of Ramona Burnett—as pretty a Rebel as Nashville ever loaned out—and Colin Male—he shuffled in from Buffalo half-a-baker’s-dozen years ago—each star and “co” has shone by Central Standard the better part of a lifetime.

Bob Smith didn’t “go Pogo” from Dayton, where he was born, to the Army and thence to Cincinnati. A champion pole-vaulter, Bob rather unexpectedly landed in the big-league “pantomime nine” in February of ’57. One of 417 who auditioned, when Bob found himself a finalist, he vaulted over to the Cinci Conservatory for pointers in pantomime. Now he has thirty-four fan clubs.

A distaff Daytonian, Paula Jane went to high school in Kettering and college at Ohio U., an engineering major. One “major change” later, and Paula found herself a featured deejay on the University station. Now, in addition to Music, Paula shines on the WCPO-TV weather show, whether or not it’s raining outside.

Lee Fogel is right at home in the Queen City. Born here, he swam on the Hughes High team. During Air Force service, Lee was attached to an Alaska radio station. Then, at WCPO, he was first a prop man, then a director, and now appears on the Clubhouse show daily. Comedy being Lee’s “forte,” you’d better watch out. He aims true, right to the funnybone.

A “model” Chicagoan, Gail Johnson loves reading, water-skiing and wearing high-fashion outfits. Like Bob Smith, Gail won out over hundreds for her pantomime place. Now she’s learning about four new records a day. A member of Northwestern’s Class of ’57, Gail once used her model earnings for a trip to Europe.

Bob Shreve may be a frustrated vocalist, but you’d never guess it. In radio and TV for twenty-six years, Bob’s done every type show, and even seen the other side of the lights, directing and “trying to sell” radio time. His hometown is Fort Wayne, his service the Navy, but Bob’s comic gifts were first discovered by WLW. Wife Mary Jane worked in radio before their marriage, but son Bobby hasn’t decided.

Bud Chase was also a Navy man—till his Chief Petty Officer dad caught him up short of years and sent him home. Bud was fifteen. Chicago-born, he grew up in New York, but returned for schooling at Northwestern. Before long, he was acting in radio drama and becoming an excellent announcer. Married to singer Patti Williams, Bud is the father of two.

Wanda Lewis is “Captain Windy” on the *Al And Wanda Lewis* children’s show, over WCPO-TV, and hostess for *Movie Matinee*. A graduate of the Struthers, Ohio high school, Wanda attended the Cleveland Institute of Art, where she met husband Al. Now they have three wonderful little girls, all talented in music and painting.

In nine years of broadcasting experience, there is no type show versatile Colin Male has not been associated with, in both East and Midwest. A University of Rochester alumnus, before he joined the airwaves, Colin was a reporter on the Buffalo Courier-Express. Married and the father of two, Colin’s ultimate ambition is station ownership. His pet peeves are stilted commercials and misuse of the language.

Ramona Burnett would never be accused of that; her Southern drawl is charming to everyone who meets her. But her biggest asset is her pantomime ability, which rates an A-1 no matter how you view it. Ramona was a secretary when she was first discovered. Though her voice is only seen but not heard, she sings along with the disc to “get the right feeling” into the action. Ramona’s varied tastes run to hot coffee, sports cars and orchids.
In St. Louis, the day is "gone" before it begins—compliments of WIL's maestro of ayem antics, Gary Owens

Arty's prayer for GO: "Please, Father Christmas, if you love him at all, bring him a big 12-cup percolator."

Coffee break: Gary wards off starvation with a platter, keeps EmDee Rex Migraine on hand for consultation.

He may be strictly for the early birds, but Gary Owens takes his civic responsibilities seriously. On Station WIL, from 5:30 to 9 each morning, he wakes up St. Louis. It takes some doing. Gary must first rouse himself, then his wife "Arty" (Arlette), then one-by-one the "cast of thousands" who assist him in his morning shenanigans. Despite the heavy labor, Gary insists he enjoys the routine—"especially around 4 ayem, when I make coffee in my pajamas." ("Sometimes," quips Gary, "I wish we had a percolator!") . . . But the cast of thousands don't wake easily. For the most part, they're a rascally bunch destined to get coal in their stockings, come Christmas. Among the leaders are Clinton Fee mish, career nepotist; Fenwick Smoot, unlisted; The Marquis de Sade; and an amoeba named Frank. For a fictional break, Gary puts on his horn-rimmed glasses and plays "Uncle Don" reading the funnies. "Suddenly, a huge black-lettering balloon comes out of the head of Rex Migraine, M.D.," narrates the GO-man, "and in big black letters spells, Sorry, I can't remove your pan creas for only $25; however, I may be able to loosen it a bit . . . The nurses in the series," puns Gary, "are just too cute for wards." . . . Back in Plankinton, South Dakota, some twenty-four years ago, Gary didn't have such heavy duties. Just born, no matter how hard he cried, he couldn't wake more than 750 sleepyheads—the total Plankinton population. On the "GO" ever since, Gary's been artist, journalist and deejay extraordinary. Gary also has the distinction of being the first American deejay to phone Moscow to ask if they kept a Top Forty list. "It was a Party Line," Gary surmises. "They told me the U.S.S.R. prefers the classics." . . . Because his wife Arty majored in psychology in college, she understands GO and shares all his "real gone" enthusiasms—like sipping espresso and playing Monopoly. But then it's time for WIL's wake-up man to quiet down. By nature he's not an insomniac, but, before drifting off, Gary likes to think about his great system for rabbit-hunting in St. Louis. "You just wait for the rabbit to come by," says GO, "and make a noise like a carrot!"
Passing the Half-Buck

Dear Editors:

I would like to point out that you have made an error and have put a photo of John Stephenson, the former host of Bold Journey, into the spot where you should have had a photo of Jack Douglas, the present host.

K.N., Salt Lake City, Utah

Thanks for calling this to our attention. We'll pass the buck for half the blame, and indirect our photo source. The photograph appearing in November “Information Booth” captioned Jack Douglas was, certainly, John Stephenson. We hope the picture of the real Jack Douglas, appearing on this page will clear up the matter.

Hitting Big With “Darlin’”

Would you please print something about the new recording star, Robin Luke?

R.D., St. Helena, California

That elusive Lady Luck appears to be traveling under the name of Susie—at least as far as the recording business is concerned. First, the Everly Brothers hit big with “Wake Up, Little Susie,” and now the name has again brought success—this time, to Robin Luke, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy who lives in Honolulu. The song, “Susie Darlin’,” which he wrote and recorded, became the No. 1 hit in Hawaii a few weeks after its release and is now well on its way to becoming one of the top hits in the United States. Robin actually wrote the tune when he was fourteen, and it's his five-year-old sister Susie who is the “darlin’” of his song.... After his birth in Los Angeles in 1942, Robin traveled all over the United States with his parents, studying guitar because it was easier to cart around than a piano.... He had played the guitar and ukulele at all kinds of shows, and in January, 1958, Bob Bertram, president of International Records in Honolulu, recorded Robin singing “Susie Darlin’.” Then the younger was picked to appear in Honolulu’s big “Show of Stars,” and Bertram decided to release the record in time to set him up for the show. At this point the Dot Record distributors in Cleveland, Art and Dorothy Freeman, were in Hawaii on their honeymoon. One day, as they strolled past a record shop, they heard “Susie Darlin’” and arranged to pick up the master disc for Dot. ... The blond, blue-eyed singer is nick-named “Tiger,” because of his large collection of same—stuffed ones, paintings of them, and figurines.... Although he has become quite a celebrity—not only for his record, but as co-star of Club Kimo on Hawaiian video and as guest star on several shows in the States—Robin has other ambitions. When he grows up, he wants to be a doctor.... Robin prefers casual clothes, anything in turquoise blue, and strawberry cheesecake. And this boy’s wild about sports cars.

Robin Luke

Two Men Called Peter

Please give me some facts about Peter Hobbs, who plays in the daytime serial The Secret Storm.

L.D., Tarbotville, Pennsylvania

Peter Hobbs had to come a long way to play the part of Peter Ames, a widower with three children on the CBS daytime serial, The Secret Storm. All the way from France, to be exact. He was born there, in a small village called Etetrot on the English Channel. Although his parents were American, they were living in France at the time of Peter’s birth—the new father serving as a physician with a volunteer medical unit attached to the British Army. Soon after the boy was born, his father died in the flu epidemic which was raging that year, and Mrs. Hobbs, Peter, and a French nurse returned to New York, where Peter grew up.... In 1940, he was graduated from Bard College, then an undergraduate college of Columbia University. He had begun his theatrical career in 1938—as a summer-stock electrician with the Surrey Players in Ellsworth, Maine. Peter then acted with the company off and on for the next twelve years.... In 1945, he appeared in the Theater Guild production of “The Russian People.” The following year, he understudied Marlon Brando in “Truckline Cafe.” He replaced Kevin McCarthy in “Joan of Lorraine” in 1949, toured opposite Joan Blondell in “Happy Birthday,” and then took over Tom Helmore's role in “Clutterbuck.” Since then, he has concentrated on TV appearing in such dramas as Suspense, Danger, Studio One, Schlitz Playhouse, and many others.... Peter likes to play tennis and baseball, but he insists—though his claim may not “hold water”—his only real hobby is plumbing!

Calling All Fans

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

Jerry Lewis Fan Club, Pat Salzburg, Harbor Road, Sands Point, L.L., New York.

Dick Dale National Fan Club, Mrs. Evelyn Hurt, 1050 S. Cochran Avenue, Apt. 3, Los Angeles 19, Calif.

The McGuire Sisters Fan Club, Julia Veitengruber, 8950 Curtis Road, Bridgeport, Michigan.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
**SMOOTH SAILING**

Ubiquitous Marty’s ayem beat for WKMH takes him down river, up Seaway, and free-wheeling all over Detroit

**Seeing stars**—like Kathryn Grayson, Ed Sullivan, Monique Van Vooren—is almost daily bit with Marty.

**A great family man**, Marty devotes most of his evenings to wife Doris, son Doug, daughter Jane.

**Skipper** Morgan Howell of the S.S. Aquarama was thrilled as Marty to be cruising down the river on ocean-going vessel.

**Had anyone** suggested to Navy man Marty McNeeley that on some warm August morning in '58 he’d find himself aboard a seagoing vessel in the Detroit River, he’d have waved it off as a science-fiction piece about as fabulous as that ostensible “sneak submarine attack” on Denver last year. But here he was, of a warm August morning in '58, struggling to get his sealegs back, making nautical history in the City of Wheels. WKMH’s six-day-a-week morning show—usually broadcast from 6 to 10 A.M. from downtown Detroit studios in the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel—was “on location” on the decks of the S.S. Aquarama. Marty gripped the mike with one hand and the helm with the other. Would the radio signal carry back to town? What about the dynamiting down the river? But everything went without a hitch. As the vessel cast off, broadcast lines were disconnected, and Marty’s Morning Beat was carried by short wave until 11:15 A.M., as the ship made its way to Cleveland. . . . This was just one of the many epochal occasions Marty has covered in the course of his six years with WKMH. A real person, Marty is completely devoid of the “temperament” that so often goes with a big-name radio personality. He believes, for example, that to know a job well you must start as low man on the pole and climb slowly to the top. “Low” for Marty was high on the airwaves with a morning show while he was still in a Youngstown, Ohio high school. During the war, he worked with Armed Forces Radio out of San Francisco, then went to Cleveland, where he found a job and a bride, at WJMO. In '51, Marty, his wife Doris and their son Doug, now eight, made the move to the Motor City. Dad Marty may be their man of the airwaves, but all the McNeeleys—including four-year-old Jane—apprentice at the family tape-recorder. And if anyone suggests there may be another McNeeley traveling the airwaves, circa 1970, Marty will be the first to agree.
morning Patti Page appeared as guest and Don "ate crow," admitting that, ten years earlier, he had given Patti a week's audition for the show, and then let her go with the words, "You'll have to wait a little while before you're ready." Patti recalls it was her first network program and she made thirteen hundred for that week, in contrast to her usual seventy-five. "It was nice," she says, "and an incentive to make good." Don, always quiet as a mouse off the air, explained why he hadn't kept Patti on. "She wouldn't talk on the show. Her singing was fine, but she wouldn't ad-lib with me." Patti recalls, "I was plain scared." A couple of cowboys, plus a female saloon-keeper, galloped in from their video corral and made themselves available at New York's Gaslight Club, the nearest thing to an old-fashioned saloon in existence (though operated on a private membership basis). Dick Coogan, Californian, cased the set-up—the bartenders in fancy vests and the waitresses in fancy nothings, and said, "I feel naked without my make-up." Jim Garner, the older Maverick boy, looked around and quipped, "I thought Wyatt Earp had closed up places like this." Garner settled down to being good-natured and making jokes about his TV brother, Jim Kelly. Sample, "It's not true that I do Jim's tricks for him. He can almost mount a horse by himself." Dick Coogan was still bewildered about a conversation he'd overheard between his wife and their son Ricky. "Ricky was telling his mother that he thought she should marry Jerry Lewis. He said, 'Daddy is very funny, too. If they live in the same house, they could be a comedy team.'" On hand was Dick's TV girlfriend. Carole Mathews, a tall blonde with a mezzo voice as startling as her looks. She said, "I'm the love interest and I guess everyone is supposed to sense I'm trying to get my hooks into Dick, but we don't kiss. We can't even hold hands. I guess one thing never changes, so far as Western cowboys go. They just can't kiss girls."

For Cats and Kiddie-Cats: The new recording division of Warner Bros. has some worthy discs. Among them are the Mary Kaye Trio's "Too Much," which brings you the kind of musical entertainment you'd pay lots of dollars to hear in a club. WB has also waxed sheer melodic pleasure, with Warren Baker's "Waltzing Down Broadway," a collection of top tunes from recent musicals. Two WB jazz items in the news are Dragnet's Jack Webb, who presents "Petey Kelly Lets His Hair Down," Chicago-style ad-libbing in a blue mood; the other is a double-disked album, "The Dixieland Story with Matty Matlock and the Paducah Patrol." This one is exceptionally fine. In the Christmas spirit are Capitol's "The Star (Continued on page 13)"

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THE RECORD PLAYERS

TURN OVER A NEW ALBUM LEAF

Beat is sweeter since Tommy Edwards hit.

ONE YEAR AGO, the Top Ten contained such musical expressions as "Lean Jean," "Skinny Minnie," "Marvelous Maude," "Eloquent Eloise," ad nauseam. Three hundred sixty-five days later, a subtle but marvelous change has taken place. The recording companies—feeling, for the first time in many years, a lack of interest in their single records—have taken stock and decided that quality music is the only way to survive in the changing market today. Raucoius rock 'n' roll, with those inane or downright stupid lyrics, is definitely on the decline. In its place for the kids, we have gotten a better-type lyric and rhythm, still very danceable, but in better taste both from a literary point of view and musically.

Teenagers, God love 'em, still want their own brand of music, and the record companies are delivering. But, for the first time, public pressure is forcing the record company and lyric writer to turn out a better story in song, minus the screaming, rocking noise that was foisted on kids and general public alike a year ago.

The record business, like any business, is dependent on the salability of its product, and thus people who have heavily invested in records and publishing have been brought up short. But they realize that, while the 45 rpm was once on the decline, album sales practically doubled. Many record companies began reviving old tunes with much success.

One of the notable examples in this genre is Tommy Edwards' "It's All in the Game," a million-seller in 1947 and today, almost double that figure. His other current numbers—"Please Love Me Forever" and "Love Is All We Need"—are right up there. After dire warnings from the various oracles of the business that the kids would not accept a toned-down Presley, a tamed Little Richard, and a relaxed Bill Haley, we have found the kids not only buying these songs in their modified forms but to a great extent, turning their backs on exaggerated rock 'n' roll.

As a result, radio listening has improved tremendously, in keeping with a better brand of music. Where once we had a heavy teen-age listening audience, we find today a heavy percentage of women listening—women who are willing to listen to Elvis Presley's new "I Got Stung," or Pat Boone, or Connie Francis—but women who will snap the dial faster than you can say "hound-dog," at a too-frantic beat.

As a disc jockey I certainly welcome this development, for the defense of rock 'n' roll and bad music revolved—not on the shoulders of the record companies—but on the disc jockeys, who were berated by radio-TV editors, P.-T.A.'s and anyone who wanted to rap what deserved to be rapped.

The growth of the album business indicates a strong, healthy future for the record industry and offers performers more security in their life work. The album offers a complete expression of the performer and gives him an opportunity, over a given sixteen songs, to display the full sweep of his particular talent. The one-record, one-shot performer is fast becoming a thing of the past, as the record companies are unwilling to invest heavily in the new performers. What they are willing to do is to go all out for such performers as Fran Warren, Tommy Edwards, etc. So it looks like a year of better music and better listening; P.-T.A.'s are happier, parents are happier, the kids are enjoying the music as much as ever, and the disc jockey's ears ring with a sweeter sound.

By JOE FINAN

This space rotates among Robin Seymour of WKMH, Torey Southwick of KMBC, Josh Brady of WBBM, and Joe Finan of KYW.

The Joe Finan Show is heard over Station KYW in Cleveland, each Monday through Saturday, from noon to 4 P.M.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST
(Continued from page 7)

a real soda fountain built in at one end—that's for daughter Tish and her friends. Ann moved into the new home on the hottest day of the year, and Tish's gang had a ball mixing their own ice-cream sodas. Ann's new living room is a stylish blue and green, her bedroom, shrimp pink. But it's no shrimp—it measures fourteen by twenty. Ann's poodle, a stranger to the new house, fell into the pool the first day. Ann jumped in, slacks and all, to get him—shallow end, thank you.

Ray Burr lives in as small and confined an area as Ann Sothern's is grand and expansive: Burr's hour-long weekly show is so demanding on his time that he doesn't get home to his Malibu estate but once a month, spends the rest of his time in his dressing-room suite—small bedroom, bath, kitchenette and living room. Ray, a big man, had an oversized kingsize bed made up for the suite. But the door to the bedroom was never measured. The bed now stands in the living room and there's barely enough space for Ray and more than one guest. Out of the normal twenty-four-hour day, Ray has about one-and-a-half hours to himself—to see his dentist and doctor and tailor. Recently, the tailor came to fit him for ten suits and Ray quipped, "Now, if I only had time to wear them out somewhere, it would be grand." But, Ray, you're a TV sleuth—find the time.

Barry Coe is finding it harder and harder to find time alone with Judi Meredith. Judi has rented a home for her sister, her sister's child, and herself in the Valley. But all is not lost: Barry will be doing a one-shot on the George Burns Show with Judi—which led George to remark, "I'll save a fortune in writers' fees on those love scenes." Not many love scenes for new groom Peter Brown of ABC-TV's Lawman series. Pete, married one month, has spent fourteen days on tour, and, when home, gets up at 5 A.M. every morn, goes to bed at 8 P.M. every night. But, at least, when he's on tour, he has time to phone his bride, which he does every night.

The Old West was never like this: John Russell of ABC's Lawman series lives with his family in the west Hollywood hills, fairly rugged country. Deer come down to the salt lick in the back yard, the yard is populated with skunk, possum and harmless gopher snakes. John came home one night to find the boys had put a pet gopher snake on his bed to keep it warm. He warned the kids they positively were not to put a snake on his bed again. The next night he found the snake in the bed and had a fit. But the kids defended themselves by saying, "Daddy, you said not 'on' the bed—he was 'in' it . . . that's different."

Did You Know? All the income from his new series goes into a trust fund for Ed Wynn's grandchildren. Toughguy Charles Bronson, from Man With A Camera, is an excellent painter but refuses to sign his canvases. Tom Tryon, of Disney's "John Bells are ringing for Phil Bonnell—with his own phone, thanks to dad Lee Bonnell (left), mom Gale Storm. Paul and Peter (right) await their "majority."

Wandering minstrel Johnny Cash finds a home on Los Angeles channel.

Slaughter" fame, studied cartooning before he became an actor. To think he might be drawing cartoons for Mr. Disney instead of acting for him.

Dashes to Deadline: Louis Nye has a Dinner's Club card, but no driver's license. That would be fine if the subway were on the Dinner's Card. . . . John Payne will give his secretary away on December 31 and, in doing so, will lose the namesake for his Restless Gun character, Vint Bonner. John stands up for Ann Bonner when she is married at year's end. . . . Milton Berle's thought for the holidays, "Christmas comes but once a year and the rest of the time you pay for it." . . . Dinah's daughter Missy will dance the "Chimney Sweep" ballet with Tony Charmoli and Dinah on her Christmas show; Missy makes her comic debut on Danny Thomas's December 8 show. Another triple threat in the family? It won't be long now before she starts building Early American furniture. . . . Shirley Temple is turning authoress . . . will write all her own magazine articles from now on—at high prices, too. . . . Johnny Cash fans will want to know that the young singing sensation is beginning a local show over Hollywood's KTLA TV channel . . . Lassie and Timmie off to Sacramento for personal slots during the Christmas holidays . . . Bill Leyden back from Utah with announcer Wendell Niles. Prizes of their bow-and-arrow hunting venture—two deer. . . . Gale Storm and husband Lee Bonnell have just formed their own producing company, Confido Productions—means "with faith" in Latin. . . . With Pat Boone going to London to visit the Queen for a command performance, the old saying should now read: "Where have you Boone—I've boone to London to visit the Quon." That's it from Hollywood.
a must for every television fan

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- Shirley Temple
- Danny Thomas
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- Lawrence Welk
- Andy Williams
- Guy Williams
- Loretta Young
YOUTH on the UPBEAT

Join with the Editors of TV Radio Mirror
To wish for the nine talented young people
Whose stories occupy the next sixteen pages

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Continued success for the years to come.
To each of them, 1958 was a banner year—
The year in which fortune truly smiled
The year stardust fell upon them from the skies
The year talent brought them well-won success.
With warm good wishes, we give you . . .
The Lennon Sisters: Mr. Welk's Little Darlings
Connie Francis: Who's Not Sorry Now!
Bobby Darin: The Splish Splash Success Boy
Ty Hardin: New Hero of Cheyenne
Jimmy Dean: That Daytime Charmer
Jacklyn O'Donnell: Ed Wynn's TV Granddaughter

Their stories on following pages→
Christmas: Lennon Style

Dazzling success on the Lawrence Welk shows hasn't spoiled the Lennon Sisters.

Here, as a Christmas gift for you, is Dad Lennon's own story of family love eternal

By BILL LENNON

IF I WERE A COMEDIAN, I suppose I'd start off with a funny story about my daughters. But I'm not a comedian and, while I don't take myself too seriously, I don't like to make a career of joking about my family. Love and loyalty and sharing, plus a firm faith in God's goodness, that's what holds us Lennons together. Nowadays, that's no laughing matter.

The finest thing my parents ever did for me was to make me part of a big family. We were eight boys and a girl and I was third from the eldest. We were a lively bunch and loved to roughhouse. Many's the nose was punched in our happy home. But we had a lot in common: The love of our parents, our religion, a sense of humor and—singingwise—ears that were absolutely true-tone.

The Lennon house was big and Christmas was always a production to match it. After we were sent up to bed, our parents arranged the gifts around the tree, and then, about two in the morning, they'd stand at the foot of the stairs, ringing sleighbells, banging spoons and knives together and generally raising a clatter. We kids would

Christmas has deep religious meaning for the Lennons, and centers around figures of the Nativity on their mantelpiece. Below hang stockings for the nine children—baby Joey; Mimi, 3; Billy, 4; Pat, 7; Danny, 9; Janet, 12; Kathy, 15; Peggy, 17; Dianne, 18—and their parents. All eleven family members were born in different months, so everyone's hoping the new baby expected in February will arrive just three days early, for then they would have a January birthday to celebrate, too!
Holidays and birthdays are big occasions for a family which loves to share its joys. But Christmas is most significant of all, and the Lennons start decorating long before the glorious Day. Rehearsing, too, for the hymns and carols which are a large part of their celebration. Seated at the piano, the famed girl quartet—Janet, Kathy, Peggy and Dianne. Behind them, their mother "Sis" (holding little Mimi) and father Bill, author of the inspiring story told exclusively in these pages.

Peggy, Janet and Kathy prove that they've started their shopping and wrapping early. (Bill says that his girls—despite fame and fortune on the Welk shows—still spend little on themselves, splurge only on gifts for others.)

"DeDe" (Dianne) hopes someday to have a happy brood like Sis's and Bill's. She never tires of caring for the younger children, or of telling wide-eyed Mimi about the Infant Jesus in the Holy Family "creche" on the piano.

Continued
Do not open until Dec. 25! Danny tries to guess what's in the package. Joey listens to the Christmas story over and over, hopes for lots of picturebooks. One thing sure: This year, there'll be plenty of everything for all the Lennons.

Bill gratefully recalls "the years when Santa was feeling the pinch"—remembers that, even then, "we still managed at least one gift apiece ... a tree to decorate on Christmas Eve ... a ham dinner with all the trimmings for Christmas Day."

come dashing downstairs, looking for Santa. There would lie our gifts. We'd look outside. Santa was gone. We'd just missed him. Next year, we'd say, next year, we'll get down faster and catch him. Then we'd be marched off to bed with the flavor of a wonderful experience to dream on until another Christmas. "Sis" (the nickname everyone calls my wife Isabelle) and I have tried to preserve this for our children. Each year, we go through the same ritual. Of course, it was tough to put over when we lived in the one-story house, a few years back. But, now that we have the big house, with the bedrooms upstairs, it's much easier to play Santa Claus.

My father was a writer who (Continued on page 71)

Happy with the gifts they can now get—particularly, for others—the singing sisters have known leaner times. But Bill emphasizes that, if they were ever disappointed in those days, they "kept it secret to spare the rest of us."
Like all youngsters, Janet tries to find where the others have hidden her presents. While Bill's busy on the phone, she actually finds one—but alas, it's for Mimi!

Stockings are hung by the chimney with care—Mimi and Joey know Santa soon will be there. Meanwhile, Peggy, Kathy and Janet make sure theirs are big enough.

Bill and "Sis" Lennon with their girls—Janet, Kathy, Dianne, Mimi, Peggy—and, on horizontal ledge, the Birthday Saints for each member of the family.

*Lawrence Welk's Dodge Dancing Party, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America. The Plymouth Show, Starring Lawrence Welk, ABC-TV and ABC Radio, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Plymouth Dealers of America. For other ABC Radio programs, including Lawrence Welk Army Show, see local newspapers.*
His talent for far-out humor in song has already hit it big with teenagers. Ambition and drive will keep him zooming to stardom

By GREGORY MERWIN

BOBBY DARIN is like a bullet violently discharged and in mid-flight. His target is stardom and he will not settle for less than a bull’s-eye. You know Bobby’s hit disc, “Splish Splash,” a humorous song he wrote and recorded himself. You’ve seen him on last summer’s Bob Crosby Show and several times with Dick Clark. Bobby’s personable and bright. Socially, he’s the life of the party. His teachers were crazy about him because he was not only well-behaved but a lot of laughs, too.

Yet there’s another side to Bobby. “I’m not a happy individual,” he says. “Never have been. As contrived as it may sound, I don’t ever remember having fun as such. My childhood wasn’t a childhood. I always had to be ahead of the game. It seems that I’ve never had anything else to do in (Continued on page 75)
Television fascinates Bobby. He loved being on The Bob Crosby Show last summer, with stars like Bob himself (above, left) and Gretchen Wyler (right). He admits he felt "pretty big," after his first TV guest shot, 'way back when, but later found he still had far to go.

Only twenty-one now, he's gained a mature perspective on performing (above) and greeting fans (below). Hard work can't frighten him, but there's sadness in certain memories of his childhood. Actually, that sadness is the basis of his humor—and his reason for writing songs.
BOBBY DARIN: The Splish Splash Boy

His talent for far-out humor in song has already hit it big with teenagers. Ambition and drive will keep him zooming to stardom

By GREGORY MERWIN

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Another "Splish Splash"? Bobby runs over some new songs he's written, for Ed Burton and Charles Green, his personal managers.

Television fascinates Bobby. He loved being on The Bob Crosby Show last summer, with stars like Bob himself (above, left) and Gretchen Wyler (right). He admits he felt "pretty big," after his first TV guest shot, 'way back when, but later found he still had far to go.

Subject: The exciting future of a certain young man who sings on the Atco label. In conference, left to right: Lester Lees, national promotion director; Green and Burton; Jerry Wester, vice-president of Atlantic records; the subject himself—Bobby Darin, who finds no price too high to pay for success. "Being so poor," he says quietly, "is my chief impetus for wanting to be rich."
The title of Connie Francis’s latest disc accurately phrases the price young performers pay for success. But, to this sweet-singing extrovert, life is too wonderful for words.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Connie Francis has two golden records on her charm bracelet, but not a darned thing on the third finger of her left hand—and Connie doesn’t like that bareness a bit. Asked what new romances there are in her life, she wails, “Romances? Not even one. Here all my girl friends are getting married and having babies, and I don’t so much as have an interesting date in sight. Isn’t it terrible?”

Since Connie’s voice carries a magic which has caused a proven two million people—at least—to fall in love with her M-G-M hits, “Stupid Cupid” and “Who’s Sorry Now?” and since she is, in person, a five-foot-two young beauty with gardenia-petal skin, flashing brown eyes and that vibrant shade of dark auburn hair which the old Italian artists loved to paint...and, further, because she radiates charm and bubbles with laughter...this is a most unexpected state of affairs.

Unprecedented, too. A year ago, she was having a ball. What happened to all those boyfriends? “Just what you’d expect,” Connie sighs. “While I’ve been out on the road, they (Continued on page 77)

Below: Howie, Connie, Gene, Neil, Gayle Anklowitz, and Patricia Karafky. Everyone brought favorite records and it seemed just like old times—except that Connie’s a “celebrity” now. She herself had recorded some of the discs, and Patricia was secretary of Connie’s fan club.
Changes began when her M-G-M record "Who's Sorry Now?" was a hit and Connie guest-starred on *The Dick Clark Show.*

She and Patricia were good friends still, but now there was fan mail to answer—and Patricia was going to college.

Writing in her diary, Connie happily notes her friends' engagements—and wonders when she'll find romance herself.
Ty Hardin, the husky new hero of Cheyenne, in one golden year found stardom and married beautiful Andra Martin. Who could ask for anything more?

By EUNICE FIELD

Ty Hardin's marriage with Andra Martin was not made in heaven—unless heaven be the offices of the Music Corporation of America. The romance had its beginning when Paramount was about to premiere "Teacher's Pet" and Ty's agent at M.C.A. thought the young actor should be seen there. "But I don't know any girls," Ty protested. (This still brings a sniff from Andra. "He knew plenty of girls," she winks. "He was just after some new ones.") As it happened, Andra's agent at M.C.A. was passing by, and suddenly an idea was born. Both men decided to pair their clients for the evening and reap some fine publicity.

When Ty arrived to pick her up, Andra didn't quite know what to make of him: "It was pouring rain, and in strides this tall, strange figure in a tuxedo, raincoat, ornate cowboy hat, and black boots so polished..."
Treasured pictures of Ty's and Andra's wedding at Little Brown Church in the Valley (North Hollywood): Above, our "good-luck man" receives congratulations from the Reverend John H. Wells; at left is Ty's "best man," Irving Leonard.

Ty teases, "Careful what you sign, Irv. You may be getting in deeper than I am!" Small chance of any error, with Dr. Wells officiating—and Irv Leonard himself actually the very shrewd business manager for Ty and other Western heroes.

Last "little-girl" kisses for bride-to-be from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rehn of Rockford, Illinois—where Andra grew up as Sandra Rehn.

Wedding hour is almost here and maid-of-honor Diane Cannon gives last-minute touch to smooth Andra's queenly coiffure under seed-pearl bridal crown.

Cameras click and reporters hover as Andra (a Warners' film star in her own right) enters the Little Brown Church on her father's arm.
Mr. and Mrs., at last! Ty Hardin (real name, Orison Hungerford) embraces his bride, the former Andra Martin. Maid-of-honor is in tears, but Andra confesses she had her "big cry" the night before. Marriage had to overcome many objections from those who sincerely believed the two were too young, too recently started in their careers.

could see everything reflected double in them. It took a while before I realized this young Texan was not merely trying to look picturesque." She asked him to explain his bizarre get-up. "Well, ma'am," Ty answered, "you may as well know I'm not an in-between kind of fellow. With me, it's either barefoot or boots."

That's Ty Hardin, the Bronco Layne of Cheyenne, one of Warner Bros.' top-ranking TV Westerns.

This, too, is Ty Hardin: They were staging a fight for a segment of the show. "I want realism and lots of it," snapped the director. Claude Aikens, as the "heavy," braced himself for the usual simulated rush of fury. But he hadn't counted on an all-out charge. Six-foot-two and 180 pounds of football-and-cowboy-tough Ty came at him like a rampaging steer. Aikens went sprawling, the wind knocked out of him.

Instantly the fury left Ty. He bent to help his victim up. Broad shoulders slumped, he was the woebegone picture of regret and apology. "I forgot I was acting, for a second," he confessed sheepishly. Then, on an impulse which was quite typical, he rushed to the other extreme and begged the director to redo the fight (Continued on page 68)
A small wedding, by Hollywood standards, attended only by those closest to the happy couple. Family, left to right, includes: Andra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rehn; Andra and Ty; his mother, Mrs. Gwen Hungerford, up from Ty's home state of Texas; Andra's aunt, Mrs. Cara Faleen, of Rockford, Ill.

Andra and Ty step out of the solemn candlelight of the Little Brown Church into the prophetically bright sunshine of the new life they will share together.

First task for the newlyweds to share: The cutting of their wedding cake, for the guests at the gracious family-style reception following church ceremony.

Toast to the future, from Andra's mother (left) and Ty's mother (at his shoulder). The newlyweds' home is an apartment now, may some day be a ranch. Meanwhile, two careers are zooming: Ty's on TV, as star of Cheyenne; Andra's in movies, where she recently played opposite James Garner in "Up Periscope."

Ty Hardin stars as Bronco Layne in Cheyenne, as seen over ABC-TV, alternating with Sugarfoot on Tuesday, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, for Johnson & Johnson, Harold F. Ritchie, Inc., and other sponsors.
The magic of TV means even more to the Deans than to most families, for it was Jimmy's success on the air which has made it possible for him to give Sue and young Constance and Garry the gracious life and spacious home he always wanted for them.

Daytime TV performers keep hours much like any working husband's. Sue sees that Jimmy gets a good start for his day. He's proud of his lovely, loyal wife, and still regrets that he didn't propose to her as "romantically" as he could have wished.

Herbie Jones, on The Jimmy Dean Show, is not only a talented guitarist but a living link with days when Jimmy first got started and was courting Sue.

By ISABELLA MORGAN

The question from the audience at warm-up time was so unexpected it rocked even Jimmy Dean back on his heels. From the depths of CBS-TV's Studio 51, the voice demanded, "Are you paid?" Since Columbia Broadcasting System had but recently announced that it had spent a highly impressive sum to buy up Dean's contract and bring him from Washington to New York, there was the chance that it might have originated with some jealous joker, administering the needle. But, since you never can tell who is in a studio audience, there was always the possibility that the query might be straight-forward, naive, and honest. Jimmy's perplexed look indicated he was weighing his reply. Then a totally beatific smile broke over his country-boy countenance as he decided to give it a Texas-type answer. (Continued on page 74)

The Jimmy Dean Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
Nothing can make a firmer bond between father and son than model trains. Garry's getting a full set—but it's a treat for Jimmy, too. He had few toys in childhood. On the other hand, he had jack rabbits to hunt, when he was a boy back in Texas!

Bedtime prayers have special meaning in a household so conscious of its blessings. It's little Constance giving thanks here, but no one is more grateful than Jimmy and Sue themselves, who have known hard times but who have never lost their faith.
Just seventeen, Jacklyn performs in distinguished company indeed, as granddaughter to the star of *The Ed Wynn Show*. But she’s a fine trouper, too, and director William Russell (left) has no doubt of her ability, rehearsing this episode.

A FEW YEARS AGO, Jacklyn O’Donnell threw a friendly smile at another little girl sitting across from her on a Los Angeles bus. The other youngster’s eyes grew big as she tugged at her mother excitedly. “Momma . . . momma . . . look!” she cried out, pointing at Jacklyn. “Look at the holes in her head!”

Jacklyn’s face turned red. “What holes?” she asked her grandmother, who sat beside her. “She means your dimples, dear,” Mrs. Pearl O’Donnell smiled, then whispered reassuringly, “and they are really very becoming . . . .”

So becoming, in fact, that they played an important part in helping Jacklyn land the role of Ed Wynn’s pretty collegiate granddaughter (Continued on page 67)

*The Ed Wynn Show* is seen on NBC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Chesterfield Cigarettes and the Bulova Watch Company.

At home, she’s Grandma O’Donnell’s pet. On TV, she calls famous Ed Wynn “Grandpa.” And Jacklyn O’Donnell just couldn’t be happier about it all

BY PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Grandma Pearl O’Donnell can take a bow for bringing up both a talented actress and a wholesome young girl. Jack and Aurine O’Donnell admit they’d find it all too easy to spoil such a lovable, attractive daughter as Jacklyn.
the Man who has Everything

Tops on the list of George’s blessings are wife Dinah Shore and children “Missy” and John D. He also has exuberant health, looks, talent—and zest for hard work. Result: Deserved success, and a new hour-long television series. Below, in a Cimarron City episode with June Lockhart and Gary Merrill.

From a small Montana farm, George Montgomery rode off to film fame and Cimarron City stardom . . . marriage to lovely Dinah Shore . . . and a home big enough for all their dreams

By MAURINE REMENIH

Some men have jobs they love—compensating for lonely private lives. Others have wives, children, warm homes—making unpleasant jobs bearable. But all too few men have everything.

One of these rare individuals is George Montgomery, who stars in the new hour-long Western series, Cimarron City, on NBC-TV. He’s doing the only work in the world he’s ever really wanted to do. When he goes home at night, it’s to one of the most attractive, personable gals in the world—as millions of fans of Dinah Shore will agree. Waiting for him with Dinah are their two youngsters, Melissa and John D.—the pair of them a never-ceasing joy to their parents. And the home itself, which George designed, exceeds even (Continued on page 78)
I Was “Drafted”
Going over the script with Silvers (facing page), I don’t know who was more startled by my masterly reading. It was a bit of a letdown when the first rehearsal (above) began without a fanfare of bugles—or even costumes or “props.”

Zero hour at last! Cameras rolled on my big scene, as Jack Collins—now in supply-sergeant uniform—issued my Army gear. Only Silvers—now Bilko, though in “civvies” for plot purposes—seemed unimpressed by the occasion.

Happily clutching my bundle, I prepared to utter the one line I was destined to speak. Even Bilko and his corporal buddies, Henshaw (Al Melvin) and Rocco (Harvey Lembeck) turned to hear those fourteen immortal words—as follows:

"Wow, I never had so many clothes in my life—two hundred dollars’ worth!" My moment of glory was over. Bilko could now become a sergeant again. I wasn’t even a private, after the scene was "in the can"—as we actors say.

Writer turned actor—for two whole days of shooting—I know now why Phil Silvers’ men willingly follow their sergeant in his zany battles

By HERBERT KAMM

The Phil Silvers Show, “You’ll Never Get Rich,” is seen over CBS-TV, Friday, at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (for Camel Cigarettes) and Schick Inc. (electric shavers and lighters).
Sure, anybody can play. But few can play—or work—so well at so many things as George Fenneman. It even stumps Groucho!
Beverly spins a new fad, George takes her photograph—one of his many hobbies. Family round-table, on facing page, includes George and wife Peggy, daughters Georgia (left) and Beverly, and son Cliff.

George did masonry alongside pool, refinshed elegant table above, works magic in garden, too. Cliff's a real Mr. Fixit, Jr.—but model trains and plaster mountains may soon edge him out of his room.

Home was built lovingly, with many artistic touches such as grillwork reflected above—and George himself painted some of those pictures.

By FREDDA BALLING

He's as handsome as a film star, as suave as a diplomat, as knowledgeable as a college professor—and as unpretentious as your gardener (whom he is entirely capable of replacing, if he could stretch the day to thirty hours). In short, versatile George Fenneman is a remarkable man.

The handsomeness has long been apparent to followers of Groucho Marx, for whom George is announcer and "straight man." The suavity is very evident on his own new quiz, Anybody Can Play. The knowledgeability has impressed whole regiments of Armed Forces Radio listeners, to whom he regularly broadcasts information about the people, customs and traditions they will encounter while serving a tour overseas. (Continued on page 70)

George emcees Anybody Can Play, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Salem Cigarettes. He also appears on Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life, NBC-TV, Thurs., 10 P.M. EST, and NBC Radio, Mon., 8:05 P.M. EST.
Who Said "Ranch Style"?

Vint Bonner, that Restless Gun, wouldn't recognize this home on the range. But it's just perfect for the John Paynes—and could easily set a new pattern for family living

Privacy's a luxury, for a man like John Payne. As star, executive producer and sometimes writer of The Restless Gun, he rises early, works late. But John wants to be with his family, too. Solution? Two homes in one, high in the Pacific Palisades. One, a completely separate apartment for John and his wife Alexandra... bedroom, bath, dressing room, book-lined den. The other, the main house... living room, kitchen, dining and play areas, bedrooms for their children—Kathleen and Tom—and their housekeeper. Between the two units lies the pool, which—like all the landscaping and architecture—looks almost as though it had grown naturally out of its surroundings. Like Restless Gun's hero, Vint Bonner, John Payne's home is quiet, unpretentious, but obviously more than equal to any and every occasion.

Continued

The Restless Gun, NBC-TV, Mon., 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. (Jif Peanut Butter and other products) and Sterling Drug Inc. (Bayer Aspirin and other products).

Free-form pool—where dad races his young 'uns—divides the Payne home in two parts. In main living room (below), son Tom, 10, sports authentic Restless Gun outfit; John, Alexandra and daughter Kathleen, 12, prefer casual comfort of modern dress.
Off to his chores on *Restless Gun*, John Payne kisses his womenfolk goodbye, leaves them to their studies—for Kathleen, it's schoolwork; for Alexandra, her art classes.

John's proud of wife Alexandra's paintings—and they sell, too. "Sandy" holds classes at home, supervised by a visiting professor.

Plenty of homework for John, too—producer and writer, as well as star. But no need to shush the kiddies: His well-equipped den is located in "adult" section of the home.

Who "owns" the Paynes' domain, in all its parts, with all its family? Poodles Hector, Valentina and Delilah can answer that one!
Bonnie Bartlett to cut some pretty cookies for her friends at holiday time. You can do the same!
Play Your Hunch...

and catch this bachelor, if you can! Handsome, talented and likeable,

Merv Griffin would be grand-prize for any miss with marriage on her mind

By MARTIN COHEN

WOMEN OF AMERICA, arise! Forget Elvis, school meetings, the Red menace, and that run in your stocking. There is a new threat to the peace of mind of American womanhood, and it is Merv Griffin ... a young man so content with being single that he says, “I can't imagine having any regrets about bachelorhood until I'm in my late fifties.”

On the other hand, what's so great about Merv? Well, he's attractive. At five-ten, with brown hair and blue eyes, he's kind of a cross between Perry Como and Cary Grant. And he's bright, talented and successful. But what makes Merv such a distinctive catch is his personality. There's not a temperamental bone in his body. He's soft-spoken, easygoing and good-humored. His disposition alone rates him the Number One bachelor of the century. “I have a simple philosophy,” he observes. “It's merely: Who in the heck is going to know, a hundred years from now? I may go to bed with big plans for the next day, but I promptly forget them when I wake up. As soon as the morning show is out of the way, I have lunch and go back to my apartment for a long nap.”

This is not mere talk. Last year, for example, Merv was part of ABC's effort to bring back “live” radio. The network spent about six million, programming Merv and several other fine talents, along with twenty-eight-piece orchestras and expensive guest stars. Then, suddenly, a lot of important people were out of work, and many of them sat around chewing their fingernails. Not Merv. He packed his bags and took off for an extended vacation in the Caribbean.

“Two months later, I got a wire from my manager to come home,” Merv says, “and I wouldn't have cared much

Merv's the relaxed type. At home, he likes to stretch out with a good mystery while his pal "Poochie" keeps him company.
if I hadn't heard from him for another two months. I was having a ball. I've never pressed my luck. I've never felt driven by the hounds of fate. Anything important that's happened to me has come out of left field. I haven't asked for it."

Merv stretches out in a low easy-chair. He wears slacks, a sleeveless sweater and an open-collared shirt. His apartment is on a dead-end street in Manhattan's East Fifties. Some of the other "dead-end kids" who live in the block are Greta Garbo, Noel Coward, Josh Logan, Mary Martin, Imogene Coca and Janet Blair. The French doors in the living room open on a balcony from which you can look over the East River and the U.N. building.

The inside furnishings are a little cockeyed. "The girls I've been dating," Merv says, "have chosen the furniture, and that's why there's a clash in colors and ideas. I'm no longer going with the girl who started, and that's why the foyer looks like a dentist's reception room. That gal was in love with New Orleans, so there you find a louvre door, black and white tiles on the floor, and a wrought-iron lamp. The orange tones, in the drapery and that chair and the sofa, can be accounted for by my next date. The present one is expressed in this blue chair I'm sitting in. Very comfortable, but it makes the whole apartment kind of wild—except for the bedroom. No one's going to decorate that until I get married." Merv's conversa-
tional tone is soft, lively and good-natured. He laughs easily, and quite often at himself. "The only explanation for my being this way is that I was very fat for a long time and enjoyed it. Matter of fact, I think I was much happier when I was fat. When I lost eighty pounds, the first thing I noticed was that I lost my hearty laugh. I think that's symbolic."

Merv was born July 6, 1925, in San Mateo, California, the second of two children. His father was a stockbroker who had once been Pacific Coast tennis singles champion. But, as much as Mervyn Senior loved the strings of a racket, he hated the strings of a piano. Merv himself recalls, "I had a great love for music. I got an aunt of mine to teach me piano and I studied secretly for eight years. Then, one evening, a neighbor told my father how well I played. 'Ridiculous,' he said. She insisted, and Dad asked me to go to the piano and play something. I was smart. I didn't Mozart him. I played 'Tea for Two' and then some more pop tunes. He was pleased."

As a boy, Merv was built like a tub and his popularity

Merv knows he can trust Edith (above) for tasty dishes. "I have a cook," bachelor Griffin explains, "because I like to entertain and I don't like to eat out." Below, he and "Booty" Boatwright (of Play Your Hunch staff) light candles for a supper in his apartment. Left to right, Nancy Berg, Loring Buzzell and wife Lu Ann Simms, Jim Olson, and Suzanne Storrs.
was commensurate with his girth. "I was happy fat," he recalls. "I remember being elected president of the Latin Club—although the teacher hated me and I hated Latin—because I gave such good parties. Of course, I knew I was fat. Once I tried to do something about it. The night of the junior prom, I got out all of my father's belts—every one of them—and I strapped them around my middle. There was a strap and a bulge and a strap and a bulge and so on. I looked like a corkscrew."

Merv wanted to make good as a musician. When he was at the University of San Francisco, he and a pal, Cal Tjader, who is one of the top jazz instrumentalists today, went down to Station KFRC for a routine audition. Merv played the piano. The station manager said they didn't need instrumentalists but were looking for a singer. Cal said, "Merv sings." So Merv went back to the mike again and sang. That same evening, a Thursday, he was put on the air. The following Monday, he began singing five days a week, on his own show.

"I began making such good money I quit school," he says. "I was billed as 'America's romantic young singing star.' People started writing in and asking for my picture, but the boss said, (Continued on page 62)
Family group from the popular CBS Radio daytime drama, *Road Of Life*: Dr. Jim Brent (played by Paul McGrath), with his pretty wife, Jocelyn (Patricia Wheel), and young Janie (Patsy Bruder), his daughter by a former marriage.

Even a daytime star can't get away from that fascinating Western influence—not if she has a son just the right age to play cowboy! That's older boy Timothy, about to go for an outing with his parents, Eric and Patricia Wheel Teran.

Patricia Wheel is Jocelyn Brent in CBS Radio's *Road Of Life*, heard Monday through Friday, at 1:45 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

**Song of**

For Patricia Wheel, who plays Jocelyn, it's a lullaby that enriches her life both on the air and off

By DIANE ISOLA

Baby Andrew isn't old enough yet to ride the range, even the city-tamed one in nearby Central Park. Below, Timmy—back from his own outdoor adventures and refreshed by a nap—is content to have mama Patricia play cars with him.
Watching temporary nurse tend Andrew, Timmy can't believe he himself was once so helpless. "We're trying to show him," says Patricia, "that he's loved and wanted as much as ever." She and her husband share equal interests not only in their home but their respective careers—Eric Teran's an executive in field of industrial design.

RELAXING for a moment in her Manhattan terrace apartment, Patricia Wheel observes with a smile that both she and Jocelyn—the leading role to which she recently returned in CBS Radio's Road of Life—have taken similar paths since Patricia originally was with the daytime drama.

Poised and serene, Patricia keeps her beautiful voice low, because her two young sons are taking a nap in the next rooms. "I want to make sure Tim gets some rest," she explains. "We spent the morning at Central Park and he was a little keyed-up. If he awakens, the noise might upset Andrew's sleep."

Turning her attention again to Jocelyn, Patricia says, "She and I were both single when I first played the part, a few years ago. It was kind of nice to come back to her and find that now she is married to Dr. Jim Brent and has a son ... for—as you can see—I, too, am now married and have two sons."

It's only a little more than four years ago that actress Patricia Wheel became Mrs. Eric Teran. "A year and a half later, Timothy joined us, followed by Andrew two years later," is the way Patricia puts it. "I like it that way," she says. (Continued on page 64)
Atlantic Coast Alarm Clock

Reveille man for so many—but who wakes the bugler up? Jack Sterling says, "My wife's sharp elbow!" Actually, this clock is the culprit. It goes off at 3:30—that's ayem, son, and no time to spare. Living in Connecticut, he has a twenty-minute drive ahead of him, to catch the 4:29 train to New York City.

WCBS Radio's shot-in-the-arm for sleepy Easterners is Jack Sterling, the amiable waker-upper to millions. Cold shower, anyone?

By FRANCES KISH

To millions of listeners along the Atlantic Coast and points West, as well, Jack Sterling and Company provide a good reason for waking up in the morning. Jack's voice comes over the radio—friendly, unhurried, warm. The music weaves in and out—smooth, easy, cool. The inevitable commercials are low-pressure, low-pitched in the pattern of the show. The weather and time reports are frequent. The jokes are easy to take, the kind least apt to jangle any jumpy early-morning nerves.

In the minds of listeners to The Jack Sterling Show—and it's estimated they run to a cumulative five million a week—the question keeps coming up: Who wakes up the people on this wake-up program? What happens when they get together in the big, bare room at the top of the CBS building on New York's Madison Avenue so early in the morning? How do they manage to keep going in top form from five-thirty until nine, with only
Music for early-morning hours: Jack himself takes over the drums with Tony Aless's combo—Mary Osborne on guitar; Andy Fitz, clarinet; Tony, piano; Buddy Jones, bass; Tyree Glenn, trombone. They're all top jazz musicians, famous in their field, but you'd never guess it from their dress or manner. Professionals from the word "go," they're as casual and full of fun away from the microphone as when they're really "on."

Only out-and-out characters on The Jack Sterling Show are the ones he portrays by voice alone. Of course, they all look exactly as listeners imagined—pompous Col. Basil Rumpingham, bearded Dr. Hiawatha Hackenschmidt, and broad-brimmed Texan.

After his many-hour radio marathon, Jack goes over mail with secretary Gerry Phillips, has conferences, interviews, business luncheons. But Monday's his "big day"—the one when he tries to be back home by noon!
half an hour out while world news is broadcast? Let's start with the star, Jack himself. "What wakes me up in the morning? I said it before—and TV Radio Mirror repeated it in a previous story: 'My wife's sharp elbow!'"

Barbara Sterling has a somewhat different version. "I seldom have to give him that wifely shove anymore. The alarm clock is on my side, I set it for three-thirty, push in the knob when it goes off—and my job is done. Jack gets up, automatically. I go back to sleep. He catches Old Ninety-nine, at four-twenty-nine, out of Stamford, which is twenty minutes' drive from where we live in New Canaan, Connecticut. He gets in an extra forty winks on the train and arrives at the studio just before airtime."

Usually, they don't indulge in conversation at three-thirty. Jack puts on a small light, tiptoes around the room quietly. But, one morning, Barbara heard the rain splashing and the wind howling outside and asked him, teasingly, "Why in the world are you going out in a storm like this?" Stumbling against a chair in the semi-darkness, growing a little at his clumsiness, he told her, "Because I love to get up and go out in the rain!" Later, he told his listeners, "Now I even have a 'straight man' at home—it isn't enough to have 'em on the show!"

When you ask how the other members of the cast and crew get up in time, engineer Lee Dressner grins and answers for them: "We're all married, too." They come considerable distances—from Long Island, from the neighboring state of New Jersey, across the Hudson River, and from commuter towns in New York's Westchester County. Mary Osborne, sole feminine member of the show (Jack sometimes introduces her as "Mary, the all-girl guitarist"), gets an elbow-push from her musician husband, Ralph Scaffidi, whose own working hours start later in the day. Tony Aless, pianist who heads the five-man jazz combo, sets an alarm clock—but, forty-five minutes later, the producer calls him on the telephone to check, just in case. Tyree Glenn, the one who sports the elegant little goatee and who is so great on the trombone and vibraphones (and, occasionally, the banjo), sets two alarm clocks, one electric and one regular. They go off five minutes apart and, by the time he has shut off the second one, he's awake.

Buddy Jones, on the bass viol, also has two alarm clocks—"both under two years old and less than a year apart, and both boys. My wife bats one eye when I leave and says, 'Work hard, dear!'" Clarinetist Andy Fitz has five alarm clocks—all girls.

Getting to the studio may be a fairly businesslike proceeding, but tension and hurry drop away at the entrance to famed 485 Madison Avenue, at that hour, when the endless procession of people who will later plunge through the revolving doors is reduced to an occasional early-bird on his way to a microphone.

Ken Regan, a CBS director for more than ten years, gathers the material from writers Bill Vance, Walter Latzko and Arthur Whitney, all long-term members of the staff. The music has been selected, the band has been warming up in a nearby studio. The show itself is strictly unrehearsed. Only the musicians get together to rehearse and discuss the number of choruses, the keys, the solo numbers. Everything Jack says on the air is as new and fresh to the people in the studio as it is to the radio audience. When the home (Continued on page 66)

The Jack Sterling Show is heard over WCBS Radio (New York), Monday through Saturday, from 5:30 to 9 A.M. EST, with time out for news.
Best of all, Jack loves his home and family. Above, with little Cathy, Patty Ann and Beth—and wife Barbara, who says, "You would think he would take a nap on his early day, but he's too busy doing things around the house." She points out that he's "really a country, homebody type." Indoors, he can be quite a chef; outdoors, he plays golf for exercise, when there's time.
Stand with feet comfortably apart. Now, point right toe and raise arms over head. Lean as far to right as possible, then drop right arm to knee, and "bounce"...

When Sarah Hardy, stage and TV actress, returned from Italy two summers ago, after six months with the American Theater in Rome, she brought back forty-four reproductions of Renaissance paintings, seventeen hand-tooled leather handbags, and nineteen pounds of extra avoirdupois. (Oh, that irresistible pasta!) This presented a clear-cut challenge. The only figure problems petite 21-year-old Sarah had ever struggled with before were in her elementary-school arithmetic classes back home in Columbia, S. C. Needless to say, she won the bout of the bulge. To see her diminutive 104-pound, size 9, 34-24-35 proportions today, one would never guess that Sarah, who plays teenager Libby in NBC-TV's From These Roots, had ever given a thought to a "weighty" problem like torso trimming. Fortunately for Sarah, who frankly admits she just can't stick to a diet, getting back into shape required no special menus, exercise, or reducing restrictions. Five pounds fell off the week before the Broadway opening of her next play, "Love Me Little." She always gets so worried the last week of rehearsal that she loses her appetite. The other fourteen pounds had already been danced away in the routine Sarah practices daily for her classes in classic ballet, primitive, jazz, and modern dance. For the past two years, Sarah has studied "the kind of dancing actors need to know" to acquire control and poise and to learn to use the body gracefully. Vivacious Sarah enjoys her dancing homework, finds it fun to pirouette off the pounds. The ballet routines she demonstrates here only look hard, Sarah advises, for actually they are not meant for "pros." "Do each movement slowly and deliberately," she says. "Be sure you feel your muscles stretch." Sarah suggests that you repeat each routine only three times, to start, building up to a count of ten. "Always stop before you are tired," she adds. "You needn't have acting ambitions to work for smooth curves, graceful posture and controlled movements," says Sarah. "Every woman has her own particular audience."
Lie on stomach, body relaxed, feet together. Bend knees and grasp ankles. Now, arching back, raise legs so arms are pulled back far as possible. Rock gently back and forth several times, then return to starting position.

Kneel, back straight, knees slightly apart. Grasping heels, arch body forward, then backward, as far as possible. Hold for count of five. Relax and repeat.

Sarah Hardy's ballet-inspired exercises are fun to do, as well as fine figure-molders.
U.S. MARSHAL
IN THE MAKING

As the sheriff of Cochise County,
John Bromfield was in line for promotion.
On the home front, says Larri, he
more than makes the grade

THE PRODUCER insisted it wasn’t “daring.” It was just a
case of an actor outgrowing his role . . . Frank
Morgan needing a bigger job, more scope and importance.
In short, the Sheriff Of Cochise deserved a promotion to
U.S. Marshal. “In the new NTA series,” explains pro-
ducer Mort Briskin, “we move ‘Frank’ around the state
more, instead of restricting him to Cochise County.”
Star John Bromfield was skeptical at first. Now, what
he most likes about Marshal is its flavor of the modern
West. “Everything you see today in the way of a Western
is ‘period,’” John explains, “but Marshal is a con-
temporary piece, familiar and full of action.”

John himself is a contemporary in a very special way.
Like many of his generation whose lives were inter-
rupted by a major war, John didn’t settle down to a
definite career commitment for several years. As a youth
growing up in Venice, California, he boxed light-heavy-
weight, won the Golden Gloves in his senior year of high
school, and a football scholarship to St. Mary’s College.
During the war, John was in the Navy. “You see,” he
explains, “I was raised on the beach. You might say I’m
a regular beach rat. As a kid, I had spent my summers
on the boats as a deckhand, right out of Santa Monica.
So, when I got my discharge papers, I went right back
to the only thing I knew well.” But John had acting,
too, in the back of his mind. “I saved up from my three
years on the tuna boats, and went into stock—playing
Danny the Sailor in ‘Anna Lucasta.’ It was type-casting,
but a start.” Next thing John knew, he was up in Alaska
shooting for a film in which he hand-harpooned two
whales. What he didn’t know was the big excitement
this bit of “type-casting” was to cause back East, when
the New Bedford Port Society got hold of the news. He
was called to New Bedford and initiated into the group
—the youngest member, and the only one to have hand-
harpooned a whale in more than fifty years. “You know,”
says John, “whaling in the old ‘Moby Dick’ tradition is
a lost way of life. And someday, most likely, I’ll be the
last member of the group alive. It’s a sobering thought.”

Living quietly and unpretentiously in an apartment
overlooking the Sunset Strip, John recounts how he and
Larri were married, a couple of New Year’s Eves ago,
aboard the S.S. Argentina, spending their honeymoon
on the shores of the Amazon. They are planning a
family, but not right away. “In a couple of years,” John
estimates, “I won’t be doing so much running around the
country on promotions. The way I work now, it just
wouldn’t be right. You can’t raise a family when you’re
home only fourteen days in five months . . . Mean-
while,” says he, “the promotion to Marshal was a real
lift. After all, it isn’t every actor who can brag about
something like this.”

It’s so nice to have a man around the house—even if for
only fourteen days out of 152, Larri opines (accent pines).
Film-dancer Larri ("Guys and Dolls") doesn't worry about typecasting. But former "beach rat" John prefers not to be an "old salt"—except to keep an ancient whaling club going a bit longer.
A HOPPIN' GOOD TIME

Enjoy your work, says Freeman Hover of KCSR—that's the better half of livin'

Freeman enjoys his work. "It offers something new," he smiles, "and gives me a chance to do something for others."

"My hi-fi is my pride and joy," says "Free," who has a large record collection to match.

Free visits with Eddie Cochran, who hit big with "Summertime Blues."

Checker recording star Dale Hawkins (center, left) and Freeman are flanked on each side by Dale's group, "The Hawks."

NOW EVEN the adults are hopping! According to Freeman Hover of KCSR in Chadron, Nebraska, record hops—which used to be exclusively for the teenage set—have suddenly become a popular pastime with the grown-ups, as well. And Freeman is one disc jockey who sees to it that they get all the hops that are coming to them. . . . When not busy with chores on his two radio programs—KCSR Bandstand, heard Monday through Friday, at 4:05 p.m., and Top 40 Time, heard Wednesdays at 6:45 p.m. and Saturdays at 7 p.m.—"Free" is energetically emceeing the get-togethers at local clubs and schools. "Although music for adults takes a somewhat more subdued course (Welk and Lombardo being two real favorites), our post-teens," says Freeman, "also enjoy numbers by Duane Eddy and Elvis." . . . As an eleven-year-old pre-teener, Freeman had just wanted to be able to enjoy music all day, without having to spend his whole allowance on records. That's when he first decided to become a disc jockey. Throughout high-school days in Plymouth, Michigan, and college years at Colorado College and the University of Denver, Freeman clung to his original ambition and participated in radio and dramatics while majoring in English and radio. . . . Eventually, after a stint with the Air Force during the Korean War, his little-boy dream came true with his work at KCSR. However, even though he does get to play music all day at the station, it isn't enough. He owns a hi-fi set and is constantly buying new discs for his personal record library. . . . Home for Freeman is a bungalow complete with 300 books and a wall-to-wall white rug. "When I have time," this very un-confirmed bachelor admits, "I like to cook up a wide variety of dishes. Believe me," he adds, "some of them are pretty unusual." And the coffee pot is always on—"Between the coffee breaks, I work," he laughs. . . . Although he likes to think his show makes a big splash, Freeman had no idea how much, until the day one of his listeners called him during the Top 40 Time, to tell him how much he was enjoying Free's show, on TV. "The picture is lousy," said the viewer, "but the audio is great." "That's the only time I have ever been on TV," comments Freeman wryly—"while broadcasting on AM radio only! . . . That show must have had real impact!"
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Play Your Hunch...

(Continued from page 49) 'We'll keep you mysterious,' he was thinking of my forty-four-inch waistline. Well, you know what an imaginative medium radio is, and the audience had me figured as an injured, romantic type. I actually weighed 245 pounds and I was enjoying it myself. I remember once a movie mogul, Bill Dozier, wrote that he was driving up from Hollywood to sign me to a contract. I knuckled under when he offered me $1000 a week, but he saw me, he went along for the laughs and that's all it amounted to. He couldn't put me in pictures. Even that didn't bother me. But then there were two incidents in one week that made him change his mind.

Merv glints, sinks a little lower in his chair. "As I said, the boss didn't send out pictures. And he allowed no studio auditions for my show. But, one day, a little kid lady got into the station through a back door and I met her in the corridor. She asked for the Merv Griffin studio and I explained that it wouldn't do any good to tell her where'd clubs and theatres wouldn't let her in. Just then someone came along and said, 'Hiya, Merv,' and the woman looked at me hard and said, 'Are you Merv Griffin?' I said, 'Yes,' and she got up and left. A lot of hell had shattered her imagination and she couldn't stop laughing. That same week, Joan Edwards, who is as frank as she is talented, guested on my show and she said, 'Honey, you sing the end, but that blubber has to go.' That did it and, in four months, I lost eighty pounds.

Merv had the "new look" when Freddy Martin's secretary came around and offered him a hundred-and-fifty a week to sing with the band. "I said no," Merv recalls. "I was making as much as twelve hundred a week at KYFY, so it didn't make sense—dollars are dollars and I had to think. But I thought I was young and wanted the experience of working in clubs and theaters and making records, and I finally accepted the job. I went on to TV and radio and I cut a record, 'I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts,' that sold over a million. But I still wasn't pushing, and again an opportunity came out of left field.

We were working at The Last Frontier, a club in Las Vegas, when a five- or six-year-old boy walked up to me and said, 'We want you for movies.' Even for Hollywood, this was a scoop. A kid should be marked young. But it turned out he was talking for his mother, Doris Day. Doris and her husband, Marty Melcher, got me a two-year contract with Warner Brothers, so that I could make a picture a year. So I've sold myself. As it turned out, I didn't make a movie with Doris Day. But I did make several others, including one in which I co-starred with Kathry Grayson.

I didn't enjoy working in Hollywood, and admits that this was probably the only period in his life when he wasn't completely happy. "I almost became blasé. I remember, they said to me, 'We'll make you into a star and you'll have to hold out Sunday night on my wrist watch to see how long it would take. It had something to do with my losing weight and becoming normal, because I became grounded in the world and for myself as a leading man. This was a ridiculous state for me and contrary to my whole attitude. The fat boy suddenly becomes vain. You can see how silly it was. I utilized this and began to resist it."

When his contract was up, he shook Hollywood and joined Tallulah Bankhead in a revue at Las Vegas. Then he headed for New York as the summer replacement for Tallulah. But, he didn't enjoy working in the revue. It was like being a lead to the female situation and the girls he dates. He doesn't, in a manner of speaking, pay the field. He says, however, "There's been a certain sameness about every girl I've gone with. I guess she's the All-American type, like a girl who enjoys sports—tennis, water-skiing, boating. I love a sense of humor. I can't stand a girl who is always putting on a face. If a girl is good-looking, she just shouldn't have a bad body. I work at it. I may have a slight preference for blondes, but that's unimportant. Mostly I'm attracted by a girl who enjoys living. And I've learned to find that I'd like to be able to pick up the phone and say, 'We're leaving for Paris in ten minutes.' I've had a passport for years and never used it. Four times, I've had to cancel reservations for me and a friend. Once, I cancelled fifteen minutes before I was to leave. But, next to traveling, I still like to give parties."

Guests at his parties may include Carlos Montalban and his wife, Geoffrey Horne and wife Nancy Berg, Susan Strasberg, Jaye P. Morgan, Lu Ann Simms and her husband Loring Buzzell. Loring and I were good, really good. Loring and Lu Ann live in the same building, and I'm godfather to their child. Many of my friends are married and they are very important people. Naturally, they're against it. I keep asking them to let me make my own dates but they never stop trying. They mean well and I don't blame them, although I sometimes get madder than I ever had.

Merv is old-fashioned enough to hold that it is the man who should pop the question. But his easygoing attitude and good looks have girls pushing a little. He's been steered to jewelry stores and a girl got a ring out of a store on consignment and brought it over to his apartment. "I was embarrassed," he recalls. "She said, 'Wouldn't this make a nice engagement ring?' I said, 'Indeed it would.' Well, what could I do? I didn't want to marry her just to keep from hurting her feelings. Marriage is a very serious thing. First comes love, and then the ring.

More than once, Merv has had to give a "pink slip"—and not the kind that she can wear—to a fast-moving female. But it isn't all work and no play for Merv. He's been told he knows he's not a hopeless bachelor. Three times in the past, he's been engaged. Once, he got held within walking distance of a church but the parental complicity that stopped him.

"There won't be a long engagement when I get married. I'll probably just do it impulsively and then go into a state of shock. It's just silly. But, when the right girl comes along, I'll let her know," he says, then adds, "Maybe that sounds flip, but what I mean is that no one has ever been the right you're in love. And, when I am, I'll be first to talk about it.

Merv can be had by the right woman, but it will require a subtle approach. And a touch of chlorofom might help.


Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1956.

(Signed) MEYER DWORINK, Secretary-Treasurer

TULLIO MUCCELLI, Notary Public
State of New York No. 63-8050500
Qualified in Bronx Co. 38637
State of New York.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1956.

(Signed) MEYER DWORINK, Secretary-Treasurer

TULLIO MUCCELLI, Notary Public
State of New York No. 63-8050500
Qualified in Bronx Co. 38637
State of New York.
ranked in my breast for years. Being a writer demands a certain amount of self-discipline and work, but it has never nourished the hunger for power—the power of spellbinding an audience, of being a fighting man.

Unable to endure the privation any longer, I took an excursion to the city one bright day, and confided my resolution to Phil Silvers. "Write me into one of the scripts of the Bilko television series," I pleaded. "I will be a non-resident writer, acting as an actor, soldier and writer. More, I will be able to go out and tell the world of the behind-the-scenes magic of your show.

"It was that last statement that made his eyebrows arch over the horizon of his glasses. "A capital idea!" he cried.

The script writers of The Phil Silvers Show, 'You'll Never Get Rich,' were hastily summoned to tell of the conspiracy. It just so happened that the script for Program No. 113—the show now in its fourth straight year—was being written that very afternoon. Sack King, the installment contained several parts which had not yet been filled. One was the role of an Army recruiter who would appear in one scene and utter four- to seven-syllable, bottomless, uninterrupted, unfathomable words. This was me.

I filled out a three-page contract in triplicate with the Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., New York City, withholding-tax form and a New York State non-resident tax form. I was in.

Two teams of writers, each assigned to the Silvers show. Each tandem turns in a script of sixty pages on alternate weeks. While one team actually is writing, the other is sweating out an idea. It's hard work.

Once the script is completed, it takes five days to get the filmed portrayal of it “in the can,” as we actors say, for showing on television at a later date. The first day is devoted merely to reading the lines against a stopwatch.

Silvers, producer Ed Montagne, director Aaron Ruben and the other members of the company obviously were confident that my ability to deliver the lines would meet the must-go-on tradition for they excused me from attending the reading.

The following day, at one P.M., sharp, I reported to a room on the second floor of Steinway Hall in midtown Manhattan. The rehearsal studio is a large room with a stage at one end; the other walls are rimmed with ballet bars. Except for a few chairs and tables, no props are used in the run-throughs.

The script girl, Gertrude Black, pointed to my line on Page 29 and smiled benignly. "Remember, you're really recognized as the armored hero, Sergeant Bliko's platoon, were scattered about the room, chatting, reading newspapers or staring off into space.

"You look as if Bilko's commanding officer, Colonel Hall, sat off in a corner brushing his lines. In contrast with most of the others, who wore sport clothes, I was dressed in a business suit. After all, he's a colonel. Silvers, wearing a brown suit, a striped sports shirt buttoned at the neck and a gray hat shoved back on his head, sat reading his script listlessly. The dressers called "Miss August" to my knee. "You'll have to forgive me," he said.

"I'm not myself today. I've had some kind of a bug for the last couple of days."

"You've pretty good to me, Sarge," I said. I had been "drafted" into the Army for two days, but it doesn't take a soldier long to recognize authority, by golly.

Moishe Goldfogle, the squat, screw-faced pixie who plays Doberman, wandered over to pay his respects. "I lost fourteen pounds this trip, so I'm going to work away from his midriff. "Look, you could put a baby kangaroo in there. Clean living is what does it."

"You look more like you got caught in a revolving door," said Silvers. That took care of Private Doberman.

The scenes of the show are not rehearsed in regular sequence, and my line in today's script—"I get that—Silvers, and I—were called by director Ruben. Formerly a writer for the show, Ruben has been its director the last two years."

"I've taught you business in a couple of years than I could learn in maybe fifty years of writing. But it's still the script that counts. If you haven't got a script, you've been beaten."

My scene finds Bilko being reissued to the Army after a brief and disastrous foray into the business world as the Sack King. The show was built around a manufacturer of burlap potato sacks. As he is being handed his new gear, I march in with five other recruits to receive mine. Awayed by the pile of clothing handed me, I whisper to "Wally," "If this is my life—two hundred dollars worth!"

Maybe Shakespeare did write better stuff, but he could hardly top that line, and coming from Ruben with convincing gusto. Having said, I looked up at Silvers for approval.

He peered down at me and smiled. "Bill, I think we have a guy here."

"Hey, that's not in the script," I protested.

"If you're not careful, you won't be, either," he barked.

The preparations of Ruben, we went through the scene several times. It got better each time, thanks to Silvers. Bug or no bug, he quickly warmed up to the spirit of the others, lifting the spirits of the other players as he did.

"The guy is so terrific," Ruben said later, "that we never stop running the camera when we shoot his scenes, because you never know when he is going to say something priceless—an extra word, an extra gesture."

It is worth mentioning, too, that Silvers pretty much knows his lines after a single reading. He is quickly transformed from Phil Silvers to Ernie Bilko.

The second day's rehearsal was much like the first, except that more action was thrown into it. It was apparent, too, that the pressure and tension of acting had begun to set in. But Silvers, though still a bit under the weather, was alive with animation and good humor and drew large frequeunees of the throng.

"You never get tired of this guy," said Harvey Lembeck, who plays Rocco. "Everything he ever learned in show business, it's from Ford, what he learned. He's terrific, and you can't help but do well, working with him. That's why this cast has stuck together so long. You won't find a happier bunch in the business."

"That's not a single untoward incident; only a complete dedication on the part of everyone, from script girl to star—that, and a feeling of deep pride."

I came away from the experience with a profound respect for every person who had been "drafted" in. Whether it was a smart idea, the stigma of having been classified 4-F during World War II has been expunged, and I've got a thing or two to tell that grade-school teacher."

But, more than anything else, I've acquired fresh esteem for television and the people who labor in its tangled, cabled vineyards.
Song of the Road of Life

(Continued from page 51)

“Before acting, Andrew expected to be equal to becoming Tim's playmate. Of course, right now, Tim isn't sure of Andrew's place in the family. But we're trying our best to show Timmy that he's loved and wanted and doesn't have to feel alone. I've thought a lot about the dual roles in the big night-time dramas as well as the daytime shows. I enjoy television very much. But radio work is especially fun for an actor. One has the excitement of the unknown dimension—the listener's imagination—which doesn't exist in the visual medium, where sets and costumes are already provided.”

Patricia stops for a moment to make sure there is an awakening of the children. "Eric thinks it's the most wonderful profession. "As a regular nurse," she says. "But I don't know. I like to care for my own children, whenever I'm home and free to do so—which is more and more as the years go by. I've come to have Anna, who helps me with the housework and takes care of the children for me when I'm out. When I'm home, they're my children. I prefer it this way.”

Patricia discovered this strong aspect of her maternal personality shortly after Timothy arrived. Just before he was born, she and Eric had bought a spacious, thirty-five miles out of New York. "We actually were looking for only a small weekend retreat," Patricia recalls. "From the beginning, there was a very large eleven-room house in the midst of seven- and-a-half acres, and moved in. On the grounds lived a lovely family with three children. After Timothy was born, he stayed with them whenever I had to leave for work. Commuting began to be more difficult, because I had early rehearsals or Eric had to be in New York early the next day. Sometimes we would put them in a small apartment in New York, to stay overnight on those difficult days. I knew Timothy was well taken care of, but somehow, I always longed to have him close by. I used to call him, and he would run over from his home for days at a time. Finally, we found this larger apartment right here in New York, and all of us moved in.

"And really, she muses, 'I'm convinced Timothy and Andrew are just as well off living in town as in the country. A family's closeness seems more important to me than all the fresh air in the world. We know one another well, and that's life just around the corner. There are innumerable opportunities for wholesome outdoor play. In a city like New York, a child has a variety of playmates and makes friends among all walks of life. We're close, and I think that is good. I was born and grew up, right here in Manhattan, and love it. I remember, as a child, every Saturday morning taking the children's concerts at Carnegie Hall. What fun it was!"

"I feel that, at this stage, I should be with my children as much as possible. During our school year, I try to enter school, the most important thing is to build up a strong foundation of love and security in the home—wherever it may be. It's true, as a working mother, my time with them is somewhat limited. But I feel—it's not the amount of time you spend with your children that counts, but how you spend the time you do have with them. I am an actress and, if I weren't working, I'd be unhappy. My dis- satisfaction would have a bad effect on me and, consequently, on the plays I have been doing. This way, I'm stimulated and can give my wholehearted and attention when we are together.”

This is a busy time in our life. Some sacrifices have to be made. But the time will come, I hope, for me to put as much time into the theatre as much as we wish. Meanwhile, we're both doing the work we love—and sharing our problems. I even hope to do a bit more of my work than I'm doing now.

"My goal hasn't changed," she says, about her career. "Before I met Eric, I wanted to be the best actress I'm capable of becoming. I still want that. I feel my work is contributing something to people's enjoyment or their enlightenment by portrayal of characters that have something to say. Naturally, rather than being happy, well-adjusted children, many in the theatre can contribute something to life, is very important. I'd like to continue to do both, if I can. You see, I realized, 'way before I met Eric, that a career in itself was not sufficient for me. I knew I wanted to marry and have children. But it had to be to someone who was in sympathy with my career. Someone who wholeheartedly wanted me to continue with my work.”

Before Patricia met Eric, she experienced a period of wondering if there was such a man. "I was in a dark frame of mind, finding no one around who had a real interest in what I was doing," she confesses. "I was going through an experience familiar to many actresses—going out with men who ultimately showed resentment in my work. So, when Eric and I met, I was very glad. And, I'm delighted, to find I can play "cars," Anna comes in and offers to take him to the park around the corner. Tim makes it clear he wants Mommy to come along. But I'm out. So Patricia tries to give assurance to the children. After all, you bring to your work what you are, sooner or later, whether the work is acting or something else.

"He won't be quite that attached to mother. That boy has his own way of doing things. His way of getting to the other kids is with a playmate. His way of getting to the other kids is that he is very assertive. He is very assertive in his playing and in his work."

Both a positive and a philosophical attitude underlie Patricia's thoughts as she looks at the future. "I don't think anything is going to be a barrier to me. I just want to do as much as I can. I take an interest in his work. We have a kind of respect for each other's profession that is a must in a two-career family."

In the past, I might have spent my free time going to acting classes to improve my technique. I sincerely feel that my time with my children—watching them grow and learning from them—has been as valuable as any class might teach. There is an extraordinary amount of wisdom and insight into human nature to be gained from the wide, innocent eyes of a two-year-old. And sometimes, I feel that when I stay home and put away my career, I can be a whole new person—so fresh as no one but the very young can be. I would love to be a young person again, to have the time to study and to work as an actress, as well as a person."

Patricia started acting at the age of fourteen, with the nonprofessional stock company of Rollins School of Theatre at Easthampton, Long Island. "Not very serious intention of becoming an actress," she recalls, "but because Leighton Rollins' scholarship was something that the illustrator Arthur William Brown thought I shouldn't pass up. He felt acting was for a
model. I was modeling because then I thought I wanted to be an illustrator, and figured this was a good way of becoming familiar with the field. Several summers at art school had convinced me that I was best at pen-and-ink sketches.

However, as her first summer in stock was coming to a close, Pat forgot her original reason for participating and plunged into the work with enthusiasm. It was then that she got the break which led to her decision she has never regretted. The understudy to the lead in "The Sea Gull," the company's last offering of the season. On "dress rehearsal night," Pat recalls, the actress playing the lead came down with poison ivy. "I went on in her place for the opening. Sitting in the audience that night was producer Jean Dalrymple. She knew my mother. After the show, she telephoned my mother to tell her she was impressed. That did it."

Summer stock engagements followed, climaxing with a U.S.O. tour of the South Pacific in 1944. Then, after the war, Pat got her first big professional break, right on Broadway. And again it came about from the seemingly insignificant casting as the understudy. Pat was "standing in wait" for the role of Roxanne, portrayed by Frances Reid, in Jose Ferrer's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." When Frances left the cast, Patricia got it.

"It's wonderful how everything opens up to you after just one break like that," Patricia says. "Next, I did 'The Browning Version,' with Maurice Evans and Edna Best. During this play I learned what it was like to perform while your heart is heavy. Five days before the play opened, my father died. I'll never forget how kind Edna Best was to me. Everybody in the cast was sympathetic, but especially Edna. After that, more plays followed and soon I began getting roles in radio and television. And... if I'm not mistaken, I think that's my baby," Patricia interrupts herself, going into her child's room. In a moment the crying ceases. Patricia returns, carrying her young son. "He's such a good baby," announces Patricia. "I think he's going to be of a more quiet temperament than his brother; I say that because he can't talk until he starts getting around by himself."

Smiling, Patricia informs him, "Mommy is going to take you to the park. Tim is there."

The two boys are a study in contrasts. Andrew has pitch-black hair, like his father. His light brown eyes seem inclined to turn hazel, like his mother's, giving the impression of a stockier build than his blond-haired big brother.

"Andrew came in the world giving me the same fright my work that Tim caused," Patricia laughs. "As for Tim, he arrived two weeks earlier than expected—and, six days later, I was back in the role of Sally Cortwright, which I was playing in the daytime drama, 'Life,' and had me even more worried. I was doing The Doctor's Wife then. We had taped enough shows to cover until I could get back to work, but doing on only two days and still no Timothy. We set a day for more recordings. And, if course, that day turned out to be the very one that Tim decided to make his entrance. I completed the recording just in time. I rushed to the hospital directly from the studio."

That's the way it's been with Patricia ever since, combining her busy career with her busy home life, and apparently thriving on it. Noting the joy that lights her expressive face as she cuddles her baby, the thought occurs that all the directors who cast her in a "sad face" could see her now.

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1. Lana Turner
2. Alan Ladd
3. Esther Williams
4. Elizabeth Taylor
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Royalty Calhoun
7. Peter Lawford
8. Burt Lancaster
9. Dale Evans
10. Gene Autry
11. Roy Rogers
12. Doris Day
13. Perry Como
14. Bill Holden
15. Gordon MacRae
16. Ann Blyth
17. John Wayne
18. Audie Murphy
19. Janet Leigh
20. Farley Granger
21. Guy Madison
22. Vic Damone
23. Dean Martin
24. Jerry Lewis
25. Terry Moore
26. Tony Curtis
27. Debbie Reynolds
28. Jeff Chandler
29. Rock Hudson
30. Debra Paget
31. Dale Robertson
32. Marilyn Monroe
33. Marlon Brando

147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
149. Russ Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
151. Margie and Gower Champion
152. Charlton Heston
153. Julius La Rosa
154. Lucille Ball
155. Jack Webb
156. Richard Egan
157. Jeff Richards
158. Robert Taylor
159. Jean Simmons
160. Audrey Hepburn
161. Gale Storm
162. George Nader
163. Ann Sothern
164. Eddie Fisher
165. Liberace
166. Grace Kelly
167. James Dean
168. Sheree North
169. Kim Novak
170. Natalie Wood
171. Dewey Martin
172. Joan Collins
173. Jayne Mansfield
174. Ani Mimes
175. Shirley Jones
176. Elvis Presley
177. Tony Perkins
178. Glenn Ford
179. Cllt Walker
180. Pat Boone

201. Paul Newman
202. Don Murray
203. Pat Wayne
204. Carroll Baker
205. Anita Ekberg
206. Corey Allen
207. Pati Page
208. Lawrence Welk
209. Larry Dean
210. Buddy Merrill
211. Hugh O'Brian
212. Jim Arness
213. Sanford Clark
214. Vera Miles
215. John Savon
216. Dean Stockwell
217. Warren Berlinger
218. James MacArthur
219. Nick Adams
220. John Kerr
221. Harry Belafonte
222. Jim Lowe
223. Luana Patten
224. Dennis Hopper
225. Tom Tryon
226. Tommy Sands
227. Will Hutchins
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231. Jerry Lee Lewis
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233. Dolores Hart
234. James Garner

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I enclose $ for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: _____________________________
Zone: ___________ State: ___________

Send cash or money order
(NO ORDERS LESS THAN 50 CENTS)

83
Atlantic Coast Alarm Clock

(Continued from page 54)
audience laughs at a joke, that's the first time anyone on the set has heard it. The
No 5 the hardest one will be up
in the control room. At one side of the studio, just before five-thirty, Jack puts on horn-
rimmed glasses, sits at a desk with yellow sheaves of paper in front of him, marked cr
ning, snares, a pouting, grey, nose, commierics, station breaks, and dozens of
things he wants to tell his audience. The
tables scattered around are the not-too-
comfortable following a variety commercial
breasting audience. The floor has been
scared by many tapping feet, except
where a small rug strives to give a touch of
home-ness.

One wall of the studio, a side are leaves of
bread, a bag of sweet rolls, steaming
coffee, tea, cream and sugar. Jack is al-
days dieting, or so he says. He eats cot-
tage cheese for breakfast, chews once in
a while, fights crisp bacon, but fore-
goes the rolls.

You could come into this room dragging
your feet and a minute later be tapping your
fingers, comfortable in the friendliness of this early-morning,
informal get-together. The men work
in shirtsleeves or sweaters, and there isn't
a real jazz shirt in the group—they could
be carpenters, or mechanics, or maybe brokers or insurance
salesmen. Mary wears a sweater and skirt, some
strands of pearls at her neck.

That's the story for CBS work this
show regularly—Harry Clarke, who opens
and closes the show, and Gaylord Avery
and Olin Tice, newscasters and alternate
announcers. Lee Dressner, the engineer, is
an integral story of the crew. He gets
in around five, sets everything up, is pre-
pared to drive the rest of the him into
hysterics with bits and pieces of old commer-
cials, and the routine is exactly as he
considers appropriate moments,
—when least expected. "1 was doing
a commercial for an eyedrop sponsor,
Jack says, "when suddenly, out of some-
body's office, a voice, whose
Lee threw in a voice. Your eyes look like
two cranberries in a glass of buttermilk," it
said. This can throw you early, in the
morning. But that's okay.

In spite of off-the-air and on-the-air
high jinks, and considerable sly playing of
jokes, there is no sense of confusion.
All these people know their jobs well.
Jack celebrated his tenth anniversary on
the show November 5—it had been Ar-
thur Godfrey's spot for seven years pre-
vious, and Jack had approached the job with
the same enthusiasm. This is no com-
pletely unwarranted but understandable
at the time, since following the Old Master
was then considered practically suicidal.

These people have all worked together
so long now that they can anticipate each
other, a staff member notes. "Everyone
knows what Jack likes on the show, what
music is needed, how to pace everything.
The funny ideas are on the record-
corded music, and everything is keyed to
the personalities of the performers. Espe-
cially to Jack's. He has one criterion for
a joke: it must be good taste, and it
must be funny enough to get a quick laugh.
It can be a little corny, if it's fast and
funny." When a joke falls a little flat, Jack
explains. "They fractured me when I told
them this long story at home—yes, they frac-
tured me, bone by bone.

Sometimes it's hard to tell whether
they're on or off the air, because they're
always the same. Laughing. Telling stories
about their children. Kidding one another
about diets and picknics. "We have three
critics," Mary concedes. "Tony, Tyree and
Buddy. And about sixty cents keeps chang-
ing hands constantly. Big stuff. They won't
teach me the game—that's the way they
keep a woman out of it. I used to try, but
I've decided it's strictly closed-circuit."

Jack plays all the ridiculous characters
that come and go in the script. Col. Basil
Rumpingham, Her Majesty's Envoy to The
Jack Sterling Show. John Cummings,
Snezy, The Texan, Dr. Hiawatha Hacken-
schmidt. A punchdrunk fighter by
the name of Sweet Chariot McLigillieudy—
"We call him Sweet Chariot because he
swings so low."

Jack gives commercials the "soft sell."
There are no shattering sounds to storm
the ears. If he leaves out something he
intended to say, he simply adds, "Oh, yes,
I forgot to tell you"—and proceeds to tell.
Commercials are not formalized or stylized.
They're spoken, not recited. And, while
everybody is cognizant of the movement
of the hands of the clock on the studio
wall, no one seems overburdened by it.
"Everybody works together to make
the show sound good," Jack says. "They are all
conscientious workers. They like what they
are doing and they do it well, and are
proud to be identified with the program.
They have professional standards, for all
their case. They know what they are doing
every minute.

They come from all parts of the country
originally, from New York, Texas, Arkan-
sas, North Dakota, Maryland, New Jersey,
Pennsylvania. Jack himself was born
in Baltimore. Ken Regan is the only true
New Yorker. At last count, they had a
collective total of twenty-nine offspring,
with a couple more to be added shortly.
"We're bringing up our own rooting
section," Jack says.

All of the orchestra members do record-
ings and have recently finished one to-
gether. Tony Alesi takes a band into local
spots, writes music, is probably best known
for his jazz "Long Island Suite." Every-
body does some outside club work. Tyree
Three Faces of Crippling

Birth Defects Arthritis Polio

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

TOWARD GREATER VICTORIES

66
her performance won high praise and, a few weeks later, she brought home $150—

When Jacklyn became interested in acting, about four years ago, Grandmother urged her to go about it "the right way," which she interpreted as preparing herself personally. Jacklyn, who was fifteen at the time, took the next step on her own. At fifteen she decided to get an agent—but not hap-

hazardly, by picking just anyone out of the directory. For three months, she talked to a lot of agents. Then, in April, to her delight, she promptly granted her an appointment.

One look at the attractive, blonde, brown-eyed young girl convinced her she had a potential star on her hands.

As an illusion about success. She knew nobody would offer her a big role overnight, that she had to work for it, get experience, be seen—

so Jacklyn refused to rest on her laurels. Even after she was cast as Laurie in 

was the best, and, of course, stubborn about the boy's dance. But, to her surprise, Jacklyn was convinced he was a natural actor. And he had her convinced that doing commercials and modeling clothes.

Jacklyn had always spoiled his little girl—because she was so pretty, because she was his only daughter, and sometimes because it proved the easiest way out. He still recalls the morning when she was ten, and looked out of the window just as her father and another man were arriving to pick her up at the house. Rightfully guessing that it was to be a surprise for her, she gave a memor-

able performance of being utterly sur-

prise. He says, "I licked his mouth, and a smile. "What would you like more than any-

thing?" he smiled.

"A doll with a blue hat and blue dress, she exclaimed.

"You swallow the aspirin—and I'll get you another. Is it a deal?"

It was a deal .. .although he didn't realize what he had bargained for, till after he spent almost two days finding just that kind of doll for her.

What will the future hold for Jacklyn? Aside from the fact that she will continue her career, she is sure about only one thing: "I'm not getting married till I'm old." And what is "old" to a seventeen-year-

oldest. "At least twenty-two. I don't believe in girls getting married too young."

But don't believe for a moment that, at seventeen, Jacklyn can't take care of herself. She is independent, and her own life—even if the solutions to real-life problems aren't always worked out as neatly as on the screen. Take the episode where Laurie is supposed to go to her father's funeral. When Grandpa Beamer (Ed Wynn) hears about it, he promptly helps her break the date without hurting the boy's feelings, and arrange another date with the boy of her choice—after thirty hilarious minutes.

"The counterpart in real life didn't solve itself as smoothly," Jacklyn admits. "I had date for an important dance with a boy who was Jacklyn's friend. She did it, but I was so relieved because she wouldn't advance her to the next grade

with the other children in class. "Don't worry," Grandma O'Donnell soothed when she came home crying, "I'll find a school for you that won't punish you for what happened."

The Hollywood Professional School willingly put Jacklyn in the grade to which she was advanced last year. With her grandmother's coaching, Jacklyn

not only held her own, but did so well that she was one of the few students to be graduated at sixteen.

But Jacklyn's senior year was not all work. After school, she also resumed her piano lessons and her playing improved to such an extent that she was ready for her first recital at ten. How- ever, the idea of playing before an audience scared her to the point where she hardly slept the night before.

As usual, her grandmother had a suggestion that solved her problem. "When you play at the recital, Jacklyn, pretend they are a bunch of cab-

bages."

Jacklyn did, and nearly burst out laughing. But she was able to relax,
The Good Luck Man from Texas

(Continued from page 28)

“with Aikens dodging me and winding up on top.”

“I’m not a half-way kind of fellow who seesaws,” Ty says of himself. “When I’m right, I go all the way down the trail with it. But when I’m wrong—gollee, I’m often real doggone wrong. But I admit it!”

It was a conclusion he had to come to early. In fact, when he was only fourteen. His mother, Gwen Hungerford—Ty’s real name has the poetic ring of the Old West, Orison Hungerford—was a divorcée who was hard put to earn a living for her two boys. But out of her salary as an insurance secretary in Houston, she managed to support twelve-year-old Dewey at her mother’s home in Austin, and to send Ty to the Shriner Military Institute, a school of excellent reputation.

He was soon in hot water. “I wasn’t a problem child,” he now recalls, “but I was something of a hard-head. To rebel at discipline was to ask for punishment and get it. I always seemed to be walking off demerits. I wore out many a pair of shoes in that bull-ring.” After an exchange of letters with his mother in which he wrote, “I’m leaving,” and she replied, “You’re staying,” he left. He refused to “seesaw” and, having made up his mind he was right, simply vanished. The headmaster notified Mrs. Hungerford, who called her mother, hoping that he had lit out for his grandparents’ ranch. Instead, he was making tracks in the opposite direction toward Abilene.

Gwen evidently knew her son. She was worried, of course—but, as she puts it, “not very.” Being a working mother, she had taught both boys how to cook, clean house, and care for themselves. “I knew he’d get along all right. And I also knew that, as long as he thought he was in the right, he’d go his own way. I have always felt it’s wrong to dominate a child and, while I still believed he ought to finish his schooling, I knew I shouldn’t have forced him to stay at a school where the military discipline was not to his liking.”

In view of this, she made no attempt to put the police on his trail when a postcard came. “I was happy to learn he was safe, and I decided to let him work things out for himself.”

Ty meanwhile was earning his keep at various jobs—a bake shop, a filling station, and finally grinding lenses for an optical firm. He wrote to Gwen, from time to time, and she played the waiting game, holding her concern for his welfare in check. One day, she looked up from some financial reports and there, between the filing cabinets and her desk, stood her prodigal son.

“Mama,” he said softly, “I was wrong and I came here to tell you. It’s okay to work and make your own living, but you made a mistake of putting me away to keep from getting some place I want to stay with you from now on and finish school.”

“What did I do?” she chuckles. “Well, first I hugged him as tight as I could. Then I had a good cry. And then I went out and found us an apartment—which wasn’t easy in war times. I was so proud of him.”

Although he was only a scrawny 145 pounds when he entered Lamar High School, Ty showed such headlong drive and pluckiness that it soon made him a standout in football, baseball, tennis and swimming. He was also beginning to show the makings of a fine horseman. On the football field, he was a swift, slippery player whose thinking and all-around leadership attracted a good deal of attention. Of being drafted to Blakely Junior College. He had begun to really enjoy college when br-rnng! the postman rang once, and Ty was drafted.

Now came one of life’s little ironies. The Ohio State military school found he had a natural aptitude for the Army. The work of the Signal Corps interested him and, for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of achievement and service to a great cause. By the end of the three-year period (1951-54), he had passed through Officers Candidate School at Fort Ord, Arkansas, and been commissioned a second lieutenant.

Ty might have become a career soldier, were it not for two events—marriage and fatherhood. Soon after donning uniform, he had married his Texas sweetheart and she had presented him with a girl, Mary Chris, and a baby son, Robert Tyson. For the sake of the family, argued the young wife, he ought to go back to college and get his degree in engineering. If he worked part-time and they dipped into their savings, they felt they could swing it. Ty agreed. “A fellow’s family is like his conscience,” he had said, and to him it was a moral issue. He decided the right thing to do was to get an education and start to climb.” He applied to Texas A. & M. and was admitted shortly after his discharge.

Ty’s athletic prowess, especially on the gridiron, brought him to the fore as a campus personality. But more important to him than the laurels he won was the opportunity to play his beloved “Hunting for Wilderness.” His first thrill at speaking lines and his first fear of fluffing them, along with a new world of glamour and glitter where almost anything can happen, came to him on his way to the stage that still remains vivid and clear. Yet the notion of becoming an actor “for real” would have seemed the most arrant nonsense.

But now the family he had treasured began to fall apart. In June, 1957, armed with a degree but minus a wife (she would not accompany him), Ty left for California to take a job in the Federal Development Department of Douglas Aircraft. Six months later, he was notified that his divorce was final.

Now he stood in the bright sunlight of California, and the world seemed more bleak and grim than he had ever known it. He missed Texas, his children, the comfort and companionship of being part of a family. In his loneliness, he began to look about for something to fill the aching void. One day, a friend invited him to a costume party. Deciding to dress up as a cowboy, he got himself a second-hand Stetson, a pair of red-brown chaps, and a prop gun. “Instead of a six-shooter, I came out of there with a contract,” he laughs, a tinge of wonder in his blue eyes. “They say I looked great.”

You darn fool, you’re dreaming, it just can’t be. But it could and it was.”

Seven hectic months flew by. He appeared in four film features, the first being a dead-end publicity stunt. A simple western, it had been chosen as one of these around a principal TV role on Playhouse 90. Then in May of 1958, William Orr, TV executive at Warner’s, had dropped a bombshell of a line: “Hi, Ty. I think I’m going to take a shot at casting you as a cowboy. A hopeful type, better known now as Bronco Layne in Cheyenne.”

Regarding his big break, Ty has this to say: “It came almost too easy for me. I mean, really. I don’t know if there must be something special about you, Ty boy.” But, after a while, I told myself, “The only thing special about you, brother, is that you have the nerve to say ‘This is me’ and mean it. And some actors have a rocky road to travel, but, as they go along, the climbing gets easier. With me, it’s the other way around. I got off to a fast start, but now I’ve got to learn the business of acting thoroughly and master all the tricks of the art. It’s bound to be tougher for a while. All I can say is I’m ready and willing to learn.”

We might comment that Ty is sincerely modest, he does take a pardonable pride in his ability to do his own stunts and in his readiness to take whatever risks are involved. He is a fine horseman, a crack-shot, an expert in busting a bronco or teach one the job of herding cattle—in short, he’s a genuinely skilled cowpuncher. The summers he spent on Texas range gave him a keen sense of what some actors have a rocky road to travel, but, as they go along, the climbing gets easier. With me, it’s the other way around. I got off to a fast start, but now I’ve got to learn the business of acting thoroughly and master all the tricks of the art. It’s bound to be tougher for a while. All I can say is I’m ready and willing to learn.”

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Her Stolen Moment of Sin...

THE radio program “My True Story,” gilds no lilies. It deals frankly with the emotions of real people—their loves and passions, their hates and fears. Listening to these stories you may recognize some of the problems that are holding happiness back from you. So be sure to listen. Every story is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO

My True Story

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Was her husband to blame for her indiscretion? Read “The Secret Need” in January TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.
One Sunday, he called and she happened to be free. He spoke of an all-day outing, and she said she was envisioning a surf-and-sand party, she dressed accordingly, in her most alluring swimsuit. To her chagrin, it turned out to be a baseball game between teams of actors, with Ty doing the pitching for Jerry Lewis’s nine. She found herself seated miserably on a hard-slatted bench, wondering why she had ever accepted a date with this galoot. By the seventh-inning stretch, however, she admits, “I realized I was terrifically drawn to him. I told myself I would have to see more of this cowboy actor.”

A small club in North Hollywood, with “hillbilly dancing” as the main attraction, was the scene of their next date. “You must admit,” grins Ty, “from the places I took her, she couldn’t have been interested in my riches. I liked her because she has the rare quality of being able to enjoy things thoroughly, no matter how small they are. She struck me as the kind of girl a fellow could really rely on during a crisis.”

Now came the tempest in a teapot that broke into national headlines. It was a tragi-comedy with all parties rushing in opposite directions, contradicting each other furiously. Somehow the news leaked out to the press that two clean-cut young kids who were very much in love and eager to get married had been rudely thrust apart by an aunt’s will (variously described as agents, studio executives, and friendly advisers). For about a week, everybody denied everything in bold black print, and the marriage stood at an impasse. Finally, the lovers took matters in their own hands and announced the nuptials would take place, come what may.

True to character, Ty informed his studio: “It’s not possible for me to go on loving this girl from a distance. She means everything to me and, if marrying and raising a family is going to damage my career, then I’ll have to go down the line with what I feel is right.”

Said Andra: “We’re young people in love, but we just names in the paper. We have a right to happiness. Ty speaks for me.”

So, on August 30, in the Little Brown Church in the Valley, North Hollywood, with the Reverend John H. Wells officiating, the much-publicized wedding was held. For once, Ty compromised, coming neither that nor, but the conventional garb of all the wedding guests. The lovely bride likewise kept faith with tradition, in her gown of white, with a pearl crown on her hair. Andra’s parents, Herbert and Gertrude Rehn, and her aunt, Mrs. Clara Faleen, flew down from her hometown of Rockford, Illinois, and Ty’s mother came in from Texas.

The couple drove one short mile to their honeymoon home, rented from movie and TV star Penny Singleton. Andra, who had just completed a stunning job of acting opposite James Garner in Warner’s “Up Periscope,” was between pictures and there was, fortunately, a week’s hiatus in the filming of Cheyenne.

Their present home is only two large rooms, and Ty and Andra long for a larger place for the future. They hope for. Both feel they are starting a new life, since 1958 not only brought them together but saw both their careers zoom to the promise of high success.

The problem of two careers in one family—”Doesn’t bother us in the slightest,” says Ty. “I’m proud of Andra’s talent and looks.” As for Andra, she says, “I hope our marriage will be like the old-fashioned tandem bikes, with Ty in front doing the steering and me in back pedaling as hard as I can.”
Versatility Plus

(Continued from page 39)

But, to appreciate the full versatility of George Fenneman, you have to visit his hometown, San Francisco, and learn about his family. The Fennemans are five—George; Peggy Clifford Fenneman; son Clifford, fourteen; daughter Beverly, eleven; daughter Georgia, eight—and they all live in the heart of the San Fernando Valley.

Ten years ago, when the Fennemans built their house in what was then a wild-wind wilderness, friends joked about George taking to the tail timber to nurse his weekly Marx of combat from Groucho’s show. At night, the superb silence was punctuated only by the wailing of coyotes and the rustling of the cottonwood, as local forest life marketed for groceries.

In the winter, deer tiptoed into the garden to munch on the flowers. George had done the landscaping himself, yet he joked his sort of sub-raidings with mixed emotions. He couldn’t decide whether to be furious about the flowers, or grateful for the opportunity to take Disney-like walks from his home. Time has passed, and so have the deer, the coyotes, and the raccoons. There are houses in every direction—none, fortunately, in a position to block the Fenneman view. Nor are there any sales that we cross their way up George’s steep driveway to his ample motor court, they are inclined to compliment him upon living so close-in, so private, so rural.

The architecture and decor of the Fenneman house are contemporary. The adjective “comfortable” should be added. The atmosphere has avoided the stark function-alism and the strict austerity common to pure “modern.”

In one corner, there is a game table above which hangs a filigreed gold lamp that George acquired from a decorator who had no record of its history, but it was obviously extracted from the abandoned summer home of some bygone rajah. “If only it could talk,” says George wistfully.

Additional treasures in the rooms are the paintings. There is a large Condé crayon drawing of a young girl, against a background of far-famed Hans Erni. When he bought the latter, George knew that it had been photographed, but he was astonished and gratified when he picked up an art magazine one day and spotted a reproduction of the portrait. “Gosh, it gives you a thrill to realize that you own something as beautiful as that,” he says.

A few years ago, a personal study, somewhat linear and complex, of the doorway of an old mansion has long been a source of perplexity to the Fennemans’ housekeeper. “I just don’t get it,” she says, scowling at the window. George tries to explain. “See, stand back a bit...now, this is the archway, and there is the entrance...the focus of the whole door...”

“What door?”

“That goldish square...see that?”

“You mean that thing that looks like a seashell in an egg?”

“That reminds me: What’s for dinner?” asks George, retreating from the abstract to the concrete.

George himself had had a certain success in the art world, and might still rummage in the art galleries, if he had more time to devote to painting. He likes two of his studies well enough to hang them beside the works of Erni and Reep. One is a vertical still-life showing ripe fruit piled beside a reflective vase. The other is a vivid non-representational study, far longer than wide, which is usually identi-

fied by a viewer in the light of his own experience.

A New Yorker, saying it said in 1935: “What a wonderful abstract study of a city street at sunset.” A student, visiting George’s son, said, “I dig that—it’s a row of books on a library shelf.” A woman who happened most of her life traveling said, “It’s the kind of thing I can’t understand, but I’ve often seen; of course, it’s a kaleidoscopic study of a country road in Hawaii. I don’t suppose you would sell it.”

George is pleased by praise of his painting, but what gives him a toe-to-finger tip tingle is admiration for his dining-room table. A large, round family affair on which the Fennemanns solved a masterpiece somehow survived the pre-World War I period.

When George is not gardening, painting, refining furniture, laying tile, or staring into space, the usual nautic activity, he is, perhaps, fulfilling his obligations as Honorary Mayor of Sherman Oaks by making a speech at some community affair, or perhaps his membership in the recruiting program broadcast over six hundred radio stations.

Or he is narrating a 35 mm. progress report to the Government for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. George had to be cleared by the FBI, a distinction that gave him a certain stature in the view of his teen-age son. As a direct result of the Groucho Marx show, George, and the Fennemanns, father and son, were included in a group flown on one of the many performance flights by which the new turbo-prop transports are tested. For a week, said, “it was the thrill of a young lifetime.”

Or he is reporting for his emcee task on the Groucho Marx show. This job—which George does occasionally—is just the best possible thirty-minute show.

The relationship between George and Groucho is roughly that between wingman and pilot. George may fly the plane, but so there must be no doubt as to who shall call the next maneuver. George is present to preserve order, to protect the rear... and sometimes, unexpectedly, to tow the target.

In the old days, when the progress of certain parts of the show depended upon a fairly involved type of lightning calculation—George—occasionally—under bantam from Marx and pressure from the clock—skipped a digit.

“That’s Stanford for you,” Groucho would snarl around his cigar, his eye-lids lifted, and his lips set to the corners.

In 1943 George began to receive letters of protest from two quarters: from Stanford partisans who made it their business to let the University know that they didn’t like the Groucho Farm; from San Francisco State College alumni who were proud of George and wanted to know why he was hiding the identity of the campus where he was teaching.

Finally, George had a talk with Groucho, explaining his predicament. Groucho said he would be more exact in subsequent college allusions. “San Francisco State, huh? Oh well.”

A few nights later, George transposed a number but managed to make a quick recovery. Groucho rose to the occasion by saying, “Never mind, George. There’s a rumor around that you went to San Francisco State, but you started just that to protect Stanford, didn’t you?”

When friends ask George why he doesn’t counter some of Groucho’s more barbed comments, George just grins, “Why should I? Who would be so foolish as to take on the formidable highlight of the most brilliant wit in America today?”

On only one occasion has George caught the Top Fox in a net of words. When a contestant flubbed a biblical question, Groucho supplied the answer, which was “The Land of Canaan.” He pronounced it Ka-nan. The audience giggled.

“What’s wrong?” Groucho asked George. “Why is the word pronounced Kay-nun.” George explicated.

“I say Ka-nan—it’s just a figure of speech,” Ali abed Groucho with a wave of his cigar.

Moments later, George flushed a sentence and Groucho leapt at the chance to give his emcee a bad time. When Groucho paused for breath, George responded with a twinkle, “It was just a fig-ure. I’m speech-impaired.”

George received letters of congratulations for this mild triumph from—it seemed—half the viewers in America. He, alone, apparently missed them.

“I pinch myself regularly,” he says, “to realize that a kid who planned to be a schoolteacher can find himself on the same stage with one of the master wits of all time. It was fun enough— who wants to answer back!”

Versatile and talented as George is, there is one ambition in which he cannot aspire—he can never run for the Presidency. He was born in Peking, China, during the time his parents were living in the Orient (his father was the foreign repre- sentative for a newspaper reporting service).

He was still an infant when the Fenneman family returned to The States and took up residence in San Francisco, where George eventually was reared. During his last three years in college, he still dated a bright and beautiful girl named Peggy Clifford.

They planned to marry during two or three years after college, but George had earned his master’s degree—but, after Pearl Harbor, they decided not to wait at all. They were married on July 22, 1942. George went to work with a newscaster at KSFO.

George’s friends have two favorite anecdotes that tell clearly what George Fenneman is really like. One sums up his professional behavior, and one highlights his personal life.

In mentioning his Sunday night ABC-TV show, Anybody Can Play, George says: “John Guedel is producing, and the writers are Marie Swiss and Groucho. "I can’t think that nobody could miss," his modesty and eagerness to applaud the other members of a production team are rare—but rare. In mentioning this: "Groucho, characteristically, the ring finger of George’s left hand showed a broad, white band, the result of having been protected over the years while facing his target. He is taking on a deep tan. The ring responsible for the band has now been removed to the small finger of the same hand."

In explanation, “As one gets a little older, the skin thickens. But if you don’t do the right thing, the knuckles enlarge. Of course, I couldn’t part with the ring—it goes with me everywhere.”

The ring is a standard college class emblem. It was given to George by his wife, Peggy, during their senior year. George Fenneman remembers. And his phenomenal memory adds to his amazing versatility. But, above all, what he remembers best makes him the nicest kind of man to have around the house.

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Christmas: Lennon Style

(Continued from page 20)

worked for Thomas H. Ince and M-G-M.

His death, when he was sixteen, brought the first really sad note into our lives. My mother and those of us who were old enough to know, don't know how many tears the meal Mother made of corn meal patties with gravy. On Sundays, she always managed somehow to fix us something special. She had little tricks. Like setting the lemon, a small one, at my place by tricking the funny way things worked out. In 1957, when Brunswick was reactivated—after being out of business for twenty-five years—the Lennon Sisters were the first and only family act to do so.

Between 1945 and 1950, Pat, Bob, Ted and I formed a singing quartet called "The Lennon Brothers." Pat still works with me rehearsing for girls' shows, but we were also known as the Lennon Brothers, supporting twenty-four children in all. It was evident that more would soon be making their appearances among us. We called a family gathering.

The issue was clearly drawn: Desire for a career, as against the long absences from our wives and children. We put the happiness and welfare of our families first. Shequit showed business and there was no regrets.

Some time ago, a man told me he was having trouble keeping his three kids in line and all he had to do was tell them all about the sun, moon and stars on a silver plate. It's gimme, gimme, gimme all the time—and no 'please', either. I don't envy you with nine of them."

What could I say? The boy didn't want me to care for his kids. They had lost something very wonderful and precious—the sense of pulling together and sharing the laughs, tears and inspirations. I wish I could tell that story, but it's just a memory."

For his sake, and maybe for others in his spot, I'm hoping that—no matter how far into space mankind goes—he will find his way back to the old warm all-together family place, and he will never dream of saying to say that I'm proud of my children. Not the just four who have become famous as the singing Lennon Sisters, though they haven't had the advantages of the rest. Dianne, Peggy, Kathy and Janet have come through with flying colors. I've never heard them say, "Gimme." They don't even say, "Please Gimme." They've never asked for anything, really. I want to explain this. I know there will be some who will say, "These Lennons can't be normal, not asking for anything." My children are the most normal kids I knew. My five girls never caused a single staggory about the girls. They play ball, swim, dance, date, and sometimes argue. Fame hasn't made them any less human than their brothers or sisters or cousins or friends. They are just more able to love money for itself or to make an ideal of piling up wealth on earth. The question comes up then: How can they learn the value of money when they don't have to work for it?

I never said the girls have no money of their own. But money, to them is not a thing to spend, save, play around with or bow down to. It's something to buy with, something to live on, to buy the essentials of good, comfortable and decent living. After all, it's something to share with. It would never occur to the girls that, because they earn money singing, they ought to spend more than the rest of the family. If they need something, the money is there for them to buy it. Twenty percent of their earnings is automatically sent for them. For the small spend itself a small.

For the worst. It was usually the consensus that Tom was worst at remembering the words, while Jack took low honors in the singing. Those two still get together and compose for the li-

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salary for managing their affairs, and I have had myself heavily insured so that all the family will be protected in the event anything happens to me. Then, whatever Sis or I feel is a legitimate expenditure, we authorize. In most cases we have to suggest shopping ideas to the girls. Their tastes are modest.

I've been talking about their money. People must be wondering just how much money I'm talking about. Well, last year the girls grossed $100,000 and paid better than $40,000 of it to the Government in taxes. We've certainly come to the fat years. But the older girls, DeDe, Peggy and Kathy, can still remember the lean years—not so long ago, either—when $2.95 for a skirt seemed a lot to spend. Nowadays, when Sis gets after them to buy some new outfits, they still have a tendency to look solemn and ask, "Isn't the price too high?"

They are far more easygoing with money when it comes to buying gifts for others. This is especially true around Christmas-time. They will spend long hours shopping for just the right thing for their mother or a tiny knitted suit for the baby, Joey. Having money hasn't affected their simple tastes, either. The one great blessing it has brought is freedom from financial pressure—but this is more for Sis and me, because we spared the children from as much worry as we could, when things were a bit tough. In the years when Santa Claus was feeling the pinch, we still always managed to give at least one gift apiece to the youngsters, and always had a tree for the girls to decorate on Christmas Eve and a ham dinner with all the trimmings.

What did we tell the girls when Santa didn't bring the bicycle or the doll that was wanted? "Santa Claus didn't have enough to go around this year," we explained, "and you know he has to take care of poor and sick children first." They always accepted this and never questioned it.

We have always lived among people of different races and creeds. We Lenmons have grown up believing not just in tolerance but in equality. We taught that to our children. As for the Lennon Sisters—prejudice simply does not exist in their personal world. They understand that, if you start by loving your own family, you'll end by loving God's great family—all men and women of good will.

Which brings us to the present Christmas season. Sis, some time ago, tried to pump the girls on what they would most like for Christmas. They looked at each other with a conspiratorial twinkle in their eyes. Finally, DeDe spoke up. "For ourselves, any little thing you and Daddy want to get will be swell. What we really want is something we've talked about many times. This Christmas we want it decided on and the money set aside."

"What's that?" asked Sis, smiling because she already knew the answer.

"We want money put away for the boys to go to college."

"Just the boys?" Sis teased.

"Well, no," Peggy put in. "First the boys, because they'll be heads of families someday. They'll need professions the most. But, if any of the girls wants college—why, of course, there should be money for them to go also."

That's the biggest Christmas present my girls ever asked for. I could go further and say it's about the only one they ever asked for. And it was not for themselves.

Good will? Christmas spirit? I think it's this simple, outgoing and sharing sort of love the Lennon sisters try to project in these songs all year round.
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(Continued from page 30)

"Not exactly, sir," he drawled. "I got some sponsors on here, and they ship their products out to the house. We got us a general store out there."

A few years ago, after a visit, Jimmy Dean的概念，一连串的镜头， perhaps fast a town for me. The way they run around here just ain't my dish of side meat."

But, now that he's been set down in the midst of its hussle, he has certainly proved his ability to take care of himself, with a book to his name.

Critics are comparing him with a young Bing Crosby or Will Rogers. The air audience expresses its opinion with ratings. And the slickest of city slickers are showing up at the store and inviting him to appear on some of the newest-paned panel shows. Having brought the country boy out of the country, no one wants to take the country boy out of the boy.

Jimmy, too, values that background and counts a poverty-stricken childhood among his assets. It made me git up and git going to see if I could amount to something.

The "get going" started early. Born August 10, 1928, on a farm, he grew up in Plumview, Arkansas, left alone to care for Jimmy and his brother Don who is two years younger, paid $8.50-a-month for their little house. She came home with his hair. She didn't have a regular barber shop nor barber chair. She just sat folks down in the parlor. The little ones she propped up on books; the tall ones she told to scope a little.

Jimmy and Don helped out as best they could. Jimmy recalls, "I've chopped cotton and picked cotton and cleaned out hen-houses, and wound silk on a boll," Always tall, he was also shy. The prettiest girl in school wounded his pride by laughing at the bib overalls he always wore. He had some hand-me-down clothes for triangle and some LPs for a store-bought suit with extra parts.

Slimpy though their finances were, they had fun. He made the most of his rich heritage of the big outdoors, horses and hunting. He was a horse like a rodeo rider. When, in later years, Jimmy was offered early-morning programs he took them in stride, saying, "We used to get up before dawn to milk cows, and I never got over the habit."

He likes to tell, too, of their jack-rabbit hunts. "Two of us would sit on the fenders of this old pick-up truck. Another fellow would drive and whoop away, right across the plains, chasing down jack rabbits, poppin' them off with our old twelve-gauge shotguns."

And Jimmy's mother has always been close. He says, "She's real, down-to-earth people." He respects her judgment. Speaking of a certain business transaction in which he was involved, he justly marked, "That guy sure took me in, but my mother was on his right, from the start. My mother judges people like she judges horses. She said, 'He's to smooth and he's not worth the tip of his eyes. Son, you watch out for that man.'"

Ruth Dean also introduced Jimmy to music. That old mail-order ad, "They laugh at me now, but when I was no hog in the Dean home. Ruth Dean bought the book of instructions and, after she had taught herself to play, she taught Jimmy and Don."

Music was the magnet that brought everyone to their house. "We used to sing with the McCarty kids and the Garretts," Jimmy recalls. "Mom would play all the old church songs and it was a matter of everybody grab a part and go."

Their other favorite place to sing was the loan office then, and what I asked the National Bank building. 'We'd run in there after the movie on Saturday evenings and we'd sure cut loose. The acoustics were great. We'd sing 'shades' and everything.'"

Jimmy quit Plainview high school when he was fifteen. He still regrets it. "I wish I could have gone to college. I could use it now." Instead, he dug irrigation ditches, worked on "grub" and "shades," and everything. He had joined the Air Force in 1946, taking his basic at San Antonio and radio training at Scott Field, Illinois. He was assigned to Bolling Air Force Base, near Washington.

For the most part, the Air Force and Jimmy got along fine. "Except," says Jimmy, "for one mess sergeant and one colonel that didn't cotton to me. Speaking of the sergeant, he says, "You know those stainless steel trays they gave you to eat off? Well, we just stacked them up all neat and tidy in their racks when this guy came along, and I swear he pretended to find some grease on one. So he tipped them all over on the floor and made us wash them over. I wouldn't have minded so much if he just washed them. But it was picking them up from the floor that galled me. I sure wanted to scatter his eye-teeth, but he was too little to hit."

The lieutenant and Jimmy tangle at Scott Field as they started "the story to close up the radio shop for the day," Jimmy recalls, "and I was up on a bench, giving a show, singing for all I was worth. You know how it is when you feel a crowd change, like they're trying to warn you.

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Well, I looked around, and there was this lieutenant and, even though I'd seen him, I still jumped a foot when he yelled at me. I painted the orderly room for that one for.

The lieutenant and Jimmy played a return engagement in the Caribbean, and that was Jimmy. "Honest, if you found something like this in a script, everybody would think it was so corny you'd have to throw it out. But it was my first trip out of the country. I was a kid, and when I played this base to entertain the brigadier couldn't do enough for me. He said if there was anything I wanted, or anything that belonged to him, I could have it."

"So I went swimming in the officers' swimming pool. I dived in, and when I came up and pulled over to the side, there was this man looking at me. And he'd been looking at me at each other for the longest time, then I just said, 'Hello,' just using the nickname we'd all given him. Not 'Sir,' nor here in the United States. He had a nickname. Just his nickname. It sure amused me to think what could have happened had I gone to the brigadier and said, General, there's a little ole shavetail colonel that's going the trouble.'"

Jimmy's first pay for singing and playing piano and accordion was earned while he was still in the Air Force. "I got into this little joint near the base. My pay was five dollars a night and tips. He made up the little rack. I'd play about a set and it was a date with Marvin Carroll playing steel guitar and Herbie Jones playing rhythm guitar and banjo. It was held intact until Jimmy's move to New York."

The grim days, after Jimmy received his honorable discharge in 1949 and tried to make it in music, remain sharp in his memory. He'd persuaded Jim C. of "booking" in Philadelphia, Jimmy beefed up the band with two extra members, Herbie left his job with the fire department at Alexandria, Virginia, and the three moved to New York. With the help of the instruments, the two of them had to hitch-hike.

They regrouped at the Greyhound bus terminals and discovered the job no longer existed. Neither did their funds. "We were stranded and broke," Herbie recalls. "Jimmy swapped his wrist watch for a couple of hotel rooms and his leather jacket for twenty hamburgers. I got rid of my coat and that paid for gas to get us home to Washington. Next morning, we were hungry again and all we had left to eat was an alarm clock. That got us two lemon-flavored pies. They tasted pretty good, too."

It was back to the joints for them, and Jimmy hated it. As he later remarked, "It was the kind of job that Jimmy just couldn't do. He was... I worked every joint in town. I never did appreciate the fact that I went along with a bottle of beer."

Hate it though he might, Jimmy Dean is a man with an urge to improve any situation. They found a spot and, as Herbie says, "We built it up. We were there eighteen months. That's where we both met our wives."

Sue Witttauer was a student at George Washington university when a friend of Jimmy's, a young man from the University of Denver, brought him to the club to hear the combo. Jimmy took one look at tall, lovely Sue, backed his friend into a corner and asked, "Are you two going steady?"

When the friend said no, Jimmy demanded, "Then give me her telephone number."

When he called to ask for a date, Sue was willing, but the fates were not. An evening with Jimmy was in love, but suddenly he found Jimmy didn't even have time to phone her. It was six months before he got nerve enough to call her again. Sue's understanding acceptance of the situation increased Jimmy's interest in her. "You'd have thought she'd have chewed my ear off, the way I treated her, but she was just as sweet as she could be."

He was nervous and worrying whether Sue loved him, too. He tried to keep it to himself, but one evening, when double-dating with another couple, it just bubbled out. They were driving down the highway, Jimmy and Sue were in the back seat, when he said, "Will you marry me?"

When Sue, too, surprised to dissemble, gasped, "Yes," it was Jimmy's turn to be worried. Sue had just found out there was no other girl but this one other lady who he was talking to. Jimmy demanded, "Then tell me another thing... do you love me?"

Recalling it, he says, "Now wasn't that a moment, was it? You'd have thought I'd at least have listened enough to wait till I got her home and could ask her all alone. There I was, just dying to tell her how crazy I was about her, but this other lady was talking and I didn't know what to say next."

They were married July 11, 1950, at the Presbyterian church at Tacoma Park, Maryland. Herbie Jones was an usher.
Bobby Darin: The Splish Splash Boy

(Continued from page 22)

life but learn. I would make any personal sacrifice to make good. I don’t say I think I will or I’ve got to. I will, I want the Academy Award and the Tony and the Emmy. I will be a singer, actor, musical-comedy writer and a serious composer.

"It’s my ambition to succeed at whatever I choose. If it means working until five in the morning and then getting up at six to get to the next town to appear on television, then I will. There’s no call from my family or my close friends, I wouldn’t get up at five except for my career. I won’t touch liquor, because I want my head clear at all times so I can think and do my best. By the time I’m thirty, I want to be rich enough to retire—not that I would retire."

Bobby was twenty-one last May, fourteen years ago. Heavily looking, he stands five-nine-and-a-half. His eyes and hair are brown. He’s a bug for sweaters and jewelry. "I’ve got about twenty sweaters and a dozen ties for dancing, but I own a diamond ring. It’s just a chip on my shoulder. It’s a luxury I’ve never accustomed to." He was born in New York and spent the first seventeen years of his life in a Bronx room, where the kids wore cast-off clothes and got their kicks bowling over ashcans and spreading garbage over the streets. There was a rough element. Some of the boys were doing time in local and federal penal institutions, but Bobby was a little out of the crowd. Most were basically good, but victims of poverty. I was the lucky one. As poor as we were, that’s how rich we were in love and our family. Those two things gave me an advantage over the other kids. But this advantage also made me an outsider.

Bobby is the younger of two children. His sister Nina is eighteen and has three children. Bobby’s mother, of early American stock, had been a singer in vaudeville and then a schoolteacher until she married. His father, of Italian extraction, died five months before Bobby was born. "Mom has been both father and mother to me. She is tifted with one of the greatest virtues in the world, understanding."

"Never remember being hit at home, because Dad never would remember being scolded twice. I was about six years old when I smashed six dozen eggs. I just let them roll off the kitchen table one at a time. I was trying to make a picture to remember, but we were poor and eggs were our chief nourishment. And the other scolding came on the day Mom saw me hanging the knee, like a monkey, from a fire-escape eight floors above the ground."

As far back as he can remember, he was always at odds with children his own age. They didn’t like his grades, for he was the most brilliant student in school. He did his last six years of elementary school in four and won a medal. "They called me a genius in the neighborhood, which didn’t make me like. Most of the time, I was in the high-waist and was a couple of years older. They at least tolerated me. They used to think I was pretty funny and they liked to have me around to make them laugh."

"On the other hand, I didn’t mind being alone with books. I like books. Mom understood my problem, but she didn’t baby me." He pauses, then says suddenly. "I feel she understands that kind of mother. Mom would let me go ahead with anything I wanted to try, and she’s been there when I was knocked down. But that’s all. I always picked myself up."

Bobby was knocked over for the first time when he entered the Bronx High School of Science—"compared to the cream of the entire New York area, and..."
many go on to be doctors, nuclear physicists, engineers. "That's where I learned that I was nowhere near being a genius," says Bobby. "I met guys whose IQ's began at 180. They pulled grades in the high nineties and mine were in the eighties.

"So there I was again. I never felt that I belonged in my neighborhood, and I found that I didn't belong long with intellectuals. But it turned out to be the most advantageous thing that ever happened to me, being caught in the middle. I could see both sides of the story, as Mom had always taught me to do, and judge both ends. And I learned the distasteful side of being too book-wise. Socially, you don't know people or life through books. You didn't know what you were getting into, or what I meant to me, the greatest art-form is observation."

It was in high school that Bobby took an unobtrusive step toward show business. He went to Hunter College for three months to buy himself a secondhand set of drums. He organized a dance band and got weekend jobs. He spent three summers in the borsch circuit, doubling as busboy and drummer. Out of high school, he went to Hunter College for one year. "I still kind of figured that maybe there was something I could get from professors or college students. It was wrong. And I was tired of wearing dungarees and the same shirt.

"In the back of my mind, it seemed to me that I was always trying to decide whether I was meant for show business. My earliest memories were of Mom telling me about her days in vaudeville. Anyway, after my first year at Hunter, I went to Mom and told her that I wanted to go back to school and that I wanted to leave home. She didn't like it. I said, 'Mom, it's time I got out to see what makes it tick.' She was hurt, but she didn't stop me."

Bobby was lucky, at first. He was hired as an "Indian chief" for forty-five days in a troupe that performed for children in Eastern cities. "They gave me forty a week, and out of that I had to pay all of my expenses except transportation. But I felt good. I came out of that experience feeling: This is where I belong. I had the world by the chops—and then I got back to the city and discovered there were only forty thousand other actors in this vast metropolis. I don't know whether I was meant for show business."

"I was seventeen and you find you don't belong anywhere. But I was in a depression. I turned to songwriting, where I could lay all my feelings on the line."

Writing at night, he lived in Manhattan and held various jobs, such as building garage doors and cleaning machinery in a gun factory. This went on for a year and a half, until one afternoon, he was in a candy store, having a soda, when a friend nudged him and said, "That's Don Kirchner who came in. He's had some songs published. Why don't you show him some of yours?" Bobby recalls that he said, "What good will it do me?—but he was introduced, and they found a piano and Bobby played his songs. Kirchner liked them and, as a result, they teamed up.

"I didn't have any expectations," Bobby says. "Don said that we could write and sell radio commercials. I thought he was nuts. But, within four months, we made about twelve hundred dollars. We knocked out some songs. A couple got on records, but I don't think we made twelve dollars for the year out of those. Then Connie Francis took one of our songs, and it was her manager, George Scheck, who first got the idea that disc jockeys were the key to me, the greatest art-form is observation."

Bobby's entry as a performer came about so suddenly that it threw him off balance. On Monday, he signed the contract. Tuesday, he cut his first recordings, including a "cover" record of Lonny Donegan's "Rock Island Line." Saturday night of the same week, he sang on the Dorsey Brothers' network television show—which had featured Elvis Presley the preceding week.

"That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I was hit with a hard taste of success. Everyone was putting me on the back and giving me the business, 'He does it real to be a star.' I was broke. I was buying it. Then I went on the road, to play clubs, and found nobody knew me. Sure, I had been on television. So what—so had a lot of other guys. I had a record. Well, Donegan's recording was a lot bigger than mine. I began to understand, for the first time, what a star really is. A star is really Sinatra or Peggy Lee or Cary Grant. It's not someone who happens to have one or four hit records. A star is someone who comes to understand his audience through years of doing. I learned that you didn't get it by watching or reading, or being told. You learn only by doing.

With success has come money. And Bobby has bought his family a home in New Jersey. "I'm not married," he says. "When I say 'family,' I mean Mom and my sister and her family. Buying them the house represented something to me, and it was something I would not be able to do in the dirty city. The next thing I want to buy them is a good car, for that means getting rid of a 36 sedan. I admit this: Being so poor is my chief impetus for wanting to be rich."

Bobby's never had a vacation in his life and he isn't yet ready to take the time off.

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THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL, Box 10, Midtown Station, New York 17, N. Y.
found new girls." Didn't she meet any
interesting new men? "Maybe," says
Connie. "But I've got a formula. My mother
is always with me and when some stranger
came she'd be delighted. I lose more
good dinners that way."

Turning suddenly serious, she searches
out the cause. "I guess I haven't stayed
in one place long enough to fall in love,
or have anyone fall in love with me. I've
been in such a whirl . . ."

For Connie, that whirl began long before
the record-burning public had struck the
gold discs on her charm bracelet. She has
always been the girl who did things soon-
est. There are those who say that the
infant Connie, born to George and Ida
Franconero in Hasbrouck Heights, New
Jersey, on December 12, 1938, was even in a
hurry to climb out of her crib.

Certainly she was in a hurry to learn
music. When she was five, the famous con-
tactor and son of music-loving Italian
immigrants, played a little squeeze-box
cornet in the evenings, tiny Connie
wanted to play it, too. She was only three-
and-a-half when she got an accordion teacher
for her. The teacher was appalled. "This child is
much too young."

"Do you think so, but try her and see," Dubious,
the teacher said, "Leave her alone with me
for an hour."

The next year, Connie was the time
spent among the teacher's students, when
they entertained at veterans' hospitals. A
bit later, the big accordion with small
Connie behind it, was often seen on a local
TV station. When she was eleven, her
father sent her a letter to that other old Jerseylite, Arthur
Godfrey from Hauberock, Heights, that Mr.
G. had Connie on a Christmas program.

Her father, Mr. Scheck, wanted to see
George Scheck, producer of Star
Time, a prophetically-named early kids-
talent television show which incubated
quite a few of today's top young per-
formers. As Mr. Scheck tells the story, he
was having one of those days. Thinking
of the stack of work on his desk, he tried
to sneak into his Broadway office by a
side door, hoping thereby to evade a flock
of hopeful kids and their more eager
parents.

George Franconero, equally single-
minded about his own mission, headed
for that same side door at exactly the same
time. The two Georges bumped into each
other. While their mutual apologies came
caracation, Franconero said, "Are you
George Scheck? I've got a daughter . . ."
Scheck, delayed and impatient, said, "I
think she sings. I'm up to here with
singers."

Franconero said, "Sure, she sings. But she
plays accordion, too."
Scheck said, "Accordion! Come on up."
There began an association which has
endured. George Scheck is still Connie's
manager. She has been, and will be, famous
as long as it was on the air—and, at seventeen,
was his assistant director. She also sang
and acted on other network programs.

It is just possible that Connie Francis has
genius-level IQ. It is obvious that she
has above-average energy and drive, for,
the same time that she was TV-ing in New
York, she was also a big-wheeling in Belleville
high school. She tried a number of sports
and starred in a school musical, and won a
state-wide typing-shorthand contest by
clicking off 175 words a minute on a
straight book.

"That was easy," she recalls. "My fingers
were nimble from playing accordion. But
you should have seen me in gym. When
I tried to play basketball, I was so short
I thought it would give me a complex."

Usually staying at school until six P.M.,
she had to go out, and home by five.

She was graduated in June, 1956,
receiving a scholarship to New York Uni-
versity and her M.G.-M recording
contract the same day. She could not decide
whether to major in psychology or TV
production.

A certain "Freddy" decided that.
She had cut the record during graduation
week in it built New York ratings during
the summer. With a hope it might go
national, Connie took three days away
from N.Y.U. classes for a promotional
tour. "I stepped into the booth and they
gave me my song, " he says, "I was a big shot in New York,
but no one knew me across the Hudson."

That finished school. The pile-up
of assignments and the interruptions for
business travels. When Connie showed off,
another accordion teacher for her.

She didn't get a hit, but she did have
some fun. High-school classmates and
boy friends were, by then, in college.
They tried to promote Connie and horse
parties. They campaigned to name her
sweetheart of their fraternities. Pretty
Connie's social life was definitely A-plus.

Her parents fully approved. Her father
said she was valuable, and let herself
take time out. Like all Italian
families, we'd like to see our daughter
married to a nice boy and have a home
and family of her own. But Connie had
her own ideas, and was her father who
changed her course. When Connie spoke
of quitting show business, he said,
"Cut one more record, just for me.
A standard, with a beat. Adults will
like it."

"Who's Sorry Now?" was released in
November, 1957. It had some success in
New York, where disc jockeys knew her,
but nothing much happened in other cities,
eventually. As Connie went on out across the
country, her father who changed her course.

When Connie spoke of quitting show business,
he said, "Cut one more record, just for me.
A standard, with a beat. Adults will like it."

He didn't and didn't have those for sale.
He'd left them in a taxi. That was the end.

Back in Belleville, she phoned her long-
time friend, Gene Serpentelli, an
outstanding law student at Rutgers University,
and said, "Bring me a college catalogue.
I'm seriously thinking about college."
She chose music courses, toward a philosophy
major, and was enjoying her last leisure on
a lazy Saturday when Ed Barskey, a
Philadelphia distributor, phoned. He
asked her if she'd like to come out with
him. He didn't have a girlfriend, only to
the dealer that the dealer had stocked six
records—and he didn't even have those for sale.
He'd left them in a taxi. That was the end.

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―Sew here. This is the spot test, according to the manufacturer. Don't let it.'
one that said, "My girl friend's mad at me. I'm going to my place to the dance, but I asked to dance with her when we got there. Was I wrong?"

Connie felt timid about giving advice. "I was too busy to have a date. Having a really wild time. I've never opened so many doors."

Those doors led to top TV shows, top night clubs, top theaters. When her next disc, "Stupid Cupid," took off in the same fashion, the offers doubled.

Connie toured the Northwest and Canada with Nat "King" Cole and Nelson Riddle. ("All I did was pester Nelson with questions about what Frank Sinatra was really like."

When she returned to Hollywood, she also toured England, where she starred on TV programs and played some of the best theaters. Conquered by her charm and friendliness, and impressed by the dignity with which she handled herself, the world's top names fell in love with her. Her fans included everyone from the highest to the lowest. Even herself, even the wild Teddy Boys were captivated by her generous, kind personality.

But because she loves that tree-shaded, flower-fragnant old town of Beverly Hills, where all the stars lived and the "Sunday Papers" was open with Connie tried. Not long after she had complained of no romances, she called this reporter to say, "I'm doing something about it. I've bought a new house."

Connie turned up, not with one date, but with two. She brought with her the writers of "Stupid Cupid" and "Fallin',"

Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield. Because Neil, a sonombero at Juilliard School Of Music, and Howard, who still works at his first office job, were of the same teen-age, they fitted right into the craze.

When it was Connie's turn to entertain, she took everyone to Coney Island. She reported, "We went on every ride and we ate hot dogs and pizzas and floss candy."

Lunch for Connie was at an elegant restaurant, where she was never forgiven for turning down the fans who made a pest of her. Connie had been on the cover of "Cosmopolitan" magazine.

On the strictly feminine side, there were showers for two girls friends. "One bridal, one baby," says Connie. "And, of course, they dropped in at the house for Coke or coffee."

Was the three weeks "fun time" a success? Was Connie able to break through the barrier which too often separates people in show business from their date in school or in other occupations?

To answer that question, Connie thought long, and she replies with searching honesty: "It was good to be back among people who know me, but it didn't feel like an entertainer. I felt like Connie Francis again. But there was a difference . . . "

She tasted the loneliness of stardom at the two showers, when the girls asked for her autograph. "Certainly, if they wanted it, I'd rather give it to them than to anyone else, but it made me feel cut off when I just wanted to be one of the crowd again."

She didn't fall in love, "But someday I will," And, when that "someday" comes, who will it be—a boy from home or a boy from Hollywood?

 Connie can only answer, "I don't know."

Her dual urges are revealed by two separate statements. One, "I just love show business. I'd like to have an apartment right over Times Square." And the other, "Jersery's so wonderful. I never want to live anywhere else in the world but here."

Is the old conflict which every woman who finds success must face. A few are fortunate enough to achieve both home and career.

Which has the stronger appeal for Connie?

Perhaps there's a hint in the present Franconero family discussions about housing. With their son leaving for college this year, and expecting Connie to be gone much longer, their plans recently realized, though sold their large house and moved into one which they thought ample comfortable for the two of them. It has proved to be too small, and Terry Franconero has his eye on one somewhat larger. But Connie disagrees. She's trying to persuade her father to let her join him in buying a really big new house in Jersey.

The Man Who Has Everything

(Continued from page 34)

those wild dreams he used to conjure up as a boy back in Montana. Who could ask for anything more?

Connie lives in a town to a nicer guy. In Hollywood, where verbal sniping and backbiting are common leisure-time pursuits, it's practically impossible to find anyone who can say an unkind word about him. In fact the unanimous verdict seems to be: "George Montgomery is one of the nicest men in town!"

If anything, George Montgomery is more handsome today than he has ever been. Even more handsome than during the days, some ten years ago, when he was the darling of the drawing-room dramas and the musicals. He owns his size, having been carried off by the Fox lot. The commanding, arrow-straight height is still there, the body still lean and muscular as it was when he came to Hollywood twenty years ago. But there is a maturity about the face, a look of strength and character the younger face lacked. There are a few wrinkling lines around the eyes, advertising the fact that here is a man who has a lot of living behind him. The look of happiness shines through.

Acting is all that George has ever wanted to do for a living. Even as a small boy, he dreamed of becoming an erstwhile Andy Hardy of the town of Brady, Montana—scarcely more than a wide place in the road—is hardly the usual environment to inspire the thespian, George only grins. His laconic expression didn't save a movie once when I was about five."

He remembers, with embarrassing clar-

ity, the day he started in the fourth grade at grammar school. He was going to school in nearby Great Falls then. The teacher asked each of the pupils to write down what he wanted to be when he grew up. Among the expected assortment of cowboys, railroad engineers, airplane pilots, and firemen, George's answer was really unique! He had written boldly, "Actress." As gently as possible, the teacher explained that what he wanted to be was an actor. It took him quite a while to live that one down.

Also born during those early years in Montana was George's dream of a big house. George, his parents, his nine brothers and five sisters, were jammed into a small Montana farm. It has proba-

bly one reason why the house George built last year for the Montgomery m-

nage has 9,000 square feet of living space. There are those who jokingly accuse him of trying to get the feel of Montana's wide open spaces right under his own roof. But a fellow who has grown up sardine fashion—sharing one room, dormitory fashion in his youth—appreciates the lux-

ury of a little elbow room.

It was while George was still in his late teens that he got the good word from his brother Jack, who was then working in Hollywood. They were making good money in construction work, and had worked to make some friends in the movie industry. He wrote George enthusiastically that none of the cowboys in "Montana montana nerves" was as popular as George, yet they were all paid well. Why not come to Hollywood and be-
The test, as George recalls, was not exactly a phenomenal success. The part
for which he was dressed was the part
where he reined in his horse abruptly, the
part where he jumped high up into the light-
and this he managed with ease. But
when it came to the part about "They
they..."—it was a minor role entirely.
George opened his mouth, but
nothing came out. Three takes later, he
managed to get out a few syllables, and
eventually, the director said, "Cut it.

The casting director sensed that such
small difficulties could be overcome, and
signed George to appear in the "Love
Ranger" serial, at the unheard-of salary
which had been agreed to. George was, of
course, now quite busy doing small parts, anything he could cor-

Then 12th Century-Box signed him, and he made three Westerns there in
rapid succession.

A friendly studio at the studio
arranged for George to appear in many
screen tests of promising young actresses—
and maneuvered it so that it wasn't just
the back of George's head which showed
up. By these tests and by these tests got accustomed to seeing George
around, and suddenly he became potential
star material. He was cast opposite Mary
Hughes as "H. D. Ranger" for "The
Blonde." This one proved very big at
the box office, and George was on his way.

There were probably plenty of romances
born at the old Hollywood Casters, the
movie industry's entertainment center for
servicemen during World War II. But it's
doubtful if any romance originating there
was more famous than the one begun that
night George engaged Dinah Shore. Dinah was singing then on the
Eddie Cantor radio show, which originated in
Hollywood. She had a king-size—some
movies on television, and before the war,
and claims she went into a regular
Hollywood woman who when she asked
her to take her home that evening.

As far as George was concerned, the
boy from Brady had been having a ball
for several years, making like a movie
star. He'd been dating glamorous movie
queens, going through all the motions of
being what the magazines call "one of
Hollywood's most eligible and sought-
after young professionals.

But when he met this cute little bundle
of Southern stuff, it hit George that movie
girls aren't what he wanted, after all.
This mad little mix of Texan, Texan
sored, and wisteria blossoms was more
like it. And, of course, when Dinah started
serving up home-cooked meals—George
was a goner.

Even so, he did take the precaution of
keeping his feelings to himself before he
went off to the service. He asked Dinah not
to go out with too many fellow soldiers while he
was overseas in the Army, and he waited
just for him. He remembered that
one about absence and the heart growing
fonder, and figured this might be a good
moment to find out if any truth in the prover-
—or if what he felt was just all
that Southern cooking.

But, up in the Auleitans, a fellow has a
lot of time to think. It didn't take George
long to figure out what he wanted, not just a good cook. He'd
want to spend the rest of his days with
Dinah, even if she could turn out only
peanut-butter sandwiches.

When he got back to Hollywood, he
didn't waste any time. After all, he had
only a three-day pass. He zoomed Dinah
up to Las Vegas and made her Mrs. Mont-
gomery. Almost before she had a chance
to draw a deep breath. The next years
which have passed since that fast trip to
Vegas have been years of fulfillment for
Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery.

George brought his list of movie credits to
a total of more than fifty, and made dozens of
TV appearances. Dinah got her own
network shows—first, the fifteen-minute
series, "Dinah's Dimebox," and then, the sixty-minute
series, "Color." Satisfying as those career triumphs have been, the
Montgomerys enjoy even more another product of their fifteen-year
marriage—Gordie Montgomery. Missy, known to all as "Missy," is ten now, and
John D. is four-and-a-half.

George swears that Missy doesn't have him
two times around her little finger, not at
first. After thirty-five, and point seven, and point
recently Missy began a campaign to
tell a riding horse of her own. And when
Missy campaigns, it's a production. Not
only did she get her horse, but it ended up
being George's $30,000. You see, they
can't keep horses where they live in
Beverly Hills—and, of course, Missy's horse
couldn't be boarded out at a commercial stable.
In addition, a rancher in the Santa Fe valley
who couldn't get Missy's young riders to
weeks.

As for John D., George is unabashedly
proud of the all-boy characteristics his son
displayed with a determined answer
with danger, John D. will try anything, and
George is finding it somewhat a delicate
task, instilling caution without arousing fear.
The boy's vivacious imagination also
suggested to George another of his
delicacies. One morning before, Mom
and Pop Montgomery got up, John D. stuck
his head in his bedroom doorway to announce
he was going to the kitchen to fix their breakfast. A few minutes later,
he reappeared. "Whaddy want for break-
fest," he asked briskly, "a rump of
bufalo?"

Over the past few years, George has
built up a substantial on-the-side business in
a furniture factory. This started with the pieces he made for their home. These
were commissioned by friends, and,
when the word got around, copied, as
pitched to many, and advertised. But the
factory turned out to be a great success.
It was George's, and he was the master
of it, and the pride of what he accomplished
with his hands. Now George and his
family live in a house that they own,
which is a real achievement.

Because he's been so busy the past few
years, George has consistently resisted all
offers to take on a television series. Half a
dozzen times he's said no to a producer trying to
woo him for some projected
Western series. Several of the series he's
turned down have hit the top ten. It took
three attempts before the producers of
Cimarron City managed to
get George's signature on the dotted line.

It's a long road between milking twenty-
some cows on a frosty morning in Montana,
and sitting by your own swimming pool in
Bevly Hills, gazing down the city spread beneath
your terrace. But George
Montgomery was able to make the trans-
ition with a minimum of strain and pain,
comforted—by some Hollywood sagas.
In that, he is a lucky man. Being a level-
headed character as well, who recognizes
good luck when he lives with it, George
Montgomery is also a happy man. And
that's the best of all.

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PLEASE NOTE: Send no money. Albums can be shipped only to residents of the U.S., its territories, & Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.
A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR
HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

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

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STICKY
Breck Hair Set Mist sprays on gently, evenly, leaving the hair soft to the touch, never sticky or dull. Always good to your hair, this fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

- Use after combing, to hold hair in place
- Use before combing - style as you comb
- Use for pincurling

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

New 5½ ounce size $1.25; 8 ounce size $1.50; 11 ounce size $2.00. Plus tax. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
Real Glamour Guys: TV Roving Newsmen

The Wonder World of Shari Lewis

On TV and Radio with Elvis

Busy Bert: The Parks Who Spark On TV & Radio

THE COMO SHOW: A BACKSTAGE INSIDE STORY

Perry Como
That’s using your head!
using ENDEN, you get a beauty shampoo and a dandruff treatment at the same time!

New—
it’s all clear!
Wonderfully effective ENDEN now in clear golden liquid, too!
No alcohol in ENDEN!

Also, popular lotion or cream

Shampoo regularly with ENDEN and you’re through with dandruff problems. Because ENDEN is no ordinary shampoo! Gentle medications in ENDEN’s rich, penetrating lather work between shampoo to keep your hair dandruff-free. Your hair shows its approval with new softness, new luster, new willingness to obey. ENDEN is the pleasant shampoo that millions of men, women and children enjoy as their only shampoo.

Used regularly, ENDEN is guaranteed to end dandruff problems and prevent their return . . . medically proved 99% effective.

Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.

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

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

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath
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"

42-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-29, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's BLUE

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL

YOUR LOCAL STATION

Cover portrait of Bert Parks by Art Selby of NBC

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies...

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YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies...
“We’re looking for people who like to draw”

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do—America’s 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We’d like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here’s why we make this offer. About ten years ago, we realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art...either because they hesitated to believe that they had talent...or because they couldn’t get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then—illustrating this knowledge with over 5000 special drawings and paintings—we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family’s income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children’s books.

Typist to Fashion Artist

Wanda Pickulski, of Rexford, N. Y., was able, with our training, to give up her typing job to become a fashion artist for a local department store.

Harriet Kuzniowski was bored with an “ordinary” job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

New Mother Wins New Job

When Kathryn Gorsuch left her dull clerical job to have a baby she decided to make good use of the waiting months by studying art at home. By the time the baby was seven months old, Kathryn was able to go back to work for the same company, this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis worked in a garage, never had an art lesson before he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising art studio and earns seven times his former salary.

Doris White of Wauwatosa, Wis., in just four months has painted and sold $750 worth of paintings...all in her spare time.

Changes Entire Life

Robert Mecheham writes, from Ontario, Canada: “Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me. I’ve come from an $18-a-week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies.”

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Free...Famous Artists Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn’t you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page Talent Test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we’ll send it to you free. If you show promise, you’ll be eligible for home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon today.
Mardi Gras
20TH CENTURY-FOX; CINEMASCOPE
Jerry Wald’s production of a young-and-gay story about New Orleans’ famed Mardi Gras. Diminutive French actress, Christine Carere, plays a role she fits perfectly—that of a diminutive French movie star, a recent import to Hollywood. As indeed it might have happened, she is sent with a bodyguard of studio representatives to be one of the glamorous beauties in the New Orleans Mardi Gras parade. The studio has no intention of letting her enjoy herself, but Miss Carere gets loose on the town. Meantime, back at V.M.I. Military Academy, the cadets have optimistically run a raffle to raise money for one lucky cadet to engineer a date with Christine in New Orleans. The school has been invited to send its band to appear in the Mardi Gras parade. And the lucky cadet, Pat Boone, happens to run into the masquerading movie actress. Fellow cadets Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby, Richard Sargent are involved in the resulting comedy of mixed identity. Lots of songs, lots of fun.

Auntie Mame
WARNER; TECHNIRAMA; TECHNICOLOR
All of the United States has had a chance to fall in love with Auntie Mame—the gamey sophisticate featured first in Patrick Dennis’ two-year-plus best-selling novel—then as the heroine of two-year Broadway hit, now on film with the hilarious Rosalind Russell recreating her stage role. As a character, Mame has become a classic, being currently perpetuated by release of a new book, the title of which, “Around the World With Auntie Mame,” promises a whole new batch of laughs. Morton Da Costa, who directed the play on Broadway, performs the same function for the movie—and has been careful to preserve all the wild attraction of the original characterization. Eleven-year-old Jan Handzlik, who appeared on Broadway as the youthful version of Mame’s nephew, also appears in the movie. The slap-happy adventures of an orphan turned over to a loving, nutty opportunist aunt, guarantees an evening of entertainment for everybody. Excellent supporting cast sustains Roz Russell.

First Broadway cast—Roz and Jan H. take "Auntie Mame" on celluloid circuit.

Money, Women and Guns
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL; CINEMASCOPE
Western adventure-detection story, starring Jock Mahoney, who is familiar to TV viewers as the star of CBS-TV’s Yancy Derringer. In the film, Mahoney plays a Western-type detective hired to track down the four men who have been named as beneficiaries of the profits of a claim staked out by an elderly prospector—who has been bushwhacked and killed by a no-good Western gang. First name on the list is young Davie Kingman (Tim Hovey), who lives with his mother and grandfather on a rundown ranch. Love interest develops between the detective and mother (played by Kim Hunter), but many an adventure occurs before Jock can settle down to a placid married life.

TV RADIO MIRROR
See hundreds of the newest styles designed in New York, Miami, Hollywood, the world's fashion capitals, offered to you at the lowest prices anywhere.

Shop by mail and join the millions who save by buying from this colorful catalog. Select from styles fresh as spring, all tailored to your family budget. Exciting home items at lowest prices, too.

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**CASH, C.O.D., OR CREDIT**

All absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not pleased.

Our 71st year.
CELEBRATE IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY...

WIN THIS CAR LOADED WITH THIS CASH!

1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

Actual photo of First Prize Silver Dollars

IVORY SOAP'S $80,000 GIVE-AWAY!

JUST ESTIMATE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE PILE ABOVE!

Closest estimate wins all the cash PLUS the 1959 Plymouth Convertible

PLUS the 1959 Plymouth Convertible

Look for Ivory in these special Give-Away wrappers at your dealer's today. 
99'/100% pure®...It floats

IVORY $80,000 GIVE-AWAY ENTRY BLANK

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

My estimate of the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture is: $____________

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS______________________________
CITY __________________ZOE_ STATE ________

DEALER'S NAME ________________________

I am enclosing 3 wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap.

☐ $5,000 Bonus Prize. Check (☑) here if your 3 Ivory Soap wrappers (or facsimiles)—include one from each size—Large, Medium and Personal—to be eligible for the $5,000 bonus prize.

Mail to: Ivory Give-Away, Dept. Z, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

Plus $5,000 Bonus for 1st Prize Winner! (See Rules)

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus half the amount of money in the pile

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-third the money

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-fourth the money

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

This $80,000 GIVE-AWAY Celebrates Ivory Soap's 80th Anniversary!

What a wonderful way to celebrate the 80th year of wonderful Ivory Soap. For over 3 generations America's favorite for bath and complexion care. White, floating, pure...today, as always, more doctors recommend gentle Ivory than any other soap for adult and baby's delicate skin.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

IVORY "$80,000 GIVE-AWAY"

ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

1. Estimate the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture. Write your estimate on either a printed envelope, or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. The estimate closest to the actual amount of money in the pile shown in the picture will win first prize, the next closest will win second prize, etc. The first five prizes are as follows:

1st PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus the amount of money in the pile.
2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus half of the amount of money in the pile.
3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a third of the amount of money in the pile.
4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a fourth of the amount of money in the pile.
5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible.

Each bag shown in the picture is packed full of silver dollars, as obtained from a Federal Reserve Bank.

2. Mail your completed entry, together with three wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap, to: Ivory Give-Away, P.O. Box 248, Cincinnati 99, Ohio.

SPECIAL $5,000 BONUS

If your three Ivory Soap wrappers include one from each size—Large, Medium, and Personal (or facsimiles copied from any source), you will receive a $5,000 bonus if you are the 1st prize winner.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must comply with all the rules and be mailed in a separate envelope. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

4. In addition to the five major prizes, there will be 78 other prizes as follows: 6th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a sixth of the amount of money in the pile. 7th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a seventh of the amount of money in the pile. 8th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole. 9th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a tenth of the amount of money in the pile. 10th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus an eleventh of the amount of money in the pile. 12th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set. The next 68 Prizes will be a matching set of a man’s and a woman’s Bulova Wrist Watch. All money prizes will be awarded in silver dollars or check, whichever is preferred.

5. In case of ties, which are quite possible, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement about Ivory Soap. The most apt of the tie-breaking statements, written in the contestants’ own words and expressing the contestants’ own thoughts, will be selected and rated for prizes. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties in statements judged. Only one prize will be awarded to any winner or family.

6. Entries are limited to residents of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and their families. Government restrictions apply.

7. Judges’ decisions will be final. Mechanically reproduced facsimiles will be disqualified. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unconditionally to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners and the prize winners will be notified by mail about 8 weeks after close of contest. A list of winners will be available upon request approximately 3 months after close of contest.

1959 ... IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 66
FIGURING it was just what the doctor would have ordered, young Dave Rodman prescribed for himself a big change in career plans. He's now the 11 P.M. newscaster for WNAC-TV in Boston, but there was a time Dave thought he'd study pharmacology—until he came to think of the corner drugstore primarily as a retreat for Cokes and burgers after classes at English High.

A boy with a fine speaking voice and a wide variety of interests, Dave felt he could make a career in broadcasting. Choosing Emerson College for his liberal arts and specialized studies, Dave embarked on career at WLNH in Laconia, New Hampshire. After a stint in the Navy as a hospital corpsman, Dave returned to Massachusetts and Fitchburg's Station WEIM, where he covered sports and news, music, quizzes, and special events, meanwhile acting as program director. In his off hours, Dave did stock with the Lake Whalom group and the Stratton Players, volunteered for a full complement of community service, traveled—Puerto Rico and Mexico—and developed into a serious student of the political scene. It was his rare combination of broad interests and experience which won him the staff announcership at WNAC over some 57 other highly qualified young applicants from all over the country... But Fitchburg was good for Dave in other ways, too. While "stationed" there, he met the girl he was to marry. Betty Jane Solomon was WEIM's record librarian till she became Mrs. Dave Rodman. When they returned to the Hub for their wedding at Hotel Kenmore, Dave never figured he'd soon be working just around the corner at WNAC. The Rodmans have a five-year-old girl, Joy Lynn—a talented youngster who follows her dad's prescriptions for lots of singing, dancing and work at the drawing board. Prescribing for himself, Dave's Rx is Relax—but not until each evening's edition of Late News is served up hot on the airwaves.

Three for Dave's show: Joy Lynn, five; Betty; and "the international set"—social-climbing poodle from Paree.

TV is no one-way glass; Dave really sees his constant loyal boosters—in his mind's eye, at least.

Wintertime, and the rhythms are hot stuff. Comes the thaw, Rodmans go fishing near Ashburnham.

Blow, winter winds—ladies of the house are warm as Danish "toast" of special Sunday "room service."
Just send 10¢ to Reader's Digest

...and Reader's Digest will send you

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IN ONE LUXURIOUS 576-PAGE VOLUME
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What You Get For Only 10¢

You get these five best-sellers condensed in one volume:

WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW, J. P. Marquand's novel of a famous playwright who finally faces a decision that can destroy his glittering world of make-believe. Publisher's price .... $3.00.

PREACHER'S KIDS: The story of a young country girl, her matchmaking Aunt Polly, and a disarming criminal meet in London. The result is a thrilling adventure. Publisher's price .... $2.75.

GREEN MANSIONS: W. H. Hudson's unforgettable love story, set in the magnificent forests of South America. Publisher's price .... $3.75.

THE STEEL COCONUT: Aboard a destroyer, tensions rise to a shocking climax as the strange truth about Alexander Bullin is revealed. Publisher's price .... $3.75.

TETHER'S END: A lovely country girl, her matchmaking Aunt Polly, and a disarming criminal meet in London. The result is a thrilling adventure. Publisher's price .... $3.75.

Total Orig. Prices $19.20

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CONTENTS — BOOK 402

POSTMASTER: This Parcel May Be Opened For Postal Inspection If Necessary.
Talk about “aging gracefully,” the Old West, by and large, never had a chance. Beset with growing pains from its earliest frontier days right up to modern times, the towns of the West had no leisure for “sentiment”—for worry that builders were bulldozing history in the wreckage of corner saloon and hitching post. Scottsdale, Arizona, was one town with a difference. Better, it was—in climate, view, fresh air, and those scrupulously maintained landmarks and feel of the Old West. To this day, horses (what else!) have right of way along Mane Street.

Who could ask for anything more? Not 26 Men and their Captain Tom Rynning. Scottsdale, they found, was the completely authentic locale for the Western series now syndicated to 200 stations. Long a mecca for the retired, the exurbanite and the average Joe, it seemed forever summer, and the livin’ was easy.

Tris Coffin, star of 26 Men, started work on location as a “reverse commuter,” flying home to Santa Monica on weekends. But recently, Tris and wife Vera, out for a day’s shopping, were reminded once more that, behind the historic façade, their town was new with shops and cafés as chic as any Hollywood might boast of. Westerners, but moderns, too, Tris and Vera felt right at home with those contrasts of old and new, decided to buy a house and move to Scottsdale from their home in Santa Monica.
Nearby old cracker barrel in Bayleff's country store, Tris and Vera get sales talk from proprietor, who thinks a "pitcher and bowl for hot water" are items they shouldn't be without! Next moment, country cash register rang up sale.

They're off—well, almost! Early Ford is permanent attraction in front of store. But that fact won't stop Vera and Tris from traveling back in imagination to time when antiques and "museum pieces" were everyday useful objects.

But, for ease of transport—era 1959—who will argue with late-model American car? Above, the Coffins load in their purchases, get set for another round. Below, 26 Men fans finally catch up with "Captain" Tris after block-long hike.

New boots for Old West series: Tris finds just what he wants in Scottsdale specialty store, but they'll need breaking in. Below, Viva señora! Vera catches mood of Old Mexico in gay sombrero, orders fancy baskets for every purpose.
A leading medicated lotion was used on Helen Landon's left hand. Only her right hand was given Jergens care. See the difference in this unretouched photo. The test was made while Helen Landon soaked her hands in detergents 3 times a day for several days. The beautifying action of Jergens was proved by 713 housewives in other hand-soaking tests. For complete summary of these tests, doctors and dermatologists are invited to write to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jergens beautifies hands as nothing else can
...and the picture proves it!

Jergens both protects your hands and pampers your skin. That’s why it beautifies as nothing else can. Jergens doesn’t coat skin with sticky film... it penetrates to protect. It stops even red, rough detergent hands...softens and smooths. Jergens is the true beauty lotion. Only 15¢ to $1
He Who Cares

Dear Editors:
Thank you very much for the story on Hal Hackett in the December issue of TV Radio Mirror. As chairman of Adult Recreation at Bellevue Hospital, I would like to tell you that Hal's work with the patients is "sensational." He does much more than entertain. He gives out so much love and warmth that he leaves the patients glowing with the feeling that somebody really cares.

Mrs. Sumner S. Weit

The Lady Is a Cop

I would like to know something about the actress Beverly Garland.
L. D., Cambridge, Massachusetts

The October 17th on which Beverly Garland was born was literally an earth-shaking day. For reasons best known to Mother Nature, Santa Cruz had an earthquake, and tiny Beverly spent the first few minutes of her life buried under several pounds of plaster that had fallen from the ceiling of the delivery room. But Beverly was undaunted by this—she lived through it to eventually become a successful young actress and one of the busiest people in the business. . . At the age of five, Beverly again lived through a rather startling experience. She was playing the part of Cupid in a kindergarten play when, in the middle of shooting an arrow into the hero's heart, her abbreviated costume fell off. She was, of course, the hit of the show. . . During high school days, brown-eyed Beverly was an active member of a little-theater group, following this with appearances in summer stock at Laguna Beach. But her first really professional job in Hollywood was in a half-hour weekly TV show called Mama Rosa, and her first picture broke a role in "D.O.A." The big turning point in Beverly's career occurred, however, when she played the young leukemia-ridden mother on TV's Medic. For her memorable performance, she won an "Emmy" nomination. Since then she has worked almost continuously in TV and motion pictures and at present is the star of the TV series Decoy, based on the life and adventures of a New York City policewoman. . . Versatile Beverly is proficient at clay modeling and ceramics, loves to knit, designs her own clothes and likes to cook. Her favorite color is bright red.

Really Now!

Could you please give me some information on singer Conway Twitty, whom I hear so much lately on radio?
L. G. E., Berry, Alabama

Conway Twitty may mourn "It's Only Make Believe" on his top-selling M-G-M record, but there's no fantasy at all about his startling rise to stardom on the basis of one disc. It has been big, beautiful reality for this twenty-four-year-old Southerner. . . Tall, dark, and handsome Conway (real name, Harold Jenkins) began to show talent at an early age—he was only four when he and his father, a ferryboat captain, sang and played guitar for the neighbors. The youngster was just ten when he sang his first song over the air—on KFFA in Helena, Arkansas. And, by the time he was twelve, he had formed his own band called the Phillips County Ramblers. . . While in the service, Conway formed a group called The Cimarrons. They entertained American GI's and eventually sang their way into a radio show over the Far East network in Tokyo. . . After the talented singer's discharge, he sang on Ozark Jubilee and, at about the same time, cut some tapes which he sent to Don Sea, a New York artists' representative. On the basis of what they had heard on those tapes, recording companies were soon clamoring for him. He made a few discs for Mercury Records and then switched over to M-G-M and stardom with "It's Only Make Believe." . . The quiet, soft-spoken Conway has appeared on the Dick Clark, Arthur Godfrey, and Perry Como shows.

Film Study

Could you please give me some information about the actor Edward Byrnes?
G. Q., San Francisco, California

If anyone ever heeded Horace Greeley's famous advice about "going West," that young man was Edward Byrnes. One day, not too long ago, he piled his clothes and ambitions into his convertible and headed for West. His destination: Hollywood and, he hoped, success as an actor. . . Born in New York in 1933, blue-eyed Edd had reached his teens before he decided, and for no apparent reason, to become an actor. But, once having made the decision, he set out to "study" the movies as hard as he could. He spent innumerable afternoons in darkened theaters, read every movie magazine he could get his hands on, and, at eighteen, was understandably an authority on the subject. . . His first non-vicarious venture into the theatrical world occurred in 1954, when he won the part of a silent, stoical Indian on Joe E. Brown's Buck Circus. Later, he got a summer-stock job with the Litchfield Theater in Connecticut, following this with appearances in off-Broadway productions. Then he headed for California. . . An executive at Warner Bros. saw him in a Cheyenne episode on TV, ordered a screen test, and, forty-eight hours after signing his name to a contract, Edward Byrnes was cast in "Darby's Rangers." The handsome young actor is currently appearing in the ABC-TV 77 Sunset Strip series. . . A bachelor, Edd likes water-skiing, white Thunderbirds, and the music of Ravel. He seems to have lived up to his favorite quotation: "Don't wait for your ship to come in. Row out to meet it."

Seven League Boots

What can you tell us about the actor Jan Merlin?
D. M. M., Yonkers, New York

There's a lot of difference between riding the waves for the Navy and "treading the boards" for video. But Jan Merlin traveled from one to the other shod in seven-league boots. . . Born in 1925, he left the Grace Church School for Boys to become a Navy torpedo-man on a destroyer. During his service, he began to show an interest in show business by writing plays which were performed aboard ship. But the final influence in changing from the sea to the stage came about as a result of his association
whatever you do... 
be ahead in beauty

When your hair is Noreen'd, you're ready... for anything! A quick change of clothes, a brush through your hair, and off you go with the man in your life! Your hair looks lovely, alive with the shimmering colortones of natural-looking Noreen color. Why, you can even color-coordinate your hair to your costume! Those unwanted drab streaks and wisps of gray are Noreen-blended so neatly... and the dull areas now have a new all-over sheen. Yet, only you will know it's Noreen'd. So easy, so sure... it's a wonder you haven't tried Noreen before. Noreen color goes on in 3 minutes and stays on 'til next shampoo, you know. Why not write for literature and free sample offer... right now? Noreen, Inc., 450 Lincoln St., Denver 9, Colorado. Dept. F-7

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COLOR
HAIR
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with a theater on the outskirts of Hiroshima. . . . When he was discharged, Jan returned to New York and entered the Neighborhood Playhouse. After playing four seasons of stock, he appeared in Broadway's "Mister Roberts." . . . One big step later and Jan was in television—eventually chalked up some 500 shows to his credit. Another quick hop and he went from an off-Broadway production to roles in movies. The six-footer is currently appearing on TV as Lt. Kirby in ABC-TV's Rough Riders series . . . Blue-eyed Jan is married to the former Patricia Datz, whom he met at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Their home is jokingly described by friends as "Early Mau Mau"—because of the large collection of African weapons, skins, hides, and horns. Though their large menagerie varies in size from time to time, the current count is four cats and twelve parakeets.

Calling All Fans

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

Sid Caesar Fan Club, Margaret Hay, 275 Maple Street, Kearny, New Jersey.


FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
Modess ... because
BEST DARN "TIRE SALESMAN" IN TOWN

By WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS

To borrow a term from the man himself, Frank Sinatra is a "gasser"! Loosely defined, a "gasser" is someone great in his own right, and Frank, whom I consider to be "Chairman of the Board" of all top singers, more than meets the qualification. Almost without exception, he has associated himself with only the better top songs, and has even refused to record the bad ones.

Everyone knows there was a period between Sinatra's tenure as the teenage rage of the forties and his current success as singer, movie star and club headliner, when his popularity had dipped. But how many know that during this period of near-limbo, Frank actually walked out on recording contracts rather than sing bad music?

Because of this dedication to principle, Frank is one of the few performers who manages to please practically every type of record fan. Disc jockeys know, if they're short of time in scheduling their programs, they can choose a Sinatra album without even examining the title or selections, and yet have no fears of alienating any segment of their audiences. Such is his acceptance by music lovers, and such is his wide range of audience, due to almost flawless taste.

Though I've never interviewed Sinatra on my Make Believe Ballroom show, I have had several long chats with him socially. And it is my opinion that if he ever were to become a tire salesman in Anytown, U.S.A., he would be the best tire salesman in said town. The reason is that Frank exudes a charm and magnetism which is practically undeniable. For example, there are maybe a handful of personalities today who can enter a restaurant in such a cosmopolitan city as New York, and upset the equilibrium of the place. Frank is one of those people.

There's no secret formula involved in his hold over people; he neither strives to be liked nor to be disliked. One factor in his favor, I believe, is one of identification. Identification, that is, on the part of the middle-aged group—his contemporaries. They read so many stories—true or false—about his going out with this gorgeous creature, dropping a fortune in that gambling casino, or whatever—any of which many of them sigh, "Now there's a man after my own heart—he's leading the kind of life I'd love to lead . . . if I had the nerve!"

To others, he represents the cocky kid next door who could back up his brashness with a tremendous talent.

Frank is an extremely loyal person. Stories of his devotion to his friends are legion. Men like Hank Sanicola (Sinatra's manager and confidant) and Ben Barton (Eileen Barton's father and head of Frank's publishing firm) have been with him from the beginning, and there is almost nothing they wouldn't do for him, and vice versa.

With this loyalty is coupled the conviction that, if you believe in something, then it is worth fighting for. Frank has been known to haul off and slug someone who has made slurs against a good friend or a minority group. And, though it is axiomatic in show business not to fight with the press, there have been times when Frank has done just that—when he felt that the press in general, or some member in particular, had maligned him or someone close to him. As a result, though many of them might not agree with him, he has attained a measure of respect in their eyes.

As a recording star, strange as it may seem, his Capitol single platters only occasionally reach the million-sale mark, although they are consistently good sellers. ("Young at Heart" was one that topped a million, and his albums, of course, do tremendously well.) How does Frank feel about this scarcity of "gold" records in the singles field? "The way I look at it," he says, "a guy who sells 900,000 discs is just as happy as a guy who sells a million."

That Sinatra sure is a gasser.

William B. Williams hosts Make Believe Ballroom, on New York's WNEW, weekdays, 10 to 11:30 A.M. and 6 to 8 P.M., and Saturdays, 10 to noon and 6 to 8 P.M.
PS: Ray will direct all of the Revue episodes he doesn’t star in.

Here, Kitty! Ann Sothern loves animals. But enough is enough. When in Sun Valley last year, she gifted her teen-age daughter, Tish, with a colt—later had him delivered to a San Fernando Valley riding stable for boarding, where Tish goes for weekly riding lessons. But that’s not the story, Ann, because of her busy new schedule, had to give one of her three much-loved French poodles to her sister. They were just too much to take care of. Meanwhile, back at the horse ranch, a stray cat wanders into Tish’s horse’s stall and promptly bears a litter of kittens. Tish naturally brings them home. The housekeeper refuses to look after them; Tish is away at school all day; so, after her fourteen-hour day at the studio, Ann has to come home to house-break her six new fondlings! Here, Kitty... Second thought: Give the kits to Amanda Blake, Ann. She lives in the Valley near the stable, loves animals, too. At least, the kittens will be closer to their mother.

Speaking of mothers—and contrary to rumor—Liberace is still speaking to Mrs. Liberace. Lee, whose life is one big grand piano, has a piano-shaped diamond ring on his left pinky, now has added a candelabra-shaped diamond to his right hand. Which only proves that Jack Benny and diamonds have nothing to do with Liberace. He can afford his own diamonds... Alan Ladd mining the TV diamond mine with two new series: *Ivy League*, starring Bill Bixey, and *Box 13*, the adventure series Ladd starred in on radio. Except for three half-hour shows he did, years back, Alan won’t be seen on TV (except on rare spex). But David Ladd will be doing one-shots—“whenever he gets far enough ahead in his book work,” says his Dad... And did you know, Tom Tryon majored in cartooning at Yale! Had he stayed at his drawing board, he might be a Disney artist instead of actor.

Speaking of bookwork, Tommy Sands’ accountant is wearing a big smile these days: Tommy’s last appearance on his personal in Hawaii broke Elvis Presley’s gate record by 203 paid admissions. Elvis drew 8200 to Schofield barracks, Tommy drew 8403. And that’s a lot of pineapples!... It seems an equal number of people are crowding the “Say One for Me” set at 20th Century-Fox, where Barrie Chase—who became a star overnight on the Fred Astaire show—is singing and dancing up a storm opposite young Bob Wagner... And, except for the storm Jack Paar blew up on his triumphal return to Hollywood, the weather in sunny Southern Cal. has been balmy as a day in May... which led Paar’s young daughter to ask, “Daddy, I know it’s winter, but where’s the snow?” (On your charming Daddy’s show, Honey.) Paar, who says he’s quitting in July no matter what, is rumored to have both an auto and a gigge spon sor standing by to pick him up on a weekly basis. Since Jack, on his recent trip, fell in love again with sunny Cal. (and the crowd’s acclaim), maybe the weekly show will spring from these hot little Hollywood Hills.

Speaking of the Hollywood Hills, Lance Reventlow, millionaire sportscar enthusiast, has a small group of friends—Ronnie Burns among them—whom he favors with the “secret” key to his Hills home. When Lance is out of town racing one of his cars, the kids (Ronnie among them) can use the “hidden” key to come and go at will—using the pool, barbecue, etc. Now there’s a pal for you. Round but not square: Dennis Crosby, on his local ABC radio show in the Hollywood area, refers to his brother Gary as, “My round little brother...” Gary, meanwhile, is out drumming up business for the Thalians, the group of young Hollywood folk who are working so hard to raise money for emotionally disturbed children. Gary was their first prey, Debbie Reynolds, the current chief. Their annual ball, this year at the Beverly Hilton, raised more than $40,000 for their Thalian Clinic—said clinic to train psychiatrists to go out across the country to help other areas which do not as yet have such a children’s center. That’s the young folks of Hollywood for you...

Ever wonder what some doctors carry in those little black bags on TV? Carl Betz, who plays the doc in the Donna Reed show, uses his medic bag to carry his lunch.... And Dinah Shore makes lunch backstage for the entire cast on an electric range built into her dressing room. Gale Storm takes her lunch in a hat box! Gale, who works twenty-four hours a day, on her TV series and recording for Dot, lunches from this hat-box dining table in order to save time; Gale uses the lid of the hat box to hold her lunch in her lap while driving to record-plugging duties in the middle of her filming day. Speaking of lunches and records, Frank Sinatra gags (Continued on page 71)
$100,000.00 CASH
YES! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!
"GOLD RUSH" GAME

JUST FOR SOLVING "GOLD RUSH" PICTURE PUZZLES
YOU CAN WIN A FORTUNE IN CASH!

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The Correct Answer is ONE OF These Gold Rush Names!

SAMPLE PUZZLE

T W A I N

The Correct Answer is ONE OF These Gold Rush Names!

This Sample Puzzle is All Worked Out for You

This Sample Puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying
"GOld Mine"

N

This Sample Puzzle is All Worked Out for You

See how much fun it is to solve!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying
"GOLD RUSH Game... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00!" There's no red tape when you enter... no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a quick action contest!

All prizes paid promptly in full. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous promptness bonus award of as much as $5,000.00 along with the First Prize of $50,000.00... a grand first prize total of $55,000.00... one of the largest cash first prizes ever offered in puzzle contests!

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY
IN 4 YEARS $223,000.00 AWARDED
FROM NATIONAL BOOK CLUB CONTESTS

In just 4 years, National Book Club contests have awarded $223,000.00 in prizes! That's a whole lot of money! But this new National Book Club game, with its additional $100,000.00 in prizes, will boost that grand total to an amazing $323,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada, or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impartial manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full, IN CASH!

Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to... because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful GOLD RUSH Game... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter... no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a quick action contest!

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Young folks and adults dance up a storm at home of Charles Correll, to music by Muzzy Marcellino of House Party fame.

Dawn Linkletter, Diane Chase and Dorothy Correll are honored at a three-way progressive party given by their famous parents before their formal "coming out" at Hollywood's famous Coronet Ball.

Hollywood has its society debut party late in the month of November—the Coronet Ball—sponsored by the women who are members of the National Charity League, for their lovely young daughters. For this night, their famous mothers dress in elegant gowns, their fathers in handsome full-dress suits, then proceed to take a back seat for the post-debs and their dates and the youthful debutantes and their dates. New York City has its Debutante Cotillion, Philadelphia its Assembly, St. Louis its Veiled Prophet Ball. But, out Hollywood way, the Coronet Ball is the season's high point for local society. The daughters who are to bow socially are known as "Tick Tockers" until this party turns them, in one glamour-packed evening, into full-grown "Coronets."

Art Linkletter's oldest daughter, Dawn, was a member of the debut group and so was Diane Chase, daughter of Allen Chase, who is a business associate of Art's. Another close friend and debutante was Dorothy Correll, daughter of Charles Correll of Amos 'N' Andy fame. All three families are friends and neighbors. Lois Linkletter, Dawn's mother, had the idea of a pre-debut party for the girls and their families and friends—a progressive party starting with hors d'oeuvres and non-lethal drinks for the young people at Linkletter's, a buffet dinner at Allen Chase's Bel Air home, and dancing at Charles Correll's. These informal pictures show what a wonderful time they had.
"Cocktail" time at the start of festivities. Lois and Art Linkletter are hosts, serve punch and hors d'oeuvres to the three debutantes (l. to r.) Diane Chase, Dorothy Correll and the Linkletters' oldest daughter Dawn.

A kiss for "their girl." Father Art and brother Jack give two-way buss to Dawn. What better way to start gala evening?

Second port of call on the gala evening for debs and their dates was home of Allen Chase, where magnificent buffet dinner was served. Younger girls with dates dined on open porch-wing with dazzling view of Hollywood.

Early arrival at Linkletters' was Dawn's date, John Zwyer, physical ed instructor at Andrew Jackson H.S., E. Los Angeles.

Jack Linkletter and his wife Bobbie, in lanai of Linkletter home with Dawn and Diane Chase. Total guests numbered 50.

Continued
Next stop for three-way party is Allen Chase's. Daughter Diane gets kiss and a hug from Bob Cummings, Jack Linkletter.

At the Chases', Art and Lois Linkletter greet Bob and Mary Cummings, their old friends. Dawn, John Zwyer join group.

Third stop, home of Charles and Alice Correll. Early comers, the "Links" and Allen Chase with Dr. Loriene Johnston.

Allen Chase, a gourmet, was host at buffet dinner. Exotic turkey dressing was from special recipe. Here he serves Dottie Fernard (college friend of Dawn), Dawn, Diane, Dr. Loriene Johnston, Lois Linkletter.

Charles Correll and wife Alice (center) hosted the dance which was wind-up of the gala evening. They greet Bob and Mary Cummings, Art and Lois Linkletter. Alice Correll and Lois are striking look-alikes.
Dancing gets underway promptly for the younger set, who had a whirl. Young hostess Dorothy Correll with date John Masterson are center, facing the camera. All of the adults did their share of dancing, too.

Impromptu jam session teamed Charlie Correll on piano with orchestra-leader Muzzy Marcellino calling tunes. At 2 A.M., party ended with Art leading singing of "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry."

SHARON GREGORY, Sophomore, Long High School, Longview, Wash., says: "Blemishes always seemed to pop up just before a big date night. I tried just about everything, without success. Then, I used Clearasil, and soon the blemishes disappeared. Clearasil has solved my skin problem."

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

Clearasil is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeezable-bottle lotion, Clearasil gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Penetrates pimples, "Keratolytic* action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that cause and spread pimples... helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. 'Starves' pimples, Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples... dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples... works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads, Clearasil softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, Clearasil is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeezable-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS
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Get This Revolutionary 3-Layer Tablet—
HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

Relieves Congestion that Causes So Much Colds Suffering

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets...the amazing medical discovery that has brought unprecedented relief to millions of sinus sufferers...also offers dramatic relief from colds distress.

That's because...for the first time, DRISTAN makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

Working through the bloodstream, it reaches all sinus areas and relieves congestion deep within head areas inaccessible to other forms of medication. It shrinks swollen sinus membranes and helps promote free drainage. Then, as clogged passages are cleared, relief from colds miseries follows.

Free breathing is restored. Pressure and pain relieved. Fever reduced. Postnasal drip controlled.

DRISTAN GIVES YOU:

1. The Decongestant most prescribed by doctors.
2. Pain Relievers, a highly effective combination of ingredients for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an exclusive antihistamine to block the allergic reaction often associated with colds.
3. Vitamin C—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one dose) to help build body resistance to infection.

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

You need no prescription for DRISTAN. Guaranteed to relieve the miseries of sinus congestion and colds...or purchase price refunded.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!
all at sea with ELVIS

Thirteen-year-old Janet Day, daughter of an Army captain, sailed with Elvis on the troopship Randall. Here is the story of Janet and the other teenagers who made the crossing with their favorite singer

Long wait before Private Presley arrived and smiled at the crowd. For Janet Day (left), it seemed a lifetime—particularly when she knew she was to be TV RADIO MIRROR's "reporter" on the voyage to Europe!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

The big gray troopship rode easy at the dock. Reporters and photographers frothed across the pier. We were there for a press conference with Private Elvis Presley, who was to embark for Army duty in Germany. Such a press conference was unprecedented, we were told. Since 1917, millions of men and thousands of celebrities had passed through Brooklyn Army Terminal with nary a flash bulb nor a press conference such as this. It had begun at 6:30 A.M., when some one hundred photographers and reporters checked in at the Terminal's gates. A snafu of mis-direction sent us scurrying around two levels of the half-mile-long pier. By 10:30 A.M., three troop trains had arrived from Fort Hood, Texas. We had scrutinized a thousand young faces, but still no sign of Elvis.
We were beat-out tired and hungry, and it showed. The only calm persons in sight were a captain and his family who waited at the
Janet, teen-age daughter of Army Captain Charles Day, was traveling with her mother, sister Judy, 9, and brother Jerry, 11—as pictured above, left, before sailing. But, even with every youngster on shipboard helping to locate elusive Elvis, she found it hard to get past M.P.'s guarding against "demonstrations."

Working press (right) almost outnumbered autograph seekers (above), before the Randall sailed. Eventually, Janet got not only Presley autographs but pictures.

top-deck gangplank to board ship. The three children perched patiently on their suitcases. Their slender mother must have been one of the prettiest brides of World War II. The captain was broad-shouldered and hearty. All had a twinkle in the eye as they watched the turmoil about them. I would like to talk to them, I decided.

Happily, they were willing to talk to me. They were the Charles Day family, bound for their second tour of duty in Germany. Captain Day was assigned to the Fifteenth Quartermaster Battalion. Judy was nine; Charles Jr.—known as Jerry—was eleven; and willowy, blonde Janet had just turned thirteen. I asked Janet the obvious question: "How does it feel to be one of the most envied teenagers in the world today—a girl who sails on the same ship as Elvis Presley?" (Continued on page 80)
How Janet envied the unknown fan Elvis kissed for cameras, boarding troopship! Later, on deck, she saw sadness in his face as he waved goodbye to his homeland.
Janet, teen-age daughter of Army Captain Charles Day, was traveling with her mother, sister Judy, 9, and brother Jerry, 11—as pictured above, left, before sailing. But, even with every youngster on shipboard helping to locate elusive Elvis, she found it hard to get past M.P.'s guarding against "demonstrations."
The Beauty with the Brain

By DENA REED

A redheaded, pony-tailed sprite with enchantment and charm and a stupendous assortment of talents packed into a five-foot, 97-pound frame—that's Shari Lewis, the twenty-four-year-old ball of fire who presides over Hi Mom, on New York's WRCA-TV. She's puppeteer, ventriloquist, actress, singer, dancer, musician (on seven instruments), announcer, interviewer, magician, author—and so excellent at every one of these that she walked away with two Emmy Awards last year. No wonder she has emerged as guest star of the year, on such big variety shows as those of Pat Boone, Steve Allen, Patti Page, Garry Moore, and on occasional panel programs, as well.

Besides all this, Shari recently flew to Hollywood to play the lead in a new filmed TV series, Sis, still under wraps. Her children's records are selling like hot-cakes, her books for children, her toys, her puppets, all have made her the pin-up girl of the lollipop set. And her breathless agent—flooded with offers for her from movies, night clubs, television and commercial firms—says

Puppets Lamb Chop and Charley Horse live only in Shari's hands and voice. But she charms all guests—feathered, furred or human—on such shows as Hi Mom.

She's the darling of the lollipop set.

Their cleverest teacher, too—though they know Shari Lewis only as a genuine living doll.
Hi, husband! Recent bride Shari greets Jeremy Tarcher, whose schedule as a TV producer (of other programs) is as busy as her own—both rise and shine at dawn.

She will probably tote away a cool million in the next three years, if signs, portents and her energy hold out.

Shari is a fine entertainer, but she is also and fundamentally a kindergartner extraordinary—creator and keeper of the kingdom of Shariland. The top denizens of her magic domain are Lamb Chop, an adorable feminine lamb, Charley Horse, a brash nag, Hush Puppy, an irresistible hound with a Southern accent, and Wing Ding, a slightly-mad crow.

In bringing them to life with their distinguishing voices and characteristics, Shari has proved herself a top puppeteer and ventriloquist. While others use their characters merely to entertain, Shari, with hers, teaches the small fry and their mothers, initiating them into the best classics for children. On Hi Mom, she teaches finger-play, chalk-talk, games, how to care for pets. But the chief feature, loved by everyone, is how to (Continued on page 84)

Shari Lewis stars on Hi Mom, WRCA-TV (New York), Mon. through Fri., 9 to 10 A.M. EST.
Noon and night, Bert has a ball on Bandstand and Masquerade Party. But the Parks pulse hits an extra beat in the atmosphere of County Fair

By FRANCES KISH

County Fair visitors get into the act, in community-festival spirit. Above, Bert and special-events man Nat Asch (in stripes) interview prospective participants. Below, barker-announcer Ken Williams (in even broader stripes) comes in last in impromptu bathing-suit parade.

As this is being written, Bert Parks is doing eleven live, spontaneous NBC shows every week. Six are on television—five County Fair programs, Monday through Friday afternoons, Masquerade Party on Thursday night. Five are on radio—Bandstand, Monday through Friday before noon. By the time this is printed, the number of shows...
could very likely increase, but even that won't bother Bert. The only time the high-powered Mr. Parks gets tired is when someone reminds him how tired he ought to be!

It's not just the number of hours he gives to his work that makes people wonder how he does it. It's the enormous energy he puts into everything. He could no more attack any job...
Noon and night, Bert has a ball on Bandstand and Masquerade Party. But the Parks pulse hits an extra beat in the atmosphere of County Fair

By FRANCES KISH

County Fair visitors get into the act, in community-festival spirit. Above, Bert and special-events man Nat Asch (in stripes) interview prospective participants. Below, barker-announcer Ken Williams (in even broader stripes) comes in last in impromptu bathing-suit parade.

As this is being written, Bert Parks is six eleven live, spontaneous NBC show every week. Six are on television—County Fair programs, Monday through Friday afternoons, Masquerade Party on Thursday night. Five are on radio—Bandstand Monday through Friday before noon. By time this is printed, the number of shows could very likely increase, but even that won't bother Bert. The only time the high-powered Mr. Parks gets tired is when someone reminds him how tired he ought to be!

It's not just the number of hours he gives to his work that makes people wonder how he does it. It's the enormous energy he puts into everything. He could no more attack any job

Weekday afternoons, this foursome and friends have a picnic on TV's County Fair grounds—emcee Parks; spieler Williams, associate producer Herb London, bandmaster Bill Gale. The latter three are all "veterans" from the popular radio version of same program almost a decade ago.

Thursday nights, Bert hosts a nighttime TV carnival in more sophisticated mood—Masquerade Party, in which regular and guest panelists try to penetrate disguise of visiting celebrities. Seated above, left to right—Orson Bean, Audrey Meadows, Carl Reiner, Gloria De Haven.

Mornings, there's almost a solid hour of radio music and comedy on Bert Parks' Bandstand. Among the leading lights, from left—comic Arnold Stang, Bert, musical director Skitch Henderson, producer Bob Sadoff, production assistant Patti Tassy, and director George Vouthas.
Fun in the Afternoon
(Continued)

Cars aren't just a hobby with busy Mr. Parks. They're a necessity for his daily commuting—some 45 minutes from Connecticut to Radio City. With eleven performances on TV and radio each week, Bert should be tired when he gets home, but his energy seems boundless, at work or at play.

The home's Williamsburg in style, ultra-modern in fittings.

...passively now than he could at a tender age, when he began to give spirited imitations of a dispirited little man with a brief mustache, oversize shoes and a cane—Charlie Chaplin, then the idol of small-fry moviegoers.

The days of impersonations are far behind Bert now, but the need to give a performance everything he has never changes. His explanation is simple: "I like to spend energy on something I like to do, and I like to do all the things I am doing." More specifically, he adds, "Of course, a man needs health to keep it up—and a wife like Annette."

Since their marriage in June, 1942, Annette has been the silent partner whose actions speak louder than words and whose reactions remain invariably calm and cool. When Bert comes home with something on his mind, there is none of this "tell me everything right away" kind of prodding. She lets him let down and relax, and talk when he is ready.

"The result is that, by the time I get around to telling what's troubling me," says Bert, "it seems much less complicated—and usually less important. If there is something she needs to take up with me—the house, the children, or some problem of her own—she waits until the red flag is down. And neither of us keeps going over and over the same problem. When it's finished, we don't keep kicking it around."

Last September, when Bert began his County Fair TV show, it was suggested he might like to stay a little after the show each day to talk it over. It didn't take him long to cut that down to practically nothing. "Re-hashing" a program is not for him. Others can hold the post-mortems over cues that came a split-second late, or a stunt that didn't come off. As far as he is concerned, he has done his best, and he assumes the others have done theirs. The bell has rung and it's time to get away and prepare for (Continued on page 76)

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County Fair is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, Bert Parks' Bandstand heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11:05 A.M. to noon EST—under multiple sponsorship. Bert also emcees Masquerade Party, colorcast over NBC-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Kent Cigarettes.
the wife's Annette by name and—Bert avows—a "model" for all time!

Performer since before schooldays, Bert relaxes with music, even in leisure time. Most of all, he "unwinds" by doing chores around the house and playing with twin sons Joel and Jeffrey, 11, and daughter Petty, 9. "So far," he says, "they have shown no desire to follow in my footsteps."
Fun in the Afternoon
(Continued)

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Marlene the Magnificent

"Dear Miss Dietrich," they write to Monitor, knowing she'll have the answer to their problems—and seeking to share the secret strength of "the world's most glamorous woman"

By GLADYS HALL

"In person," her glamour electrifies the most sophisticated crowd.

Dietrich hit Hollywood like a bombshell in the 1930's—thanks to director Josef Von Sternberg (above). Musician as well as actress, she later proved her amazing versatility as an entertainer both at the battlefront and in swank night clubs.
Now Marlene triumphs in two more fields—on records, as well as NBC Radio. Above, signing contract with Randy Woods which brought her distinctive siren voice to Dot label.

On screen, her dramatic talent blazed again in "Witness for the Prosecution."

These winter weekends—Saturdays and Sundays, on NBC Radio's Monitor—Marlene Dietrich is answering your questions about life and love and the pursuit of happiness. From the day it was first announced on Monitor that Marlene would be on the air, the letters began to pour in . . . from teenagers, from young-marrieds, from men and women of all ages. And they continue to pour in . . . letters containing questions that range from how working girls can be smartly dressed, on the salaries they make, to what housewives who hanker to be career women can do about it, to such blockbusters as please tell us, dear Miss Dietrich, what is the one thing that makes life most worth the living—and how do you get it?

Why do they ask Marlene? Ever since America first hailed her as a great new star in the German film, "The Blue Angel," some twenty-five years ago, Dietrich has been the synonym for glamour. Acclaimed as one of the world's most fabulous women, her chic and sophistication, her beautiful legs, her low, vibrant voice, her mystery and allure have been rhapsodized and have literally made headlines the (Continued on page 90)

Marlene Dietrich stars on Monitor, the NBC Radio weekend service heard Fridays, from 8:05 to 10 P.M.—Saturdays, 8 A.M. to midnight—Sundays, 10:30 A.M. to midnight. (All times EST)
Making a Big Splash!

Bill Leyden, emcee of It Could Be You, takes his first water-ski lesson from announcer Wendell Niles. Result: Big fun-time at Lake Arrowhead!
"This first picture," says Leyden, "shows Wendell and his wife Ann in foreground, my wife Sue beside me."

"Getting ready for the lesson. I'm looking confident, but I'm not! Just saw a nut skiing past on one ski!"

"Wendell even bothered to explain 'more speed' sign—thumbs up. Turned out, I didn't need that right away."

Bill Leyden is master-of-surprises on the Ralph Edwards' NBC-TV show, It Could Be You. Devotees of the show are familiar with its format, an emotional mixture of reunions, anniversary observances, comic surprises, fulfillment of sentimental wishes. The participants are drawn from the studio audience, all being unaware that their dearest wish is about to be granted. Leyden, a natural athlete, goes in for hunting, skin-diving, sports-car racing. Here he gets his first taste of water-skiing—with It Could Be You announcer Wendell Niles as expert instructor.

It Could Be You is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. EST; multiple sponsorship.

Continued

"Sue and Niles urge me to start the skiing bit. I'd just put my toes in. Who left the refrigerator open?"

"Ready for the take-off. Wendell is telling me to keep hands tight on the line, knees bent for the rise."

"A good angel must have been hovering over me. Got up on skis first try, even if I did drink an awful lot of lake water."
“Concentration, that’s all. And these jokers thought I couldn’t do it! Notice the form, arms straight, legs apart a bit, ears pointing out just a bit. I tell you, I was scared, but determined Mrs. Leyden’s boy would succeed.”

“Everything went well until I decided I’d try to ski around a corner (jumping across the boat’s wake). That did it! The trouble is, when you fall on skis you seem to go down forever before you come up again. Then everybody laughs at you.”
"Sue helped me out at dock. She's a good athlete, tried skis, too, and did very well for a rank beginner."

"Meanwhile, so-called 'expert' and friend, Wendell Niles, had fallen on his ear. He admits I'm a champ."

"Susie is a real doll. She gave me a big hug and kiss to tell me how proud she was I skiied first try."

"Back at work on It Could Be You—if work's what you call it, I had a bucketful of fun with this show, so did pal Wendell."
Any mother could be proud of such a shining Western star. My own pride in Will Hutchins goes even deeper—because of what he represents at heart

By JANE HUTCHASON

Sometimes as I sit there, I still can't believe it! Other times, when I'm watching Sugarfoot on ABC-TV, I have to keep reminding myself that today's Will Hutchins, on our living-room screen, really is the same little boy we named Marshall Lowell Hutchason, back in 1932. There are many miracles in life, but none more amazing to me than what the magic medium of television has wrought in one mother's book of memories.

All our old friends and relatives still call him "Marshall," but, to prevent confusion in this story, I shall refer to (Continued on page 74)

Will Hutchins stars as Tom Brewster in Sugarfoot, seen on ABC-TV, alternate Tuesdays, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by American Chicle Co., Luden's, Inc., and others.

Honest as the role he plays, Will tries to handle his fan mail personally. With his friend "Osi"—he's been wild about pets since he was a kid! His love of "theater" began with magic tricks before his schooldays.
Hilarious or touching, the adventures of TV's Anderson family live up to their title most of the time: Father Knows Best. High ratings and awards seem to prove that audiences like this concept of Dad as the true head of the household. But today's best-selling books often tell another story, indicating that Dad's children are really ruling the roost—that their problems and desires should always come first.

There's plenty of room for argument among the generations and between the sexes. Some think the family should still revolve around Dad. Others believe it should focus on the children, the builders of tomorrow. Almost all agree on one thing: Mother is actually the heart of the home—but she swings the balance in favor of husband or children. Which way should she vote?

The Andersons represent a typical range in age and family status, so it's not surprising that they're divided on this modern-day problem. Not quite as you'd expect, perhaps, since they're all individuals, both on and off TV. As Margaret Anderson, Jane Wyatt has become practically everyone's ideal of motherhood. She's a devoted mother in real life, too. But does she cast her ballot in favor of the children?

Hazel eyes dancing, Jane says, "Everything depends on the husband-wife relationship... that's where children come from. A woman who thinks of nothing but her children is wrong for everyone—including herself. If a woman concentrates on her man, they'll both look upon their joint productions healthily and happily."

One vote for Dad. But surely a brand-new teenager will stand up for children's rights? At thirteen, Lauren Chapin (Kathy Anderson) says firmly, "Neither—or both. I mean, it should be fifty-fifty, instead of one or the other. What if there was a favorite, and it wasn't you? There should be enough love to go around. Everyone should love everyone." Thoughtfully,
TV's beloved Andersons consider an important problem for these times: Who should be the center of the family? Parents—or children?
Does Father Really Know Best?

(Continued)

she adds, "It works the other way, too. Children should love their parents equally and not try to take over one parent."

At the other edge of the teens, Billy Gray (Bud) mulls the question carefully—and shows an unexpected sympathy for the woman’s viewpoint: "There should be a balance of affection and attention tending toward the children. If the husband is sensitive and intelligent, he’ll know the score. And if the wife has got herself a dumb, stupid guy who doesn’t understand—then she’d better call the whole thing off, anyway!"

Oldest of the Anderson offspring, Elinor Donahue (Betty) agrees—but for different reasons: "Children come first because they’re so wonderful! If there is great love between husband and wife, they’ll be working hard toward the same goal—a happy family. Of course," she reflects, "I’m not an average girl. I haven’t had a father since I was five. I guess the observations of my mother helped me decide. Even as a little girl, she wanted to have lots of babies when she grew up. She had us three and is now raising grandchildren, and loves it. She’s (Continued on page 65)

Jane Wyatt is devoted to sons Christopher (left) and Michael (right)—but admits her first allegiance is to her husband, Edgar Ward (center). Says Jane, "A woman who thinks of nothing but her children is wrong for everyone—including herself."

At 13, Lauren—happy with Mrs. Chapin and brothers Michael and Billy—refuses to take sides: "There should be enough love to go around."
Following her own mother’s inclinations, Elinor Donahue votes for child-supremacy—“because they’re so wonderful!”

More interested in hobbies than dates, at this stage, Billy Gray favors the children, too—for other reasons.

So close is Bob Young’s TV family to his own, there’s even a similarity in names. With four daughters—Barbara and Carol on couch, Betty Lou and Kathy on floor—he’s outnumbered by the fair sex, considers his wife Betty (right) queen of them all.
GOBEL'S
Cinderella Kids

Don't call him "Lonesome George," now that he has this lively quintet to keep him company—five youthful Pettits singing their way "next door" to fame

By EUNICE FIELD

There's always room on the stage," said Al Jolson, "for something new." So—alongside such delightful duos as the Everly Brothers, such terrific trios as the McGuires, such fascinating foursomes as the Lennons—now steps a quality-plus quintet, "The Kids Next Door." Once called "The Petites," after the family name of Pettit, they are currently featured on NBC-TV's George Gobel Show. They have also rung up their first solid hit record, "Sweetie Pie," and are reaching for more of the same.

From Emmetsburg, Iowa, with little more than three thousand souls, to the glitter and throng of Hollywood may seem a long way to travel. But the Kids made it in four short jumps. As the Kids went, so went the family. In fact, their rise to fame may be charted by following the trail of the Pettit family from city to city in their search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Accompanied on the piano by their mother, Marie, the Kids gave their first show some twelve years ago at a firemen's ball in their hometown. Only the four older children—Bob, then eight; Alice, 7; Patty, 6; Mary, 3—were in the act at that time. They made no great splash in theatrical circles, but their performance was received with hearty applause by their good neighbors and friends. As a result, they began entering—and winning—all the local amateur contests and, before long, found themselves much in demand at school and church affairs.

Their first "paid" performance—and, as Bob recalls, "What an exciting day that was in the Pettit family!"—was at a Lions Club meeting. The check was for ten dollars, but it might have been a million, the Kids were so thrilled. Not only were they doing what they most loved—singing—but now they were making money at it, as well.

Then, in June of 1952, as a means of fostering their children's career, Claude and Marie Pettit decided to make their first big move, to Spencer. "Some big move." (Continued on page 86)

"The Kids Next Door" sing on The George Gobel Show, seen in color and black-and-white on NBC-TV, every other Tues., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Radio Corporation of America and RCA Victor.
the Saturday
The familiar, casual figure stands alone in center-stage. To each of his millions of TV fans, Perry sings directly,

"Dream along with me . . ."

And at that intimate high moment of stagecraft, over 200 men and women—behind the scenes—are hard at work. Their inspiring task is to create an illusion. On the following pages, we look behind the color image of Perry Como on the TV screen to see how they do it . . .
The Perry Como Show: the Saturday Night Miracle

On stage, a cast of 33. But hard at work, unseen, behind the cameras, is an efficient small “army”: 27 engineers, 4 men at the master control board, 6 at the film studio handling commercials, 35 stagehands, 7 wardrobe changers, 31 orchestra men, 4 card-boys, 15 production people, 3 make-up men, 1 hairdresser, 3 studio supervisors, 20 pages, 6 maintenance men, 4 men handling air conditioning, 3 porters, 2 ticket girls. On stage and off, that’s 204... and we’re not counting the 25 men who have worked all week on scenery, the truckers who have hauled the props, the writers, the hardworking staff of Como’s own office. Here’s the story of everybody who makes the Como show:

By DANIEL STERN

Every Saturday, all across the nation, families settle down into comfortable chairs and wait for the clock to point to the hour when Como is due on TV. For, at that moment, on the television screens of America, there will appear in their living rooms a friendly, relaxed young man. Whoever you are, Perry will smile at you, perhaps touch his ear in his familiar gesture, and gently begin to sing.

The real truth is that behind that casual entrance into the homes of one of the largest audiences in television lies a fabulous story... a story of a small army of people without whom the weekly entertainment blockbuster that is The Perry Como Show could never reach your screens. Proof that a major color show...
With final stage work beginning on Saturday, Perry has conference with Louis Da Pron and head cameraman.

Vital to the show is Frank Gallop, announcer, whose voice is familiar to millions, though face is seldom seen.

Last minute change of script? That's a matter for Goodman Ace, writer, — seen here conferring with Perry.

Late on Friday, everybody gets together. Dancers, singers, the orchestra, Perry, guests—the show is taking its final format.
THE PERRY COMO SHOW:
the Saturday Night Miracle
(Continued)

As show time, 8 P.M. EST, draws near, the crowd begins to gather outside the Ziegfeld Theater. Twenty pages, 4 air-conditioning men, 3 porters, 3 special police are on hand.

They're on the air! And the images picked up by the color cameras are fed to NBC Master Control, four blocks away in the RCA Building at Radio City. Electronics goes to work.

During show backstage, Michi, Japanese beauty who handles costuming, is checking out players for the stage.

Stagehands handle both large and small "props" during show period. Split-second action is required.

The show goes on, in both color and black-and-white, with today is an undertaking of fantastic proportions.

For the first minute of that show, what you see is Perry, ready to entertain you. Well, let's take a look at what you can't see. . . . Above Perry's head is a dense jungle of wires, microphones and lights. In front of him are three color cameras, each manned by an expert cameraman. Past them are the many monitors—color sets which show exactly how the show looks on the air.

To the side of the cameras stand the men holding the cue cards. (They're famous now, as a standard Perry joke: The singer who's so relaxed he often forgets his lines—a habit which has helped make him like one of the family. "You know, that's what I'd do, if I had to be up there on TV," any viewer might say to his wife.)

Over to the right of the stage is the thirty-piece orchestra led by plump, balding Mitchell (Continued on page 92)
Change of scene—and stagehands rapidly roll out what looks like an old Texas-range fence. At right, singing-and-dancing number is just finishing up.

Guest star Dale Robertson, of Wells Fargo series, joins Perry as a fence-sitter. Note audio pick-up within a few feet, cameras, monitor screen at left.

In a separate room, a crew of six technicians watch and control the visual image shown on monitor, left.

Inspirational note at show's end is hymn sung by Perry. A man of genuine faith, it strikes no jarring note.

The Perry Como Show, NBC-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, for American Dairy, Chemstrand, Kimberly-Clark, Noxzema, RCA, Whirlpool and Sunbeam.
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Over to the right of the stage is the thirty-piece orchestra led by pianist, balding Mitchell (Continued on page 52).
IN DEFENSE OF
Working Mothers

Above, as seen in Search For Tomorrow, Joanne Tate (Mary Stuart), husband Arthur (Terry O'Sullivan) and daughter Patti (Lynn Loring). Below, as seen at home, Mary's wed to Richard Krolik and has a boy and a girl.

Daughter Cynthia was born in 1955, son Jeffrey in 1956. With two such lively youngsters to bring up, Mary has learned many valuable pointers about managing both home and career. "So far," says the popular star, "Richard and I feel that none of us has missed anything... the time we spend together and with the children is doubly precious to us both."
Mary Stuart finds fulfillment in a triple life which would be a challenge to any woman—as wife, homemaker, and star of TV’s Search For Tomorrow

By ALICE FRANCIS

No one knows better than Mary Stuart that modern woman has more opportunities—and more responsibilities—than ever before in history. As a mother in both private life and on CBS-TV’s Search For Tomorrow, Mary also realizes fully that these advantages and disadvantages increase proportionately when modern woman works outside her home. “A working mother,” she points out, “has three jobs: Her children, her husband and home, and her outside job. It takes a lot of love, a lot of common sense, stamina and health, to swing them all. And a lot of experience, because most of us learn by trial-and-error and by becoming a little more mature every day. We also learn a little, (Continued on page 77)
But listen, girls . . . so you can make the same hilarious mistakes I did . . . laugh the same laughs, cry the same tears . . . and find a husband like mine!

By GALE STORM

Today, Gale and husband Lee Bonnell can afford to laugh at her unique but effective method of "getting her man." Right, on a cruise—Gale Storm Show style—with children Phillip, Peter, Paul, Susanna. The boys, she says, are very tolerant with their young mother, but only a girl can really understand the topsy-turvy feminine point of view.

Teen-Age marriages certainly do pay off—especially if your name is Josephine Owaissa (Indian for "bluebird") Cottle Bonnell, known in the trade as Gale Storm. And if you solemnly swore not to marry until twenty-five. And if you were a level-headed honor student—no problem-type girl—in high school. And, at sixteen were definitely immature but aware of it. And if you met an older man (eighteen) and knew—absolutely knew—that was it. And threw all your plans out the window except one—the one to get your man. And got him. And had your children. And grew up with, and through them both. Then you know that teen-age marriages pay off . . . jackpots every day of the world.

I can't make an all-out statement that it works for everybody. But, if the basics are there and the marriage is for the right reasons, it can be great. And if this marriage commercial needs a walking testimonial, I'll stand up and be counted. I know God had to be watching over me the day I met (Continued on page 82)
Marriages Do Pay Off
For personality—or fan mail—no one tops the news analysts. Take these jet-propelled examples: Chet Huntley, Walter Cronkite and John Secondari.
By RUTH NATHAN

IN SOLID and enduring fashion, the TV public is making it plain that it enjoys glamour of a higher order. It has fallen hard for a dashing crew of well-spoken, well-traveled men with brainy sex appeal—the globe-trotting news analysts. How many women have "crushes" on such headliners as Edward R. Murrow, John Daly, Eric Sevareid, Winston Burdette, Daniel Schorr—to name just a handful? Plenty! How many men envy them the pace and challenge of their work, which can have them at home with the wife and kids one night, in Turkey the next? Plenty!

We turned the tables on a representative trio of distinguished story-getters, who answered questions instead of asking them. The big three: Chet Huntley (NBC), Walter Cronkite (CBS) and John Secondari (ABC). This article may reveal why each has the pulling power of intellectual glamour and is tops in electronic appeal.

The Huntley Method was described to us in the Huntley office at Radio City—a room virtually upholstered in ticker tapes from the wire news services. For all his hard-hitting coolness on camera, there is a surprise feeling of friendliness in Chet's personal presence, mingled with an unmistakable maleness which has earned him some of the most enthusiastic feminine fan mail ever received at NBC.

As for the Huntley Method, Chet describes it as "depth and speed" in gathering and analyzing big-situation news. "I am seldom gone for more than ten days at a time," he says, unlike other rovers who go off for much longer periods. "I find that my wife, Ingrid, can sit out this period with great equanimity and it lessens our blissful battles," he smiles, giving one good reason why he has to work well in a hurry.

In spite of his relatively short stays on location for a story, Chet certainly has proved his reportorial depth, winning many major awards in journalism and wide critical acclaim for his role as editor of the Sunday report formerly called Outlook. Chet explains that he's a mighty thorough boy before he

Left, NBC-TV's daily Huntley-Brinkley Report teams Chet from New York, David from Washington, Mr. H. considers Mr. B. a model young newsman, believes newspaper experience invaluable in such work.

Chet himself went straight from pre-medical studies to broadcasting, finds his Montana college training helpful in thorough research for such telecasts as Sunday's Chet Huntley Reporting. It's useful, too, on far-flying trips to gather news and views "at the source"—as in Chet's visit with Israeli youth, above.

When it comes to "glamour," he bows to the distaff side of the Huntley family. Above, with his wife Ingrid and daughter Leanne (older girl, Sharon, is a student at Oregon U.). Chet tries not to be away from home more than ten days at a time, can pack in a minute-and-a-half, when he has to—everything's in a briefcase!
Chief of his net's Washington News Bureau, John Secondari broadcasts daily on ABC Radio, is host of Open Hearing Sundays on ABC-TV (above, with astronomer Dr. Franklyn Branley, space-expert Willy Ley). In rare leisure moments, he writes such best-selling novels as "Coins in the Fountain."

Widower Secondari is devoted to his son John. A man of deep emotion, he insists there's no "romance" in modern news-gathering, but admits he's had his share of real drama, both here and abroad. Roman-born, he speaks many languages, can be at home anywhere, is ready to travel in six minutes flat.

John doesn't like TV make-up, submits only to conceal his fast-growing "beard."

arrives on the spot, getting to know his subject as well as the most careful research will allow. This, he thinks, may be traced to a three-year pre-medical course at Montana State College. "I do not believe in doing a story off the top of my head," he says. "I like the time to weigh, study, give anguish to it, if need be; think it through, go dizzy, pace back and forth with it."

Chet decided he would be happier in a more extrovert field than medicine when he won the National Oratory Tournament in 1932 and became steeped in speech and drama. "I dropped the cadavers for live news after I got my B.A., and did radio newscasts for the Seattle Star station... then other radio jobs and, finally, television."

Chet had a fling at two other networks before he came to NBC. In 1955, when he was employed by another network, it was his opinion that an interview with Tunisian President Bourguiba warranted coverage. His usual persuasiveness obviously failed him and he was unable to get an okay from the bosses. "I thereupon quit my job and invested nine weeks and sixty-five hundred dollars of my own money in going after the story. I had faith that another network would 'buy it.'

NBC got excited about both the film and newsman Huntley. He's been with the network ever since, under contract. "The Bourguiba thing is the most personal gratification I've ever had from a story," Huntley says, "I guess because I was proving a point." Another of his
Walter's work often makes him an "absentee husband," away from wife Betsy, daughters Nancy Elizabeth (now 10) and Mary Kathleen (8), baby son Walter III. Betsy rebelled only once—after he'd been away four years as a combat correspondent during the war: "Then I chased him to Brussels!"

Daily newscasts on both CBS-TV and CBS Radio keep Walter Cronkite "on the go."

favorite shows was based on Israel's Tenth Anniversary . . . "I believed in it."

The influence of Chet's medical studies runs like a thread throughout his patterns of behavior and attitudes. About his most advertised scoop—he was the first newsman to cover the Nevada H-bomb test in the spring of 1953—he says: "I'm a cool character in moments of disaster. I can look at blood objectively and at a person who is apparently dead—including myself!—always thinking, He's got some life, he can be saved. I feel I can revive the deadest . . . also, I'm a great one for applying a tourniquet."

When faced with great danger and the real possibility of death, Chet says candidly, "All I can think of is why should everything end in such a stupid way . . . what a rotten shame to go so soon . . . I feel utter frustration and forlornness. Resentment at fate is uppermost. My resentment, of course, stirs up my adrenalin and gives me fighting courage."

Chet has been married twenty-one years to Ingrid Rolin. His shapely red-haired Swedish wife can almost match him in height, being five-nine in bare feet and close to Chet's six-one with her high heels on. They have two lovely daughters, Sharon, 19, and Leanne, 16. Sharon is a student at the University of Oregon and Leanne attends the Nightingale Bramford School in New York.

Chet is most happy in his work when he is looked upon as honest, fearless, and no special pleader for anyone. "I'm never afraid of cutting (Continued on page 94)
Baby Terry is the pride and joy of two close-knit “families”—not only mama Jeanne Cagney’s, but the entire staff of Queen For A Day

By DORA ALBERT

N o lady-in-waiting ever had so many delighted “assistants” as Jeanne Cagney, while she prepared for the birth of her second child, last summer. The Cagneys, of course—including brother Jimmy—are family-minded as can be. And the Morrisons—very definitely including Jeanne’s husband Jack—have an equally big heart for children. But nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the entire cast of Queen For A Day, of which Jeanne has been a part for more than five years, first as fashion coordinator and now as fashion commentator.

“When I get married and have a baby,” smiles one of the other girls from Queen For A Day, “if someone asks me if that’s my first baby, I’ll say, ‘Oh, no. I had two with...
Jeanne Cagney Morrison! Every-
one shared in the joyful excitement, and Jack Bailey, the program's jovial emcee, was even inspired to heights of prophecy. Jeanne's baby, he confidently predicted, would be a boy, born July 29, at 4:30 P.M. But he rejoiced as heartily as anyone, when wee Terry chose to arrive on July 27, at exactly half-past noon, a rosy and very feminine little girl.

Terry, in fact, proved to be just what the other Morrison children wanted. To Jeanne's first child, Mary Ann (now three), she was "my baby." To Charlie, Jeanne's eleven-year-old (Continued on page 88).

Queen For A Day, as emceed by Jack Bailey, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 4 P.M. EST, and heard over Mutual, M-F, 11:35 A.M. EST.
Martha MEETS THE WORLD

"It's not that I do so much," says pretty, politics-minded Martha. "It's that too many women do too little."

Beauty and brains go together—when Martha Rountree produces a show

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Even during pre-show conference before Leave It To The Girls, Martha Rountree maintains her fresh, unruffled good looks.

WHAT makes a woman beautiful?" we asked Martha Rountree, producer of Washington news shows and creator of the currently popular Leave It To The Girls, a panel show seen on WNTA-TV in the New York area, featuring glamour, brains and beauty. Her answer came, in her well-known Southern accent, "Most important is a certain inner quality. If you notice a woman's clothes, she's probably dressed in poor taste." Martha herself wears mostly basics in navy blue and black. And for entertaining at her Washington home? "When I can afford it, Charlie James makes my party dresses, with fitted bodices, nipped-in waist, and very slim or full skirts. One is forty-two yards wide. They're green, blue, white, red, black—chiffon, silk or cotton. I never wear strapless dresses or jewelry." Make-up? "Bright red lipstick, brown eyebrow pencil and mascara. I need eye make-up because my lashes and brows are so blonde." For Martha's TV use, Eddie Senz has compounded a special beige liquid make-up that doesn't antagonize her sensitive skin. She washes her face three times a day with soap and water. After TV make-up, she takes twenty minutes to cream and soap her face, using a sponge for a thorough scrub-up without irritation. She hates bangs, wears a simple, medium-length hairdo, gets eight hours of sleep a night, drinks sixteen glasses of water a day. ("I won't say it makes me beautiful, but it keeps me healthy.")

How does she do it all? Direct her Washington home, New York apartment, and business staff, raise two daughters, manage her shows, stay on top of political events—and still always appear lovely and unruffled. Martha finds that the good grooming she feels she owes to her family and her public takes attention to detail, rather than time. Besides, she doesn't feel she does so much. "It's that too many women do too little. You must know about politics. It's part of working for your home and your family." Has being a woman handicapped her in the news field? "Definitely," she answers. "I've been double-crossed and lied to—and I wasn't trained to be aggressive. You've got to be tough and ingenious. But my grandfather always said, "Competition is a compliment. No one shoots at you unless you're in front of a crowd." That's where you find Martha."
just a natural mother,” Elinor sums up. As a father, both on the air and off, Robert Young (Jim Anderson) considers every angle of the question. And to him, the very thought of ‘normal growth,’ he says quietly, “to give parents and children time to adjust to one another. Parenthood has many responsibilities and problems. But they are the most exhilarating. Often, we make it a dreary period. We drag ourselves through. Then we’re appalled that the children haven’t matured. It’s a little like rulers looking for the children’s hands, but they themselves haven’t grown up. Why should children mature before their parents?

“As to the main question, there’s no doubt that Betty, my own wife, comes first with me, and I know I come first with her. It’s just a matter of degree. But why a decision on who is more important? In a sound, healthy family unit, one is more important than the other. Both parents may devote too much time and attention to their children. But I can’t help thinking that most of the articles about the male ‘lossing’ have been written only to cause confusion. There may be some ‘poor males,’” he grins, “who occasionally chase and think back longingly on bachelor years—but that doesn’t keep them from being good, solid parents.”

Each member of TV’s Anderson family has been interviewed separately and, if their answers differ or dovetail, it is quite by accident. Jane Shaw, of course, feels most confident speaking of the relationship between mother and child. “A mother shouldn’t try to be a pal to a child,” she believes, “for it quickly causes authority, so she should relieve his confusion and make decisions too big for him.

“My two boys, Christopher and Michael, are very unlike each other. Chris is moody, shy—he can go anywhere, take anything on the chin. Yet Chris is working to be an engineer at M.I.T., and Mike is musical. So different, and yet in some areas they must be eating the same.”

“When they first started to date,” she recalls, “I removed the burden of decision. They were told when to be home. So, even when they made restrictions, they knew when to say goodbye. A boy doesn’t know when to take a girl home, he’s not old enough. They could have had a perfectly miserable time—both wondering when to head for home, and being afraid to say, . . . Isn’t it a miraculous thing for children that, through love, mothers are willing and happy to do the millionth and-one chores they wouldn’t dream of doing for anyone else? Not only helping to make decisions—but providing taxi service, picking up clothes, giving twenty-four-hour service in the sickroom.

“But a husband should come first with a woman,” she continues, “If she makes her decision about her life before children, then mother—children one things they wouldn’t do. Of husband Ed and I have always gone off by ourselves at times, and we never had a crying child clinging to the car. They know we’re loved. A kiss, a hug, goodbye, and we can go off and camp in the High Sierras—which Ed and I love and the boys hate. By the same token, they have their fun. If Ed and I are out to dinner one night—then the boys have an opportunity for a special activity on Sunday, I used to love to think up things to do with them. I liked reading a book aloud to them, sit in the sun and have a book that was very entertaining for me, as well.”

Jane points out that she recently made a cross-country tour of personal appearances for the CBS-TV series. While in the East, she first at M.I.T., and enjoyed everything completely—until she was on her way home. Then she became impatient to see her husband. Happily, she has never felt matter-of-fact about anything. She feels it is important to remember that husband and wife don’t have to agree on big things—but they must, on the little things. Tiring of the family—no relationship. They’ve tried to bury it without love. So, in her own teen-age way, she’s going out to look for love.

Already matured in her outlook, Elinor Anderson believes that if Mr. Young seems like my father. Although the show has opened up new double-feature. That’s what Betty wants.

“I can give you an example of what I don’t want to be, as a mother,” she adds, “I know a fifteen-year-old girl who’s called me ‘Dad’! She wears too much make-up, tight sweaters, and high-heels. She stays out too late and you’d think she was a real mess—until you meet her mother. She is a whiner. She always says, ‘I don’t want alone with my daughter. We’ve given her everything—cashmere sweaters, television, watches, clothes, jewelry. It’s pretty simple to another. There’s a family —no relationship. They’ve tried to bury it without love. So, in her own teen-age way, she’s going out to look for love.”

On the other hand, youthful Lauren Chapin says positively, “I love Robert Young more than anybody. Although I have a father I love dearly, I don’t live with him anymore. So Mr. Young takes his place. I also think he handles my mother—so I don’t need her like I do Mr. Young. He’s so interested in what we do. Like I’m going to a dance at Black Fox Millington Academy tonight. He’s really interested and wants me to tell him all about it Monday. I’ve been with his daughters and the Andersons more than my own family in the last five years.”

“With Laurie especially,” Bob Young explains, “sharing each other’s problems and joys. However, I occasionally can’t escape the feeling of being a bit alone in my own home. In a house full of women and children—it’s easy to imagine the feelings of a lone male! Not only am I outnumbered, but, I’m afraid, very often outthought and outnumbered! However, I must admit that they do make me feel necessary and very much loved.”

“She’s learned a great deal from my wife, who is a wise person, with a delightful sense of humor. And children learn from us, but we certainly learn from them. We tend to clutter up children in our thinking. We’re inclined to ‘group’ them. They are separate and different forms of humanity.

“Our girls all have definite but different senses of humor,” he observes, “It’s interesting—four girls with the same environment and same parents, and yet quite different girls. My wife and I have been blessed with a basic curiosity, a desire to learn. Only one daughter has the hungry, preshoot feelings that children learn the others intravenously. So we wondered: Could we teach the others? We were trying to resolve how much to push, how much to leave alone—that’s when we became really aware of what our daughter, Lauren, is doing without us.

Bob pauses. “That’s a popular and pleasant pastime for parents. Each child has special gifts. All we can do is provide the support and love and care. I think of an extra law of compensation: Lacking in one place, we have abundance in another.”

Well, here is an “abundance” of opinions about the relationship of husband or children. Five individuals, carefully considered opinions in the best tradition of a family TV audiences have learned to love and respect—if not all of them—but that “Fathers know best.”
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

A Hole in the Head: No recession in TV billings. Total income for three networks for past year greater than ever—over a billion dollars before taxes. ... Preparations already being made for Presley's return. Screen director Charles O'Curran (Patti Page's husband) in Manhattan looking for Army story for Elvis. Properties already purchased for Elvis are being shelved with plans to lead off with a GI epic. O'Curran firmly believes in Presley's future as an actor. ... Phil Silvers' spec, January 23, CBS-TV, will not feature big names. It has to do with Phil's usual philosophy about giving up-and-coming talent a break. ... The British, who have imported many of our TV shows, will retaliate by sending us a female-panel format titled Yakity Yak. ... Richard Boone, star of TV's Have Gun, Will Travel, will make his headquarters in New York when he opens February on Broadway playing Abraham Lincoln in "The Rivalry." Arlene Francis' husband, Martin Gabel, plays the role of Stephen Douglas. (Incidentally, this does not mean Boone will give up his TV series.) ... Peter Lind Hayes turning down offers for an hour-long night show. Calls night-TV a "pressure cooker." ABC-TV now musing about getting Bardot for a spec but odds against it. Word has it she figures she is making a fortune in the States by keeping herself remote. And then, even Sinatra couldn't woo her to Hollywood. ... Steve Allen will move himself and show to California during summer hiatus. The permanent switch will be made for personal reasons. Steve has three sons out there by his first marriage and he'd like to see more of them. Furthermore, he and wife Jayne think California is a better place to bring up their baby boy. ...

Tired of Love: "For the first time in my life, I'm not deeply in love, and this is odd because I'm twenty-five and all my life I've been falling in love." So speaks Kathy Nolan, green-eyed, red-haired beauty of The Real McCoys. Sitting in her suite at the Plaza, she was asked about her beau, Nick Adams. She said, "He was waiting outside the hotel to surprise me when I got into the city, but we're just very good friends." Speaking of love again, she continued, "I guess I'm tired of dating. I suppose most girls think of marriage early. I did, and I was always unconsciously hunting. But no more. Now I'm going to relax." She prefers men in their early thirties. "Those in their twenties are still boys. They can only talk of themselves." She worries that marriage will conflict with her career. "I can scare a serious date two ways. They will say, 'Of course, you intend to give up your work when you marry.' Well, I wouldn't and couldn't. I've been in show business since I was thirteen months old and it's part of my life. On the other hand, I've scared men with talk of a large family. I intend to have a lot of children. What worries me is how I'm going to manage both a family and career."

Inside Curves: Johnny Carson will be considered as replacement for Paar if Jack decides to quit his late assignment. Paar's Genevieve, in meantime, may absent herself to make a movie. ... Hard luck for Tee Amos, star of Edge Of Night. She got all the way to Europe to start a three-week vacation and was then flown home with pneumonia. ... Behind the doors, they are no longer talking of network radio's revival but in terms of radio's survival. This month, CBS cuts back, deleting four serials plus other shows from their radio service. ... The Texaco Jazz Show, CBS-TV, January 7, includes Satchmo, Shearing, Dakota Staton and the Dukes of Dixieland. ... Ann Scott, Miss April in Love Of Life, came over from England about a year ago. Now she is sending for her furniture. Says it's less expensive than buying new stuff. ... It's easy to lose calories if you're a TV star. It's a trade secret, but cameramen can make you look taller and slimmer. ... Marion James, who has modeled on Big Payoff seven years, had baby son, Jeffrey, and is again back on the show. ... Connie Francis has an eye for one of the Diamonds but, to be realistic, she hasn't had time for a real date in nine
Which sleuth would win in a three-way match of wits—Jack Dragnet Webb, Raymond Perry Mason Burr, or George Ellery Queen Nader? Ray himself (above, right) won’t try to answer, but admits it would be an interesting test.

months. And Connie is becoming big business. She bought two dress shops in New Jersey out of her record profits. . . . Bob Barker, of Truth Or Consequences, asked a contestant, “If wives dressed to please their husbands, what would they wear?”—and got this answer, “Last year’s clothes.”

Everyone Rocks: Anyone who hoped rock ‘n’ roll was a passing fad may as well give up. Now the very sophisticated Hildegarde—recently seen on Voice Of Firestone—has included two R&R items in her repertoire. For Coral, she has recorded a French R&R item titled, “Souvenirs of Summer.” In her latest album, Design’s “The Incomparable Hildegarde,” she sings with a beat, “If I Knew You Were Coming, I’d Have Baked a Cake”—and in German yet. She said, during the interview, “I’m not making fun of rock ‘n’ roll. I’ve always liked a strong beat but, of course, the way I do it it’s not frenzied. It’s rather elegant rock ‘n’ roll.” She adds, “And when Hildegarde sings, no one dances. You listen. And if the beat gets you, then you are confined to cracking your knuckles. Softly, of course.” . . . And Kathryn Murray, who contributes to the Encyclopaedia Britannica each year on the state of popular dance, told us, “Rock ‘n’ roll was bigger than ever in 1958, but it’s no longer raucous. Now that it’s quieted down, I’m sure it will have a great influence on all dancing, just as jitterbugging did some years ago. I know that Arthur, in casting our show, has actually turned down big-name ballad singers in favor of youngsters who sing with a beat.”

For Ears Alone: Met soprano Renata Tebaldi, who will be thrilling you January 12 on NBC-TV’s music spec, “Adventures in Sound,” can be heard in beautiful fidelity in Victor’s album, “Cavalleria Rusticana.” . . . Rise Stevens, who starred in the film and TV versions of “The Chocolate Soldier,” stars again in a double-decker Victor album along with Robert Merrill and Peter Palmer. . . . On the pop side, Peggy Lee has a tremendous new album for Capitol titled “Things Are Swingin’.” This gal puts fever into the tenderest of ballads and this is one of her most exciting collections. . . . TV’s Bud Collyer, a long time favorite with the younger set, has compiled a delightful collection of games and songs for children in Victor’s “Humpty Dumpty’s Album.” . . . In the jazz scene, M-G-M introduces the Metropolitan Jazz Quartet with sounds that have everything—a beat, style and melody. The musicians—Phil Bodner, Pat Merola and the Garisto brothers—set their ideas down in five separate LPs playing themes from TV shows, foreign movies, Broadway shows, classics and American movies. Highly recommended: The Jonah Jones Quar- (Continued on page 75)
OUR BLUE HEAVEN

Big-city nature walk, Andrews version, wends its way eastside, westside.
Three for the show, and
“up in the clouds” in TV calls—that’s Johnny, Betti and Jonathan Andrews

There is nothing unique about a TV-radio personality’s being busy—it is the usual thing with many stars. But singer-pianist Johnny Andrews is busier than most—in fact, his whole family is. So busy, that he has had a “call board” installed so members of the family can keep track of one another and their television and radio activities. . . . Johnny himself, is host of WRCA-TV’s Sunday’s Schedule, seen from 8 to 11 A.M., and is communicator on the 4 to 8 P.M. Saturday segment of NBC Radio’s Monitor. His lovely, blonde wife Betti (a former Miss Kentucky) is a model on the Big Payoff, seen on CBS. And five-year-old Jonathan does occasional TV commercials and has appeared with his father on his Saturday show. “But Jonathan is just getting started,” smiles Johnny, “so he only has a small corner of the board for his activities.” . . . When day’s work is done, however, all three retire to their own little “piece of heaven,” a four-and-a-half room penthouse in New York’s Tudor City. There, they can view the city from their two terraces, play with their poodle “Buttons,” or just relax while Johnny gives out with some smooth piano playing. . . . It was back during his four years at the New England Conservatory of Music that Johnny had first concentrated on the piano. Engagements with local bands, Johnny Long’s orchestra and Rudy Vallee were the first stops in the blue-eyed Bostonian’s career. After serving as a test pilot during the war, the handsome young singer-pianist worked the night clubs and did radio stints until 1948 when he was featured on NBC-TV’s Easy Does It. This launched him on his successful TV career on all the major networks. . . . Johnny met his wife when they were both judges at a beauty contest held at the Reading State Fair in Pennsylvania. Eight weeks later, they were married in St. Patrick’s Cathedral. Their son Jonathan, born two years later, is still seemingly unimpressed by his father’s success. When Johnny hosted an afternoon TV show, little Jonathan would get all excited when he saw his father’s face on the screen—his Dad’s appearance reminded him it was time for Mickey Mouse and he’d promptly switch channels!

Now a popular TV star, Johnny Andrews once studied to be a concert pianist at New England Conservatory.

“It’s a dog’s life,” says Buttons, the poodle, but with the Andrews family it’s a penthouse paradise.
**SHE BELIEVES IN US**

Human relations genius Alma John of WWRL makes her strength the kids’ strength—and they just can’t let her down.

Great guests are the rule on Alma’s show, but never a commonplace—teens are thrilled by poet Langston Hughes’ autographs.

She counts the musical greats, too, among her close friends. Here, on show with Belafonte.

"The world’s our family," says Alma, but "closer to home" are (standing) grandniece Regina Berry, aunt Serena Brinson, niece Ruth Berry, with her Sheila, and (seated) Denise, with Alma’s sister Edith Gardner, Charlene Berry, Lisley, Alma, niece Saundra Gardner.

Few are able to find it, but it’s a sure thing everybody’s looking. Like that much-sought-for Fountain of Youth, Alma John’s career, with its deep sense of mission and continuity, is an enviable thing. Though her talents and good works are shared high and wide via the WWRL-New York airwaves—every weekday at 2:30 P.M.—it doesn’t surprise her listeners that Alma started public life as a nurse. Whether the topic of the day is world-scale or small, or in-between, Alma’s essential care for life is uppermost. "Engaged" and engaging, she brings events home to her listeners with a humanity and significance any less-personal reporting could never do. . . .

Mrs. John’s work with the teenagers of her community is a case in point. From the very start, she had a feeling radio was a natural for training youngsters in active citizenship and care for their community. With the offer of studio space in an uptown store, Alma invited the teens to share her microphone, and the big debate began. Whole seventh grades and their teachers, foreign student guests, young professionals in different fields, and voluntary groups came to talk with Alma of everything under the sun—health and grooming, community action, careers, other cultures. Her show had found itself a new double-barreled purpose: to stress and interpret "what’s right with teenagers." "Ninety-eight percent of our youth," Alma believes, "are eager to assume responsibility and leadership." The kids don’t let her down. The easy interchange of ideas gives them a tremendous sense of participation in what is, after all, their world. . . . Alma herself recalls a very busy but essentially happy teen-time in South Philadelphia. The child was only eleven when her mother died but, with pluck, she not only made a home for her dad and eight little brothers and sisters but finished high school at the top of her class. Her friend Marian Anderson encouraged her to develop her fine singing voice, but Alma had made up her mind. She set out for New York, found a job at the "Y," and entered Harlem Hospital School of Nursing . . . Alma was to go ahead fast in her chosen field, eventually becoming executive secretary of the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses. Always attracted to radio, she spent the long train rides of her job putting down on bits of paper ideas for scripts she’d had in mind. So, when N.A.C.G.N.’s effort to integrate the nursing profession was realized by 1952, it dissolved itself, and its hard-working secretary was "at liberty" to begin her "new career at forty." . . . Happily married for twenty-one years, Alma and Lisley John have no children of their own but, as she says, "Everybody’s children are ours." The world’s at her doorstep, and Alma John sees to it the welcome mat is out and the porch light left gleaming into the night.
that he's going to cut his next record album on pizzas—if the audience doesn't like the music they can eat them. . . .

Art Linkletter's new show, "Oddball," will be seen in January, and Art plays the role of a father whose daughter's name is Dawn. Link admits that "acting" is different from emceeing. "I take the script home at night and study my lines," he says, "then the next day director David Swift will diplomatically say, 'Link, try it this way...' His interpretations are always different from mine, and, after discussing the change with him, I find he's right 8 times out of 10. He ought to be—he wrote the script, too." . . . John Conte to Europe for three weeks in January to complete his NTA Mantovani musical series. . . . Linkletter to India in February for his "winter" cruise . . . Bob Loggia of "El sergo Baca" fame back from New York and a new Disney contract. . . . John Payne taking half of January off to be with his family more during the holidays. But it's not a real vacation for John—he hides in his work-room at home rewriting Restless Gun scripts. . . . Before Warner Anderson went into the Lineup series, he was seen in The Doctor series, which received only mild success and was on during Jack Webb's most popular period. Anderson said, at the time, that the best way to stay on the air was to become a detective. Proving to be his own best prophet, Warner has been on the air ever since . . . Wyatt Earp moving to another town? Not really—but a new, more authentic Western street is being built at the old Placertas Ranch to reproduce in elaborate detail Tombstone City's main street. Writer Stuart Lake is a stickler for detail, has spent years in Tombstone, brought back photographs of the old town which will be reproduced and seen on the TV screen in 1959. Dodge City named an alley after Wyatt Earp in 1957. Now an entire town is being rebuilt because of the magic television has brought to his name. Won't be long before we'll get him admitted to the Union. . . . Charlie Man With A Camera Bronson going home to Ehrenfeld, Pennsylvania, as the conquering hero for the holidays and to visit his mother, who is recovering from an operation. Charlie hasn't been home since he's worked his way up to stardom, admits that the physical labor involved in acting is just as tough as digging coal in a mine—which he did before turning to the boards. . . . Jack Smith sings! Jack, back before the cameras on You Asked For It, hasn't sung a note in two years. But so many letters remember "Smiling Jack" that he's been forced to come out of "retirement," and will sing on one of the early January shows. . . . John Newland thinks his new acting-directing assignment on the ABC-TV Alcoa show is the greatest. Series is built around true stories of unexplained experiences and premonitions. I have a premonition that this could be a hit. . . . Walter Brennan's son and four grandchildren down from their Oregon ranch to visit during the Xmas season; Walter then took off for Washington, D.C., to visit his daughter and grandchildren there over New Year's. Walter's son-in-law is a colonel in the Army. . . . Truth Or Consequences goes on the road in January with emcee Bob Barker hating to leave his new home. The laugh of the year was handed Bob last month when he came home to find his wife, Dorothy Jo, trying to teach their two basset hounds how to use the newly installed "doggie door" onto the back porch. "DJ," as Bob calls his bride, was on hands and knees pushing on the door with her head, then scurrying through to the porch. She did this two or three times, Bob says, but the dogs didn't move. They did, however, watch her with some concern. Dorothy Jo defends her un-ladylike position with, "You won't laugh when you lock yourself out someday like I did—fortunately, Barker, I'm still thin enough to go through that doggie door—you never will be." Well, that's North Hollywood for you!
Once It Was My Betrayer—but NOW—

MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!

The door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty... Marty..." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking. I realized, numbly—my Marty—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not you, Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only gryness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly then when he left here." Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"
"The Mail Order Shopper"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone on a reducing routine. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them, I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that, I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have. Can't help you. He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable," I asked. "Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phony. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an over-weight person feels the rush of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products fail to account for the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions. Maggie, you're different."

"Marty, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to over-eat even though you weren't hungry?"

I understood you over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"Do you see?"

"I do. I had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren't hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you were hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as the drive most people for weight becomes hunger."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"Yes, I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, SLIMTOWN. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was Antipatin that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. The second was Gastrocalm—true—and the ingredient that feels good in your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new anti-stress agent called Antipatin. And it is a true food. It's function is to remove completely the tenseness, the high-voltage irritability you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like eating but would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least 198 did before the SLIMTOWN she had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take SLIMTOWN as directed. Clara pooh-pooed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost weight and had come in to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gift from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me walk to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will fall off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "SLIMTOWN guarantees Marty, too, Mar-ry." "Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those SLIMTOWNS before they're gone."

They are gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orkoff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only $2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply."

Here's the address:

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-42, 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.

They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you."

"And with a light kiss on my forehead, I left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in rebuttal, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married. Okay?"

"Just like that, I couldn't find words. I nodded."

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally heard my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The increase around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN'S there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of SLIMTOWN, we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new things in SLIMTOWN—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like SLIMTOWN. You order may send by order: $2.98 for the 10-day supply. $4.98 for 20-day supply. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-42
11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.

If SLIMTOWN does not live up to your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded without question or hesitation.
My Son, “Sugarfoot”

(Continued from page 40)

my son as “Will”—which he doesn’t particularly like, since he prefers to be called plain “Hutch.” These days, it seems like I’m always being asked how it feels to have a “star” for a son. My answer, in essence, is always the same: To me Will was never any better or worse than any normal boy to whom any mother, anywhere in the country, could have given their heart and pride. As I see it, being a favorite in the entertainment world is his job. While I respect his position and am grateful for his good fortune, this doesn’t strike him out for a special star in his crown.

On the contrary, I think God’s real rewards are those which are earned by the best of an understanding heart and that honesty in a man’s soul. In this respect, Will has been blessed. Fate and faith have always played great parts in our lives. I not only am confident certain things meant to be, but I have found our experience often teaches a lesson. Invariably, we gain more than we lose.

This has been proven to Will many times. The one most important time, I think, was after his discharge from the Army Signal Corps. During his Paris stint as a cryptographer, he was stimulated by his own ambition and that of his good, kind mentor. He learned a great deal. Following his discharge, there was a great letdown when he came home in 1954 and discovered his own private world had changed. Some of his childhood friends had died in the service. Others were married and leading new lives that excluded him. Will felt lost.

However, he was never afraid of hard work and, without the benefit of a college education, he took a job delivering Christmas packages for the post office. The hours were ghastly, but it isn’t in Will to complain. Finally, he came to a decision. Having been granted Phi Beta Kappa and summa cum laude—he had a B.A. degree in drama—he took advantage of the GI Bill and enrolled at U.C.L.A. for his M.A. in motion picture production. (Will’s love of acting dates back to the age of three, when he was already turning our garage into a theater.)

With all my heart, I believe that fate and love were at work when NBC-TV’s Matinee Theater held auditions for the college drama students. Although Will still had to pay his own way, he figured he should try and, for once in his life, he agreed to accompany another fellow and help boost his morale.

While the other students gave their all for their art, Will curled up comfortably behind the piano and fell asleep! The director spotted him at the end of the session and, upon learning that Will was a dramatic student, he called him back in and made the report one-hundred percent. Will read reluctantly—and came away with the big leading role of a psychopathic killer in The Young And Daring.

The hour-long show went on “live” TV on Saturday mornings. At eight o’clock that night—and with no dinner—Will was still talking to his helpmate, a young lady who had caught his performance and wanted to see him the following day. Could she have been more surprised—or, better yet, any more pleased—when he turned them all down, saying it was impossible. It was so typical of Will: He had promised to take some kids to the beach and he stood them up. With no one to blame.

When he felt free to make appointments, Will agreed to go out to Warner Bros. first—because TV producer William Orr’s secretary had been so charming on the phone. (“He’s a sincere gent, they de-

 spite to star Will in a segment of their Conflict series. After that, he played two more parts for Matinee Theater before the studio signed him to a long-term contract.

Following several TV and movie roles at Warner’s, Sugarfoot was created by them expressly for Will—one of the few times an hour-long series has been tailored for a particular Westerner with a sense of humor and a sense of justice, Will was on his way. Fate and faith had paid off! Sugarfoot—a term for the man who can’t be followed by a tenderfoot—is close to Will’s heart.

Will was born a few miles away from Hollywood’s studios. He went to three schools, each within the hour, and he will tell any story, any lie, and any truth. He’s a phlegmatic, with a touch of temper. He was quite young when he lost his father—who like his own father before him, was a prominent dentist, though he would have been about as creative, in the arts. Will’s father was very good at his work, but it was confining, and he loved to be outdoors whenever possible. On days off, we packed Will in a Montecito toy truck and drove him to the High Sierras. As a result, he still loves being outdoors and close to the earth.

I think any mother left alone, with a baby at home, would have moved to a quiet home many, many miles away in common while Will was growing up, so he was, in a sense, an “only child.”

For as far back as I can remember, Will was shy. His teachers, aware of his shyness, put him in school plays to help out. One time, Will played a jester who was supposed to be a quack, but who actually was Sherwood’s best friend. His pants fell off in the midst of it all, and he unbarred more of his soul. Hasty repairs were made, with the help of a large safety pin, and—in the best tradition of the trouper Will really is—the show went on.

Aside from the fact that Will had no little brothers or sisters, we are a large family, a rather brilliant one, on festive occasions. When Will was quite young, his grandfather used to work out little stunts for him to perform. I noticed then, whenever he was wearing a costume, that the提y did not enter him. He just came out of his shell. He’s always loved slapstick and yearns to do comedy on the screen. Someday, I think he will, too.

It is gratifying to see a school that he developed a terrific crush on a girl named Lorraine. He’d watch her from behind the curtains, but never bring himself to go out-side and speak to her. When I caught him in the studio in a dressing room and at the dinner table, he proudly announced: “Today I walked home with Lorraine.”

Needless to say, I was delighted that he had overcome his shyness, and asked him if they were “kissing up a storm.” "Oh, no," he said, in a horrified voice, "I just ran ahead of her—and jumped out from behind the hedges!”

But Will has developed a real crush on the senior girl in junior and high and wrote her poetry which he was too shy to present. At the beginning of his high-school days, there was another girl who he’d "impressed upon." But when he wanted to say to her—then sit by the phone, too shy to call. It took a full week before he summoned up courage to ask her out on a prom. When he finally blurted out his invitation, she accepted so fast he was less shy from that moment on.

Will has always loved a home and home life. He feels that he’s finally ready for marriage and I hope he has a large family, loving kids the way he does. After he signed his contract, he found a little hilltop home overlooking the lights of Hollywood. He bought it after one inspection. When he said, "Why should you remain in your apartment when there’s plenty of room for both of us? You took care of me—now it’s my turn to take care of you.”

That one little speech was the greatest reward, although I have never wanted any. Naturally, I was very touched, but I spoke my piece. Will’s life is his own. I don’t want him to feel responsible for me. Quite honestly, I enjoy being with my friends, playing bridge, gardening, reading, taking a walk. Besides, I’m not lonely. Will was so disappointed, however, it was agreed that I’d move in and stay long enough to get him started in his own home.

Fortunately, Will’s house is on two floor levels. He occupies the upstairs apartment and comes and goes as he pleases. He’s free to do or go for whom he wishes. It’s his own, and this is the way it should be. His weekends are usually devoted to making personal appearances, or following the different sports when he is free to do so. At home, he’s there six or seven or later. He’s tired when he gets home and likes to flop on the couch and relax, watching sport events on television.

Then he’s the first to admit he’s uncommunicative, but whatever the reason, he keeps it to himself. Will loves playing records, and I guess Louis Armstrong is the great favorite in his huge collection. He plays his records so loud that my B.A. isn’t safe; it has taken six books going at once. He likes animals and, as a kid, collected ducks, turtles, cats and dogs, but now there’s only room for the dog. He goes out playing his guitar, and his unrealized dream is to form his own company and help undis-covered talent.

Even as a tiny tot with a humorous smile which has always been a winner, Will was destined to make his mark. He’s come a long way and he never loses that humor. When he was a child, he never painted on his cheeks, instead he colored his face a solid corn-yellow color. It was better for photographic purposes, but he still doesn’t like it.

I think it was in September of 1956 that Will signed his contract—and they decided to change his name. Being descendants of illustrious ancestors, we had hoped to keep his name as a part of his identity: William Orr. But we came up with a long list of suggestions. When they preferred something that sounded more like a Western star, our efforts were in vain. They were so choosy that the hat and Maxwell Lewis Hutchison—who was new and green—and didn’t feel that he should protest. In the final analysis, it’s what a name stands for that really counts, and I hope all fans who have been so good to him will agree with me that my son, “Sugarfoot” Will Hutchins, stands for some of the best qualities a mother could ever want.
WHAT'S NEW IN EAST

(Continued from page 67)

tet, featured in Fred Astaire's spectacular
spectacular, romp again in a new Capitol
release, "Swingin' at the Cinema,"

Clara Ward, the gospel singer who has
many times sparked the Garaway show
and also set the Newport Jazz Festival on its
ear, has recorded for Dot, "Gospel
Concert With Clara Ward." This is sing-
ing that the Beaks', "Burrake: Raymond Burr (or

Perry Mason)," his shirt collar opened, sat
behind the hotel desk and mulled this
question: "TV: Who's this chum unitary
starring you, Ellery Queen, and Dragnet's Jack Webb? The
idea would be to present a murder and
see who could solve it first." Burr sud-
ddenly grinned, "You're kidding!
Anyway, we're on different net-
works, so it's impossible. But it would be
interesting." He then said, "I've never had an
incredible idea for a show, but I'm
becoming a pretty good amateur
lawyer. I've been reading law books by
the pound and, you know, I think some day I
might go after a law degree." Another time-
consumer for the moment, "If I get about
2,000 letters a week. Out of those,
about 300 require a personal answer. Ages
of writers range from about eight to
eighty and a lot between. Of course,
about eighteen on up, they ask if I'm mar-
ried." He's a bachelor and says, "Actually,
Della is my idea of a perfect woman—or,
rather, a combination of Della and Barbara
Staple, who plays the psychiatrist in this
Barbara is already happily married, and
in her marriage she's a good partner who
does things with her husband and family.
A perfect combination."

OFFBEAT: New Broadway play, "Far Away the Train Birds Cry," starring James Mac-
Arthur, was written by Lionel Krantz, who plays Ted Blake in Bright Lights,
N.Y.C. Central Intelligence, Times Arts and Sciences reports film production in the
East is on the upsweep. In first ten
months of '58, the Department of Com-
merce reported 100-million dollars in bill-
ings in N.Y.C., and this gave employment to
some 25,000 people, all told. Come East,
young man. But you don't have to live in N.Y.C. or L.A., be a long-
time network star. Slim Wilson, Jr., U.S.A.,
has never budged more than a
dozen miles from Springfield in the past
25 years but has made some 26,000 broad-
casts. It's a matter of making friends about the woman who complained to a
psychiatrist that her husband believed he
was a refrigerator. "But what bothers me,"
said the psychiatrist, "is that he sleeps with
his mouth open at night and the light
keeps me awake."

COME SAFARI WITH ME: A white hunter,
Chris Pollet, came to N.Y.C. to talk about
Lowell Tompkins, Chris acted as Lowell's guide in the
Belgian Congo, was impressed by Mr. Thomas. "He was always moving, looking, writing and
taking quick medical notes, but never, from the
kind of question he asked, that he was
no novice," Chris, a 27-year-old Belgian,
is no less intriguing. Five years ago, he
went to the Congo to work for Sabena
Airlines. Then he decided to start a cross-
dile farm. A year-and-a-half later, a herd
of rogue elephants trampled his farm and
made an omelet out of his alligator eggs.
He became a leader of the Sabena
Safaris into the Congo for big-game hunting and
photographic safaris. A 21-day safari for
two costs $2,790. "And you better come
soon," Chris says. "A few more years and
there will be too much civilization." If you
want to plan your summer vacation now,
write Chris, c/o Pollet Safaris, P.O.B. 229,
Bunia, Ituri, Belgian Congo.

HOW MANY FEATHERS
ON THIS STORK?

Add up the figures and
find out! Most anybody
can add, but can you add
correctly? The reason
people fail is because
they are
fascinating. Fun right
in your home and CASH
AWARDS (now on de-
posit) for the WIN-
ners.

$6,360.00 in cash prizes

FIRST PRIZE $2000

(including bonus)

Second Prize $1000.00

Third Prize $500.00

Fourth Prize $250.00

5th to 10th Prize each $200.00

HERE ARE SOME SIMPLIFIED INSTRUCTIONS AND CONTEST RULES

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly
a game of skill, to match up the numbers that
make up the drawing of the Stork 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 zeros, no one's, no zeros. There are no
doubled numbers like 22, 33, or 77. Just add 2 plus
3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. In
real life, of course, the Stork has no feathers in
the eye or on the beak and some black areas
are not a part of your figure. For the purposes
of this puzzle just add together the fig-
ures which form the body of the Stork. There
are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in
addition.

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your con-
tribution before the date printed on the entry
blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness
Bonus making the total $2,000. The Promptness
Bonus will be added to the first prize
only. Persons sending a $5.00 contribution to
our Scholarships Program are eligible for these
cash prizes. No additional donation will be re-
quired at any time from these immediate families. Checks
and Money Orders should be made payable to
"SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE, No. 44th"
and sent to us. We will send you a receipt for
your entry and contribution promptly.

3. You should check and recheck your solution
carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent
it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contest-
ant submitting an incorrect or missing entry
with an improved score provided each such
entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 con-
tribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your
entry and contribution promptly.

4. Any person may enter and win except
where local laws or regulations may prohibit.
This means that this year in response to many
requests we shall accept entries from localities out-
side the United States. Persons directly con-
ected with Scholarships Inc., their advertising
to agencies, and members of the immediate
family are ineligible. Prize winners of $500 or
more in our previous contests are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to
July 1. Entries postmarked May 10 will be ac-
ccepted.

6. In case of ties (which are probable) on this
Stork Puzzle the winners will be decided by a
tiebreaker number consisting of drawing a
path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a
high total. The contestant's position in the win-
ning 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 tie-
breaker puzzle and three days for each sub-
sequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven
tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to re-
ceive help from relatives or friends but ONLY
ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tie-
breaker puzzle by any group working together
and any solution known to have been submitted
in violation of this rule will be rejected. The
sponsors of this contest reserve the right to de-
cide any questions that may arise during the con-
test and persons who enter agree to accept these
decisions as final.

Just as soon as the winners have been de-
termined a complete Final Report of this contest
including the names and scores of all winners,
will be mailed to everyone who enters. Here is
a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rules
are simple and logical. It's entirely a contest
of numbers, strictly a game of skill. A pencil is
all that is 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.

C. L. KITTEL, Manager

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tirely managed by members of a local unit of a
national veterans organization which was granted
the Scholarships charter in 1954. Under the char-
ter they are required to devote receipts in excess of
prizes, advertising and legitimate expenses to
nurses training, child welfare and other tax
exempt worthy purposes.

Miss Gloria Lefter is one of over 85 nurses
aided under our scholarships and writes; "I wish
to thank you, Scholarships Inc., for three most
wonderful years and a life-long dream come true.
As a graduate nurse, I now have a bright future
ahead of me."

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Type your name and address if possible.

Name________________________

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75
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Vital questions about life and love are answered on radio's "My True Story." For it presents real-life stories taken right from the files of "True Story" Magazine. You hear how people like your friends, your neighbors, your own family have fought with life's most difficult emotional problems—and how they have won happiness. Be sure to listen—for the next thrilling episode may answer your most important question.

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What kind of life can a teenage diabetic hope for? Read "Chained To A Needle" in February TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.
In Defense of Working Mothers

(Continued from page 55)

if we are willing to listen, from the experiences of other working mothers.

Since September, 1951, Mary has starred as Joanne Tate in Search For Tomorrow. A month before the premiere of the dramatic serial, she had married dynamic, dark and handsome Richard Krolik, now head of his own public relations office. On July 30, 1955, their daughter Cynthia was born, a pretty pixie with light brown hair and soft gray eyes like her mother's. On October 17, 1956, Jeffrey was born, a lively little boy very like his sister, and her constant shadow until she started to nursery school last fall.

"I admit," says Mary, "that being a working mother with two little ones, only fourteen-and-a-half months apart, can be exhausting at times. When they were babies, I got very little sleep because I insisted on doing everything for them myself. I would be more sensible with the next one, but it was a great satisfaction to me then. Like all mothers, I felt that no one could tend to their needs as well as I." Modern woman starts from the premise that every mother, including the home-staying one, needs to develop some interest of her own in order to be completely happy. Her work can be contained within her own four walls. She can star as a superb cook, decorator, home designer, hostess. She can paint or write, sing or play a musical instrument, keeping her talent alive until there is more time for it. She can utilize her administrative or organizational abilities in community or club projects. The one requirement is that her activities must be personally stimulating and give her a feeling of accomplishment.

That sense of satisfaction is equally important to the woman who has a job to do away from home and family—the working mother. "My work is fascinating to me," Mary says. "I love being on television as Joanne Tate. She is a part of me now. I have grown with her, after seven-and-a-half years. I wouldn't give her up lightly, unless it interfered with the children and our home life. So far, Richard and I feel that none of us has missed anything. He is a busy man, and the time we spend together and with the children is doubly precious to us both."

Mary works four mornings a week, is away for rehearsals and broadcast from 8:35 until 12:45. She hurries home, either in time to have lunch with the children, or immediately after. To play with them, put them down for naps, dress them and take them to the park, give them their dinner when they come home just before their daddy arrives. Occasionally, there is an interview, a business lunch, a fitting or some downtown shopping. If so, she always explains to the children that she will be delayed.

Having help, either a relative or paid help, has advantages and disadvantages, and the working mother must be ready to accept both: "It means coming home to your own house and finding another woman in charge of it and your children. It means having another woman working in the house with you, probably living there, and having to adjust to her ways."

I believe, at least in the beginning, there is an emotional factor involved, a kind of competition between you. The first two helpers I had—and lost—were probably not as much at fault as I was. Just knowing someone else was doing the cooking I loved to do, and the things for my baby that I had been doing, made it hard for me. A woman has to face this problem and change herself before she changes anything else.

In choosing the right kind of person of whom she must leave her children, Mary prefers a woman who is a little slow and gentle, who will stop to listen to a child. She believes in establishing a good relationship with that person from the outset, in setting up "ground rules," in letting it be known, kindly but firmly, what you expect and what you will not tolerate.

"This immediately takes away some of the tensions," she explains. "In my case, I had to learn to turn things over to others without making a fuss. I had to learn that it was Pearl's kitchen (Pearl being the full-time nurse-cook) and Martha's house (Martha being the part-time houseworker) and that they were freeing me to do the other things I wanted to do.

Mary recalls the morning, early last spring, when they moved into the bigger, brighter apartment they had wanted for so long. It was a happy move, because it meant that each child would have a bedroom, Richard would have the library he'd talked about, and Mary would have the big, living room, the dining room and well-equipped kitchen she had dreamed of. She came off the set of Search For Tomorrow that morning after a dramatic scene, in time to answer a telephone call, then began to cry quietly.

"Why, Mary," director Dan Levin said, "I never knew you to be emotional like this about your work." Mary smiled a

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bit ruefully: "I'm not—but what would you do if you had two sick children, it was moving day, and you were just told that the people who packed for you had misjudged the space so badly that you had to pay several hundred dollars more for an extra van and time?"

The mother who can manage to be home in times of household crises is fortunate, but working mothers cannot always walk away from the job or even get time off. To avoid another such happening, Mary made plans for some time off when Cynthia started nursery school, until the little girl got used to riding back and forth with the other children in the school bus and to being away from the familiar faces of home for the first time in her life. "When Mommy can't always do things, sometimes Daddy can substitute—and very nicely," Mary observes. "Our daddy loves it when he can spare the time, and it's a treat for the children."

The working mother learns to make compromises about everything—except the welfare of her children. If she starts out as a perfectionist, she soon learns to forget it. "The stuff was beginning to poke out of one of my living-room chairs," Mary recalls, "and it stayed that way until I could find time to look up a man to fix it and to find the right fabric to re-cover it. There was a time when I couldn't have waited. I would have been impatient with delay. I wanted the house to be in perfect order all the time. But now I take these things quite calmly, knowing how relatively unimportant they are. As long as Richard and the children are all right, everything else can be made all right."

The working mother with a schedule like Mary's has some advantages. The time she does spend with her children is all theirs. (This is especially true, if she has some help with the house—and the children are apt to be more independent and adaptable, because they are exposed to other adults and learn to make some adjustments of their own.) The quality of time spent with a child has always seemed as important to me as the quantity," Mary points out. "I said this when I had only one child, and I believe it even more firmly now."

The mother who has outside contacts—not necessarily outside work or paid work, but something that takes her out of the home into an interesting environment—brings back a fresh viewpoint. Many mothers get some of this from adult groups, P.T.A. meetings, community work, where they get together and exchange ideas, and it is by no means any the less stimulating and helpful to the children.

Mary believes that, as children grow up, it is easier for the mother with a job to release them to live their own lives. "She already has another focus of attention and she doesn't have to search for something to fill the empty hours. But the working mother has to pay for this, through the years, by also putting up with certain disadvantages."

"She often gets over-tired—but what mother doesn't? Her social life suffers— in fact, the first thing that went, for Richard and me, was our very pleasant social life. We used to go out to dinner, we went to parties, we went to the theater. Now it's a treat to go to the movies occasionally. We seeded to that. Now I sneak into the neighborhood movie theater with a coat thrown over my 'working clothes.' Richard buys me a chocolate coconut bar, supplies himself with a bag of peanuts, and there we sit, happily."

Having to be extra-watchful is another price the busy mother pays. And being extra-sensitive to the moods of the children and the first signs of trouble. For a while, Cynthia wasn't eating her lunch, and
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Janet took it cool. She thought it would be "interesting." But her eyes danced when I asked the next obvious question: "How the hell do you tell your kids what happens? Would you care to be TV Radio Mirror's reporter during this trip?"

"Captain and Mrs. Day gave their consent," Janet writes, "Janet likes to write," she said her mother. It was settled. Janet would sell her first story to TV Radio Mirror. We concluded a little briefing session just before the ship called to board ship.

Thirty minutes later, the last of the troop trains came in. The whole railroad car packed could have saved those hours of standing in line to get on board. The soldiers had shoulder-armed hundred-pound baracks bags and marched half the length of the pier. The Presley train was shuttled right into the gangplank. Elvis piloted off, carrying an attaché case and a book. Flash bulbs popped and reporters shouted. Longshoremen yelled, "Hey, Houndog!"

M.P.'s and brass hurried him into the elevator.

Out of breath, the reporters crowded into the press room. Again, no Elvis. They hid him somewhere off-stage while a spoiled特写 delivered the address. The effect that Private Presley was just another private. That tore it.

With deadlines close and telephones miles away, they had to drive to distant darkrooms for furious. "Bring out Elvis," they demanded.

Then, in an instant, that mood changed. Private Elvis Presley strode in, grinned and said, "Boy, that's magic about that boy. A reaching out to other human beings which carries the use of words. Reporters who had been irritated by "hot shots" now saw magic in his eyes, and turned mellow. Writers swarmed around Elvis, demanding his signature. Photographers elbowed for room to shoot. I have never seen anything like it. Questions came fast. Elvis's answers were deft and touched with humor. How did he describe his ideal girl? "Female, sir," said Elvis. "What did you mean by that?" he asked, genuinely puzzled by the question. Elvis did not have a nickname, but he did have a collection of them. "I wouldn't want to print them," he said.

He spoke seriously about his mother, who had died soon after he entered the Army. "Because I was an only child, she was very close. She was a friend who would let me talk to her any hour of the day or night. It was a problem. I would get mad sometimes, when she wouldn't let me do something. But I found out she was right all along. Everything. She would try to slow me up if I thought I wanted to get married." He would not marry while in the service. "Even if I fall in love, I figure if she's the right sort of girl, she won't." The press and Presley were having a fine talk together when the Army called time. The Pier was crowded now. Families who had not been able to say goodbye to their own soldiers were trying to find them. Presley fans who had skipped school, and Terminal personnel on their lunch hour, perched on ladders lining the decks of the U.S.S. Randall were filled with troops and Army families.

The Army kids had appropriated the best spot of all. Quite a flock of them swarmed back on the flying bridge along the troop deck. Right in the center of the group was the Day trio. I waved. It was time for Janet to take over as the TV Radio Mirror reporter.

She airmailed her diary as soon as the ship docked at Bremerhaven. Her report, which follows, has been shortened a bit, but there have been few changes. We feel thirteen-year-old Janet's own "copy" has the flavor of Emily Kimbrough's "Our Friends the Fuzzballs."

Janet begins: "When Daddy ordered us to Germany last February, I didn't even imagine that I would be on the same ship as Elvis Presley. I didn't know for sure until this morning that he was really sailing on the Randall. I was never so excited in my life. Judy, my nine-year-old sister, was excited, too. She was so excited she got sick, sick, sick. Wow!"

The Days were the first of the families to board. "We went straight to our cabins and the whole family knew they certainly didn't want to miss seeing Elvis!" She waited impatiently for the press conference to end. Elvis finally came on board about noon and the soldiers waiting so that pictures could be taken of him walking up the gangplank with them. When he crossed, everyone on the Randall and even the pier staff yelled. They made his turn around so that I could take more pictures of him. Elvis even kissed a girl! Wish it could have been me. I was green with envy.

But we understood while Elvis, his manager and members of the RCA Victor staff went down to the ship's library for a final talk. Janet went to her cabin to unpack. It was very exciting. She went instantly then and told me all about it. I heard a band playing and people yelling. Elvis was standing on the deck giving away autographs and pictures.

You can bet I was on that deck in two seconds.

Janet had caught the fever. "I never thought that I could go crazy over any singer the way you see people doing in the newsreels and movies, but I really flipped over Elvis. He's more handsome than any of his pictures and with those long, black eyelashes... Sigh!"

The "All ashore" call came. Sailors cast off the lines. Elvis was at the rail. Perceptive Janet felt the drama. For the first time, he was leaving his native land. "I finally got his picture and just stood looking at it. I was very excited. I wasn't yelling anymore—just looking and thinking. He was very quiet and polite to everybody, but he looked sad—and little mad.

"Suddenly I felt a great pity for him. He must have been terribly tired and even with all these people, lonely. I wished I could have given him my own wonderful mother to talk to and help him. As we pulled away from the pier, I thought his eyes seemed ready to let a little tear go. I wanted to cry for him. Maybe the way he feels—probably no one will ever know, but if I had been Elvis I would have."

By the next morning, Tuesday, Janet was back to being a star reporter. "I haven't seen Elvis since yesterday. Rumor had it that he would be working in the library. I went down to see and 멜록으로비전. His eyes met mine several times, close up. I don't really think he cares if he sees Elvis or not. I've been wondering what I should say to Elvis if I met him. Since he's so much older than I am, I'm not sure."

Mr. Presley?

March Cover
Peter Lind Hayes
Radio Mirror
of your newsstand February 5

But everybody else seems just to call him by his first name."

As the ship logged distance, the Army got acquainted. They were quite a friendly bunch. The bops had begun to tease the girls. One boy reported that Elvis had been in the nursery, singing to the small children. When Janet went to see the kids, "We seemed to miss everything. Well, tomorrow is another day."

On Wednesday, the girls joined forces. "Dear Mom and Dad: Sorry I didn't mention that Bishop is one of the girls I've met. They're just as excited as I am about being on the Randall with Elvis. We spent the day looking for him—With no luck. He was supposed to be down in the office all day. Usually we're on the sun deck when somebody runs up saying Elvis is in the coffee lounge. Down we go and find him, 'He's just left.' It is very discouraging. "All the boys seem to be able to see him whenever they want to. They keep telling us, 'He doesn't like you girls. All you do is think about Elvis.' They're scared of you. That's enough to drive anybody crazy. You'd think we wanted to tear his clothes off."

By Thursday, talk centered on the variety show, set for Sunday night. Janet wrote: "I'm praying that Elvis will be in the act somewhere. Not held at 1:00 A.M. The Captain P. M. Lots of people go to watch. They're usually thrown out by some chief petty officer—you should hear everybody talk about him. Madder than hornets. The captain is also famous for his vantage point. The show is really great, though. He's very polite and has a terrific sense of humor."

Sometimes it seemed to Janet that the Army was the only family on board, the only ones deviling the girls. A bit of Army vs. Navy was also working up. "I caught a glimpse of Elvis today. He was just leaving the Transportation Office. The sailor who works in the ship's library always tells us how he plays cribbage with Elvis. He nearly drives us crazy saying that Elvis told him he hated girls. We wish to heaven we could be in the library!"

One boy did prove helpful. "Jerry Richards got my 'King Creole' album autographed by Elvis today, and on both sides inside. He felt so sorry going up and telling him for me. He said he couldn't even seem to find him." But the girls, too, had their innings. This afternoon, all the teenagers had a wonderful time. We got hold of some records and played them in the lounge. The favorites were Presley records and 'Johnny B. Goode,'"

Friday, Janet wrote, was simply nothing. "The sea was calm and beautiful, but boredom had set in. By Saturday, the topic was the variety show. "Everyone's excited about it. We know that Elvis isn't going to be singing in it but he will play the guitar."

Sunday, Janet wrote: "To start at the beginning of an exciting day, I shall say I went to church. Protestant Divine Service. The sea was calm and beautiful but I wanted to be alone. I slept the eight hours I was given."

"That variety show was really great. I overheard the captain himself say it was the best show they had had in ages. It started off with a mamba, then we had plans for a Guyana. We had a sail on while a sailor ate fry and glass. Even though you know there's a trick to it, you still can't believe it. A comedian was very funny. He had quite a bit of competition from the M.P. who used to be
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Teen-Age Marriages Do Pay Off

(Continued from page 56)

Lee. For, when we met, I knew when I said, "How-do-you-do," while Lee looked right through me. I went home and told Mother about her, and I thought I'd have to marry her one day!" I hadn't met her parents, knew nothing of his background. In fact, I knew nothing about him. Except that he was going to be my husband.

That was the first time in my life I had ever said blantly, "This I want and will get." Everything before sort of happened to me by accident. I was really afraid to admit this right away. I wanted to go slow and make sure that this was the right decision, because I might be hurt. Not so with Mr. Bonnell. The Gateway to Happiness was a little crowded for awhile, but eventually I knew a plain old man.

You see, I was one of Texas' entries for the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest. Lee was South Bend, Indiana's answer to the movies. We were at RKO with dozens of other contestants, trying for that winning contract which would create two new movie stars called Terry Belmont and Gale Storm (please note the billing—a wise move). I was determined to come Terry and I, and I was determined to make my bid for the name of Gale Storm last as long as possible. I didn't expect to win. But, I tried to make the most of it—nothing could be more receptive, perceptions of me in need of a plan. It goes without saying, really, that you should try this first on a fellow who are are would never go as far as an objectionable—or, rather, objective—while you practice. It's easier to use good judgment if you're not too emotionally involved.

Unfortunately, in this case, I reminded Lee of his fourteen-year-old sister! What do you do when you're the older brother? Your little sister. He practically patted me on the head, whilst he made gay-bachelor doings with sophisticated actresses. As I had nothing to lose and everything to gain, I kept on. One day, before we knew of each other, me and my attention, honestly flitting, most carefully, his dependable male ego. In this way, I came to realize that I thought he was something very special.

The only problem at this stage is that everybody else notices it, too, and it can get embarrassing. But the first good results can be worth it. The producer began to pair us off in the contest plays. After a period of time, you can really take advantage of such opportunities and lay the flattery and interest on pretty thick. He becomes accustomed to this treatment with the greatest of ease, kindly accepts it and casually expects it.

If you cut off your supply abruptly. But you must be very careful. Not be angry, upset or ignoring. You just don't see him, sort of. He begins to notice. He wents to notice. He is aware of you at all. He has to be reassured that he is interesting. He is forced to take an interest in you. When he starts in on you, he has to start again. He has to "through himself and get going again. And once you get his interest... Well, girls, this is the way. Isn't that sneaky?

Once I'd snagged my man, Mother stepped in and suggested rather firmly that we wait a year to marry, as I was just finishing high school on the RKO lot and that I should "wait and see". I hesitated. I reluctantly agreed. We decided it wouldn't hurt to wait. Nothing changed in that year, except that Lee and I got to know each other better. About the time Terry Belmont and Gale Storm—we won—we both worked hard. It was a year well-spent in learning about each other and preparing for our marriage. But, naturally, we were married, I was still very immature.

However, we had the ingredients that make a teen-age marriage continue to be happy. We were quite young. We were both kind of green, background, which is pretty important. We had similar good, solid family foundations—not money, but right environment. I think it's difficult to find people to marry and material things and the other isn't. It can bring up problems that those with a sameness of background don't have to consider. We felt the same way about each other. I believe in this fifty-fifty husband-wife bit. It's a question of which one needs the most at the moment. Percentages should be kept in mind. Finally, the whole process of growth is in great need. Fathers who feel nothing is their job except bringing home a paycheck are missing the maximum pleasure of their children. It's the everyday things that you'll miss if you don't get them right. I and I both sort of grew into being parents. And he was as eager to take care of the babies—from bottles to diapers—as I was.

Another basic we had in common was religious background and a strong spiritual life. We shopped for the right church before we were married. I was a Methodist and Lee a Christian—and that's just what he said, when we settled on the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church: "I'm going to be a Christian out of me!" When the children came along we started teaching Sunday School. Worked our way up from kindergarten to junior-high groups. And, even though we live in the roadhouse work, we all go to the Beverly Christian Church on Sunday. A spiritual life makes marriages so much fuller—more solid. For, after all, it's only so that the two individuals—faith is all we've got. And a spiritual life is like marriage. It has to be worked at daily.

Think the constant working for a happy marriage is buried under a load of idealized, glamorous, pink and frothy bubble-bath today. Everybody expects to have a bath and butcher to bubble forever. Not a bit of the bath underwater is softer and heavily scented to fulfill its primary purpose. If you think I'm all wet, that's your privi

Lee had a different attitude. He believed that one can have sex and not expect life to be a perennial honey moon that stays happy. There's no reason why a pair of teeth on the right side of a row must be loose. Physical needs are the first to be satisfied.

When I think of the work that he has done in training ministry, I'm very proud of him. I believe I'm working for a marriage that is stronger now than it was in the beginning. It's stronger because of the child and the love that we have for each other. Lee had to learn that I wasn't going to be a "mother's girl." That made it take longer for me to develop maturity. If Lee said, "You hair looked better the other day," my sensitivity would be hurt. My sense of humor has developed. If I remained overly sensitive about everything, I would make our relationship unnatural. And I saw it for what it was—"I love you." Mrs. Bonnell settled down, in that area.

There were other areas. Like arguments. It always amazes me when people say, "I don't understand why you're crying." My reaction is "Ick." What kind of a life can they have led? To me, there...
are two kinds of arguments and Lee and I have had both—the destructive and the constructive. They can sound exactly the same—the anger, the tears, the hissionics. But the constructive goes something like this (and, you know, it’s quite possible this one is real, from somewhere “way back in the past”):

So I say to Lee, “You left your dirty clothes out all over the floor and chairs. I have to pick up all day long after the children. The least you can do is pick up after yourself!”

And he says, “So what about your kitchen—if you’re so neat and tidy? Stacked to the ceiling with dirty dishes while you listen to the radio.”

Now this can bring on recriminations, tears and fury. But right in the middle of it, no matter how mad you are, you can ask yourself: Is this constructive or destructive? (You can, because I’ve done it.) This one is constructive because, after you’ve said all the silly things and made up, he remembers about his clothes and, because he loves you, he makes a special effort. And you, loving him and revelling in his thoughtfulness, spic-and-span the kitchen and try to keep it that way.

The destructive arguments tear at the other person’s ego, touch on a subject where the other person is terribly sensitive, or harp on something he dislikes about himself. One word in anger can start a devastating barrage of destruction. One word in particular, around this house, can flip my wig to the beamed ceilings: “always.” It’s a trigger word. Like: “Why do you always wake up mean and moody?” The angry answer has to be “What do you mean ‘always’?” Nothing happens “always” and to use it in criticism,-marriage, can start a whirlwind of a fight. Making up takes longer after one of these.

Please remember, though, that a good, lusty argument really isn’t the end of a marriage—it may even help cement it. And, of course, nothing cements marriage like children. If you’re a teen-age bride, you can start your family early enough and be young when they are grown—in fact, grow up with them.

The world’s largest and oldest fifteen-year-old just walked by and asked a question. Actually, this handsome hulk is Phillip, our firstborn. He’s edging over the six-foot mark and treats me tenderly, as if I were slightly addled. Occasionally, he just grins at me and says fondly, “Mother, you’re so immature.” He thinks he’s kidding, of course, but he’s so right! I hope he never finds out.

Peter and Paul are adopting their older brother’s attitude toward their mother, just as fast as they can swing that many nonchalance without their voices cracking. But then I have Susanna, who just reached two—and doesn’t have the male attitude toward her mother. My blonde little pixie thinks I’m quite motherly. Especially when I am a good audience to her rather dramatic, though garbled rundown of the day’s happenings.

We have never had what I like to call “The Children’s Hour.” That’s when the nurse marches the children out to have a fast forty-five minutes “with mummy and daddy” and then they return, only to be produced on call. Our kids can have “Children’s Hour” twenty-four hours a day.

And now my husband has come home. He’s settling down from one anothering. If I’ve ever doubted that a teen-age marriage can pay off, I need only appraise my own happiness and feel the surge of fulfillment when I see that smile of contentment on the face of my handsome husband.

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The Beauty with the Brain or Top

(Continued from page 29)
make simple toys and useful articles from ordinary objects to be found around every home—a plate, a spoon, a brown paper bag Daddy's old socks.

There is no limit to the fun that can be had with a little ingenuity. Shari works on the theory that money isn't all a necessary commodity in the world of childhood. More important is learning to use your ten fingers, your senses, your voice and the inanimate objects close at hand.

She is not merely the exponent of this philosophy, she's the living proof of it. Both her parents were teachers. Her mother is music supervisor for the Bronx Board of Education in the Bronx Public Schools. Her father, Dr. Abraham Hurwitz, has been professor of Child Guidance at Yeshiva University for the past twenty-five years. In the beginning, his university took only three hours a day. In those difficult times, with a family to support, a man took on as many jobs as he could get. Dr. Hurwitz was head of Creative Education for the City of New York, as well as official magician—"Peter Pan, the Magic Man." He had many fine European artists working under him on W.P.A. And he had as a great a number in learning as in music. Little Shari, taught by her parents from the age of sixteen months, picked up a wealth of material, voices, imitations, tricks gladly shared with the Hurwitzes by the artists they met.

Dr. Hurwitz also worked with problem boys at orphanages and with average kids every summer at camp. Mrs. Hurwitz was his right hand, teaching and sampling the fun. Participating in everything was little Shari. "She was raised on a music box," her mother says. "As a baby, she went to sleep with it. As a toddler, she opened it and listen fascinated. Seeing that she took music, I taught her piano. Gradually, she took on accordion, xylophone, violin and other instruments. If Shari wanted to change instruments, we never blocked her. All we insisted upon was that she stay with the new one till she learned to play pieces."

From a survey of his problem boys, Dr. Hurwitz learned that magic was their biggest attraction. So he used magic to hold their interest and to teach. He had number tricks, word tricks, counting, playing pipe tricks. "You can teach a child anything by making it a game" has always been his philosophy.

Shari has never been the wary Hurwitzes believed strongly in family life but were such active, busy people, they had to make Shari a part of all their activities. They took her along to camp, theater, and performances. Shari performed with them. When Dr. Hurwitz learned new magic tricks for his boys, Shari learned them, too. She lapped everything up—the magic, the music, the imitations, the voices. She also developed a pleasant voice.

"With Shari, as with all children," her father says, "it was a question of going with the flow. Shari's first interest was in dancing. I got her interested in magic by teaching her a simple trick that she could do while she danced—changing the color of scarves."

Shari has been performing in public from the age of four, when she pulled a rabbit out of a hat at a magic show. Because she grew up during the Depression and her parents couldn't give her money to buy every new toy that came out, they taught her how to make her own. "The joy of creating is much greater than just buying something," Dr. Hurwitz explains.

"Parents can't always hand out money, and it's not always wise to do this, even if you can. The best things you can give your child are understanding, interest, imagination. We gave Shari materials and the opportunity to follow her interests. We taught her to 'make do' with what she had."

They listened to her, too, so she found it easy to talk. "We're a family of extraverts," Shari laughs. "We're all tiny and we're always talking. At school, I was the shortest one in the class, so there was never any question of where I'd be found. Always in the front row! But what I lacked in height, I made up for in talk."

She became the "Charles Laughton" of junior high when she was picked to read the Bible while they were having services. And every year, from the time she was four till she was twenty-four, she took part in the magic show her father put on in the C Street School.

At the High School of Music and Art, she specialized in voice, piano and violin. But she also kept up her dancing at the School of American Ballet, and studied traditional Russian dance at both Yaglowsky and Columbia University. In her mid-teens, she and her father entertained for the U.S.O. At sixteen, she played summer stock, and then joined the Jaffeville Music Circus and was sure that, when she was graduated, she'd be a dancer.

But, a year later, she had a broken leg and a broken dream. Her father didn't let her brood over this fate for long. Before she could say, "Woe is me!"—he was teaching her ventriloquism to amuse her during the long summer months. She was good at it that, three months later, she won first prize on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. She began to think of having her own TV show and formulating one in her mind.

One day on Broadway, she ran into Lan O'Kun, whom she remembered from high school, though she hadn't known him well then. "I know you, " said Shari. "Your father was one of my teachers and you used to write music and play the piano. What are you doing now?"

"I'm still writing and playing the piano," said Lan. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to have a TV show," Shari said airily. "Maybe we should get together."

It was a happy thought, though Lan was cautious. "They'll never be dreams then. Yet, from the beginning, the combo was a tearing success. Lan writes all of Shari's music—several original tunes a week. He is her accompanist and head writer, as well as composer.

A year after the Godfrey program, at the age of eighteen, Shari had her own show, Paets 'N Fun. This was followed by a series of other programs, Kartoont Klub, Shari And Her Friends and, in 1957, Shariand and Hi Mom. Shari has taken to TV like a charm. She has the happy tantalized yet spontaneous medium calls for, and nothing has fazed her, from earliest days.

When she was a puppeteer and a puppeteer's wife, the only thing that interested her about being tongue-tied. Because she was relaxed and could laugh over errors, her audiences laughed with her. Even today, when she's teaching her viewers to make the little puppet, occasionally goes wrong. Shari will laugh, admit "I goofed!" and go on. It's an attitude that keeps kids and their parents from getting self-conscious. Even mistakes are fun when you can pick yourself up and try again.

In preparing their shows, Shari and her staff sit around breakfast at a nearby
Gobel's Cinderella Kids

(Continued from page 47)
twinkles daughter Mary. "We journeyed from a town of 3,110 to one with about 150,000—almost twenty-four hours!" To this, her father adds, "Your mother and I were high-school sweethearts in Emmetsburg. There are a million memories tying us to that little town. Even to move made one view seem like a transatlantic trip."

A war veteran, Claude got a job clerking for a grocer, and the Kids, their volume now bolstered by another sister, Claudia, added their bit to the family income with a paid singing job on Station KICD. Their sponsor was Stone's Shoe Store and, as Marie puts it, "A good chunk of the income went to the store. Like most active children, they were always going through their shoes." At this period, Mary had become the "leadin'" singer of the group. Her catalogue number was "Who, Who, Who Pulled the Light Plug Out of the Socket," and it never failed to set the audience tapping and whooping with delight. "They loved us in Spencer, actually . . . the suspense suddenly was over. The columnist, Gammock, got a call from Zarnow. The Kids were going to be on the Godfrey show! But would they get their "talent scout?" Would he? "Try and stop me," he exulted.

Fishier was also pleased but skeptical. "I realized at once they couldn't win. The style just wasn't right for a harmonica player. But I was proud of the show the Kids put on. Even those who voted for their harmonica whiz were obviously won over by the Pettits."

To young Claudia, however, "winning didn't matter—we had five days in New York and we saw the Statue of Liberty, the Bronx Zoo and everything!"

Another break was the signing of a contract with Spinning Records and the cutting of their first platter, "Blessed Are They," a semi-spiritual that sold over 20,000 in the first week.
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Don't fly... this time to Hollywood; the dropping of "The Petites," as "sounding too much like a foreign group," in favor of "The Kids Next Door"; and, finally, their incorporation under terms which allows each to get an individual check. "With money comes responsibility," Marie warned them sternly. "There will be no rash spending... and no running around with swollen heads."

While Marie's concern is natural from the parental point of view, Fisher feels there is no cause for worry. These kids have their feet on solid ground. They're not likely to fly off, half-cocked. They are also not likely to get conceited, not with parents like Claude and Marie. They are well aware of being in the big-time now and that they have a lot to learn. They still need plenty of building... "Building?" teases Claudia. "He built us up so good, we had to go on a diet. Every pound shows on television." Alice and Patty sigh and nod their heads in sad agreement, but Mary and Bob only grin. They have no weight problem.

In line with their usual procedure, Claude and Marie and the two younger children motored across the country a month before the singing segment of the family wound up their bookings in the Midwest. A four-bedroom, two-bath home was rented, and Claude immediately set about landing a job as manager of a supermarket. "The Kids have a fine manager who takes care of their business affairs, and we don't interfere," he explains. "And, if I'm working and earning a living for the non-singing part of the family, the Kids can concentrate on their careers, with one less worry on their minds."

"Mr. Gobel and all the others here in Hollywood," says Alice, "have been unbelievably kind to us—encouraging us and giving advice based on long experience. No matter how much our kids may take time out to discuss any problem that might arise for us," To which Bob adds, "Jim Backus was the guest at our first show and he spent hours with us telling funny jokes, just to get us relaxed."

Although the Kids have already won a legion of admirers—because in the words of one reviewer, "their voices dovetail beautifully, an ear-thrilling, spine-tingling blend"—each has kept those traits that make for individuality. Bob, the eldest, and the only boy in the group, has green eyes, loves hunting and fishing, and shows artistic promise. Pointing to some sketches he did of his sisters, he says, "It doesn't look much like them but it's how I see them." A graduate of Roosevelt High in Des Moines, Iowa, he has just gone to college and, as soon as the family is more settled into California life. If the group ever disbands, he'd choose sportscasting as his vocation.

The "harry" group, blue-eyed Alice, called "Al," is both spokescman and peacemaker. She helps her mother run the house; looks after little five-year-old Claude; helps get Donny, 9, off to school; hopes to marry "one of these days" and raise a large family. She and Patty wear the same style of clothes and, with the sisterly resemblance, are often mistaken for twins. Her manner and style are casual, even when "dressing up." In 1935 and 1936, she and Bob worked in a bakery to help the family budget. Bob rolled doughnuts and Al sold them. She is a graduate of Spalding University in Louisville, Ky.

Third in line, Patty, called "Pat," has brown eyes, is a definite extrovert and loves bright colors. A trampoline expert who used to perform during halves at basketball games, she is a member of the Girls' Athletic Association at Spencer High. Like Al, she has no desire for col-
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sand toys and other presents having nothing to do with hospitals and babies. All the numbers on the hat were all one was numbered. Attached to each was a card, with a heart, drawn on it by Jeanne—her "signature" for Mary Ann. Jeanne showed her the wrapping and told her to take a look for herself while Mama was in the hospital awaiting the baby, Mildred Davis, the maid, would give her one of the gifts.

"Boy," said the baby by Mary Ann, "won't I be able to talk to you?"

"Yes," promised Jeanne. "I'll call you every day. Shall I call at dinner time?"

"No, mother. Please call me at lunch."

Grandma Morrison, a beaming, happy woman in her early seventies, has gone through joy almost equal to Jeanne's and her son's with the birth of their second daughter. It had been the plan to name the first one after her—"Mary Ann" for "Anna Marie." Now, just before the new baby arrived, Mrs. Morrison said to Jeanne, "Please use Cagney as the baby's middle name. If it's a boy, name him Thomas Cagney Morrison."

Jack added, "Jeanne, if the baby's a girl, let's name her Theresa Cagney Morrison." Terry has obviously been born into a family full of love and laughter—though these haven't always been come by easily. Watching blonde Mary Ann whirl around the room in her little yellow organandy dress, it's hard to imagine that these memories that dance brings back! My mother had a life that would bowl you over. My father died six months before I was born. With four boys to raise and me on the way, she could hardly be accused of self-pity.

"But, if you expected anything like it, that would be something you didn't know about my mother. She might be in the middle of all kinds of things, yet she'd be in an apron, sweeping the floor, but when the organ-grinder came into the back yard, she'd grab her broom, and dance with it as she sang! I love dancing. I think of my mother and her room. It's a funny thing—Mary Ann looks just like Jack. But, when she puts the eye on you as my mother used to do, she has that X-ray gaze. She has purplish-blue eyes, very much like my mother's, too.
“I shall have so many wonderful stories about my mom to pass on to the children,” Jeanne recalls. “For instance, the one about my mother’s earrings. We were very poor when we were youngsters. When my father died, Mother was left without any valuable possession she had was a pair of wonderful pendant diamond earrings. My mother was a very pretty woman, and they were just the thing for her to wear when she got dressed up.

“Those earrings were a life-saver. At all moments of crisis, my mother would pawn them, then my brothers would work like mad to pay them back the years, in and out of the pawnshop those earrings would go. When my brother Harry wanted to go to medical school, Mother pawned them for his tuition. Later, he bought them back.

“Mother left the earrings to me. She was much taller than I, and I couldn’t quite wear them. They were so heavy. But I had a feeling that if I ever had any daughters, I would wear them. I thought of how grateful I am to be a member of a large family—of how much emptier my life would be if I didn’t have four brothers and the wild, full heart, how wonderful it was that I was bringing home a baby sister for Mary.

“Right now, Mary Ann has the traditional mixed, childish feelings about Terry. Sometimes she feels a lack of interest in her, but she sometimes becomes exasperated with her. At first, when I would nurse Terry, Mary Ann would resent it a little—till I told her that I’d nursed her, too, when she was a baby. Then she’d watch me and, giggling, copy me as she played with her dolls before she dropped off to sleep.

“Shall have a girl friend of about her own age, Marj. Many times, of late, Mary Margaret came over to have lunch on the patio with Mary Ann. The first thing Mary Ann wanted to do was to show her girl friend what a big home she was living in. Frankly, Mary Margaret was much more interested in the toys on the patio than in the new baby. Disconcerted by Margaret’s lack of interest, Mary Ann ordered, ‘Now, Margaret, you look at my baby!’

“Each day has surprises for Jeanne. When she looks at Mary Ann, she feels as if she is looking at the face of her beloved husband, Jack Morrison. They are both involved in the theater arts at U.C.L.A. And, when she looks at their younger daughter, she thinks of surprise. Can this be my face? But Terry really does look like him.

“Our house is in a state of flux right now,” laughs Jeanne. “When Jack and I first got married, it seemed such a big house. Now, it seems as if we’re short about two bedrooms. Today, I’ve been looking for a way to convert the dining room into a place for the baby. Later, we’ll put the two little girls into the same bedroom, and perhaps build a third bedroom for Charlie.

“The relationship between Patience and Charlie and the two latest arrivals at the Morrison household is something wonderful to behold. One day, Charlie hurt his finger. Mary Ann looked at him with his big ‘X-ray’ eyes, and asked, ‘Does your finger hurt, my brother?’

“Jeffie swallowed a lump in his throat, and Jeanne swallowed one in hers. ‘As the little sister of four big brothers, I understand how she feels,’ says Jeanne. ‘Big brothers can be very wonderful. All the love and concern in the world and in Mary Ann’s voice—and Charlie couldn’t help responding to that. ‘Patience and Charlie have enriched my life immeasurably,’ she continues. Of course, I could never take the place of their mother, and I would never want to, but I love the idea that, when they visit with us, I can add a little to their happiness.’

“Almost from the start, Patience and Charlie have approved of Jeanne. Jeanne and Jack Morrison met for the first time at an ANTA Theater meeting at the home of Jack’s mother, Mrs. Morrison, who is studying child development, and observing children at U.C.L.A. elementary school. Unwittingly, she had been observing her future stepchildren, who were in the class. Jeanne even invited to dinner, and her friend Carol Stone Jack had been invited to dinner; Jeanne hadn’t. They saw each other through a crack in the door, and liked what they saw. ‘From the start,’ Jeanne recalls, ‘we talked like old friends. I said to myself, ‘What a wonderful man. I wonder if he’s married? If he keeps his house like me, too.’

“Later, she found out he was divorced. A couple of months later, he invited her to lunch in the faculty dining room at U.C.L.A. Jeanne said forthrightly, ‘I’d like to meet your family.’

“After she met the children, they saw a lot of each other. About six months after meeting Jeanne, Patience—or ‘Peische,’ as Jeanne calls her—pinned Jeanne with her father. The last time at the time was only five, was not as verbal or demonstrative as Peische. But there was no doubt of his meaning, the day he came to Jeanne, bearing a magazine in his hand, and pointed to the cover—a picture of a bride and groom. ‘There was never any formal proposal,’ Jeanne says. ‘Jack and I knew we’d get married when there wasn’t any doubt, any question in either of our minds.’

“They decided that, before they married, they’d invite both Charlie and Peische and their brother Bill’s children to the Sierra Club’s ski hut, Keller Peak, in California. Jeanne was to prepare the picnic lunch. She was a little late in getting the lunch ready and, while the children decorated Jack’s car all over with flowers.

“We had a wonderful time,’ Jeanne recalls. ‘It was one of the most delightful trips I’ve ever taken. Everyone smiled at us. The children, with their decorations, looked like something from Hawaii.’

“Later, Jeanne’s brother Bill said, ‘Of course, people smiled. They must have thought it was a wedding cavalcade’.

“A week later, Jeanne had called Charlie, ‘with five children!’ In addition to Charlie and Peische’s two children, a friend of Peische’s had come along, too.

“Jeanne and Jack were married on June 8, 1953, about four months after the trip in the decked-out Studebaker. The years since have been colorful, and filled with warmth, devotion, and love. And, now that they’ve arrived in the Morrison household, Jeanne is integrating the baby’s life into that of the family, as though it had always been.

“‘How wonderful,’ Jeanne smiles, ‘that the one thing we love most—love—is the thing we have so much of to give. It doesn’t really matter whether we have one bedroom, or two, or three or four; and then we can give our children love, you are giving them everything that they need and want most.’
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(Continued from page 35)

world over. This is why Marlene Dietrich, of all people, be asked for advice and help with problems that have never, you might suppose, been hers? And what enables Marlene Dietrich, of all people, to give advice and be of help with such problems?

Recently, one of her close friends supplied the clue: "Marlene looks less basic and has more of the basic qualities than any other woman in the world.

If this means love of family and a know-how about cooking and housekeeping and the care and feeding of the young, then Marlene has the basic qualities indeed. But Marlene is lacking in one important respect. A rejection of any grand family tradition, just the opposite of a call to unite us all as a happy family. Marlene is a free spirit, a superb housekeeper, a superb hostess, a superb cook, a hostess to dream of. She is not only capable of doing the same things as other women, but she does them supremely well. Furthermore, she has a sense of values (and of humor) which prompts her to shrug off the glamour of her name, whenever it tends to obscure the financial and moral values in her life, as if it were a loose sequin.

For example, in the early 1930's, when she was first brought to Hollywood from Germany, to co-star in a film with Gary Cooper, Marlene took this way of life. There was no star to admit being a mother. Quite a few of poverty and loveliness of that era abided by the taboos, but not Marlene. Against the rules of her studio bosses, she spoke of her child.

She hasn't changed. Today, if you were to ask her what, in her opinion, is the most important and precious thing in life, she would say—as though surprised that anyone would ever ask her—"I think that I can't imagine my life, I can't remember what I did, or what interested me, or what the days were like, before I had Maria."

Marlene's friends can't imagine Marlene's life without Maria, either. On the walls and incidentals tables in the living room of her Park Avenue apartment in New York, there are pictures of her friends—many of whom have achieved in various fields. One is affiliation, not only autographed by her good friend and favorite author, Ernest Hemingway, but also signed, "To Marlene—always your fan, Maurice." Still another is of Sir Alexander Fleming, who discovered penicillin—and gave Marlene the mold from which it was first extracted. The latter, Marlene explains, removing from the wall a small frame under the glass of which is a pale green mound, is "one of my cherished possesions.

And perhaps the most important in the life of one of the world's most fabulous women is the well-being of Maria and her young family. Whenever Maria is obliged to be away from him, Marlene writes, "I feel like a stranger in our home.

"You and your family are the most important things in Marlene's life. She has written of the "happyness of being a momen."

Once, before she did her first broadcast on Monitor, last October, Marlene spent the better part of a week supervising the painters and paperhangers who were redoing her house. Which is actually within walking distance of Marlene's apartment), in order to have the job done before Maria and her husband and children returned from a vacation. And on more than one occasion, says Maria, her mother has stopped by on an afternoon "looking too fabulous to touch and, a few minutes later, was down on her hands and knees scrubbing my kitchen floor. Why? Probably because it needed scrubbing!"

Mommy's motto is: I do whatever is necessary. Or it should be. Because she does.

"Duties and responsibilities," Marlene says, "are what make life most worth the living. Duties, first of all, to your family. Duties as a wife, as a mother—to anyone, friend, or stranger, who is in need of help. You don't have to figure out what your duties are. Supply-and-demand does that for you. For instance, when a lonesome person phones a friend, that phone call includes conversation, or listening, or straightening out the bed—or just a bunch of flowers and a call. Or, if someone needs someone to talk to, I sit and talk. Duties are what make life most valuable.

But Marlene, says, with a perceptible shiver, "would be like living in empty space. Or no family.

Marlene is of a very relaxed and restful-to-be-with temperament. She speaks in a low, slightly husky murmur, almost as if she is thinking aloud. Her movements are leisurely and unhurried, deliberately so. If asked, "In fact, I only hate, the only thing that makes me nervous," she says, "is rushing to be there at 10:34, there at 12:22, somewhere else at 2:13. . . ."

Marlene and her friends, for instance, says, "Marlene is not much help. She invariably takes the attitude of live-and-let-live or there-but-for-the-graces of God."

But Marlene is capable of becoming very annoyed with women who say, "I'm just a housewife," in a self-deprecatory tone of voice. As if, says Marlene, "the forty-eight-hours' job of running a household and bringing up children is not interesting enough to take pride in!"

"I think," Marlene says, "there are only two valid or compulsive reasons for a woman to become a housewife. One is financial necessity. The other is the possession of a great talent. I think if you have a great talent, you have a drive inside of you that will not let you rest. I think Marlene has a great talent. Because I think so, I advised her to have her career. But, if she had a little talent, I would have advised her otherwise. As a rule, I go on, fewer and fewer women know the hardship of just making a home can bring. It is a pity."

In her particular case, Marlene says, having a career had to do with political situations. In her home country—or why she was her own country before, in 1939, she became a naturalized American citizen. Marlene was born in Berlin. Her father, Eduard von Losch, was an officer in the pre-Hitler German Army. He was christened Mary Magdalene von Losch, but changed her name when she began her film career. Actually, she had been christened (first and middle) "Margareta" (of Mary Magdalene) practically from cradle days. "Dietrich" was her mother's maiden name.

Her father was killed in action on the Russian front when Marlene and her sister were children. When revolution broke out in Berlin, Marlene and her sister and mother knew privation, sometimes hunger, and the constant threat of dan-
Disappointed, but with too much stamina to be defeated, Marlene turned to the theater, enrolling in the Max Reinhardt school of acting. In connection with her Reinhardt connections, she took small roles in the Berlin film studios. It was during this time that she met and married Rudolph Sieber, an assistant film director. After her marriage, she "graduated" to starring in German theaters. Josef Von Sternberg happened to see her in one of the small parts she was given to play, when he was casting for his film, and he fired her. When she kissed him on the cheek, he fired her. "I make some coffee in the morning—In plenty of time for my maid to have a cup when she comes in. She doesn't diet. I couldn't be bothered to make myself to eat, that is, just because it's lunch or dinner time. If I'm hungry at three in the afternoon, I eat like a horse at three in the afternoon."

Marlene's apartment, although beautifully and imaginatively done, is of medium size. There is an entrance hall or foyer which also serves as a dining room, a large living room, a very large bedroom opening onto a terrace from which there is a breathtaking view of the city, a kitchen, and Marlene does the cooking, when she has guests. The walls of the bathrooms are covered with antique mirror-glass. The walls, draperies and upholstery in the living room and bedroom are blending shades of beige, her favorite color. At the end of the living room is a grand piano, at the other end a fireplace flanked with bookshelves. In her bedroom, an enormous "Hollywood" bed covered with monogrammed beige satin spread is the only piece of furniture one of the world's most glamorous women might be expected to have.

Her apartment, Marlene says, is the only home she has. "I own a house. I don't have a car. I don't have a mink coat. I don't care about jewels. Or exotic perfumes. This is not a personal achievement. In Hollywood, a girl's reputation is all. I don't participate in Crane possessions. I have an extensive and, if you like," Marlene smiles, "a fabulous' wardrobe. I have to, because of my profession. But I'd be happier if all my wardrobe were gone—because it would be less bother. I go to a beauty parlor only when it is very, very necessary. Otherwise, I do my own hair and nails."

Looking back, Marlene says that, if she had her life to live over again, she would probably live it as she has done. "I always did what I felt like doing. Never did what I thought I should do. If you do what you think you should do, if you weigh it at all, it means you are not sure. If you follow your feelings—not just your feelings, but your deep feelings—there is no question about it. "As for happiness, I think that one can be completely happy—at moments. If you have high standards, I do not believe you can be not satisfied to achieve it, all the time."

And so, on Saturdays and Sundays, out of the rich and various experience that has been her life, Marlene answers any questions by radio, helping listeners to find those both moments of happiness and the high standards without which life has no meaning.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW I HAD

The Saturday Night Miracle

(Continued from page 32)

Ayres, Perry's genial maestro. And, that wall behind Perry, for it will stand the Ray Charles Singers, ready to be viewed as soon as the wall melts away via television magic. With them, ready for action, is slender, dapper Ray Charles himself (most often out of camera range).

In the wings, perhaps nervously biting a nail or two, stands an exotically pretty Japanese girl. This is Michi, the Japanese-American costume designer. She is looking closely, hoping everything looks as stylish, clever and colorful as they looked during the on-camera rehearsal. Behind her are the stagehands, alert and ready for the swift changes. And, lurking in the shadowy darkness of the backstage area is Paul Barnes, the brilliant scenic designer who is one of the new generation of the Come- team. His is one of the most important jobs—since this is a major color show, the kaleidoscope of the sets must harmonize perfectly with the costumes.

Something, perhaps, in the rear of the theater, is gray-haired, eternally cigar-smoking Goodman Ace, dean of television writers . . . who may have been called in to write new lines as late as Saturday afternoon.

And like a general at his command post, overseeing the entire operation, is Clark Jones, the dynamic producer-director. Sitting in the control booth, flanked by engineers, he will hear the music as he speaks to the cameramen and to the technical director; the hands of the clock move towards their hour and Jones tenses and tension . . . He is ready . . .

And the Perry Como Show is on the air. As can be easily seen, even by the brief sketch above of the people involved, this is no small co-ordinated effort by more than two hundred and fifty people of varying backgrounds, temperaments and jobs. They make up almost a small town of their own, all devoted to bringing a great show every Saturday night.

As it does for most people everywhere, their week's work begins on Monday—except that, this being show business, starting out the week on Monday was one of several jobs for the week. RonCom Productions (Perry's own company), the meeting starts off with a humorous "Hiya, gang," from Perry. The "gang" consists of Goodman Ace, Clark Jones, the man named Perry Como, and a short, cigarette-smoking man named Harry Anger—whose name is misleading, since he's a very gentle man. He is a very important man in this area of television "guest stars." His job is to find and sign the most interesting and talented guest stars for the show, and the choices are seldom disputed. Also at the meeting are Howard, the assistant producer, who has been with the show since its inception.

This rather small "gang" goes over the script, ironing out its particular problems. They also, at this meeting, work out the general approach to the show for the following week, thus staying ahead of the game as much as possible. This is not always perfectly possible. For example, on the week that Pope Pius XII passed away, Goodman Ace, the chief writer was relaxing at home. He was reading a book, comfortable in the knowledge that it was Friday, the day before the show and all was set. Then the phone rang. It was Perry.

A few simple and appropriate words about Pope Pius were needed. Could Ace help out on this? Ace went right to the typewriter, and, by the final rehearsal, Perry had a moving speech which embodied his true feelings about the passing of the spiritual leader. So, like this, every week has its own special script problems.

But the script is only one stone in the great color mosaic of the show. At three P.M., on Monday, there is a music meeting in which Conductor Mitchell Ayres, Ray Baker and several arrangers are assembled by a small, but efficient staff. It is the arranger's job to make music that fits into the fabric and color of the show. Each person's job often overlaps another's.

Ray Charles has to know the general style of the Mitch Ayres' arrangements, in order to plan that of his vocal arrange- ments. Does he do the other...? . . . Louis Da Pron has to be completely conversant with the musical ideas in order to plan his dance patterns.

The amazing thing about this brand of show business is not how much planning it takes, but that such planning doesn't always prevent the unexpected. Once, after a week of extensive dance rehearsals with a very famous dancer who was very untouchable, the dancer shot off into the beginning of her dance routine, and suddenly . . . with millions of people watching her every move, she forgot it . . . she drew a complete blank.

Thinking fast, Louis Da Pron, hidden off-camera, signalled for her attention and did the dance right there so that she could follow him, step by step, movement by movement. This dance was considered a great success, but only the crew and cast knew that it was at least as much Da Pron's triumph.

"It was kind of an exciting challenge," said Da Pron, who was a guest star, "I was like a producer—But I wouldn't go through it again for a doubled Nielsen rating.

The inventive musicians and choreographer are joined at four P.M. by every creative and administrative person on the staff. Here Clark Jones, a man with a serious manner but also an underlying wit goes over the go-pro problems. Most people are facing everyone for this week's show and listens, like a good commanding officer, to questions and requests. This is where you can see his creative stamp put on the show. Then, as a final touch, a person springs into frantic motion. Mitchell Ayres is busy on his arrangements for the orchestral music, as is Ray Charles on the vocal music. Michi, the Japanese beauty who stands with a man on the screen, is off on her search. "Because of the time limitations," Michi confesses, "I usually end up adapting—rather than designing and constructing costumes. I go out hunting for the right material and dress of the right general style. My hunting grounds are often pretty fancy, like Battie Carnegie, Dior, Fontana . . . as if I didn't happen to walk in Seventh Avenue and dig, like any other buyer.

Sometimes, though," Michi says with a laugh, "the search is more exotic. Like the time I had to produce a jacket for Liberace. I arrived at a swanky establishment with a man who gave me a surprised look on the back. That was quite a task—but I got it," she adds proudly.

The guest stars, too, have quite a job . . . and their first one consists of getting accustomed to a rehearsal studio called Dance Players . . . a typical Broadway center for jazz bands, stage plays, and television show rehearsals. (Though "typi-
advertising
works for you!

a long view of the Ray Charles Singers. At the same time, deep in the
downtown depths of the Ziegfeld, Michi and her assistants, assorted seamstresses and
so forth, are having fittings. Girls’
rooms are locked, but everyone is carefully checked, although the recently covered decolletage since the
Como show is the most “family” of the
family shows. Once, when a very famous
guest star did not arrive and Peter Perry
found herself so dazzled by the woman’s
beauty that she just let her costumes go
without checking too carefully
and
there were all sorts of repercussions the
next week. Michi has vowed: Never again.

Perry, of course, as the star of the show,
gets an extra-special costume going-over.

But, even so, there have been near-dis-
asters. Lunging for a glove in a dressing
room, he wore a silk tie with a thin stripe. For some reason best known to the gods of TV, when he
was on camera, the tie’s pattern kept jumping to the eye. Michi was waiting
for Perry to step out of range, but when he stepped out of range, she grabbed him,
changed his tie and got him back on camera
exactly in time.

Having been fitted out for his costume,
Peter then received the bantering lines of
he and Frank Gallop, the announcer, will
take together. Their amusing raillery about “breaking,” “bending” and otherwise
destroying cameras is a subject worthy of
“station break” has become a comedy
byword on the show, and this is one of
the easiest parts of the rehearsal.

For the afternoon touring show—day—
all the parts of this gigantic jig-saw puzzle are put in place. The thirty-five to forty
people who may appear on camera in any
one show are subjected to the make-up
and wardrobe department, before going into the preparation of a major Broadway
musical.

On-stage and before the cameras, there
is a complete, technical run-through. Then,
Clark Jones sums up how the show looks
singing, still remains to be smoothed
out. By the time the dress rehearsal ar-
vives, it’s running like a well-oiled ma-
chine, and people who will witness the performance are already drifting into the
orchestra of the theater.

Then, suddenly, it is almost zero hour.
Thirty stagehands have set up the scenery
and the first egg-timers (camera men) are at work on technical polishing
—thirty-three musicians are tuning up
—ten production assistants are doing
last-minute checking— . . . a cast of thirty-
five is in costume. Twenty
pages have escorted members of the audi-
cence to their seats.

Now, the amazing scope of color TV can
be seen on the lights and the way they’re on
the air. But . . . the opening credits and
commercials are not coming from the stage
where Perry stands in readiness. They are
being beamed from a mile away.
Studio 43 in Rockefeller Center. Then, at
the Ziegfeld, one of the engineers throws
a switch—and Perry Como is on the air.

The instant Perry’s image appears on the
screen, to the interior of the department
in NBC actually tunes your picture for you,
adjust the color and makes sure that
the picture seen is the best possible.

Then, as calmly as if he had not just
performed the one of the greatest news
posts and achievements of modern times,
Perry steps forward and begins to sing:
“Dream along with me . . . I’m on my way
to a star.”

In the words of a white-haired old lady
from the Middle West, who attended a
Perry Como telecast recently and looked
around the stage at the swarm of people
seeing the show to life, “Why, it’s a
miracle!”

And that, everyone seems to feel, sums
it up perfectly.

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By Barbara Thomas
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

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ART

When the new 17 months of 1954 are over, you'll have $40,000......

The Real Glamour Men of TV

(Continued from page 61)

off a news source by being outspoken and sometimes unflattering about a particular subject in the news. The wily propagandist will always talk with you, even if he feels you're not sympathetic to his cause. He impresses the confidence that you can't sway him, and besides he prefers to have a showdown rather than not have one. I think he also respects anyone who is independently courageous." Chet's favorite leisure activity is the late Elmer Davis. Of the current crop, he admires young David Brinkley, about thirty-seven and some ten years his junior, with whom he is seen on the daily Hunt- Bourdeau program. Whenever Chet missed out in having been trained on a newspaper first, Chet reflects. He still hankers to do a stint from a city room and would, if he got the chance. As one of the few veteran radio people, he never had newspaper background, he's in good company—Edward R. Murrow, and Douglas Edwardo were not grounded in the Fourth Estate, either.

In the past two years he has traveled. In recent months, Chet has been to Europe four times—three times to Paris, once to Lebanon—with plenty of eastern coast-to-coast traveling interpersed. Chet's passport is very much in order at all times and he gets his booster shots every two years. His passport photo is the usual unflattering, stark, prisoner-like, but he says it's all right.

Chet didn't know it, when we asked him, "How fast can you pack?"—but he won the getaway sweepstakes from Walter Cronkite and John Secondari. He stated rather positively he could make it for an airport in a flat minute and thirty seconds. In the bottom left side of his office desk there are two shirts, razor and razor blades. He stuffs them in his briefcase. He wears the suit the same as the last time. It's hot. He's got the same arrangement at home.

The moon? He knows, albeit dispassionately, "I wouldn't want the story if it meant giving my life—no way." This makes the fact of an easier bear, he emphasizes without a blink of his ice-blue eyes.

John Secondari has one credit in his past that stands to overshadow any of his journalistic accomplishments. He's the broodily romantic man who wrote the novel, "Coins in the Fountain," from which the motion picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain," was made. But that kind of man, either. The eligible, thirty-nine-year-old Chief of ABC's Washington News Bureau has written three novels and is currently the editor of ABC's "Saturday Night." He has been with the network for fifteen years.

Literary inspirations do not encroach on the eleven hours daily which Secondari devotes to preparing for his weekly half-hour Sunday night show, "Open Hearing." More and more television writers are tuned in to hear the meticulously-constructed language, the educated diction, the thoughtful reports of soul-faced sentimentalist John Secondari. Born to Roman Catholic parents in the United States since the age of five, he retains the European respect for self-cultivation—instilled, no doubt, by his father, Dr. Epaminondas Secondari, a cardiologist, and his mother, who is Greek. The great change has formed me of George's tragic end. By ten that same morning, I had obtained a Greek visa, packed, and boarded a plane, heading for the Greek Islands. Six A.M. in Crete—Cavalla, Greece. After the plane, I took a motor boat, horse—and, finally, my own legs—to the point of inquiry. The intrigue, the whirlwind pace, the strange tales of the Greek Islands—of the earmarks of a Hollywood scenario.

Although Secondari is "pro" enough to go along with a rush department whenever need be—and can be packed in six minutes, he is the opposite of all that. The great change helps me to formulate what I am doing, and, of course, I love the luxury of time. I think that travel is a waste, anyway," he says. "It takes me about a week before a plane ride to assimilate what I'm doing." Unlike other gababout correspondents who often need interpreters, he speaks fluently in Italian, French, Spanish, Ger-
man and, of course, English. He enjoys the stimulation of “switching tongues and adapting to the local color”—which may be one reason he hasn’t the slightest desire to get to the pale, silent moon.

A widower for five years, he has a good-looking eight-year-old son, John Gerry—"one of the tall Secondaris," says Senior, making reference to his own middle height. Young John shares his dad’s six-room apartment in Du Pont Circle, Washington, D.C.

Does Secondari have an advantage over most of his colleagues in not having wife trouble when he has to make a quick getaway? "I suppose so, but it is a hard price to pay for loneliness," he says frankly, his warm brown eyes filled with reminiscence. "He maintains an apartment in Rome which he has not lived in since the motor-accident death of his beautiful young wife. "I have willed her things to my son, but I cannot live in it now."

Walter Cronkite has an eight-year-old daughter Mary Kay, and a son, John, who is nine. "I can’t say of those three—"who knows how to retaliate when she gets miffed with her daddy: She threatens to grow up and become a commentator on another network. This is a very perceptive—"he says—"and he himself has not always been ‘dignified.’"

Cronkite has gone from beeps to news-beats, having played raucous clarinet for the Cliff Dreschner Cowboy Band in Houston, Texas.

Skinny in those days, only 135 pounds for a six-foot frame, Cronkite today, at a prime forty-two, shows what’s happened to physical form by weight gain. He credits the former Mary Elizabeth Maxwell of Missouri, his own home state. He now weighs 185 and wonders where it will all end if Betsy doesn’t stop plumping him so enthusiastically. Pert-featured and home-redheaded, Betsy stops herself at a neatly figured size-ten, 110 pounds.

Frequently a "news widow" while her husband is covering these major affairs, and the news is the big story, Betsy claims she is a captivated fan of Walter’s and has learned how to live with work separations. "The story isn’t going to last forever. I’m not possessed. Everybody says, wrinkling up her small nose coolly.

Only once did Betsy’s calm desert her. That was at the end of 1948, when she was covering correspondent husband’s band in four years. "I got tired of waiting. I hopped a ship to England and caught up with him—yes, I had to introduce myself. Then I chased him to Brussels, where I stayed five years, wondering where anywhere. I don’t like to be in his way when he’s working . . . but I would like to go to the moon with him."

Walter is prepared to face two kinds of stomach aches, physical and emotional and therefore discourages Betsy about sharing this particular story—which he’s certain will come soon. "Besides, who’d want to talk about a man of the cloth? The Cronkites have baby Walter III, not yet two, Mary Kathleen, 8, and Nancy.

Elizabeth. 10. Firstborn Nancy arrived nine years after Betsy and Walter were married. "It’s hard to get a start when you’re an absentee husband," Walter quips, "but we made it."

There is an unswerving understanding in the Cronkite household that, whenever the banner headline speaks, Walter is off, dragging his hastily-packed wash ‘n’ drippy underwear and socks and portable washing machine. "He sends everything to laundry, anyway." Betsy snickers good-naturedly. It takes him twenty minutes to pack, for he picks out his most ‘sinner’ ties—blue, brown plaid, button-down white shirts and a couple of extra ties. This is in great restraint, since at home he is a clothes hound with a mad passion for saving every old tie he’s ever owned.

Something he gets out that a man is unmarried and available. Secondari’s fan mail bulges with long six-page letters from women who write about everything but his program. Walter, himself, is the only one of the vastly congenial Walter, who’s passed on some of his teasing good humor and practical competitiveness to at least one of his three offspring.

Cronkite’s own journalist who’s almost never been without a sponsor, since three days after his first TV appearance in July, 1950. "I think the ideal sponsor for a news program should be something dignified," he says berating himself—"but I have not yet been dignified myself."

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There is an unswerving understanding in the Cronkite household that, whenever the banner headline speaks, Walter is off, dragging his hastily-packed wash ‘n’ drippy underwear and socks and portable washing machine. “He sends everything to laundry, anyway.” Betsy snickers good-naturedly. It takes him twenty minutes to pack, for he picks out his most “sinner” ties—blue, brown plaid, button-down white shirts and a couple of extra ties. This is in great restraint, since at home he is a clothes hound with a mad passion for saving every old tie he’s ever owned.

Something he gets out that a man is unmarried and available. Secondari’s fan mail bulges with long six-page letters from women who write about everything but his program. Walter, himself, is the only one of the vastly congenial Walter, who’s passed on some of his teasing good humor and practical competitiveness to at least one of his three offspring.

Cronkite’s own journalist who’s almost never been without a sponsor, since three days after his first TV appearance in July, 1950. “I think the ideal sponsor for a news program should be something dignified,” he says berating himself—“but I have not yet been dignified myself.”

Cronkite has gone from beeps to news-beats, having played raucous clarinet for the Cliff Dreschner Cowboy Band in Houston, Texas.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7102—Crocheted cape to top your fashions. It's fast and easy to do. Directions for Sizes Small, Medium, Large included. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized string. 25¢

7008—Gay little sundress with puppy-face pockets, bright flower embroidery. Pattern for Child Sizes 2, 4, 6 included. Embroidery transfer, applique pattern. 25¢

7115—Adorable nursery pictures. Child's prayer, beautifully illustrated, is embroidered in bright colors. Transfer of two pictures 10 x 14 inches; color charts, directions for framing. 25¢

641—Doilies lend sparkle to dinner tables, trays, vases, lamps. These in star design are easy to crochet. Directions for 7½-inch square doily, 10-inch round, 8½ x 12-inch oval, 25¢

7144—Kiddies love these cute motifs on bibs, pillow tops, curtains, crib covers. Transfer of 12 motifs about 5½ x 6 inches. Use on gifts. 25¢

593—Roses framed in a heart form this lovely design. Set is ideal for chair or buffet. Crochet directions for 12½ x 16-inch chairback; 6½ x 12-inch armrest in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

7109—Simple cross-stitch that looks like gingham appliqué. Brighten kitchen accessories with them—towels, curtains, cloths. Transfer of six 5½ x 6-inch motifs. 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, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for 1959 Needlecraft Catalogue.
Beautiful Hair is Healthy Hair

BRECK
BANISH
DANDRUFF TREATMENT SHAMPOO*

NOW...BOTH DANDRUFF CONTROL AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR

This new clear golden liquid shampoo has a unique two-way action: it gives your hair a lovely, soft new luster—and with regular use assures you of freedom from dandruff. It contains an exclusive new dandruff-control compound, 22T4, which leaves its influence on the scalp even after you rinse. Breck Banish not only loosens and removes itchy dandruff, it continues to work between shampoos to prevent the formation of new dandruff. Ideal for all the family, Breck Banish is pleasantly scented, non-drying, never harsh or irritating. Use it regularly and your hair will shine with new cleanliness and luster. Beautiful hair is healthy hair.

COSTS NO MORE—DOES TWICE AS MUCH...Breck Banish gives you both freedom from dandruff and new beauty for your hair. 8 oz. $1.50  4 oz. 80

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Available at beauty shops and wherever cosmetics are sold

* Patent Applied For
A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Ever dabble in a brook on one of Spring's first balmy days? That's how a Salem cigarette refreshes your taste. You get rich, full tobacco taste with a new surprise softness. The smoke feels comfortable as never before. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem.

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR MARCH

ERACE'S NEW THIN TORSO
RETTA YOUNG: THE GIANT KILLER

Composer Mancini
izes Gunn Show

Karol Burnett's
Mystery Gift

Mentalist Zooms
Sunset Strip

Peter Lind Hayes
Man of Many Faces

SHIRLEY MacLAINE
ERNIE FORD
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JOHN DEHNER

25¢
That's using your head!

using ENDEN, you get a beauty shampoo and a dandruff treatment at the same time!

New—it's all clear!
Wonderfully effective ENDEN now in clear golden liquid, too! No alcohol in ENDEN!

Also, popular lotion or cream

Shampoo regularly with ENDEN and you're through with dandruff problems. Because ENDEN is no ordinary shampoo! Gentle medications in ENDEN's rich, penetrating lather work between shampoos to keep your hair dandruff-free. Your hair shows its approval with new softness, new luster, new willingness to obey. ENDEN is the pleasant shampoo that millions of men, women and children enjoy as their only shampoo.

Used regularly, ENDEN is guaranteed to end dandruff problems and prevent their return . . . medically proved 99% effective.

Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.

Helene Curtis ENDEN® dandruff treatment shampoo
Don't try to brush bad breath away—reach for Listerine!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions. Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath
Editorial by Betty Risser

BETTY RISSER, Senior Princess Anne Hugh, Norfolk, Va., says: "I was troubled and embarrassed by blemishes. I tried almost everything, without making any real difference. Then, a girl friend told me about Clearasil. It worked wonderfully, and soon my skin was nice and smooth."

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'RESTARES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

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'Floats' Out Blackheads. Clearasil softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In tube, 69c and 98c. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

MARCH, 1959

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 51, NO. 4

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Some Came Running
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE; METROCOLOR

A star-studded cast brings James Jones' novel to the screen. Frank Sinatra appears as a bitter beatnik-type, talented as a writer of fiction and equally talented at getting into trouble. Just discharged after a hitch in the Army, he comes back to his hometown accompanied by a good-natured floosie (played by Shirley MacLaine). Reunion with his stodgy, self-centered brother (Arthur Kennedy) and family leads to a meeting with beautiful schoolteacher (Martha Hyer). A gambling partnership with Bama Dillert (Dean Martin) grows complicated, and the plot thickens with the appearance of Shirley MacLaine's disgruntled lover from Chicago. Lots of fast action, and good performances throughout a complicated plot.

The Sound and The Fury
20th CENTURY-FOX; CINEMASCOPE

Jerry Wald produces William Faulkner's dramatic story of a decaying Southern family dominated by Jason (Yul Brynner)—brought into the family circle in childhood as the son of Colonel Compson's last wife. After the Colonel's death, Jason takes charge to keep together a weird group, consisting of his own mother (the widow Compson), two Compson half-brothers (one of them a childlike mental defective), and the daughter of Caddy Compson (Joanne Woodward). Caddy has, years before, deserted her daughter and left town to exist by her wits. Aging and broke, Caddy comes home for refuge, and her return sets fire to all the interlocking resentments felt by members of the Compson group. Excellent dramatic story, played superbly by a large cast.

Senior Prom
COLUMBIA

This lighthearted campus musical offers movie stardom for the first time to Jill Corey, Hit Parade regular on TV during the 1957-58 season. Jill is cast as a senior, about to inherit a bundle of money, who falls in love with an unsuitably penniless scholarship student (Paul Hampton). Paul, fortunately for the plot, can also sing—and has one pressing made years ago which went no place on the hit rolls. A sudden and extraordinary revival of this recording leads to a golden record for Paul, which he accepts on Ed Sullivan's show in New York. Result: He corrals a lot of name talent for the senior prom, including Prima and Smith, Sam Butera and the Witnesses, Freddy Martin, Les Elgart, Jose Melis, Mitch Miller, Connie Boswell and Bob Crosby. Full of music and gaiety, this is a sure click with teenagers.

That Jane From Maine
COLUMBIA; TECHNISCOLOR

With much warmth and homespun humor, this family-type comedy tells the amusing tale of determined if somewhat scatterbrained young widow Doris Day, who tackles an entire railroad corporation to prove a good old American principle—that a person has the right to fight for what she believes in, regardless of whether she is really right or not. Luckily, Miss Day is not only right but young, blonde, and pretty—(Continued on page 70)
Among roster of brilliant American talent for Bell Tel.—Rise Stevens.

**WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST**

By PETER ABBOTT

**Hot Items:** The U. S. taxpayer may sponsor the most spectacular show of ’59. Willie Ley predicts a TV camera and transmitter will be orbit this year. A week later, everyone was trying to find out what Ley had said, but no one knew. The odd angle was that NASA announced it had purchased the show before getting a sponsor, which reverses the standard procedure. Such a precedent could lead to bankruptcy, but it might eliminate some of the bombs that have been bought sight unseen and presented as ‘specials’ to the nation.

**Hurry Up:** The word persists that Garroway is tired and bored with Today and would like out. What confuses TV execs is that, while nighttime quiz shows are dead, daytime quiz continues strong. On February 10, over NBC-TV Bell Telephone Hour pays tribute to distinc- tively American music with such outstanding interpreters as Rise Stevens, Duke Ellington, Grant John- nessen, the New York City Ballet, and Ella Fitzgerald. Bobby Darin lends his voice to the ‘Lies’ for teenagers. For teenagers, he belts out rock ’n’ roll. On the club circuit, he majors in ballads. Ten-year-old Patty Duke, now a regular on Brighter Day, joins her dramatic talents to those of Gloria Vanderbilt’s February 11 on U. S. Steel Hour’s ver- sion of Tolstoi’s “Family Happiness.” Odd fact: Roland Winters, Peter Lind Hayes’ announcer, has played Charlie Chan in fifty films. Sylvania introduced the first short TV receiver two years ago, has now bobbed another two and a half inches from their picture tube. And they have come up with the first receiver to be encased in plastic. Advantage is that the sets are designed to complement home furni- shings. To date, portables have been styled for outdoor use, although 80% of purchasers buy them to be used as indoor table models. How much can you love your wife? Bill Cullen, fast man with a Brownie, has shot 6,000 pictures of his wife. That’s a lot of birdies.

**Clacking with Clark:** Outside the Little Theater, fans were making a big noise. The reason was Dick Clark, and the reason, youthful and hand- some as ever, was saying, “One maga- zine reported I was making half-a- million a year, but a newspaper said that it was $50,000. My father phoned and said, ‘Son, I hear you got a cut in salary.’” Dick laughed and added, “I don’t know how much I’ll make this year, and that’s the truth.” Wryly, he noted that the magazine with the astronomical figure had referred to his summer mansion, a fruit of his success. “Actually, we bought...
Ninety minutes of Shakespeare—TV’s "Hamlet" with Margaret Courtenay as Queen and John Neville in the title role.

Could be Abbe Lane’s husband Cugie would like to give U.S. "hoop" craze a South-of-the-border twist.

The gaiety, varve, solid TV creativity of Fred Astaire’s big fall spec just cried for rerun. Here, with Barrie Chase.

"Too pretty to act," producers said—but Diane Ladd showed 'em beauty and talent can go together.
the plot on the beach six years ago, and the cottage itself is a $9,000 pre-fab building. And I'm still driving a car that is three years old." Dick has had five movie offers. "I don't know if I'll have time for even one." A Western symphony orchestra in financial straits has asked him to do a benefit.

"That I'm hoping to do. I always want to be associated with music and I want to be of help whenever I can." Asked what he expected to be doing when his hair turned gray and his current fans were mothers or businessmen, he said, "I expect to be doing the same thing. There will always be dance and music. Some of our earliest viewers are already married and they've come back toting their infants to see us."

Big Noise: So enthusiastic were the press and public that Chrysler brings back the Fred Astaire show on February 11, NBC-TV. It's exactly the same tape that was seen in October; not even the commercials have been changed. ... NBC-TV so impressed by newly filmed story of Abraham Lincoln that, on the same date (February 11), they will pre-empt The Price Is Right for this special documentary. ... Several years ago, Candy Jones filmed six commercials in one day for a soap company. She gets paid every time they are televised and, to date, has earned a total of $24,000 for that single day's work. ... Tony Martin (still Godfrey's right hand) has the top-rated deejay show in metropolitan New York. ... Dennis James plans to return to TV this spring in a format that will startle his friends. No one knows whether he intends to appear as a rock 'n' roll singer, ballroom dancer, or private eye. ... Latest to spin-the-hoop is a gal it might have been made for—Abbe Lane gyrates at Hess Brothers (Allentown, Pa.) shin-dig. ... Brighter Days' Hal Holbrook, who recently completed a lecture tour of ten universities, will give his Mark Twain address at the University of Syracuse on February 13. ... Actors worry about sibilant sounds, and Phil Silvers offers the following speech exercise to preclude lisping: "She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop while the swan swam over the sea; swim, swim, swim, swim, swim, swim." Great format for comedy.

A Gal in Orbit: When Diane Ladd finished her first acting stint for Naked City, the producer turned to the director and said, "This gal must be submitted for the TV Academy's award." Diane is a beauty with long blonde hair that makes her look like a story princess and long, slender legs that would qualify her as a Copa girl, which she was. "And that was my problem when I asked for acting jobs. Casting directors didn't believe that a sexy-looking dancer could act. But I've been acting since I was a child."

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| They set while you sleep | When I was sixteen, I toured with John Carradine.” She came to New York City three years ago. She has appeared in Verdict Is Yours, Decoy, Naked City and other TV dramatic shows. She got the jobs by clever make-up. “I can make myself look hard or aged. I can go from sixteen to sixty.” In Hollywood, she talked contract with Jerry Wald. She turned it down. “I said, ‘If I want security, I’ll go back home to Mississippi. I want to act.’” She came to New York City looking for meaty parts. “So I got meaty parts and they have been unsympathetic things, and now casting directors say, ‘You’re not pretty enough, not sympathetic enough.’” In a Naked City episode this month, Diane gets another chance. She stars as a Copa girl, pretty and sweet, who can sing and dance. “An actress has to wait for the right showcase,” she says, “and money means so much to a young actress. I mean the money to pay the grocer and landlady. Three times I’ve been broke, and I always prayed, ‘God, please help me. I’ll give you twenty-fours hours and, if you don’t, I’ll quit acting.’ I guess I’ve been lucky. All three times, he came through with a part for me.”

Lend Me Your Ears: Bob Keeshan, CBS-79’s gift to children, has cut two fine albums. Golden Records’ “Captain Kangaroo” is strictly for children. But his other, on the same label, “A Child’s Introduction to Jazz,” has such fine music that the most sophisticated adult will be satisfied. Another prime Golden Record, “TV Jamboree,” contains the voices of ten TV stars—including such strong men as Dale Robertson, Mighty Mouse, Hugh O’Brian and Popeye. There are also Bugs Bunny, Annie Oakley, Lassie and others. ... Betty Johnson, who considers all two years of her marriage a honeymoon, has (Continued on page 70)
Caught
IN THE LINE OF FLACK

With a preference for "the cut and polished kind," Colonel Flack and his distinguished "impersonator," veteran actor Alan Mowbray, agree they can't see live TV for anything. Like a well-cut gem, a film production can't be beat. "I think," Mowbray muses, "that the people who prefer live over film TV are like the Romans who hoped the Christian would eat the lion. They're just waiting," he explains, "to see the dead guy arise and walk off the set, or the stagehand move props just behind the love scene. Now," he adds, "with Flack on film, we can be perfectionist, while not sacrificing spontaneity at all." . . . On film or in person, Alan Mowbray never does. At lunch with Everett Rhodes Castle (ad exec and originator of the Colonel character for a magazine series years back), Mowbray gave his order to the waiter in the grand manner of Flack. Rhodes enjoyed this bit. "Why," he exclaimed, "I'll be darned if I know which is Mowbray and which is Colonel Flack!" Alan himself enjoys perpetuating the likeness, but he is cagy about it. "You know," he says, "I hate biographicals like madness. Interviewers are always asking, 'What is your mother's maiden name?' or 'What are your vital statistics?' Well," he continues, eyebrow a-tilt with mischief, "I can tell you, I measured myself this morning and I was 33-36-40." . . . Jokes aside, Alan talks with verve about the big things in his life. With the children grown and living away, he and his wife have taken an apartment right in the heart of Hollywood. "I like to go down to the desert occasionally, but my wife likes '21'—so, we compromise and do a little of both." His daughter Patricia is an actress and Alan Jr. will, on the slightest provocation, according to his dad, "forget all about radar and want to be an actor." . . . As for writing, Alan tells of his magazine and newspaper articles and the more recent script-writing. In the works now is a movie on the great Polish actress Modjeska, continuing an interest Mowbray has had in Poland and its struggle for freedom, since World War I. . . . Ask how he'd best describe the Colonel, Alan remarks that he's been termed "a delightful con man," but is most pleased with critic John Crosby's summation, "Flack is surely the suavest, funniest and most adult Robin Hood around."
In a spin on the WGN carousel, Wally Phillips blends the corn with the caviar, at top speed

As a joker he may be mild, but when Wally Phillips takes a poke at the stuffed shirt, look out! Thanks to his contemporary jabs, the corn goes a-flying every which way. Never at a loss for words, this easy-come satirist is heard via Windy City’s WGN, five days, at 4:15 and 8:05 P.M.; Saturdays at 9:05 A.M.; and on WGN-TV’s Midnight Ticker, on Friday evenings at 11:45. . . . As a youngster growing up in a large Ohio family, Wally was so chatty that even his mother, as he tells it, sighed relief when he signed up for the Air Force. Mrs. Phillips figured a good dose of barracks life would quiet her Walter down quick. . . . Fortunately for Wally’s fans, things didn’t quite work out that way. After leaving the service, the lad who had once studied for the priesthood took drama courses at Schuster-Martin, made some tapes and got a recommendation for a disc-spinning job in Grand Rapids. That was 1947. One year later found Wally ensconced on the Cincinnati airwaves, where, with fellow deejays, he did “his needling bit!” The next stage was WCPO, where Wally first conceived the notion of goofing up taped celebrity-interviews. Where the original tape may have had the deejay remarking, “I guess it’s quite a thrill to have a hit record going?” Wally would substitute his own query, along lines of, “Don’t you think your voice, Tiger, has got a bit shaky this past year?” In this new context, the star’s recorded reply, “I’ll go along with that,” just panicked Wally’s radio listeners. In ’52, Wally and tapes packed off down the street to WLW. With fellow deejay Bob Bell, he did an hour-long TV show, and so successfully that, in ’56, WGN brought them both to Chicago and fame on Midnight Ticker. . . . Wally’s interviews with teenagers and celebrity-guests are generally acknowledged as some of the cleverest in the business. But with interviewees he’s had his moments. “It’s like pitching to Stan Musial,” says he. “You serve up your question and pray.” One time, he asked the former heavyweight champ, Ezzard Charles, “Who hit you the hardest?” and was met with the left-hook rejoinder, “Uncle Sam” . . . One of the probe’s favorite talk-topics is matrimony. No fence-sitter he, our Wally has taken “a firm stand” on the barbed-wire of the marital controversy. “I’m a bachelor,” he bravely asserts, “and, like Professor Higgins, ‘most likely to remain so’ . . . forever and ever . . . at least until . . . oops!”

Past master at fast remarks, Wally found star Bob Wagner ready with answer for anything.

When “Max” (Bob Bell) is chef du jour, Wally swears off midnight snacks. This is food? says he, not expecting reply.

Keeping up with latest releases means late hours in North Side bachelor digs.

Now this is more like it, says Wally—ever self-sufficient with the powdered cocoa.
I dreamed
I set
a record
in my
maidenform® bra

Sweetest bra this side of heaven... new Sweet Music by Maidenform! Special “lifts” in the undercups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups—an elastic band under the cups makes this bra fit and feel like a custom-made. You'll love the difference Sweet Music makes! 2.50 And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

©1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
The new baby in the Lennon family was due February 3. If a boy, “Sis” Lennon wanted to name him Christopher; if a girl, Sis said, “Please don’t ask me—we’ve run out of girls’ names.” The girls don’t care—they just want “a baby!” Over the holidays, the girls gifted Sis with a new built-in oven for their kitchen. Sis will need it—to bake bigger and brighter birthday cakes. . . . On his last visit to the house to see Sis, the family doctor gave the Lennon girls their flu shots and polio boosters—session was a howling success. Next day, though, the kids reacted to the combination of shots and had to stay home in bed. Kathy said it was the best part of the whole affair. Dianne was the only one in the family who didn’t feel the shots—too excited over the news that Dick Gass was home from the Army for three weeks during the holidays. Only four weeks old, this year had already been a big one for the Lennons—new baby and a beau home for the holidays . . . only proves again, the best things in life are free.

Tempus fugit: Ann Sothern’s daughter, 14-year-old Tish, had a date at her mother’s last dinner party . . . And the night Ed Murrow did Ann on Person To Person, the camera crew rolled a dolly onto her hearth; weight so great they cracked the flagstone. Contrite, Ed called Ann the next day to say it would be replaced immediately. It was—that afternoon . . . Ann now has her hands full with pretty daughter Tish, who took the camera crew out by the pool to show them the soda fountain, was complimented by the boys on her movie-star looks; later, Ann’s phone was kept ringing by a half-dozen TV and movie producers all wanting to use Tish in their shows. Ann said, “Please, not yet . . . I’ve been dreaming of being a grandmother.” . . . And did you know: Ann Sothern collects antique guns . . . Edgar Bergen collects antique cars (I thought that was Jack Benny’s hobby) . . . Loretta Young collects antiques . . . Liz Taylor collects dusty automobiles—at least, that’s what a crowd in front of Romanoff’s thought recently when Liz and Eddie parked Liz’s Silver Cloud Rolls Royce there, scripts on the car floor, dogs in the back seat, dust-coated and looking like a gypsy camp that had never seen a bathtub. The oglers couldn’t believe that anyone who drove a Rolls couldn’t afford a wash job.
Once upon a time, Shirley Temple led storybook life of her own; now, she reads the great rhymes to Lori, Charles, Linda Susan.

Added incidental intelligence: Liz, Mrs. Ray Milland and Cary Grant are the only three Hollywoodites who drive Silver Cloud Rolls Royces... But they are not the only three who can afford them: Art Linkletter, for example, just brought in another well —oil, not water. But Art's a guy who believes in living a little, too: He's adding Egypt to the itinerary of his February vacation — goin' to the opening of the Cairo Hilton... and maybe a little ad-libbing with the Sphinx. Granddaddy Art, never without a quip, gags about the 75 earthquakes which hit Guatemala on his recent business-vacation trip to that below-the-border land: "Won't have to import Elvis or modern music to the Guatemalans — every foot of their land has its own built-in rock 'n' roll."

Meanwhile, back at the store, young Jack Linkletter will be standing in for his Dad on House Party — and maybe doing his own daily CBS-TV On The Go show. Jack and Bobbie, with their new baby, Mike, just moved into an elegantly conservative home in Brentwood. John Guédél, producer of both Art's and Jack's shows, is planning another daytime series, starring Ralph Story, titled What Is Love? John could get one answer by watching Jack and Bobbie with their little one. Ralph was an apt choice for What Is Love? He's been playing $64,000 Challenge long enough to be able to answer even this stumper. But producer (Continued on page 14)
Hi all, greets host Bob at front door of new Encino manse. Gag outfit of tux and trunks represents advertising slogan.

They fell in love with it the first time they saw it. All their married life, Bob Barker and his Dorothy Jo had lived in apartments, but now, with the spacious new home and grounds in Encino, they could really begin to luxuriate. "The first few weeks," says Bob, "we just kept walking around the place trying to get used to all the room." But the Barkers felt the change in other ways, too. "It's so quiet up here," says Bob, "I keep falling asleep in front of the fireplace." . . . The day before a holiday last winter, Bob and "DJ" broke their quiet routine to throw a big surprise birthday party for their friend, Bill Burch. The former head writer on Bob's Truth Or Consequences, over NBC, Bill was recently made producer of the Gobel show. Guests were cued to come dressed as their "favorite" ad slogan, and all brought hilarious gag gifts for Bill—ranging from a Jayne Mansfield hot-water bottle; a sock and a dollar bill (card read: "Sock me away; you'll never know when Gobel will catch up with you and your gags"); an old steamer trunk; and Bill's heart's desire, a "convertible Lincoln" (actually a '47 Pontiac with dead battery and a photo of our sixteenth President across the grillwork).
Truth Or Consequences host Bob Barker didn’t quite tell all the truth when he invited TV writer Bill Burch "just for a snack"—the "consequences" were a bash, for everybody.

...and some old lace and a brush and ..." Gay surrounding group includes Cal, Olga Haysel (left), DJ in background.

Cal's pitch, "Don't be half-safe," draws the chuckles from Bill, Bob.

For guests on "early call," there's DJ's outsize pocket-watch, set slow.

'Night all, says Bob, perky still at late hour. And that's the whole truth.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST
(Continued from page 11)

Guedel is 'way ahead of him—when he was a student at Beverly Hills High, his teacher, a very wise older man, taught him to spell love "U-n-i-v-e-r-s-i-t-y." And John's never forgotten.

Speaking of new series, here's one that ought to be produced—it's the Chuck Connors Riflemens episode which featured Mike Broken Arrow Ansara as a Harvard-educated Indian sheriff. Mike puts so much meat into this character someone really should build a series around him. More pilots: Henry Jaffe will produce a $100,000 pilot to be seen as a spec on NBC called "The Magical Monarch of Mo," starring Cyril Ritchard, who will also direct.

Hotels, anyone? Hugh O'Brian, Carolyn Jones, Lloyd Seahunt Bridges and Dennis Gunsmoke Weaver have acquired an interest in Whispering Waters Rancho Motel near Palm Springs. Hugh is roughing it in his own Hollywood Hills home, still to be filled with furniture—Hugh complains there's no time. He's too busy writing songs, the first to be released in this country some time early in 1959. Rough, tough of Wyatt apparently feels that you can fill a room as well with music as with furniture. Presumably, some guests could sit on the flat notes, but not on the sharps. Get the point? Musical Anna Maria Alberghetti and Buddy Bregman having background problems, but still pretty much a thing of the future. Anna Maria will be seen in the title role of "Conchita Vasquez" on an early February Wagon Train... and is setting her 1959 heart on the lead in CBS-TV's musical spec of "Green Mansions." Anna Maria, now one of the highest-priced female night-club entertainers, is talent-packed and could easily handle the softer, more delicate "Green Mansions" role. In fact, it's a natural.

Speaking of soft hearts: The Thalians, under the direction of proxy Debbie Reynolds, raised $100,000 at their annual fund-raising ball for their Children's Clinic at Mt. Sinai Hospital. Thinking of others, too, Dinah Shore had a dinner party recently for Genevieve when she was here in Hollywood with the Jack Paar show. Dinah heard that Genevieve was a not-so-secret admirer of Jack Benny. So, unbeknownst to Genevieve, Dinah asked Jack to come by, too. When the French chanteuse saw Jack come in the door, her pretty eyes fell out of her ragaumuffin head, she was that surprised. "Oh, Meestair Bennie!" she shouted, and followed him around all evening like a happy puppy. Now she's almost sure to be on one of Jack's upcoming shows—maybe early in '59 when Paar again telecasts from Hollywood.

One, two three, hike! Gale Storm's son Phillip is the center on the Birmingham football team. And, each Friday night, Gale is the center of the cheering section. Gale's schedule is as busy at home as it is on the Hal Roach set, where she films her "Spud Webb" series. In the summer, Gale goes out selling hot dogs at sons Peter and Paul's Little League games. Gale should be used to the routine by now. For some years now, young men have been looking at her and exclaiming, "hot Dawg!"... Last day of shooting this season's Have Gun, Will Travel series, Dick Boone ran a splinter into his foot and ankle seriously enough to need operation. Dick has splinter, will limp into the Broadway play, "Rivalry," the story of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Dick will play Lincoln, whom he's admired ever since he started working as a kid, for pennies! Dick... New Year's news: Beverly Garland, cast in a February Yancy Der-ringer called "Lady Pirates," may just steal a spot on night-time TV with the episode, which is being run as a pilot. Shirley Temple thinking of doing a new series for Henry Jaffe after her Storybook series moves over to ABC-TV for re-runs... Aaron Spelling blue-printing a potential series for his wife, Carolyn Jones—who is, in turn, blue-printing plans for their new home. Carolyn, now in Frank Sinatra's "Hole in the Head," is designing the house and the furniture. Carolyn's success brings to mind one question we always like to answer: How did they get their start? Well, Carolyn's first job in front of Hollywood eyes was a bit part in an amateur group's presentation at the old Rainbow Theater on Cahuenga—above the Greyhound Bus depot. Greyhound has since moved on to bigger and better quarters; and, since talent will out, so has Carolyn.

Grass-Roots Jazz Department: "This Peter Gunn jazz is way out, man. I meant it's got roots..." So speaks drummer Shelly Manne, just back from a cross-country personal appearance tour. The college kids—in fact, the kids from eight to eighty—came up to the bandstand out of curiosity, all asking about one kind of music. The number—one question across country is, "Is this Pete Gunn music for real? It's the greatest..." Shell's answer: "It's for real, man, and it's all scratched down by Hank Mancini"—about whom a story appears in this issue.

Who's that again? Wendell Niles, announcer on the Bill Leyden It Could Be You show, has a brother, Ken Niles. There was a time when Wen Niles and Ken Niles were confused. Now the problem is complicated by the fact that Wen's son Denny, better known to his Army buddies as "Peter Gunn," has entered the act via Armed Forces Radio. The question now is: When is Wen Ken and when is Ken Wen... or is it Den? Ken's older fans might like to know that he is "retired" and managing the Villa Marina in California's Balboa Bay... When do we get a free weekend, Wen, I mean Ken... or is it Den... Back to the Mainland: Adam West, who has been appearing in Warner Bros. Lawman and Sugarfoot episodes, has been signed to do the Doc Holliday series on ABC-TV. Adam, a Walla Walla boy, married an Hawaiian Island beauty by the name of Ngaia Prisby (from Pukka Puuka); they have one little Walla Pukkanese now, are expecting another by the end of February. It's only money: Walt Disney reached into his pocket for another $5,500,000 to build a monorail system at Disneyland Park, is adding eight small submarines (to be built by Todd Shipyards), and is building a fourteen-story model of the Matterhorn. Now Uncle Walt has his own railroad, (Continued on page 75)
Mickey's Still There

A recent “What's New on the West Coast” column said that Walt Disney dropped all the Mouseketeers' contracts. Does this mean no more Mickey Mouse Club on TV?

J.S., Anchorage, Alaska

Our most recent information from the West Coast is that all the members of the Mickey Mouse Club have had their contracts dropped, with the exception of Annette Funicello. Her option was picked up, because she is appearing in three episodes of the Zorro series, and an Elfego Baca episode of Walt Disney Presents, this February and March. . . . She also has a role in “The Shaggy Dog” to be released to motion-picture houses this spring. Annette is also to appear in several Danny Thomas TV segments. . . . Mickey Mouse Club itself is to appear in repeats through the rest of the 1958-1959 season. There is a possibility that the Club may be revived for new photography for the fall season of 1959. At this time, it is doubtful that the older members of the group will return, since because of the show’s format the probability is that younger players will be picked for the new series.

“Stardom” Begins at Home

Canadian teenager, Sandra Cons, president of a Teal Ames Fan Club, writes us that her group has now grown to fifty members. Their current activities include participating in two essay contests—“Why I Like Teal Ames” and “Why I Like The Edge Of Night.” The members have a slogan that speaks for itself—“We’re here to say that Teal’s O.K.”

But Teal Ames is much more than just “O.K.” in the role of Sara Lane on TV’s The Edge Of Night. Twenty-five-year-old Teal virtually grew up in front of the cameras. But, until recently the cameraman was her dad—and the theater, the family living room. Petite and blue-eyed Teal loved romping about for the home movies.

At twelve, Teal organized a neighborhood acting group, and her interest in dramatics never wavered as she went through Stevens College, in Missouri, and Syracuse University. . . . After gaining experience with touring companies, Teal went into roles on such TV programs as Studio One and Lamp Unto My Feet. Then a friend told her that producer Werner Michel was auditioning for The Edge Of Night. Producer Michel listened to her read and then assigned her the role. Said he, “Teal is a born actress—one of the most talented I’ve seen in a long time.”

Calling All Fans

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

Connie Stevens Fan Club, Sheree Weinner, 1904 S. Elm Street, Alhambra, Calif. Jay Silverheels Fan Club, Katherine Klein, 2126 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Right Reason

I would like to know if the actors Rex Reason and Rhodes Reason are related. They look, talk, and act so much alike.

B.B., Colorado Springs, Colo.

The stars of TV’s White Hunter and Man Without A Gun have good “reason” to look, talk and act alike—they are brothers!

Blue-eyed Rex Reason likes to think of himself as a native of California—although he was actually born in Berlin. It seems his parents were in Germany on a business trip at the time of his birth, but he has spent most of his life in and around Glendale. . . . Tall (he’s 6’3”), dark and handsome Rex is the star of Man Without A Gun. Although he’s a comparative newcomer to the field of television, Rex has an impressive acting background. He studied at Glendale’s Ben Bard Playhouse and then was selected from a large group of unknowns to play the lead in “Storm Over Tibet.” Many other motion-picture roles followed and then came TV. . . . Rex lives with his wife Joan and three children, Andrea, Brent and Christopher, in a Glendale home that once belonged to his grandfather, Spencer Robinson, who was the first mayor of that city.

Younger than his brother by just sixteen months, green-eyed Rhodes Reason really was born in Glendale, and attended Glendale College. During one summer vacation, Rhodes studied with Charles Laughton’s Shakespeare Group, and was awarded the coveted role of Romeo in the famed actor’s presentation of “Romeo and Juliet.” Many stage and more than forty TV roles followed. . . . Rhodes is currently appearing as the star of TV’s White Hunter, but his ultimate ambition is to direct and produce, using his brother as the star.

The TV spotlight is not the only thing shared by the two good-looking brothers. They also share a wardrobe of fifteen suits and as many pairs of shoes, and a love of tennis and other outdoor sports.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We’ll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
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Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...important...accept no substitutes.

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There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!
Showman as well as pianist, Lee found the world had a false picture of him, in person. Part of that picture was padded with forty surplus pounds—which he promptly proceeded to lose!

By DORA ALBERT

Talent and showmanship have always paid off for Liberace. Today, he's proving that will power and a genuine liking for people can pay off even more. The will power to stick to a diet which whittled off forty surplus pounds. The liking for people which made Lee want to meet his audiences "just as he is," friendly and outgoing.

Today, instead of glittering rhinestone-studded jackets to distract the eye, Lee Liberace is more apt to wear subdued colors superbly tailored so viewers are immediately aware that he's now slim, muscular and fit—a far cry from the Liberace who was sometimes politely described as "stockily built."

"Stocky?" laughs Liberace. "That's mild. At one time, I was

Continued
Fancy costumes were just for show—"so people would concentrate on what I wore, rather than how fat I was." He preferred casual clothes in private life, usually tried to avoid being photographed at home.

just plain fat. I would allow myself to be photographed only from certain angles—often standing sideways, for I thought I looked thinner that way. In those days, all my clothes were tailored with the purpose of trying to make a fat man look thin. I wore padding in the shoulders, and trousers that were pleated and full. But, because I was afraid my spare tires would still show, I tried to avoid being photographed at all, when I could get out of it.

"When photographers came to take pictures of the piano-shaped pool at my home in Sherman Oaks, they often asked for a picture of me at the pool. Though I swam a lot, I would try to persuade them not to photograph me in bathing trunks." The trouble, of course, was that not only was the pool piano-shaped—Liberace felt that he was, too.

But what's a pool without a swimmer? The photographers insisted and, against his better judgment, Lee would finally agree to pose.

In England, a newspaper ran one of these pictures, accompanied by such statistics as how much Liberace then weighed (210 pounds), (Continued on page 82)
"After": Forty pounds lighter, Lee's no longer afraid of posing in swim trunks. Bursting with energy, he does some simple calisthenics every day. More involved gymnastic stunts might "develop the wrong muscles for a pianist."

Exercise helped, but diet really did the trick. Now he munches an apple to satisfy between-meals hunger, finds he doesn't miss the sweets and midnight snacks which left him with no appetite for an energy breakfast next day.

Previous diets, Lee says, left him feeling "deprived," just waiting to go on a food-binge. But the present one allows him to eat as much and as often as he wants—provided he sticks to proteins, fresh fruits and raw salads.

Result: A new-look, more quietly clad Liberace who feels closer to audiences than ever before. He believes today's viewers of his ABC-TV show are seeing him as he really is, for the first time—minus the glitter and extra poundage.
Carol Burnett's Mystery Gift

Behind the laughter and joy this witty singer brings to TV viewers is an almost miraculous story you can only believe "because it's true"

By GREGORY MERWIN

The building is on Eighth Avenue at the edge of Manhattan's noisy theatrical district. You take the elevator to the third floor, find Apartment 3C and lean on the buzzer. Behind the door there is barking, the sound of shushing, and the door opens. The girl, in shiny chinos and a silk blouse, is tall. She has reddish-brown hair and bright blue eyes that light up like exclamation points. A copperish-toned terrier is (Continued on page 67)

Well-known Burnett benefactor is Jack Paar, who gave Carol and her dizzy ditty that big break on TV.
Living simply in the New York apartment they share with "Bruce" (the girl-dog with the boy-name), Carol and her husband, Don Saroyan, don't need pink champagne or crimson convertibles to prove that "happily ever after" is almost here right now. For them, the real proof of success will be the chance to repay—in spiritual kind, as well as in cash—the trust and generosity of "Mr. Anonymous," that other great benefactor back in California.
"Always something new" is the motto of Peter Lind Hayes—who has already displayed enough versatility in 25 years of show business to last any other performer a lifetime

By MARTIN COHEN

Waiting for a traffic light to change at Broadway, Peter Lind Hayes suddenly turned to friend and press-agent Nat Fields and said, "You know, I passed my twenty-fifth anniversary in show business and no one gave me a dinner—not even a hamburger." Peter said this, not in chagrin, but rather wistfully. Above and beyond being an intelligent, sophisticated humorist, he is a sentimental man. At forty-two, he is also the perfect picture of a well-groomed businessman, in his office over the Little Theater where his ABC-TV show originates. Half of the room is filled with electronic equipment—tape recorders, a maze of audio gear, a personal radio transmitter and other electrified items, for Peter is a nut about

Peter does a host of characters—alone, or with wife Mary Healy (left) and fellow zanies like Frank Fontaine (above).

At work, his impersonation of a businessman is better than it photographs! Above, in his office with TV producer Frank Musiello (foreground), press representative Nat Fields—and Mary. As an impresario, Peter's proud of the talented guests he presents on TV—such as Trude Adams, below.
gadgets. The other half of the room contains wife Mary Healy, producer Frank Musiello, the aforementioned Nat Fields, and platters of sandwiches sent up from Sardi's.

Gesturing toward a chicken sandwich encased in burnt toast, he says, "Some things never change. This habit started when I was a child back in southern Illinois. My grandmother used to burn the toast and told me it would make my hair curly. I wanted curly hair. As you can see, I never got it. But I got stuck on burnt toast and, even today, I like everything cooked to a crisp. I have the worst time in restaurants, getting them to burn food for me. I guess Mary's just lucky," he grins. "At home, she burns toast all the time."

Mary takes the comment goodhumoredly. They both know she is a good housewife. She explains, "One important thing Peter and I have in common is a desire for a normal life. Both Peter's father and mine died when we were very, very young, so our mothers had to work and we didn't have a normal family life.

"Then, for many years in show business, we were traveling—catching meals in diners, at railroad stations, sleeping in drafty hotel rooms and catnapping upright in seats on a bus or train. So, for me, being a housewife is a real luxury. And, for Peter, spending an evening quietly at home is the essence of living."

Mary admits that she, too, forgot Peter's silver anni-

versary. "I could excuse myself by pleading that we were very busy last summer. We were doing the Broadway play, two matinees and six evening performances a week—plus our daily radio show—and we weren't neglecting the children. But, if I had to give a testimonial for Peter, I could go on for hours. He's an unusual combination—in that, while he's brutally honest with himself and others, he is still gentle and thoughtful. I think of how he is in the morning. He hates to get up and sleeps fiercely with clenched eyes. But, at seven-thirty, the clock radio bursts out with rock 'n' roll. He gets out of bed in a blind stupor—and, I think, in a blind rage—but, you know, he actually dances out of bed, then does a funny step right into the bathroom! For the next hour, he'll probably be grim. But, he's started my day off with a laugh. What wife could ask for more?"

"We've been married eighteen years," she adds, "and
we've never let the sun set on an argument. Again, Peter has a stunt to break the tension. He does an impersonation of an 'angry aunt.' He criticizes and wags his finger, makes an exit, then changes his mind and comes back to have the last word. He keeps this up until I break up, and laughs me right out of my anger."

Peter cuts in to say, "Mary will tell you that I run the business end, but I'll tell you that she's my rock, my anchor. She is organized, a stabilizing influence. Without her, the whole boat would sink. I remember when we opened in the Broadway play. That was one of the greatest thrills in my life. We had a run-through before the opening performance but I blew my lines. We went back to our dressing room. There were over three hundred telegrams, and the walls were banked with flowers. It's a thrilling tradition of the theater—but it occurred to me that, if the show died that night, they could have buried us right there. It would have made the most beautiful wake I'd ever seen. Fortunately, the show was a success. But I know that having Mary there, working with me, helped me pull myself together."

"We've been working and living together for so many years," Mary remarks, "people ask if we don't ever get tired of each other. You see, we not only live together, rehearse and perform together—we even commute to and from Manhattan in the same car. Well, we don't get on each other's nerves. During the day, we're business partners. We barely say a word when we're driving into town. Peter is thinking about (Continued on page 77)
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The Peter and Mary Show, with Mary as a frequent guest, is an ABC-TV, M-F, 11:00 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. The Peter and Mary—Mary Healy Show is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, sponsored by A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co.
The Very Biggest Payoff

Bess Myerson doesn’t win the fabulous furs and trips abroad—she helps to give ’em away! Here’s why she says, “I’m the luckiest person in the world”

By GLADYS HALL

A woman’s dream may be of love and romance, of home and husband and children. It may be a dream of worldly wealth, or of success in a chosen career. It may be the rewards of The Big Payoff, on CBS-TV, fulfilling the lovely dream of flying off to a foreign land with the man of her heart, wrapped in that symbol of feminine luxury, a mink coat. But what is the dream of Bess Myerson, who has been hostess of The Big Payoff since the day it was launched, in December of 1951 . . . Bess, who has helped award the (Continued on page 64)

Loveliest of all, though, is the time
Each day, new friends: Bob Paige (right) does the real interviewing on *The Big Payoff*, but Bess (second from left) gets to talk to contestants, too—and feels richer for knowing people like Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Emmons of Westbrook, Maine.

Bess spends with daughter Barbara, 11.

Once a camp counselor, Bess now concentrates on her home-grown class of one.
The Very Biggest Payoff

Bess Myerson doesn't win the fabulous furs and trips abroad—she helps to give 'em away! Here's why she says, "I'm the luckiest person in the world"

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LoVeEst of all, though, is the feel of The Big Payoff, CBS-TV, Mon-Sat, at 3 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.

Each day, new friends: Bob Paige (right) does the real interviewing on The Big Payoff, but Bess (second from left) gets to talk to contestants, too—and feels richer for knowing people like Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Emmons of Westbrook, Maine.

Bess spends with daughter Barbara, 11.

Once a camp counselor, Bess now concentrates on her home-grown class of one.
Above, Mancini (in dark coat) worked closely with expert RCA Victor engineers to achieve notable sound effects in hit album, "Music from Peter Gunn." Below, with Craig Stevens, who stars in TV title role, and Blake Edwards, creator, producer and director of the series. At right, one authentic reason music is an intrinsic part of the drama: Pete's sweetheart Edie—as played by Lola Albright—is a cafe singer.

Exciting jazz adds extra dimension to Peter Gunn. Enter composer Hank Mancini—off-beat, off-stage, but very much a part of the dramatic doings!
DOES MUSIC SPEAK TO YOU as clearly and understandably as words? If it does, undoubtedly you're watching Peter Gunn on Monday nights. Watching... and listening intently. Craig Stevens stars as actor in the title role, but the show has its "unseen" star, too, in the sounds of Henry Mancini, who composes the track upon which the drama runs. Jazz is the musical metal of Peter Gunn, with scores so artfully woven into the fabric of the plot that one cannot be separated from the other. Mancini's beat sets the mood, heightens the suspense, speeds the action, sometimes puts over an actual point in the story.

For instance, one sequence found Peter Gunn in the clutches of a gang determined to find out where a cache of stolen money could be found. The gang, doubting Pete's protestations that he did not have the information, ordered an unlicensed doctor to give him "truth serum." Since a man under sedative cannot be expected to carry a storyline, the problem in drama at that point was how a sense of Pete's experience could be conveyed to the audience. Obviously, the soundtrack must assume the

By NONEAN CONNER
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By NONEAN CONNER

Continued...
Creating a score for every episode of Peter Gunn is an exciting challenge, "Each segment must be distinctive," says Hank Mancini. "You have to try for the fresh combination, the more effective instrument, the unique sound."

Hank spaces his work so there’s plenty of time for his family. Son Christopher wants to be a composer like Dad but, at 8, won’t start studying piano for another year. Hank himself switched from flute to piano at age of 10.

Peter Gunn, created and produced by Blake Edwards, with music by Henry Mancini, is seen on NBC-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Bristol-Myers for Ipana and Bufferin.

Music to Watch

With twin girls Felice and Monica, 7, and son Chris, Hank is (to quote the words of no less an authority than Mrs. Mancini) "just a big, oversized boy himself. He's a great father, Indian-wrestler, story-teller, and reader-aloud."

responsibility. But Blake Edwards, originator of the show, felt he had no worries in that respect. "Hank will come up with something," he said confidently.

Hank did. But it took some doing. In order to convey a sense of confusion, of woozy ineffectuality—like running in a dream without being able to lift one's feet— he took his cue from a rock 'n' roll technique: He used a tape echo for effect. Have you ever seen a pair of mirrors so placed that a reflected object was repeated into infinity, so that a single dancing girl seemed like the first in a whole line of "Rockettes," each smaller than her predecessor? In essence, that's what Hank Mancini did for the ear, instead of the eye. The result was an eerie, gradually diminishing circle of out-of-consciousness sounds.

In another Peter Gunn script, a hunted man slid along smoke-blackened buildings down a twilit alley. Because this was the first frame in the picture, instant sympathy had to be evoked for the pursued. Hank used a beat, carried by drums and a bass, slightly faster than the normal pulse at start, and accelerated it gradually to the pounding tempo of a terrified rabbit's heart. Inevitably, the viewer—the listener—became involved in the fate of the fleeing man.

When Peter Gunn found it necessary to make a trip to Spain, Hank reached into his kit and came up with a background of sound embroidered by Laurindo Almeida's solo guitar. In another segment, involving a phony spiritualist, the satiric but ominous score was provided by the shrill, quavering notes of the samisen, an instrument unfamiliar to Occidental ears.

Mr. Mancini's comment on these antics is laconic: "Fortunately, we aren't tied to one idea." It is safe to say that Hank Mancini has never been tied to a lone idea. He is a tall, slender, crewcut man with piercing brown eyes which often look tired because of the hours he keeps. Music is a member of his family, as intimate a part of his life as his pretty (Continued on page 74)
Still quoting his wife: Hank's very much a camera bug—"off and on. He'll shoot 300 pictures of the kids at age 4, then we won't have anything in the scrapbook for 3 years!" Hi-fi's more his line and he has one of the first sets made.

Above, with hi-fi set—and lovely Mrs. Mancini, former singer Ginny O'Conner. Below, their family room is really used by all the family. Here, Hank takes the children's homework just as seriously as his own work on *Peter Gunn.*
"Teamwork" is Loretta's own typically modest explanation for her ever-continuing popularity. Every detail, large or small, of The Loretta Young Show is in the skilled hands of a "family" of such experts as director Richard Morris (above) and ace cinematographer Norbert Brodine (below).

The lovely gowns which have become her trademark are created by top designer Werlé. But it's Loretta who wears them—and who supplies such charm and talent.

LORETTA Young's fabulous face and figure came swirling into the homes of twenty-two million Americans early last October, at the start of her sixth season on the TV screen. More remarkable than the longevity of the show itself is the fact that it is on the same network, at the same Sunday time period, as when it originally began its long and vigorous run. During all this time, no sponsorship change has been made.

"Loretta Young," says an admiring advertising agency executive, "is a veritable 'giant-killer.' She's succeeded in staying on top (Continued on page 66)
of Time and Tennessee Ernie

TV’s favorite Ford, now “model 40,” looks back fondly on a rugged trail to success—and forward to a crossroads vital to both his career and family

By EUNICE FIELD

As America’s best-loved peapicker passes forty, the shadow of a crisis begins to loom before him. The singing sage of TV is coming to the place where the road divides. When Tennessee Ernie Ford gets there, he will have to ask himself that agonizing question all men must face sooner or later: Which way shall I go?

He will not be the first entertainer who has had to make the great choice between finding more time for the joys of family life and finding more time for an ever-expanding career.

But, whatever the decision, it will be Ernie’s. “To keep freedom of choice, even while building a career, is something I’ve always strived for,” says Ernie. “If I thought I couldn’t scratch any time I had the itch, I guess I’d be itching and scratching from morning to night. It’s the thought that I can do what I want—or rather what I feel is right—that’s important.”

Ernie’s choice boils down to this: Will he turn from the golden glitter of show business, as he now insists he will, and seek happiness with his wife and two boys on his Northern California ranch, getting closer to them and to nature? Or will he find that the habit of success has grown too strong and he can’t throw off the applause, big money and

Continued

Forty on February 13, Ernie would like lots more time for his family and his ranch in Northern California. Above, with wife Betty and Mrs. and Mr. Gene Cooper, his ranch manager.

The Ford Show (above, with Joanne Burgan and Dorothy Gill) is lots of fun, though, and fans keep demanding more and more—including more “discoveries” like sweet Molly Bee (right).
of Time and Tennessee Ernie

(Continued)

Tennessee's "pardner," Cliffie Stone—a good friend and manager, who gave Ernie a break on Hometown Jamboree—takes a hula-holiday, too.

glamour of a profession which has raised him to the heights? Or will he try the third way: To make his peace with both these desires and go forward in a "double lane," doing an occasional show or record but, in the main, sticking to hunting, fishing and ranching? Nobody is sure what he will do. So many things may change between now and the parting of the road.

The key to this decision is most likely in Ernie's character, in his record, how he thinks, how he feels. To grasp this, one must study the trail of wisdom and laughter Ernie has scattered along the way, like Johnny Appleseed. One has only to hear a New Yorker talk of "eatin' high on the hog," or a Bostonian exclaim, "Bless your peapickin' heart," to know that Ernie has struck deep roots in the heart of America. But what are his own personal views on life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

"I'm no wise man with a sack full of answers," he insists. "Show me a wise man who can give a quick answer to all your questions, and I'll show you a wise man that's a darn fool." Nevertheless, Ernie owns up to his own private harvest of ideas.

For instance, politics. Unlike Will Rogers, with whom he is sometimes compared, Ernie doesn't make politics a major theme. "I'm no expert on it," he says cheerfully. "But everyone I meet sure is. One of my neighbors says, 'Ernie, I can tell you're a straight Republican.' Another says, 'Ernie, I know you're a straight Democrat.' All I can say is, they're both right. I'm trying to be straight and I'm going to keep on trying.

"Power and money only make politicians, not statesmen. And you don't have to be in politics to be a statesman. My mother wrote a prayer during World War II and it was about spring cleaning. The (Continued on page 71)
Highland Fling

Despite good fortune, Shirley MacLaine is true to her Scottish heritage. No spendthrift, she—except in talent, affection and generosity to others


By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

In a furniture wholesale firm in downtown Los Angeles, Shirley MacLaine bounced up and down on a colorful couch. "It's very nice," she finally admitted. "How much is it?" The salesman consulted the price tag, marked down a few subtractions on a writing pad, then turned to Shirley. "Three hundred and twelve dollars plus tax. . . ."

"Three hundred and twelve dollars plus tax!" Shirley cried out, "You must be out of your mind! I can't afford that." While the salesman knew little about motion-picture and television contracts, he vaguely remembered something about Shirley signing a half-million-dollar deal with NBC not long ago—which prompted his next question: "Why not?"

"Because I've got to save up money to send my daughter through college. . . ." His mouth dropped open. Shirley hardly looked (Continued on page 72)
Daughter Rochelle holds the key to happiness for Dale Robertson, at the end of each Wells Fargo journey.

SHE HAS HIS HEART

By MAXINE ARNOLD

The Wells Fargo express thundered down the highway, headed for home. At the wheel was a handsome, weary-faced man anxious to see the "little woman" he loves—who was doing her sleepy best to wait up for him. Dale Robertson had been on location in northern California for Tales Of Wells Fargo. In two days, he would be leaving again on a long personal-appearance tour. But ahead were those two days with the blithe little spirit in T-shirt and shorts who waited in Dale's living room now, surrounded by his favorite red-leather chair. A very little woman with (Continued on page 61)

Rochelle and her dad share a love of outdoor life and animals—especially horses. Among their other four-footed pals are Dale's Australian sheep dogs, "Blue" and "Gipsy," his mother's French poodle, "Muscles," and little Rochelle's own "Smokey," a mongrel of definite charm but uncertain ancestry.

Dale Robertson is Jim Hardie in Tales Of Wells Fargo, seen on NBC-TV, Monday, 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Pall Mall Cigarettes and the Buick Dealers of America.
Adventures of Zimbalist

Ladies in distress are the specialty of investigator Stuart Bailey, as played by Efrem Zimbalist Jr. Above, the damsel is Dolores Donlon. Below, Erin O'Brien.

Sunset Strip has everything—including two private-eyes. Bailey's partner is Jeff Spencer (Roger Smith), seen below with back to canopy leading to their office. Unofficial third sleuth is next-door parking-lot attendant, Kookie (Edward Byrnes), pictured above about to set off in search of clues.
Efrem Jr. has more than earned his "letters" as a man of action, en route to stardom at TV's 77 Sunset Strip

By FREDDA BALLING

Women may vary in many ways, but in one respect all are alike: The imagination of each envisions the ideal man "who has everything." Part of the charm of such a man in real life is that, if charged with occupying any such status, he would deny it vehemently and with embarrassment.

It's a shame to embarrass Efrem Zimbalist Jr., but the fact remains that his friends say of him, warmly and as a matter of record, "The man has everything: Good looks, intellect, kindliness, poise, charm, a sense of humor about himself as well as about events, an unusually pleasant voice—and exceptionally interesting things to say with it."

"Zim" has so much of everything, it's not surprising that he has as many men fans as women. In fact, he's earned a special niche in the regard of members of his own sex by doing what every man who has ever worn an enlisted man's uniform has yearned to do at some time in his service life: He clobbered the company cook!

It happened this way. Zim was inducted at Fort Dix, then was sent to Fort Jackson at Columbia, South Carolina, for basic training. The weather was humid, the insects were avid, and the chow was par for the tin plates—tasteless, greasy, monotonous. At the end of the chow line were two large metal vats, one for the scraps from each man's plate, the other for his "silver service." As Zim approached the end of the line, he was thinking of other things—dinner at "21," perhaps. He scraped his scraps into the silver vat, and dropped his utensils into the scrap vat.

Immediately realizing his error, he was fishing out his silver when the company cook struck him from behind and launched into an unprintable review of Zim and his ancestry. Zim swung around and returned the cook's punch, knocking him flat. When the cook got to his feet and charged, magenta with rage, Zim stepped aside

Continued
Friends call him "the man who has everything." But there was a time when life seemed empty indeed for Efrem Zimbalist Jr., a young widower. All that changed, when he met and married Stephanie Spalding. Today, their household overflows with a happy family (baby Stephanie, older children Nancy and Efrem III) and pets which range from French poodle to German weimaraner.

Their latest dream-come-true is a new and delivered a right to the jaw. By that time, every hungry man in the company had availed himself of ringside standing room and was rooting for "the home team."

"The home team" polished off the cook before the company's second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain arrived on the double to discover that rumors of a fight were unfounded. The cook had been tripped up by his own apron. Every man in the outfit was ready to swear to it.

Recalling the incident nowadays, Zim says with a grin, 'It was an unsatisfactory fight because the cook was such a poor antagonist. And it's only fair to point out that the cook had his vengeance on me," he adds poignantly. "I was stuck for K.P. a few weeks later. That single day was the longest year of my life."

It's not surprising that, when ABC-TV was casting the urbane but ruggedly virile Jim Buckley in the Maverick teleplays, Efrem Zimbalist Jr. should be chosen. It was also logical that he should be selected as one of the top stars to enliven the same network's 77 Sunset Strip.

Where did Zim come from and where has he been?

He was born in New York City, son of the internationally famous concert violinist, Efrem Zimbalist, and the
home base for their varied activities.

equally famous opera star, Alma Gluck. Inevitably, he grew up in the midst of genius and beauty. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt were his parents' close friends. Josef Hofmann and Sergei Rachmaninoff were frequent dinner guests. Young Efrem assumed that everyone had an Aunty Lynn and Uncles Alfred, Josef and Sergei, each of whom was charming, talented and witty.

Young Efrem's mother was as amusing as any of her guests. Returning from a concert tour, she told of being interviewed by a young local reporter who rushed up to ask if he might speak to Madame Gluck. Smiling, the svelte and willowy singer—a slender rarity in those days of Carmen's who usually weighed more than the bull—said, "I am Alma Gluck."

"But where is the rest of you?" the reporter demanded.

Living in the midst of a combination of fame and laughter served young Zimbalist well in many an emergency. During the summer between completing prep school and matriculating at Yale, he went to work in the Time magazine offices as (Continued on page 76)

Efrem Zimbalist Jr. is Stuart Bailey in 77 Sunset Strip, as seen over ABC-TV. Friday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Chicle Co.; Whitehall Laboratories; Carter Products, Inc.; Harold F. Ritchie Inc.
Adventures of Zimbalist

(Continued)

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Paladin Rides the Airwaves

Both talent and temperament make John Dehner an ideal choice to carry the radio message of that Western knight-errant: “Have gun, will travel”

Gratitude fills the hearts of John and Roma, as they consider their daughters: Sheila, 13, a promising ballet student, and Kirsten, 15, an excellent horsewoman who's won many a ribbon.

By MARCIA MINNETTE

For once, Webster was wrong! According to his famous dictionary, a paladin is “one of the Knights of the Round Table . . . a legendary hero.” Hero? Yes. Legendary? No. Millions of modern viewers and listeners know that Paladin, in person, lives and breathes on Have Gun, Will Travel. Specifically, as seen on CBS-TV, Paladin is a dashing former Medic named Richard Boone. And, on CBS Radio, Paladin is a former Frontier Gentleman named John Dehner.

Both Paladins are very much alive. In John Dehner’s case, the word “former” refers only to the radio Western series in which he previously starred. John has always been, will always be a gentleman. And frontiers exist only for him to conquer, now and forever. He’s lived so colorfully that his conversation is a vivid blend of travelogue, philosophy, adventure and humor. And that conversation isn’t necessarily limited to his native tongue. He also speaks Norwegian and French, some Spanish, Italian, Swedish and German, even a smattering of Hopi Indian.

He’s tall (six-foot-three) and muscular (180 pounds). His eyes are sea-green, his hair is blondish, and the beard he often wears for his Western (Continued on page 80)

John Dehner stars as Paladin in the radio version of Have Gun, Will Travel, as heard over CBS Radio, Sunday, from 6:05 to 6:30 P.M. EST.
Norman Macdonnell (left) of Gunsmoke fame also guides radio’s Have Gun, Will Travel, starring Dehner—who is quite a Western expert himself, as rider and linguist, as well as a superlative actor.

Versatility is John’s trademark. Son of a noted painter, he’s well-versed in art and music. Singing with their equally talented daughters, he and Roma recall early days of struggle—and give thanks for today’s blessings.
The hero of the Bat Masterson series not only dreamed up a house—he built most of it himself, and nicknamed it "Bat's Belfry"
B~FORE Gene Barry, star of NBC-TV's Bat Masterson, began to build his own house, he and his wife Betty lived in a succession of small apartments in New York and in California. Now, with their two sons Michael, 13, and Frederic, 6, they have moved into a handsome big house in Benedict Canyon near Beverly Hills. So lavish a house is not unusual for successful Hollywood TV stars, but it is extraordinary when an actor draws up house plans, contracts the entire building job, and then does a lot of the manual labor along with the construction crew. This Gene Barry has done—and he's justifiably proud of his "dream house." Gene and Betty were married in New York and lived as young-marrieds in a one-bedroom apartment on 56th Street, where their first son Michael was born. "Like every other one-bedroom apartment," says Gene, "we had twin beds in the bedroom, along with Mike's crib. Well, we kept waking up the baby with our talking. So we put the twin beds in the living room. For two years, when we entertained, our friends sat around on twin beds." The Barrys' subsequent apartments were larger, but they still yearned for more space. "When we moved to California," says Betty, "we had a series of houses we rented. But, one day, we set out to buy a home. As we were looking, Gene said, 'Why buy? Let's build.' And that's when we sat down to design the ideal house. I said to Gene, 'Just give me so many rooms I'll always have one I won't really need—just in case.' Gene did all the designing. Everything artistic in the house is his idea, and everything functional is mine. He's responsible for the high ceilings, exposed beams, pitched shake roof, the elegant balcony-game-room area. But, for me, he put in plenty of storage space. We have closets under the stairs, a thirty-foot wardrobe in our bedroom—closets everywhere. I also told Gene I wanted lots of windows, big ones, and we have them.

I wanted access to every bedroom from the outside, so the kids wouldn't have to run through the house. And I wanted at least five bedrooms and five baths—with a tub in each bathroom. Gene put all this into the plans, along with an enormous living-dining area, kitchen, utility room, two bedrooms and three baths on the main level. Upstairs is the master bedroom—really a combined sitting-bedroom—with a den-workroom for Gene next to it. Then there's a sitting-bedroom and bath for the maid, with a staircase which leads directly to the kitchen-dining area and utility room below. The whole thing was an enormous project—4500 square feet—but it's worth it!"

Gene works with the construction crew hoisting the ten-inch-thick beams, some as much as twenty feet long. This is dangerous work, until the big ones are secured. Betty Barry said it made her so nervous that she couldn't watch.

Continued
Gene Barry's
DREAM HOUSE

(Continued)

Gene spent nearly full-time at the house during early stages of construction. He himself did most of trenching for foundation and supervised pouring of the concrete. Above, preparing to install heating conduit. Below, discussing problems with the work crew.

Whole family in kitchen peeping out pass-through into dining area. Hutch built against the wall was designed to hold TV, hi-fi, radio, books. As Betty says, "It makes a homey area for entertainment."

The two-hundred-foot wall at back of house was an engineering feat in itself. Main entrance is at back to permit placement of pool and outdoor yard with advantage of a long view of the surrounding hills.

Gene Barry stars in Bat Masterson, seen on NBC-TV, Wed., at 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Kraft Foods and Sealtest Divisions of National Dairy Products Corporation.
Gene and Betty sitting on stairway to balcony from main living room, the largest area in the house. Interior is of sore-sided cedar—the rough-cut side of the wood. Betty loves comfortable couches, plans to use many in huge room.

Work on the roof of the house had an element of danger, since the drop-off to front is about eighty feet. In the picture below, a Franklin stove which is planned as a cozy decorative touch for master bedroom—and useful one, too.

The boys, Mike and Fred, enjoyed exploring all the many closets. This small one is recessed under main staircase. Large living-room fireplace with built-in barbecue (below) will give Gene chance to demonstrate his prowess as a chef.

Both Mike and Fred helped Gene with many of the tasks they could handle. Here, Mike and his father with $1,000 worth of the rough-cut cedar which had to be moved inside for completion of the interior walls of main living room.
Husky Six-Foot Star Hugh O'Brian doesn't claim to be a top-notch cook, but there's one dessert dish he loves and produces in his own kitchen whenever he has an appreciative and hungry audience. And his guests agree that Wyatt Earp's flaming Crepes Suzette add a brilliant gourmet touch to any dinner menu. When Hugh was an undergraduate at Kemper Military College in Boonville, Missouri, he earned spending money by running a profitable sandwich business—until a fellow student decided to enter the field in competition to him. When the sandwiches grew so elaborate (as a lure to customers) that there was no profit in selling them, Hugh gave up. Years later, when Hugh was still a struggling and unrecognized movie actor, he nearly starved himself to death, trying to economize on living costs. When he realized the reason for his sudden lack of energy and loginess, he went back to food in a big way, now cheerfully stows away hearty meals to match his husky body. So, if you're an O'Brian fan, take a tip from him—eat up! And why not try Hugh's favorite "dress" dessert for a starter? Recipe at right gives full instructions for sure-fire success.

Hugh O'Brian stars in The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp, as seen over ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and The Procter & Gamble Company.
To make pancake batter, mix in a small bowl:
- 1 cup sifted flour
- ¼ cup powdered sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
Add, one at a time:
- 2 eggs
Beat until blended. Add, slowly, mixing gently:
- 1 cup milk
To make sauce, blend at room temperature:
- ½ cup sweet butter
- ½ cup powdered sugar
- grated rind and strained juice of 1 orange
- ¼ cup curaçao
Set to one side.
When ready to make pancakes, add to batter:
- 1 teaspoon brandy
- grated rind of ½ lemon

Heat a 5” heavy skillet slowly, then add a few drops of oil to grease it. Pour in just enough batter to cover pan with very thin layer. Tilt pan so that mixture spreads evenly. When cooked on one side, toss or turn with spatula and cook on other. Cook pancakes one by one. Roll up or fold in quarters and arrange on hot platter. Makes 18-24.

To serve:
Heat 3 tablespoons of sauce in chafing dish over low heat, add pancakes and heat slowly. Add more sauce as needed. When sauce is sirupy and pancakes are very hot, sprinkle with cognac or curaçao and ignite. If not done in chafing dish at table, arrange pancakes on small platter, pour over some of the sauce, sprinkle with warmed cognac, and light just before serving.
Although his "medical practice" exists only on radio, Paul McGrath has a prescription for happiness guaranteed effective for a lifetime

By FRANCES KISH

Driving through the south of France last summer, Paul and Lulu Mae McGrath stopped at an inn for dinner. Two girls at a nearby table watched them rather closely. Mostly, their eyes turned toward Paul—no surprise to his wife, well used to the admiring glances directed at her tall, handsomely-graying husband. Besides, he had just finished a London run of a year in the hit play, "Roar Like a Dove," and the girls might have seen him in it.

The McGraths didn't realize these were Americans, until one of them spoke to Paul. "I couldn't help hearing you talk," she apologized. "I recognized your voice. You are Dr. John Wayne of Big Sister, on radio. I would have known that voice anywhere in the world."

Paul and Lulu Mae were amazed. Although he had been Dr. Wayne for twelve years, he had not played him then for a long time, and it didn't seem possible anyone would still remember how he sounded. But this is the kind of extraordinary thing that is always happening to Paul.

When he was host of the long-running and enormously popular Inner Sanctum series—the macabre master of its creaking door and sepulchral sign-off, "Goodnight, pleasant dreams"—there were proposals of marriage from women who had never seen him but were infatuated with his voice. People used to telephone long-distance just to hear him say a few words.

On his return from Europe late last summer, Paul renewed his successful radio career of more than twenty-five years. He picked up where he had left off as Dr. Phillip Hamilton in NBC Radio's daytime serial The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry, opposite Madeleine Carroll. He stepped into the starring role of Dr. Jim Brent, in CBS Radio's daytime serial, Road Of Life. He was (Continued on page 78)
Title role in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry* belongs to that lovely lady, Madeleine Carroll (right). Paul is Dr. Phillip Hamilton. Phyllis Newman, as Trudy Welta, is third member of the cast pictured above.

Below, time off from American radio to do a London stage hit, "Roar Like a Dove," with David Hutcheson. Among his Broadway hits: "Command Decision." Three star generals were Paul Kelly (left), Jay Fasset and McGrath.
Actress Nancy Malone spices her wholesome, girl-next-door personality with good-looks tricks unmistakably her own

By HARRIET SEGMAN

To the television world, Nancy Malone is Babby Dennis of The Brighter Day on CBS-TV. On Broadway, she is understudying a major role in Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet." Off-stage, pert Nancy generates excitement by daring to be herself. In a staunchly "French poodle" town, Nancy's pets are a tiny African frog and a mischievous capuchin monkey. ... She loves clothes, dressing for compliments rather than "to be in fashion." Her unorthodox wardrobe includes 35 dresses, 16 black Italian sweaters, 30 scarves, 15 skirts, 2 handbags (one tote and one dress-up), and 15 "character" hats bought for fun instead of to wear. ... Nancy's fragrance wardrobe never includes more than three scents, giving each a chance to become personally identified with her. She wears perfume 'round the clock and always scents her gloves. ... A firm believer in femininity, she considers street smoking strictly for the boys, always wears gloves, never chews gum, and prefers wines to cocktails. ... On a date, as in acting, Nancy believes it is better to underplay than to overdo. Her escorts are always made to feel important. She encourages them to talk about their own interests, never corrects a beau if he orders incorrectly in a restaurant or shows a lack of savoir faire. Nancy feels a social error is less important than wounded masculine ego. Auburn-haired, freckle-nosed Nancy acquires a delicate porcelain look with pale powder, pearl-gray eye shadow, colorless nail polish. Her "barometric" blue eyes change color with the weather. She makes them outstanding by underplaying her mouth with light pink lipstick and going all out with plenty of eye makeup—the works. The result, natural yet distinctive.
This page rotates among WBBM's Josh Brady, KYW's Joe Finan, WKMH's Robin Seymour, and now, let's hear from KMBC's Torey Southwick.

As "Satchmo" tells Torey, it's time for tuning in to "our own back yard."

JAZZMEN, COME HOME

By TOREY SOUTHWICK

A merican jazz artists now performing overseas should come back home. Things are looking up!

One day when Louis Armstrong, "Ambassador Satch," was visiting my show, I asked him why American jazz seemed to be so much more popular in other countries than here at home. "Well," he said, "it's just like havin' somethin' in your own back yard and not payin' much attention to it. Someday, you'll get around to listenin' to it."

That "someday" seems to be here. Lately, the American public is not only listening, they're buying!

I'm happy to see it. I find that adding a little easily-understandable jazz to my shows adds a lot of variety and interest. A check of the best-selling music lists shows that there is certainly a growing audience for it.

In TV Radio Mirror a few months ago, Alan Freed of WABC and Art Ford of WNTA, both in the New York area, made some predictions concerning musical trends for 1959. Freed said that rock 'n' roll would continue to dominate the nation's music, and Ford predicted a big move to jazz.

Well, let's take a look at those hit lists.

One year ago at this time, there wasn't one album even remotely connected with jazz on the lists of the top twenty-five popular albums. However, during the last six months, as many as nine of the top twenty-five hit albums have been of jazz or jazz-flavored music.

Wonder of wonders, there have even been a few jazz-flavored single records on the hit lists lately. Drummer Cozy Cole made it with one called "Topsy" and then followed it with another called "Turvy." Peggy Lee's "Fever" made it. Chris Connor and Count Basie both had a couple of discs that came mighty close last year.

Jazz showed up a lot better on the best-selling-popular-albums lists, though. Trumpeter Jonah Jones did extremely well with four big entries: "Muted Jazz," "Jumpin' with Jonah," "Swingin' on Broadway" and "Swingin' at the Cinema."

Jazz singer Dakota Staton turned out three successful albums: "The Late, Late Show," "Dynamic!" and "In the Night," the last one teaming her with the George Shearing Quintet. Pianist Shearing had a big package of his own called "Burnished Brass."

A new jazz piano star, the boss of the Ahmad Jamal Trio, was discovered by the public in a couple of albums, the biggest being "But Not For Me."

Toward the end of last year, Harry Belafonte turned out a terrific blues collection, "Belafonte Sings the Blues," which is still rising in popularity.

Singer Ernestine Anderson has been hailed as the "find of the decade." Her hit album is called "Hot Cargo."

Louis Prima and Keely Smith (Mr. and Mrs. Prima) were responsible for a couple of big ones titled "The Wildest Show at Tahoe" and "Las Vegas—Prima Style."

Even Lawrence Welk turned off the bubbles to record a best-selling Dixieland album and another one starring clarinetist Pete Fountain.

All this in the last six months or so. Lately, some jazz is even showing up in the nation's juke boxes, developing even greater audiences for the idiom. On radio, disc jockeys aren't afraid of using the word "jazz" anymore, for fear of alienating listeners. Perhaps American jazz is finally getting "home."

At any rate, the past few months have shown a balancing of the best-selling music. Rock 'n' roll has stepped down a bit to make room for more melodic music, including a good selection of jazz for the first time in years.

A young man from Texas even moved Tchaikovsky to the popular album hit lists. Who knows where it'll all end?
Radio may be all things to all men, but when it tries to please all of the people most of the time—which it does, via Omaha's WOW—it's news! A-sparkle with talent, this Nebraska station combines its foremost live wires, Joe Martin and Al Lamm, for two daily shows—Breakfast Bandstand, heard Monday through Saturday, from 7:15 to 9:30 A.M., and Joe Martin Calling, Monday through Saturday, 12:30 to 1:30 P.M. Joe contributes a warm and friendly voice and an unbeatable sense of timing in the telling or reading of humorous poems and stories, while Al switches skillfully among the three keyboards at his command—piano, organ, and celesta—with remarkable ease. The result is that, when this extraordinary team hits the airwaves each day, the breadwinners on their way to their jobs are not so impatient with traffic, housewives ease into daily routines less reluctantly and those "shining schoolboys" creep more willingly to school.

At thirteen, talented and enterprising Joe Martin was doing public-address announcing—but for somebody else, till he decided he could do much better on his own. Out of old radio and telephone parts, he built his own P.A. system, and went into business. Even before that, Joe had shown remarkable "get up

Talks with youngsters like singer Brenda Lee are greatly enjoyed by Joe, who began his own career at 12.
It's harvest time—and orchard farmer Allan Lamm has difficulty keeping the apple-eating Lamm family (wife Carol, sons Allan and Clarence) supplied with the "fruit of his toil."

Keeping the barbecue fires a-burning is Joe Martin's special responsibility, but the "flames" of family fun are tended by everyone—including wife Joyce, youngsters Nancy, Mickey, Danny.

and go." At twelve, when most kids are actively engaged in thinking about little more than tomorrow's big game, this youngster spent summer vacations touring the Midwest as a blackface comedian with a minstrel show. . . . Part-time radio work at WFHR in Marshfield, Wisconsin, and, later, courses at the University of Wisconsin gave Joe solid training for what was to become his life's work.

To say merely that Alan Lamm "comes from a musical family" would be the understatement of the year. His mother is a pianist of merit, his father a singer, one brother a Doctor of Music teaching now at the University of Arizona, and another brother working in radio in Louisville. Allan began playing piano at the age of seven, and was busy developing his skills on organ and celesta throughout high-school days in New Albany, Indiana, then at the University of Louisville and the Juilliard School of Music . . . . During his two years as a leathernick, Al had his own daytime radio show over Marine Corps Station KBOR in Tientsin, China. In 1951, the young musician joined WOW as a staff pianist, but it wasn't 'til '53 that he teamed up, to such great effect, with Joe Martin. . . . A country-man at heart, Al lives in a seven-room house set on 2½ acres. And just so wife Carol and children Jean, Allan and Clarence won't get lonely while Al's at work, there are two dogs, three cats, a bird, and a yard full of chickens to keep them company.
DESPITE THE FACT that keeping the chill away from the door was a full-time job in those days, Joseph Priestly McCarthy has warm memories of Alaska. For J.P.'s stint for his Uncle Sam brought him wife, career and a more or less permanent immunity to continental winters. Nowadays, the suave, dark-haired emcee of WJR-Detroit's Music Hall program (heard six days, between 6:30 and 9 A.M. and 4 to 6 P.M., with news breaks) recounts how he had just completed two years of engineering studies at the University of Detroit when the Army called him, issued him several pairs of long johns, and bundled him off to the 49th to help test body reactions to extreme cold... The days were long and dark and, for entertainment, J.P. and his buddy used to huddle close to the Yukon stove in their little tent and practice reading aloud to each other, till their breath froze on their lips. Thawing out in Fairbanks, J.P. was cast for the lead in a KFAR Radio play, "George Caldwell, 3000 A.D." Sealed with him in a time capsule for this futuristic bit of drama was his "wife," co-star Sallie Thompson. But hardly a day of rehearsals had elapsed before J.P. and Sallie—a pretty young dancer, living in Alaska with her parents—decided to make it for real. Married in Fairbanks in 1954, J.P. was discharged soon afterwards, stayed on for a while at KFAR, and returned to the Midwest late in '56... Though he enjoys golf and follows football and hockey, J.P. is actually quite a homebody—constantly amused and occasionally upstaged by his little son Johnnie, three years old. The photographer who came to take family shots for this feature found the toddler eager to help. He posed obligingly with Daddy's golf clubs, Daddy's jazz records, with baby sister Susan, with Mommy, and, when the session was done and the cameraman ready to go, young John pleaded, "Let's take some more smiles, Daddy." Since J.P.'s show is not the request type, he spends hours each day in the stacks selecting music to please all his listeners. His own preference being for "the swinging kind," he ranks Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald high on his list. Detroit, by the way, is up in the air about J.P.
Dale and Jacqueline Robertson are that cliche which so seldom works out in real life: Two who were once married, and who are now warm good friends. Knowing Dale’s tight schedule, Jacqueline had brought Rochelle over to spend the weekend with him. Now “Timmy,” the teddy-bear, was in a pretty blue room among the kingdom of other stuffed animals Rochelle commands when she’s there. Beside the open suitcase, a pair of patent-leather pumps shiny for Sunday School and a pair of red canvas sneakers ready for two flying feet. The school lunch bucket was in the kitchen, waiting to be filled the following Monday morning according to the instructions of the pretty, dark-haired young woman who’d left it there.

Late that night, Dale Robertson turned into the gate and down the driveway under the big pepper trees. He stopped by the side of the rambling California ranch house. Then the tall dark-haired man and a flying six-year-old met at the door. “Hello, Baby!” Dale Robertson said, swinging Rochelle up into his arms. In a little while, they walked down the path past the swimming pool to the stable, where he introduced her to the “surprise” she’d awaited—a beautiful little pony named “Buttons.”

Finally, an excited little girl surrendered to sleep, and her father heard her prayers. Looking at her, listening, the weariness left her father’s face. “Wells Fargo” had gotten through the maze of freeways and twentieth-century trails. “Jim Hardie” was home. And he had two whole days with the little woman he loves, before heading out again.

Two days to help make up for any missed . . .

Too many days missed, so far as her father is concerned. “I’m missing the best part of her life,” says Dale, “and yet I don’t know what to do about it. I’m with her about one-third as much as I should be, and just about one-tenth as much as I’d like to be. Even on weekend days I travel on personal appearances and whatnot. This snowball you get on, in this business, gets to rollin’ and there’s no way to stop it.”

Dale Robertson, of the quick gun and the slow melodious Oklahoma drawl, is riding high, fast and far, as the star of Tales Of Wells Fargo. As Jim Hardie, he makes history come alive, week in and week out, helping to re-win the West, see justice done, and make sure that the “express” always gets through.

But the problem closest to Dale’s heart is how a little girl gets through to womanhood and isn’t harmed by a divided home. Five years ago, her father could look at the tiny, living doll who couldn’t know her home was up against her, and say, “One thing sure, until she grows up . . . one way or another, I’ll never be far away from her.”

And, one way or another, Dale’s never far away now. He calls Rochelle two or three times weekly, wherever he is. Across the miles, appearing at a rodeo in Indianapolis, her father gets the latest . . .
news from the San Fernando Valley "I rode Buttons today," she says. Then, in a very grown-up little voice. "And what are you doing, Daddy? How are you feeling, Daddy?"

When Dale appeared on The Perry Como Show, one little living-room buckle sat glued to the TV screen, drinking in every note. Her father had called to tell her he was going to sing two songs just for her, and for Dale himself, the miles dissolve as he remembers that, when he gets home, a little red suitcase, a lunch bucket, a dog-eared teddy-bear—covered with a princess in a T-shirt—will be there to welcome him.

That Rochelle is queen of Haymaker Farm, there is no doubt. There's a big redwood playhouse with a green scalloped roof, her own kingdom of make-believe. Her loyal subjects await throughout. In the pretty blue room furnished in Early American, a majestic stuffed lion and a whole colony of animal subjects await her every command. In Dale's office, there's a thrilling mynah bird which was a birthday present from her dad. In the stable, the beloved pony stumps and waits. Dale has got a dozen parakeets, three cats, four dogs, a rabbit," her dad grins.

"When children can love animals this much it's a pretty good indication that, when they grow up, they're going to have a lot of love to give to people. So I'm glad. This is the best gauge I have, as to the girl she will grow up to be—her capacity for love for others, her feeling for others."

And the girl Rochelle Robertson grows up to be, the love she will have for others, is her father's first thought. For Dale Robertson knows what it is to grow up in a broken home. He remembers only too well a ten-year-old Oklahama boy who learned his father and mother had separated. How hard his mother had worked at the Robertson Convalescent Hospital in Oklahoma City, making a living for three small boys. But he remembers, even more, how much companionship and love she gave them. "It made my father feel so—what we didn't have—love and—in our home," says Dale. "But my mother worked doubly hard to see we didn't really miss anything—and she succeeded." Rochelle Robertson and her parents could learn from the intelligent way Dale and Jacqueline are trying to make sure a little girl won't be hurt because their own marriage has its friction between them, and they work together over everything. They're agreed that the most important thing is to give a child enough love. As a result, Rochelle is a well-adjusted, happy little girl.

She has her own room in both homes and, at six, it's something of a lark having back and forth between her mother's three-bedroom house in Northridge and her daddy's five-acre place. Only once has she asked the all-important question: "Why don't I live in the same house?"

And she got the only possible answer: "Well, Baby, because we aren't married any more . . ."

Dale and Jacqueline Robertson had been so sure it was for life, when TV Radio Mirror's reporter covered their storybook marriage seven and a half years ago—just five weeks after the two had met. But life's no storybook, and the little things they hadn't had time to learn about each other soon seemed very large. Dale was going from picture to picture without a day off, and they really didn't have a fair chance to settle much of anything.

But they were both so happy when they knew they were going to have a baby. Dale painted the nursery three times, to get just the exact desired shade of blue. He'd thought of a boy—just because he felt he would know what to say to a boy, what to do with a boy. But when a little girl arrived, Rochelle's happy father could only stare at her and say, "I wouldn't trade her for eighteen boys."

Yet, when Rochelle was a year and a half, Dale and Jacqueline Robertson began to seem too much for them. They went to a marriage counselor. They answered all the questions—and their graphs went in exactly opposite directions. "How much that means, I don't know," Dale said later. "But I do know, when it comes to building a life together, we don't exactly view things eye-to-eye."

Their definition of marriage was as varying as their backgrounds, their sense of values, and their emotional make-up. Dale had hoped they could stick it out, keep on trying. "Anybody can fall in love," he said, "but it takes time and effort to make it work." It was Jacqueline who wanted a divorce. But, of course, we didn't have a marriage," she said afterward, "so actually there wasn't much in wanting a divorce."

Nevertheless, Dale and Jacqueline have remained friends, and Rochelle is a beloved, growing bond between them. Time has given them both more understanding, and their own relationship seemed so happy that Jacqueline flew to Rome to join Dale when he was making a movie abroad, a year and a half ago, to talk things over with him. But they decided it just wouldn't work," Jacqueline has said. "We didn't quarrel. There was no real trouble. We just weren't sure. And we felt, if it didn't work out that way, it would be even worse for Rochelle."

Today neither Dale nor Jacqueline believes they'll ever remarry, but neither closed the door on a "I don't think he's the one" as it stands now," Jacqueline says.

"But I've learned one thing: People do change. We both want the same thing, but our way of getting it just isn't the same. Still—it's hard to say."

And Dale says, "We've got differences of opinion that keep us apart. Jacqueline's quite a nice person—I've never thought differently of her. I'd love to be with her, and I've always enjoyed being with her. But I don't know. There are just differences. However, I'll never say definitely, one way or the other, about the future."

Their concern now is bringing up their six-year-old in an atmosphere of friendship and near-normalcy. Making sure she has a chance to be happy is impossible, during these all-important years.

"There's never any problem seeing Rochelle when I'm here," her dad says. They all celebrate the important days together whenever it's possible, and Rochelle spent Christmas at Dale's and had her tree there. They all celebrated Rochelle's latest birthday together, with a swimming party for her schoolmates at Dale's home.

Jacqueline occasionally takes Rochelle over to the studio to spend the afternoon on the sound stage with Dale when Rochelle is with them and he's working. "Dale and I have a lot of time now, you know," Jacqueline says, "so, every opportunity he gets, we just have to arrange it so she can be with him."

"I just want to give together what's best for their daughter and there's been no difficulty. Dale had never shared Jacqueline's preference for private schools, but he wholeheartedly for the school she'd chosen. What Isobel Buckeye does for those kids, the way she teaches them and makes them want to learn—well, it's just wonderful!"

When it comes to disciplining, there's no, Dale participates actively in school affairs. One afternoon, not long ago, he got an urgent phone call from his daughter. "Dad," she said, "what are you going to be doing Wednesday night?" Dale had an important business conference in connection with his show, but he said, "Well, I don't know. Why?"

"I want you to go to school," she said, "because we're going to have a free day." It developed there was a P.-T.A. meeting scheduled that evening and the room which had the most parents would get a free day around the swimming pool. Dale called off his conference, explaining, "Something very important's come up."

When it comes to disciplining their daughter, Jacqueline laughs, "Dale's argument is, 'Well, she's so good when she's with me, I don't have to discipline her. But I don't know whether she's really that good, because she does what I tell her to do.' If there is a small difference of opinion about something she's done, the tall man and the little girl can be observed kissing the blushing Rochelle on Dale's knee. "It's just that I believe it's better to reason with her," he says. "She's a little girl of extremes," her

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Every Woman Wants My Man

Why do so many marriages go on the rocks? What makes a woman covet another's husband? Why do married men "play around?" These are some of the questions that are answered by the radio program "My True Story." And they're the kinds of questions a fiction writer's brain. For these are stories of real people—taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. They make exciting listening, so be sure to hear them.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO

MY TRUE STORY

National Broadcasting Company

"The other woman tells her side. Don't miss "His Wife Deserves To Lose Him" in March TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newstand."
It was during this trip that Rochelle's two front teeth got chipped. "If something like this happens, it's going to be with me—always," her dad groans, shaking his head. "She has her brand-new permanent teeth—and she's knocked the whole middle out of 'em now. She jumped in the swimming pool at one place, one day and knocked a bottom tooth loose. Then she chipped the front ones while we were fishing in Mexico."

A troubled Dale called Rochelle's mother—long-distance to prepare her. "How did it happen?" asked Jacqueline. "She just tripped and fell on some stairs," he said. There was a long pause while her mother tried to recover. But Rochelle's dad had still another concern. "She's quite sensitive about it," he cautioned. "So, when you see her, pretend not to notice.

Dale and Jacqueline Rochelle's every eventuality, whether it's a chipped tooth or an errant report card or any part of the nebulous future. Their one hope, one prayer—that future won't suffer from a broken home. "I don't believe Rochelle's been harmed by it," her father says slowly. "I know I've done everything to try to keep her from being harmed by it and her mother has, too.

"The important thing is to give her love enough to make her secure," Dale goes on. "As long as they know the love is there and feel secure in it, then they don't have to go chasing around for it and findin' it in wrong places later on.

"I want Rochelle to realize the real values of life—the true values," Dale Robertson says, looking ahead. "I want her to know that arterial things aren't actually the things that count. That what counts is love and the things she can do for other people. These are the things that can bring her the true happiness."

And this is the stake her father dreams about, while he's working so hard in television re-winning the West. The big adventure begins for Dale when the Wells Fargo Express has somehow and the little woman waiting for him there. Adventures enough for her father, watching his dark-haired daughter grow and helping her toward happiness.
The Very Biggest Payoff

(Continued from page 26)

fabulous fur coats and the trips to Paris, the Riviera, the storied Nile—to almost anywhere, short of the moon, the contestant's heart desires? What is her own heart's desire? If Bess Myerson could make one wish, what would it be?

"My goodness," she laughs wholeheartedly, "that's easy! I would wish that things could go on just as they are . . . so happily involved in my work, so happy at home with my eleven-year-old-daughter Barbara, and Maureen, our housekeeper—what would we do without her?—and Cindy, our little Schnauzer! I think I am the luckiest person in the world to have the work that I really want to do, every morning, and a home that I can't wait to get back to, every evening.

"I know I am the luckiest person in the world to have won the title of Miss America, as I did in 1945—a title that opened up so many avenues to me, including television. So what should I have to wish for? I have it easy, it seems! The only thing I feel like doing is selling them in the show as I do, five days a week, mink is literally my trademark. Alas, I didn't win it. And it wasn't a gift. I bought it in my time. Quite a lot of time. I finally finished paying for it last year. So what happens? This year, it is out of style—so a remodelling job had to be done."

Recently, a close friend said, 'Bess attributes the most important thing she is, or where she is, because of luck but because she has worked—and of necessity—since she was in her early teens.'

"It's true," Bess admits, 'that I've been working since I was thirteen, but that was luck, too. Born and raised in the New York borough known as the Bronx, I came from rather a humble background, so it's lucky for me that I was tall for my age. Looking older than I was enabled me to get my first job as a camp counselor the summer I was thirteen, and I continued to be a camp counselor every summer thereafter, up to and including the summer I became Miss America.'

In her middle teens, however, Bess went through a period when she was 'absolutely miserable' about the extra inches "that put a blight on my self-confidence," as she puts it. "I was always the last one out of the gym. I often found myself in line for tickets at sporting events. Being able to look over people's heads was an asset at basketball games and the movies. But when it came to the most vital thing in a teenager's life—dates—it was a horrid liability. I never asked my girl-friends whether a blind date they'd arranged for me was young or old, rich or poor, handsome or homely: 'How tall is he?'

"I remember one evening in particular, when a date was made for me with a boy who was, I was assured, at least as tall as I. Practically delirious at the prospect, I blithely discarded the customary flat heels in favor of my most prized but seldom-worn possession, high-heeled shoes. At the appointed hour, in torted a cramping, well-dressed fellow—all of five feet, seven inches tall. That's a fine height, I know. But, standing next to me—I'm five-feet-ten, in my stockling feet—he suddenly became a midget. I was miserably disappointed, embarrassed as always, and angry, too, but I made the best of it and realized that he was as embarrassed and disappointed as I, if not more so.

"It came to me then, for the first time, that I wasn't the only one who could be conscious by a difference in height. The minute I stopped thinking in terms of I and me, I relaxed. So did my date, and we went on to have a most enjoyable evening, a really wonderful time. When we danced, there were amused glances. I merely ignored the glances and, when it became apparent that we weren't ill at ease, they stopped—proving that it's not the altitude but the attitude that counts. So ended for me—then, there and forever—one of the teen-age growing pains. I haven't worn a pair of flat heels since."

As she matured, young Miss Myerson learned to take pride in her 'extra inches' and to carry herself accordingly. Obviously, it paid off. In 1945, a candid photo of Bess won her the Miss New York City beauty pageant to capture the coveted crown of Miss America. "Strikingly beautiful and talented as Bess was," a friend of those days recalls, "it was the plus of her statue-like height and the grace of the model manner with which she carries it that eventually helped to win her the title—and also a five-thousand-dollar scholarship, which she used toward her master's degree in music at Columbia University."

"The year I won the title," Bess explains, "was the first year that talent was required, recognized, and rewarded. I began piano at the age of nine, and if anyone had asked me, at any time during the next seven years, 'What is your dream?' I would have said, 'To be a concer-pianist.' Then suddenly, at sixteen, I decided not to make music a serious career, but to go to college instead. So I went to Hunter College and worked my way through by teaching piano. After I became Miss America, I resumed my musical studies and career, the high spot of which was an appearance with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall."

"But then the tremendous activity in which Miss America is involved caught up with me. Fashion shows and personal appearances and auditions. Then, one day, I said to myself: Look, this is not all my glory and excitement and not give something, too. So I embarked on a series of lecture tours. In areas where there was racial tension, I'd be asked—by the Board of Education or by The Congress of Christians and Jews and similar organizations—to speak in schools or auditoriums. Yet going around the country, being beautiful—that was my theme—because hate is from the most irritating disease that affects the way you think and feel, and the way you look. Have you ever really looked, I'd ask, at a person who hates? It was a challenge, coming out before those teen-age kids. There were the witches and the wolf calls, but they never lasted more than a few minutes. Then the kids quieted and, after the lecture, we'd have discussions with them, and many of them got the message. If only one or two of them did, it was worth the doing . . ."

"Then, in 1951, Miss America opened up an office and applied for a job. The Big Payoff, I would never have been in this business if it were not for Miss America—she gave me my career."

You might suppose that, for Bess, who has put in more hours on TV than any other performer of her sex, boredom would be setting in. But you have only to feel the impact of her vibrant personality to foresee that she herself would say, "I am never bored. From dawn to dark, the clock round, never for one moment. I get up at a quarter to eight in the morning, five days a week, and have my coffee and juice with Barbara while she eats her breakfast. I see her off for school, then shower and dress. At nine-thirty, just as I am leaving for the studio, Mau-reen and I sit down and share a bowl of milk into which she has beaten two raw eggs, and I'm on my way. And glad to be."

"But it's not just a cut-and-dried, five-day—week chore, this job of mine," says Bess, "Every day is a new challenge because, every day, everything on the show is new—new fashions, new songs, new faces. But new contestants, new people to meet and talk with, to get to know a little. Bob Paige actually interviews the contestants, but I spend some time with them, too, so that I'll have the important details of their backgrounds. There's the feeling I get, when I see those two people take their places on stage—the man hoping he can answer just one question, to win for that woman in his life. The feeling I get when they do win—just I flip, I scream louder than the woman does!"

"Win or lose, however," Bess emphasizes, "I feel that the feel no of our show is always pleasant. Perhaps this is mostly because our contestants are trying to win prizes, not money. It's more of a game, a fun thing. The people of the show are the contestants. The feeling is meaningful to me is that the winning contestants have got to be good to themselves. If money was the prize, you know very well that the average woman wouldn't go out and buy herself these beautiful, glamorous clothes, let alone a mink coat and a trip to Europe. But, when she wins on our show, there's nothing for it but to walk to Europe, or wherever, and in a mink coat."

"It's not that we believe the American woman's dream is a mink coat. It's more the fabulous never-believed-this-could-happen thing. It's the confidence at the very time the average man and wife can afford to go to Europe, they aren't so young anymore—they've had to wait that twenty years that they've had to put their kids through school. But, when they win The Big Payoff, they can leave with no feeling that they're depriving the little folks at home by using earned income or dipping into savings."

"After the show, then what? I may do an extra commercial. Or I may have an interview, or fittings for the clothes I wear on the show. Nowadays, I seldom make personal appearances, unless doing so serves some cause in which I am deeply interested—such as the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. I often speak before girls' groups and special groups and say:
in order to acquaint them with the work being done for children who are afraid of the dark, afraid to go to sleep, so terrified of living, yet who are not hopeless but who—given the proper atmosphere and loving care—can be cured. I try to talk the group into taking us on as a project.

"Whatever I may be doing, however, I'm always home by six o'clock or, at the latest, six-thirty. Seven o'clock is our dinner hour, and I always have dinner with Barbara. After dinner, Barbara may have some homework, or she may want me to practice the piano with her. Or I may do some practicing on my own behalf. Now that I've been asked by several record companies to make a piano album, I am back at the piano again. By nine-thirty or ten, most evenings, I'm on my way to bed. Like every other working girl, when the day is done, I'm tired."

The home that Bess can't wait to get back to every evening is a large apartment—"with a wonderful big kitchen"—in New York's East eighties. "The kitchen," she says, "is my favorite room, and the one most lived-in. But I love the living-room, too. Everything there is gold and white, accented with scarlet and green... a very warm room and sunny, yet with a quiet uncluttered feeling, too. My bedroom—all Wedgwood blue and white—has a quiet feeling, too, serene and sleepable. I like a lot of color, yet somehow I don't wear bright colors. I dress almost always in the basic shades of gray and blue during the day, black and white at night.

"We have such a good home-life, such a good life together, Barbara and I. We go horseback riding and bicycling together, in Central Park. We go to Chinatown for dinner and walk around afterwards, exploring. We go away to the country, weekends. Our most fun of all, though, is when we stay at home weekends and cook. Barbara will make her favorite dish, which is spaghetti.

"Happily," says Bess, "Barbara and I are alike, in that we have no diet problem. Barbara is almost as tall as her age, but her coloring is lighter than mine—a sort of tan-blond—and she has freckles. Whether or not she will want to be on television or other part of the entertainment media when she grows up, I don't know. At a certain age, most little girls like to look like Mommy, dress like Mommy and do what Mommy does. But, as they grow, they become independent individuals what parents must try to do. I doubt that I will have much of a problem in this. Barbara plays the ukulele and the piano. She belongs to a modern dance group and a dramatic productions group. She is often in a school play and, when she is, I never miss a performance. She is in the sixth grade at school—in the intellectually gifted class.

"Often, too, we have Sunday brunches at our house. Barbara is a natural for the job. One of them is composed of three girls I went to college with, interesting girls doing interesting things—one is in psychiatry, one is an associate producer on a network TV show, another is a writer. This is kind of an old-shirt-and-slacks group. One or two of Barbara's little friends are usually around, too, and we talk like mad and eat bagels and lox, or muffins and jams. And talk some more.

"So now you know, don't you," Bess asks, her dark eyes shining, "why I think I am the most lucky person in the world to have the work that I want to go to every morning and the home that I can't wait to get back to every evening. Now you know why, if I could make one wish, I would wish that things could go on just as they are—in.

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The brilliant new 1959 Photoplay Annual is ready for you now. This is the book that tells you everything about Hollywood. This glamorous yearbook sparkles with bright new pictures of all the top-flight stars. Here, too, is all the news and gossip of Hollywood... plus exclusive stories about the screen's outstanding personalities of the year. This is a book you must have. Here's a sample of what's inside this exciting yearbook:

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(Photon Print)
Loretta the Giant-Killer

(Continued from page 32)
of her success in the most competitive and consuming of all entertainment media. And when others flounder, she continues to flourish."

It is interesting to translate this compliment more specifically into the rating battles The Loretta Young Show has won during its three seasons in the same time-slot on Sunday evenings. When the series premiered in September, 1953, the competition on the ABC network was a sustainer; on CBS, it was The Web. Early in October, for the first time in its history, CBS introduced the temporary basis The Peter Potter Show, which continued the battle with Loretta's ratings until January, 1954. Then Break The Bank took over the network until September, 1955—when the network changed for two months to Life Begins At 80. Next, still searching for a strong show to enter against the Loretta block-buster, it was Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, which stood up only until March 1, when a sustainer was put on. At the start of the 1956-57 season, ABC scheduled Omnibus, which continued until late April. After that, the Mike Wallace interviews came on. At the start of 1957-58, there was Football Game Of The Week until November 17, when Scotland Yard was introduced. And then, the only show to challenge the Loretta Show, Encounter survived only briefly after the season's beginning.

Meantime, at CBS, The Web ran through the first season. At the start of the 1954-55 season, there was Best, a strong contender—and still a highly popular network show today, in another time period. Father, however, only continued until the end of 1954, when Loretta was put on. At the start of 1955-56, when Appointment With Adventure took up the struggle, until it was dropped on April 1, 1956 in favor of $64,000 Challenge. With the break-up of the quiz-show business, Challenge yielded to the last big-money quiz holdout, $64,000 Question—which in turn yielded to Keep Talking, for a relatively brief space of time.

During this five-year period, The Loretta Young Show commanded extremely high audiences and is still showing continued vitality into its sixth season. In terms of her TV career, the Show itself is equally remarkable. She holds an Oscar from the Motion Picture Academy and two Emmys from the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences. She's also won three nominations, and that's a record hard to beat!

When Loretta first entered her TV series in 1953, she brought to it an accumulation of acting experience which gives some clue to many of the successes in the new medium. She had been an actress since she was four, a star since she was fourteen, in eighty-seven major studio motion pictures. When she realized that if she was to be successful on TV, she had to gather a distinctive production staff—producer, director, story editor, cinematographer, gown designer, public relations directors, and the like. She was concerned with keeping her show "on the road."

This she set out to do. This she did. Some were old associates, some new. Each, she has said, "grew" with the show. Her group established a professional rapport among all of them that works like a charm. Each is a master of his own field, with a mutual respect for each other's judgment. This cooperation brings masterful results—one very good reason why Loretta has bested all opposition. She herself sums it all up: "I've been very fortunate indeed."

Since the show began, her letters from viewers symbolize the vast public interest in every phase of Loretta's TV life. She's asked why she prefers television to motion pictures, how she gets her tremendous energy and vitality, who selects the stories she appears in each week, what she does in her spare time, where she keeps those innumerable and diversified awards—including TV Radio Mirror's Gold Logie—what it means to her to be a "Television—vision," which she received for five consecutive years.

The answers from the star of one of TV's greatest audience attracting programs are as honest and straightforward as she is: "I love my work. But, if I could be any happier working in a department store, then I'd work in a department store. Anyone's job will reflect love and friendship, I think, if one puts love and friendship into it. When we started out, our goal was to build a show that had heart and motive, plus the thing that sells the show and sponsor products—entertainment value. The enthusiastic letters people write and the awards we have received make us very happy. They make us feel what we're doing is worthwhile."

"Aside from the gratification I feel, I love television because it allows me to play dozens of characterizations in each season, instead of two or three a year, as I did in motion pictures. For I've said it before, I'll say it again, because it's true: I love our flexible format, because it lets us present drama, comedy and human interest for any size screen in the viewer's home."

"We've tried, first of all, to entertain and we hope always to serve a wide audience—to recognize and salute a wide variety of people in our stories. Being a welcome weekly 'visitor' is a compliment and not without its great responsibilities. I'm very grateful that every member of our close-knit, hard-working unit firmly believes in the show's standards of taste, example and principle."

"TV stars, I've learned, are regarded with far greater affection than those of stage and screen ever were. TV stars belong to a family—or to a family—of people. The feeling of a family—habit, gives you both the best and the worst of it. You know how hard we try, all of us, never to let the family down—anybody knows how it is with family. I believe in TV being a continuing challenge to an actress and it certainly keeps her versatility in high gear!"

It has been said, "Variety is the spice of life." Everyone knows how Loretta loves quotations, and this one she believes with all her heart. For her to play the same character each week—well! That could be monotonous, and I say two words—monsters—Boredom and Monotony. Where, she's often asked, has she found the hundred-odd different characters she's played during her years in television? She answers, "Everywhere, why, life is so varied and colorful."

"Occasionally, a vignetted has been right for a certain story," Loretta agrees, "may be one out of my life, or any number of lives. It might even be the basis for a story, but we are not presenting documentaries, so none of our stories are autobiographical. Who besides the stories? Well, that's easy to answer, too. Our viewers! Through the opinions, criticism, and recommendations."

"We've tried, first of all, to entertain and we hope always to serve a wide audience—to recognize and salute a wide variety of people in our stories. Being a welcome weekly 'visitor' is a compliment and not without its great responsibilities. I'm very grateful that every member of our close-knit, hard-working unit firmly believes in the show's standards of taste, example and principle."

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TV RADIO MIRROR

at your favorite newsstand March 5
Carol Burnett’s Mystery Gift

(Continued from page 20)

squirmin in her arms and she says, “This is Bruce. I’m madly in love with her.” She enjoys your double-take and adds quickly, “That’s right. He’s a she. My husband Don wanted a girl and I wanted a girl, so we compromised. For Don’s sake, we call her Bruce.”

And so you meet Carol Burnett, the young comedienne who in the past two seasons has been breaking up audiences on the Jack Paar, Garry Moore, Ed Sullivan, and Dinah Shore shows. She is wisecracking, witty, slightly mischievous but, in spite of the clowning, she is very warm and feminine. This is a girl who could never be embittered or cynical or hard—perhaps because something of a minor miracle has happened in her life.

“It’s something you have to believe in because it’s true,” she says. “It happened four years ago, when I was an undergraduate at UCLA. For one course, I had to do a musical skit. Well, Don and I did a scene from ‘Annie Get Your Gun.’ The professor liked it so much he asked us to come to a party and do it for the guests, it was a natural. A nice, middle-aged man came up to us and said, ‘What would you like to do with yourselves?’ That was easy to answer. Don wanted to get to know New York and I wanted New York because it is the only city where you can get into musical comedy.”

She said, “What’s stopping you?” I said, “Money.” He said, “Money! What’s money?” I’m fifty years old now, and I came to this country an immigrant and had no money. I’ll give you some money.” The truth was that my finances were in a quandary on the other side. I worked weekends to pay my way at school, but I was still in debt. And I figured this Santa Claus couldn’t be for real. He was sweet and seemed generous, so I went along. And so it was possible that he was just feeling good.

“So I said, ‘Oh, sure, you’ll give us money.’ He said, ‘Sure, I will.’ You come to my office in San Diego a week from tomorrow, you don’t have to change your plans. Oh, and I had a name in mind. Don’t believe it, and yet don’t want to stop believing. Don kept his head and said, ‘We’ll phone you before we come down.’ During the next week, our plans to go to San Diego—but we kept telling ourselves it was too good to be true.

Carol was twenty at the time and she couldn’t have been more deserving—like the heroine in a fairy tale—she had been good, honest and poor. “I was born in San Antonio,” she says. “Dad was manager of a movie house and Mother was a salesclerk. I was a perfect child, an example of the saying of ‘Rasputin and the Empress’—Mother had to get up at the most exciting part and save for the hospital. When I was about three years old, I started going to the theater with Daddy and I would sit through the cartoons, go up to his office for a nap, then come down for the cartoons again. I’ve always loved movies.

Daddy was six when my parents moved to California and left me with Grandmother. They were going to stay for a day, but they had troubles and didn’t. When I was born, Grandmother and I moved to Los Angeles, and I lived in a streetcar which crossed the hall from Mother. Daddy was very ill and went to the hospital about that time—he died there, a few years ago.

“Mother had my baby sister to take care
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of them, but she was wonderful, like a big sister to me. She wrote for the magazines and did publicity. She told great stories and she liked to sing harmony. Evenings, we would sing until very late and then I’d go back across the hall to share the bedroom with my grandmother. Most of my life, I wanted to be a writer like Mother. The idea of being an actress or performer never occurred to me.

"I was the biggest tomboy in the whole neighborhood," she recalls, "but it wasn’t all my fault. There were only two girls in our immediate neighborhood, and seven boys. If you didn’t play football, you were left out. So, throughout high school, boys were just my buddies. I dug into journalism at Hollywood High and went on to U.C.L.A., planning to be a writer.

It was quite accidental that Carol became a performer. She took an acting course because it was required of undergraduates in the theater-arts department who wanted to write. She says, "I was so annoyed by the course, at first. I disliked everything about it, and the teacher disliked me. But, near the end of the semester, I had to do a comedy scene and then I heard my first laugh—and loved it. I tried out for something else in which I played a hillybilly woman and got to use my old Texan accent. I got more laughs and won an award for the best newcomer of the year. To me, it felt like the Academy Award. That did it. I forgot about writing and decided to become an actress."

She met and fell in love with Don Saroyan during her junior year in college. Don was a graduate student, five years her senior, who had come to U.C.L.A. from Omaha. "Everyone was telling Don that he ought to meet and work with me," she recalls. "Well, the way we met! Don was talking to a girl-friend of mine, who was giving me a big build-up, when I came traipsing along. I saw another friend of mine beyond Don, and I went bounding over like a monkey—a silly stunt that was going around then. Don got an eyeful of this and turned to my friend. 'I ought to meet her?' he said, 'Are you kidding? I liked him from the beginning, but he thought I was the biggest idiot, so it took a while before I caught him.'

It took almost a full semester. She horned into an act he was doing with another guy, not because she was interested in the act, but to be near him. She explains, "I was hanging around so much, I became a habit, and then we were going together without even talking about it. He did such sweet things. He threw a surprise birthday party for me and invited all the schoolteachers I’d ever had, and my old playmates, and arranged for my father to come out of the hospital for that one evening.

"Don and I had the same ambitions and knew it was essential to get to New York, where a young actor can make a start, but it didn’t seem at all possible. We had no money. I figured I would go on and graduate, try out for a couple of things, then settle down to teach in California. That was being realistic. That was—until he met that man at the party. And it was more out of curiosity than belief that we went down to San Diego to see him.

They planned the day before and confirmed their date but still expected that, when they got there, he would merely take them to lunch and that would end it. That Saturday morning, Don picked her up, then five to make the drive. Carol says, "I told my grandmother I had to leave early to study for a final—the real reason was too crazy to talk about. We drove in Don’s rattettrap and had a flat on the way, but we got there and went into the man’s office.
He questioned us for a half-hour, then called in his lawyer, and had us make out a thousand-dollar check for each of us. Then he said, "There are four stipulations that go with these checks: First, I must remain anonymous. Second, it's a loan. I won't be back for the money, and it is due back in five years. Third, you must use the money to go to New York. Fourth, if you do make good, you must promise to do nothing that would make us look bad, or it is due back."

He flabbergasted me. I would've been more frightened if I had seen a nightmare, because I'm not. I'm so used to nightmares, I've kind of, well, I think I'm used to nightmares."

"There was no question in my mind that I would quit school and forget about graduating," she says, "but I had to convince my grandmother. She had never wanted me to go to New York. She thought that it would be too much heartbreak involved in trying to be an actress. But I came home and showed her the checks—representing more money than we'd ever had—and I told her that it was a loan. We had a plan that someone was looking after me, and I really had no alternative. Then she agreed that I should go."

"After settling all my debts, getting a couple of teeth fixed and buying a trunk and ticket, Carol arrived in Manhattan with a little more than $300. She took up residence at The Rehearsal Club, a room-and-board house for actors. The day after I arrived a couple of months later and moved in with a couple of friends in an apartment down the street.

"Neither of us had any luck," says Carol. "When all of our money was gone, Don took a job ushering at the Roxy. I worked as a hatchet girl at thirty a week. Much poorer we couldn't have been. One evening we were sitting over coffee in a drug store, feeling forlorn and angry at the agents who didn't recognize our talents. We got to talking about our benefactor and that bucked us up. We knew we would have to do something and that we had to do something for ourselves."

One problem with agents had always been the response, "Let me know when you're in something, and I will help you get into something if the agent didn't put you there. Together, Don and Carol worked out the idea of having The Rehearsal Club put on a revue. It was work. They had the good sense and then got the approval of the board of directors. The show had to be written and rehearsed and money raised for a hall for three nights.

It was a frantic operation, raising the money and getting each of the acts in shape, but they opened and played three days at Car Fischer's Music Hall to full audiences who were eager to see the acts and agents. As a result, Don, who had directed the production, was hired by M.C.A. to direct industrial shows. Carol was signed to an agent and, shortly afterward, came a regular P.R. job with a TV show—as Jerry Mahoney's sweetheart. Four other girls in the production also got work. It was a success.

"One day, Don and I married the same day I started to work," Carol says. "We moved into a tiny apartment over the La Scala restaurant. It was an asset for me because I'm not much of a cook. Whatever I prepared, I just kept it. I had a little kitchen, and the odors come in from the restaurant, so we felt as though we were sitting down to a great Italian meal."

"Carol's next break came when she was booked for Garry Moore's nighttime show. He liked her so much he brought her back several times, later chose her to star in his second show when he entered night-time variety. The next turning point was the interview with a prominent newspaper writer, Ken Welch—the story entitled "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles." She calls, "This was something unexpected. I used it as an opener at the Big Tent, where I worked five months. It was the song."

"Then Jack Paar asked me to sing it on his night show. I was afraid it might offend some people, but he insisted. Well, I went for it, and that night I was really shot. It was the first time that I was so frightened of the consequences—and I proved to be partly right. In the fifteen minutes after I did the song, the NBC switchboard took 150 critical phone calls. I went on back to the show and Angel to do my last show and found a call waiting for me from Washington, D.C. I picked up the phone and a man said, 'The National Tax Advisor to Mr. Dulles.' I figured This is it—I'm going to be exiled to Texas. Then he said, 'I saw you on the Paar show and loved that number and I know John Foster Dulles, and I want you to come and work with us. It was a new show.'"

"Today, Carol is well established as a night-club and TV performer. She has accomplished her ultimate ambition, to play in a Broadway musical comedy, but she considers the song waiting for the part that fits her talents. Don, too, has found employment as an actor and director. A year ago, they moved into a larger home and furnished to their taste. Last January, Carol's mother died. Carol took over the responsibility of raising her sister Chris, who is twelve years younger. Chris is in a girls' school in New Jersey, but she prefers to have Chris living with her, but this requires a larger apartment and there is the problem of who would look after Chris when Carol is working out of town.

"I'll tell you why, she says, "I'm not one of those broken-hearted comedians who blow in public and cry at home. I like fun and have lots of it, but I'm serious, too. I want to be serious, as the mother—thirteen-year-old sister. But things are going well for me and I'm grateful and I'm indebted to that man in San Diego. His faith meant so much to us in terms of perseverance and attitude.

"I know show business is described as a dog-eat-dog business, but I've never felt jealous of anyone. I love the other comedians—Kaye Ballard, Imogene Coca, Dody Goodman, and so on. I think there are enough jobs and money for everyone. If I hear of something that's open which I'm not right for, I try to think of someone else who would have the gift they couldn't do otherwise. It wouldn't be me. And I don't think that man in San Diego would be very happy if I were selfish. Generosity, I think, should be like a chain reaction.

"Come hell or high water," she adds, "on June twenty-second of this year, Don and I will repay that man, and we will do it as soon as possible. I remember the day he gave us the money. He hasn't written us nor given any indication that he was watching us. I don't think he has been worried about us. I remember saying to him, 'I don't think you'll ever see us again.' You know we will pay you back.' He said, 'I know you will. All the others have.'

"A man who has that kind of faith in people seldom sees it let slip. He is so generous. The best explanation of all, why life hasn't "let down" Carol Burnett, either."

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a new Atlantic album fittingly titled, "The Songs You Heard When You Fell in Love." ... Jackie Cooper, who in recent years has been identified with television, harks back to movies with a Dot album, "The Movies Swing!" Jackie's drums are supplemented with a half-dozen competent sidemen in a happy, easy-swinging collection that includes the theme from "The Bridge on the River Kwai," "Pennies from Heaven" and others. There are several fine new jazz albums in circulation—Victor's "Aaron Bell After Hours" and "Fabulous Phineas Newborn," Columbia's Dave Brubeck's "Jazz Impressions of Eurasia." The most unusual new release is Dot's "And Baby Makes Three." Dr. John S. Kruglick, pediatrician, gives helpful hints to new parents and with a musical background yet.

Wrapping It Up: Victor Borge now conferring with Pontiac about another show for late spring or fall. This would feature serious music and fine artists. No comedy. But Borge does nothing halfway and promises that the program will be as unique and exciting as his own show with comedy. ... Ad agency Cunningham and Walsh says their research indicates average TV viewing per week per person is twenty-two hours and seven minutes. Perhaps we will have a trend toward seven-minute Westerns. ... Another fact and figure from Mutual's Answer Man states 20% of TV's income before advertising washing in American homes is done by husbands. Is your man doing his share? ... Cindy Robbins, former Payoff model, gets a inspired role in the film "This Earth Is Mine." In meantime, Bob Paige, Payoff's emcee, has had a windfall. He's owner of stock in several oil wells and the first one hit natural gas. ... Panel-testing producers Goodson-Toddy widen their horizons. Currently shooting whodunit series, Philip Marlowe, and will produce a musical spec for late spring. ... Latest rumor on Paar show is that it may move to California. There are those who think that Jack's nerves are popping. Man who has been close to Jack says, "The reverse is true. When the show started, he was very nervous. Actually, he's mellowed a lot. He's got the security of success." ... On February 15, Ed Sullivan brings in from Europe Luise Rainer, two-time Academy Award winner. This will be a particularly sentimental spot, for Ed has often said her first appearance on the show was one of the high spots of his career. ... Peter Lind Hayes has always considered the opportunity to showcase fine but unfamed talent one of the most pleasant aspects of his life. Peter brought John Bubbles back from Europe to work on his current ABC-TV show. Peter is now particularly gratified that Bubbles has been chosen to star in a new Broadway musical slated for April premiere. ... TV actors and actresses are mostly chosen for their appeal to female audiences. Four out of five of the big TV dramatic shows coming out of New York City have female casting directors, and nearly all advertising agencies have women casting their commercials. Who said it isn't a woman's world. ... 

Some pertinent questions for pert Doris Day—TV youngsters do the asking.

TV Radio Mirror goes to the Movies

(Continued from page 3)

al. of which helps her case. It seems the live lobsters she sent to a customer, via the E & F Railroad, died before they reached their destination, and widow Day wants restitution from the railroad. Though it's not exactly what she had in mind, Doris gets what's coming to her in the form of some hilarious misadventures which begin with a lawsuit in Maine, blow up into a nationwide human interest story, and chug along to a traditional happy ending. Doris's life is further complicated by romance in the form of suave New York reporter Steve Forrest, and Jack Lemon, the good-natured but long-suffering boyfriend/lawyer, back home. Wisecracking Ernie Kovacs makes the most of his role as the cigar-chewing railroad tycoon who is finally bested by the pert Miss Day. Midway through the metamorphosis, several TV personalities add to the gaglety when Doris visits the TV programs, Youth Wants To Know, I've Got A Secret, and The Big Payoff.

Rally Round the Flag, Boys!

20TH CENTURY-FOX

An Army missile project, set down in a small suburban town near New York, triggers off a many a complication in this hilarious spoof of the commter set. Harry Bannerman (Paul Newman) and his overly civic-minded wife (Joanne Woodward) have permitted the mundane matters of life to invade their marriage unduly. A community project for a new and improved garbage-disposal plant is the burning topic—until it turns out that the Army demands the area. Since nobody knows, but many suspect, that the Army project might harm the town, both Bannerman and his wife get caught up in combating the new Army effort. Diverting Bannerman from good works is Angela Hofa (Joan Collins), the wife of a busy TV executive who spends more time in overwork in New York and Hollywood than with his glamorous spouse. Her open assault on the affections of Bannerman implement much of the outsly action which follows.

The Doctor's Dilemma

M-G-M; EASTMAN COLOR

Based on the play by George Bernard Shaw (and much of his satirical wit is evident), "The Doctor's Dilemma" (set in London) is a clever commentary on turn-of-the-century physicians and the medical misconceptions they dogmatically upheld. The doctor in the case, John Robinson, has discovered a brilliant new technique for the care of "consumption." But, since the treatment must of necessity be limited to a few patients, he is forced to choose between saving the life of a penniless, overworked physician and a young artistic genius, who, though he has proved to be a temperamental, black-hearted rogue, shows promise of becoming a fine painter. The doctor's problem is further complicated by the impassioned pleas of the artist's wife, Leslie Caron, whose enchanting manner has caught the medico's more than passing fancy and in whom he sees a possible future bride. Dirk Bogarde is at his best as the unconventional artist who in turn does his best to live up to the Bohemian image he believes all motorists expect of him. Alastair Sim, Felix Aylmer and Robert Morley are excellent in the roles of the well-meaning but anatomically misinformed doctors who strive to aid Robinson in making his decision.

Show's no dilemma for Dirk, Leslie
Of Time and Tennessee Ernie

(Continued from page 36) last time went like this: "Bring them home. And give the world peace before we start another war again." That's the kind of politics I like.

"Last week," Ernie continues, "I met a fellow who told me he was going to fess up and tell people and wanted them to like him. Now that's the durnest reason I ever heard. Everyone knows, once you get elected, you can't wipe your nose without someone hating you. I've got a lot of liberal thinkers: When you're feasting high on the hog, don't forget the folks fastin' down around the hocks."

On turning forty? "Well," laughs Ernie, "no denying I'm getting up there. I was born February 13, 1919, and that's enough to make a man sit up and whistle. Not that I'm hurting any. It's just that there's a Jack Benny."

I'd hate to pass thirty-nine. But what's a year when you consider that your whole life is less than a second in the mind of God? I'm not scared of time. I'm only scared of aging or of God-given things—the more you use, the more you get. Still, when I'm with Betty and the boys, I can't get enough time.

Although he has won his vast audience as a homespun "cracker barrel" wit, Ernie is not for turning the clock back. "Even if it could be done, we'd be uncomfortable. We're too used to indoor plumbing." Told that Americans see him as an image of the "good old days" when life was simpler, slower and more serene, Ernie comes up with the following: "That's what the good old days was. We owe 'most everything to radio and TV, but radio and TV is making the country boy into a mighty heap peckerhead. To the fellow who's just watched a trip to the moon on his television set and forgotten the sentimental memory, along with Huckleberry Finn and the country store."

"But, you know, there have been lots of good old days in the old days. Or Americans wouldn't be so sentimental about them. I'm all for progress, mind. But, if some Americans see in me a picture of what used to be, I take it as a compliment, not a compliment why folks cherish the past when they're all wound up with jet planes, missiles and satellites. He put his hand on the Bible and said, 'They have forgot and they love to remember.'"

Ernie is moved by his own remembering. Thoughtfully, he says, "To lose my past would be like losing the savings of a lifetime. I come from hardworking, God-fearing stock. Many of my folks were farmers and millers. My daddy was a postman. As a boy, I worked in the corn fields. I'd pick dehk, pack it, shell it, and pack it on the mule for selling. I told that to a fellow in Hollywood, and he said, 'Heck, Ernie, you're still doing that.'"

"We had no luxury in our home. But I'm not complaining. We had everything but money. Love, good will, fun, and faith in God. We had to share the little there was, and we worked closer to each other. And that didn't hurt a bit. Daddy would say, 'Hard times is a wonderful teacher.'"

When he started in at the post office as a sub and the rations not leaner, he perked up my brother Stanley and me by kidding. "Boys," he'd say, 'if these hard times keep on, you'll get a wonderful education.' And, when I looked back on it, we sure did.

Ernie has a sackful of fond memories. "Remembering," he says, "is like putting your hand in a box of berries—you can only grab a few at a time." He likes to recall singing at the American Legion meet, pecking on the prayer ball; playing away at administrators at Thanksgiving and the table stacked high with turkey, ham with red-eyed gravy, sweet potatoes and cranberries. He enjoys lingering over recollections of his first shotgun and bugle; the first rabbit; his entrance into show business as a deejay on Atlanta's WATL radio station.

He fondly recalls his stint in the Army Air Force; his meeting and romance with Betty Heminger, the lovely girl he married; the birth of his two sons, Brion and Buck; his warm association with Cliffie Stone. It's a Jack Benny beginning of his singing career on Hometown Jamboree; his smash hit recording of "16 Tons." And, of course, the achievement of his lifelong dream—the purchase of his own ranch in Indiana. And riding down the main drag of his hometown and listening to the proud cheers of the people, on the day Governor Frank Clement had named for him.

Perhaps his reverence for the "good past" is summed up in the old clock he treasures. It is just a keepsake from his father—who, until a few weeks before, dreamed of the time when one could go to a friends' house and play the fiddle on a chicken. While fleas have a right to live, too, I suppose, I just can't admire them the way I do chickens. Chickens peck and they're honest living, if they have to, but fleas just hang on to the chickens and say, 'I'll live off them.'

"Betty and I try to teach our boys the value of personal responsibility. An insurance man, a real nice fellow, told me something I never forgot. He said, 'Don't buy luxuries for your children. Buy enough to give them some security and some of the decent things of life. But stop at the point where they would quit working for themselves and try to get by, riding on daddy's gravy train.' I'll buy that. It's good horse sense.

"I feel that Ernie's loyalty to his friends and co-workers is proverbial in show business. I would take a powerful long day to reel off the names of all the wonderful men and women who encouraged me, helped me over the rough spots and kept pointing my nose in a forward direction. There are some whose names wouldn't mean a thing to the public, but to the person I once worked for in Bristol, or my teachers, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Schroeeter."

"I couldn't begin to tell all the help I got. There was Loyal King, who hired me as a deejay at KXLA in Pasadena. There's Cliffie Stone, who gave me my crack at the big time and is still my dear old friend and manager. There's Merle Travis, who wrote my biggest hit, '16外

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Tons,' and Frank Goodson, Jim Loukas, Ralph Edwards, who put me on this This Is Your Life. Mickey Freeman, my personal agent; Mill Hoffman, Bud Yorkin, Bill and Wynn Thomas, and Gene Cooper, who manage my ranch. And so many more ... so many more. Many are members of my television family, and some have staked their futures on my success. I feel very humble when I think of all this.

When Ernie talks about his "television family," he not only means the people who work with him in producing one of NBC-TV's top shows. He is also including the "fifty-four million eyeballs" that take him into their homes every week and "treat me better than many people with a million in his jeans." He speaks with a touch of pride about a fan letter from a coal miner who wrote, "I bet you're a man that knows what's right and does it." Show folks are only human, he points out, and they've got faults along with talent and virtues. "But I can't get away from the notion that I owe a decent life to the decent folks out there in television land, just as much as I owe it to myself."

It is between this vast "family" outside his home and inside into a middle-class blood-and-bone world within that Ernie Ford will eventually have to choose. He sounds utterly sincere when he insists: "My first and foremost duty is to my wife and sons. Shirley is my life. It is my job to make you happy, to make you feel good, to warm you and cook your food and light your house.

But, if it gets out of hand, it can consume you. And I don't intend to let it do that to me. Once I have to leave off being Ernie Ford, and spend every day of the time I give my wife and boys, that's the time I kiss show business goodbye."

"But," Ernie is quick to add, "because I like to spend a lot of time on the ranch or on the field hunting or fishing, that doesn't mean I'm for loafing as a profession in life. I'd simply switch working on stage for working on the ranch. I been hearing about this so-called 'beat generation,' breaking some of their promises to themselves. They claim everything is so mixed up and bad that they don't want anything to do with the world and they'll just sit the dance out and grow whiskers. Well, maybe they're right. But, if you're all that hury-lury, you don't get your hands dirty. But I reckon life must be mighty puny for these beatniks."

"I think life is like paying fifty bucks for a seat to the World Series and not caring a darn who wins. To be beat is as bad as to be dead. And I'm sure the good Lord has no use for dead-beats. It reminds me of the farmer walkin' behind his mule, plowing. Fellow drives up in a tractor and says, 'How about trying this? It's better.' But this farmer shakes his head and says, 'My grandpapa was a farmer and he was a good farmer, my daddy, and that's how I'm gonna do. Well, sir, all I have to say is, people like that have got a mighty restricted view of the world.'"

Ernie Ford was born in Bristol, which is smack-dab on the line between Virginia and Tennessee. It was sheer accident that his folks settled on the Tennes- see side and that, as a result, he has come to be known as "Virginia's greatest loss since Appomattox." But, for all the praise, money and affection rolling in from his ocean of fans, Ernie remains a mid-westerner at heart. And, while he's smart enough to know no one is indispensable and everyone has his limitations.

"I was six miles up the road in the direction of the Metropolitan Opera House, the likes it to relate, "when my daddy caught up with me and said, 'Son, nothing in this world comes easy.' I took a long hard look at myself. Was I as good as my friends thought? Did I have the voice for opera? Could I sweat out the years it would take studying, learning languages and parts? Where would I get the money?

And then there were other ideas pulling at me, like my folks once married and I wanted to own my farm. After a struggle, I made my peace with the facts. I compromised. I gave up studying for the opera, but I did take a walk out along the middle of the road, you might say. And I've never looked back with regret. No ghost is haunting me."

It may well be that no ghost is chasing Tennessee Ernie Ford from behind. But there certainly is one waiting for him at the crossroads, perhaps only a short way ahead. Will the pressure of his show, guest-appearances, own production company force him to that ultimate painful decision, retirement to his farm and family—or to the sacrifice of those he loves most to the clamor and glamour of the world?

Or will he, in the case of his study- ing for the opera, choose the broad middle road of compromise? In the words and actions that make up the personality of the man, there is perhaps a clue to what the peapickin'-est peapicker of them all will do. One thing is sure. If the "Good Lord's willin' and the creek don't rise," Tennessee Ernest Jennings Ford, it would seem, will be as decent, sensible and wise as his public knows Ernie him- self to be.

Highland Fling

(Continued from page 39)

old enough to have a daughter, let alone one of college age. "How old is she?"

"Six months," Shirley grinned, "She's got all right legs. "I'll knock off another twenty-five dollars."

And so Shirley got her couch for half the retail price. It is an ironic case. Shirley is known among her friends as the biggest bargain-hunter and the most careful girl in town, when it comes to spending a dollar. She is undoubtedly the only actress who can claim, "My business manager has never put me on a budget, because he says I never spend any money, anyway."

This may be a little exaggerated, but not really. She recalls. It took her nine months to save up a dollar with which to open a savings account—but, on the way to the bank, she remembered that the following Sunday was her mother's birthday, and she has no recollection of how she spent the dollar.

Fact, while Shirley still has no difficulty talking herself out of expenditures, she could never resist spending on others.

Shirley moved to New York when she was barely sixteen, determined to crash into a Broadway musical in record time. She did. However—before she was signed for the chorus line in a revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!"—her funds had grown so low that she had to watch carefully every dime she spent... which she did with ease, grace, success and, most important, thorough enjoyment!

Her chief accomplishment was the ten-cent hot-water lunch she acquired at an Automat. She would select a ten-cent peanut-butter sandwich, get a glass of ice water, take it to the beverage counter and demand several slices of lemon. (the counter girls thought she was having iced tea), squeeze the lemons into the water and add sugar—which, of course, was always free.

By the time she moved to California with a well-paying seven-year contract in her purse, Shirley could have afforded to rent a lovely house with pool, in Beverly Hills or Bel Air. But, instead of the handsome, Steve Parker, into a one-bed- room beach apartment in Malibu, almost thirty miles from the studio. When their baby, Stephanie, was born in the fall of 1956, the place became too hot and they "graduated" to a larger house, also in Malibu. But, with Shirley becoming more and more conscious of the time it took driving to town and the mounting gasoline bills, she decided to find something closer to home base.

And so the Parkers rented an attractive but modest home in North Hollywood, with a beautiful view across the San Fernando Valley. That it was located just above a burlesque house didn't bother Shirley in the least. When asked whether she wouldn't feel uneasy if, let's say, one of the patrons of the burlesque house happened to be a gentleman whom she'd have to instruct them to turn off at the burlesque house, Shirley laughed, "Why should I? They'd probably enjoy stopping there for... well, whatever men stop at burlesque houses for."

While delighted with the view and the general layout of the two-story house, Shirley completely overlooked the fact that a large yard like hers requires a great deal of care.

It took her two hours to weed a twenty-by-twenty ivy patch, the first Sunday morning, and five days to straighten out an overgrown garden bed. And she finally quit and take a gardener? "Of course not," Shirley exclaims. "I just let it go. And you know something? I love overgrown places. She loves it, too. Amazing what willpower can do."

Every once in a while, Shirley's love for the dollar gets her into a bit of trouble. Like the afternoon in New York when the producer of her very successful Broadway show handed her a hundred-dollar gift certificate for Saks Fifth Avenue, figuring the time had come for Shirley to buy a
in," she burst out.

"For cash — what else?"

Not that Shirley refuses to spend any money on her wardrobe. She does, when absolutely essential — and after making sure she gets the biggest available bargain. Sometimes her bargain is to bring her the most unexpected results. That happened a couple of years ago, when she heard of a fashionable store in Beverly Hills advertising a sale.

At usual, she was one of the first customers to crash through the door and, ten minutes later, rescued a loosely hanging black chiffon dress from an equally determined customer. While Shirley asked the salesgirl, suspicious because the price had been cut almost fifty percent. "You wouldn't want it," the girl explained. "The belt is missing."

"For fifty cents?" Shirley replied. As a result, she was the first Hollywood star to appear in what later became high-fashion — a sack dress.

As fate would have it, Shirley married a man with just the opposite attitude toward expenditures. Steve loves expensive, well-tailored clothes, custom-made furniture — in fact, most things that cost money. Shirley's sons have since been imagined. But it's learned his lesson . . .

Last spring, he decided they should get some hand-made Korean furniture. Anticipating Shirley's refusal, he took the easy way out. He had it sent to the house the day after he left for Japan! And, just to make sure she couldn't refuse the buffet and portable bar he had ordered, it was delivered while Shirley was out for lunch with a friend who had conspired on the plan with Steve.

When Shirley came back and saw the pieces in the living room, she cried out, "Oh, the price is much less on that a couple of weeks later, she had grown so fond of it no one could have got it away from her again."

Nobody, but absolutely nobody, has ever put anything over on Shirley, outside her private life, although a good number of people have tried. Take the cab driver who drove her to the Majestic Theater in New York, while she appeared in "The Pajama Game." When he stopped in front of the theater during the busiest hour of the day, he pulled the age-old trick of not finding the fare. Shirley got angry and impatiently honked her horns behind him. Speculatively, he looked at Shirley. "I don't know what I can do, lady.

"I do," she replied. "You can go out and get some change."

"But we are holding up traffic," he protested.

"Not true, you are," and she wouldn't budge till she suddenly found some extra change in the pocket, and gave it to her. That Shirley is unable to speak up on money matters was even more evident to the owner of a gun which Shirley had visited to get a cage for her cat, who had to be taken to a veterinarian twice a week. He showed her several models, from the expensive to his cheaper cage. They were all "too high," for Shirley.

"Too bad the cat won't fit into a hammer cage," he told her kiddingly, "I could let you have that for two-fifty.

"That's a little big, but she still balked at the price. "How much will you take off if you take out the little wheel?"

"A fifty cents," he agreed.

He'd made himself a deal.

While people react to Shirley's money consciousness with various degrees of shock and shock, most are those impressed by it. Like the waiter at one of Los Angeles' better restaurants, who has known Shirley and Steve since they moved to town. He still remembers the first time they ordered for this price for a restaurant white. Instead of sitting down, Shirley demanded to see the menu. When he asked, "Why?" she replied she wanted to make sure the prices were right too, because if they were, they wouldn't stay. In which case there was no need to sit down and mess up the table.

Shirley's Scottish ancestry also shows through in her travels. One winter weekend, she and Steve decided to drive into the San Bernadino Mountains. It was just getting dark when they reached the resort, but still light enough to decipher a sign that announced "Cabin — $3 a night."

"It's too cheap," Steve decided. "There's something wrong with it." The next place charged fifteen dollars, which prompted Shirley to tell Steve into driving back to the previous motel. After they had paid the bill in advance, a boy showed them to the cabin. It didn't take them long to find out. It was right next to the hot tub. "The temperature hovering close to zero, this was nothing to look forward to. They decided to write off the three dollars as a total loss, and splurge on the more expensive cabin themselves. By the time they got there, it was rented. They finally had no choice but to live primitively that night . . .

Probably the biggest sensation she ever caused happened on a recent trip to Las Vegas, when Shirley's penchant for saving money lost out temporarily to her love for gambling. As the little white ball crazily flipped around the roulette wheel, Shirley carried the right change, angrier and impatiently honked her horns on whether or not it would land on red.

When it did, she let out a warwhoop that brought half the casino to her side. "I won, I won," she cried out.

"How much?" an impressed bystander asked.

"One dollar," Shirley exclaimed, delightedly.

He didn't believe her till she collected her white chip. "Tell me," he asked, "just what you are going to do with all the money you save?"

"Who knows?" Shirley shrugged. "Some day I want to buy NBC or maybe Paramount. Or maybe both . . ."

At the rate she is going, that day may not be far off.
Music to Watch a Mystery By

(Continued from page 30)

wife, his son, his twin daughters, and it is given equal devotion. His dedication was accomplished in an unorthodox fashion. Cleveland-born, Hank was still an infant when his family moved to West Allis, Pennsylvania. Like so many Italians, the Mancinis were musical. Father Mancini—named Quinto because he was his mother's fifth child—was resolved that Henry should have some musical training. An instrument should be, he decided, the flute. He himself would instruct the boy as soon as time permitted.

The prospect of time was granted an unexpected away: Mumps! "Into bed with you," the doctor told Quinto, "and there you stay until I give permission for you to get up." Quinto Mancini took to confidently. Practice. He was always a vital man, he felt that there must be something he could do to improve his time. At that point, his eye fell on Hank. "Bring the piccolo and come sit beside me," he said.

As Hank remembers it, "It was novel for the first hour. After that, it was pure drudgery. I decided, right then, to become a musician."

The decision was reinforced a few days later when Hank came down with mumps. Yet father Mancini was adamant. He saw to it that Hank practiced every day. (For: neighbors reacted negatively or not. "We lived in the Italian section of town, so there was always an opera blaring away on a phonograph or the radio. I suppose one could get used to it—"

When Hank was ten, he was turned over to a piano teacher. He found that instrument more to his liking. For one thing, he could be handy and not be noticed. The only time he could get away from the piano was when he marched with the school band. Then he played flute.

There were compensations. He joined a dance band and was paid sixty cents for his first evening's work. In the depths of the Depression, sixty cents was no trifling sum; it would buy two pounds of hamburger, two dozen eggs, many miles of spaghetti, six melted milks.

As times grew somewhat better, Hank often took in as much as two dollars for a night of dancing. That was important money, and father Mancini told his son, "You see? Like I tell you, stick to music and you will be happy and rich, too."

Hank nodded. He had discovered jazz, and had his mind set on Benny in point. He was still introverted enough to yearn for the solitary room and the lone dedication of the writer, but he had found the composer-arranger who could be good enough—talented with a beat—to express his contemporaries: Wherever he went, he was asked to play piano while the other young-ster stood dressed only sat and smiled. The only time he could get away from the piano was when he marched with the school band. Then he played flute.

He thought that his high-school band days had taught him all he needed to know about marching in heat, cold, rain, snow, and heavy traffic, but the Army provided a surprise: Marching over open fields, sometimes with the band rendered inattentive by stubble or roots from harvested trees—and all frozen solid.

Men who had come into the unit, loving martial music, tried to get out, cursing Symphony or the Brass Band. Where a foot soldier could carry a rifle instead of a bassoon. But practically nobody made it.

Academy musicians do what they can to help one another. One of the worst military tests was standing Retreat in a driving blizzard—gloveless, so as to be able to play a brass instrument. Hank had an idea. Before reporting on the parade grounds, he poured a little water into the valves of the brass instruments. They froze before Retreat could be sounded. Bandmen, gesturing helplessly at their instruments when the conductor lifted his baton, were able to pull on gloves and listen to a few wild, sweet notes sounded on the Mancini flute—which couldn't be frozen without awakening official suspicion.

Hank's unit wound up in the European Theater of Operations. After the war, he spent his weekend-pass time scouting small calfs, picking up some hard-driving band leaders in the Midwest. On one occasion, he was briefly stumped by a melody that was familiar, yet elusive. He listened more closely for several weeks before he had to choke back laughter. The tune was "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" played with a "Frere Jacques" beat. "I found," he reports, "that much of the European music was so Americanized that it had been borrowed from the U. S.—our only export, you might say, which has been accepted everywhere with whole-hearted enthusiasm. A lot of it was Glenn Miller music anyway, and the arrangement was done by the Network and arranged to satisfy local tastes. It seemed to me that European music was over-romanticized, over-sentimentalized, and written for the chief consideration, not the beauty of the music, but the inclination seemed to be back to the sound patterns of the past."

Back in the U.S., Hank joined the Glenn Miller band as reorganized by Tex Beneke. Singing with the Beneke aggregation was a young lass who caught Hank's eye—Ginny O'Connor. Hank remembered that a good many Italian boys had married Irish girls with complete success—and was pondering a discussion of this fact—when Ginny O'Connor left for California and telephone call arrived.

Hank resigned from the band and followed. "Whatcha going to do?" he was asked by people who believed that East Coast jazz was a light-year ahead of West Coast jazz. "One thing," he said. "I can always play flute in a military band."

He and Ginny were married in Hollywood and went to Las Vegas for their honeymoon. For a honeymoon, the bridegroom found in the accumulated money from his bank to the effect that he was overdrawn twenty-five cents. He was right.

Hank squared accounts by paying them the last quarter in his pocket.

Between that moment and this, Hank Mancini has composed the title songs or soundtracks for eleven motion pictures which have been recorded on major labels: "Too Little Time" (the love theme from "The Glenn Miller Story"); "Six Bridges to Cross," "Foxfire," "Toy Tiger," "Pretty Baby," and "Summer Love."

He has done record arrangements for such top-drawer performers as Dinah Shore and Roberta Flack, plus the Modernaires. He has written special arrangements for the club acts of such stars as Betty Hutton, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Gloria De Haven, Marilyn Maxwell, Jane Powell, Kaye Stevens, Ray Grayson, Peggy Ryan, and Ray McDonald.

His movie scores include "The Glenn Miller Story," for which he received an Academy Award nomination, and them such special-sound-demanding yarns as "Francis Joins the Wacs," "It Came From Outer Space," "Creature from the Black Lagoon," "The Great Sioux Uprising." It's not at all amazing that a man able to conjure up ear-ticklers for everything from barric-rumors to Mars should be chosen to give sound to Peter Gunn, a series that manages to be both period and modern.

Even before the TV program premiered the theme music was recorded by Ray Anthony for Capitol Records. This January the LP "Music From Peter Gunn" was released, with guest appearances by the country's most creative jazzmen: drummer Jack Spliner, bassist Billy Modernaires. Hank's electric guitar, Pete Candoli on trumpet, Ted Nash on alto sax, Dick Nash and Miles Davis on trumpet, Ronnie Laws on alto sax, vibist Larry Bunker and pianist Johnny T. Williams.

This is the way the music is achieved for Peter Gunn: Each thirty-minute segment averages fifteen minutes of music. Once a segment is filmed, Hank and his associates take the film into a projection room and play the music of each situation which demands background music to assist in establishing mood or to heighten drama. The music is then composed, recorded, and cut to the situation.

"Each arrangement must be distinctive," Hank contends. "You can't fall back on what you've done. You have to try for the fresh combination, the more effective instrument for the unique sound. Sometimes, you sit in front of the mappler and wonder what on earth you're going to do. But such times, it's helpful if you have a pretty good knowledge of 'source music.'" Associates say that Hank's memory for source music is phenomenal. Give him four notes and he can call back the entire opera. Incidentally, one opera he hears again and again is "Madame Butterfly," he says. "It's the same kind of music I never get tired of it. It has everything. Besides, he says, "I'm also a sucker for the French impressionists—Ravel and Debussy—and I just love Michel, Stravinsky.

But, like any parent who has musical trouble with his children: They don't like to practice. Grandfather Mancini—who lives in the San Fernando Valley not far from Hollywood, and that grandchildren—has an explanation. He tells Hank, "You should have started them on the flute, like I started you. See how good they can turn out."

Every man in Hollywood is inclined to agree. Peter Gunn is said to have the largest audience of professional musicians in television. Monday-night watching and listening is a must; something new in sound is almost certain to be heard. You'd better listen also—to the sounds of Hank Mancini.
mountains and navy. . . Jim Mave- 
ricks Garber, ex-ruglayer, won't let 
his wife have white carpeting in more 
than one room of their apartment. 
Reason why—says Jim— "because they 
get too dirty too soon." . . . Groucho 
Marx, moving into his new Palm 
Springs home in early February, 
quips, "It's a small house—one room 
and bath—but has a four-car garage." 
Wednesday nights, Groucho can usu-
ally be found as a guest in NBC Pub-
llicity Director Ralph Shawhan's of-

ice, watching the fights. Knew Grou-
cho was interested in medicine, but never 
knew he was that interested. Next 
summer, Groucho goes to San Fran-
sisco to do "Time for Elizabeth," the 
play he co-authored with Norman 
Krasna. . . . Efrem Zimbalist's wife 
Stephanie (see story on Zim, this 
issue) is studying acting with Jeff 
Cory. . . . Edd Byrnes went home to 
Brooklyn for New Year's—and missed 
Asa Maynor, all the while.

Andra Martin and hubby Ty Har-
in appeared in a Cheyenne together 
—she as the love interest (but in love 
with another character). After the 
shooting, Ty said he wasn't sure he 
wanted his wife to be an actress. . . . 

After his recent appearance on the 
Jerry Lewis Show, Harry James gave 
Jerry a gold trumpet copied after his 
own—with little gold knobs on all the 
valves? . . . Bob Hope quipped that, 
a hundred years ago, all of our an-
cestors were crossing the country by 
wagon train, today they are home 
watching it. . . . Favorite fan: Will 
Hutchins' mother hand-colored every 
one of the pictures in this month's fan 
journal, which Will sends to his thou-
sands of friends. . . . You've got to be 
taught: George Fenneman and his 
family are off to snowy Yosemite for 
skiing. His children—Cliff, 14; Bev-
erly, 11; and Georgia, 9—all learned 
to ski as soon as they could stand. 
George says they all want to be en-
tertainers, so he's preparing them for 
their slippery life ahead. . . . Derby 
Day: Gene Bat Masterson Barry, is 
bringing out a line of ladies' derbies 
for next season, inspired by his own 
dapper chapeau. Anyone for Epsom 
Downs?

The heart of Hollywood: Many of 
Hollywood's singing stars were dis-
covered or encouraged by one man, 
the late Mannie Sacks of RCA rec-
cords. Among those he helped along 
were Dinah Shore, Perry Como, 
Frank Sinatra, Eddie Fisher and 
Jerry Lewis. This gang, with many 
others, will appear the first week of 
March on an NBC spec titled, "Mann-
nie's Friends." The proceeds from this, 
probably the greatest show of its kind 
ever to be seen, will be given over to 
the Albert Einstein Foundation for 
Cancer Research in Philly—and that's 
the Heart of Hollywood.

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trous highlights that men loved Contessa ANDUAI to lighten 
and shine as it shampoo. Absolutely safe—use it for child-
ren’s hair. Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug or dept. stores.
Adventures of Zimbalist

(Continued from page 45) as errand boy and mail-room functionary. The telephone rang one morning and—before there was time for another ring—the green but eager Zim answered.

"Who is this?" demanded the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Erem Zimbalist, sir," came the prompt reply: "Okay, kid, this is Toscanini. Get up here and sharpen some pencils."

The lad who had studied violin for seven years with the father of Jocelyn Feltz, before concluding that the violin was not for him, hot-footed upstairs and sharpened pencils.

General rebuff, against established order, did not set in until that fall, when Zim entered Yale. Until that time, he had lived under an extremely rigid discipline; his prep school had been a no-nonsense institution, and his summers had been devoted to musical cultivation.

In college, the seventeen-year-old found that he had become his own disciplinarian. Courses of study were optional; hours of study to be at discretion. The student; even non-attendance at classes was permitted up to a certain point. Zim took advantage of every established loophole, manufactured a few that impressed certain of his classmates in search of escape.

Other escapees may have wasted their truant time, but Zim simply converted it to his own unique use. He read volumes of plays; he spent enough hours on the tennis courts to advance himself to near-pro standing; he took tubes, brushes and canvas and established himself on a hillside near New Haven's finest area of shrub and New England spring. Unfortunately, an appreciation of do-it-yourself education had not penetrated faculty thinking. Zim was suspended.

When he returned for his second year, he found first-year practices natural and comfortable. There came a day when he realized that he had exceeded allowable classroom hours. He applied to the faculty for an excuse. The doctor stepped to his files, then pinned Zim with a glance.

"I find here," he said, "that you reported to my office six times last year for ailments ranging from the headache to acute appendicitis. Get out of here, and don't come back."

Inevitably, Zim was again suspended for non-attendance of classes.

"I was afraid to go home," he says nowadays, with a reminiscent grin, "so I got a job in New York as a pageboy for NBC. Salary, fifteen dollars per week. I found a room for four dollars a week, and a restaurant where I could eat for a dollar a day, so I lived very well. I was in fine company; three of my fellow pageboys were Geary Johnson, Mark Hanger, and Thomas Merton, who wrote 'The Seven Storey Mountain .' Between paging chores, Zim studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse, along with fellow employee Peck and another talented youngster named Eli Wallach.

During his patrol of the NBC corridors, Zim was noticed by casting directors. One tapped him for an acting part in Renfrew Of The Mounted (on radio) and Zim quickly accepted. A day or so later, he learned that company rules forbade an employee to appear on a show. Zim promptly dispatched his page job—but not in time to get the Renfrew job.

Instead, he became a part of the crowd noises used in Du Pont's Cavalcade Of America. "On cue, I muttered. I had a good, deep voice, so I saved the producer money. I sounded like several guys when I muttered such things as 'What's going on here?' or 'The man's right! or 'There's a man down there!'"

That latter query was still floating in the air, as originally broadcast, when Zim was inducted and sent to South Carolina.

Erem Zimbalist, infantryman, found himself in the Hertgen Forest, which was part of the Siegfried Line. Orders came down from battalion headquarters for the men to dig in for the night. Moving, of course, was strictly forbidden because, according to Intelligence, the entire area was mined. Lt. Zimbalist transmitted the orders to his platoon leaders, who snapped to. Lt. Zimbalist returned the salute and stepped backward one pace. The night split wide open as a mine exploded, spinning the lieutenant like a Fourth of July pinwheel.

Zim regained his feet, brushing himself off and laughing like a banshee. The whole business struck him as being typical of a comedy war scene: the sense of deadly peril, the crisp orders, the well-trained command, the brisk lieutenant, blowing up the works.

He was still laughing when he noticed that the hand with which he had been brushing off the dust was a wet one. "I'll walk back to the aid station with you," he told a fellow casualty. (The fellow casualty had been struck on the elbow by a bazooka shell. The gash had been bruised. The shell had failed to detonate.)

The lieutenant had to have help reach the aid station. From there, he was shipped to a base hospital in England where his leg was amputated. After discharge, Zimbalist was not removed until several years later, when Zim decided that he could no longer endure the sensation that he was wearing an ice cube just above his knee, winter and summer.

Once Zim was able to walk around the hospital corridors in London, he begged to be returned to his unit. The best desk job he could get was that of mailboy. At first, he was fairly bitter about it, as he was bitter about the fact that the war appeared to have taken six highly important years out of his life. Yet it all was a joke to Zim and Josh Logan—a meeting which was to have a profound influence on his career after the war.

It was also in Paris that Zim met the noted playwright, Garson Kanin. And it was Kanin who got him his first Broadway role, a few weeks after Zim returned to New York and civilian life, in 1946. The play was Sherwood’s The Rugged Path, starring Spencer Tracy. There followed a number of roles with the American Repertory Theater and “on the road.” Then, in association with Chandler Cowles, Zim co-produced “Love Me Tonight,” “The Man Who Came To Dinner,” and “The Telephone,” and later “The Consul.” The latter won the Critics Award and the Pulitzer Prize of 1950.

But, in the midst of triumph, Zim suffered a cruel possess. His wife of ten years, mother of his son and daughter died suddenly. Unable to endure the manufacture of drama in the depths of his personal grief, Zim joined his father at the Curtis Institute of Music. He remained there four years, studying, composing and teaching.

Ocassionally, he made a trip to Connecticut to visit his mother’s grave and to ponder the epigram engraved on it in timeless granite: “From all my masters I have learned.” Gradually, it came to his...
Man of Many Faces

(Continued from page 25)

what he will do on the show. I'm concentrating on my songs, or planning the mother of all casting calls, or just thinking about the children. While we're in town, it's all work. Coming home, we're still concentrating on our problems. But, then, we get back into the house, I say, 'Hello, dear, how are you today?' Then we're domestic.'

Peter grins broadly. "This power of concentration sometimes gets a little out of hand. Last Sunday, Mary was dressed for church first and went to the garage to get the car. Mike, Cathy and I came out on the porch—and Mary drove right by. Mary and I had a big argument about whether she realized she had left us behind. Mary explains, 'Well, I'm so used to having Peter with me in concentrated silence that didn't really miss him!'"

The Hayeses live in New Rochelle, about thirty minutes out of Manhattan, with their children Peter Michael, who is nine, and Cathy, seven. Peter says, "It's not a pretentious house. It can laughingly be referred to as a ten-room English Tudor, but two of the rooms are so small you can't lie down in them. Then we have two small maid's rooms, with one maid, and the housekeeper, who works for us while we're on tour. If we ever lost our help, we could take care of it by ourselves. Actually, we're not trying to prove anything, so we don't need a larger house. And it's more than coincidence that we wound up living in New Rochelle."

"Mike is going to the same school Peter did," Mary points out. "Of course, Mike has a team there, and I'm proud of him."

"My father died when I was two," says Peter. "I was born and raised in Illinois by my mother and grandmother. Then my mother made a killing in New York in the movie, 'King of Jazz,' and bought a beautiful house in southern California for us. But, one day, she said she was fed up with my Midwestern accent. She brought me back to New Rochelle and enrolled me in an Irish-Catholic school in New Rochelle. And if it weren't such a good school, I wouldn't have quit high school to go into show business."

"I was interested in acting. I was in "Star Spangled Rhythm," and at the suggestion of my mother, who is a professional actress, I decided I'd go home at four in the afternoon, turn on the radio and listen until one forty-five in the morning so I could hear Cab Calloway and other Cotton Club bands."

"Well, back in Illinois, I had smiled my way through classes with a sixty-five average. My first day in Iona, I gave a stupid answer, turned on my Davy Crockett hat and a Brother threw an eraser at me. But, at home, I was developing impressionism powers, listening to radio, and could do imitations of all the singers and comedians. I wrote an act for my mother and myself and the Brothers came to see the show at Fordham RKO Theater. Afterward, they told Mother that we 'belonged' in the theater. Well, Mother couldn't afford the school any longer—so it was all to the good, and I quit."

"The way we've been, bookers caught the act the first day at the Fordham and, if it clicked, got the whole tour. Peter's act clicked. He and I are good friends. Grace Hayes, moving to the famous Palace Theater on Broadway, three days later. "My mother was so furious with me," Peter recalls, "for I was just a fresh sixteen-year-old and not the least impressed with fame. She went with our success! She did, 'Peter, it took me twenty years to make the Palace. You did it in three days and you aren't even nervous.' Well, a good professional is supposed to suffer from self-security, but I was just too bashful and young to understand."

"They completed a fourteen-week tour—but that was in 1922, the year vaudeville began to die. A few years later, in 1926, Peter's mother hocked their cars, house and insurance, and leased a club in the valley which she named the "Grace Hayes Stock." This was home for Peter until 1940, when he married Mary. At this point, Mary speaks up: "Peter, I think you should tell the story of how you handled our 'triangle.'"

"The triangle," Peter says, "was myself, Mary and my mother. Mother didn't take to Mary. I was working at the Lodge, which had become very popular, and it was natural for me to take my wife there. But Mother kept aloof. When the three of us sat down to talk, Mother always went to a corner as far away from Mary as she could get. I felt awful, of course. I wanted her to like Mary, so I figured out a plan. I told Mary to act as if she hated me and just sit there in sour silence."

"She did, and Mother got me aside and asked what was wrong. I said, 'Marriage isn't for me. You know, she washed out my pipes with soap and water, and now I find out she thinks I play too much golf. I think I want to be a bachelor.' Well, Mother said nothing, but Mary kept up the 'silent hatred' bit and, on the third night, my mother suddenly pointed a finger at me and exploded, 'Peter, you're not so sure of yourself as you bargained.' And, a couple of months later, I overheard her telling a friend, 'You know, I saved their marriage.'"

"We've had a very normal marriage," Peter said, "but it has been sheer luck."

The road was open again. In 1936, Zim married Stephanie Spalding and, later in 1940, Stephanie Jr., was born. Currently Zim, Stephanie, Stephanie Jr., Nancy (now fourteen) and Efrem III (now eleven) are living in a new home in East Hampton. Ironically, Zim has little time to enjoy the family or the house because he is so busy with the TV 77 Sunset Strip and such motion pictures as 'The Honeymooners,' "Home Before Dark," "The Rainmaker," etc. But there are always Sundays, during which the Zimbalist house is filled with the wit, talent and beauty of an era, so the young Zimbalists are growing up amid all the advantages—and the materials—to have made their father one of the most-worth-knowing gentlemen in a fascinating industry.
HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY

Mary comments, “By that, I mean we’ve had our share of problems and adjustments. In the very beginning, we were misrepresented—to eat. If you started 20th Century–Fox and somehow—perhaps because of the publicity stills of me in swim suits, tennis shorts and so forth—Peter got the idea that I was the outdoor type. I was the outdoors, the inclination, I’d rather putter around the house than a golf course. On the other hand, I got the impression Peter was on the quiet side, and it brought out the sympathetic mother in me. I couldn’t have been more wrong! Peter turned out to be cheerful, amusing, and hadn’t the least desire to be mothered. We made our adjustments. But, today, I think Peter’s more than ever. And he still resists.”

She explains that, once Peter got his feet in bed in the mending pillow, he’d fall asleep. “He won’t take care of himself. I’m always after him to take a rest. I say, ‘Take off your shoes. Lie down for a spell.’ He won’t. I can’t even get him to dress soberly. On cold days, he doesn’t wear enough. And I’ve seen him on a warm day in a sweater and coat. Everyone is sweating, but not Peter.”

“His habit is extraordinary things. He had a cold and temperature for an entire week, when the TV show first started, but he didn’t pay any attention to it. He’s got a mind of his own and knows what has to be done. Yet he will throw himself completely off schedule to talk to a stranger. We’ll be getting out of a cab to keep an appointment and, if someone walks up to him and says, ‘I know your mother when—’ he’ll stand there and talk until the moon comes up.”

Peter has a mind of his own where his family is concerned, and this led him to a decision that surprised show business. After eleven years of working with Mary and being billed as “Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy,” his current television show is called “Thelma the Weatherman.” He explains, “In our early years, Mary and I worked separately and so our marriage was threatened. We were always half—a—continent apart. I didn’t want Mary to give up her career, and I didn’t want to give up Mary. So, eleven years ago, I wrote an act for us as a team. Since then, we always worked together, and it would let the business break up our home. When the children were younger, they traveled with us. Now that they are in school, we make out-of-town dates only during scholastic breaks.”

Even so, the work has sometimes been a strain on Mary. Twice we had to call on grandmothers to take care of Mike and Cathy when Peter had to travel. Mary wanted to stay home with them but couldn’t, because the contract called for both of us. Then there were times when she didn’t feel like working but couldn’t get out of it. Now, Peter is on a day-to-day contract. There is no pressure on her.”

“So far this season,” Mary says, “my working hasn’t interfered with my chores as a mother. The children are in school until four and I’m always home for dinner with the dentist or something. Peter is always home for dinner and the children eat with us. They understand that this is a privilege we must conduct ourselves as young adults. Actually, Peter is the only one who doesn’t obey my dinner rules. He still gets up to answer the phone, and I still don’t understand why any business matter can’t wait twenty or even thirty minutes.”

Mary doesn’t depend on Peter for help around the house. “He’s not very good at it. Once I asked him to hang a picture and, when I came back, he had a hole in the wall the size of a grapefruit. I know that, if I ask him to bring up some wood for the fire, he will come up enough for a month, which I don’t need.”

Except for Sunday afternoons, when Peter may play golf, weekends are spent with the children. Mondays, Peter may take Mike and Cathy fishing. Sunday morning, they all go to church. Peter says, “The children are different types. Cathy says she wants to be a ballerina and is at creative things—dancing, singing, painting.”

“Mike, on the other hand, is a gimmick— nut, same as I am. But, at nine, he already knows twice as much about astronomy and electronics as ever. I never knew how to look at the stars. The other day, there was a school holiday and he was in the studio. In the evening, I quizzed him about the show—but he hadn’t really seen it. He was too busy watching the camera crew and the engineer and all of that. He’s always been that way. The first time we put him on a microphone, and he was riding his horse, he just stared at the motor.”

The pressure of five-day—a-week shows has forced Peter to give up many of his other avocational activities. He has no ambitions in baseball. He has started a book of reminiscences titled “Hayes Seed.” He wrote three teleplays with Robert J. Crean, one of which was produced on Kraft Television, if they have a date in collaboration with Robert Alan. Their “Come to Me,” recorded by Johnny Mathis, sold a half—million copies. “This thing takes away all of my time,” says Peter. “I’d like to get in the position, within a few years, that I can afford to sit down and seriously try my hand at it.”

But he doesn’t imply that he has any interest in giving up show business. “The thing is,” says Peter, “the exciting thing about it, after twenty-five years, is that you’re just beginning. There is always something new, and it always challenges you. In the past, there have been clubs, movies, and the Broadway production, as well as radio and TV. But, of all them, I like television best, because there must be a different show every week. Oh, it’s exhausting, but it’s exciting, too. And that’s the thing about being in show business—it’s never—ending.”

Doctor in the House

(Continued from page 54) featured in the Sunday radio drama, The FBI In Peace And War, with which he has long been associated. He went back into television, on which he has played innumerable dramatic roles, of the most recent being in the Hall Of Fame’s “Kiss Me, Kate.” He was also thinking, even then, about a stage play, in which he may appear in the time you read this. Paul McGrath is a favorite of the actors who believe that the more many—

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Paul was born in Chicago, from which city his parents moved when he was thirteen years old, and he grew up in a number of cities, principally New York. He became interested in acting when some of his school friends turned to it—but only mildly, because he was also then attending Pittsburgh’s Carnegie Tech, stressing engineering subjects. Theater had long been fascinating to him—especially Shakespeare—but he had no intention of making it a career.

Along about the second semester, he dropped one engineering subject for a drama course, and gradually drama became the dominant part of his experience finished off engineering entirely. At nineteen, he was making his Broadway debut in a play called “Made in America,” which promptly fell apart in New York.

Following this, there was a chance to join a company just completing its Broadway run and going on tour. In the cast was a very young ingenue, a stunning hazel-eyed girl who graduated from New York’s American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Six weeks later, while the show was playing Denver, the promising Paul and the pretty ingenue Lulu Mae Hubbard were married, in nearby Boulder, Colorado. They chose Boulder in an effort at secrecy, because the older members of the company were saying, “What about radio? Would you like to try it?” Paul answered, “I think so—but how do you do it?” Herb’s reply was brief: “You just stand up in front of a microphone and read from a paper.”

“I believed him,” Paul says now. I was too young and too dumb to be scared. So that’s how I broke in, with a part in what I think was the first serial on radio, a show called The Luck Of Joan Christopher.

Since then, there have been many parts for Paul in many radio dramas and series. Frequently, he has played a doctor—a real-life ambition he once thought about seriously. Dr. Wayne in Big Sister; Dr. Allison in My Son Jeep; now Dr. Brent in Rebecca. “The cast was changed between. He was The Crime Doctor for some time, and in This Is Nora Drake he was Detective Claudhill.”

His movies include “No Time for Love,” with Claudette Colbert, and “This Thing Called Love,” with Rosalind Russell. More recently, there was “A Face in the Crowd” with Marlon Brando, and being an advertising executive. A long time ago, Paul made three Charlie Chan pictures, during one of his rare opportunities to take a lead in a good picture, to Hollywood, and now the films keep popping up on television. “Nelson Case called one night,” he laughs, “to tell us to look for ourselves because we know the appeal of those old Chan epics. It was fascinating to watch.”

The McGraths like to look at TV to listen to, “One husband really likes to stay at home. For sixteen years, they have kept the same midtown apartment in New York, always coming back to it and feeling as if they had never been away. Now, as with many other buildings in that neighborhood, business is encroaching steadily and their building will soon be turned into office suites.”

“We hate to leave.” Lulu Mae morns, looking around the comfortable living room, done in soft greens, with the glow of two handsome ruby-glass lamps reflecting the brightness of a wood fire, the comfortable chairs, and the books and pictures and grand piano which seem so much a part of their surroundings. “We even have a real dining room here, not the dining car part of the rooms, so we can invite some new apartments offer. But everything changes, and I suppose we must change with it.”

They have planned to live in the country, but that’s difficult for an actor as busy as Paul, who sometimes scarcely has time for lunch between rehearsals and shows. “We love New York, anyhow. Still, I feel it the minute you come back to it. We
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Paladin Rides the Airwaves

(Continued from page 46)

roles on TV is reddish and inclined to curl. He plays pianist and a composer, and a music director (he operated three dance bands during his college days at the University of California).

His pictorial background deserves mention. John’s father was a painter of note, and John himself studied at the Grand Central School of Fine Arts in New York. At one point in his career, he worked for Walt Disney on a Disneyland tweener. (That, according to John, “is a guy who draws everything that goes in between bits of action as sketched by the animators. Sometimes I spent days merely drawing things for the backdrop.”)

He has also been a disc jockey and a radio news editor and broadcaster. He was sent to San Francisco during World War II. United Nations council, an assignment which resulted in John’s winning the Peabody Award for his station. Added Dehner experience: As a parking-lot attendant, a tobacco-store clerk, an auxiliary policeman, and a gunnery instructor. Inevitably, he became an actor, because acting is one profession which demands versatility above all others. In the U.S. Air Force, he was a radio instructor. In his intermediate schooling at Hastings-on-Hudson High School, where a production of “Monsieur Beaucaire”—with John in the title role—won the drama competition in that geographic division. Unfortunately, the school couldn’t amass enough cash to forward the troupe to the state drama finals at Ithaca. “This was my introduction to inability, and I couldn’t eat laurel leaves,” John says. “That rave notices and roast beef don’t always go together.”

After high-school graduation, the Dehners moved to Berkeley, California, where John enrolled at the University. In his spare time, he organized and supervised three dance bands, and worked with one of Berkeley’s little-theater groups where he couldn’t play music in muscicalese for the diplomatic set in Oslo).

As a member of the First Baden-Powell Troop, British Boy Scouts of Paris, he made the annual trek to Strasbourg. When it was discovered that the troop was short of funds, the counselor, Scout Chief Vic Dehner rendered a group of selections on the Swannee whistle. Won an Entertainment Badge.

He’s one of the few pleasant memories of his thirty months spent in Asnières, a suburb of Paris. John says, “American delinquents should be sent to French schools. At the first infraction of a rule, a boy is expelled; he is tried against his school. Or his knuckles are soundly rapped with an oak ruler. Kids learn—a formative age—that discipline is the first law of life; the first law and third laws are application and accomplishment. We had Thursdays and Sundays off, but we left school on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons with enough school work to keep us busy for a week instead of a day.”

Mrs. Dehner was persuaded to return to the U.S. the day she heard John refer to the Hudson River as the “Odd-sawn Reev- ver.” He told us how they named him a Catholic, but if he came home to complete his high school. In the U.S. John completed his intermediate schooling at Hastings-on-Hudson High School, where a production of “Monsieur Beaucaire”—with John in the title role—won the drama competition in that geographic division. Unfortunately, the school couldn’t amass enough cash to forward the troupe to the state drama finals at Ithaca. “This was my introduction to inability, and I couldn’t eat laurel leaves,” John says. “That rave notices and roast beef don’t always go together.”

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John was finishing his sophomore year when he was beckoned to New York by a former little-theater associate who had gone there with success and thought John could do something perspicacious for John’s mother to give her consent, but she said finally, “Go, if you must—
you may count on me to finance your next two years exactly as if you were still in college. You have your family to help, and I'm afraid you're going to need it.

As John recalls it, his masculine dignity suffered from this gentle hint that failure on Broadway was a possibility. Still, he permitted himself to understand, for he was young and he knew that triumph often dawned with the morning sun.

John's particular triumph consisted of getting a daytime job in a cigar store, with subsidiary earnings as a dishwasher at the John's friendly St. John's, until payday. On his days off, he searched for a theatrical job, but all he found at better pay was work as a parking-lot attendant at the World's Fair.

When the Fair closed, John found stock-company work here and there, and in the process fell in love. The object of his affection was a girl named Kirsten Villon, with whom he was also trying to win a Broadway break by cracking the touring companies. They worked together in several plays, but parental disapproval put a damper on their plans to get married. John kissed his beloved goodbye and flew westward.

"There's gold in California," he said. "Be back as soon as I've located some.

He had some idea of becoming a rich and powerful film tycoon and was starring in a Cadillac twenty-two feet long. Meanwhile, he took a job at Disney Studios, where he worked furiously, hoping to advance his career with better luck. Occasionally, when John's fingers grew numb and his eyes saw five lines where none actually were, he swore softly in French.

The man at the next drawing board said sympathetically, "You should meet Roma Meyers. She's traveled a great deal—speaks French. She's a secretary in the front office. I've seen the greatest smile I've ever seen." The next time she came in to pick up the time cards, John was introduced to her.

It wasn't long before notes were being passed back and forth under cover of the time cards, simply because John and Roma couldn't seem to discuss their mutual interests fully enough during their evening dates. Then John started to write a postscript to be added. To improve communications, they were married on February 22, 1941, and—failing their plans—John was drafted on March 2, 1941.

For a while after the entry of the United States into the war, John was an instructor. Then, just a week before Pearl Harbor, he became a civilian again. It had been discovered, while he was undergoing secret preparation for a key job in the merchants Candidate School, that he had a stomach ulcer. He was given a medical discharge and with it drove north to Los Angeles and Roma.

He still remembers, vividly, that Christmas of 1941. They spent the day together, with a special treat to watch the news about the war developments. "If there was only something I could do," he groaned. "Never mind. You'll find something—some way to serve," Roma answered comforting.

John found his place before a mike, serving as announcing and newscaster. At the end of four years, he had acquired thousands of fans and wide experience with three major stations. Yet he still wanted to act, so his agent lined up a Western picture at Republic. John loved it, even if he didn't break a bone in his right hand during a fight scene.

He was "decked" by Hugh Marlowe on another occasion when principals fought in place of stunt men. That brief period of unconsciousness has inspired the following Dehner philosophy: "No actor should ever fight another actor. A competent actor can put himself in the skin of the character he is portraying and react with authentic emotion to scenes of violence. Stunt men know that he who fights and pulls his punch will live to eat another lunch.

So, in 1946, when he made his film debut, John had worked in more than a hundred motion pictures, and he has lost count of the number of his TV appearances. Numbers don't matter, but the fact that he is supervising his happenings was amazing.

Another reason for John's contentment is his family. Kirsten, the Dehners' elder daughter, was born January 14, 1944, and Sheila was born March 2, 1946. Kirsten rides like a lady centaur. So far, she has won twenty-three ribbons and four trophies in competition.

In addition to horseback riding, Kirsten shows another side of her father. She is studying French, so it was natural for her to ask Daddy's assistance with vocabulary and pronunciation at the beginning of the course. For several months, he was the fair-haired linguistic hero around the house. Then, one evening, Kirsten, who was aghast, said, "Your accent is terrific. But, Daddy—your grammar!

Sheila, the younger daughter, hopes to become a ballerina. She is studying with Madame Nijinska, sister of the immortal Nijinski. Sheila has heard early that Daddy wouldn't be much help in the terpsichorean department, but he was someone to help with her math—briefly. "Halfway through the semester, Sheila was solving her multiplication problem in half the time it was taking me to help her," says John.

Roma Dehner has her own accomplishment. She is the family chauffeur. On New Year's Day, she was given the job of showing how many thousands of miles she'd driven, just moving the family around its various destinations. Suddenly, she and John looked at each other, saw and smiled. In unison, they said, "Remember Christ- mas, 1941?"

Roma nodded, glancing from Kirsten to Sheila. She had dreamt that, eighteen years later, she'd be living with an astrigente, a ballerina, and the star of a Western radio series, she said.

John's reply revealed another facet of a remarkable personality. Drawing from the Bible, he said in simple solemnity, "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothes the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

He could not have deepened the glowing words of St. Luke, concluding reverently: "Seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you. Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."
Gifts didn't glow. It told actually. A couple ONLY

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The Real Liberace

(Continued from page 18)

the size of his waistline (then 38). The British writer candidly concluded: "Liberace could afford to lose a couple of stone." (That's twenty-eight pounds, in American measurements.) Recently, when Liberace visited England, the newspapers raved anything, but he was the lawful paper, whose former editor lambasted him: "You look about 100 percent better than you used to. What did you do to yourself?"

Liberace smiled and said, "I took your advice, and lost a couple of stones." Actually, he did better than that. In three months, he lost forty pounds!

"There are two reasons," says Liberace. "I didn't have the energy I needed—I was listless, short-winded, and I tired easily. My added weight made me look older than I actually was—asked to guess my age, people would put me 15 years to what it was." (Actually, he's 38, now looks several years younger.) "Friends said, 'You're getting fat.' A few even started to call me 'Fats.'"

"I finally decided to reduce when I wanted to take out additional insurance. My doctor gave me a clean bill of health, but strongly recommended that I lose weight. He said that, while my overwork hadn't injured my health so far, it could become dangerous in time. He gave me a thorough physical examination, including metabolism tests, and said I would thrive on a one-protein diet.

Now, Liberace had been on other diets in the past. Sometimes he'd lost as much as twenty pounds. He's tried almost every kind of diet, including pills. They work, too, for two weeks. But, after the diet is over, the appetite would come back, and with it the weight.

"It was partly a mental thing," he explained. "I call those diets I used to go on starvation diets. The type you feel deprived. When the diet is over and you want to stop feeling deprived, you go back to the same eating habits as before." This time, Liberace's doctor gave him no special pills. There was no printed list saying he had to eat grapes for breakfast, lunch and dinner. But the diet placed the following on Liberace's plate:

- Potatoes, no rolls, no biscuits, no bread—no starches of any kind. For Lee, this was a bit of a hardship, since he had always loved spaghetti and pastas, and used to eat them about three times a week, particularly at family meals.
- There were to be no desserts except fresh fruits and, once in a while, gelatins. But the bananas and apples he always enjoyed were definitely banished. So were all other cream pies. He's always loved creamed soups. Any soup, so long as it was cream-of-something. All such soups were banned. Substituted were simple, clear broths.
- Prohibited were the midnight snacks which had formerly been dear to Liberace's heart. He used to have a sandwich, a piece of pie, candy or cookies before he retired. The following morning, he would awaken feeling lousy. Coffee would often constitute his entire breakfast. With the midnight snack eliminated, he faced the day, first, but self waking up hungry. For breakfast, he'd have eggs, plenty of fruit, and coffee. With starchy and sweets completely eliminated, he had no cravings. But he never tried to eat the same thing twice.

"The difference between my diet and most diets," Lee says, "was that there were not so many difficult things to do. For instance, I didn't have to spread tasteless 'substitutes' on my salads. And I was not told that I had to go hungry most of the time. Quite the contrary!" Knowing Liberace's fondness for food, his doctor had said, "You can eat whenever you want, as long as you provided you stick to proteins, fresh fruits, and whole foods only." 

"At first," said Liberace, "I ate every two hours. One thing that made it easier for me to stick to my diet was that I was on a three-week TV show. I couldn't put my pres-
- But the rolls are wonderfully hot, 'or, The baked potato is delicious.' And those who didn't say anything bad disliked the cooking, the taste, and fried potatoes with every meat order.

"I found that if I ate my salad first, then the meat, I could develop some will power. If the waiters were particularly persuading people, I'd say, 'After I've eaten what I should, if I'm still hungry, then I'll eat the fried potatoes.' But, after I'd eaten a good salad and meat, I no longer wanted them.

"However, I had a rude shock, the first week. Just as I got out of the bathroom scales one morning, I discovered that—on my reducing diet—I'd gained three pounds! I was in Chicago at the time, and at one major metropolitan hotel, I had the 'petulance of mine. 'My doctor in Illinois,' I told him, 'believes that I can lose weight, even though I eat whenever I am hungry. I have been following his instructions, and now look at me! I've gained, instead of losing.'"

"My friend reassured me. 'You have to give your system time to adjust itself to the new diet,' he said. 'It sometimes takes a week to ten days a person to get used to it a new diet.' But, if you continue to follow directions, you should soon see an improvement.'"

The second week was more reassuring. Even that, I think, was the scales, he found he was losing. Day after day, he lost weight. Soon his clothes were so loose on him that he had to have a couple of suits altered. His skin and complexion began to take on a glow. Previously, his skin had often "broken out" from the effect of too many sweets. Now that no longer happened.

In two months' time, he lost about thirty-three pounds. Instead of looking flabby, he began to look trim and slim. As he noted that his muscles were beginning to tone up, Liberace came to the conclusion that he ought to help build up his muscular development. Not through weight-lifting," he laughs. "That develops the wrong muscles for a pianist. But I decided to exercise.

He started with three very simple exercises: Push-ups, leg-raises, and bending exercises. Push-ups, familiar to every Army man, consist of lying with your face facing the floor, and then pushing yourself up on your elbows. For the leg-raises, you lie on a flat bench and raise your legs. The bending exercises consist of bending from the waist, touching the tips of the toes with the extended hands.

On tour at the time, Liberace would breakfast at his hotel, rehearse, then start his daily exercises. He'd continue them till the end of the day. He could do only five or six exercises at a time. Later, he was able to do each exercise twenty times without becoming exhausted. With that, he continued. But he never tried to do a half-hour's calisthenics all at one time. He'd exercise for ten minutes or so at a time, then again later in the day.

Soon his friends and the members of his group suggested that he go with them to various gymnasiums. He followed their suggestion, and added steam baths and
massages to his exercise program. He still continues this regime from his home in Palm Springs—just a short distance away from a gymnasium run by two friends of Liberace's—a married couple who have available every possible piece of equipment a muscular-minded man could want.

Liberace's extraordinary loss of weight brought one problem with it. At first, he thought he'd have to have his entire wardrobe altered, but he took out a look at the slim, little man with the muscular body and said, "You can't do it." "Why not?" said Liberace. "You can't take six inches out of a waistline," said the tailor. "You used to have a 38 waistline. Look at you now!"

Liberace looked—and saw what the tailor meant. Where, previously, all his clothes had been tailored in a desperate effort to conceal his spare tires, he was now a man with no spare tires to conceal. All the lines of his wardrobe were wrong for him now. He gave a home in most of his street clothes to friends and acquaintances.

However, in his closet there still hangs his stage wardrobe—a glittering assemblage of some of the most extraordinary clothes ever collected by one man. Liberace used to say, "Every actor should dress gloriously." On stage, he dressed to the hilt. Although, in real life, there was only one solid gold jacket, which cost about $2,700—and was worth it, in terms of the publicity it attracted. There were also two jackets with glass bugle-beads, and a number of other items which I am afraid to describe. It may very well cost Liberace $100,000 to replace his wardrobe. So far, he has been able to salvage only two jackets—those with the glass bugle-beads. His tailor took these completely apart and resold them, but put, and reset the sleeves. His other stage costumes hang in the closet, mute testimonial to the fact that Liberace was once a fat man. Today, he wears, whether on the stage or at home, is made to fit, not conceal the contours of his body.

In addition to looking better, Liberace feels infinitely more energetic since he lost those forty pounds. "Formerly," he admits, "if anyone asked me to undertake something that sounded like a lot of work, I'd turn it down. I just didn't have the energy for anything that was too strenuous."

Now Lee is bursting with energy. It was after he'd lost about forty pounds that ABC came to him with an offer for the new TV show. However, the shooting would be on five days a week. To film it, Liberace would have to come in from Palm Springs to Los Angeles three times a week. And every week, he'd have to prepare four of the shows. "Where formerly I'd turn down anything that was strenuous, now I regarded it as a challenge," he says. "Though it meant working twelve to fourteen hours a day, I was happy to sign."

Not only does Liberace put on two shows a day each Monday and Thursday, but whenever he has an audience, he feels especially for it after the show, giving encore after encore of the audience's favorites. For these special studio audiences, Liberace puts on performances for which thousands of dollars would ordinarily be paid by concert-goers.

When Liberace first began breaking box-office records all over the country, some of his critics came up with a idea of a parlaying a beauteous smile, a melting look and candelabra into a fortune. However, they were wrong. It takes far more than a smile and candelabra to win public love. "The personality people assume I have," says Lee, "is the exaggerated side of my real personality. I think I have more depth than has been made known to the public. When I first appeared, I, who had preconceived ideas about me seemed to re-discover me. Even when those preconceived ideas were favorable, many of them told me that they had never realized the more serious, deeper side of my personality. So now, in my television appearances, I try to emphasize not only those qualities for which I have become known, but also that side of me which appealed to audiences when I appeared on various stages."

So different is the real Liberace from the exaggerated idea that most of the public has, that it is described as a different. Not long ago, Jack Benny, planning a show in which the voice of Liberace would sneer at him from a TV set, asked Liberace to come over to Columbia Records. Lee duly recorded them.

When Jack Benny heard the so-called "wild lines," he said, "But they don't sound the way I wanted you to sound. You just don't come across on the air." Lee is a different. At it turned out, the real Liberace sounded so little like the publicized concept of him that Jack Benny had to use Dave Barry to sound the way he wanted to sound. In the new Liberace program, Lee has as much verve, enthusiasm and eagerness to please as ever; but he hasn't the exaggerated effervescence that was once pinned on him by some critics. Even the candelabra on the new program appear to be somewhat subdued, in keeping with this new, fascinating side of Liberace's personality.

However, the change in the candelabra effects is not due to any attempt on his part to give the public a different impression of himself. The effect is subdued," he says, "because this is a daytime show and doesn't call for romantic lighting effects. At night, one might want to go in for dramatic heightening or lowering of candle light. But that can't be done in a daytime show." "Losing forty pounds changed my entire life," Liberace concludes. "My whole mental attitude has changed. Where formerly I felt listless and tired, I now want to be on the go all the time."

In spite of all the strenuous work called for by his show, Liberace now has energy to spare. When he isn't appearing on TV or going to a gym, you'll sometimes find him lugging furniture from one of his homes in Palm Springs to another, or landscaping. As he digs into the soil to plant it, his smile flashes and seems to light up the landscape.

Now that he's lost those forty surplus pounds, Liberace no longer dreaded the real spark—on TV or in person—comes from within, not from glittering "props" and rhinestone-studded jackets.

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Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...important...accept no substitutes.

BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.
AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained...free, comfortable breathing restored.

EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!
Asthma & Passion: The scene Miami, moon over, stars on high, stars on foot—Godfrey, Pat Boone, Red Skelton, Carmel Quinn, Rossina DaRimini, Tony Marvin. Why Miami? The Boones are Arthur’s guests at the Kenilworth Hotel and, not incidentally, to accept a distinguished award at Fort Lauderdale from the Jaycees. Arthur, Carmel, Rossina and Tony are there to gather sunshine and reroute it via TV throughout the nation. Why Skelton? Red says, “I left California because of asthma and found it here.” He grins and adds quickly, “I’m only joking. I’ve had asthma for years but I was always egotistical about it. I liked to think I was just passionate.”

Godfrey’s Miami: Maybe it’s a secret, maybe not, but N.Y.C. is a town that frustrates Mr. G. Arthur likes to move in the sun, feel his muscles and the open air and the pulse of a boat and a helicopter. In warm and sunny Miami Beach, all of this becomes possible. He has the energy and zest of a teenager. Chais es longues by the hundreds surround the Kenilworth pool, but none has felt the weight of Mr. G. After the show, he plunges into the pool. He takes lunch at the wheel while steering his 42-foot Matthews. “I feel so good and happy here,” he says. “I told Mary (Mrs. Godfrey) that next year we will come down the first of December and stay until spring—if it were only possible.”

Sudden Dignity: On a Saturday afternoon, the Boones boarded Arthur’s boat and were motored up to the yacht basin in beautiful Fort Lauderdale. A police escort, with sirens screaming, delivered the Boones to the War Memorial Auditorium where the National Junior Chamber of Commerce was honoring the ten outstanding young men of the year. The honored included scientists, educators, journalists and doctors. Pat was the first entertainer to be so distinguished in fourteen years. Afterward, Pat tells you, “This is the most moving thing that has ever happened to me. Not that I think I really deserved the award. I felt out of place, for the others had really done something significant, world-shaking. I’ve done the best I can, which to me, in a sense, is outstanding. I honestly believe that any man anywhere who has an honorable job and does his best at it, is an outstanding man.”

On the program, Pat was last to make an acceptance speech and his sincerity won him the audience. Commenting on the Jaycee trophy, a plaque with two hands clasping, he said, “To me, this is the symbolic difference between the Russians’ education of youth and democracy’s way. For the Russians, it is merely the way to bolster their scientific progress. For us, with the hands clasping and touching, it is the wish to be helpful and encouraging.”

Red plus Red: At breakfast, the word was out that Red Skelton would join redheaded Godfrey on the morning programs, and the results were memorable. It was a wedding of philosophies. Red said, “When we’re rehearsing a show, we never say, ‘This is funny.’ We say, ‘I think it is funny,’ and we say it hope-fully. Then we pray. After all these years, I get down to a show at least an hour before we go on and they ask me, ‘Why are you here so soon?’ Well, it’s just because I want to worry.” Red went on, “Why do you do it? If you can make a few people forget their troubles for a minute, it’s worth all of it. Besides, there’s That Man and that little boy up in heaven. I’m always working for them.”

Candid Shot: A very pretty girl dashes into the surf. A very beautiful woman walking on the beach waves her hand. The teenager, red-haired, is Arthur’s daughter Patty. The blonde is Arthur’s wife, Mary.

A Lot of Bull: In February of ‘56, Pete Secondino and Sue Lenderman were married in Scirlelle, Indiana. Pete’s wedding gift to his bride was a Hereford calf, cost $100. A year—plus later, at the International Livestock Exposition, the full-grown calf was named grand champion. When the bidding got up to $24 a pound, Mr. Godfrey, occasion-ally impulsive, impulsed, “Enough of this shilly-shallying. $30.” The steer weighed 1100 pounds and Mr. G. phoned his lawyer to get together $33,000—a lot of cash for a lot of bull, which he then donated to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. When Pete and Sue met Arthur again in Chicago this past December, Mr. G. invited them to Miami as his guests. Says Pete, “My eyes popped out like turnips.” Pete is twenty-three and Sue, twenty-one. They flew to Miami in Arthur’s plane, set up in the luxurious (Continued on page 6)
ive ponies, dead air are Snooks O'Brien's dilemma, while wife and kids soak up the sun.

Arthur G. loves to move in sun, and amongst good friends and redheads—Skelton, and Rossina DoRimini, to whom flying is for birds.

Where Mom goes, there go Fuller kids—here with mother, Carmel Quinn, and Tony Marvin.

With Pat for Jaycee awards at Fort Lauderdale, Shirley Boone was lovely in white chiffon.

This porpoise is for real—and no baloney—and lots of fun for Sue and Pete Secondino, who hail from landlocked state of Indiana.
Kenilworth, clothed at Saks Fifth Avenue, and then were escorted around town by Patty Godfrey. Sue said, "Next to Daddy and Pete and my brother, Arthur is the nicest man I know. Some people, when they do something for you, expect something in return, but Mr. Godfrey seems to just do things because he likes us." With Patty, they had a ball. Sue said, "Patty is so close to our age. We have the same feeling about school. Patty wants to get out and we don't want to go back."

Mellifluous Marvin: Most decorative sight about the Kenilworth was Tony Marvin. Everyone was buzzing. Tony said, "It's become a trademark. I'm afraid if I were to show up in a floppy jacket, they'd think I was sick." Tony notes, "We come down to relax, to catch our breath. We take things as they come. Once Arthur was doing a commercial for a TV receiver and the stagehand awkwardly pushed the set into the pool. Arthur dived right in and continued the commercial. Another morning, I was all dressed up, really polished, and someone gave the word—it must have been Arthur—and I was pushed in the pool with a brand new pair of silk trousers, new, white buck shoes and a tailored shirt. Once in the pool, I didn't get out until the show was over. Now, how much more relaxed can you get?"

Arthur Observes: "I'm looking at Rossina and her pretty red hair and I'm thinking of the redhead McGuire Sisters. It seems to me they were once all brunettes and what I'm thinking of is that somehow, after a girl is in show business a few years, her hair begins to grow in red."

The Unexpected: Snooks O'Brien, stage director, says, "This is the most relaxed, unrehearsed show on the air. Monday, Arthur may say, 'Have a black horse here Wednesday.' The next day, he says; 'Don't forget that pair of Shetland ponies.' So I don't say I already ordered a black stallion! With Arthur, you just take it from the present and play. And you don't even know what he's going to do with the horses when they get there." Snooks stares across the pool where his children are playing, also as Arthur's guests. "Only time we ever goofed was on a simulcast. Arthur went underwater at the Seaquarium to play with some sharks. The TV picture was fine, but everyone forgot about radio and all the listeners got was five minutes of dead air. Up in New York, they were screaming."

Yet Another Redhead: Carmel Quinn came into the bedroom, her hair pinned up. Her husband Bill Fuller stretched across a bed watching news on TV. No sound, just pictures, so Carmel could talk. "All three children in the next room. We always travel together. Even Terry, who is only four months old, is with us." Then she notes, "It's been hard on Shirley Boone seeing me. You know, she and Pat are taking their first vacation alone since they were married. But, when she sees my children, I can feel the loneliness come into her eyes." Carmel, still as ebullient as the day she crashed into show business five years ago via Arthur's Talent Scouts, says, "I can take everything here but the sailing. Yesterday I was out with Arthur and he said, 'Honey, do you want me to turn back the boat?' I was really awful but I said, 'No, I feel fine.' I don't care what Arthur does—sailing, flying, swimming with sharks, high-diving—so long as he goes first, I'll do it."

Candid Shot: Red Skelton comes over to tape an evening show with Arthur. Red looks up at the Kenilworth, where guests are rubbernecking from their balconies. Red chides, "All you patients get back into your rooms. Nurse, get those patients back to their beds."

In a Cabana: She was swarmed by autograph hunters, and delighted them with her beauty and her Portuguese-Italian accent. Then Rossina DeRimini took refuge in a cabana. "I give fifty-two concerts in twenty-seven states before I get here," she said breathlessly. She won national recognition with her appearance on Talent Scouts three years ago. Breathlessly, she went on, "I sacrifice marriage for my career. The Latin people is too much jealous. Besides, I love children and, for this reason, I don't trust myself. If I marry tomorrow and have children is end of my career." She is twenty-seven and has only one fear. "I worry about death all time in air and I fly all time. When I go into plane I say, 'Mamma mia,' and I cry like baby. Sometimes I say, 'Oh, God, I'm so young to die. Can't you wait little while longer?'" She adds, "Mr. Godfrey so very patient with me. He sits down and explains how safe is flying. I love him. To me, there is a God in the sky but Mr. Godfrey is mine on ground."

Sound-Off: Pink, smooth-skinned Pat Boone says, "There are a couple of things I want to correct about those teen-age stories about me. I discussed my teen-age problems because I thought it would be helpful to others if they knew you could make a mistake and not go bad. But one writer said I 'guzzled beer in bed.' Not true. I experimented with beer like a kid will experiment with a cigarette in his bedroom, and then hid the beer can under my bed. And then that business about my sneaking a couple of things off a store counter, like a lot of other kids looking for excitement. That's all there was to it. It was kid stuff. But I wasn't preaching at that time, as one writer said."

Aboard the Mary B.: So named, the Mary B. pulls away from the dock at four P.M. with Arthur at the helm. He notes, "It'll be just lovely when the sun sets." He takes you into the sea for a few minutes, then heads back into the channels for a water tour of Miami Beach. "Can you imagine, this was once all ugly. It shows you what beauty man can make for himself." He points out the handsome buildings, identifies trees and shrubbery and flowers. TV critic John Crosby reminisces about his childhood in Miami. Arthur notes, "You're just a kid. I'm fourteen years older than you." Crosby says, "You look ten years younger than you did ten years ago." Arthur says, "That was after the hip operation. You know, I went into shock twice. That took a lot out of me. But now I feel great. I never felt better. Carmel Quinn comes up and Arthur insists she steer for a while. The sky has turned deep red and you go below. The talk is about Arthur. Pat Boone says, "Arthur was saying that he has no talents. He was telling that to Red Skelton. I know Arthur isn't a great comedian or a great singer, but he's got a great talent. He makes people...

What's New on the East Coast (Continued from page 4)
happy.” When the boat docks, Carmel Quinn comes down smiling and takes husband Bill’s hand. “Wasn’t I a fine Captain? I just followed the green lights. They reminded me of Mother Ireland.”

Mad for March: For no good reason, the wild month of March will contain several of the best television shows of the season. Most money ever spent on a TV dramatic show—$350,000—goes into a three-hour production of Hemingway’s “For Whom the Bell Tolls.” CBS-TV’s Playhouse 90 spreads this over two evenings, March 12 and 19. The show will star Jason Robards Jr., Maria Schell and Maureen Stapleton. Most exciting aspect is the appearance of Robards, who currently stars in the Broadway play, “The Disenchanted.” Previously, he was in O’Neill’s “Long Day’s Journey into Night.”

New York critics have raved over him and call him the finest young actor in the country. Though he did many TV jobs early in his career, he has turned down most offers lately, contending there are so many dramatic limitations in television. On the personal side, he is a very quiet man who keeps off to himself—not even his agent has his phone number or home address. . . . On March 15, Frances Langford returns to TV with a spectacular on NBC-TV. She has with her a tremendous cast of stars, including Bob Hope, Hugh O’Brian and Edgar Bergen. . . . Menotti opera, which debuted last year in Europe will be colorcast on NBC-TV, March 8, at 5 P.M. Franca Duval sings title role of “Maria Golovin.” . . . Last season, the TV musical production of the Pulitzer Prize play, “Green Pastures,” won almost every award in the business as the finest TV musical of the year, but very few people saw it. Reason for this was the late Mike Todd, who scheduled his Madison Square Garden birthday party for “Around the World in 80 Days” at the same time. The Todd show turned out to be noisy and not very entertaining, and many hundreds of thousands regretted missing “Green Pastures.”

The good news is that on March 23, NBC-TV again brings “Green Pastures” to your screen, and again “live” and in compatible color. Don’t goof again. . . . Look this month for an exciting new film project over CBS-TV. Andre Girard has painted directly on film a kind of running mural for “The Sermon on the Mount” and “The Resurrection and the Passion,” produced by the National Council of Catholic Men. While these programs are usually carried on Sunday, at press time, CBS was so enthusiastic that they were considering preempting nighttime programs to show off this new process. . . . On Sunday, March 29, NBC-TV boasts two different performances by the most cherished Mary Martin. In the afternoon, between four and five, she will sing for children. In the evening, from eight-thirty to ten, she’ll go sophisticated for the adults.


**WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST**

- by Bud Goode

**Jack Benny** off March 1 for this year's charity junket. Jack will play the fiddle for real—that's the Virginia Reel—in San Francisco, March 1, Washington D.C., March 28, and Carnegie Hall, April 6. Jack has been practicing for months for this concert tour—practicing running. . . Clint Walker, back at Warner Bros., is hopeful of doing a feature picture—the lure that brought him back to the studio. Plans now are to have Clint alternate in the Cheyenne series with Ty Hardin, who will carry the Bronco Layne name. . . Clint's salary, rumored to be $1,500 a week, is the same pay now as when he left the studio nearly a year ago. Clint, on his way east to help out in his sister's health-food store, was saved by the bell-like sound of jingling silver. . . Speaking of health foods, newcomer John Compton of The D.A.'s Man raises his own salads high in the Hollywood Hills. When John was odd-jobbing around in the real-estate business, he sold Will Hutchins his home in the hills but was recently seen out front transplanting some of his own rare cacti in Will's garden. Anyone for cactus apples? . . . Jack Webb says he's found complete happiness for the first time in his career, credits it all to his new wife, "Miss America" Jackie Loughery. Jack wasn't even upset when his new engine—
driven lawn mower sheared off half-a-dozen sprinkler heads. And that's a fact, ma'am.

Lads 'n' Lasses: Western detective Dale Robertson dating private eye's gal, Lola Albright from the Peter Gunn show; Judi Meredith and Barry Coe rating 'n' ravin'—about one another. Speaking of Barries, Fred Astaire and Barrie Chase deny the rumors.... Interestingly sidelong on the hit Fred Astaire show: Producer Bud Yorkin has been flooded with six-figure offers, has backed off from all—still waiting on the NBC-TV deal to produce a five-a-week strip with Red Rowe, a combination Ernie Ford and Arthur Godfrey. Red doesn't play the uke as well as Arthur, nor does he pick peas as fast as Ernie. But then, who wants to be a pea-pickin' ukulele player?

Shades of Bob Cummings: Dwayne Hickman will have a new girl every week in his TV series, Affairs Of Dobie Gillis. Quips Dwayne, "I learned a lot from Uncle Bob." ... Brother Darryl Hickman, cast in the CBS-TV pilot, "World In White," says, "No, it's not about a New York snowstorm. Dick York and I play medical interns, with accents on humor and romance, not medicine." Sort of a "Dr. Desi-Lucy."

John Bachelor Father Forsythe, back from filming "The Avenger" in Europe with co-star Rosana Chifano, says Rosie is going to be bigger than MM. Guesting on the Bill Leyden show, It Could Be You, John "Dimples" Forsythe received one of the biggest welcomes the show has ever seen. Smile, John. ... Meanwhile, back at the track, sportscar driver Leyden has received an invite to drive in the Las Vegas Invitational Road Race first week of March. Bill will drive his indomitable "77," a copy of the car which won the Le Mans race last year. Souped-up and ready to go, "Ol' 77" is about as lucky a number as you can get in Las Vegas. Why don't they make a TV spec out of the race—call it, "77 Las Vegas Strip"? ... Despite Eddie Fisher's cancelling, he's been seen on more TV screens than ever—in one week, guesting with Bregman, Berle and Gobel. His last show of the current contract is March 17; on March 18, he guests again for Berle, and from there to the Vegas Tropicana for four weeks. But don't fret for Eddie, boy—his contract with NBC has twelve years to go. ... Tom "John Slaughter" Tryon now starring in Disney's new epic, "Gold," drew his own caricature for a Sunday supplement and was asked as a result to pen his own daily comic strip. Whoo a minute. Tom, that's Mr. Disney's province.

Words and Music: Lucy has been charging around like a mad wet hen up to her wings in the Desilu Workshop—the busiest barn on Hollywood Blvd., with twenty-two young actors under contract—making hers the biggest talent pool in Hollywood. Their first production, words and music by Austin Hamilton, will roll in April, and if it's "good" will be seen on TV. ... David Niven acts in up-coming Four Star series over NBC-TV—as well as hosting, David and wife Bjordis visit her parents' home in Sweden in March and April, while Niven prepares for "The Reason Why," to be produced in England. The reason why Mr. Niven is so busy, of course, being that he is nearly a perfect actor. ... Fess Parker has discovered Robie Lester of Cascade Records. He shoulda—he owns Cascade Records.... Birthday Girl Jane Powell, doing the Garry Moore Show on March 9, takes her family to New York for two weeks to prepare for the two-hour spec, "Meet Me In St. Louis," to be seen on April 26. Incidental Intelligence: Both Debbie and Janie are April Fool's girls. ... George Burns' ratings have taken a rise since George is now "live"—we always thought that George was live, but it took the ratings to prove it. ... Buddy Bregman (see story, this issue, page 30) signed a five-year contract with Maurice Duke. Buddy's
NBC-TV show is set for thirteen weeks and the teen-mail is mounting. Tally Ho, the Fox! Hugh O'Brien flying back to London from Paris and Rome for one more fling at fox-hunting on the jolly old moors of England, doncha know. Hark, Wyatt, there goes the villain! ... Georgia Carr, one of the swingin'est peaches in old L.A., has a new lyric on the Dot label called “Don't Go,” and if you hear it once, you won't. ... Dot's Randy Wood signed the Lennon Sisters on the dotted line. The girls were saying, before the new baby was born in the family, “We hope it's a boy!” Now, they're pleased as punch with new baby sister, Anne Madolin, weighing in at six pounds, nine ounces. The girls and their dad, Bill Lennon, had a dollar pool going to pick the young one's arrival to the hour, day and minute. Janet won. ... Molly Bee finished with her Classic pilot and waiting for a sponsor. Say, wasn't that make a great song title? ... Shirley MacLaine's secret ambition—to do “Little Women” on TV! ... Jon Hall trying to finalize a deal in Mexico to film Bill O'Dwyer's life. ... Zsa Zsa Gabor's stock has gone up in the eyes of industrialist Hal Hayes. ... George Euland and ex-Lassie-lass, Cloris Leachman, together in their new home in Darien, Connecticut. ... Who's Breakin' Records: Pat Boone has sold an estimated twenty-million records to date—proof of TV's pull. Add more proof—the new album, “Music From Peter Gunn,” is the fast-selling side of twelve ever to hit the record racks. Sold 30,000 on its first round and is moving faster than the historical best seller, “South Pacific.” RCA looks for a total 120,000 for this Hank Mancini-scripted disc.

Alaska anyone? Tennessee Ernie says he and his wife, Betty, ended up in Hollywood by accident. They were on their way to Alaska when they stopped off in sunny Southern Cal. to visit Betty's parents, and fell in love with the weather. ... The Forty-Nincher's loss was the Forty-Niners'
gain. Why don’t the DeCastro Sisters cut a record called, “Rebel With a Cause”? Odd Industry is Hollywood—Mike Ansara makes more money on tour, now that Broken Arrow is off the net, than he made working on the series. Jan Merlin of Rough Riders had to take his new bride to Africa for honeymoon while he filmed pix of wild lions. And oddest job of all is held by Rod Redwing, full-blooded Indian, who teaches the Western “heroes” how to shoot. Bob Cummings to be given a party by the one hundred or more girls he’s had on his show—and Bob will be the only man present. How can you top that? Groucho, trying to finish the last 200 pages of his book, says, “No more interviews ... you writers are stealin’ all my stuff.” Of course, Groucho’s book will only have 200 pages in it. Art Linkletter’s People Are Funny received 15,000 letters on the “Tie Him Up” stunt involving Houdini-like escape artist Carl Edington. One letter came from a package-wraper at Neiman-Marcus. High-class knots? Link has just been presented with a plaque by the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors, naming him as one of the “Outstanding Radio and Television Personalities of Our Time.” Art is a salesman par excellence—he sold Mikoyan, when he was in Hollywood, on letting Art and family shoot all the film they wanted in their ten-day trip to Russia, to be used on the House Party show. I can hear Art now, doefully reciting, “As the sun sinks slowly over the Kremlin ... we leave Moscow behind.” Art’s producer, John Guedel, has a newly-installed radiotelephone in his Rolls Royce. But, last seen on Hollywood and Vine, Uncle John was dialing his dime in the phone booth in front of Thrifty Drug. Reason? The radio-telephone in his car is on a party line.

Speaking of Rolls Royces, Red Skelton just bought a new one. Playing the country’s leading clown pays off. But then, one would expect Freddie the Freeloader to ride in style... The Maverick Bros, Jack Kelly and Jim Garner, traded their shootin’ irons for golfin’ irons recently for the Los Angeles Open golf tourney at the Rancho golf course. Big Jim even entered Bing Crosby’s Pebble Beach golf fling at the behest of his own brother—that’s right, a golf pro... Latest Word Department: Lawrence Welk gaining one and losing one—Lawrence is about to become a grandfather for the second time. But favorite Pete Fountain is going out on his own—will guest on Como’s and Bob Hope’s March shows, then settle down in New Orleans. We won’t be losing Pete forever, though. You can count on Fountain’s clarinet, the sweetest Reed to come along since Goodman, to be poppin’ up on top-rated shows from now on. And did you know that Hollywood stars who give out their John Hancocks for merchandise endorsements get back an average of $3,500—sometimes in merchandise? But then, that’s Hollywood for you.
Ed Hider's being held prisoner in the WNBF early-slot, and falling in love with his chains

A prisoner of the love of mike, Ed loves the morning, too, wife reports.

No sleepwalker Ed, reports Dick Noel of New York CBS staff, but chances are "remote" that caucus for Ma Perkins will carry.

Ed has top evening audience, too. Eating up Hider hijinks are his mom and dad, sister Sandra, 14, wife Barbara, who, later still, helps him stay awake to type show.

S o help him, people! Ed Hider's a self-confessed, honest-to-gosh ham, and a whole town's eating him up. The morning man for WNBF in Binghamton, New York, Ed puts protein into the breakfast hours (6 to 9) via his own balanced servings of comedy, music, drama and "music-drama." And Ed holds his audiences dear. For weekday efforts like "Our Gal Thursday Morning" or "Playhouse 89," he's been known to make them late for their jobs.

... Young Mr. H. is always on time. If he's slow on the uptake around five of a chill ayem, that's easily remedied: In nightshirt and cap, he bundles off to the courthouse—not to plead guilty, but to broadcast remote from a spot smack in front of the law. A true rabble-rouser, while on one such outing, Ed called for a committee to "Send Ma Perkins to Congress." It formed; it folded. Undaunted, Ed has turned to other things...

For a serious look behind the funny business, let it be known that Ed was born in Binghamton in 1933, to a non-show-business family, graduated from North High, and attended Boston's Leland Powers for radio training. One year, there was time for a long walk: Ed hitchhiked cross-country, working his way from city to city... While deejaying at WDOS in Oneonta, Ed met the girl he would marry, "It was the simple story of fan turned wife," says Ed, who then explains: "She was better-looking than I, so, as the saying goes, 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.'"

Joined in marriage, Ed and Barbara live in a dandy ("Ed-defined" as "an old French term meaning small and cold") three-room apartment. He collects unusual mugs, records, of course, and is a big bug on home-movie making. You can't beat Ed Hider; so join him!
More like a dream, you say. Colonel John Craig, producer-narrator of the California National series_Danger Is My Business_, is the first to agree. But even a dream has a basis in reality, and it's a rare fellow, Craig maintains, who hasn't faced, some time or another, the agonizing choice of security or high adventure. The predictable thirty-five-hour week of manageable anxieties, or the free-lancer's "dream-safari"—a Silly Symphony of fear, cold, staccato, inescapable. At a time when young men ask only as to "who sponsors the best pension plan," it's easy to lose sight of that rare type who stakes his life against the demands of his job, the man the underwriters wouldn't touch with a ten-dollar policy. ... The philosophy of danger of a man like Col. Craig reflects both his own way of life and those of men whose extraordinary bread-and-butter jobs he documents. Take for example, British-born David Brown, authority on "the care and feeding of sharks," Mexican Road Race driver Ray Crawford. "These men," Craig explains, "share the sort of courage that throws out logic till the threat has passed. Further, they all have the ability to recover from one close shave and not be affected by it when the next one comes along." ... By his own admission, Craig's life story reads like the fantasy of boys' adventure books, "the sort people never expect to encounter in real life." His first job was at sixteen, trouble-shooting for an oil-industry tool supplier. Within a few years, he had made his fortune in the fields, and quit. A wanderer on the earth's face, he climbed pyramids, shot tigers in India, was captured by desert tribesmen. Then, off Mexico, at the bottom of the ocean, Craig discovered the abiding interest of his life, undersea photography. ... In the Thirties, Craig filmed foreign locations, winning the coveted Academy Award for his underwater shots. In the Air Force during World War II, he completed 36 combat missions, and, later on, was responsible for filming the Bikini bomb tests. ... Strong in mind and heart, Col. Craig can't foresee the time when he'll run out of subjects for his fabulous TV documentaries. Believing progress is "to take a risk," he claims there'll always be men who need to test themselves against nature. "If man had stopped to consider all the possible dangers that surround us," Craig muses, "we'd still be living in unheated caves."
Tick Tock Tempos

WGR's John Lascelles sets the early hours right by the Musical Clock—the late ones, by the measured word.

Looking for time? John Lascelles has it, right up his sleeve. One of Buffalo's busiest broadcasters, John deals himself a seven-day, dawn-to-dusk schedule that has earned him, over his record eighteen years with WGR-TV and Radio, a pair of apt epithets. "Mr. All Day Long" or "Ol' Bones," as he is variously known, is the wake-up man for WGR Radio. For WGR-TV, he gives the weather reports and forecasts five evenings at 6:40 P.M. An excellent commercial announcer, John is seen six evenings a week in the 11 to 11:30 time slot, and Sundays delivers the commercials on a top-rated film series. A thoughtful man, John tailors the tempos to suit the soul: Saturday nights, at 11:15, he hosts for "Jimmy" at the organ, and recites a poem to organ accompaniment. . . . Time's greatest trick is to vary the pace, and this John has learned well. With a speed almost faster than light, Mr. Morning bounds out of bed in the pre-dawn era of each day, bolts his coffee and hot-feet to the studio to set the Musical Clock a-ticking by 6 A.M. This is basically a record show, but John takes special pride in the "weather bank" feature, which rates the day on a monetary scale from a dime to a dollar, asking listeners to plunk the amount into the bank. . . .

Born in Kansas City in 1914, John was graduated from Marshall (Michigan) High, after which he tried little-theater work and discovered he was "quite a ham." "About that, everybody agreed," says John, "but they also agreed my voice was passable." (In the words of one long-standing listener, "passable" is hardly the word: "I don't believe John has ever had a cold. . . . His voice is always rich and consistent.")

Continues John: "To hide from the audience, I decided on radio, and joined the staff of WKZO in Kalamazoo" . . . During World War II, John served with Armed Forces Radio. He tells how once, during General Mark Clark's march toward Rome, he was delivering his usual newscast from the AFR studio in Foggia, when the bells of sixty-five churches started to ring signifying Rome was again in the hands of the Allies. "A few moments later," relates John, "I received the official news bulletin confirming the event we'd all been waiting for." . . .

Happy to be himself, John has more than a touch of the poet about him. As a fellow WGR staffer has said of him: "John doesn't know how to frown on the morning. If he gets up on the wrong side of the bed, no one's the wiser, for Ol' Bones knows there are people getting up on the wrong side of the world.

One time or another, Ol' Bones has interviewed most of the big names in show-biz. Here, with Frankie Laine.
The Mating Game
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE; METROCOLOR
The Golden Rule proves its validity again in this amusing movie starring Debbie Reynolds and Tony Randall. Villain of the piece is wealthy gentleman farmer Wendell Burnshaw (Philip Ober), who sets about getting possession of the house and land owned by neighbor Pop Larkin (Paul Douglas). The ramshackle Larkin farm with its untidy menagerie of farm animals becomes the subject of a vast tussle—involving a matter of $50,000 in back income taxes, unwittingly owed by Pop Larkin, who carries on a three-hundred-year-old family tradition of barter, rather than cash trade. The unfortunate sent by the Bureau of Internal Revenue to collect is Tony Randall, who immediately falls for Pop's eldest (Debbie Reynolds). Tony gets his girl, of course—but in the process there is a lot of slick comedy action, played to the hilt.

"Taxing time" is had by all, but Debbie and Tony laugh it up.

Waifs Dave Bushell, Dana Wilson, Tony Baker are placed in orphanage.

A Cry From the Streets
TUDOR PICTURES
The British movie-makers have taken a leaf from the documentary book and come up with one of the best all-round film-entertainments to show Stateside in many a season. Based on a novel by Elizabeth Coxhead, Lewis Gilbert's production combines impressive scripting and fine direction to tot up a good look at some typical big-city problems. In the story, earnest young social worker Barbara Murray meets Max Bygraves (off the reel, a variety star well known to British TV and music-hall audiences) and is impressed with his outgoing good nature and tolerance of the foibles of her ragamuffin charges (headed up by nine-year-old charmer Dana Wilson). The plot rains troubles, but the sun comes out again when Max and Barbara decide to marry and adopt one of the children.

The Hanging Tree
A BARBOA PRODUCTION FOR WARNER BROS.
Gary Cooper, Maria Schell and Karl Malden share star billing in this violent story of the Old West. Cooper plays a wandering doctor, embittered by the tragic end of his marriage—the suicide of his wife after Cooper has killed her lover. After some years of wandering, he settles in the mining camp, Skull Creek, tends the sick and injured and plays poker as a pastime (and for profit). He rescues and saves an injured young man (Ben Piazza), who'd been caught in an attempt to steal gold from a sluice. The two work together to nurse back to health Maria Schell (a Swiss girl who is badly injured and nearly blinded in a stagecoach mishap). Though Cooper loves the girl, he keeps a tight rein on his feelings. Karl Malden is a villainous prospector, intent on raping Maria Schell. Fine cast, fast action.

These Thousand Hills
20th CENTURY-Fox; CINEMASCOPE
Handsome Western brings "Bachelor Party's" Don Murray to the saddle and a battle of youthful conscience. Set in Montana in the latter 1800's, the film poses the question: What to do about "old friends" when you're young, hard-working and on the make for a better life. Fort Brock was dusty, the day bronce-buster Don stopped by to refresh himself, and first to take him up are the town's "dustier" elements. Staked to a ranch by pretty Lee Remick, Don hits it big and is encouraged by the town's older citizens to take his place among them. Through marriage to banker's niece Patricia Owens, he cuts ties with the old crowd, including Stuart Whitman—which event will later cause him much remorse. The "gray flannel" formula doesn't quite jibe with our image of a Western, but fine cast, color and music add up.
THE RECORD PLAYERS

As WAVZ's Gene Stuart bethinks himself—and who's to disagree—for the likes of Ella Fitzgerald, there'll always be . . .

Room and to spare
At the Top

By GENE STUART

In every walk of life, there are heights which only a very few are talented and fortunate enough ever to attain. Once they reach these heights, there are even fewer who can maintain their positions. These are the "royalty," and comparisons are made with them in order to establish the worth of the new and untried. Such "royalty" is the First Lady of Song, Miss Ella Fitzgerald.

How many times have you heard said of an up-and-coming vocalist "Yea, she sings wonderfully, but she can't hold a candle to Ella"? To the embryo singer and performer, these comparisons are cruel and unjust, because just how often does a singer with the class of an Ella come along? Very rarely. But there is the one—the honest, the pure, the lyrical, the musical, the epitome—Ella!

Twenty-five years ago, a shy, bewildered girl of fourteen entered an amateur contest to dance. Then, once on stage, she announced she'd rather sing—and sing she did. Three encores and the First Prize of $25 later, Ella's fabulous career had started.

Brought up by the late bandleader Chick Webb and his wife as their own, Ella began singing with the band, and soon recorded the now famous "A Tisket, A Tasket." In the years that have followed, Ella has travelled all over the country and abroad as well, and has built her reputation on her simplicity and honesty, purity and graciousness, versatility and, of course, the ultimate in good taste.

To keep your sense of values takes a lot of good common sense and much discipline, and in what is generally acknowledged as a pretty cut-throat business Ella has remained as she was, good and unaffected. If she can't say anything kind about a person, she just won't say anything. This, in my opinion, is one of Ella's shining qualities—not only as a performer, but, more important, as a human being.

One night a few years ago, in a night club long since darkened and closed for good, a few of my friends, Ella, and myself were discussing a youngster who was beginning to hit his stride to the top of the pop market. Ella softly remarked, "Well, I hope he makes it. In fact, I hope everybody makes it, but," she added with a shy smile, "I hope there's a little room left up there for old folks like me."

Ella has recorded all types of tunes with many bands and singers and now, in the era of shouters, gimmicks and echo chambers, you'll spend a few wonderfully relaxing hours listening to her latest release on Verve, "Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Irving Berlin Songbook"—a must.

With the likes of Ella singing, good music will never go out of style. And when she works the jazz clubs, the concerts and the smart supper clubs, as soon as she appears on stage, her audience quiets and listens attentively. She is respected wherever she works. No, good music will never be out of date.

To the many people who already know of her music, not too much more can be said. But, to those who have not been fortunate to hear her often enough to know her warmth and her deep sincerity, I say you must make it your business to listen to Miss Ella Fitzgerald, the living end.
Calling All Fans

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

Tom Tryon Fan Club, Shirley Brown, 2472 Montpelier Avenue, Macon, Ga.

Poni-Tails Fan Club, Barbara Vail, 271 East 156th St., New York 51, N.Y.

Connie Francis Fun Club, Bernice Edwards, Route 17, Box 375, Slootsburg, New York.

Marshall Reed Fan Club, Patricia Horne, 295 Montross Avenue, Rutherford, New Jersey.

Truer Than Fiction

Please give me some information about Charles Bronson, star of TV's Man With A Camera.

B. J. R., Levittown, Pennsylvania

Long before he became the star of ABC-TV's Man With A Camera, rugged Charles Bronson had been attracted to three careers—acting, journalism and art. For a while, he tried the latter and studied painting in Philadelphia. But, of the three fields, it was the theater which continued to have the greatest pull on his imagination. Going to Atlantic City, Charles took up a post as a short-order cook, but soon returned to the Quaker City and acting. Charles found little-theater "invigorating," but felt that he should move on. Heading for New York, he did stock and then occasional Broadway roles. "I was anxious to learn, and improve my stage movement, speed and voice," he says now, "so I decided Pasadena Playhouse was the place to go." In 1950, Charles enrolled there and later was recommended to 20th Century-Fox. Since then, Bronson has had featured parts in numerous movies and television shows. . . . The tall, hazel-eyed actor lives with his wife and four-year-old daughter Suzanne in Cheviot Hills, California, where he spends many leisure hours painting, fishing, and swimming. . . . In his role as Mike Kovac, free-lance photographer, Charles Bronson has, in a sense, managed to combine all three of his original interests—acting (certainly), art (via photography), and journalism (as a cameraman, he covers the news). Surely, the boy who was born the ninth of fifteen children, and who worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania while considering his dream of a future career, couldn't have asked for anything more.

Your Local Stations

As our readers know, this magazine is interested in any suggestions you might have concerning personalities on your local stations. In many instances, we depend on leads from you to gauge the popularity of a disc jockey, news announcer or children's programmer. Oftentimes, too, readers who take the trouble to write us about their local TV or radio favorite are performing a real service in giving a boost to a rising star. Take pen in hand and let us hear from you. Address as usual, TV RADIO MIRROR. Information Booth, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

Very Important Puppets

What can you tell us about TV star Chuck McCann?

R.H.T., Norfolk, Virginia

It has come as no great surprise to those who know him that, at twenty-four, Chuck McCann is already such a success on television. For the young performer who has scored such a hit as commercial announcer and puppeteer on ABC-TV's Peter Lind Hayes Show, and as a comic-impressionist on such programs as The Steve Allen Show, was born into a family tradition of show business. His grandfather had been with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, and his father was arranger-composer with the Roxy Theater. Little Chuck spent his childhood in the Roxy pit watching the top personalities go through their acts. Through this intensive "research," he learned the art of mimicry. . . . Later, becoming interested specifically in drama, Chuck joined the Pasadena Playhouse—working his way up through electrician, scenic designer, stage manager, and finally performer. Upon returning to the East, he became a successful comic-impressionist in local theaters. With a group of puppets created by Paul Ashley, he has lately become a great favorite on the Hayes show. . . . Just married this past December, the young comic and his wife Susie (a former model) live in a Manhattan apartment.

Network Address

As a service to our readers, TV RADIO MIRROR lists the following New York addresses of the networks:

CBS: 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

NBC: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York

ABC: 7 West 66th Street, New York 23, New York

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
A leading medicated lotion was used on Mrs. Middleton's left hand, her right hand was given Jergens care. See the difference in this unretouched photo. Test was made while Mrs. Middleton soaked her hands in detergents 3 times a day for several days. The beautifying action of Jergens was proved by 713 housewives in other hand-soaking tests. For complete summary of these tests, doctors and dermatologists are invited to write to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jergens beautifies hands as nothing else can
...and the picture proves it!

Jergens both protects your hands and pampers your skin. That's why it beautifies as nothing else can. Jergens doesn't coat skin with sticky film...it penetrates to protect. It stops even red, rough detergent hands...softens and smooths. Jergens is the true beauty lotion. Only 15¢ to $1
I dreamed I was a heavenly body in my maidenform* bra!

Look what just landed from out of this world! Blue Horizon—probably the prettiest bra on earth! Heaven-blue embroidery with a hand-made look—and only Maidenform makes it!

Silky white cotton deliciously iced with lace, gently rounded to the new ladylike lines.

In this dream of a package—just 3.00.

Price slightly higher in Canada.
Other people gave him the name of Johnny Desmond. God gave him the voice—and the goodness to live with the fame it has brought.

By MRS. LILLIAN DeSIMONE BUCELLAT0

NOTE: The tiny, volatile, titian-haired mother of Giovanni Alfredo DeSimone—whom viewers and listeners know as Johnny Desmond—pours out her stories of "my Johnny" in a lyric, Italian-tinged voice ardent with love. She was only fifteen when she came to America to marry Peter DeSimone, who had earlier left Italy to make a home for her in Detroit. A teen-age mother, she grew up with her children: Harry, Johnny, Antoinette and Joan. After Peter's death, she married Anthony Buccellato, a distant cousin who had lost his wife. Their pleasant brick bungalow on Gable Avenue, Detroit, is filled with photos of Johnny and all their children and is second home to some twenty grandchildren.

LET ME TELL YOU how it was with my Johnny when he was little. It was the customers who first told my husband Pete and me what a great gift he had. They'd hear him singing when they came into the store and they would stand around to listen.

Our grocery was on Rhoom Avenue, across the street from the A. L. Holmes grade school on the eastern edge of Detroit. It was a nice, new brick building. The second floor was our apartment. On the first floor, back of the store, was a stock room that became mostly a playroom. Even

Continued
Today Johnny's own home is on New York's Long Island, with his wife Ruth and my little granddaughters, Diane, 12, and Patti, 9.

**THIS IS MY SON**

(Continued)

when we were the busiest, we could keep an eye on the children. We worked both early and late, but what did it matter? We were happy. Pete was proud we had such a fine store and such good children. He was a wonderful man, my husband. Big and handsome, with a good word for everybody.

Johnny's favorite game was to play "emcee." He turned a dustmop handle upside down and that was his microphone. He'd hold it and talk and sing as if he were on a stage. Then he'd dance. He fixed up a platform down in the basement. It was just some boards nailed together and laid flat on the concrete, but there he could kick his heels as hard as he wanted to and no one minded the clatter. He was singing in the back room one day when Mrs. Ferguson, one of our regular customers, spoke to me about it. She said, "what are you doing about that boy's singing?"

I thought it bothered her, so I said, "When he comes in the store singing, I make him run out back."

"You send him away!" she said, like she was shocked.

I was thinking about all the orders that had to be put up for Pete to take out in the afternoon delivery. I had no time to stand around talking. I spoke quick to her. "When I was a little girl in Italy, I sing all the time and my mother say, 'Go away, I am busy.' I say the same to my children."

(Continued on page 65)
His Ruth is as good as she is beautiful. Like the Ruth in the Bible, she made her husband's people her people. She lived with us in Detroit through the dark days of the war when Johnny was overseas with Major Glenn Miller's band.

Johnny has talent for both art and music. Here, Ruth and Diane are watching as he paints Patti's portrait on the screened porch of their Long Island home. They also tell me he is teaching both his daughters to play the piano.

Life may be easier for the Desmonds today but it can't be any richer than it was for the DeSimones. Johnny couldn't have a greater prayer for his own children than that they should grow up to make their dreams come true, as he did.

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*Your Hit Parade* is seen on CES-TV, Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by the American Tobacco Company for Hit Parade Cigarettes. The Johnny Desmond Show is heard on WCBS Radio (New York), Sun., from 1:05 to 2 P.M.
a Toast to Teenagers

Dancing's not only a career for the Arthur Murray teachers but a pet pastime—just as it's always been for Kathryn herself, who confesses one of her own teen-age escapades was playing hookey to attend "tea dances" in Greenwich Village.

No matter what your own age, says Kathryn Murray, they're more fun to be with than almost anybody—at home, outdoors, or at a party!

Youth gets her vote, from babyhood up. Her sub-teen guests on The Arthur Murray Party, above, are John Lambert and Audrey Baxter of England. In background—dancing teachers and "Miss Universe" contestants (the girls in long dresses).

Two aspects of TV's liveliest grandmother: Above, dancing with her favorite partner—maestro Murray himself. Below, clowning with Tom Hansen, all bandaged up for skit about skiing directed by Coby Ruskin (right).
The Murrays' own teenagers have grown up to present them with five grandchildren! Above, Mr. M. is flanked by sons-in-law Edward McDowell and Dr. Henry Heimlich. Front row, from left—Kathryn McDowell; Mrs. M.'s mother, Mrs. A. L. Kohnfelder; Mrs. M. with Peter and Philip Heimlich; Jane Murray Heimlich with Meg Adair McDowell; Phyllis Murray McDowell with daughter Martha. Below—Kathryn and Arthur are wizards in kitchen as well as ballroom.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Says Kathryn Murray, "If at this moment I had a choice of sitting down with a group of teenagers or a party of adults, I'd join the teenagers—and that's exactly what I do whenever I have the opportunity. What excites me about youngsters is that they are so enthusiastic. They're energetic and exhausting, but they're never boring."

Kathryn tells you that she's over fifty, but there are those who, after viewing her exuberance and stamina, believe that she is grossly exaggerating her age. "That's incredible," she says. "There's never been a woman on this earth who added so much as one day to her age. I was fifty-two last September 15, and I have a birth certificate to prove it. If I seem younger, perhaps it's because I like young ideas and young people. I seek out teenagers because they are alert and amusing. I see them mainly during the summer, when we spend weekends at East (Continued on page 67)
Frank was an only child, his wife Lillian had just one sister, but there's no danger of "loneliness" in today's Blair family! The big boys at left are John, Marine Private Tom—and Mike (Frank III), the eldest, at 22. Center group, left to right: Billy, Theresa, mama Lil, Mary Elizabeth, Paul. At right, papa Frank with Patty—the youngest, at two.

By THOMAS PETERS

The scene is a red brick Colonial house in Irvington, New York. The time is 4 A.M. Inside the house, it is black and quiet except for faint snoring on the second floor. At four, on the dot, a wristwatch alarm goes off and the snoring stops. Frank Blair gets up and stumbles into the bathroom to shave. He blinks at the mirror. Taped to the glass are ads torn from a newspaper. One reads, "Are you getting bald?" The other warns, "Perhaps you have tired blood!" Frank grins, finishes his shave and looks for his aftershave lotion. He can't find it. He frowns and, for a moment, wonders whether it's worth it to walk down to the boys' bathroom and retrieve his lotion. He decides it isn't, finishes dressing and goes down to the kitchen, drinks some juice, and finally gets into the Volkswagen.

He drives twenty-five miles to the RCA Building in Manhattan, arriving about five-thirty, when preparations begin for the telecast of Today. From seven to nine, he is on the air. After the show, he goes to his office, where he works until mid-afternoon. Meanwhile, "back at the ranch," the family has awakened to a fatherless house.
Frank Blair’s a busy man indeed.

Weekday mornings, it’s Today on TV.

Weekends, it’s Monitor on radio.

And—all the time—eight children!

Monitor brings Frank to radio. He prides himself on presenting news “straight down the middle of the road.”
between six-thirty and seven. Two of the three oldest boys (one is in the Marine Corps) make their own breakfast and go to their bicycle shop. Four other children are being rushed through breakfast and into their school clothes.

All over the country, millions of people have been watching Frank Blair and Dave Garroway and the rest of the talented crew on Today's telecast—but not in the Blair menage. There, the private world of children comes first. The school bus stops and picks up four young Blairs. It is now eight, and then the mother and her youngest, Patty, age two, go into the den and turn on the TV receiver. Patty shouts, "Daddio," and runs up to the TV set and kisses her father.

The time is now 4 P.M. and Frank Blair is home, down on his knees giving Patty a horsey-ride while seven-year-old Billy whistles by in his Zorro outfit. Paul, eight years old, is off somewhere in a world of his own and Frank reassures himself with the thought: I know he's alive—even if he is so quiet. Theresa, nine, is playing with her dolls, and Mary Elizabeth, twelve, is in the kitchen creating a cake with the electric mixer she got last Christmas.

Now it is 5 P.M., and the phonograph starts in the living room. Wild Bill, who has dropped his Zorro cape and taken on the responsibilities of a U.S. Marshal, calls out, "It's the quiet hour." The children scatter and Frank walks into the living room, where a pretty, redhead woman named Lil waits for him with cocktails. They sit and talk, and then Mike (Frank III), 22, and John, 21, come in and join the conversation.

At six, they are still talking but move to the dining room and, at seven-fifteen, Lil insists they have to break it up so that the dishes can be cleared. Frank gets up and yawns, still talking. At eight, he says, "It's time for the little children and me to go to bed." This may be simplifying it, but that's the usual day for Frank Blair. On one hand, he is a TV and radio personality who speaks with authority, charm and wit. (Continued on page 79)
Maestro of The Music Shop

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Probably no musician has had a bigger impact on our top stars than Buddy Bregman, musical director of The Eddie Fisher Show, maestro of NBC-TV's Music Shop, and personal friend of Ethel Merman, Jerry Lewis, Fred Astaire, Mario Lanza, Gary Crosby, Anna Maria Alberghetti and a host of others.

Curiously enough, except for his on-again-off-again romance with Anna Maria Alberghetti—"By the time this article appears on the stands, we'll be married," he told this writer during a luncheon interview at the Hollywood Brown Derby, then added hastily, "but to be on the safe side, check with me when you go to press"—very little is known about Buddy.

In a way, this is not surprising. Hollywood has all too long concentrated its publicity efforts on stars who appear before the public, while ignoring the very real talent which backs them up. Buddy Bregman, a handsome, congenial and extremely self-confident young fellow, has been in that latter category throughout most of his career.

At twenty-eight, Buddy is only just overcoming his biggest problem: Because of his youth, too many people refuse to take him seriously. "I was only twenty when I was first signed by NBC," he recalls. "I practically grew up with entertainers whom I'd known all my life through my uncle Jule." (Editor's Note: That's Jule Styne, the famous composer.) "Yet when I came to them for help, they turned away from me—insisting I was too young." He called one famous (Continued on page 73)

The Music Shop starring Buddy Bregman is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., at 7:30 P.M. Buddy is also musical director of The Eddie Fisher Show, on NBC-TV, alt. Tues., 8 to 9 P.M. (Both EST, colorcast)
Such stars as Eddie Fisher have long realized Buddy Bregman’s talents. Now the public has a chance to see for itself—in gorgeous “living color”

Says Buddy, as musical director of The Eddie Fisher Show: "Eddie himself usually suggests the songs he wants to sing, then I go home and work out the arrangements." Easy, when you know how—and both these stars know how.

Among all the music celebrities who are Buddy’s close friends, none ranks higher than Anna Maria Alberghetti. They’ve known each other for years, but never expected their friendship to ripen into love—let alone marriage!

Recently, Buddy has been presenting stars of tomorrow as well as today, on his own colorful program preceding Sund’-y’s Steve Allen Show. The Collins Kids—Larry and Lorrie—appeared on the premiere of The Music Shop.

Barry, his seven-year-old son by a previous marriage, will have to start studying early to equal Dad’s story. Buddy was a concert pianist, before reaching his teens, but his parents didn’t encourage a professional career.
Funny Thing About Fathers...

This should be an old story to me by now, with five "little Links"! Actually, being a grandfather is as new to me as being parents is to Jack and Bobbie, and I'll have to confess I'm as proud of Michael Arthur Linkletter as they are.
These “growing-up” letters of mine probably look quite different to Jack —now that he has a son of his own

By ART LINKLETTER

One unusual custom in the Linkletter family is probably my habit of writing notes. It started as I grew busier with my career and, looking back, I see now that my first born got the brunt of them. That was because I’d ponder on some point Jack had raised during the day, but at night when I had time to talk about it—he’d be in bed. Recently, I discovered he’d saved most of them. That didn’t surprise me, because I’ve always had a habit of making carbon copies, even of letters to my family.

Jack had the biggest break of all our kids, with me, because I was less busy during his early years. From the very beginning, he always came to me with confidences and problems, and there is nothing more flattering or evocative of the very best in any parent than being asked to help.

My older son got through his teens pretty well, due to a sort of blanket precept in our home. The other day, I found a note covering this point (at one time or another, every little Link has had his own communique on the subject):

“When I was your age,” I wrote, “I had to get up at 4 A.M. to fold newspapers in order to earn the money for a new suit. I had to hitchhike in order to see the world, and earn my way...
Funny Thing About Fathers...

(Continued)

Bobbie and Jack bringing home their first-anniversary "loot"—along with their first-born son. My wife Lois and I consider Bobbie our fourth daughter and can't think of any girl with whom we would have shared Jack so willingly.

Lois looks pretty young to be little Mike's grandmother, doesn't she? We've had five children of our own—and, come to think of it, Jack isn't such an inexperienced "parent." As the eldest, he's helped us raise the younger ones.

through college. You haven't had to do these things because your father has made enough money to pay someone else to do them... but everything in life always has to balance. If you can get a full night's sleep, you also have to be more careful about what you do when you're awake. Linkletters live in a glass house. Lots of people read about us, look at us, wonder at us. If there's a crowd of ten kids getting into mischief, no matter how innocent the caper, it will land on the front page because a Linkletter is involved—and you know who will be blamed? Not you, but your mother and me! Everybody will say we never taught you how to behave... Do you think it's quite fair to let outsiders think we're the sort of parents who never do anything for their children?"

Today, even more than before, I realize there were some unusual things about my relationship with Jack. For instance, I can never recall any period when Jack did not trust and respect me. He always thought I had the answers, even when I wasn't equally confident. I think honesty is essential with kids, so I never pretended to be any all-knowing fount of knowledge. When I wasn't sure of the answer, I said so frankly. I'd suggest where Jack might find out for himself—and add that, when he discovered it, I'd like to know so that I could learn, too.
Now we are seven, at a typical family dinner—not counting son Robert, who's away at school, and grandson Mike, who "dines" elsewhere. Members you haven't met as yet are daughters Dawn, Sharon and Diane (in order of age).

Still, I'll admit some of Jack's confidences caused considerable confusion in my mind. As a father, I felt I should say, "Well, I don't know if that's right"—but, as a man, I was tempted instinctively and enthusiastically to comment, "Oh, boy! That must have been fun!" Fatherhood, as Jack is going to learn for himself, is almost a traumatic experience. A son can never really understand that his father is a man first and a father second.

There were times when I was pretty sure I had the answer to one of Jack's problems, but thought I could stand a little reinforcement. Like all youngsters, he had a spell when he was inclined to stay out too late, shrug off responsibility for any little scrapes of the gang, and accused his mother and myself of being over-protective.

This came to a head one night when he didn't get home until early hours—the next day. He was a bit argumentative when his mother remarked that she hadn't slept a wink until he came in. "I was with kids you know and like," he said. "We weren't drinking or driving too fast; we just went to the beach because it was such a nice night, and all we did was build a bonfire and sit around singing. So I forgot to look at my watch! What did I do that was wrong?"

That was a poser! I felt I could use some real ammunition, so I said, "Put like that, I (Continued on page 78)
LONG-DISTANCE

Marriage

Two careers 3,000 miles apart, yet the hearts of Patti Page and Charles O'Curran beat as one—in jet-plane time

By MARTIN COHEN

Says Charles O'Curran: "One of the greatest things about being Charles O'Curran these days is Mrs. O'Curran"—who is, as everybody knows, Patti Page. "That's the sweetest kind of music," says Patti, "especially when I remember how difficult it was to land him! The competition was fierce. There were always two or three beautiful girls waiting outside the studio for Charlie."

"That's just one side of the story," he says, "I remember you stood me up on our second (Continued on page 76)

The Oldsmobile Show, starring Patti Page, seen on ABC-TV, Mon., 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Oldsmobile Division of General Motors Corp.

Patti—pictured with pianist Rocky Cole and guest Nat "King" Cole—is busy on the East Coast with her TV Oldsmobile Show.

Charles is busy out Hollywood way, as choreographer and film director. Reunions are usually a surprise—none more so than when he flew in with a live turkey for Patti's Thanksgiving!
Go, Kookie, Go

Man, it was the craziest launching!
But when Edd Byrnes blasted off for Hitsville—he wound up right in orbit 'round 77 Sunset Strip

By NANCY ANDERSON

He accomplished the impossible: Without an agent or an introduction of any kind, almost without acting experience, Edward Byrnes walked right onto a movie lot, right into a producer’s office, and right into a career . . . all within two weeks after arriving in Hollywood from his hometown, New York. And, to make the whole thing even more unlikely, he’d never had an acting lesson in his life . . . not a formal one, anyway.

When Edward (Edd, to his friends) sneaked past a studio gateman and into success, he didn’t have a diploma from any of the productive, popular drama schools. All he had was an infectious charm and lots of talent, plus a bountiful helping of youthful self-confidence. (Some people might even call it gall.) His advent into stardom is the kind of thing that can’t happen here, yet it did.

But let’s go back a little bit.
Edward Byrnes’ mother always thought he should be a doctor. “Medicine is such a wonderful field,” she used to say, smiling fondly at her son. Usually, then, she’d mention his uncle, a successful doctor, and remark on the service he was rendering to mankind. Never, so far as Edd can recall, did she speak enthusiastically of the stage, or the great public service rendered by actors. “She didn’t approve much of acting,” Edd believes. “None of my family did.”

When Edd’s father, a military man, died, he left his widow with financial as well as other responsibilities. But, even on her limited budget, Edd’s mother looked forward to college and then medical school for her son.

He was thirteen when, one day, Edd knew what he really wanted to do. He had no doubts. He told no one. That was easy for the boy, Edd seeks and gives no confidences. He figured it would be a long time before he would become an actor—maybe as long as it would have taken him to become a doctor. Anyway, there was no need, yet, to tell his plans to anyone. He had the uncomplicated convictions of the very young, the self-protectiveness which comes early to those who know hardships.

Through most of high school, when pressed to talk of his future, he told his friends he’d probably be a doctor—unless, of course, he became

Continued
What more could a man ask, to make an idle day idyllic, than the companionship of a pretty girl and a devoted dog? The attractive miss with Edd is actress-model Wendy Long. The king-sized pooch is his Labrador retriever "Trouper."

What more could a man ask, to make an idle day idyllic, than the companionship of a pretty girl and a devoted dog? The attractive miss with Edd is actress-model Wendy Long. The king-sized pooch is his Labrador retriever "Trouper."

Cool listening, for both Wendy and Edd. All his interests and friends have been in the arts and show biz since he met a ballet dancer at 18. That's when the future Kookie got to know music and musicians, learned to talk their language.

Edward Byrnes is Kookie in 77 Sunset Strip, as seen over ABC-TV, Friday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Chicle; Whitehall Laboratories; Carter Products, Inc.; Harold F. Ritchie Inc.
Like a true McCoy, Dick Crenna loves his own birthplace. Like Luke, he’s found that home can be heaven anywhere—with the right woman in it

By PETER ORKNEY

PLAYING a happy young husband in ABC-TV’s The Real McCoys is almost like type-casting for tall, good-looking Dick Crenna. Ever since he married Penni Sweeney in Carmel, California, in October of 1957, he has been wondering how he ever got along without her. Or, in fact, without a family . . . for he acquired not only a wife, when he promised to love, honor and behave, but also Penni’s six-year-old daughter by a previous marriage—Seana (pronounced “Shawnah”).

As it turned out, Seana inadvertently provided the foundation on which Dick’s and Penni’s marriage is built. Dick had never had any children of his own, had never even enjoyed the relationship of brothers and sisters. He was an only child, born and raised in Los Angeles, mostly in hotels owned by his parents. “Except for one period of less than a year when we lived in a flat,” he recalls, “I never knew what it meant to walk into a house without passing the desk clerk on my way.”

There were many lonely days in Dick’s early life, because the residence hotels his parents operated were usually situated in the busy commercial and industrial sections of town, where few youngsters ever showed their faces. For a while, Dick kept himself busy by painting. But, when the first enthusiasm wore off, he looked for other pastimes. As it turned out, the one that intrigued him most eventually led to a most gratifying career.

“I used to impersonate the people who lived at our hotels,” he recalls. “And the type of clientele we had consisted of typical Damon Runyon characters.” He remembers meeting a fellow called “Wally the Meatball O’Toole” one (Continued on page 75)

The Real McCoys in person: Luke (played by Dick), wife Kate (Kathy Nolan), sister Hassie (Lydia Reed) and brother “Little Luke” (Michael Winkelman) happily surrounding their beloved Grampa (Walter Brennan).

Seana, 6, became Dick’s very own daughter when he married Penni in 1957. Now she eagerly awaits the baby brother or sister expected early this summer.

Daddy built Seana a playhouse at the Crennas’ new home in Royal Oaks. She reciprocated by helping him and Penni with their decoration of “the main house.”
“Most Civilized Man”

Concentration is Hugh Downs’ middle name—but not all his adventures are in the mind. He’s as versatile and virile in private life as he appears on Monitor or with Jack Paar.

To the viewer, Hugh Downs has a quality rather rare in television: Dignity. Hugh himself has another word for it. “I’m a stuffy person,” says he. Yet, in talking to him and his wife Ruth, one soon discovers that—while this man is ‘way out there intellectually—he is anything but a square.

Even his ideas on recreation are hardly “stuffy.” He mentions casually, “What I hope to do, the next time I go skin-diving, is to ride a shark piggy-back. It’s supposed to be a lot of fun.”

Hugh, who stands just an inch under six feet, is seen and heard in several different roles for NBC. Weekday mornings, he emcees the very popular TV game Concentration. Five nights a week, he lends his dignity and slow-fused humor to The Jack Paar Show. Weekends, he contributes several hours as commentator on radio’s Monitor. But all this is just one side of the coin.

He is the youngest member of the board of directors of the Manhattan Society for Mental Health. He paints. He studies classical guitar. As a student of astronomy, cosmology and astrophysics, he is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and the British Interplanetary Society. He has written classical music which was performed by the Chicago NBC Orchestra. In collaboration with Jim Lowe, he composed “The Ride Back from Boot Hill,” which has been recorded on the Rev label. An expert on audio systems, he has contributed articles on high fidelity. Add to these activities his dignity, and you have a personality who may well be radio’s and television’s most civilized man. “I still say

By MARTIN COHEN
Hugh Downs knows that "adventure" can take many forms. There's the excitement of composing music which has been played by symphony orchestras and recorded on pop labels. And there's the rough-and-tumble ranch life he leads with his son—nicknamed "H.R."—on Western vacations.

There's a lot of rough and tumble in Hugh Downs, one of the stars of "H.R."

Painting is one of many talents Hugh shares with "H.R." and Deirdre. Among his other achievements and enthusiasms: Skin-diving, astronomy, public service work in the field of mental health. Is there anything he can't do? Yes! "Shoot to kill"—not even an armed bandit or a man-eating shark.

I'm stuffy," Hugh insists. "For contrast, there is my wife. She is volatile. Every emotion shows on her face. I react slowly to grief, joy, or any emotion. If someone were to walk into this room right now with a gun, I'd be protected by a type of stupidity which causes me to assimilate the truth very slowly. After the bandit left, people might say, 'That Downs is a cool, courageous customer.' The truth is, I wouldn't have grasped what it was all about, so it made me look brave.

"I can walk down the hall and someone I haven't seen in two or three weeks calls out, 'Hiya, Hugh,' and I think that's nice of him to give me such a warm greeting. I feel good inside and wish him well. But, fifty feet beyond, I realize I haven't even changed the expression of my face. That's an awful thing, but it's not a lack of emotion. It's an English trait."

Though his parents were English, Hugh is an American, born in Akron and raised in Lima, Ohio. "I had a normal childhood, in a kind of wild you-can't-take-it-with-you way. We lived on an eight-acre farm which Dad ran, in addition to his business activities. He was different from the farmers we lived among, in both temperament and appearance. I remember one day the whole family was back in the garage when a creditor came to the door. It was Depression times and the place didn't look like much and we didn't have much. But Dad always had a kingly kind of bearing. He joined the bill collector at the door and the man asked, 'Is the farmer home?' Dad said, 'I've been trying to see him, too.' The two of them stood there for twenty minutes, alternating in ringing the bell, until the collector finally left. There was always this kind of casually wild, jolly atmosphere."

Hugh's mother died just this past year. "She was an amazing woman. Mother had a kind of intellectual superiority without any snobbery. For example, she taught us German when we were children, not because we had any German blood, but because she had once learned the language and therefore passed it on to us. She read the
He also studies classic guitar. But his activities don’t end with his own hobbies. Says Ruth, “He plans things for us which he actually has no interest in.” What could that be? Well, bridal-gown and furniture shows—but Hugh manfully escorts his ladies.

classics to us when we were young and made lists of books for us to read when we grew older. Her housekeeping was not quite what it could have been, but she always used to say, ‘Thirty years from now, nobody will know how I kept house—but they will know how I dealt with my children.’”

There was no possibility that Hugh could afford college, until he won a scholarship in a speech contest. The summer after his first year at Bluffton College, he got a job on Station WLOK in Lima. A year later, he was program director and then went to Station WWJ in Detroit, where he took some work in dramatics and other liberal arts courses at Wayne University. After a hitch in World War II, he joined the announcing staff of NBC in Chicago. In 1954, he came to New York to work on the Home show and he’s been here ever since.

Hugh lives in a West Side apartment facing Central Park. He has two children. He has been married fifteen years. “Ruth is an exotic-looking gal,” he says. “She’s of Lebanese extraction. She has olive skin, dark eyes, is medium-short and has a very good figure—but it sure wasn’t love at first sight. We were both working for NBC in Chicago. We were assigned to a special show which went on the air at 6:45 A.M. on (Continued on page 74)
NEVER BET ON A BACHELOR

Who'd believe that Seaman Gordon could rise to the rank of Commander—on Behind Closed Doors? But Bruce wasn't afraid of the gamble

By POLLY TERRY

Behind Closed Doors episodes may be grimly factual but they are also graced by such feminine charmers as Susan Cummings.

Bruce Gordon isn't a gambling man... not in the usual sense... and it's no wonder. Narrator and sometimes hero of Behind Closed Doors, Bruce is living, breathing proof that you can't bank on odds and that a sure bet is hard to find. For example, when a boy totally forgets his lines in the high school's senior play, most people would bet that he'd never make his living on the stage. As a boy, Bruce Gordon did just that—yet he's been making his living by acting since 1938. Further, in a world where women outnumber men, odds run strongly against lasting bachelorhood. But, again, Bruce refutes the odds. He hasn't married (Continued on page 80)

Bruce Gordon is Commander Matson in Behind Closed Doors, NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Laboratories (for Anacin and Dristan) and Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. (L&M Filter Cigarettes).
Son Adam would surely be surprised to learn Millette and Roger were once certain they could never even like each other.

Scarcely four years ago, a young girl who had never before been on any professional stage made her TV debut in the leading role of a Robert Montgomery dramatic production. It was a triumph of unshakable ambition coupled with eight years of intensive preparation and something that can only be described as sheer stubbornness.

Throughout high school and college, Millette Alexander had known she was going to be an actress, even though her earliest training was musical, mainly studying piano. For four straight years, she won awards in musical competitions and she played a recital, at nine years of age, in New York’s renowned Town Hall. At high school, she was concert mistress for a season, doubled on the violin as well as piano, and (Continued on page 69)
"Reader, I Married Him!"

She hardly dared dream, yet it all came true. Now Millette Alexander has a husband, a son—and a fine role besides, in TV's The Edge Of Night.

Wesley Addy is Dr. Hugh Campbell in The Edge Of Night. Millette is Gail Armstrong—and brings to her role of commercial artist the same thoroughgoing preparation she gave to her childhood study of music.

Millette not only plays several instruments but has developed new skills as a housewife. That doggy hooked rug she's making, above, is for Adam's room—though, boylike, he himself seems to prefer moving into any convenient container just his size.

The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide and Ivory Soap.
Casseroles
YOU CAN PREPARE AHEAD
Hostess-helpful and fit for your king, these dinners-in-one suggested by Ellen Demming are easily the most of the best

NOODLE CASSEROLE

Makes 6 servings
Cook in boiling, salted water:
1 (8-oz.) package noodles
Drain. Heat in skillet:
1 tablespoon butter
1 to 1½ lb. ground beef
Cook until lightly browned, stirring with a fork. Add:
2 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce
Remove from heat. Combine in a bowl:
1 cup cottage cheese
1 (8-oz.) package softened cream cheese
½ cup sour cream
½ cup minced green onions
1 tablespoon minced green pepper
Place half of the noodles in a buttered 2-quart casserole. Add half of the cheese mixture. Repeat with remainder of noodles and cheese. Pour over top:
2 tablespoons melted butter
Cover with tomato-meat sauce. Place casserole in refrigerator until 1 hour before serving time. Transfer to cold oven; turn on oven and set heat at moderate (350° F.). Bake for an hour, or until heated through.

Note: I have added sauteed (whole canned or sliced fresh) mushrooms to the meat topping—also have used various sauces, for example, lasagne sauce. Anything flavorful in the tomato sauce variety. The children love this recipe and so do adults.

TUNA PUFFS

Makes 6 to 8 servings
Combine:
4 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 cups milk
1 can (7-oz.) chunk-style tuna (1 cup)
Butter 6 individual casseroles or 8 custard cups. Pour in tuna mixture. Chill. About 50 minutes before serving, heat oven to moderate (350° F.). Set casseroles or custard cups in pan filled with hot water to depth of 1-inch. Bake until firm, about 30 minutes. Serve with Mushroom Sauce.
To make sauce:
Combine:
1 can cream of mushroom soup
2 tablespoons butter
Heat slowly, stirring to blend.

When it comes to cooking, Ellen Demming does what comes naturally. Not only a star on television, but wife of producer Hal Thompson and mother of two, the tall, very pretty brunette is used to challenge. During high-school days in Schenectady, Ellen appeared on TV, fighting her way through the “snowstorms” of its experimental period. Undaunted, Ellen went on to Stevens College, several seasons of stock, and countless TV dramas—minus the snow. The role of Meta Bauer Roberts in The Guiding Light, which Ellen has played regularly for five years, is a taxing one. Three days each week, she commutes to a Manhattan studio from her home in Hastings-on-Hudson. Rehearsals and live show done, she heads homeward, arriving there in plenty of time for “cookies and milk” with Erica and Keith. Ellen feels there’s a big difference between “having plenty to do” and “running the ragged edge of modern life.” Her wide-set eyes and pleasing voice are clues to a serene temperament which makes everything seem easy, from morning orange juice to a company casserole. Working every other day as she does, Ellen feels it’s important for her to be able to use her free days to the best advantage. The Tuna Puffs and Noodle Casserole she suggests here may be prepared a day or two in advance, and stored in freezer or refrigerator till about one hour before serving-time. Big favorites in the Thompson household, they appear regularly on Ellen’s menus. With care in “rehearsal,” they’ll star for every woman. The “set” is your kitchen—the “producer” is you.

Ellen is Meta in The Guiding Light, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by Ivory Liquid, Cascade and other Procter & Gamble products.
Wanted—Very Much Alive
He may be a man-tracking bounty-hunter on TV—but, in his own offbeat adventures, it's another kind of reward that Steve McQueen digs the most.

As Josh Randall in Wanted—Dead Or Alive, he rides a horse, matches wits with outdoor girls of the Old West like the one played by Jenifer Lea, on facing page. As Steve McQueen, he drives fast foreign cars—and is wed to Broadway actress-singer-dancer Neile Adams, above.

By EUNICE FIELD

Television has never known a Western hero like Josh Randall, the bounty-hunter of Wanted—Dead Or Alive; nor has it known anyone like Steve McQueen, the actor who plays the part. In the first place, a man who makes a living hunting down people for a reward can hardly be called a hero at all. A lesser actor might have lost the sympathy of his viewers in such a grim role. But Steve, while giving a true-to-life performance down to the last detail, still manages to make it clear that Randall's tough stare is merely a mask to hide the torment of a soul torn between justice and compassion. It's a further tribute to his artistry that the man, Steve McQueen, is nothing at all like the bounty-hunter he plays on CBS-TV.

In reality, Steve is just as much at home in the beatnik parlors of Greenwich Village as he is on the blazing plains of the Old West. With a twinkle in his eye, he is liable to flabbergast visitors by describing a bit

Beatnik? Steve grins as he admits that, well, maybe he was—once upon a time. "If so, I'm like cured. I'm real tame, man. My wife and I bought a home and are having a baby, and I guess that makes me Joe Apple, all right."
The guy who sat around drama class "talking to nobody" is never at a loss for words today. The guy who flew the farm, "dug anything on wheels," is now mad about horses. "I'd like to own a ranch someday," vows Steve McQueen.

of action in the lingo all his own which he uses mainly for humor these days. "Did you dig that crazy cayuse that flipped me? Man, that varmint was strictly from Looneyville."

Not that Steve thinks of himself as a member of the Beat Generation. In his own words, "I'm not sure I even dig the term." But he hurries to add, "You name it, I did it. I've been so many things in the past thirteen years that maybe I've been a beatnik, too, and didn't know it. If so, I'm like cured. I'm real tame, man. My wife (Neile Adams, the actress-dancer) and I bought a home and are having a baby, and I guess that makes me Joe Apple, all right."

In spite of the colorful expressions that slip smoothly off his tongue, the one phrase that sums up Steve best—and is the keystone of his character—is the old-fashioned Missourian's "Show me." Steve was born on a farm in Slater, Missouri, twenty-eight years ago. A farm, he points out, is no place for a rebel. The work is not only hard but must be closely timed and disciplined. To a youngster with wanderlust boiling in his veins, the chores of farm life must have had the smack of regimentation.

Not that Steve objected to hard work. A fatherless boy being raised on a great-uncle's farm, he would get up at 3:30 A.M. and walk a mile through darkness to the cow barn. In winter, it was so cold that he could see his breath freeze as it left his mouth. The cows knew how to keep warm; they snuggled together. Steve "got the message pretty quick." He took to curling up near them for a nice pre-dawn (Continued on page 61)
Souvenirs: Steve weight-lifts with a Fifth Avenue sign—relic of New York City days—as Neile stands by with his orange juice. Below, they dish out more health for themselves, in front of foreign theater programs and menus.

Relaxing with his dancer-wife—or trying to follow some of her fancier steps—Steve sees a possible lesson in his present contentment: "Maybe it means you have to be just a little square to run the full circle of maturity. . . ."

Steve McQueen is Josh Randall in *Wanted—Dead Or Alive*, CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Viceroy and Kool Cigarettes.
It's circus-time every day in the
D'Essen household, where four-footed
performers like famed "Steverino"
are trained—in the heart of the city!

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

It was a Greyhound Bus, all right. In fact there were greyhounds sitting in every seat, peering out of every window, as the huge doubledecker vehicle pulled up to the stage door of the Hudson Theater. "We had flown the dogs up from Miami for an appearance on The Steve Allen Show," attractive, hazel-eyed Lorrain D'Essen, director and founder of Animal Talent Scouts, Inc., recalls. "That was two years ago, and Steve had given us just three days to get them. Believe me, it took a bit of doing. Finally, the president of the West Flagler Kennel Club, in Florida, agreed to lend us thirty dogs. But we needed a cargo plane and fourteen attendants to handle them—at a total cost of $1800. Luckily, the Greyhound Bus Corporation (Continued on page 82)
Greyhound puppies were scarce, when the D'Essens located "Steverino" and made her the animal kingdom's Cinderella—traveling far and wide with Steve Allen, meeting such other international stars as Israeli pantomimist Shai K. Ophir.

"Vicky" is the main reason Lorrain called her new book "Kangaroos in the Kitchen"—but Australian cousin "Wimpy" (in Bern's lap) has been known to raid refrigerator, too.

Garry Moore is a top TV customer of Animal Talent Scouts, Inc. Lorrain marvels at his friendly warmth with her furry proteges, and says, "They love him."

"Linda Lee" had the distinction of performing in a satirical sketch on The Steve Allen Show last year—posing as a vicuna (a near relative of the llamas).

D'Essen-trained animals are often featured on The Steve Allen Show, seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship, and such Garry Moore shows as I've Got A Secret, on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco for Winston Cigarettes.
Blueprint for Glamour

Eydie counts on hair spray to set long-lasting pin curls, avoid straggly ends.

Once starring in their own show, Steve is now Eydie's most admiring audience.

To line eyes, she applies black pancake make-up with fine brush.

In busy roles of star-studded singer and serviceman's wife, Eydie Gorme finds time for glamour with efficiency-expert techniques

By HARRIET SEGMAN

If she hadn't become one of the country's top singers, Eydie Gorme might possibly have become one of the country's top efficiency experts. Not that she planned to be a planner. "It's just that I'm both lazy and a perfectionist," she explains. In self-defense, short cuts have become her specialty. This talent for blueprinting minutes has helped Eydie breeze through a gale-force schedule of TV appearances, night-club engagements and recording sessions, all competing for time with her new domestic role as wife of singer Steve Lawrence. More on the run than ever to join Steve on Army leaves, since his induction last September, Eydie has nonetheless never missed a glamour cue. Beauty routine is as much a matter of management as of minutes, she feels. . . . On tour, Eydie saves hairdresser hours by doing her own shampoos and sets. Two hours before a performance, she dampens and pin-curls her hair, then sprays lightly and allows it to dry. To the dismay of her backstage colleagues, she never begins the comb-out till five minutes before curtain time. Then she starts to brush wildly right up to the first few bars of her introduction. She has always been on time, never missed a performance. "God must look after me because it always turns out fine," is Eydie's placid observation. To emphasize her merry brown eyes, Eydie has worked out a make-up that lasts without repair until removed. With black pancake make-up, applied with a tiny brush, she draws a fine line along upper lashes, widening at the outer corners to an upward slant. After powdering, she redraws line for added cling. To make mascara more lasting, she applies it three times, letting each coat dry. Other timely tricks include blotting over face powder with dampened sponge for greater staying power, wearing pale, blend-with-all nail polish to avoid frequent changes. Eydie protects dresses from cosmetics by skipping neck make-up, having her stage gowns made with "100-yard-long" down-the-back zippers so she can step into them after completing hair and face make-up. . . . The one time problem she hasn't yet solved? Having enough of it to spend with Steve.
WANTED—VERY MUCH ALIVE

(Continued from page 56)

Mooch. One day, his uncle walked in on him and, after that, Steve was switched to other chores.

To most of the home folks, I must have seemed like a ‘Namco’ from Rockville." Steve recalls with a wry grin. "In school, I was a dreamer like on Cloud Nine. When the teacher told me something, I was the one who had to ask why. In this, he hasn't changed. Once set or off, he still insists on knowing why.

The itch to travel, to find out what he was really meant for, where he fitted in, was strong in Steve, and the hitchhiking habit took him to New Orleans and hired on an able-bodied seaman aboard an oil tanker bound for the Dominican Republic. When the tanker docked, Steve jumped ship. "Taking orders still bugged me. I decided to become a beachcomber and live the free life."

Sun, sand, water and nothing to do can become tiresome, he found.

Four months later, he left on a ship, headed for Texas. In Corpus Christi, he took a job in the oil fields.

"I had no education to speak of, but I kept my eyes and ears open and tried to understand. The language came right from the bottom, but my feet were still boss and I took off again as soon as I had the money to get out."

He ran out of money in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and latched on to a touring company. "Their show as a sort of ‘golden pen point.’" He explains this "angle" as follows: "The so-called ‘old pen point,’ when bought by one of the crowd, enabled him to ‘make out’ a little."

The whole thing was worth, at most, twenty-three cents—and we got a dollar for it. My pockets rejoiced but my stomach couldn’t take it, and soon, I said, ‘Steve, it’s time to go home.’"

The show had then reached Ottawa, Canada, and Steve went to work for a lumber company as a ‘hi-jacker,’ a job requiring him to climb, cut trees and saw off branches. When the company branched off, this company branched out and Steve drifted back to the States, where he went through a series of jobs—including dish-washing, short-order cooking, and sweeping. "And finally, at seventeen, ‘sick and tired of not being able to find myself,’” he joined the Marine Corps. Here he made his first ‘real contact’ with motors. He became a tank operator and mechanic. Steve, who was racing about in a ‘souped-up’ tank. Except for a few months in Labrador, he was Stateside, and, in 1950, was honorably discharged in Washington, D. C.

Perhaps as a reaction to the discipline of the Marines, he turned for a time to bohemianism. "Sweatshirts, motorcycles and oddball behavior were still frowned on at the time,” he says. "Marlon Brando hadn’t been idolized then and there. Of course, nowadays it’s different. Youngsters are afraid to be thought ‘square.’ If you’re not in trouble, you’re really in trouble.

Steve’s been a twenty-five years on the wave, he’s been in cold water flat in New York’s Greenwich Village. He began to take stock of himself in earnest: ‘I thought about all Id missed out on... dating nice girls, having good conversation, even a good education, made a profession even a good trade. I asked myself the bitter question: ‘Man, where are you going? When are you going to get up and do something?’"

The result of this self-searching was that he decided to learn a trade and pitched on tile-setting. He was on his way to register for a course when he bumped into a girl who lived in the same building. On an impulse, the girl said, "Say, why don’t you come down to the Neighborhood Playhouse with me? They’re having auditions, and you look like you might have some talent stashed away in you." Figuring that tile-setting could wait one more day, Steve went with her.

It was the crucial decision of his life. "I auditioned for the great dramatic teacher, Sanford Meisner, the man who has most influenced my career.” Meisner took a personal interest in Steve. "Until he got after me, I understood nothing,” Steve readily acknowledges. "Raw talent must be channeled carefully or it can be ruined."

Meisner knew just how to bring out the best in me, and he made me look deep into myself and face up to my potentials as well as my limitations. And let me tell you, I was no prize package for any teacher. I used to sit at the back of the room and talk to nobody. Meisner gradually weaned me out of that shell.

During this period, Steve drove a mail truck at night to earn his living, and once, when he broke and the rent was due, took a flying to boxing. He lasted three rounds, was badly beaten, but came out of it with sixty-five dollars. He’s never boxed since. After a couple of years at the Neighborhood Playhouse, he won a scholarship to the Uta Hagen—Herbert Berghof Dramatic School, where he studied another two years.

Suddenly, as if someone had waved a magic wand, good luck began to single him out. He landed his first professional role in ‘Peter Pan’ at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Following several TV appearances, on Playhouse 90, Climax! and Studio One, he came into the Rochester stock company of ‘Member of the Wedding.’ Then came the national road company of ‘Time Out for Ginger.’

In all of these, he learned something more about the art of acting. As he puts it, ‘By then, I was absolutely hooked—for me, it’s either Stageville or Bugsville.’

Following several TV appearances, on Playhouse 90, Climax! and Studio One, his enrollment at Actors Studio (he was one of five heac swelled), and soon he was working on two thousand sand applications). Praised highly for his work in ‘The Gep’ on Broadway, he went into ‘Hatful of Rain,” replacing Ben Gazzara. And it was at this point in his career that ‘seventeen years of legs I ever saw’ struttet into his life.

He was in Downey’s, ‘the poor actor’s Sardi’s,’ talking to Gazzara, when Nelle Adams came by Steve’s head swiveled violently, and his spaghetti went ka-plop into his lap. The next night, he wangled an introduction to the charmer and discovered she had just replaced Carol Haney as the lead dancer in ‘Pajama Game.’ When she left for the theater, he followed. And, as she arrived at the alley leading to the stage door, he let out a raucous whistle. Nelle turned-hafted to view the man who had made her day.

‘Why don’t I pick you up after the show?’ he suggested. Nelle had a tooth pulled that day and she thought it would be nice to be driven home. To her amaze-ment, Steve turned his car up to her door. Nelle shook her head and laughed as she mounted behind him, sidesaddle. That, ‘grins Steve, ‘convinced me I had found the love of my life.’

Three months later, when Nelle went on tour with ‘Pajama Game,’ and ‘Hatful of Rain,’ closed, Steve and a pal took off for Florida. Suddenly, ‘in the back of my mind, Steve thought, ‘I’ll take over the Berghof school and I’ll teach acting at home. I’ll even teach you!’ And so it came about that Nelle and Steve craved nothing so much as to be with her.

He washed dishes across country, and soon he and Nelle were on their way to San Juan Capistrano to get married. Suddenly, ‘in the back of my mind, Steve thought, ‘I’ll take over the Berghof school and I’ll teach acting at home. I’ll even teach you!’ And so it came about that Nelle and Steve craved nothing so much as to be with her.

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Back East again, Steve and his “old lady” (his pet name for Nelle) set up housekeeping. But they hadn’t got far ahead of themselves when Hollywood, ‘in the back of my mind, Steve thought, ‘I’ll take over the Berghof school and I’ll teach acting at home. I’ll even teach you!’ And so it came about that Nelle and Steve craved nothing so much as to be with her.

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He has come a long way from Greenwich Village, and an even longer distance from the Missouri farm where he started. Nelle and Steve have just finished furnishing their first home, in the Hollywood Hills, which Steve describes wistfully as "the living wall paper between the ceiling beams, a black fireplace with white hearth and white carpeting throughout... even in the bathroom, which features a 'Touluse-Lau- wallpaper.’" Steve has given up some of his old hobbies—such as speedboat, wan- dering, and battling regimentation—and has acquired some substitute ones. "I have a new hobby, he says with a touch of wistfulness. "I’ve learned to respect the fellow who goes out and drudges at a job to give his family some of the comforts of life. I’m not ashamed of my job, although my job is anything but dull to me. I collect guns and have become a crack shot. And—to keep from getting into a rut—I belong to Project 38, which is a surfing club."

"Tell you something else I‘ve learned about myself,” he adds, his face lighting up. "I don’t have to have a hobby. I’d like to own a ranch someday." Funny, isn’t it? I worked like hell to get off the land, and now I’ve made the full circle—"

Steve describes himself as a "housewife—money to get back on it. May-

be there’s a lesson in that. Maybe it means you have to be just a little square to run the full circle of maturity..."
Like Alice, Patty loves "dress-ups." Here, she switches from rags to riches to Sherlock hot-on-a-clue, all in a day's sitting.

MAKING FRIENDS for the first time, you would never recognize Patty Ann Gerrity as a "star"—her good looks and vitality to the contrary. Mistress of a major television series (This Is Alice, seen nationally via stations of the NTA Film Network) and boasting a long and creditable list of movie and TV billings, she could be "anybody's ten-year-old"—with the rider that Patty Ann's poise, quick intelligence and sense of reality are markedly in advance of her height, weight and biological age (some ten years, eight months, at this writing). A schoolgirl like Alice, Patty is also a "working girl," with the professional's quick intuition of her character. "Alice is a regular little girl, and I love her," says Pat, who then gets down to the business of the day: "When I go to work," says she, "Mother drives me and stays on. There's Stevie (Wootton), who plays my boy friend, and there's our teacher—so, during a break, we all get together and talk and read books." . . . Patty's mad for football. Appropriately, when asked what type clothes she prefers, she plunks for "jeans, sneakers and T-shirts." But mom Betty Gerrity notes those unmistakable signs of the eternal feminine in her talented tomboy: "If we're going out some place dressy, Patty has to be dressed to the teeth. One hair can't be out of place—a little water here, and very neat." . . . Home from a day's shooting, Pat is into her jeans and across the street to play in the yard of San Jose Street School—her regular school when not working. Patty's an only child, but doesn't want for friends around the neighborhood. "They all treat her like an equal," says her mother. After supper, her dad or mom will help Patty study the next day's script, or there is television to watch or "girl things" to catch up on. Patty is responsible for making her own bed and keeping her room neat . . . Patty's introduction to show business was through dancing. She started lessons at four and, at five, so impressed dancer Peggy Ryan that she billed her in Las Vegas for two weeks, got her an agent and helped her get started in TV and movies—"Good Morning, Miss Dove," The Loretta Young Show, and, most recently, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Then, just over a year ago, after a countdown of some 300 applicants, Patty was chosen to play Alice . . . Patty is clear-headed about her future: Yes, she'd like to go on being an actress. No, she doesn't imagine she'll be grown-up at twelve or thirteen. She does look forward to being sixteen—"Then I can get a driver's license and drive, and I will be able to go on dates, too." . . . Realistic about money, she figures she's better off without an allowance. "I'll tell you why," she volunteers. "Some of the things I want cost more than an allowance, so if I don't get an allowance, I can't get them—but if I do get it, I couldn't afford them." . . . Probably the closest Patty has come to "being Alice" was during a recent cross-country trip with her parents, in connection with the series. "Patty spent half her time riding up and down the hotel elevators," says her mom, "and now she wants to be an elevator operator more than anything."
The Gerritys weren't "show business"—until Patty, that is. It was Grandma who first noticed her ability, and encouraged Betty to see the child had lessons. A fine dancer, athlete and student, Patty's also "a good housekeeper."
WIZARD OF WONDERAMA

With a wave of his hand, WNEW-TV's Sonny Fox produces rocket experts and magic typewriters for "kids of all ages"

Young roller-skater Cheryl Lazar and host Sonny help rocket expert Dr. Hal Ritchey demonstrate "action-reaction" principle which governs rocket propulsion.

Programming that will both stimulate and tranquilize—that's what we try to achieve with Wonderama," says the show's handsome host, Sonny Fox. Seen on WNEW-TV Sunday mornings from 9:30 to 12:30, Wonderama aims to combine the three E's—education, entertainment and excitement—into an integrated whole. Kids—kids of every age—says Sonny, have a natural curiosity, and the program tries to keep it alive through coverage of such diverse subjects as a simplified discussion of rocket-missiles (in cooperation with the American Rocket Society), a series of "how to" demonstrations such as the obedience-training of dogs, and, to add a light touch, "Our Gang" comedy films and cartoons. In exposing kids' minds to a subject, you should start with the very best, because the initial exposure can either deaden the material or make it stimulating—that's the theory behind the program's presentation of experts in each field of discussion.

Everyone agrees that Sonny is an expert host, too, although he didn't originally intend to go into broadcasting at all. He had always planned on a career in textiles like his dad, but graduation from high school in the middle of the school year changed things. While waiting for the University of North Carolina's fall semester to start, young Sonny took a course in radio at New York University, and then, liking it, decided to continue with it. But half-way through, World War II came along and Sonny found himself in the infantry and later in a P.O.W. camp. In 1946, the young veteran had a handful of battle stars, the Purple Heart—and a college education to finish. He did just that, and, since then, has chalked up a successful list of radio and TV credits. He worked for a while as a writer for Herb Sheldon, did a radio stint for the Voice of America (through which he met his wife, the former Gloria Benson), and emceed a very popular kiddie show on St. Louis' KETC. More recently, he hosted the highly-acclaimed Let's Take A Trip and The $64,000 Challenge, both on CBS-TV. . . . When he's at home in Weston, Connecticut, with his wife, son Christopher, three and a half, and daughter, Meredith, two, Wonderama's wizard becomes just plain Daddy. But that's okay with the Fox kids. This way, they don't even have to turn on TV, to learn about "the wonderama of the world."

Chris takes to winter like a pro but tiny sister Meredith seems dubious, even with Daddy to lean on.
This Is My Son

(Continued from page 22)

Mrs. Ferguson said, "Oh, you shouldn't do that. Johnny sings like an angel. You should take him to Uncle Nick." Uncle Nick had a children's program on KMBC. Mrs. Ferguson's son, Harold, was announced at the station, so she knew what to do. She went with me, and Uncle Nick listened to Johnny and right away put him on the radio.

Uncle Nick thought our boy's real name, Giovanni Alfredo DeSimone, was too hard for Americans to pronounce, so he was the one who first called him "Johnny Desmond." Johnny became a regular performer on his show. That's how Johnny got to act in his first movie, too. M-G-M was going to make a picture in Detroit, so they came to the station to ask who could play the boy's part.

Johnny played it all right, but, oh, how sad it was for both of us. He was supposed to be a little crippled boy who worked in the fields to support his invalid mother. I can still remember the pain that went through my heart when I saw him limping along, one leg held stiff. I cried for him. Then there was the scene where the mother dies, holding the little boy tight against her breast.

Johnny and I went to see the picture in a theater, and when it came to that scene, I couldn't bear to look at it. He slid down beside the seat and hid his head in my lap. He must have felt that his make-believe mother was the same as his real mother. Johnny loved me so much he could not watch the death scene.

Johnny was such a happy, bright little fellow that everybody loved him and went out of their way to help him. When he was a certain radio producer and his wife cared almost as much for Johnny as we did, and that almost made trouble. The wife was blind to all love but her own. She came to me one day and said, "My husband and I can't get this boy off our minds. Will you let us take him?" I did not understand what she meant. "Take him where?" I asked.

"Home," she said. "To our home. Let us adopt him." It was like someone hit me and knocked the breath out of my body. When I could again talk, I said, "but he is our son. Pete's and mine. He has a home. It is a good home."

She looked around our living room as if she were taking inventory. It was nothing like her big house. When you have four children, running and dancing and having fun, the rug shows it. A mother can't always be yelling 'Get down!' when she catches the kids playing cowboy and using the back of the sofa for a horse. There were some worn spots, it is true, but you couldn't call our home poverty-stricken. Everything was clean and comfortable. It wasn't right that he should do this, so I stood up to her. "Maybe we're not so stylish, but we do our best for all our children."

She realized her mistake. "I know you do. But you have four children. We have none. And Johnny has this great gift, this voice. We could do so much for him. Lessons and coaches. My husband and I want to provide this for Johnny. We can't get him off our minds."

I felt sorry for her then, but I had to make her see how it was with us, too. "You can't get him off your mind, either," I said. "You care that much for him, and you are a stranger. I am his mother. You are asking that I let my son grow up away from me."

She said, "But he could become famous."

I said, "God gave him the voice. If it
is meant that Johnny should sing and become famous. God will show the way
for him to do it. God will provide.

We looked at it that we remained friendly, but the fear of losing Johnny
never left me. Because it was so strong, I
took his first big chance away from him.
Perhaps it was because I was so young
then, myself, and I did not feel sure of
American ways, but I listened to people
who said I was foolish to let him think
about becoming an entertainer. They made
me believe that his work would take him
away from me and I'd never see him again.

Because of this, when a big vaudeville
show came to one of our theaters, and
Johnny was chosen to appear on the
program, I didn't even tell him that the people
who owned the show wanted him to join it
and travel with them.

Johnny found out about it a year later.
He was hurt. He said to me, "Dad, I don't
ever do that to me again. Whatever it is, tell
me. Let me make up my own mind."

That's one reason I sided with him when he
told to sing popular music. Pete and
Johnny's teacher, Carl Mann at Detroit
Conservatory of Music, wanted to
make an opera singer of him, but I felt
Johnny knew best what he wanted to do.
Really, Johnny did so much. He studied
piano and voice, he had little parts in
The Lone Ranger and The Green
Dragon.

His next great opportunity came through
a big amateur contest. During the prelimi-
naries, he brought his closest competitor
home with him. He came tearing through
door that afternoon and yelled, "Pop,
fly me a steak, and fry my friend one,
too." By habit, Johnny didn't have cookies
after school, Johnny had steak.

After they had eaten, they vanished up-
stairs. We could hear them singing and
playing the piano. Next day, the same
thing happened. Johnny told us that he was
coaching the other boy for the contest.
Now, my husband Pete would go
out of his way to help anyone, but when the
coaching continued, he worried how
it would affect Johnny's own chances. "Be
careful, son," he warned, "You may cheat
yourself in the contest."

Johnny shook his head. "Dad, I'm not
cheating myself, I'm helping my friend."

It turned out that Johnny won first, and
the other boy placed second.

He was the same way about his first
television work. There were no regular
programs, only demonstrations, back in
the late Thirties, Johnny and another boy
were paid five dollars a week, mostly
to stand in front of the camera. But we
never saw his check. He gave it to the
other boy and explained to us, "His father
isn't working and their family needs it.
They're not like us. We've got plenty to
eat. There's everything 'we need, right
in our store.'

It is a treasure of the heart to remember
those days when all the children were
small. To remember Johnny and Harry
playing with their little sister, teasing
them sometimes as boys do, but boasting
to others that they were the prettiest girls in
the neighborhood. They had so much love for
each other.

Then, in no time at all, Johnny was
grown up. Johnny organized his quartet,
"The Downbeats." Bob Crosby hired them
and changed the name to "The Bob-G-O-
Links." They went out traveling and they
made a couple of pictures in Hollywood
which still run on television, and it is like
having two Johnny's, my Johnny today
and my Johnny when he was in his teens.

In those pictures, I see Ruth singing
beside him and I remember how it was
when the group broke up and Johnny
came home to tell us, "I want to get mar-
ried."

Right away, I said, "No, you're too
young. I didn't have anything against
the girl, you understand, it was just that
Johnny wasn't ready for such responsi-
bility.

Then came the story that she was not
Catholic. Ruth Reddington was a Mor-
mon Tabernacle preacher's daughter.
Johnny and sisters sang in the great choir
of the Mormon Tabernacle that I heard
on the radio from Salt Lake City. I told
Johnny, "I'm not going to argue that.
There is one God, and she believes in
that God. I am sure she is a good girl.
But wait a while. Ask her to visit us."

Pete and Johnny met Ruth at the air-
port. Pete and Ruth took to each other
right away. She told Johnny, "Your father
makes me love your whole family, already."

I'll never forget when she walked into
my kitchen. It was like the sun and the
stars came right in with her. So good.
So beautiful. I was so happy that Johnny
should love her.

Because the war came, none of us were
with them when they got married in New
York. Johnny was singing then with Gene
Krupa's band. When the band came to
Detroit, I gave Ruth a shower and we had
a reception for them. Ruth met all our
friends and our cousins. It was a happy
time. As it turned out, it was our last
happy time, all together, for Pete was
sick. He might have recovered from his
illness if it had not been for the war. War
was against everything Pete believed in.
We soon realized he did not want to live
in the Air Force, alone, with Major Glenn
Miller's band. He got special leave and when he came into Pete's
room in the hospital, it just went through me,
for Pete couldn't go on. Now, I'm
again to live." They threw their arms around each other and we left them alone. The doctors told me, "This
may be the turning point," but it was too
late.

Ruth stayed with me and worked in
an airline office when Johnny went over-
seas. She was strong in those dark days.
My daughter Antoinette was trying to
be a singer, putting up before dawn to
go to market, for we were running the
store alone. Joan was still in school. Like
the Ruth in the Bible, our Ruth made her
husband's wish happen.

Johnny came back from Europe a big
name. For a while, every network, every
theater, wanted him. They bought a house
on Long Island. Then something went
wrong and he said to me, "I was in the Air Force, single
ready for the big bookings but he never
complained to me. I just knew he had
to go out on the road again. Ruth was
already pregnant. She ended up in the
hospital, and I got to New York before Johnny did.

It was a great day for me when Johnny
phoned to say, "Mama, how would you like to
hear me do 'Bring Me the Horizon' for Don
McNeill on Breakfast Club?"

"Breakfast Club!" I said, so excited I
could hardly talk. "You mean I can hear
you whenever I want to? That I could watch
Diane and baby Fatti grow up, as a
grandmother should?"

Johnny laughed and said, "Come right
along. Now you've got Tony to take you."

It has made my second marriage happy
that Johnny and all my children love
Tony so much and that he loves them. He
and his wife Joanne are like another
family to me when all of us were young.
She died, and his children married. When
we got married, it brought our two families
together into one big family.

They are the way I always have to see
Johnny's shows. When he played Las Vegas, we planned
our vacation so that we could go there,
too. We have been so successful we have
been retired, we can go whenever we please.

We spent a long time visiting Ruth and
Johnny the girls, last summer. When they
came to Broadway show that Johnny was in,
"Say, Darling," turned to a hit, but I just
couldn't wait. I remembered how long
Johnny had dreamed of having a Broad-
way show and how long he had worked to
be a star, and I was going to be alone in his
show as many times as I want to." And I did.

I guess I don't have to tell anyone how
I feel about Johnny being in Your Hit
Parade. That is the one time when even
visiting grandchildren have to be quiet,
and if a neighbor drops in, I just say,
"Shh, I'm listening to Johnny," and never
get up from the television set.

They understood, too, when a tear
sometimes runs down my cheek when
Johnny sings one of the old songs, for
then I am seeing two Johnny's—the John-
ny who is now on the program, and in my
mind, the Johnny who never missed Your Hit Parade on
the radio, and, if anyone so much as whis-
pered when it was on, would tell us all,
"Shh, I'm listening to Johnny." It's so good to
know that the dream he dreamed then has really
come true.

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Her Stolen Moment of Sin...

The radio program "My True Story" gilds no
lies. It deals frankly with the emotions of
real people—their loves and passions, their
hates and fears. Listening to these stories you may
recognize some of the problems that are
holding happiness back from you. Be
sure to listen. Every story is taken right
from the files of True Story Magazine.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO
My True Story

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

She made a teenager's worst mistake. Read
"We Never Meant To . . ." in April TRUE
STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.
A Toast to Teenagers

(Continued from page 25)

Hampton, where there is a big public beach for all ages. Their lingo is startlingly colorful, and they are fun. Any games like charades. They have such a wonderful, uninhibited imagination. I like to listen to their opinions on music, television and their ambitions for the future. I studied to be a teacher and I like to hear their views of school and what they expect from education. A lost generation? The only loss is ours, when we can't keep up with all they have to say.

She pauses and adds, "I'm not telling you they are little angels—but were you, when you were a teenager? I wasn't. I had my share of escapades, and so did every girl and boy I knew.

"My rebellion as a teenager was obvious," she recalls. "Talk about crazy fads—I was first with them. I was two years younger, inches shorter, and not so pretty as the other girls in my class, so I tried twice as hard to get attention. That was back in the flapper age, and I was the first to wear barber-pole-striped stockings and to rattle around in open galoshes. Today, I can't see anything wrong in clothes fads—suede or leather jackets, zany haircuts and the rest of it. Sometimes teen-age fashions have good sense. Two years ago, when high school girls began to wear long-legged leotards under their dresses, their mothers thought they looked ridiculous. But, this year, the mothers are wearing them, too, because they've discovered leotards are warm and comfortable.

"In these days of worry about juvenile delinquency," she continues, "we are likely to overlook the normal youngsters—those who are innately good. You can't label a teenager 'delinquent' just because his sense of values is not fully formed. Growing pains are real aches, you know, and sometimes self-assertion and independence supply a natural remedy.

"I don't believe there is any parent who can't think back to some mischief in his youth. I'll tell you something shocking I did as a youngster. When I was in Normal School and still in my teens—I was graduated from high school when I was only fifteen—I cut classes often to go to a place called Cushman's. This was a jazz joint in Greenwich Village where musicians held nightly jam sessions, and it had a reputation for being wild and bohemian. I never saw it at night, but I felt thrillingly wicked at the afternoon tea dances—because I should have been in school. Of course, if my mother had known, she would have been terribly upset, and rightly so. My punishment would have been severe—but whether it would have improved my behavior is a moot question. Perhaps I was better off, in finally becoming bored with Cushman's, rather than having it glamorized by parental disapproval.

"In one way," Kathryn adds reflectively, "I am glad that I didn't live a too sheltered and blameless youth, because this made me more tolerant and understanding when our twin daughters went through the tense adolescent years. Parents have a duty to guide their children, but a loose rein in steady hands brings out the thoroughbred!"

Parents have to face the fact that their children will try to get away with some things at some times. But when there is loving insight and appreciation at home, a child's moral sense will strengthen and mature. The results can be traced in Kathryn's own life . . . from frivolous flapper to an exemplary and useful adult.

"I can't think of anyone who is more industrious than Kathryn," says her famous husband, Arthur Murray. "Her day starts the moment she awakes, and this can be as early as five A.M., seldom later than six. I used to worry about her lack of rest, but I finally realized that some people just don't need as much sleep. Before she goes to the studio, she may bake a cake, put up some jelly or set closets in order. At home, she is a good housekeeper. She then puts in a full day at the office and, when our television shows are on, often works until eight, or later, to catch up. If we are in the mood to go home early, she often cooks dinner."

This combination of housekeeping and business career has been going on for the past sixteen years. Only one significant thing has been added. That is the new weekend house they recently built. Kathryn says: "We sold our last house in 1939, lived in California for two years, then moved into a hotel. Arthur prefers living out of a trunk, but I don't. I finally pleaded for a small apartment and he said: 'I don't mind, so long as you treat it like a hotel.' Anyway that, he means he prepares irregular hours and doesn't want to be pinned down to a domestic schedule of having dinner at the same time every night. So we no longer keep a cook—I learned to cook and bake because a constant diet of restaurant food becomes tiresome. The apartment only partially satisfied me and, a few years ago, I began talking temptingly of a weekend house. Arthur was against it. But you
know what Lola wants, Lola gets, and it just required patience and persistence."

One of Kathryn's daughters, Jane, and her husband, Arthur, had bought a house on the waterfront in Rye, New York. There was a long, narrow strip of land next to them and Kathryn suggested Arthur buy it. "You shouldn't live near the ocean," Phyllis had protested. "It might be the end of a beautiful friendship!" But Kathryn said: "I knows better. We've never been possessive or interfering parents. If we were sharing a weekend place, it might as well be near two of our grandchildren. Our other twin daughter, Phyllis, and her husband, Edward McDowell, live near New Haven, but they're both on a country school day. That was too far for us to commute every weekend, but not too far from them to visit frequently.

"Well, once Arthur bought the house, I began to bring him various magazines on building and I'd scissor out this picture and that, and show them to Arthur, until it became a challenge to him. Once I roused his interest, he was a dedicated reader of it. He built a very attractive house—Arthur started out in life to be an architect, and he enjoys planning and decorating."

"The living room, in particular, is a one-story building in the shape of an H. It is made of glass and cream-colored brick. One side of the H has the bedrooms and bathrooms. The other side contains the kitchen, and that's the living room. The kitchen is on the far side of the H. A glass-panelled sconce, large enough to set up portable tables for entertaining, including Kathryn's holiday games. In the living room, Arthur had to

"We have no dining room," she says, "but we can seat eight people comfortably in the kitchen, and that's such a pretty room. We live downstairs, and the kitchen shows Arthur's ingenuity and efficiency—never liked cabinet doors that swing out in your face, so our shelves are recessed and have glass doors."

This is most effective and streamlined. Practical, too, because you can get a translucent view of where glasses, dishes and different groceries are stored. The layout has its "hers'" arrangement. We have two sinks on opposite sides of the room, because Arthur says that I dart back and forth too fast for comfort. There are even a little glass and mixing surface for concocting frosted milk shakes, and other of his specialties.

Arthur has a built-in barbecue on his side, too, but I'm more at home on the range! I have a stove on my side. Arthur has taken over the deep-freeze, which he keeps packed with ice cream and goodies for the grandchildren and their friends. All in all, I think that Arthur's kitchen is useful and fun."

Arthur designed a plastic-covered dome skylight in the ceiling and installed an eye-catching window blind with turquoise, yellow, and orange trim, which hangs over the room-length windows."

When Kathryn goes to the country for the weekend, she makes a bee-line for the "kitchen." Friday, I phoned in the morning and asked her and Hank to come to dinner. She said, 'Mother, you will be too tired to bother.' I said, 'No, I relax when I cook.' I phoned the market and had them deliver the food, so that it was waiting for me. I left the office at five-thirty, was in the house at six-thirty, scrubbed my hands and put on a bloom, shorts and meccasins. That's my cooking costume.

"At seven-thirty, we sat down to crispily browned broiled fish, well-scrubbed baked potatoes, creamed spinach, whipped cream instead of butter, and a mixed green salad that included chopped parsley and hard-boiled eggs. Dessert had to be a quickie of some deli-type, anyway. Canned white peach halves, doused with a little brandy and covered with whipped cream and slivered almonds.

"A true hit. On Saturdays, when I have more time," she adds. "Last Saturday, we had friends visiting and they raved about the crabmeat souffle and my fancy, open, glazed-top strawberry pie . . . tell me that I'm a serviceable encore on the television and I'm pleased. But tell me that I'm a good cook and I'm yours forever!"

Kathryn does leave the kitchen to enjoy the rest of the house, which has modern design furniture, teak-paneled walls and bright curtains. There is one item she tries to overlook in the living room: "Arthur has a huge contour-lounge chair that takes the prize for ugliness. But, as he said, 'If I can't have a really comfortable chair, I won't feel it's my living room.' He's quite right and I've stopped complaining."

Recently, Kathryn added a piano. "I don't play well," she notes, "but when Jane and I were young, the children's memories of the times I played and sang for her and her sister, I bought the piano. Now I play and sing for my grandchildren, who are too young to realize that my voice is the foghorn variety."

Phyllis and her family often drive down from New Haven on weekends and, with Jane's youngsters, there are grandchildren ranging in age from three to nine. Kathryn says, "Arthur likes to do tricks with them. Picks them up and somersaults them in the air, aeroplanes them by one ankle and wrist, and they're delighted. Also, he often gets in trouble with the mamas by giving the children candy or ice cream just before their dinner. It's a great boon to get along well as a family, she smiles contentedly. 'I think our daughters like us, besides loving us as relatives. I know they invite us to their special dinner parties, which we find very flattering. We get to talk freely to me and generally seem to seek out my company, so I must have succeeded to some degree as a mother. When they were youngsters, I was attentive but I was also a fairly firm disciplinarian. I still think children prefer to look up to authority—that they feel insecure with out definite rules for behavior.'"

"I'm glad Arthur went to work. When the girls were about twelve, they became so busy at school and had so many outside activities that I had too much leisure time. I began working with Arthur during the girls' teen years, but I don't think I neglected my responsibilities as mother. I hope not, because those are important growing years that need a parent's thoughtful attention and wise consideration judgment."

"I remember one time when I acted stupidly, on the spur of the moment. It was when Phyllis was thirteen and we were living in Hollywood. A school friend of hers had invited her to a party and said that I'd wear red, not blonde! But I had no right to be angry—instead, I should have been ashamed. I should have realized, before the peroxide splashed, that Phyllis, like so many other girls, was searching for a way to improve her appearance. If I had suggested a new hairdo at a good beauty salon, she wouldn't have tried on her own. It was just the way they do it in their own desires. What really angers the parent is the feeling of being ignored—not disobeyed."

She recalls: "Recently, a woman asked me how she should run a party for her teen-age daughter. I wanted to say, 'Don't. Let your child run it. When Packard and Jane were young, they had big parties, something must have told me that, if you want your children to be self-reliant, they must practice a bit at home. But first I ran into the problem of the teen-agers. I looked at the names of the boys and girls they were inviting and it was on the tip of my tongue to say, 'I don't like that girl.' But I realized that it really was a bad influence, it would be better for our daughters to see her in our house rather than on the outside."

"On the matter of self-reliance, I thought it would be advisable to have them help plan how much trouble it is to arrange a party. I let them plan the food and they were very sensible. I found that teenagers prefer to be treated as equals, not as hamburgers. Sure, they like a lot of soda pop, but they also drank milk. I pointed out to the girls that they would have to think ahead and attend to all practical details. I also told them that when the party, I suggested they invite two of their girl-friends to stay overnight and help them straighten things. Arthur and I were at home, but not too crushingly visible. I always considered it a compliment as a mother to see our daughters as hostesses on her own."

Kathering concludes: "My experience with them has given me confidence in them. Normal youngsters are trustworthy. They are understanding. In a broader sense, they are even leaders. Look back over the years and see how the party, or the party, was often set aside in clothes, music and dance. I know Arthur respects their tastes and opinions, and that's why you'll find performers who appeal to them on our programs. But the summer at the beach, Arthur got into a discussion over this with an advertising executive connected with our sponsors. He mentioned that he had booked The Platters."

"The advertising man took Arthur to task. 'Who ever heard of the Platters? Why don't you sign some performers like Tony Arden?' Now, we've always thoroughly admired Tony's pretty face and her excellent singing but—on this particular booking—Arthur thought The Platters were a good idea, and the group of teenagers. So Arthur simply took the ad man by the elbow, led him to a group of teenagers and announced that we were having The Platters on our next show. The kids almost swooned."

"This small incident, it seems to me, illustrates the fact that adults can stay young in heart and mind by being openhearted and open-minded toward youth. Whereas I'd never want to live my own teen years over again, it's fun to re-live them through this generation."

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2. Your free American Cancer Society handbook—AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY.
"Reader, I Married Him!"

(Continued from page 50)

was also proficient on the guitar, as an accompaniment to the folk songs she loved to sing. Millette’s maternal grandfather was Milton Aborn, who owned the Aborn Opera Appliances, an audio equipment store which he ran as his own, and in turn she has great fondness for it. And for all those who helped her when, as a complete unknown, she was entwined with a Hollywood star.

These years have brought other changes. In April, 1955, she married Roger Schoenfeld, young designer and manufacturer of women’s handbags, and an artist who works silver to metal designs in jewelry. Their son, Adam, was born in October, 1957. The actress has become wife and housewife, mother and cook, adept at dressmaking, knitting, needle- and making hooked rugs.

This combination of career and marriage and homemaking, so often a controversial subject, has so far caused no upheavals in the household. "It was never an idea of mine being an actress because he knows it’s the only way I can be completely happy," Millette said recently. "I believe I am a better mother because I am doing the things that I need to do."

Millette talked about the first time she and Roger met. "We practically hated each other. His sister Louise was one of my best friends and she kept saying she wanted us to date. She gave me that bit," I told her. "He won’t like me and I probably won’t like him. So what happened? I married the man!"

Roger was just as wary of meeting Millette. He didn’t want his sister pushing any girls on him. He wanted to pick his own. When he heard Louise had invited her for a weekend, he made plans to be away. But the day came when he couldn’t escape. His family had a vacation camp in Maine, and Millette came for a visit.

"He told me of the very first day," she says. "I said, ‘I have to go right back to the set’ (right true at the time), and that I shouldn’t take myself so seriously (still true). He really gave me what-for. So what happened? A short time later, he asked me to marry him."

They started to date, more to please Louise than themselves. Then they found out they liked a lot of the same things, they married. Millette came home to Los Angeles Thanksgiving week. Roger was an assistant film editor at Warner Brothers, in Illinois, to spend the holiday with her family in Great Neck, Long Island. Roger drove her out to the beach. It was a cold night and they sat in the car a while, watching the sea.

"He took out his fraternity pin and offered it to me," she recalls, "but asked me to pin it on the inside of the heavy lined Rebo I was wearing, and to leave it there.

“Reader, I Married Him!”

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He was shy about having anyone see it. We became engaged during Christmas vacation, but—even though he wanted to get married soon—he didn’t want anyone to know, and to have all that fuss about an engagement. We were married the following April.”

When Millette was four months pregnant, she was doing a commercial on the Garry Moore daytime show. Twenty minutes before show time, she gathered up her things to go to her dressing room but, as she started down from the stage, her foot caught in the hem of the long, loose robe she was wearing during rehearsal. She was catapulted down the stairs, falling flat on her stomach at the bottom.

“The hush lasted about ten seconds,” she says, “and then the stagehands ran over and carried me gently to Garry’s dressing room. They tried to reach a doctor and finally got my own obstetrician on the telephone. He asked about symptoms and said I was probably all right, since there were none that indicated trouble. I went on and did the show, saving my shaking and shivering until after it was over.

There were no tragic effects, but I still think that Adam’s little snub nose is the result of mama’s fall on her tummy, that day!”

Adam got his name because his parents have a fondness for the strong and forceful biblical names “and this was the first one we came to.” It seems to suit him. Millette’s parents were in New York when he was born and, five months later, the baby was taken to visit them in Florida, at Clearwater Beach. Adam took to the beach and water like a little sea turtle splashing back at all the big waves. Roger’s folks live in Lawrence; Long Island, not too many miles away from the midtown New York apartment where the young Schoenfelds make their home.

No one else in Millette’s family, except her grandmother Aborn, had any desire to be in the theater. “My grandfather had sheltered my mother from being stage-struck. He wanted none of it for his daughter. My sister, now married and living in California with her husband and three small sons, had no leaning that way. It all came out in me.”

At high school, Millette was considered too tall to be cast opposite the boys who played leads. At college, she couldn’t seem ever to get a break in any of the regular dramatic productions, but she took all the drama workshop courses, joined every possible acting class, read about the stage, soaked up theatrical lore and tradition, spent every possible moment preparing for a dramatic career. She had always been a movie fan—the kind who cut out all the color pictures out of the movie magazines, mounted them beautifully and papered the bedroom walls with them. She even had big charts of statistics on every popular star, scrapbooks filled with stories about her favorites. When television came along, she transferred some of her allegiance to its performers, and to the pictures and stories about them.

She was ready to tackle Broadway after graduation from college, but nothing at all happened for several months. Then she signed with a manager who was impressed with her talent. “And just like that, all of a sudden, it happened. I got the part in the Montgomery show. John Newland, the director, knew it was my first but he had confidence in me. It was the first time anyone had ever given me the chance to show what I could do.”

Jan Miner, an actress of great experience and range—now playing Carolyn Rich in The Edge Of Night—was in that Montgomery show. “It was quite a reunion for us, when we got together on The Edge Of
Night, remembering how it was that first
time we played on the same program.
She and Skip Homeier, who was also in
that cast, were so wonderful to me.
Everybody was. They gave me ribbons
and mikes. Everything went very well.
But there was a long six-month wait
after that. Millette went over and over
the performance she had given. Maybe it
didn't really seem good. What had she
done that was wrong? Where had she failed?
Of course, she hadn't. It was just the way
things sometimes go in show business.
Because, just as suddenly, everything
happened again. She did several more of
the Montgomery dramas, A Goodyear
Theater production, "A Night to Remem-
ber"—with Millette playing the young
wife of John Jacob Astor, pregnant with
his son. ("Wearing a wig, my first, so that
no one even recognized me or knew I was
on the show.") The small part of a gun-
moll (the only "bad girl role" she has had,
and what fun she had doing it!) in The
Investigator. And a lot of TV commercials.

Last fall, when the opportunity came
along to read for the part of Cail Armstrong
in The Edge Of Night, she was more than
ready to do it. She knew the show and liked
it. Even though they told her she was
probably too young—or at too young-
looking to get the part—she made the
appointment. "I did everything I could to
make myself look older. I put up my hair in
a French twist, wore the little black dress and
the beads.

"I read with Wesley Addy, who plays the
dedicated and shy scientist Dr. Hugh
Campbell, who falls in love with Cail. He
was wonderful. But I thought I had given
the worst reading ever, and I went to my
manager's office and wept on the shoulder
of his assistant. "Now, Millette," she said
to me, "you've been through this self-
torture before. You were probably very
good." But I refused to be comforted—
until the phone rang about two hours later
and I was told I had the job."

Gail is a commercial artist who does
portrait work on the side, so Millette made it
her business to visit the advertising
agency's art department and find out
what an artist works to make these part
believable. She even bought sketching ma-
terials and practiced the correct techniques.
It's the kind of careful research and
preparation which makes the difference;
she was just a drama novice, trying to work
her way into one of the school productions.

"It has been no struggle, however, to
become Gail on television," she says. "I
feel I am somebody, since L. B. thinks I
am. She is a little shy, but she also has a certain amount
of confidence that gives her over the shy-
ness. She is a serious and earnest type
of person, and so am I. There is no need
to impose anything on me. I have Gail
right on the screen. I can be myself, and
be Gail at the same time, because we have
much in common.

As an actress, Millette has now been
many women. Unlike the character of Gail,
she has had to project herself into parts
quite unlike the type of girl she is. And
what type is that? A basically serious girl,
but one who laughs a lot, is fun-loving,
work-loving, home-loving. A girl who talks
proudly of the latch-hook rug she is
making for her baby's room, of the plans
she has to take up fabric weaving, of the
hobby she has when she and Roger have
the baby to themselves over the weekend.
A girl who admits that when she gets too
keyed up emotionally—when she "flies
too high"—she's glad she has a husband
who puts his hand on her shoulder and
gently brings her down to earth. Even
though that husband is the man she "never
dreamed of marrying" when they first
met!

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none. Rock Hudson had luck when he distributed his pictures. But Edd's photos only helped the photographer.

Edd wasn't disheartened, though. He has a boyish buoyancy which springs from the television screen and keeps him glowing with optimism. "I've never," he cheerily confides, "had what I'd call a big disappointment in my life. Anything goes—it's only experience.

Edd's next project was to invade the studio lots. Once or twice, he tried to walk past the guard with a muffled, "Casting call," or some such explanation. This didn't work. Frequently, he'd have to look for a guard who was less alert.

"I went over to the old California Studios," he says, "and waited until the guard was looking the other way. As soon as I knew he was busy with somebody else, I sneaked by.

Once on the lot, Edd wasn't sure what to do next. Probably, he decided, the best thing to do would be to look around, where to find one was a problem. After all, producers don't wear signs saying, 'I am a producer.'

Irrepressible Edd, however, still had a plan. He simply circled down the studio streets and looked into office windows. Perhaps, he thought, he'd see Cecil B. DeMille or somebody easily recognizable inside.

"I was looking in an office window with my nose pressed to the glass," he says, "when a fellow tapped me on the shoulder. 'Looking for somebody?' he asked.

"I sure was, but I wasn't sure who," Edd answered. "You're casting for Eddie Cantor's show today. Lots of girls go down and be actors." Edd thought that was a crackjoke idea and went along.

"We got jobs as Indians," he says, "and made $125 each. That was my first professional acting job. If you could call it acting, to stand still, look fierce and say nothing. Anyway it was my start. My friend who auditioned with me, he didn't keep on.

The heady experience of actually appearing before cameras so exhilarated Edd that he began haunting casting offices regularly . . . without too much luck. One of his experiences was of getting a spear at five dollars a performance.

It was during this period that Edd got all the training he ever received in acting, and he got that rather informally. "Brash, with no idea of enrolling in an acting school. But I'd slip in and hang around to see what was going on. I was all eyes and ears and no dough.

Young Mr. Byrnes, television Indian, speaking his lines with a Western drawl (if not experience), was bitten, naturally, by the Hollywood bug. So, in the Spring of 1956, he jumped into his car, whisking "California, Here I Come." He was on his way.

Up to this time, he'd never had an agent and, in his own words, "hadn't done anything much. But I was full of plans. With my contacts got to Los Angeles, he put his plan into action with a visit to the photographer's.

I had a lot of pictures made," he relates, "and put my name and address and phone number on them. Then I got into the executive parking lot at Fox and put one in every car." Then he went home and waited for phone calls. There were

Gordon Douglas to make a test which resulted in Edd's contract with Warner Bros.

"An actor," says Edd, "is always the last to get official word that he's doing well. I learned through a newspaper that I'd been given a part in "Up Periscope." A columnist mentioned that Edward Byrnes would do the role—but nobody had told Edward Byrnes.

But the columnist was "off the mark." Edd, in the same week that "Kookie" in "77 Sunset Strip" kept hearing rumors around the lot that the pilot on the show had been sold and that I'd been written into the series. Finally, after evading Edd for several days, they told him about it except me—and I was getting a little anxious—William Orr called me to his office and said that I was in.

"Kookie" wasn't originally slated to be a Sunset Strip denizen. He was born, because Edd was so awful in the pilot. "Awful" doesn't mean he was a failure as an actor ... quite the reverse. His acting was great and created the awful, hair-raising, teen-age, male good boy, regardless of the way he talks. That's just his manner, and we all have our distinguishing habits.

To prepare himself for the further adventures of Kookie, Edd went to North Beach, near San Francisco, the publicized capital of the beat generation. Oddly, he comments, it wasn't Millie Collins, Cali or another recognized beatnik center, adjacent to famous Muscle Beach.

Edd's done the unbelievable, not once but twice. First time, of course, was when he arrived in Hollywood with the ambition to make it. More recently, he's set another near-precedent. He's declined to make a record—because, he says, 'I can't sing. This point of view sets him apart while many performers confess they can't sing, it seems that few refuse to try.

Recently, Hollywood acquired a school of very serious, hard-working young people who meet periodically away from the studio, where they discuss acting. They've labored long and suffered much for their art, and are ever-eager to tell you all about it. Their sacrifice and dedication are to their credit.

But when Edward Byrnes is refreshing relief.

The boy who never had a formal acting lesson in his life, the boy who won't admit a great deal of talent and change. To, and of fans of "77 Sunset Strip," Edd had done the impossible still another time. He's created a lovable beatnik. Not many of us may talk like Kookie, but most of us like him. And, whether we literally talk his language or not, we understand him.
showman—tween. I didn’t think I’d have given myself a job!

A native of Chicago, Buddy is the son of a well-off Beet family. His parents divorced when he was still in grammar school. His father now lives in New York City, while his mother—Jule Styne’s sister—occupies the apartment next to Buddy’s. Hollywood.

At first, Mrs. Bregman encouraged her son’s musical ambitions. She made arrangements to give him piano lessons and later promoted his first recital in Chicago’s Baldwin Hall when he was barely twelve.

His parents objected only mildly when Buddy moved to California to enroll in a music course at A.C.T. Indeed, however, that their usual interest in one another would develop into matrimony when they were only nineteen.

Buddy’s parents were against the marriage because they considered them too young to know their own minds. (Apparently they were right. Buddy and Gloria were divorced a year ago.) To prevent the marriage, Buddy’s demands that Buddy return to Chicago instantly, and put further pressure on him by threatening that, if he persisted in marrying Gloria, they’d have him committed to a reformatory.

Buddy married Gloria, anyway—and promptly found his funds from home eliminated. Careerwise, at least, it was the best thing that could have happened to him. As Buddy admits, “Now I had to go out.” But it wasn’t easy—because he had no ready cash, no job, and no occupation on which to depend. “Let’s go to Hollywood,” Gloria said. “Jerry can help out.” Jack Haley was rehearsing in New York for a new coast-to-coast radio program for NBC. To get money for the train, Buddy dashed in the defense bonds he had saved.

They walked into Jack’s rehearsal room a few days later, just in time to hear Jack complain about having lost his pianist. His solution: “If you find someone else,” Buddy offered.

The solution was only temporary. As soon as another pianist was hired, Jack told Buddy, “Buddy, I know that I don’t want you to go back to Chicago and work for my father.” Buddy insisted.

“Do what else can you do?” Jack asked.

“Not a thing!” Buddy replied. “All I know is music.” And, after a moment’s hesitation, “Is there some way you can get me on your show?”

“Sorry,” Jack came back. “You’re my son-in-law. I couldn’t even recommend you. It wouldn’t look right.” Just then he spotted the musical director for the show, Carl Hoff. “If you can talk to him,” he said, pointing at Mr. Hoff, “maybe he’ll give you a break. But leave me out of it.” Although Jack sincerely wanted to help Buddy, his strong sense of ethics wouldn’t let him.

Mr. Hoff was willing to take a chance on letting Buddy try his hand on a couple of arrangements, knowing full well that, if they didn’t pan out, he could always have someone else re-do them. But what Buddy showed him a couple of days later required only minor changes. As a result, two weeks later, Buddy was earning $500 a week doing all the arrangements.

If “only I had enough sense to save my money,” he says now, “it wouldn’t have been so hard when I returned to California.” But he spent every penny he made, confident that, with his experience in the East and all the friends he had in show business out West, he’d have no trouble getting started. To his surprise, no one seemed to be interested in him, and he found himself in the awkward position of being forced to move into his mother-in-law’s apartment building.

Only after he wrote musical arrangements for Joanne Gilbert’s first appearance at the Mocambo Buddy found steady work. Two more years went by before people started calling him for assignments, rather than vice-versa. Then he’s worked with most of the top names in the music field.

Among his favorites is Jerry Lewis, who showed him that he was not a boy in most practical manner. After Buddy finished scoring Jerry’s first independent film, “The Delicate Delinquent,” Jerry asked him to write the arrangements for his night-club act. The night it was finished, he demanded a bill.

“I can send it to you,” Buddy suggested.

“Don’t send it. Make it out now. How much do you want it?”

Buddy hadn’t given much thought.

“Eight hundred... ” he said uncertainly.

Jerry got out his checkbook.

“Really?” Buddy exclaimed, a bit embarrassed. “You don’t have to make it out right now... ”

Unperturbed, Jerry wrote out a check and handed it to him. When Buddy glanced over the check, he saw that Jerry had doubled the amount. Before he could say, “Thanks,” Jerry had disappeared.

Buddy is equally fond of Gary Crosby, whom he’s known since both were boys, and whose musical director he was when Gary had his own show before going into the Army. “I’ve never met anyone with a greater sense of humor,” he insists. “Yet he can be serious, and a real friend.”

Buddy went into details on how the two helped each other, because this would betray confidences. However, he does say that more than once he came from Gary at three in the morning, when he wanted to talk about something.

He got a big surprise working with Fred Astaire, who has a reputation for leniency in the music business. Fred was often rather reserved and courteous with other musicians, but there was no reserve about Buddy. Astaire had the reputation as the best dancer. Yet, when Buddy was still artists-and-repertoire head of Verve Records, it took him just two hours and fifteen minutes to record four sides with Fred. Says Buddy, with rare modesty, “I guess we just got along well....”

As could be expected, he’s particularly fond of Eddie Fisher, whom he considers one of the best singers in show business.

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T. R. V

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and one of the easiest and most pleasant entertainers to work with. "Eddie himself usually suggests the songs he wants to sing, then I go home and work out the arrangements. In the year and a half we've worked together, we never had as much as a word of disagreement." He is especially impressed by Eddie's ability to keep personal problems away from his work. When Eddie's split-up with Debbie Reynolds made headlines day after day, his attention never decreased, he never showed his concern, would let none of his difficulties interfere with his work.

Buddy's all-time favorite is Ethel Merman, who co-starred with Frank Sinatra in the 1943 film "New York, New York," which earned Buddy an "Emmy®" nomination. "She's the greatest," he insists. "I've never worked with anyone who is more fun or more conscientious than she is." He recalls how the final rehearsal was called for eight o'clock on one of the coldest nights of the year. When he showed up at the studio half an hour early, he found the door still locked. He also found Ethel Merman—who had been waiting for fifteen minutes before he arrived. For Buddy, she was the best. Buddy gets his biggest thrill out of working with Anna Maria Alberghetti—although their first real date might have discouraged anyone with a snowball's chance of romancing her.

Actually, they've known each other for more than seven years, ever since he did her arrangements when she was only fifteen and appeared at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. "I don't feel she has any friends, no more. In fact, she used to date his brother-in-law, Jack Haley, Jr., and frequently came over for dinner with him when he was still married to Gloria.

After he was separated from his wife, Buddy dated mostly Anne Francis and Glenda Scala, never giving a serious thought to either of them. Anna Maria till after her agent suggested they get together. "When we did," he laughed, "she told me I was conceited. Of course, she expected a big explosion. I told her she was right, and we both laughed..."

A couple of weeks later, he took off for Durham, North Carolina, with Eddie Fisher and his fiancée, Debbie Reynolds. They even talked the entertainer into asking him to go to the Academy Awards presentation with her. They've been going together, romancing and fighting each other, ever since.

Buddy has been nominated? Now, even Anna Maria will admit it isn't true. But there are scores of musicians who'll tell you he'd have every right to be.

"Most Civilized Man"

(Continued from page 47)

Saturday mornings. Ruth was the director. We hardly spoke to each other. I think we each subconsciously blamed the other for the fact that bed was so early on Saturdays! Some time after the show went off, we met socially—and fell in love.

Hugh recalls that their difference in temperament resulted in fireworks during their first year of marriage. "As I said, Ruth is volatile and I'm phlegmatic. If we both hadn't been brought up with the idea that difference in opinions might have split up. But, after the first year, things settled down in a hurry and I honestly don't know of any two people who are more compatible than my wife and myself. I don't subscribe to the popular theory that married people should have identical interests and temperament.

Hugh's interest in astronomy goes back to his sixth-grade. He has personally built three fine telescopes. He has passed from sky-watching to research and study of papers and books. "I've had a life-long interest in science," he says. As recent as the past month, I've been taking a short course in advance astronomy at Columbia. But I don't say that I would rather have been a scientist. I like television and radio. It's a modern trend and people making a living. Your work is varied and you meet and work with interesting people. But, like a lot of others who spend so much time chasing the buck, my conscience gets at me and I've always wanted to do something in the public service field.

"You know, at the end of the nineteenth century, we Americans adopted a view that science and religion are self-contained and that it's obviously not true. Our salvation doesn't lie in making a better automobile or inventing a more efficient electric toaster. On the other hand, I think the worst thing would be to sway away from our technological tools. "I saw my opportunity, several years ago, when I met William Menninger," he continued. "He concentrated his work entirely on self-treatment, and his feeling that the next big step in civilization is in correcting mental difficulties, and the best use of the scientific method would be to use the bear on problems of the human mind."

Hugh's intellectual drive is balanced by his enthusiasm for skin-diving and for the Hemingway-like adventures he thinks every man must have some fantasy and make-believe in his life, he says. "Anyway, I'm not so grown-up that I've abandoned it. Sometimes, on Sundays, my daughter Deirdre and I go skin-diving in the central park 'castle' in Central Park 'to meet a nobleman.' I enjoy this and indulging in his

It was very interesting and was the first time I met a shark. Actually, they're scary. I swam toward one. He chased away, then he came back with a friend. One of the men with us had a spear gun, but wisely didn't use it. Once you bloody up the water, there's great confusion and, as to what is the sandwich. But I understand what's riding a shark is a great fun.

Hugh recalls his last trip to Wyoming. They were driving cattle to a range. There were just three of them, Hugh, his son Hugh, Jr., and the cattle owner. In the course of the trip, we lost for two days and ran out of food.

The climax came when we met a Basque shepherdess. He had a chip on each hand. I checked him, and it didn't know, at the time, that he was terrified. To him, we were cattle people and he had driven his sheep onto a range that was off-limits. But it was dark and he came to look for his sheep and on his horse. I could feel his antagonism. He couldn't speak much English and what he said sounded far from friendly.

"Then, one of his dogs got behind my horse. The horse kicked the dog and hurt him. I felt bad about this, but suddenly there was this furry of tension. All of the Basque looked at each other, the Basque woman气体 to move to his gun. I had my hands on the pommel of my saddle and, involuntarily, I made a move for my gun. I was thinking, 'I'd had him!' because, even if I didn't shoot him, I can't shoot a sheep that couldn't shoot. I was brought up against it. I couldn't kill a man. I thought, 'I'm through. This is it. It was a really tense moment, and his compliance in himself and our dogs don't like us and we better move along.'

The Basque didn't say anything. Just sat there and led his horse and looked at us with his back to him, and I thought that, if he decided to kill us, we might never be found—that's how big the country is. That was in 1956, yet it was the real Wild West.

Hugh has been skin-diving in so many spots off the Atlantic. Last summer, he explored a French wreck off Bermuda. "We brought up cannon balls and so forth.

Ruth Downs can talk about Hugh at home. "He plans his schedule so that he will have time for me and the children. We've never had a whole day off together. We've never had a make-believe free-for-all. Any-thing goes, even hair-pulling. You can pull out the hair with a rubber band, because we've got so little left. That did it, and they were rolling on the floor!"

"Somehow, Hugh finds time for everything—his work, his family and his outside interests. He even cooks once a week. He is a member of a gourmet club. This is the kind of man he is — he's so energetic and creative that he feels frustrated when he has to work on something he considers being in love with the man," Ruth smiles, "I have great admiration for him."
When he went to a nearby hardware store, he found that the price wasn't bad, either. Just seventy-nine cents for the stopper ball. But the tools he needed to install that amount Dick didn't care. It might be cheaper to call the plumber this time, he reasoned, but the tools would last indefinitely. They'd pay for themselves in no time.

Carefully following the directions, he first turned off the water, then took the tank apart according to specifications. About two hours later, everything was in place, and Dick was enjoying the newly installed stopper ball.

There was just one little oversight on his part. "Our bathroom was probably the only one I've seen that had no separate valve stop..." Just what this meant, he found out when he turned the water on again. Instead of filling up the tank, it sprayed from the wall right into his face.

While unsuccessfully trying to stop the spray by pressing his left hand on the valve and excitedly turning all sorts of knobs with his right one, he kept shouting:

"Well, to tell you the truth... this is not what I had in mind," he complained to Penni.

The situation was becoming more confusing. "Let's stop playing games," she pleaded. "Just tell me what you did have in mind.

"My place is so small, I thought I'd fix the meal at your house!" Then he added hastily, "But I'll bring everything along, including the ingredients for the wine sauce!"

His offer sounded more intriguing by the minute. And, a couple of days later, when Penni finished his marinated steak with bordelaise sauce, salad a la Crenna, and fruit-in-wine dessert, she knew she'd never find a more capable husband anywhere! The only hitch—Penni insists now—is that, the moment she became his wife, Dick promptly goes grocery shopping but even avoids walking through the kitchen.

Smiles Dick, happily, "The kitchen is the wife's domain—don't you think?"

Penni doesn't really mind—particularly since they can afford a housekeeper. "What's more," she explains, "Dick's been so busy ever since we were married, he really doesn't have time to fix anything." Dick politely clears his throat at this remark, "You forgot something, dear, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't.

"What about the time I fixed the plumbing?"

"I'd rather forget that incident!"

It all started when the toilet just wouldn't stop running, and Penni got Steve and Dave, how named my Dean, to let—by—volunteer the job himself. "If we want to save enough for a new house," he announced, "we can start right now by saving pennies, Dick."

At the time, they were still living at Malibu Beach. More recently, they moved into a beautiful home in fashionable Royal Oaks, a stone's-throw from Julie London—Gale Storm, Steve Allen and other celebrities. However, they were able to make this change in spite of Dick's voluntary contribution to repairs on the first home, the Westwood house, by follow-up step-by-step report discloses.

Step number one was the purchase of a book for home "handymen, which explained it all, but what was wrong with their plumbing, and how to fix it. "According to the instructions, all I needed was a new stopper ball," Dick recalls. "It sounded simple enough."

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do you mean? I'm staying for the opening. In fact, I've got an electrician's license and I'm going to be working the lights tonight. Then Jack told me that Patti didn't intend to follow through on what I had taught her. I went down to her dressing room to raise hell.

"But I'm the stage manager, which I own, too. She confirmed what Jack had told me. She had a reputation and I didn't intend to let her ignore me. She was tight-lipped and said, 'Well, I'll see.' I really expected them both to want to adjust their plans. But, I knew that she had learned well and really couldn't help following through. She was sensational. Then she went back to her dressing room and cried—she told me it was because she felt that she had done so well.

Charlie stayed on in Florida, and it was then that they discovered they were in love. "I felt Charlie was very attractive," Patti recalls. "But, from what I could see, he was the kind who played the field. In New York, there were always one or more girls waiting outside the studio, and they were beauties."

"About my standing him up," she smiles, "that's true. He asked me out one night and I was with someone else. The next night, he left, he said something offhand like 'Let's do this again soon.' So, the following evening when I got through work, he was waiting for me—and I just told him that we both have prearranged engagements.

"I was standing there in the lobby," Charlie remembers, "when she came out with Jack Rael and some others. I said, 'Well, I'm going to be soberly, you know. My wife and I have left our place this evening to see a movie.' She asked, 'Well, I'm going to be soberly, you know. My wife and I have left our place this evening to see a movie.' She said, 'Good.'" Charlie laughs and adds, 'I wasn't laughing about it because I'd had a few drinks."

"I remember exactly how it happened. We were rehearsing and she was just wonderful. Well, this is my way about performers. If they do something great, I show my enthusiasm. It doesn't matter who or where. It can be a singing waiter and, if he's exciting, I'll stand up and shout. "

Six-year-old Seana has even taught him to be nearer than he already was. Shortly after they all moved into their new house, Dick gathered up all loose bits of carpentry tools that had accumulated in the garage, tied them up with string and took them down to the street, to be picked up by the city disposal truck. Unfortunately, he took it down early.

The next morning, he saw his daughter pull her little red wagon up the driveway with a most familiar looking cargo inside it. "Some bug dumped it on the street," she cried out. "Isn't it terrible, Daddy? I'm taking it to the garage, where it'll be out of sight."

Before he had a chance to explain, the city came. They pulled it all back and had store his trash for another week. This time, he took it to the curb precisely on the right day.

Booking 't doesn't really mind. On the contrary, he loves it. It's so good to come home to a wife who fixes his dinner, to a little girl who pulls a little red wagon up the driveway, to a house which is a home. "I'm not going to be married again."

Obviously, for Dick Crenna, marriage has proved to be "the real McCoy."
and he got the same answer. Then I said that Patti was my wife. They looked at me as if I were trying to be a wife myself! This was only the beginning. I was given cigarettes—but no matches. Against regulations, they said. I was offered a Coke—but no bottle opener. I'd been incarcerated for an hour when Patti walked in. She told them it wasn't a stolen car. They told her they couldn't let me out, anyway. I had no registration card.

"Patti put in a call to Louella Parsons. She even tried to telephone the governor. The police remained unimpressed—acting magnificently, but hardly touching Patti's gunman secretary. Still, I was released and told it had all been a joke and that Patti and Ryan were waiting for me back at the hotel. Well, I had a small revenge. The policemen I had been arguing with all afternoon were going off duty, so I just took off with them for three hours and let Patti stew."

After the honeymoon, Patti returned to New York and had an entire Hollywood money trouble. In the past two years, they have had vacations together but otherwise seldom meet for more than three or four days at a time.

"But a long-distance marriage can be exciting," says Charlie. "Each Thanksgiving, Charlie has flown in to New York and we've flown to Hollywood for the weekend. We've been inseparable for an hour when Patti walked in. She told them it wasn't a stolen car. They told her they couldn't let me out, anyway. I had no registration card.

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"That's nice," then she describes in detail. The photos, the clothing, the activities, the weekends. "How about the turkeys?"

"Each Thanksgiving, Charlie has flown in to New York and we've flown to Hollywood for the weekend. We've been inseparable.

"And we've got in the habit of visiting unexpectedly. I'll make a reservation to New York for the weekend—but tell Patti over the phone that I have to go to Mexico on location, so that I'll surprise her. A couple of months ago, we flew to Hollywood for a weekend and she said she had a recording session and a benefit to do on Saturday. The following morning, she walked into our Hollywood apartment and said, 'Wake up.'"

They had two vacations together. The first was in Europe. Charlie recalls, "Patti told me that she wasn't well-known abroad, so we'd have privacy and wouldn't have to dress for dinner, as we would each take only sixty pounds of clothes. So, when our boat got to England, more than a hundred reporters and photographers met the ship at Plymouth. Patti and there she was, in my raincoat, with her hair streaming over her face. Of course, they knew her. Her filmed TV show was running there.

"So we went on to Paris, where they didn't have her program, but we found that most of Hollywood was in our hotel. There was a whole company, including Marion Brando, Dean Martin and Gary Crosby, who were supposed to be filming—but it was raining all the time, and they couldn't work. Anyway, we had a ball."

This past summer, the O'Curran family took their vacation in Oklahoma with Patti's folks. "I had a real problem," Charlie says. "I can't remember names and Patti has over fifty relatives and that's no small number. Besides her parents, there are ten brothers and sisters, twenty-five nieces and nephews, plus in-laws and uncles and aunts. "You see what I mean?"

Home is where the wife is, and so the O'Curran's have put most effort into their New York apartment. Charlie tells you, "Patti has wonderful taste, so the apartment is very beautiful. The most interesting things are her paintings. Art is Patti's hobby, but she is a fine artist and people who know art are always impressed by her talent. Patti enjoys a home as such, I have a terrible time getting her to go out for an evening. She doesn't like clubs. She prefers to eat at home, but that can be quite an experience. Now, I understand Patti is very good at some domestic chores. They tell me she is an excellent seamstress."

"But Patti herself will tell you that she's the worst cook in the world, and I wholeheartedly agree with her. She can't cook anything, even ice water. And she tries so hard. I remember, one evening, she made pork chops and what could be simpler? She got them out of the oven, and said, 'They're burnt.' I said, 'Fine, I've always liked pork chops a little burned.' She brought them in. I put my fork into one chop and it just fell apart like ash."

Even when they are visiting each other for a few days, they have little time together. In New York, Patti is up at seven-thirty each morning to work on her television show. In Hollywood, Charlie works on a film but they enjoy being together—even on a movie set.

"Charlie says, 'When we were making 'King Creole,' Patti came to the studio and Presley had a surprise for me. When I didn't know about. Oh, I knew she admired her, and I had already discovered he knew a lot more about her recordings than I did. He told me that I would have a record or so such—and such a record and I would say no and he would bring it in for me. He had not, one, but two copies of every record she had ever made. He told me that I was the only singer he had ever learned from."

"Well, that day on the set, Elvis and his boys began to sing some songs. We were waiting to shoot but they went in this lounge to New York and bought a record but Patti and she was crying. I went over to her and said, 'A couple of those songs are yours.' And she said, 'They're all mine.' It was more than her tribute to her, and she was deeply touched."

Both Charlie and Patti admit that a long-distance marriage has its lonely moments. Charlie is hoping that Patti will make a movie this summer, which would bring her to Hollywood for a couple of months. But they hope for more than this —a real home and, with it, a family.

"We want children," Charlie says, "but we have to dress for dinner so much that we would be so happy as a mother. To say it would make me happy could only be described as: 'The greatest thing about being Charles O'Curran is his wife and children.'"
Boys, more than girls, tend to go around in groups and there's always someone with a daring suggestion. Jack, desire to be a
leader. I told him, "Well, that's all right. I don't think it's going to do him a bit of good."

He was the kind of kid that had always been
the best in school. He was the kind of kid that had always been
the best in school. He was the kind of kid that had always been
the best in school. He was the kind of kid that had always been
the best in school.

The more I thought about it, the more I realized that there was something
wrong with Jack. He was always
the best in school, but I didn't think he was doing it
right. I decided to talk to him about it.

"Jack," I said, "I think you're doing it wrong. You need to be more
confident and less afraid of failure."

He looked at me and said, "You don't understand, Dad. I'm not afraid of
failure. I just want to do the best I can.

"But you're not doing the best you can," I
said. "You're always behind in school."

He shrugged and said, "I don't know what
you're talking about. I'm doing fine.

I told him that I didn't believe him and
that we needed to talk about it more. He
said, "Fine, Dad. Whatever you say."

But I knew he was lying. I could see it in
his eyes. He was doing something that was
wrong for him and he didn't even know it.
Today's Biggest Family

(Continued from page 29)

On the other hand, Frank Blair is the father of eight children who range in age from two to twenty-two.

"When I met Frank, I was seventeen," Lillian Blair says. "I went home and told my parents about Frank. They spoke with intelligence and so deliberately. He was well groomed and had so much poise. On our first date, I discovered he wasn't quite as older as he'd been described. We have been married twenty-four years. I think he's very unusual. It's hard to explain, but he's sensitive to everyone's feelings.

"I don't mean that we don't have the usual marital problems. Like taking the car..." But, generally, I think he's too good. I have to ask him about his personal life and there is no problem.

Frank's mood swings are quickly killed. He hasn't the privacy to enjoy a lengthy mood and, besides, the family is rather inclined to kid him out of one. Lil says, "I'll give them a chance."

"But, the other day, I found a checking account and sometimes I forget to fill out the stub. Maybe two evenings later, I hear his voice on the top of the stairs, 'Lillian!' It's the only time he ever calls someone 'Lillian.'"

"I come into the living room and the children cluster around, and there is Frank looking down at me sternly. One of the boys says, 'Well, why don't you go ahead and let him hit you?' He has a straight face under those circumstances! Actually, the older boys have more of a brotherly relationship with him."

Frank is described as close-knit but none so aptly as the Blairs. Frank is inclined to discuss the matter humorously. 'We can't get rid of them. The eldest, Mike, announced his engagement at Christmas. The local policeman stopped Lil on the street and said, 'I see you're going to lose a son.' She said, 'That's what you think.' And I'll tell you something, just during the Christmas season, you would expect Mike and the other boys to be out with their girls. But what happened was that they brought their girls and their girls' parents to home."

"It's always been that way. I remember one summer we tried to send Mike and John to a summer camp. Three days later, we had a letter from them saying, 'If you don't come for us, we're going to talk home.' A couple of years ago, Mike had to put in two weeks of training in the National Guard. The camp was forty miles away. The family couldn't be rid of him. But, you know, every evening, he showed up for dinner. He hitch-hiked, borrowed a car or came in by train, and then returned to camp. But he's really a lovely guy who's got an old humor. We enjoy having him around."

The Blairs did not plan a big family. Mike's mother, Elsa, recalls, "When Mike was two and I had one sister. We used to talk about that and the loneliness in a very small family, and we knew that we wanted more than two children. But even I was startled when Mr. Blair announced his engagement and told us he didn't want to go back to the University. He wants to get married, work during the day and study his evenings. We are so fond of his young girl and they seem to be well suited to each other. And it seems to me the secret of this business of living..."
is in getting yourself the right girl.”
Frank has little time for hobbies and sports. He has a fine collection of medicines which he has made at home and in his travels. During World War II, he was a flight instructor in the Navy. Occasionally, although Lil objects, he now drives out to the airport and takes up a twin-engined Apache or Piper Tri-Pacer for a couple of hours. However, his chief pleasure, which he shares with his family, is The Putty, a forty-two-foot Matthews boat.
“One mother,” he says, “can take the children along. On alternate weekends, Lil and I go out alone. We have a fine maid last summer who took care of the children. Of course, we’ll get a go-getter from the older boys. Naturally, we tell them where we will tie up for the night, in case of an emergency at home. Well, whether we tie up somewhere on Long Island or up at Hyde Park, Mike and John usually show up. They just happen to drop by for dinner and a chat. They are always our unexpected guests.”

By the way, Frank is not moody but he’ll tell you the kind of thing that does get him down: “It’s usually critical letters. I’ve been in the news business over twenty years and, in all that time, I have conscientiously tried to go straight down the middle of the road. No bias. No editorializing. Yet, every time we report on a controversial issue, tons of mail comes in.”

“During the McCarthy hearings, we were swamped. Pro-McCarthy people would call me a so-and-so and write ‘I can tell you this for sure: Anti-McCarthy people would call me a so-and-so and write that I was selling the country down the river by taking McCarthy’s side. Well, I answer all my mail and it hit me at we’re not selling the country down the river. I’m not selling the country down the river, and I’m not selling the country down the river. I’m telling the truth. I’m telling the truth. I’m telling the truth.”

But he allows it’s hard to be depressed when he gets home to the family. It’s because we are a disgustingly normal family. I’m in love with Lil and she’s in love with me, and we have a lot of nice little kids we’d break our necks for—and that’s the story of our life.”

Never Bet on a Bachelor

(Continued from page 49)
yet, and has no particular plans for doing so. This is pretty hard to understand, since he’s a go-getter who merits a definite taste for feminine company.

No, Bruce Gordon hasn’t done the things most people would bet he’d do.

“I don’t gamble at all,” he says, “as far as I know. I’m going to Vegas only. The track is concerned. But, in another way, I’m probably the biggest gambler you’ll ever meet. I’ve taken long changes to be an actor.

The first gamble he took was in turning to the stage as a career after his dismal performance in the senior play. There’d never been an actor in his family, but, from time to time, Bruce has determined to become one. He went out for the school dramatic club and, in the senior play, “Little Old New York,” won the role of John Jacob Astor.

“The teacher chose me for the part,” he thinks, “because I had a deep voice, impressive enough for a tycoon.”

On the night of the play, Bruce was well rehearsed and confident. His first lines were to go, “Mr. Astor, please come over.” Made up by a dramatic gesture, a raised fist. “I got on the stage,” he recalls, “ready to give the most memorable interpretation in theater history. And maybe I did, at that. I got my lines into my mouth, opened to speak, and looked over the footlights at the audience. There was everybody I knew. There sat my mother and brother in the second row.

“And there I stood, frozen solid, gaping like a fish. I couldn’t remember a word of my part. I drew a total blank. It was the actor’s nightmare.

But he wasn’t totally discouraged. He’d still be a success on the stage. He might even work the Palace. And, in a surprisingly short time, he did. He and Barry Sullivan worked the famous Palace Theatre, then Barry as a doorman, and Bruce as an usher.

Ushering didn’t have much future, and Bruce sometimes thought of settling down into something “steady.” Time after time he got good, steady jobs with good, steady paychecks and opportunities for advancement. And time after time he quit them. That, he thinks, is the main reason he’s never married.

While he explains, “go through a susceptible age when they are terribly intrigued by the idea of marriage. It’s when they are young, away from home for the first time, and eager for roots. But, during my period, I wasn’t going to have a job. I broke to have a date . . . often, anyway. I’d try to get interested in something more secure than acting, but I couldn’t. The jobs that offered security bored me to death, and I couldn’t ask a girl to live as I was doing.

“By the time I was established as an actor, I’d sort of given up the idea of getting married. Oh, the idea wasn’t entirely out, but I’m not shopping for a wife. An actor finds it difficult to carry on a normal courtship, anyway. He lives like a gypsy half the time, and the public has trouble accepting him off stage as a human being. Actors and actresses . . . funny putting them into a class together . . . but they have a mutual problem. Many people can’t help thinking of them as different from other people. The world may think it’s my imagination, but it seems to me that girls even use a different tone of voice when talking with actors and producers.”

Bruce got one of his clearest receptions from a layman in the gracious old domain of Virginia. He was on tour, playing opposite a native daughter, a charming girl from the South. The production of the drama included a near-seduction scene, with Bruce cast as the seducer and the Southern belle as his intended victim. When the company played in the heroine’s hometown, they gave a party for the cast after the show.

“My leading lady,” says Bruce, “wanted to introduce me to her parents. But, believe it or not, her father declined to meet me. But later that evening, as I drove him, he turned his back on me and wouldn’t shake hands. He didn’t quite ask, ‘Sir, what are you doing to my little girl? You are no gentleman, sir!’ But that was certainly what he was thinking.”

Although Behind Closed Doors is a new entry in the television field, its star is a
TV veteran with three hundred live shows to his credit. As Bruce says, "I did 'live' television as far back as 1939, when most people didn't even know it existed. There was no teleprompter; it was me reading off a card on the second floor of Radio City, and I worked there.

"All the time I was doing live television, I dreamed of working in Hollywood on film. It would be relaxing, I thought, to act without keeping one eye on the clock. That, to me, is the hardest part of live television, timing the lines so the play was right, and not getting ahead or behind. I was getting quite restless. I'm really free, I can't help being resentful of those actors who blow off the trials of success and how they've prostituted their art making thirty-minute television episodes. It's poor taste, in my book, to knock your source of income. If you don't like what you're doing—quit.

"Sure, I'm under pressure now. Up to my ears. I'd like to flatter you, but every time I think I'll get a rest, my agent calls with a job. But who's complaining? I'm not. In this business, it's feast or famine. When you're working, you work more than you'd work as a desk job, producers won't see you. I know. It's happened to me."

Bruce bitterly remembers his "famine" following World War II.

In the late 1930's, he'd finally made an enviable start in the theater. He'd not only played live TV, but had worked in the long-running "Theater on the Air" on Broadway. "Not as the star," he emphasizes. "That was Boris Karloff. I was the policeman who said to him, 'I don't want to go to the basement with you.' You look too much like a professor."

But World War II came along, and Bruce joined the Navy.

"When I left," he remembers, "producers said to me, 'Don't you worry, boy. This will have a big effect on all on your career. We'll have a place for you as soon as you get back.' They had a place all right, the tall right outside the office door."

Bruce joined the Navy, but he didn't see the world. Out of one hundred forty men who trained with him, he was the only one who never left the States. "They gave me some tests," he explains, "and decided I should be a meteorologist. I'd never shown any flair as a weather man, but the Navy assured me the job required a high degree of intelligence and that I should feel flattered. So I took the Meteorology school as Seaman First Class."

"When the young sailor got out of the Navy, he rushed back to New York to resume his acting career, but he found only doors slammed in his face. This time, though, he wasn't going to work as a usher. He wasn't even going to work as a meteorologist. He'd be an actor or starve.

"And" he seems to starving. I mean. For eleven months, I didn't do a thing but drink coffee, smoke, and play tennis. The Navy runs on coffee, heat, and cigarettes. I collected twenty dollars a week for twenty-six weeks, and that paid the coffee bill.

Bruce was in a new point of view, a sort of indifference to success. The indifference didn't extend to acting; "Just to succeed. I was still very serious about acting. But, while I was touring with Maurice, I shook off the drive that had been nagging me. I quit working, was a little writing, getting a Broadside out of it. I went to Hollywood. I concentrated on the job at hand. I relaxed and enjoyed myself. And, from that time on, I've been working just to prove that I can do it."

Bruce thinks he's one of the luckiest men in television today, because, in his opinion, he's had experience that's hard to come by. He's worked with many of the great names on the stage... Kranes, Murray, Cornell and Maurice Evans, among others... and he's worked in practically every entertainment medium. He's even been a character, like the senior play, wasn't one of my best performances," he smiles "It didn't take the director long to shove me into the back row."

He thinks he's lucky, too, to have started acting when he did. "Now," he says, "television is becoming too close-knit for young talent to get a break. In television's early days, new, untried actors had lots of opportunity to get parts. Directors were experimenting all the time and were willing to take a chance on an unknown. Now, though, things are different. If you're inexperienced, it's a hard fight to get an audition."

Bruce is convinced he's had the acting experience necessary to success in his new role but doubts that anything else in his past will be helpful. "While I'm playing the Navy man, I make my Navy experience certainly won't help. There's a big gap between Naval Intelligence and the weather station... and an even bigger gap between Seaman First Class and Commander..."

"Come to think of it, though, I did have some experience as a spy—and playing a big part in our series. When I was eleven years old, I was deeply in love. The girl was a Spanish type, a dark-eyed beauty. She encouraged me, but I was afraid she was insincere, so I stalked her house. Every day, after school, I would think she was there, and dodged behind fences to keep an eye on what was going on. And, sure enough, I found that I'd been betrayed. She was going out with a fellow who I thought was a thief..."

"I was horribly disillusioned. No, I don't think that's the reason I haven't married. I've met more faithful women since."

Bruce, in Behind Closed Doors but can be seen in "The Buccaneer," the motion picture romance of Jean Luftie. "I think it's a great picture," he says, "it's got good scenes. and the works... something for everybody."

"We feel that Behind Closed Doors has the same sort of widespread appeal. Since it's based on live television, an entertaining story, tellers, we think it attracts the adult viewers. And, since it has lots of action, we think it interests children. It's different from anything else on television right around."

"It's a fact. Bruce may not go to the circuit or the roulette tables, but he's a gambler who doesn't worry about the odds. Acting is a highly competitive field, I've been working my ass off, but Bruce has made it. When he was in his twenties, odds were that he'd marry, but he didn't. Now, the odds are that Bruce will remain a bachelor. Anybody can do it."

Bruce laughs. "Heaven's, no! You make me sound as though I were a woman—that I'm certainly not. Things just haven't worked out for marriage, up to now. But anything can happen. Last day, I brought my bachelor friends. 'What! Not married yet? Boy, you don't know what you're missing.'

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Carnival of TV Animals

(Continued from page 58) agreed to pay for the transportation, and NBC for the people. Even so, we lost money on it. It's a satisfaction, though, to have the door open and he'll begin to venture out alone. Soon he won't feel the need of the cage at all, but we'll leave the final decision up to him.

She grows thoughtful. You know, I like NBC-TV's new one. She mistook it as the house. She was seven years old at the age of seven weeks and will be two years old in April. "At the time she was needed, greyhound puppies were almost impossible to get. Pet owners called such far-off places as Kenya, Africa, and London, England, and do you know where we finally got her? In Clay Center, Kansas! Her original cost was $250, but today she is valued at $30,000. It took the insurance companies a while to understand why she is so valuable, but my husband finally got them to see the light."

Bern D'Essen, a distinguished-looking man with a frightening name (he's named after a record), who lived to be fourteen, made some TV appearances with Lorrain and soon was in such demand that he had to start charging. The first time a producer asked me how much I wanted — it was for Joe E. Brown's Circus Hour — I said meekly, 'One hundred dollars.' He said, 'Sold!' And suddenly I was in business.

For the first three years, business was conducted in a three-room garden apartment across from their present location. Demand mushroomed rapidly, and soon Lorrain and D'Essen — 'I'm a circus animal, I didn't know what to do, so we bought this town house.' The D'Essens use the formal drawing room—complete with oil paintings — "to do going with the gold mirrors"—for entertaining new clients in the theater, television, fashion or photography.

Animal Talent Scouts claims it can supply untrained animals in twenty-four hours, if the client can afford the fee. (One man thought he needed a stuffed whale until he heard there would be a slight charge of $450 a day."

"What was the strangest request we ever had?" asks Lorrain. "It was for a mosquito. The producer of one of the D'Essen TV versions of 'Yellow Jack' needed a close-up of a mosquito biting a man. It was January and we had to fly one up from Florida. Our exquisitely detailed mosquitoes sold for $89 and I had quoted a fee of one hundred—which shows you how difficult it is to estimate costs ahead in this business."

Sometimes, for a friend, there is no fee at all. When Cyril Richard learned he was to appear on Edward R. Murrow's Person To Person, he asked the D'Essens if he might bring his donkey with whom he had worked at the Met. "We were happy to go along with the gag," Lorrain laughs, "and it was really worth it. What a swell young man that I've been helping this year at the opera—Perry D'Essen. I'd like you to meet him." The cameras cut to the bedroom and there stood the donkey. It broke my heart, and we were convulsed at the use of our last name. When animals are your business, you can expect anything.
With the exception of little Lulu Belle, whose mother was a caer, father unknown, the Bees have a lot of breeds. For snobbish reasons? Not at all!” Lorrain is quick reply. “It’s just more practical. You don’t have to describe a collection as great Dane to a client over the telephone.”

Several years ago, Animal Talent Scouts merged with Volney Phiher, who runs the twenty-seven-acre Phifer Animal Farm in Gillette, New Mexico. Now there are approximately four hundred animals out there,” Lorrain notes. “Everything from chickens to tigers. The town animals visit the farm regularly for vaccinations. Then, the owners are told of the special animal they’re attached to that will give and refuse to eat when we have to go out of town.”

There has been no trouble on this score. The animals, like mischievous children, even manage to steal a bit of food on occasion. Victoria, the kangaroo, is the one bestobtaining the lead box and spilling its contents on the floor for herself and the dogs. “Actually,” Lorrain says with a twinkle, “the dogs never cared about bread at all until Victoria made it seem like a special treat.”

The D'Essens give themselves a special treat every time one of their animals opens in a Broadway show. There is a bowl of champagne corks, each with its identifying tag, tucked up on the wall of the playroom. “The animals stand around and watch us toast one another,” Lorrain admits, proudly, “but they hardly ever get any. As far as they’re concerned, nothing beats a good substantial bowl of milk.”

It takes 192 cans of milk each month to quench their thirst. Small wonder that the food bills run around $100 a week. With the exception of the llama, kangaroo, and babies on special formulas, it's hard to figure out what they were worked on by a multiple-vitamin pill. For dinner, fresh raw meat is a "must," but tastes vary. The llama and the kangaroo eat sweet potatoes and Wimpy, the wombat, is made for raw carrots, rather than hamburgers.

Are the animals ever punished? "We're firm when it's necessary, but never in a hurry," Lorrain says. "We consider each animal as an individual. Actually, we think of them as little people. This is like any other household, except there are more of us.

The D'Essens not only love and understand the thirty-odd animals, who live with them in such harmony, but are quick to confess that, "behind the little people's eyes," they have learned much about them. "Take the Sunday last November, when we delivered two of the dogs and a pig to Penn Station to join the road company of 'L'il Abner.' The animals were off happily playing Broadway, but they didn't know they were going to be gone a whole year—and we did. We always miss them so terribly."" 

A side from the Metropolitan Opera, which uses horses, dogs, cats and donkeys as needed, Animal Talent Scouts is often represented in Broadway productions. The "trucks are supplied to television by the various companies who have the cable right to use the show. The animals are often on "-playway, "Come a Day," and Atos, the Berber Arabian horse imported from France on a one-year's visa, is in "La Plume de ma Tunique." These Animals are also frequently seen in Radio City Music Hall stage shows.

Lorraine and Bern D'Essen have long since lost count of how many animals they have bought for other shows over the years of existence, but it runs well into our figures. "There is scarcely a show—tragic or variety—emanating from New York that is not serviced by us," Lorrain states. "Even such shows as 'I've Got A Secret,' a TV show we used on a daily basis, at one time, or 'The Tonight Show,' with all the long sessions of 'Let's Make a Deal,' the animals have been a big help. The animal for the opening number in a musical, or the one who jumps on the set of a miniseries, is the same thing. It's a lot of responsibility to have so many animals to keep happy and satisfied." 

"We had twenty-eight of our animals with us on 'I've Got A Secret,' last September—the 'secret' was that they were all alive with us. It took eight people, a Volkswagen station wagon and two cars to get them to the theater. The following month, we had thirty sheep on the show. It took us a week and a half to wash their faces and tails and get them properly groomed for the show. We didn't have to do that for the last show. We had a sidewalk clearance permit so we could set up jump fences outside the stage door, to keep them from straying down Broadway and all. On the show, we didn't have to do anything worked out beautifully. The sheep did so well at the run-through, they were allowed to skip dress rehearsal!"

The same can scarcely be said for Victor, a great Dane who caused a furor when he 'ate' a gage for Garry Moore on his old daytime show. He was supposed to say, "I wonder what time it is?" and then take a watch out of his breast pocket, and throw it at Victoria's face. He shot the gun and took it out himself.

A typical day at Animal Talent Scouts is difficult to describe because they have "such an elastic schedule." Margaret, the maid, feeds twenty-five pigeons in the yard, and feeds any babies that are on formulas, a chore she delegated to herself. "My hours are anything but regular," Lorrain admits, "but they have included the writing of a book called 'Kangaroos in the Kitchen.' Sometimes we're up until 4 A.M., because of some special project, and then Nobody, even including the animals, gets up before 9:30. On the other hand, we're often up at five o'clock to go on location. We refuse to say we're in show business, but we really are."

"We're the only ones who require ingenuity. When the Steve Allen Show first went to color, Steve wanted to substitute, temporarily, a big ugly hen for the dainty peacock which is its color trouble. We didn't have a Big Bertha, who rules the farm with an iron hand," Lorrain recalls, laughing. "Steve wanted her flapping her wings in the close-up, so we fastened a gray cloth or forceful dress to the chicken, put her on a table and I pulled gently on the strings. Just enough to throw her off-balance. Naturally, she flapped her wings to steady herself and we got the desired effect."

"Steve was very pleased. He's a charming person. He and Steverino are the best of friends. He often sends us presents, like a box of orchids to London, or juicy steak. But, actually, llamas are the only animal Steve will kiss. He's particularly fond of Llinda Llee. She did a sketch with him last August, a satire on the Gilbert & Sullivan show, 'The Pirates.'"

Linda, who commands $150 an hour and is insured for $150,000, is a happy combination of a dignified yet affectionate llama who enjoys life to the fullest. And why not? She travels to assignments in a town car with two attendants. Putting on the llama? Not at all. Linda doesn't fit into the average car, says Lorrain. "Linda is short, very expressive, and she has two people to handle and protect her. You can't just give her animal thirty cents and say, 'Here, honey, report to this production.'"

"Judging from the ingenious way Animal Talent Scouts trains its "little people," that day may be just around the feedbox. So those who ride the subway, feel they have only a large white llama with a letter of introduction to a TV producer in one hand, and a transportation token in the other!"
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BUY YOUR JUNE ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE MAY 5
Re-runs and Also-runs

Dear Editors:
I am getting tired of seeing repeats of everything I have seen on TV. We enjoyed Topper, My Little Margie, and I Love Lucy when they originally played, but think the TV producers should give us a rest before showing them again. Many movies, too, are re-run time and again while others have yet to be shown once. Can't something be done about this?

J. L., Astoria, New York

Editors’ Note: It’s true that many programs are being re-run for a second and third time. However, many viewers who, for various reasons, missed the first showings, welcome their return. How do the rest of our readers feel about this situation?

Nanette’s Niece

Would you please print some information about Shelley Fabares, who is doing such a terrific job on The Donna Reed Show?

J. K., Berkeley, California

Fourteen-year-old Shelley Fabares (pronounced Fab-a-ray) is the perfect example of a typical American teenager, with two exceptions. She is a very talented young actress, and the niece of TV star Nanette Fabray. Otherwise, she epitomizes the lively and irrepressible poutail set, for she loves rock ‘n’ roll, swimming, and “baking chocolate cakes.”... Brown-eyed, brown-haired Shelley (whose real name is Michele) actually became an actress because her mother thought dramatic studies would be an ideal way to develop poise. Soon after starting dancing lessons at the age of four, the youngster added assurance to a notable talent and began appearing in numerous TV shows and theatrical events. After an appearance on a Frank Sinatra show in 1953, the young dancer moved easily into dramatic roles on such programs as The Loretta Young Show, Playhouse 90, and Matinee Theater. The petite young star lives with her parents and an older sister in Hollywood, where she attends Immaculate Heart High School. After graduation, she plans to study theater arts at U.C.L.A. or the University of Utah. For the time being, though, Shelley’s pleased as punch with her role as Mary on ABC-TV’s Donna Reed Show.

Calling All Fans

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

Dick Sargent Fan Club, May Honehill, 1986 Fifteenth Street, San Francisco 14, Calif.

Perry Como Fan Club, Barbara Perrier, 6 Albert Place, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Liberace Unlimited, Mrs. Virginia Maloney, 87-93 144th Street, Jamaica 35, New York.

Edward Byrnes Fan Club, Elaine Wiggins, Route #3, Sandersville, Georgia.

Bachelor Husband

I would like to see a write-up on the two people who play the young couple on December Bride. Are they married in real life?

M. A. V., Hobokus, New Jersey

The closest Dean Miller has ever come to matrimony is in his role as Matt Henshaw, the young husband on CBS-TV’s December Bride. Off-screen, the thirty-three-year-old actor is still a bachelor. Anything but the typical “Hollywood type,” however, Dean lives in a modest apartment, cooks his own meals, and is very rarely seen around the town’s glamorous spots. Dean has the distinction of being the only actor ever to have been “auditioned” in the club car of a transcontinental train. It seems he was traveling west for a vacation when he got into a conversation with three strangers. The men turned out to be top executives of M-G-M, who later arranged a screen test for their fellow passenger. As a result of that test, Miller was signed to a long-term contract. Back before that eventful train ride, Dean had been enrolled in the pre-medical curriculum at Ohio State when World War II intervened. After two years’ service, the young veteran returned to college, but switched from “doctoring” to radio-and-advertising. One day, while working at WCPN in Cincinnati, Dean was asked to fill in for one of the announcers who had become ill. He was so successful that he was given two TV programs of his own. It was while on vacation from these duties that he launched the casual club-car conversation that was to change his career.

Like her co-star, Frances Rafferty also majored in pre-med at college, but unlike him, she is married—to writer Tom Baker. As the mother of Kevin, almost nine, and Bridget, six, Frances had all but retired from show business when she was lured back for the role of Ruth Henshaw in the situation-comedy series. Oddly enough, the vivacious star had never intended to be an actress at all, but a dancer. Born in Sioux City, Iowa, Frances moved with her family to Beverly Hills where, at the age of ten, she won a scholarship to the Edith Jane School of Dancing, and studied there for seven years. She gave up college, after two years, to dance in the Hollywood Bowl Ballet Company, and two seasons later found her employed by 20th Century-Fox to understudy and double for Vera Zorina. In 1941, she became prima ballerina for the spring season at the Los Angeles Civic Opera Ballet, and later rejoined the Hollywood Bowl group. During rehearsals for “The Firebird,” she fell and broke her kneecap, thus ending her promising ballet career. Determined not to brood over her misfortune, Frances took the advice of her closest friend, actress Alexis Smith, and enrolled in a drama course under the late Madame Maria Ouspenskaya. She was later given a screen test at M-G-M which resulted in a four-year contract, during which time she appeared in thirty-four productions. After that came marriage, motherhood, temporary retirement and, finally, her return to acting via TV.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We’ll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
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25. LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS: Forty top standards and show tunes in a dancy supper-club style.


30. MARY MARTIN SINGS—RICHARD ROGERS PLAYS: Rodgers' songs with Hammerstein and Hart lyrics.


34. I BELIEVE: Inspirational songs all older: Schubert's Ave Maria. The Lord's Prayer. Bless This House. Kid Nievel.


37. TENNESSEE WALTZ: Cold. Cold Heart: I Love You So Much It Hurts. You Can't Be True, Dear, etc.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB, P. O. BOX 80, VILLAGE STATION, NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me the five albums I have circled below, for which I will pay $3.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club, for which each of which I will be billed at the manufacturer's nationally advertised price: usually $3.98, at times $4.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership anytime after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free.

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A. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada, shipped duty free from Ontario.

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P188-5
WHAT'S NEW
FROM
COAST TO COAST

As jazz goes, so go Ella and Swing-King Benny.

Blast off: ABC-TV will shatter TV biz shortly with announcement that they have acquired for a fall series one of the biggest Hollywood box-draws in history. Name temporarily withheld while negotiations are resolved. . . Lucy seriously looking for dramatic role in Broadway play. Very, very seriously. . . Exclusive: This month Donald Duck observes his twenty-fifth birthday but he's practically a youngster. Mickey Mouse is already 32, Rinty, gadzooks, is 41. . . Rumor that Steve Allen is getting the sack has been flattened by an official statement from NBC renewing his contract through the fall. . . Tammy Lea Marighugh, new regular on the Bob Cummings Show, was voted "Kid with the most winning smile in America." A network producer saw her picture in the L. A. papers, and gave her a bit part, this led to the Howdy Doody "smile" contest, and the running part with "bachelor" Bob. Six and unspoiled, Tammy is popular—in severest test of all—among her little first-grade friends at school. . . Retail cost of TV receivers will continue to rise. . . Tony Ray's absence from Search For Tomorrow was due to a four-week leave to make feature film, "The Young and the Beat," on location in Canada. . . Trade tricks: Gals on TV improve the appearance of their legs by wearing colored stockings. Darker tints give the illusion of slimness, light hues add shape to stems. . . Ernie Kovacs and Edie Adams expect blessed event in May. This is Edie's first. Ernie has two children by previous marriage. . . Bobby Darin's success had a very personal significance to him in that he could for the first time give his mother the comforts she could never afford. He had recently moved her from a downbeat N.Y.C. tenement into a new house in New Jersey when she suddenly passed away. Among those who came to the funeral to comfort Bobby were Jo Ann Campbell, Connie Francis and Dick Clark.

Don't Miss: Mark these dates on your calendar—Sunday, April 5, NBC-TV, Dore Schary presents "Blueprint for Biography," the story behind the Broadway stage hit, "Sunrise at Campobello." Reported cost of
Dance was “man’s game” on last widely-acclaimed Gene Kelly spec. Here, he auditions “les gals” for new musical, this month.

“St. Louis” will be tuneful, with Tab and Jane Powell (above), and host of other star-biggies.

For “Sunrise”—big $$, a great man’s early career, Ralph Bellamy.

The show is $150,000, which makes it the most expensive program ever to be seen on a Sunday afternoon. Besides scenes from the play, members of the Roosevelt family will be on hand. That same evening, at ABC-TV, there will be a delightful hour, “Art Carney and The Sorcerer’s Apprentice,” with a spectacular cast of 64 Bill Baird puppets in support. Carney, for the first time on TV, gets a chance to perform as a magician, a hobby he’s practiced solely before his kids. Might recall that the production last year of Carney and the Baird puppets in “Peter and The Wolf” won the Sylvania Award. ... April 6, NBC-TV, is Oscar Awards night. Some forty stars have been lined up, including such glamour kittens as Kim, Jayne and Natalie. ... Gene Kelly due for hour-long musical special, CBS-TV, April 24. The famed dancer and stage director will be spotlighted in a score of his inimitable song-and-dance styles. ... Bell Telephone Hour, NBC-TV, April 9, stars Rosemary Clooney, Jose Ferrer, Giselle MacKenzie, Jose Iturbi and others. ... The big date is April 26, when CBS-TV unfolds live from N.Y.C. a two-hour musical extravaganza, “Meet Me in St. Louis.” It is adapted from M-G-M’s great movie of the same name, and stars Tab Hunter, Jane Powell, Walter Pidgeon, Jeanne Crain, Ed Wynn and special guest star Myrna Loy. Ten-year-old Patty Duke, TV star in her own right, plays Tootie Smith, the part originally created by Margaret O’Brien. ... Ex-
I dreamed
I was bookends...

Look for TWICE-OVER* with stitched broadcloth cups—in this dreamy package!

WHAT’S NEW FROM

tra-special event is Hallmark’s presentation on April 8, NBC-TV, of the first lengthy TV adaptation of Eugene O’Neill’s great drama, “Ah, Wilderness!”

Gazachstahagen: Julia Meade pays income taxes on $150,000 for last year. "The trouble with so many TV music shows," a Broadway star told us, "is that the performers are recording stars who have little experience with dancing and comedy routines." . . . Bill Lipton, of radio’s Young Dr. Malone, is proving his great versatility by playing no less than six different parts per script in ABC’s Disaster series. . . . In Bloomfield, N. Y., the Brookside Baptist Church decided to use its building funds for missionary work and installed in the basement a closed-circuit television for the overflow of its congregation. . . . John Payne took a name and then gave its owner away. When he went into The Restless Gun, he chose the name of Bonner, borrowing from his secretary Ann Bonner. When Ann married, John participated in the ceremony. "In the absence of her father, I gave away the bride, but I’m hanging onto the name." . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor appears April 5 on You Asked For It, riding a polo pony, fencing and playing table tennis, but she will not be seen on This Is Your Life in the immediate future. Here’s the story: Ralph Edwards was about to descend on her when she found out and swished over to the beauty salon bubbling the good news. Ralph was tipped that the secret had leaked and ZZ was canceled. I know—it’s tough all over.

Turn Out the Lights: On that next house date with your gal, we suggest dim lights and Coral’s “Themes From Horror Movies.” Dick Jacobs and his orchestra present blood-curdling music from Dracula, Frankenstein, Tarantula, etc. Also, recorded at 15 screams per second is Victor’s “Monster Rally.” The orchestra is conducted by Frank N. Stein, a pseudonym maybe. Vocals are supplied by Hans Conried and Alice Pearce for such romantic ballads as “The Dracula Trot,” “What Do You Hear From the Red Planet Mars,” and “I’m in Love With the Creature From the Black Lagoon.” . . . While in a mood for murder we quote from a letter from Irving Taylor of 4734 Allot Ave., Sherman Oaks, Calif. Irv writes, “Warner Bros. is releasing my newest album, The Garbage Collector in Beverly Hills and Other Work Songs for the Odd-job Holder.” If this doesn’t kill you, nothing will . . . Maybe you or your readers could listen to this LP and then write a letter and explain to me what I have recorded.”

Words with the King: B.G., crowned King of Swing by the masses, christened Benjamin Goodman, presents a second edition of “Swing Into Spring.”
COAST TO COAST

CBS-TV, April 10. “I think we’ve got a pretty good line-up,” he says. “Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Lionel Hampton, Shelly Manne, Andre Previn and the Hi-Lo’s.” Talking softly, modestly, unemotionally, he responds, “You ask where jazz will move from progressive treatment? Well, I don’t think music can change. All it has to be is good—whether it is symphonic, popular or jazz. Most ‘progressive’ is a lot of talk rather than performance. After all, critics must have something to write about. It’s their job and I don’t blame them. But all I ask of a piece of music is that I like the sound, not the label.” He has one gripe: “It seems unbelievable that someone can’t come out with a new song the way it was done fifteen years ago and then have it catch on, but performers won’t take any chances. Even Perry Como sticks to standards.”

Generally, Benny thinks well of TV background music. “You can hear really interesting music on dramatic shows. I’ve heard Stravinsky’s solo clarinet piece and I’ve heard a piece I did with Copland. They use almost anything now—even Hindemith, and that’s all to the good.” Questioned about the viewer’s limitations with a three- or five-inch speaker in his receiver which hardly does justice to the audio standards set up in the studio, he said, “You might do what I have done. I have good hi-fi equipment, so I have wired my TV sound into my hi-fi set-up. It’s a simple operation.” The future? He said, “It’s the way I feel when someone asks me where jazz is going, I hope it doesn’t go anywhere. Just sticks around, and that’s all I have in mind for myself.”

Itty-Bitties: Andy Williams turned down offers to star as a summer replacement because he wants a firm fall commitment. He accepted the job of replacing Garry Moore when CBS guaranteed him a fall show of his own. . . . Something new in party-foods promotion: French’s Mustard offers at low cost a new Victor album by the Ames Brothers as special bonus to purchasers of their product. . . . Fabian and Frankie Avalon are practically inseparable. Dick Clark predicts a great future for handsome, sixteen-year-old Fabian, while Frankie is debuting his own ABC Radio show early this month. Hearsay has it he’s been approached for a big-show replacement spot for the summer. . . . Portable, transistorized TV receivers are several years away. So expensive are the parts at present that they would have to retail at approximately $900 a set. . . . Guy Lombardo doesn’t appear to be a woman-hater, but not once in his long career has he booked a femme vocalist. . . . Jack Paar’s Genevieve flies into the big-time. She has been signed by George Abbott to star in a Broadway musical this coming fall. . . . May 3 finds G.E. Theater’s “Nora,” an ex-

* in my maidenform* bra!

And what’s supporting me? TWICE-OVER*—world’s most exciting elastic bra—with doubled elastic all the way around the back. Feels, fits, looks like no other bra. Marvelous Maidenform TWICE-OVER*—now in two exciting editions! A, B, C cups 3.95—D cup 4.95

Now! A brand new TWICE-OVER* with embroidered nylon cups!

(Continued on page 12)


New platters for your spring turntable, by the muse with a beat . . . and a heartbeat

Dig Me Deep: The fantastic success of jazz soundtracks on TV shows resulted in Perry Mason and Richard Diamond hiring some cats to make with the cool beat. In the meantime, Victor's album "Music from Peter Gunn" turned into a runaway best-seller. Don't be surprised if Wagon Train hits your screen with a boogie beat. After all, it is a period piece and you can't get those wheels creaking to progressive jazz. . . . Further indication of TV's influence is shown in the steady sale of the album soundtrack for Victory At Sea. Volume I has sold over a half-million copies and promises to set an all-time record for Victor's Red Seal series. The background music was composed by Richard Rodgers and now Victor has released a second album, Vol. II of the soundtrack with completely new material but the same thrills. Until someone comes out with "Mood Music for the Bathtub," this one will do just great.

Mass Gassers: Bobby Darin proves his versatility in an Aro album, "Bobby Darin—That's All," in which he demonstrates that he's headed in the direction of Sinatra. There's nothing to remind you of "Splish Splash," but there are great ballads, heartbreakers and the swinging type. In recording session, Bobby actually had the musicians on their feet applauding. . . . A new and beautiful side to Belafonte is captured in the latest Victor album "Love Is a Gentle Thing." This is the stuff dreams are made of with such lyrics as "Fifteen," "Bella Rosa," "Green Grow the Lilacs," etc. . . . A gal here for keeps is Connie Francis. In the past year she took first place in every major poll supplanting the Patti Pages and Doris Days. MGM's spring release, "Exciting Connie" is a great treat for the ears. You can get optical proof of her tremendous warmth on the new Jimmie Rodgers TV show where she co-stars, and if this isn't enough ask Dave Somerville, handsome third of The Diamonds. Connie's got Dave forgetting all about Molly Bee. . . . Maybe (and who says no!) the best jazzy vocal group in the world are the Hi-Lo's. Their Columbia release "And All That Jazz" is tasteful and imaginative as they dig into a dozen evergreens with the aid of the West Coast's top sidemen. . . . Three all-time greats—Ella, Louis and Frankie—are represented by new LP platters. The slender senda returns to the beat with Capitol's "Come Dance With Me." Billy May's band swings open the door . . . Decca, with a vault full of Ella Fitzgerald's history-making songs, jazz and popular, reissues a dozen of the best in a new package titled "For Sentimental Reasons." . . . Mr. Louis Armstrong needs no reference. Now comes a new Decca production titled "Satchmo in Style." In this case he is backed with the lush music of Gordon Jenkins but Louis could record with Lombardo and it would still come out jazz . . .

Hip Horns: There are many Jones boys but only one Jonah. Viewers caught him twice on the Fred Astaire show. He is the deejays' instrumental favorite. The new Capitol album, "Jonah Jumps Again," is perky, melodic tootin recommended for listening or dancing. . . . The purist will draw satisfaction from Victor's "The King of New Orleans Jazz," which contains sixteen numbers recorded by Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers in 1926 and 1927. . . . A most inspiring trombone is that of Kai Winding who moves from swing to cool in the Columbia package "The Swingin' States." With four trombones and three rhythm, Kai gives "Idaho" the bongo treatment, swings huskily through the "Jersey Bounce," and winds up cool in "At Last Alaska." There are nine other geographical stop-overs . . .

The End, Verily: Among the gifted new singing stars you top the list with the names of Johnny Mathis and Earl Grant. In Columbia's "Open Fire, Two Guitars," Johnny returns to his fluid, romantic style with the backing of merely two guitars and a bass—swinging gently or singing lovingly . . . California's great Grant makes his particular magic with a dozen love songs. Decca appropriately titles Earl's new album, "The End."
NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

puts Spring in your curls

puts Springtime in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it conditions as it cleanses... so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!
...Never knows what any smart modern could tell her—that Tampax is the better way, the nicer way of taking care of those days!

How different it is when you use Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Nothing can show...You can't even feel it once it's in place. You're free to dance, ride, bowl, bathe, swim—as though there were no differences in days of the month!

No other protection is so dainty to use, change, dispose of! There's never any chafing, binding, bulging. Never an odor problem. Never a carrying problem. Extras tuck away unobtrusively in your purse!

Don't stay in doubt about Tampax. Try it! This month! Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

As Ibsen's "Nora," Vera Miles "walks out of" her doll's house.

Back from USSR, Mike Wallace, wife, son Anthony at Harwyn Club.

The Ferrers, Rosie and "Joe," join up with another Jose, late April.

WHAT'S NEW FROM
It's a "giveaway," as John Payne stands in for Ann's dad at her wedding.

Who's the copycat on Cumming's show—this Tammy girl, or Ann Davis?

At work nights on Disaster "crew" is Young Dr. Malone's Bill Lipton.

Your fragrant veil of freshness...

Cashmere Bouquet Talc... scents and silkens every inch of you ...more lastingly... more lovingly than costly cologne

No cologne protects and prolongs daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Tale. Can't evaporate. Won't dry your skin. Will leave you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet, made of pure imported Tale, be your lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet... The Fragrance Men Love
The dawn comes, say Cordic and Company of KDKA, not with a bang... but the thud of a jolly brick-throw.

Champ Buffy B. gives brick the old heave-ho.

Disorganization Men, Arise

With all Pittsburgh yawning before them, Cordic and Company stand firm on the airwaves of KDKA. One live and two on tape, the three young execs arise as one to clobber the dragon of sleep at 6 A.M. Justly famous for the advancement of a new "sport" called brick-throw, they are altogether dependable as waker-uppers. In charge of falling objects and ready to go to bat for a lost brick or two is Rege Cordic, one of the truly inventive chaps in independent radio today. While Rege succeeds superbly in giving the impression of a full house of zanies, fact is he's assisted by the honorable electronic presence of "company men" Karl Hardman and Bob Trow. Each day following Rege's solo, the three get together and brainstorm the next day's program, on which Hardman may be heard as Roquefort Q. LaFarge, the big-time announcer whose every effort at dignity is met with frustration; or as the winning, whinnying "Mr. Cordiccompany." Trow will typically turn up as Carman Monoxide, who ran for president in '56, and got out quite a vote—for the other candidates. Rege's favorite is to record his own voice at 33 rpm, and play it back at 45, which technical feat releases Omicron, the minute-man from the Venus bureaucracy, and frequent visitor even before Earth started sending objects into space. Uniting efforts, the three concocted a gag commercial for Olde Frothingslosh Pale Stale Ale, leading unexpectedly to the actual marketing of such a brand. Their group portfolio also includes a top "promotion" job. If you're sick, sick, sick, say they, of those insolent chariots scaring you off the road, assert yourself, man, stand up and drive the new Crudleigh V-19, "thin enough to toe any line down..."
the center of the highway." ... All in their early thirties, Hardman and Trow joined forces in '53, and the following year found Cordic over at KDKA. Rege had spent two years in the Navy during World War II, then returned to Pittsburgh radio, married and became the father of two beautiful little girls. ... His hobby is model-railroading, but R.C.'s big thrill is Pittsburgh's great response to each new brainchild he creates. Last winter, a capacity crowd turned out for the big "Miss Brick Throw" finals and ever since it's been a tremendously popular "sport" at picnics and back-yard gatherings. As "Buffy Budekovitch," Bob Trow is the recognized Stan Musial of brick-throw, and the sport even has its own official publication—actually edited and distributed by Cordic and Company, with a title masterfully to the point: "Thud; the Magazine of Brick Throw."
Have a breath of Paris about you—every day!

EVENING IN PARIS
DEODORANT
ROLL-R OR STICK

A once-in-a-lifetime special! Whichever way you enjoy your deodorant; luscious roll-on lotion to roll your perspiration worries away; or convenient, fabulous stick that applies dry to keep you dry—

you'll prefer Evening in Paris, the only deodorant in the world that protects as it glamourizes with the lingering, exciting fragrance of Evening in Paris. Created in Paris, made by Bourjois in USA

2 FOR $1 SPECIAL
REGULAR $1.50 VALUE
A message of interest to readers, viewers, listeners—and voters in our twelfth national poll

For a dozen years now, TV Radio Mirror has offered to its readers the opportunity to register their opinions of network programming by voting for their favorite stars and programs in an annual poll. Tabulation of these votes forms the basis for the Annual Awards given by TV Radio Mirror—thus making these awards the only such awards grounded in the actual effectiveness of the entertainment the American public gets from its home radios and TV sets. We regard these awards with pride, and take the greatest pleasure in detailing in the following pages the programs and the people who were best loved during the 1958-59 season.

In America today, radio remains a potent force, with 4,000 licensed stations in operation. In 1933, when this magazine originated as Radio Mirror, there were not more than 1,000 stations in operation. In April, 1948, television was added to the magazine's coverage and its title changed accordingly. Set ownership numbered not much more than 10,000—in contrast to the whopping fifty million sets now in operation.

There is no question that present radio and TV programming is the target for much highly vocal criticism. Mistakes have been made, which is natural in a medium which has taken hold so rapidly. But every effort is being made to correct the things that are wrong and to give you better programs on both TV and radio. And one uncontestable fact remains: Never in any age were so many people the beneficiaries of so much immediate communication—of news, of knowledge, of entertainment. And within a very near future, this mass communication will—by the miracle of electronics—spread even more widely outside the United States into all the countries of the globe.

Behind each successful program stand the performers, the directors, the technicians, the network officials, the sponsors who make up this highly volatile field. To all of them, our thanks for continuing cooperation. To the readers of TV Radio Mirror, continued appreciation for their interest. And to the TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, continued success for the coming year.

J. S. Hamburger
PUBLISHER, TV RADIO MIRROR
FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SHOW • THE BEST HALF-HOUR PROGRAM ON RADIO

Shows, books, hula hoops—everything Art Linkletter touches turns to gold . . . golden laughter for listeners, viewers, readers . . . Gold Medals for Link and his programs, which have won awards in this nationwide poll for many years. This time, Link's daily House Party on CBS-TV and CBS Radio garners top honors for both sight and sound. The happy variety program . . . first aired in January '45 . . . is the result of a happy partnership between Link and producer John Guedel—one which has also launched other airwaves funfests . . . The secret of Art's success is simple but not easy: Humor, hard work—and good will. Emceeing, putting contestants through their paces, interviewing studio audiences (as above), the kid from Moose Jaw . . . who later worked his way through San Diego State College, got into radio almost by accident—and raised a fine family very much on purpose . . . gives each job everything he's got, including his heart. And the heart is pure gold.
FAVORITE MALE SINGER ON TV

The star of The Perry Como Show needs no introduction to viewers of NBC . . . buyers of hit records . . . letter-writers requesting songs . . . or readers who just voted Per another Gold Medal. Thanks to a God-given voice, unmatched charm and an unbeatable show . . . he's "Mr. Saturday Night" in person.

FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

American League fans know him as "The Voice of the Yankees." Audiences from Coast to Coast recognize his authority, covering such special events as baseball's World Series and some of the most exciting football games on NBC-TV. Whatever the locale, whatever the sport, Mel Allen does the kind of job which wins him a ninth award.

FAVORITE TV TEAM

Darlings of the college crowd, in Ozzie Nelson band days . . . radio's top twosome in '47, when this poll opened . . . TV winners, the past five years in a row . . . popular as ever, Wednesday nights on ABC-TV's Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, they have two sons now of college age—who are show-biz idols of their own generation.

FAVORITE RADIO TEAM

Can't blame listeners who think The Couple Next Door are really husband and wife. Alan Bunce and Peg Lynch are wed . . . but not to each other. The lifelike quality of CBS Radio's daytime comedy serial stems from superb acting, personality—and the oh-so-true scripts written by Peg herself.

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY-VARIETY PROGRAM

It all began in 1928 . . . but broadcasting's longest-loved personalities are still charming week-night audiences via Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall on CBS Radio. The format may change, the cast enlarge to include guest stars . . . but Charles Correll (right) is still Andy, Freeman Gosden (left) is both Amos and "Kingfish" . . . and all's well with the Mystic Knights of the Sea.
FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

What more can we say about Bill Stern! He’s captured your votes since 1947, when he won our very first poll...is still in there pitching “the inside stuff” each weekday morning and evening—and also Sundays—via Mutual!

THE BEST HOUR-OR-MORE PROGRAM ON RADIO

Monitor, NBC’s “weekend radio service,” owes much to executives alert to the public’s interests. Above are Marx Loeb (at left), Bud Drake, Buck Prince, Al Capstaff, Paul Jonas; seated—Priscilla Blackstone and Sue Salter.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Conductor, oboist, Columbia Records VIP...the bearded star of CBS Radio’s Mitch Miller Show wins a third Gold Medal for more than his musical knowledge. Jazz pianist Dave Brubeck is his Sunday-evening guest here...but devoted listeners know that Mitch’s friends—and guests—and program—cover almost every field of human interest.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SHOW

Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, is long-time king of the weekday mornings. Don started it all in 1933...and the personalities at left have each been with him more than twenty years. That’s Fran “Aunt Fanny” Allison perched between Don and producer Cliff Petersen...in front are maestro Eddie Ballantine and comedian Sam Cowling.
Guest stars may add to the hilarity, pretty girls may enliven the scenery... but, to a large segment of the population, there’s one overpowering reason for tuning in The Red Skelton Show on CBS-TV each Tuesday night: Mr. Skelton himself... even—or particularly—when he’s almost completely camouflaged in clown make-up and disreputable tramp costume, as caught by the camera here. Seen or unseen, the fireball from Vincennes, Indiana, proved his personality appeal by mike alone when he figured in this magazine’s first radio awards twelve years ago. Time has never caught up with him since... only the ever-growing television audience. This season, Red adds another Gold Medal to his TV collection, and so does his program. Maybe it all just proves that great comedy is never an accident. Red was born a clown—his father was with the circus... Red practiced to perfect his comic gifts—from showboats to night clubs... and wherever he’s been—he’s wowed ‘em.
THE BEST NEW PROGRAM ON TV
FAVORITE ACTOR ON EVENING TV

Cimarron City—full-hour drama added to the NBC-TV Saturday-night schedule just last fall—brings a new dimension to the Old West. Here’s history told from the standpoint of the settlers, building and defending their town in Oklahoma Territory despite the trigger-quick tempers of all those still passing through to seek fortunes or freedom beyond reach of the law. . . . Hero Matt Rockford is portrayed by a true Westerner indeed—George Montgomery, who was born on a ranch in Montana and has starred in many an action-drama out Hollywood way. But, as everyone must know by now, George is much more than an outdoor man. Superb rider and athlete, he is also an artist whose work wins prizes . . . a furniture designer whose products really sell . . . husband of radiant songbird Dinah Shore from Nashville, Tennessee . . . and proud parent of young Melissa and John David.

FAVORITE RADIO NEWS PROGRAM AND RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

Headlines are the lifeline of Edward R. Murrow, who has been broadcasting the news—and sometimes making it—over CBS Radio ever since the tense days of Austrian Anschluss in 1938. Few stay-at-homes will ever forget his great London broadcasts during the World War II “blitz” . . . and his week-night Edward R. Murrow With The News is still “must” listening in homes—and cars—all across the land.

FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS

It’s the second Gold Medal in a row for Julie Stevens as star of The Romance Of Helen Trent, one of CBS Radio’s oldest, best-loved daytime dramas. . . . Married and a mother, she admits she gets a vicarious thrill out of enacting the varied adventures of a successful “career woman” still seeking a happy marriage. . . . Julie, who started out in St. Louis, now lives not far from New York City with her husband and two little girls.
FAVORITE CLASSICAL OR RELIGIOUS MUSIC PROGRAM

Oldest program on CBS Radio, The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir And Organ Program can trace its ancestry far beyond its air debut in 1929 . . . the choir itself was started by Utah's "Mormon" pioneers in 1847! A top conductor leads the chorus of some 375 voices . . . master musicians play the enormous pipe-organ . . . result: a sound that sweeps both classical and religious program categories.

FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTOR

It's a Sandy Becker habit, winning awards as Young Dr. Malone . . . in the daily serial which has glorified the general practitioner for almost 20 years on CBS Radio. Youthful Sandy hasn't practiced medicine quite that long in the little town of "Three Oaks" . . . but this is his fifth Gold Medal for the way he does the job.

FAVORITE POPULAR MUSIC PROGRAM

Now part of NBC's Monitor on Saturday nights, Grand Ole Opry has been "the oldest continuously-sponsored series in network radio" for quite a spell . . . and listeners are happy to note its hillbilly humor and twangy rhythms have hardly changed a bit, since it began as WSM Barn Dance in '25. Still coming "live" from Nashville, Tennessee, it continues to feature such top country-music stars as Faron Young (seen at mike, left).
FAVORITE FEMALE SINGER ON RADIO

The "Champagne Music Makers" are heard on ABC Radio, as well as on TV—notably on The Lawrence Welk Army Show and the recent stereophonic accompaniment of his Wednesday-night hour. Here, Alice Lon (pictured with tenor Joe Feeney) proves that her voice and charm can captivate a nationwide audience—even when they can't see her lovely face or her lively petticoated polkas!

THE BEST HOUR-OR-MORE PROGRAM ON TV

Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Music" may bubble its way to listeners' feet as well as to their heads, but it has become much more a part of America's basic diet than the sparkling beverage for which it's named. . . . In fact, his Dodge Dancing Party has been a Saturday-night "must" for music-hungry millions ever since it went network on ABC-TV as a "summer replacement" (!) in July, 1955. It won a Gold Medal that very first season, and both Welk and his outstanding aggregation have kept on collecting 'em right up to date. . . . The maestro who taught himself to play on his father's accordion—back in his hometown of Strasburg, North Dakota—can take credit for much that's happened to popular music in recent years: The revival of interest in dancing as something anyone can do—informally at home, as well as around the nearest juke-box . . . the introduction, on both his big, hour-long shows, of new, fresh talent—whether trained instrumentalists or naturally harmonic voices like those of the four youthful Lennon Sisters (seen at right in this group picture) . . . and, above all, a sturdy Alsatian integrity which insists on the maintenance of the kind of standards—both professional and personal—which are the mainstay of achievement in any art.
FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

Again, it's the sprightly star of The Gale Storm Show . . . seen Saturday nights on CBS-TV for the past three seasons, and a winner every year. Gale's an irresistible one-woman tornado . . . whether singing, dancing or using her comic talents as alleged "social director" to make life aboard the mythical S.S. Ocean Queen more exciting for guest "passengers" (such as Boris Karloff) . . . with the hectic help of her beauty-parlor pal Nugey (played by ZaSu Pitts).

FAVORITE ACTRESS ON EVENING TV

Awards are no novelty in the life of Loretta Young, who has been in motion pictures from childhood days and was only fourteen when she played her first "adult" leading role in films—opposite no less a personage than the almost legendary Lon Chaney senior. But we have it on good authority that she has a typically "personal" reason for treasuring the six successive Gold Medals our readers have voted her . . . because she considers them a tribute to the many experts—on screen and off—who make possible the continued excellence of The Loretta Young Show. Hostess and frequent dramatic star of this Sunday-night series on NBC-TV, Loretta is a great believer in teamwork . . . the kind of concerted effort—and faith—which can move mountains . . . Faith has been the keynote of her life ever since she was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, and later studied in California convent schools. It's the brightest light in the career of this truly authentic star. Her versatility ranges over a variety of TV roles . . . as spoiled beauty, humble Japanese wife, ugly-duckling spinster . . . but one unifying force always shines through: Loretta Young's belief that the wisdom of the ages . . . often voiced by her at the conclusion of each week's play . . . can help solve even the smallest or most "modern" problem in our daily lives.

FAVORITE RADIO SERIAL DRAMA PROGRAM

Pepper Young's Family has been next-door neighbor to countless American homes from the day it moved into the airwaves, back in 1936. Heard weekdays on NBC Radio, it boasts cast members who have literally grown up with its day-by-day adventures of life in a small town. Pictured here, during a rehearsal: Standing—Chick Vincent, the producer-director; Mason Adams, Pepper Young himself; Murray Matheson, heard in the role of Eric Matthews. Seated—Margaret Draper, who is Pepper's wife Linda; and Marie de Wolfe, who plays Sadie Barker Matthews.
FAVORITE TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Garry Moore (above right) was cited in our 1948 poll as "proof that radio develops young talent." Since then, he's showcased a lot of outstanding talent besides his own, before the all-seeing TV eye—most recently, in the popular new hour-long *Garry Moore Show*, Tuesday nights on CBS... for which he now gathers in his latest Gold Medal.

FAVORITE HOUR-OR-MORE TV DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Westward the course of television drama takes its way... and no stage settings could ever match the vast plains and mountains which *Wagon Train* traverses Wednesday evenings on NBC-TV. Pioneer history of America just after the Civil War... the long, heroic journey from "Saint Joe" to the Golden Gate... offers many a varied and exciting hour for guest stars, regulars—and the viewers.

FAVORITE TV PANEL SHOW

What's behind the gleam in the eyes of the straight-faced stranger, on stage for *I've Got A Secret*? Why are the cute youngsters suppressing a giggle, on another Wednesday-night session of that same CBS-TV show? Who can guess? The bright panel members, that's who... if anyone can. But sometimes the surprise is very much on themselves, when a "secret" literally whisks one of them across the ocean... or, as on one memorable occasion, winds up with lively Henry Morgan playing a corpse on Broadway in the comedy-mystery play starring co-panelist Jayne Meadows... Such showmanship helps keep this Goodson-Todman production at the top, with five Gold Medals in a row. But the real secret of panel popularity lies in the wit and charm of its guess-stars... as pictured below with host Garry Moore: Jayne Meadows and Betsy Palmer to the fore, Bill Cullen at the left, Henry Morgan at the right.
FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA PROGRAM

As The World Turns takes a very up-to-date look at modern family life...from the turbulent problems of adolescence and youthful love...to the less obvious ones of mature marriage and parenthood. Key family in this Award-winning weekday series on CBS-TV is that of Chris Hughes (Don MacLaughlin)... pictured above with wife Nancy (Helen Wagner, seated), son Bobby (Ronnie Welsh) and daughter Penny (Rosemary Prinz).

FAVORITE ACTOR ON DAYTIME TV

John Larkin brings to Mike Karr not only the rugged good looks which fit the part, but the voice and acting ability which have already won him a fistful of awards for his performances... starting on radio, where he was Perry Mason when that legal beagle was daytime air-fare. Born in Oakland, California, schooled in Kansas City, the much-traveled Larkin got his first network breaks in Chicago, has since had starring roles in many of the most popular dramatic serials.

FAVORITE ACTRESS ON DAYTIME TV

Teal Ames—pictured at left with Larkin in a romantic scene from The Edge Of Night—hails from Binghamton, New York...where she got her first taste of "acting" in her baker-father's homemade movies. The love of make-believe has never left her since, whether studying drama at Stevens College in Missouri and at Syracuse in her home state... touring in stage plays... or acting on TV, where work for such playhouses as Studio One prepared her for the role of Sara.
FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Five years running, all honors to Gunsmoke ... the CBS Radio Western which was "adult" before TV invented the term, presenting true-to-fact drama of the frontier years in Kansas ... still enacted on Sundays by the original unbeatable cast: Parley Baer as Chester, Georgia Ellis as Kitty, star Bill Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, and Howard McNear as "Doc."

FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

Douglas Edwards With The News, seen weekday evenings, is the oldest continuous network program of its kind on CBS-TV ... in fact, it has been said that more people get their news from Doug than from any other source in the world—printed, pictured or spoken. Certainly, our readers keep giving him a resounding vote of confidence ... this year rounds out a half-dozen TVRM awards to Doug and his newscasts.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Bert Parks and his NBC Radio Bandstand (below, with Skitch Henderson at the baton) have been a top combo ever since they began giving a lift and a lilt to the week's morning hours. Parks is a long-time favorite in these polls, on both radio and TV ... the only question, each year, is what the winning category will turn out to be for busy Bert—who also hosts a TV daytime variety program and a top panel show!

FAVORITE HALF-HOUR TV DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Saturday night's Gunsmoke on CBS-TV is the series against which all TV Westerns must be measured ... but—like the radio version—it is more than a Western, beats out every type of half-hour drama to capture another Gold Medal. Both versions are supervised by the creators of Gunsmoke—producer Norman Macdonnell and writer John Meston—but there is a separate cast on television ... starring James Arness (center, above) as Marshal Dillon, with Dennis Weaver (at left) as Chester.
BEST HALF-HOUR PROGRAM ON TV
FAVORITE MALE SINGER ON RADIO

The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom has a lot to brag about, Thursday nights on ABC-TV... keen production values, the cream of guests, and a talented corps of regular performers (right). But the heart of the matter is the star—one of America's best-loved singers and certainly its favorite young dad. Pat's voice not only keeps turntables rolling for deejays around the country, but also sparks a Navy recruiting program heard on local stations... And so, for princely Pat: Awards in two different but highly effective media.

FAVORITE FEMALE SINGER ON TV
FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

A galaxy of stars from every field brightens The Chevy Show's full hour of musical variety on NBC-TV each Sunday night... but the screen has a special glow, when Dinah's there. Show and Miss Shore are perfectly matched in that desire to give each audience "the best" which is the "class" distinction of entertainment. To the show, with voters' utmost admiration—another Gold Medal as tops of its kind... To Dinah, with love—the latest in a list which began with our first poll in 1947.
THE
SPECTACULAR
WORLD
OF
TELEVISION

Something very special has sparked every week of this season—and there is more to come!

FOR THE FULL STORY OF TV SPECTACULARS, SEE THE FOLLOWING PAGES
THE SPECTACULAR WORLD OF TELEVISION

Something very special has sparked every week of this season—and there is more to come!

Whole world of show business in our own homes: Japan's top entertainers—with Shirley MacLaine on Chevy Show . . .
America's immortal miracle-play—"The Green Pastures," on Hallmark Hall Of Fame . . . One-woman show—Mary "Peter Pan" Martin starring in two NBC specials on a single day . . .
New York City Ballet—spoofing ballroom dances of the silent-film era on Bell Telephone Hour . . . Costume drama—Berkeley Square," with all-star cast . . .

FOR THE FULL STORY OF TV SPECTACULARS, SEE THE FOLLOWING PAGES
the Spectacular World of TV

Network VIP's, reviewers and viewers themselves agree that the fabulous "special show" symbolizes the coming-of-age of television

By GEORGE CHRISTY

Dance: "An Evening with Fred Astaire," last fall, NBC-TV, proved so enchanting it had to be repeated early this year. Named by many critics the season's "best spectacular," it also introduced Barrie Chase, dancing with Fred at right.

Among those who know best, no development in television programming within the past five years has meant more than the rapid growth of the "TV spectacular"... because never has so much been offered to so many, in all the varied and colorful history of entertainment.

Last year, spectaculars reached the highwater mark of audience appeal. By the year's end, all the behind-the-scenes bigwigs were quick to comment that "specials"—or "spectaculars"—are dominating the world of TV. Since that first experimental evening in 1954 when the National Broadcasting Company introduced the "miracle of the spec" to TV audiences with the colorcast of "Satins and Spurs," starring Betty Hutton, these glittering productions have achieved national fame and won endless laurels for freshness, vitality, variety and artistic excellence.

In fact, all the networks agree that spectaculars are responsible for TV's coming of age. They are now as important to leading performers...
as a Broadway play or a Hollywood film. TV veteran Jackie Gleason says, "The trouble today is there just aren't enough specs to go around for everyone that wants to do one. And I remember the days when you couldn't budge some actors from their hiding holes to do a TV show. Now they're all itching to find a good spec for their talents!"

Spectaculars have wooed even the fussiest film stars out of Hollywood hideaways, offered performers opportunities to be seen by the largest audience in the world. Spectaculars have given new life to best-selling novels and long-running Broadway plays, even shaken the dust out of Shakespearean classics. Also on the credit side of spectaculars are the award-winning documentaries on justice, politics and international affairs.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. America can sit back in the comfort of their living room and enjoy, at least once a week, the unveiling of a TV special. "It's just like an opening night," Rosalind Russell quipped backstage after her performance in the two-hour musical comedy spectacular, "Wonderful Town." Roz is right. Spectaculars have the same excitement and promise of a Broadway opening or a Hollywood premiere. Bing Crosby concurs. Ten

ABC-TV's "Art Carney Meets Peter and The Wolf" has won such acclaim that it will be encored next fall. Here Art's rabbits—and other beasties, as pictured at right—are visible, though still not flesh-and-blood. They're Bil Baird puppets, performing to the Prokofiev music, with added songs and lyrics written just for TV.
Music: Menotti's "Maria Golovin," commissioned by the NBC Opera Company, was presented on TV last month after a gala premiere in Europe. Left to right—Richard Cross, Franca Duval, Herbert Handt, Patricia Neway, Ruth Kobart. Earlier this season, the same net brought Cole Porter's musical comedy, "Kiss Me, Kate," to television, starring Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Julie Wilson—pictured on facing page.

minutes before his "live" appearance on his ABC music comedy special, Der Bingle lit up his pipe for a few last, relaxing puffs before facing the cameras and said that nothing made him feel so much a part of the twentieth century as his participation in a TV spectacular.

Art Carney—who delighted audiences, both young and old, in the musical fantasy, "Art Carney Meets Peter and the Wolf"—commented, "Sure, I've done a lot of different kinds of acting, but when you get right down to it, performing in a special on TV is pretty great. When you stop and think of the millions of people who may be watching, why, that's enough to stagger (Continued on page 87)

Above: A great modern novel comes to life, performed by one of today's greatest actors, as Sir Laurence Olivier (pictured here being made up for the color cameras) stars in Somerset Maugham's classic "The Moon and Sixpence."

Right: The circus comes to town—Evertown, U.S.A.—in all its glowing colors, as NBC Kaleidoscope brings the Christiani Brothers Circus to TV, Sunday, May 3.
Godfrey TALKS UP A STORM

Conversation "comes informal" to Godfrey's big Tuesday-night television show, as well as the weekday-morning Arthur Godfrey Time on both CBS-TV and Radio. One of Arthur's own favorite talkers is Henry Morgan (above, seated), a "brilliant" but "much misunderstood" man, who has just started a Friday-night gabfest on WNTA-TV, in the New York area.

Every art and every industry has had its giants, men who individually introduced a new concept in their work and, with new tools, revolutionized their medium or product. Some twenty-seven years ago, Arthur Godfrey smashed up the formality and stuffiness of radio and turned it into an intimate, personal medium. Today, men like the Dave Garroways, who know the history of radio, credit Godfrey as the innovator. Today, at any moment of the day, there are about five hundred announcers throughout the country who successfully follow Godfrey's concept in radio and television. And today, Arthur is again identified with a new trend in television.

The new program trend is called a "conversational show" and it is deceptively simple. There is a host who sits before the camera with one or more guests, and they talk. There is no flash, neither dancing girls nor music that builds to a crescendo for a climax. The setting is even less elaborate than your own parlor. Now there is speculation as to whether the conversational show is merely a novel format which will rise and fall in popularity like the various quiz shows. There is a question as to the size of audience this kind of show will draw. There is interest in the techniques in producing (Continued on page 83)

So easy when you know how, says the amazing man who revived the fine art of conversation on TV. Here's "how"—in Arthur's own words

By MARTIN COHEN
"The big ones" are easiest of all to talk to, says Godfrey—who ought to know, with his guest list! But, as he explains, there are simple ways to make even the non-professional look good on camera. Above, "just talking" with Red Skelton and his wife (seated, right) on that memorable Florida jaunt. Below, left, with noted New York Herald Tribune columnist John Crosby. At right, Jackie Gleason. All understand the real secret: "Be yourself."
Every age and every industry has had its giants, men who individually introduced a new concept in their work and, with new tools, revolutionized their medium or product. Some twenty-seven years ago, Arthur Godfrey smashed up the formality and stuffiness of radio and turned it into an intimate, personal medium. Today, men like the Dave Garrows, who knows the history of radio, credit Godfrey as the innovator. Today, at any moment of the day, there are about five hundred announcers throughout the country who successfully follow Godfrey's concept in radio and television. And today, Arthur is again identified with a new trend in television.

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So easy when you know how, says the amazing man who revived the fine art of conversation on TV. Here's "how"—in Arthur's own words

By MARTIN COHEN
Calling All Fans!

Such clubs as Pat Boone’s prove indeed the pen is mightier than the sword—and the clubs themselves are a potent “secret weapon” in the close-fought battle for popularity.

By HERBERT KAMM

Day in and day out, the backs of America’s vast army of mailmen are strained down to the last vertebra by the weight of hundreds of thousands of letters sent by an adoring public to idols in the world of entertainment. The letters come from people in every walk of life—from the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the healthy and the infirm, the unschooled and the learned. They come from every corner of the globe, including countries behind the Iron Curtain. They come in a ceaseless avalanche, pouring affection on heroes and heroines a gigantic unseen audience worships through the magic of television, radio and the movie screen. There is hardly an entertainer who is not the beneficiary of this emotional generosity. Fan mail (Continued on page 78)
The Tragi-Comic World of TV

Red Skelton—who's had more than his share of personal heartache—is a rare example of professional success in a rapidly dwindling field

By DORA ALBERT

Why don't our comedians last longer? . . . Some say that TV gobbles up material so quickly and gives the comedian so much exposure that, after a while, the audience can just barely stand him. With most comedians, familiarity—alas—does breed contempt. . . . Some attribute the dearth of successful TV comedians to the onrushing Westerns. Who, they ask, can resist the successful flow of Mavericks, Gunsmokes and other popular outdoor dramas?

And it is true that the last few seasons have been deadly for many national comedy favorites. Sid Caesar, at one time the most successful of all TV comedians, has been unable to make a comeback, with or without Imogene Coca. In recent months, Jackie Gleason has had a dismal time of it on the television waves. More recently, he gave up the battle, except for occasional guest-star appearances. Ed Wynn, one of the great clowns of yesteryear, attempted to repeat on TV his fabulous triumphs in radio, but his new series was quickly given the axe. Milton Berle, once known as "Mr. Television," has not been able to recapture all his earlier popularity. George Burns, who was always successful on TV before Gracie Allen's retirement, tried a new type of comedy without her, flopped, and will try again.

On the positive side, two comedians have withstood the ravages of time and are today as popular as ever. Jack Benny and Red Skelton. Jack Benny has gone on, year after year, endearing himself to a public that enjoys feeling superior to the bigshot whose TV image is that of a notable tightwad. Red Skelton's popularity increases steadily. His radio program won the readers' votes in this magazine's first poll, back in 1947, and he's now won TV Radio Mirror's Gold Medal as favorite TV comedian for the past three seasons in succession. The Red Skelton Show's Nielsen rating is higher than it's ever been—only six points behind the top-ranking Western, Gunsmoke.

What has Red to offer, that makes us all take him to our hearts and keep him there? We don't feel superior to Red, as we do to Jack Benny. We accept him on a different basis, as we would accept a member of our own family. He and Jack are diametrically (Continued on page 76)
How a Western Is Made

Meticulous care, know-how—and, yes, courage—go into the “building” of such mighty champions as Wagon Train

By EUNICE FIELD

Ward Bond and Robert Horton (facing page) share the Wagon Train spotlight with different guest stars every Wednesday on NBC-TV. Each hour-long story requires five days of shooting. A typical day on location begins with coffee-and-sinkers for everybody (above).

Walking through the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel was a tall, sun-bronzed man, perfectly poised in formal attire.

A lady from the East nudged her friend and asked, “Who is that?” The friend laughed, “Why, he belongs to the most exclusive club in America.” The lady wrinkled her brow, puzzled, “What club is that?” “Oh,” said her friend, “the million-dollar club of TV gunslingers.” It’s the simple truth: For fifty years, Westerns have been the bread-and-butter of the movies; now

Camera make-up is supervised as carefully as in the studios. Below, expert hairdresser Gail McGarry gives a finishing touch to tresses of guest star Phyllis Thaxter, as Ward looks on.

Costumed for her role, Phyllis chats with Lorne Green (above, left) and Bob Horton. Then she and Bob climb aboard a cumbersome “prairie schooner.” Both camera and wagon are ready to roll for another episode of the journey across the plains, as pictured on following pages.
Director Joseph Pevney and crew work with—and atop—most modern equipment to shoot new story of Wagon Train’s journey West.

Time for chow. Extras and crew—costumed, or clad in casual wear for ’59—line up at chuck wagon, seek nearest shade to eat their lunch.

How a

Hour for hour, task for task, each Wagon Train episode demands as much

they are the caviar of television. The public pulse still seems to leap at the sight of an Indian raid, a wagon train rolling purposefully across the plains, or a gun duel in some frontier town. Most other forms of entertainment have had their ups and downs in popularity. Only the Westerns, “adult” or otherwise, go on and on, their heroes holding a firm grip on the hearts of the populace.

Why should this be so? What are the secret ingredients that go into a Western and how are they put together? What is the recipe for this long-lasting magic?

The fact is, there’s no one way to do a good Western. There is no set time, no set place. Wagon Train and Gunsmoke take five days to shoot, Maverick and Lawman six, while some of the half-hour sagebrushers, such as The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp, Tales Of Wells Fargo, and The Rifleman, are whipped out in four days. Most of the Westerns are shot in part on California locations, such as Mt. Whitney at Lone Pine, Conejo Ranch, Red Rock Canyon near Mojave, Big Bear Lake and Squaw Valley, site of the 1960 Olympics. The red rimrock country near Gallup, New Mexico, and Gene Autry’s La Placertas Ranch are also popular locations. On the other hand, Warner Bros. does Maverick, Lawman, Cheyenne and Sugarfoot entirely on the studio lot. Even with regard to guest stars, there is no fixed pattern. Wagon Train has a guest star for each segment, while most of the others rely on top supporting actors to supply a change of face and pace. Though each (Continued on page 73)
Western Is Made

Shooting a tense scene, in which Lorne Green tries to stop fight between John McKee and John Holland. Constant fast action in all Westerns calls for much advance planning to avoid injury and keep to schedule.

Bob Horton mounts stepladder for close-up, as Phyllis Thaxter feeds him dialogue cue off-camera. Crew has worked together for two years, an important factor for success in an exacting field.

Horses travel by truck, when not "acting." Below, Ward Bond with Frank McGrath (left) and Terry Wilson—stunt-men added to regular cast at his request to help guard against accidents.
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Sunny Cuba and snowy Russia provided actual settings for two great NBC-TV comedy-variety shows. Above, Steve Allen (right) in tropical splendor with those noted men-by-the-pool, Louis Nye and Don Knotts. Below, Bob Hope on his much-acclaimed entertainment mission to Moscow.

Alaska, magnet for many a top TV performer, got full documentary coverage on High Adventure. In fact, Lowell Thomas and his expert crew have ranged from polar ice to steaming jungle for this epic CBS-TV series—gathering unusual off-camera adventures of their own along the way.

Havana was also point-of-origin for last year's precedent-making telecast of NBC's Jack Paar Show (above)—relayed "live" to the mainland by method known as "scatter-beaming." Jack returned months later, after the Cuban revolution, to film exclusive interviews with the triumphant rebel leaders.

Shows are really "on the road," with all the world their stage. Science paved the way—but on-the-spot human ingenuity helps bring this living panorama of the globe into our parlors

By DANIEL STERN

TELEVISION, the standard remark goes, is the "intimate" medium. This is generally supposed to mean that it's cozy, pleasant living-room entertainment, but not as stimulating as some of the other pleasures in life, such as a trip to Europe or an African safari. Well, those days are over. During the past season, and even more in the seasons to come, the people who plan your television time are inviting you to a global joy-ride.

Not only have the walls of the broadcasting studio proved too confining for today's expanding television world, but even the boundaries of the country are being eradicated by the TV camera. Oceans are just puddles to our jet-minded producers and stars. Science's contributions, via film and the new phenomenon of video-tape, are helping to bring the world right in front of your armchair. So who are the people who are in the foreground of these strange and fascinating landscapes of TV's international era? Unfamiliar Europeans or Asians? Dull academic lecturers? Perhaps ... if you call Ed Sullivan, Bob Hope, Dinah Shore, Dave Garroway and Steve Allen either "unfamiliar" or "academic"!

Suddenly, after a sedentary, relaxed existence in New York's temperate climate, Ed (Continued on page 90)
Portugal was one of two glamorous and completely authentic European backgrounds for The Ed Sullivan Show in a single month on CBS-TV. Ed has long been famous for bringing to American audiences the finest “acts” from all over the globe. On this latest trip, he, Julia Meade (above, right) and staff also traveled to Ireland. The result, for viewers: A pair of festivals featuring native and international talent.
The Horror "Kick"

"Monster" movies of the Frankenstein-Dracula type are a "must" on many a local station, their hair-raising effects tempered by late-hour scheduling and witty hosts. In New York, the Screen Gems collection called Shock Theater is master-minded by the fabulous Zacherley in mad-mad-mad scientist fashion on WABC-TV.

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Murder's no myth on TV, but is it any worse than Grandma's fairy tales?
Here's what experts think of modern taste—and its possible consequences

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

The current trend in television today appears to be strongly in favor of monsters, murder and mayhem, and there are those who feel it has not yet reached its peak. Horror films, Westerns and adventure stories are enjoying greater popularity than ever before, and although there are viewers who protest everything—including Jack Paar's game of Russian Roulette, played with a can of hair spray—there are harder souls who want their entertainment gory.

This latter group would probably be in favor of lynching harassed network censors who must cut from scripts such juicy morsels as: An ice-pick crucifixion of an old lady, a child's footprints in blood, a necklace made of human ears, and the close-up of a man's hand, clasped to his wounded chest, drenched with blood which gushes over his fingers.

A survey done by Newsweek indicated that networks are devoting an all-time record in prime evening hours
Coast to coast, the old films enthrall viewers—as on KPTV's *House Of Horror* in Portland, Oregon. Hostess in mummy case is Tarantula Ghoul, familiarly known as "Taranch" or "our favorite ghoul-friend," actually actress Suzanne Waldron.

Thrillers made especially for network TV are more deadly serious in their mood. To violence. Half of all the new programs are in "this grisly category," it reported, and nearly 150 "rock 'n' shock" non-network shows are syndicated and used over and over by stations across the country.

For those who seek an explanation for this current horror "kick," the point of view of a leading psychiatrist may be revealing. Such fare, he holds, appeals to "the aggressive and sadistic traits which everyone has." The witch hunts in Salem certainly proved that people are peculiar—and, as for that little game the Romans used to play in the Coliseum, this may well have been the forerunner of "What's My Lion?" Today, blood-soaked arenas are out. There are no such ghastly exhibitions to be witnessed "in the flesh" in this country, but there are always movies and TV.

Dr. David Abrahamsen, author of "The Road to Emotional Maturity," feels that adults who turn to their television screens for excitement do so for a variety of reasons. They may have a dull nine-to-five job. Their home life may be boring. They may be lonely. "These adventure shows and horror movies," says Dr. Abrahamsen, "give them a vicarious thrill."

Is being exposed to violence harmful to children? "It depends upon the individual child. The emotionally healthy ones are not harmed. Those who are disturbed or suffer nightmares would be." Teenagers who are "inclined to be bad" tend to imitate the evils they see on the screen. Shows heavy with crime and violence set a bad example. Emotionally disturbed children are unwholesomely stimulated by them. "But in the final analysis," he holds, "it is up to the individual parents to decide what their children should see."

In discussions of juvenile crime, television—because it is found in the home—tends to become the whipping-boy. This is unfair. Famed TV critic Harriet Van Horne has gone on record as saying, "The wicked ways of
Violence is all in the week’s work for these NBC-TV stars: The D.A.’s Man, played by John Compton in Saturday-night series created by Jack Webb (whose Dragnet was the pioneer police-documentary); below left, Monday eve’s Peter Gunn—alias Craig Stevens, whose fists set a tempo for music.

Crashing right uncorked by Roger Smith is typical of fast-paced excitement in 77 Sunset Strip over ABC-TV. Series has three virile heroes, runs a full hour Friday nights, with time to maneuver in murder investigations anywhere—up to and including Iron Curtain countries.

youth have been blamed on corruption at the king’s court, the bad example of the aristocracy, the repeal of the corn laws, the introduction of tobacco, and the influx of immigrants. Today we blame television.”

The blame, if blame there be, should be equally shared by producers of motion pictures, publishers of newspapers, magazines and comic books and, yes, even fairy tales! We were fed on horror literally from the cradle. Scarce is the one among us who hasn’t shivered in delight at the sound of the gory words, “Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman”—and wondered breathlessly if the giant would catch Jack as he made his slide for life down the beanstalk, clutching the stolen hen that laid golden eggs. Come to think of it, Jack and the Knave of Hearts who stole the tarts may well have been among the original juvenile delinquents. As for the wolf who ate Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, the less said about him the better. It is a moot question how many little girls have grown up to be
Mugging of witness to a crime was one timely subject of Naked City, seen Tuesday nights on ABC-TV. Jay Novello was innocent victim in this episode, which—like entire series—was filmed on actual locations in New York City.

poor cooks because they never really trusted an oven—not after Gretel succeeded in pushing the old witch into a roaring one and, ignoring her agonized cries, left her (in the words of the familiar old tale) “to perish miserably.”

The need for thrills has apparently always been with us and certainly no one could accuse today’s television writers of letting us down! Even the straight dramatic shows are no longer above injecting a gruesome note now and again, such as the shot of a body hanging over the door of a wrecked automobile. NBC-TV’s The Loretta Young Show is about the only dramatic series one can mention in which the star has done nothing more violent than trip over a curbstone into the arms of the man she is going to marry.

At this writing, NBC-TV’s top-rated adventure show is Peter Gunn, which includes plenty of hard, fast and sometimes brutal action. It introduced the use of the jazz-track background for action, which proved so successful that RCA Victor put out a top-selling album called “Music from Peter Gunn.” And there is a Peter Gunn book on the way. As (Continued on page 81)
Playhouse 90—ninety minutes each Thursday eve on CBS-TV—combines best "live" talents with latest technical discoveries such as tape. Result: Overwhelming experiences like "The Old Man," starring Geraldine Page and Sterling Hayden.

Serious or gay—live, film or tape—new stars, old favorites? Look at this $105,000,000 budget for 1959!

By KATHLEEN POST

They tell about two actors, one from Hollywood, the other from New York, who chanced to meet in the Midwest. "How are things on Broadway?" asked the movie actor. The other groaned, "Very slow. And how is it on the Coast?" The Hollywoodian sighed, "Also slow." Suddenly a thought struck them and, with one voice, they sang out, "But, thank God, there's still television."

It is a sentiment echoed heartily these days, not only by people in show business but also by the public. TV's Great White Way is offering an... (Continued on page 86)
Promised for next fall on NBC-TV: One of Hollywood’s all-time greats in The Barbara Stanwyck Theater.

"Cissie" will be newest entry in the big teen-age stakes—with Molly Bee herself playing the title role.

Coming to ABC-TV: Robert Taylor, long-time movie idol who will star as a police captain of detectives.

Filmed series, such as Sunday-night Loretta Young Show on NBC-TV, enjoy wide variety of backgrounds—as in scene below with Patrick Westwood, Richard Devon and the star herself. "Since television drama is now literally part of our daily home life," says Loretta, "entertainment must, of course, come first—but I believe it should offer more."

Parting of the ways, next season, for Dwayne Hickman and popular Bob Cummings Show. Dwayne branches out on his own, as youthful comedy star of The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis. But title proves how much he’s learned from his gay bachelor "uncle." In fact, he’ll have a different leading lady every week! Among the first—pretty Tuesday Weld, above.
Formats change—but human interest, never! And humans will always be interested in humans facing a “problem”

By MARY TEMPLE

During the past season on TV, the most dramatic development, so far as “hard news” was concerned, was the indictment of several of the major quiz shows. Following the fall-down of these major shows—sparked by threats of legal action and further impelled by lowered audience ratings—many prophets forecast the death of the question-and-answer format as on-screen entertainment.

Wiser judges, however, analyze matters differently. Why?

The q. and a. business has at its root one irresistible element—human interest. On any show where a professionally-unprepared person stands on his feet to answer questions, the audience automatically becomes his alter ego or competing contestant. This identification occurs whether the person is asked to punch his way out of a paper bag (a running gag on NBC-TV’s daytime fun show, County Fair) or whether he is asked to name the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Thus there can scarcely be a reasonable forecast which does not include question-and-answer techniques as show formats for years to come.

Today, there are more than thirty shows on the home screen which invoke the q. and a. technique in one form or another. Many of these cannot be catalogued under any one heading, except that all involve audience participation of one kind or another, and all award prizes for “playing the game.” The prizes may come from answering questions which actually test a participant’s knowledge—though the accent is often on quip rather than quiz, as on Groucho Marx’s You Bet Your Life, while such programs as Truth Or
Consequences, People Are Funny and Beat The Clock provide handsome gifts for "good sports" willing to grapple with seemingly impossible (or at least improbable) requests and stunts.

Audiences also participate, although vicariously, in the popular celebrity-panel shows, such as CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret, To Tell The Truth, The Last Word, and What's My Line? Not quizzes, not really games, but they are based on methods and skills used in both—on deduction and intuition and a knowledgeable background of who's who and what's what.

There is really nothing new about this whole business of quiz. It was popular entertainment 'way back when. Before TV, it had a long life on radio. In fact, many of the well-established g. and a. shows now on TV—with the obvious exception of such completely visual presentations as The Price Is Right, such acted-out charades as Pantomime Quiz and Masquerade Party—began their careers without benefit of camera. One of the very first to appeal to the public ear, Dr. I. Q., was seen on TV just this past season, in a form similar to the original radio program—even to the famous phrase, "I have a lady in the balcony, Doctor," and the handing out of silver dollars.

In early days at the microphones, there was also that panel-quiz, Information Please, performed by "eggheads" before that word achieved such good standing. This was the program which made John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, Oscar Levant and Clifton Fadiman household names across the nation. There were "junior" panels on radio, too, represented most preciously by The Quiz Kids. And that forerunner of the big-money giveaway, Take It Or Leave It, the show that made "the $64 question" a part of our American language. A long line of radio shows was also based on the premise that anybody could get into the act by sending in right answers, even if not on the scene to participate in person. Can anyone, either watching or listening at the time, ever forget the frenzied national reaction to Stop The Music on both radio and TV? All such programs drew loyal listeners until, one by one, the quizzes, the games, the panels and their like found their way into the box with the screen, and deserted radio.

Perhaps it was inevitable that, by the year 1958, shows of this type should have increased in number until they practically overran the channels. The combination of the right format, the right quizmaster, host or emcee—by whatever name called—and the right contestants had always pulled in audiences. It was no new discovery to find
Title of *Dough Re Mi* reveals modern spirit of competition for fun as well as prizes. Emceed by Gene Rayburn, daily on NBC-TV, show hands out real dough-of-the-realm to folks who can spot the do-re-mi's of well-known musical numbers.

*The Q. and A. Business* (Continued)

that people liked to match wits with both the experts and those more run-of-the-mill minds they felt were on their own level. It was also no new discovery that everybody loves a winner, especially a big winner who has been attractively presented. It's part of the American Dream that anyone can be snatched up out of the crowd and turned into a popular hero overnight.

Although many of the top-money shows disappeared from the air before 1958 was ended, the list of shows now alive and doing very well, thank you, is still long. Some lost their nighttime spots this past season, but stayed on daytimes. Some are destined to come back, day or night, as the winter season ends and the summer season begins.

Among those which definitely disappeared from view, for whatever reason, in 1958-59, here is a partial casualty list: *Dotto*, which had been on two networks, came under fire and departed from both in mid-August. *Twenty* (Continued on page 89)
Charades are popular parlor fare—particularly when acted out by gifted guys like Stubby Kaye on Pantomime Quiz. The twelve-year-old Mike Stokey show is as sure a sign of summer on TV as the “blackout” of local baseball games in major-league cities.

Stunts test the contestants on Beat The Clock, emceed daily on ABC-TV by Bud Collyer (facing page). Prizes are valuable, but “participation” is the big thing—as on all such programs today.

Intuition gets its innings on Play Your Hunch, seen daily on ABC-TV with Merv Griffin as master of ceremonies. Like many other q.-and-a.’s—including panel shows—this game is a Goodson-Todman “brain child.”
Title of Dough Re Mi reveals modern spirit of competition for fun as well as prizes. Emceed by Gene Rayburn, daily on NBC-TV, show hands out real dough-of-the-realm to folks who can spot the do-re-mi's of well-known musical numbers.

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Grammar takes a holiday, but viewers and contestants celebrate when Who Do You Trust telecasts, each weekday on ABC-TV. Emphasis is less on quiz, more on comic talents of Johnny Carson (above, right).
Modern developments are adding daily to the miracle of broadcasting—where the word “flash” now has more impact than any newspaper “extra.”

By RUTH NATHAN

Within the past year, and up to the time this article went to press, radio and TV networks had chalked up ingenious news-break scoops over all other communications media. “Who’ll be first, and how good can we make it?” was the byword of newsmen and officials.

Helping them crash the time barrier were the mechanical current-day wonders of “miracle” videotape, jet planes, faster trans-Atlantic phone, wire and cable services.

It takes radio about thirty seconds to get on the air with a wire-service flash from the standby teletype machines which rattle off round-the-clock dispatches from correspondents all over the globe. If no announcer is available to read the flash, the important headline is delivered by the news editor himself, traditionally a hoarse-voiced character. The accent is on speed, rather than mellifluous tones.

It takes television about six seconds to project an on-the-spot coverage of news with the new videotape machine. This extraordinary mechanism—which may be described as “taller than a man,” and therefore is neither portable nor conceivably cheap—records for instant use both audio and pictures.

By comparison, it takes a newspaper about thirty minutes to put out an “extra,” provided the presses are rolling; the bulletin must be set in type, the new front page run off, and distribution made to the newsstands.

Following is the exciting “play-by-play” of radio-TV's pursuit of the “big news.” (Continued on page 79)

Firing of the 8,500-pound Atlas at Cape Canaveral, which launched U.S. satellite into orbit, provided a real out-of-this-world news scoop for alert NBC-TV cameramen on the scene.
Arrival in New York Harbor of atomic submarine Nautilus, after record voyage under the North Pole, was eye-witness event for viewers of Today. Thanks to host Dave Garroway's "charming persuasion"—as one staff member puts it—the sub surfaced almost directly in front of NBC-TV cameras.

Coronation of Pope John XXIII was pictured for American audiences by CBS less than twenty hours after ceremonies in Rome. Such swift, accurate coverage was made possible by an unprecedented "pooling" of international facilities, video-tape, jet planes, technical and editorial know-how.

Notable example of network and local station combining to bring the notion "the full story," on the spot, was CBS and WBBM coverage of tragic school fire at Our Lady of the Angels, in Chicago. Above, Hugh Hill interviews survivors, with Mike Kesmor handling sound, Irv Heberg at camera.

Radio's resourcefulness has proved itself in the air, as well as on it. Right, Bob Gorrity with New York's famed "WOR Flying Studio"—from which the pilot-newsman has broadcast a genuine bird's-eye description of train wreck while earthbound reporters were still speeding to the site.
It was a good start for the new year when Paul Whiteman, the "King of Jazz," backed by top talent, presented an exciting jazz concert on the Voice Of Firestone program, ABC-TV in mid-January. Highlight was Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," introduced by "Pops" in 1924.

The first really new American band to hit the sound tracks on TV during last fall was Lawrence Welk's Little Band, a bright crop of youthful musicians who made their bow on Welk's Plymouth Show on ABC-TV. Youngest member is twelve, oldest twenty, all have top music talent.

The story of the big sound:
Radio waves and TV bands have made Americans of all ages tune-wise and music-conscious from Bach to rock!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

From loudspeakers and screens came the sound of music and the sight of the people who created it. Music made news and caused controversy. It also crossed international boundaries to present a picture of a vital, happy America, and to win friends even in hostile areas.

Never has a nation made such full, enjoyable use of its richly varied musical resources. As Victor Borge pointed out to Sir Thomas Beecham during their conversation on Edward R. Murrow's Small World on CBS-TV, "Nowadays we have music wherever we go—in every drugstore, in every saloon." We also have it in homes, cars and factories. It poured out to suit every taste—classics and country; robust big-beat, romantic ballads and devout hymns; high-riding jazz and disciplined chamber music. There were folk songs and fugues, serious works and fun-loving foolishness. The hillbillies came to town and sophisticated harmony reached so far out into the hills that, musically, the backwoods doesn't exist any more.

The breadth and depth of America's demand for music was measured both by broadcasting hours and personal record purchases, which reached an all-time high of nearly $400 million. Almost every type of music had its big show or big hit, and contrasts could be startling. David Seville's crazy little "Chipmunk Song," recorded on a 45 retailing for ninety-eight cents, grossed close to three million dollars, but Van Cliburn's LP of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto
Comedian, composer, conductor Jackie Gleason is the calm center of a jazz music hubub. The occasion: Timex All-Star Jazz Show, an hour-long music treat of top talent who played up a storm for eager jazz buffs.

topped it, moneywise. Selling at $4.98 for mono and $5.98 for stereo, the Concerto racked up a gross of more than five million dollars and became the first classic LP in history to sell at a speed comparable to that of a pop single.

With pop singles, everyone played the rating game, following the charts of the professional weeklies—Billboard, Cash Box and Variety. For disc jockeys used the polls conducted by these publications as basic authority for their own programing, varying the score occasionally to conform to local trends. When this evolved into the policy of "The Top Forty," bringing an hour-by-hour repetition of the same booming big-beat tunes over some stations, maestro Mitch Miller of Columbia Records exploded.
For gifted young singers, teen-age adorers provide a gold-plated existence. Paul Anka, Canadian-born singer led with million-seller "Diana," followed with other smash hits. Tours to Britain and Australia broke attendance records.

Elvis Presley, now in second year of Army service, shot into prominence as a recording artist because of unique voice quality and sexy delivery. Several movies and a number of gold records later, he's still strong with fans.

At the disc-jockey convention, he blasted broadcasters for "abdicating" programing to the corner record shop, "to the eight-to-fourteen-year-olds, the pre-shave crowd that makes up twelve percent of the country's population and zero percent of its buying power, once you eliminate ponytail ribbons and peanut brittle."

A closer look at schedules revealed, however, that a discriminating dial-turner could find almost anything he wished. "Good music" stations emerged in almost every major city, devoting their schedules to the classics, light opera and standards. Some 125 radio stations were broadcasting in stereo.

In television, the year brought new proof of General David Sarnoff's 1939 statement: "The richest man cannot buy for himself what the poorest man gets free." In "specials" and on regular programs, today's new artists met their admirers, great stars of the past bridged the years to make historic music live for a new generation, concert singers reached a larger audience than any hall could hold and advanced musical education became popular entertainment.

The great variety shows sought out the news-making artists as avidly as a city editor. Fresh from his Russian-tour triumphs, Texas-born and home-taught Van Cliburn made his American bow on Steve Allen's program on NBC-TV; Ed Sullivan searched the world for top talent to present on his CBS-TV hour; Perry Como, Pat Page, Pat Boone, Dinah Shore and Your Hit Parade found the cream of the contemporary crop.

For those who like their music bubbly, there was Lawrence Welk with his vintage (Continued on page 93)
Benny Goodman proved to be the Pied Piper when he sent them at last summer’s Brussels Fair. Appearing to represent the United States at the expense of Westinghouse, his jazz orchestra wowed people of all nations.

Van Cliburn, the Texas miracle, won international fame as a result of his Russian appearance—returned home for further plaudits as a unique piano virtuoso. His Victor Tchaikovsky B-Flat Minor Concerto is a major hit record.

For American Festival, an hour of American music sponsored by the Bell Telephone Company, Duke Ellington played his own special brand of music with a vocal assist from an international favorite, singer Ella Fitzgerald.

Leonard Bernstein, director of the New York Philharmonic, is America’s most persuasive interpreter of fine music to a mass audience. Loved on Omnibus shows since 1954, he’s also heard conducting on CBS Radio, seen on CBS-TV.
PROBABLY MOST VITAL NEWS THIS YEAR IS MUSHROOM GROWTH OF EDUCATION THROUGH TV

By LILLA ANDERSON

IN GREENWICH, Connecticut, before daylight on a chill morning last fall, police officers in a prow car closed in on Robert Dean, age 15, as he trudged down a lonely road. Questioned, he replied that he was going to school. “At this hour?” said a cop. “Now we’ve heard everything. We’re taking you to the station.” Robert pleaded to phone his parents. They stopped at a diner to do so. There, at the counter, having coffee, they found his science teacher, Howard Leahy. He rescued Robert. “We’re both bound for school,” he explained. “There’s a new physics course, Continental Classroom, on at 6:30 A.M. We’re going to give credit for it.”

In Alabama, (Continued on page 91)
TV's NATIONAL CLASSROOM

During 1958, Dr. Harvey White instructed high-school level science class. In picture above, lecture on "falling bodies" was sent from Station KETC, the educational TV station on Washington University campus. Students at high school in Ferguson, in St. Louis County, view experiment, then conduct a similar experiment with class teacher.

Third-grade art is only one of many courses taught by closed-circuit TV in the Washington County schools, in and surrounding Hagerstown, Maryland. On screen Mr. Clyde Roberts acts as instructor to his intent young students. In Salem Avenue Elementary School Miss Mozie France is in charge.
Oldest daytime serial created just for TV, Search For Tomorrow stars Mary Stuart—who created role of Joanne on CBS in '51—with Terry O'Sullivan as husband Arthur and Lynn Loring as Patti.

Growing popularity of music and variety programs on television during daylight hours brought an engaging new personality to CBS-TV—the star of The Jimmy Dean Show, here with Jennie Smith.

For the Ladies...

That's the idea of daytime programs—but they're getting so interesting that many a male is taking time out to look or listen, too

Patriarch of serial dramas, NBC Radio's One Man's Family began presenting its generations in April of 1932. Seated—Mother and Father Barbour (Mary Adams, J. Anthony Smythe); Carlton E. Morse (the creator-producer); Claudia (Barbra Fuller). Standing—Pinky (George Pirrone), Paul (Russell Thorson). Penelope (Anne Whitfield), Hank (William Idelson), Nicholas (Ben Wright).

Ma Perkins, on CBS Radio, has had the same title-star for more than a quarter-century. Left to right: Margaret Draper as Fay, Kay Kampbell as Evey, Edwin Wolfe as Shuffle Shober—Virginia Payne as Ma herself—Murray Forbes as Willy Fitz.
Long beloved on radio, Young Dr. Malone now comes to NBC-TV with a new cast playing the familiar characters, in a new storyline. Above, William Prince as Dr. Jerry Malone, with Kathleen Widdoes (left) as daughter Jill, Virginia Dwyer as wife Tracey.

By FRANCES KISH

Are you a housewife, feeling tied to home and kids and cooking? Worried that the world, with all its wonders and excitement, is passing you by? Or an older homemaker left with empty hands, now that the children have grown up? ... Then, how TV and radio helped to fill your days and round out your life in 1958—and how it continues to do so in 1959—becomes enormously important.

Just how important, just how much each contributes to your fun in living and your knowledge of what’s going on in the

Refreshing new format in television, since fall of ’57, is the realistic courtroom drama with trials presented in serial form. On CBS-TV’s The Verdict Is Yours, legal talent is represented by actual members of the bar, with actors as the litigants. The daily “live” proceedings are mostly ad-libbed from a mere briefing on each case’s circumstances.

Daytime variety gets a boost on ABC from one of America’s most talented married couples, in two forms: The Peter Lind Hayes Show on TV, The Peter Lind Hayes—Mary Healy Show on radio.
The Brighter Day, on CBS-TV, perpetuates the great popularity it enjoyed for so many years as a daytime serial drama on radio—and continues the story of Reverend Richard Dennis (Blair Davies) and the members of his family, including Aunt Emily (Mona Bruns), Sandra Dennis (Gloria Hoye) and Grayling Dennis (Hal Holbrook).

The Secret Storm has been a favorite on CBS-TV ever since it originated on television five years ago. An exciting story stems from the day-by-day conflict between widower Peter Ames and his sister-in-law, Pauline Harris—excitingly portrayed by the fine performers who created the roles: Peter Hobbs, Haila Stoddard.

CBS Radio's The Second Mrs. Burton focuses on an odd but not-unfamiliar triangle of everyday life: Terry Burton (star Teri Keane), husband Stan (Dwight Weist)—and Mother Burton (Ethel Owen).

The world around you, can be gauged, to some extent, by the time you spend looking and listening. Adults spend more time with TV than with any other pursuit except work, according to a survey. Children spend more time with it than any other occupation except school. Only the teenagers' viewing has dropped off, a logical result of all their outside interests and activities. But figures show that most people with access to television (which usually means in the home) spend an average of three hours and ten minutes every day, watching.

Because of TV, many women have radically changed their housekeeping habits. Everyone knows about the "TV dinners" and the tables arranged so that the whole family can face the screen. In some homes, the ironing board is now brought into the living room, so a favorite program can be watched while the daily chores continue. Home dressmakers have learned to sew a fine seam with one eye on the set. Busy mothers have mastered the art of watching the children and the set simultaneously, and of stirring the stew and basting the roast during the least gripping moments of their favorite programs.

Radio listening, which had dropped off as TV sets increased, had a powerful resurgence in 1958. The biggest radio news was the return of housewives to morning listening, the favored hours being from eight to ten. Experts estimate that housewives listened an average of close to eight hours a week, Monday through Friday. Radio now reaches forty-nine-and-a-third million homes weekly, equipped with a total of
Right To Happiness, an CBS Radio, dramatizes the daily courage of a widow accustomed to facing her problems alone. Claudia Morgan stars as Carolyn Nelson, Kevin McCarthy is leading man.

First of all daily serials to make the transition from radio to television, The Guiding Light shows every sign of duplicating the almost twenty-year run of its namesake. Its ultra-popular stars include Charita Bauer (left) as "Bert" Bauer, Lyle Sudraw as her husband Bill and Ellen Demming as Meta Roberts, with Les Damon (standing) as Bruce Banning, Thea Gaetz (right) as "Papa" Bauer.
For the Ladies...

(Continued)

My True Story, on NBC Radio, duplicates in sound the real-life dramatic impact which has made a household word of the magazine for which it's named. Host Ed Herlihy (above, left) introduces a new cast and story each day. Pictured left to right: Standing—Court Benson, Jane Amar, director Ken MacGregor; seated—Nancy Guild, Evelyn Juster.

ABC-TV's Day In Court re-creates for daytime viewers actual legal cases, with William Gwinn (left) presiding over the domestic ones, and Edgar Allan Jones Jr. (law professor at U.C.L.A.) handling the criminal and civil

Awards? ... There was everything to entertain and to divert, to inform and to educate. The delights of music in all its forms were yours. There was drama, a great deal of it—the self-contained show and the daily dramatic serials, many of them "live," a few taped, some on film.

There were variety and comedy, discussion and interview programs, games and quizzes, religious programs, sports events, cooking and homemaking, movies and news. ... There were also college-level seminars and foreign-language courses (mostly on local-station schedules)... There were programs to keep the pre-nursery-school set contented and happy and out from under mother's feet.

It wasn't all sweetness and soft light, by any means. Some of the so-called adult fare was infantile. Some of the old movies were very, very ancient. Some of the situation comedies were re-runs of re-runs, and not very funny to begin with. Some of the so-called "horror programs" were only horrible.

But there were increasing signs that the people responsible for morning and afternoon programs had at last decided that daytime viewers have minds—and use them. That women don't put their brains in deep freeze all day and take them out only at dinnertime, after their husbands have come home.

The male sex was taken into consideration, too—night workers, professional men whose office hours permit some daytime listening, retirees with new-found leisure, men who work in certain types of shops and stores and restaurants. An articulate group who frequently write to the programs, telling what they like and what they don't like.

A busy West Coast doctor has been listening to The Romance Of Helen Trent for many years, using that fifteen minutes, whenever possible, as a period of relaxation between his office (Continued on page 94)
How a Western Is Made

(Continued from page 46)

And the program stresses an angle of its own, in the organization, the pace and inspire work beyond the call of duty) seem agreed that plots are less important than craftsmanship. They argue that practically every Western has already been used in the vast turnout of Westerms and, while a good story is invaluable, it takes talent and know-how to bring it across.

"Many a good story has been ruined in the making, and many a poor one has been lifted high—into classic entertainments," says Howard Christie, producer of Wagon Train. His emphasis is on top craftsmen "who can make a picture into a true masterpiece, without sacrifice of quality." Christie, Norman Macdonnell, producer of Gunsmoke, and other top men also put great store on harmony as a factor for success. Says Christie, "A team that can get along under rough pressure is the foundation on which you can build a hit."

Wagon Train has had the same crew for two years and every individual is tops in their field. Great care is taken in the other, an air of relaxation prevails. The technicians work without strain and the actors are relaxed. Even the animals behave better.

In the case of Wagon Train, only the director, assistant director and prop men are changed every week. Most of the other Westerns follow this pattern, but Frank McDonald, the helmsman for Wyatt Earp, Sam Peckinpah’s Hollamby, and these Hibbs of Gunsmoke handle every episode.

While there are many points of difference among the Westerns, there are certain aspects that are common to all. One development in a Wagon Train segment, from the idea through the synopsis, script and actual shooting, is to have, in a general way only, an understanding of similar developments in other TV programs. The following example from Wagon Train throws a light on some problems faced by other programs.

When Joseph Pevey, former actor and director of "Nancy Carroll," was invited to read "The Vivian Carter Story," he knew it was the first step toward undertaking to film it. The script had already passed through the critical hands of the producer, director and associate producer Cline, for NBC.

"My responsibility," Hamilton explains, "is to see that no show is approved which might offend masses of people." Pevey, who had never done a Western before, liked the story and agreed to try his luck with the new format. He reported on the Thursday before starting date—which, for Wagon Train, is usually at 10:00 a.m., the shooting running through Monday.

His first task was to meet with Christie and Ralph Winters, casting director at True Productions, where the script was read in what is called the "collective, collaborative effect, ending in full agreement on some matters and compromise on others, the featured players in the cast were set. The cast was finally decided upon, and the small parts were left to the casting director. Ward Bond, Wagonmaster, and Bob Horton, as scout, are the fixed stars of the show, of course. Many talented players, such as actors such as gallery Mitchel and Kathleen Ellis, are regulars because they are part of the pioneer group moving across country in the train.

The next step was to choose a location suitable to the script, and to activate the prop man, Bill Smallback. Because he was searching for an area that looked "baren, an expanse of sun-scorched plains," Pevey chose the Conejo Ranch in the San Fern-
ando Valley. Meanwhile, the properties (all furnishings, decorations and physical items) must be purchased or preciously assembled. On Monday, there were a number of huddles with Christie on script changes.

"Few scripts are perfect till at once," comments then the "Vivian Carter Story" was first typed up on December 2, 1958. First revisions were inserted on December 29, others followed in mid-January, with actual shooting beginning.

Pevey’s Wagon Train was a studio car at 6 A.M., for delivery at the Conejo site. More than a hundred extras, technicians and real-life cowboys reported to Revue Studios, Sylmar, fast, eager, "just for the hell of it," Pevey says. "This hour of travel gave me a chance to formulate my ideas for the day’s scenes. It also gave the grips and extras a chance to catch a few extra winks before we started work."

It was bitter-cold when the director arrived, but already his crew was bustling about. Covered wagons were being pulled off the train, and the wagons were being harnessed to horses. The cast were in portable dressing rooms, changing into their costumes, as make-up men and hairdressers fussed over them. Technicians were working on the case of the custodian’s equipment. As Pevey conferred with his actors, a commissary wagon from a studio catering firm was serving hot coffee.

"We’re going to try our first shot," Pevey recalls, "but since minutes count so much on a TV schedule, it was just as well we got there early. Here’s where know-how weighs heavy. We had just finished an austerity for today’s last day. Luckily, nobody messed anything up. It would be too costly to hold a group of actors over for some leftover shots."

Pevey, who was the script writer, gave the actors their "best shot" and the caravan traveled back to the wagon train. As Pevey’s crew began to break down the sets, the director took it all in with a quiet respect. After watching the scenes, he showed them to his cameraman—"they gave me the visual effects I was after, in spite of difficulties."

Benjamin Cline, head cinematographer on Wagon Train, admits it was "tough all the way." The wind was strong enough to blow men and equipment over. He relates, "It was so narrow that we couldn’t turn around and had to be pulled out with jeeps. Meanwhile, the make-up man was having his problems, contending with the wind, dust, pollen particles and glaring sunlight. In this connection, Jack Burrey, head of make-up at Revue, points out: "Often, by the time we’ve finished an actor’s make-up, the wind has shifted our way and spoiled the effect. Wagon Train, with its wide variety of stories and weekly guest stars, is especially challenging. There’s always something different."

One week, Wilson Field, the regular cowboy was called and was given smallpox marks on Anne Baxter—just enough to depict the disease, without destroying her familiar beauty.

Barrow, said, "Any script in advance and we identify Fields of any unusual items he must have on hand—such as a false eye, or three different styles of beards. Each make-up artist tries hard to "personalize" his actor’s character. It’s the difference between a character that the audience achieves this by refusing to merely duplicate from one story to another.

The most terrifying prospect before a director (as well as any actor) is the ever-looming chance of an accident that might disable the star or some other key character half-through his scenes. During the filming of Have Gun, Will Travel, Richard Boone, the quick draw and firing at a target set up in a "safety area." The site was down a ravine, above which a stagecoach was being loaded onto a truck. Suddenly, the stagecoach slid away from the workers and careened down the hill, smashing into bits as it bounced. As the company stood in mute horror, the front wheels and wagon tongue flew past Boone by no more than a few inches.

Wagon Train has had some lulus of its own, Ward Bond reports grimly. In an early segment, a passing horse brushed against him, twisted his leg from the stirrup, and caused him to fall, not on the horse, but on his imposing hip. Because of this accident, Bond insisted that Terry Wilson and Frank McGrath, old friends and top stunt-men, be found to work with the actor, rerunning his stunts.

"The accident would never have happened if the scene had been plotted out by stuntmen," Ward points out. McGrath, playing Wooster, and Wilson, Hawks, also work out fight scenes and other possibly risky actions.

Since horses play an important role in Westerns, great care is given to their selection. Many of these animals are rented from the Ace Hudkins Ranch or Fats Jones Stable, and some are owned by actors who ride them. Dale Robertson has had his own horses, while other actors, such as Rory Calhoun and Dick Boone ride horses furnished by Fats Jones. The Maverick brothers travel mainly by stagecoach, train and steamboat, and horses play a small part in this show. The same is true of Gunsmoke and The Rifleman. Rental fees for the animals are twenty-five dollars for a sleek one, ridden by a star, and seventy-five dollars for the ordinary variety ridden by featured players.

The major networks take diligent counsel with the American Humane Association with respect to the proper care and use of animals. Often, horses are used in dangerous stunts. Special camera effects create the illusion of the imaginary falls, spills and collisions. In a recent Western, horse and rider were to tumble from a cliff to their death. The cameras moved in, and the "fall" was accomplished with miniatures dropping only forty inches. Just as stuntmen sub for actors, so stunt horses fill in for horses. Sometimes called "lay-down" horses are brought in for the long-shot stunts while the regular horses get the close-ups. Daily work is not all hard, fast, dangerous work. There are lots of laughs, too. One segment of Have Gun, Will Travel had Dick Boone fighting with four miners near a cold mountain stream. One after another, Boone tangled with stunt-men and pitched them into the stream. Then, carried away with it, he spotted a fifth man close by, grabbed him and hustled him onto the stream bed. The whole thing turned out to be a fan’s who’d come out to the location to "see how a Western was made." He found out.

In the climactic scene of "The Vivian Carter Story," Bob Horton clobbers the villain. "Joe," said the actor to the director. "I ought to have a line here." Pevey looked at him blankly. "What line?" "At this point," the actor replied, rubbing his jaw, "I ought to say ‘Ouch!’"

Tonight, when in your hushed and dimmed living room there’s a sudden crash and saloon doors flap wildly and two cowpokes plunge into the room, the other solemnly draw and—as the bullets fly, remember that this exciting story took an enormous amount of brains, brawn, talent and technical skill. It also took a team of many persons planning and working. No Western is ever whipped together "at the drop of a gun."
As the title of his current Dot album makes plain: Kane Is Able—to write, arrange and conduct the best in music for the best in CBC-TV entertainment.

Like Kane's earlier Summertime, Music Makers '59 brings finest jazzmen to guest, like George Shearing.

Commuting being a relative thing, Jack Kane "commutes" about as easily to New York from his regular Toronto TV commitments as he could from a "nearby" suburban homestead on Long Island. The energetic young orchestra leader is known to Canadian viewers as the maestro of Music Makers '59 and in the States as music director of last summer's Steve Lawrence-Eydie Gorme show. In either port, there's plenty to keep Jack jumpin'. "Some 90% of our programming on CBC is live," says Jack, "and for the big recording names and guest stars we depend, of course, on the U.S. industry." . . . For something new in sound, the States depend on the multiple talents of Jack Kane. A first-class arranger, he has written club and recording material for Dorothy Collins, Denise Lor and Connie Francis, and has completed five albums of his own varied material for Dot. Jack has a B.S. in music, but learned arranging the hard way. "There are more than basic principles involved," says he, "so you just have to keep doing it. As a kid, I wrote for the teen-age dance bands. When it sounded bad, I remembered and did it another way, next time." Acknowledging that the style of a performer influences the arrangements, he notes that Lawrence and Gorme are very musical. "Being good 'projectors,'" he adds, "they aren't afraid of a solid instrumental backing. You could say, a good singer is a frustrated arranger—and a good arranger,
a singer at heart."... Jack himself started out as the half-pint of the London music-hall team of Barnett and Son—the senior member being his dad. "In a typical act," Jack recalls, "Dad would do his stuff, I'd follow with a challenge to him from the stalls, then he'd retort: 'If you think you can do better, come up and show us.' At eight, my specialty was 'Mother.' This would really get 'em."... Jack had always wanted to arrange and conduct. Home from Europe, where he had toured with an entertainment unit from '44 to '46, he went back to school to prepare for a music-teaching career. But before he'd graduated, he had worked up from part-time clarinetist for the CBC to doing an occasional scoring or conducting job... Though he's now moved to the pinnacle of Canadian entertainment, Kane will weigh very thoughtfully any plan to move his career full-time to New York. "We both love New York," says he, in reference to himself and his wife Clare. "But we're very happy in Toronto. On two occasions on Music Makers, the children were featured on the Christmas shows." At his home in suburban Downsview, Jack has set up a studio-office. "Yes, I guess I do have to lock the door," he admits. "Every time the latch is up, the kids pile in on me. Then sometimes, Fern gets the devil in her and hides my key so I can't lock the door." In the tradition of Barnett and Son, Kane and Kids claim that music's a family affair.
(Continued from page 43)

opposite. Some professional critics may acclaim Jack the greater comedian, for he is able to look solemn while putting over his most outrageous lines. Occasionally, Red finds he breaks up over some of his own gags.

What some professional critics criticize, the public loves," says Seymour Berns, director of the Red Skelton show. "I saw a quite serious, bespectacled gentleman who smiles frequently but rarely goes into gales of laughter—though Red can always break him up. Red sometimes enjoys a joke so much that he bursts into laughter. Technically, perhaps he shouldn't do this—but who really minds it? The public shares his enjoyment. He's so rarely having a heck of a good time, he's fun to watch.

"There is a close personal feeling between Red and his audience. It shares his happiness and his heartaches. As his little boy was sick, a fantastic amount of mail arrived for Red. When Red's son died of leukemia last year, it was as if every member of the audience had suffered. Everyone had been praying for the miracle that would save Red's beloved son.

Red stayed away from TV for a long time after the death of his son Ray. Then he came back, seemingly as merry as ever. The members of the crew were told by the director and the producer that it was a new Red. He knows it, too. But don't keep telling him. It will only make it harder for him to do his comedy act, if you remind him of his loss.

"As he was performing, Red's comedy was as uproarious as ever. But, for a while, when he wasn't acting, his eyes would stare into the distance. The men in the crew could guess his thoughts; they didn't intrude on them. Little by little, Red went back to his former extrovert personality. Once again, he lives in a world of fowl, false faces, laughter, and merri

There is a difference.

"In some respects, Red Skelton's comedy has become more poignant since then," says Cecil Barker, producer of the Red Skelton show. "He resembles the Mr. Magoo books that were Seymour Berns' brother—approximately the same build, similar glasses, similar seriousness till he laughs at some gag. But as other Red R. B. Redays, Red skates in a scene with children," he continues, "it has always had a sympathetic overtone. But now, when he plays such a scene, there is noticeably more heart within him."

The greatest comedy has always had an undertone of sadness. A friend of Red's once said, "Comedy and heart are opposite ends of the same pole; and Red has both."

All this doesn't mean that Red is a great comedian merely because he is a great guy. But at the top of his father's speech. The

big-hearted, wanted to accommodate his friend, Mr. Hanger-on. But he could hardly do so in a bathtub just large enough to hold one sleeper. So what, as Red played it, could be more logical than having the rolls that folds into the wall like a Murphy bed?

"People accept these things from Red. They are an integral part of his broad comedy—after all, he is the greatest pantomimist in the world today."

Red himself loves pantomime. "I think pantomime is as universal a language as," he says, "Anyone, anywhere, can understand good pantomime."

For years, Red had dreamed of a TV show done entirely in pantomime. It would be a challenge to all his skills—a great gamble. At first, his producer and director sided away from the idea, for if such a show flopped, the flop might be huge. Finally, they gave in.

"They got the spark of an idea, and put Red's script writers to work on it. With Red cooperating to the limit, they emerged with what Mr. Barker and Mr. Berns consider the greatest TV show they have ever done—the last year's Thanksgiving program about Freddie the Freeloader's attempts to stir up some philanthropist's willingness to do charity among the poor.

"Red Skelton will probably go on forever in TV," explains Mr. Barker, "because there isn't one Red Skelton—there are at least eight of them. There's a new Red Skelton every week. If you see Freddie the Freeloader one week, you might not see him again for five or six weeks. In the meantime, you may see Willie Lump Lump, or, maybe, Mr. Cample, or even Henry, and the now-heenpecked husband; Clem Kaddiddlehopper, the yokel; Cookie, the sailor; punch-drunk Cauliflower McPugg, San Fernando Red, or Bolivar Shagnasty. In addition, there's Red himself.

"An astonishing facet of the show is that Red achieves his transformations without make-up. One moment he can be an old man dozing in a chair; a flip of his hat, and he's a youngster, playing with his first chemistry set.

"Where does Red get his inspirations for these transformations?" asks a journalist. "Just ask Red. "Freddie the Freeloader?" he says. "Why, I got the idea from my father, who used to play a tramp clown in the circus. He played a lead, you know—a water cooler who would be alone on his own—white on his eyelids, white on his mouth, absolutely no red on the nose—I wear identically that make-up. My father used to do the routine of pretending to sew up his fingers with a needle and thread. It's one of my favorites. He also did a clever bit about a girl getting up in the morning."

"Any time he does your father's routines and copied them?"

"Oh, no," Red says gently. "He died one day in May. I was born the following July, you see."

Red is the spirit behind the TV team's success. He pre-tested his lines.

"Wouldn't it be a riot if we had a picture of a bear with fur pasted on it hanging on the wall, and I walked over and pulled off the fur? Then the bear could throw up his arms protectively to cover his nakedness."

"That's a great idea, Red," they said, "but will it work?" Red thought it would. The next week, they came back with bearskin and animated arms. Two minutes before the show went on the air, the picture of the bear was ready, complete with ears, hands, and arms. Everything worked perfectly.

A scene in one show called for Red to keep trying to find a male foreign spy behind a screen, while the foreign spy walked around the front of the screen.

Red Skelton personally creates all his characters. Possibly his favorite is Willie Lump Lump, the drunk, who, for obvious reasons, always gets a glow. "I used to follow and study drunkards," Red explains. "I can just go out and get drunk, and—surprising as it may seem—after children. I love to watch children. The way in which a child learns to walk, the way in which a child gets up again, is similar to the way in which a drunk stumbles along. When I do a drunk, I'm really doing an adult child."
to dodge Red. It soon became one of those merry-go-round chases typical of comedy.

"Why don't I write a gag and suggested Red. The director tried it—and the music blended perfectly with the broad comedy.

Red's ad-libbed tomfoolery on Monday night's dress rehearsals helps keep Tuesday night's program spontaneous and unpredictable. Some of Red's most outrageous remarks have to be toned down a little. But, because of his innocent small-boy air, Red can say things that other comedians couldn't get away with.

After a particularly hot love scene, Red said, "You don't know what a great actor I am. If I'd acted the way I felt, we'd all be in jail by now. You're all indebted to me." The remark, only slightly toned down, was used the following night over the telewaves.

Red's good taste tells him how far he can go on the final live show. "If I could only say what I said in rehearsal," he once remarked wistfully, leaving it to the audience to try to imagine what he had said.

"Red," says a friend of his, "loves laughter. He will work just as hard perfecting a gag to make a few members of the crew laugh, as he will in putting on a gag with which he is trying to entertain the whole country over TV."

A year ago, Red drove the technicians at CBS temporarily mad. At the time, the show was being done in color, and all the colors had to be balanced for the camera. But, whenever Red was in a scene, they just wouldn't balance. Finally, after he'd driven the color men to distraction, Red confessed his secret. Before coming to rehearsal, he'd dabbed a touch of green on one cheek—invisible to the naked eye but sufficient to make it impossible for the technicians to get their colors balanced for the TV cameras.

Red loves a joke, regardless of who perpetrates it. He also loves watching other comedians. Red loves it all and enjoys watching them on TV. Even if he knows they material by heart, he follows every move they make, every line they speak with fascination. Baffled, his wife Georgia and sometimes ask him as he settles down in a favorite armchair to watch another performer, "But why do you want to watch? You know all his material."

"I like to watch them put it across," Red says. And he breaks into howls of appreciative laughter.

There were those who thought, when personal tragedy upset his own life, that Red might retire from show business. How could he go on clowing, some wondered, after the heartbreak of losing his son?

Red himself has the best answer for this.

"How can a man rooted to work retire? If a man dedicated his life to being a monk or a minister, no one would expect him to retire because of personal heartbreak. Why is it any different when a man has dedicated his life to bringing a few minutes of happiness to people?"

"If ever I have made someone who has had troubles forget them for a while and smile, I feel that my work has been worthwhile."

Red, however, does not consider himself another Pagliacci—a clown whose heart is breaking while he makes others laugh. When Red is playing, he enjoys it more than Red himself. Perhaps that's because he keeps viewers voting him Gold Medals—in a tragi-comic era when so many other really funny men have only been getting the gate.

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Calling All Fans!

(Continued from page 41)

is as much a part of the American scene as the television aerial and the juke box. A performer couldn’t escape it if he wanted to.

On the contrary, most of them encourage it. As a result, fan clubs now operate across the country, with their expansion and power of a well-oiled political machine. And the most energetic of the lot are those which function in behalf of Pat Boone.

There was a time when Elvis Presley, now wearing olive drab for Uncle Sam, drew more correspondence than Pat. Perry Como’s office estimates that his fan club alone sends as many as 80,000 letters a week, and Rick Nelson recently had to hire a battery of secretaries to cope with his uncounted mail. Before then, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, in their heyday, helped boost the postal deficit and they still get more letters than they know what to do with.

But when it comes to organization, Pat Boone makes them all pale by comparison. His is in a class by itself, both in scope and operation. The sentiment that flows from the pen and hearts of Pat Boone fans is now in evidence to the states of the Union and from such distant lands as Japan, South Africa, Indonesia and Ghana. Even Czechoslovakia which broke off diplomatic relations with the states of the Union and from such distant lands as Japan, South Africa, Indonesia and Ghana, which is under its shadow, have their Boone pen pals.

Officially, there are more than 350,000 registered Pat Boone fans. They are organized into 4,200 clubs (at last count), which in turn are governed and transmuted by an international headquarters with offices at 6 West 57th Street, New York, 19, N. Y.

Teenagers, of course, dominate the ranks. But, unofficially, there are tens of thousands of adult aficionados and fervors belong to the twenty-four-year-old baritone with the silky voice and eleven gold disks to his credit. Ministers (he’s a devoted member of the Church of Christ, Scientist) and the man who was graduated from Columbia University magna cum laude) and assorted other grownups are among them.

The 5,000 fan letters Boone receives every week at his business offices in Manhattan and at his home in Teneeck, New Jersey, provide copious testimony to his unimpeached appeal.

“I am confident,” wrote a North Carolina father, “that if there is anyone who can bring back to the entertainment field the dignity that has been taken from it by some who want only publicity and fame, you are the one who can do it.”

A California minister wrote him: “My moth-ex with kids has always been happy. Any means to an end, as long as it’s honest, clean and fair.” And the jive provides an “in” with kids that is mighty helpful in reaching them on Christ.”

This from a college professor in Mississippi: “As an argument against cynicism, we would like to be able to point to one young girl. The marriage and balance have stood the test of extreme success.

From a mother in Colorado: “You are also the life of the family. We have a dog and father. This is even more important than your professional career. Our country needs more entertainers that show the sense of responsibility you do.”

And from a teenage boy in Kansas: “I recently graduated from high school and, to thanks you, have decided to continue my education, although it won’t be easy. I think that Pat Boone is a wonderful boy who believes in living a clean, wholesome life and leading the crusade of teenagers to the belief that there is still a God Almighty.”

There is, to be sure, the flood of letters which merely gush, or ask for an autographed picture, or plead for a lack of hair. But the sizable majority of them are inspired by admiration for Pat as a husband; as the father of four daughters; as the sometimes laiy preacher; as the college student who doesn’t run around and fill rehearsals to avoid cutting classes, and as the singer who refuses to accent his beat with anything more than the snapping of his fingers and the tapping of his white buckle shoes.

The first Pat Boone fan club was organized in his hometown of Nashville, Tennessee, five years ago, by a teenager blessed both with foresight and a genius for persuasion. Pat was an unknown at the time—had sung only in local theaters and on small radio stations and hadn’t even cut his first record. But bright-eyed Vicki Woodall, now a student at Memphis State College, must have sensed that her fellow townsman would some day become the world’s most famous Boone since Daniel—of whom, incidentally, he is a direct descendant.

Vicki did her job so well that she now heads up the National Association of Pat Boone Fans, a group of the presidencies of most of the 4,200 clubs. She edits the thick quarterly and annual bulletins the group turns out. Mimeographed or printed in offset, they are masterpieces in public relations and virtually guarantee that anything Pat does will be a sock success.

They keep the Boone public posted on everything about him but his blood pressure. Constantly in touch with Pat’s offices in New York, they plug his records, his movies, his TV shows and his public appearances. The club is a compendium of just about everything that gets into print about him.

The treasury is fed by dues of one dollar a year and small subscriptions to “Pat’s Pages,” the annual publication, which sells for fifty cents. In the true Boone tradition, surplus money is donated to the March of Dimes, the Community Chest and other such charities, with Pat usually donating an equal sum out of his own pocket.

An astute businessman as well as a natural-born do-gooder, Pat himself contributes to the fan club publications, with chatty personal messages that read like letters from home. “I’ve got stacks and stacks of clippings from newspapers all over the country mentioning how the Pat Boone fans support money to especially to charities, how they have contributed in various ways to worthy organizations. This makes me happier than I can say. So, you’ll keep it up and continue to work in your own communities for good.”

The same issue of “Pat’s Pages” told of a Nashville grandmother weighing 250 pounds who cut off more than fifty pounds because she “could not bear the thought of having to meet Pat, wearing a size-32 dress.” As proof of this devotion, the grandmother was said to be among young sisters ranging in age from six to seventeen, the determined grandma also staged a party that raised forty-eight dollars for their club.

Fan clubs sprang up in such profusion that some are in existence for as long as two years before Pat learns of them. As a rule, however, permission to organize a club is immediately forthcoming. An instruction sheet, autographed photos, membership cards and buttons bearing a smiling photo of Pat and the legend, “I am Pat Boone, your personal Pat” promptly drop in the mail. The president is urged to join the national association and to register the names of the officers with the New York office.

Two associates on Pat’s staff, Don Henley and Len Gochman, maintain a close watch over the correspondence and see to it that a file containing a thumbnail record of everything about Pat is always available. Contact with the foreign clubs is in the hands of another staff member, pretty Susanna Silver, and five secretaries are on hand to answer those letters which Pat cannot answer personally. Letters written in a foreign language sometimes have to be farmed out for translation. As a rule, however, some member of the staff is able to make them out.

Pat insists on a personal reply to letters with a religious theme or with those containing a genuine problem. “I feel that we can be of help to them if we take the time to write about something troubling them, the least I can do is try to help, to let them know I can be reached,” he said. “I also feel that this would not be worth their support if I didn’t do that much. These fan clubs have been pretty wonderful to me. I owe a lot of my success to them. That’s why I try to keep in touch with them as much as possible.”

Club presidents frequently visit his New York offices, where they are greeted by him personally or by his personal manager, Jack Spina, or assistant Len Gochman. When he is on tour, he never misses the opportunity to chat with a president or a delegation of backbenchers.

“I can’t speak for other fan clubs,” he said, “but I know that the kids in mine are a pretty wonderful and well-behaved bunch. They don’t tear at my clothes or anything that the club likes. If they want to do is shake my hand, or say hello, or chat for a minute.”

That personal touch is the icing on the cake for all the clubs. In the warmth of their friendship, the test of their unserving loyalty, glows in every word they write to or about their idols. Singing idols, it may be added. For, by some strange alchemy between the two, a good audience, it is the great popular singers like Pat Boone who most inspire the fans to their “secret weapon.”

The star makes a nation’s music. It’s the fans who buy the records, watch and listen—and make his stardom endure.

Fanfare for June

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Fastest News Alive
—Radio and TV

(Continued from page 60)

The Cuban Rebellion. CBS news commentators Stuart Novins and Larry Smith happened to be staying at the National Hotel in Havana when the grand coup took effect. They now have a deeper appreciation of the old line: “Comes the revolution.” On a hot tip in pursuit of rebel leader Fidel Castro, they chartered an airplane to Santiago, then rented an auto. By acute lookouts and a great streak of luck, they caught up with Castro while he was riding a jeep in Santa Clara. This resulted in the very first Castro interview—albeit a wildly hasty question-and-answer tape recording—heard over the network at seven the next morning.

But then followed the hair-raising interview in the memory of CBS newsmen, again starring the victorious Castro, who consented to Face The Nation. Still around to get the fastest news alive, but almost dead in the process, was Stuart Novins, moderator of that show.

Though Face The Nation is no Western, the Havana studio where it was filmed was a spectacle replete with tommy-guns; glaring, suspicious eyes; unkempt, rip-roaring beards; swaggering six-footers, and gun-poking threats (none of this seen, of course, by the TV home audience). Mr. Castro had entered the studio with a 45 automatic, two .30 caliber rifles and more than two hundred of his gun-toting admirers.

“I had had less than two hours’ sleep in two days,” producer-director Ted Ayers recalled, “and my eyes were about three-quarters shut—but when I saw all those ‘fast draws’ around me, I didn’t need any pep pills!” Carbines, knives, and assorted small arms were all over the place. The TV cameramen had guns levelled at them, as did all the others, including four American newsmen and famed TV director Robert Miranda. The interview, however, came off with calm and nobody got scratched; just shook up.

The Death of Pope Pius XII. WOR, which bills itself as “New York’s Number One News Station” and feeds some twenty-three states, dispatched radio commentators Henry Gladstone and George Brown to Rome to cover the death of the Pope. The two became the only American pressmen invited to tape-record the private funeral ceremony held for the Pope’s family. This is how Gladstone and Brown did it: As soon as they got to Rome, they visited the American College, a Jesuit institution for Americans in Rome studying for the priesthood. There, they won the respect of a student who put them in contact with the Pope’s relatives. This was an interfaith scoop ... both Gladstone and Brown are Protestants. WOR was the first station in the United States to air direct broadcasts of the Pope’s funeral.

The Coronation of Pope John XXIII. An unprecedented combining of skills resulted in the CBS news presentation of an hour-long video-tape broadcast of Pope John XXIII less than twenty hours after the conclusion of ceremonies in the Vatican. The singular electronic achievement developed this way: At the start of the coronation ceremonies in Rome, the Italian TV network, RAI, covered all phases of the four-and-a-half hour event and fed the program to Eurovision, the international network which services about a dozen nations. The telecast was sped to the Granada TV network, Ltd., in Manchester, England, where Reginald Ham- mans, chief engineer, tensely supervised

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the final naturalization process of the corona picture to fit American signal-line usage, on a unique electronic machine he had.

Specially flown in from New York were CBS tape engineer George Zavales and CBS news producer Don Hewitt, who edited the 1955 CBS News re- spondent Winston Burdett, present at the Eurovision broadcast in Rome, recorded his own narrative commentary which was inserted as the editing process took place. As a result, the Eurovision broadcast ended, Don Hewitt, hugging videotape, was boarding a chartered twin-engine plane to Paris. From there, he hoped to telephone Studio One in the New York City station that same evening. The tape was once more scrupulously edited and shown early the next morning.

The Near-Fatal Accident of Roy Campanella. When celebrated Dodger catcher Roy Campanella lay near death as a result of an auto smashup, fans across the nation offered prayers for his recovery. When Reporter Cliff Evans, who has been with NBC-TV's Today show since its start seven years ago, scored one of the biggest stories for the program last night, he was interviewing the first interview with the severely injured baseball star. Even Life magazine, which had been trying hard to obtain a written interview, came off two weeks before.

"For five months, I tried to get him," the energetic forty-two-year-old Evans related, "One day, Campie was well enough to talk. I knew the promise I'd be first, that I'd have an exclusive over the papers, magazines, everybody. He came through by June first, even though he'd been offered a huge sum of money to leave the interview. June 4th, listening to the interview that night, June 4th, the first time the public heard this baseball "immortal" speak since the brutal collision in January.

Campanella eventually recovered to allow Cliff Evans fourteen-minute filmed interviews about two months later. This time, again from the Rehabilitation Institute, Campanella was seated in a wheelchair, his neck in a brace, his body paralyzed from the waist down. But his eyes sparkled with a hopeful liveliness and his handsome face exuded courage, serenity and the very spirit of recovery. "Will you walk again?"—Campanella replied: "Certainly I believe I'll walk again. If you don't believe, you won't...it's my intention to do it. I don't believe I will." All the newspapers picked up these moving words of spirited good sense from one of the nation's greatest sports heroes.

"This interview," Evans said, "had the most tremendous influence on the audience. As a matter of fact, viewers are still talking about it and writing in about it. Their letters are littering my desk.

The Chicago School Fire. The shocking fire which claimed the lives of eighty-nine children and three teachers was a CBS "first," emanating from its Chicago station, WBBM. When news of the blaze first reached one of the few women TV news assignment editors, she thought it was "just a fire." In minutes came more news of the blaze, and, presently, three children dead, thirteen dead.

Now Miss Bartlow went into a fury of action, alerted by Hugh Hill, special events director of the station. Hill was one of the first at the Chicago Fire Department, to call the studio. Reporters and cameramen were brought in by the dozen. TV news editor Hal Fischer bravely took a "beat" at the morgue. And thus one of the most tragic and memo- rable stories in the history of TV was unfolded with amazing swiftness. Hill's accounting of the scene on tape went on the radio network about a half-hour after the conflagration started. The first film, narrated by Frank Borgh, managed to reach Chicago at 6:45 P.M. At 11:15 P.M., CBS-TV, from New York, carried an edited production of the heartbreaking fire in a film of thirty minutes.

The General Elections of 1958. There were 33 Senate seats, 432 House seats and 32 Governorships to be won. For this tremendous election show, ABC-TV intro- duced a new "Data Processing System," a picture of the returns, complete with faces of the smiling candidates and their party affiliations. The versatile and debonair newswoman, Miss Florence Neigoff, was in charge of news and public affairs, was "anchoring" that tape for this exhaustive coverage, narrating minute-by-minute developments while veteran newswoman Quincy Howe analyzed individual developments.

At Number One Park Avenue, New York City, newscaster John W. Vandercook was on assignment with the Undersea Data Processing System, a new electronic system that tallies up things-to-come wisdom at fifteen calculations per minute. Note political analyst Louis Bean fed the machine selected data, with Bean's help, UPDF3—pronounced jokingly as "Oedipus" because it's so complex—came out practically dead-right, predicting the Democratic landslide. Undersea Data Processing System, a new electronic system that tallies up things-to-come wisdom at fifteen calculations per minute.

This election newscast, the first that got the full treatment of radio-TV's remarkable speed and quality, viewers and listeners can recall the Adams-Goldfine case, the election of the segregation congress, U.S. troops in Lebanon, Goebbess' fanaticism, and the French-Algerian crisis, the firing of the 8,500-pound Atlas satellite, and the recent Chichio baby kidnapping.

Behind all this excellent relay of news, are studio executives who apparently feel a great sense of responsibility to the public. They make decisions that often cost the networks plenty, in both money and money lost—such as interrupting sponsored pure-entertainment programs—pre- ferring to keep the people fully informed twenty-four hours a day.

Red-haired, blunt-spoken John Day, CBS News Director, has this to say: "If Johnny can't read, he's bound to listen with his ears and see with his eyes. When a news story is important enough, we inter- rupt dramatic-suspense programs like Studio One, but most people appreciate the service of these immediate bulletins and feel personally that they got the news first. There's no use saying we like to cater to intelligence and the gratification of enlightenment."

At NBC, there have been decided changes in management policy, since news-minded Robert Kintner became president and, in June 1958, split off news as an independent operation. Kint- ner appointed dynamo William R. Mc- Auliffe, vice-president in charge of news, to do the job.

"Everything's accelerated these days, and centralized, with all kinds of hustling, but there's always a lot closer to home," Mr. McAndrew co-said. "And, I've been close to McAndrew. "Under his leadership, a staff of almost 400 specialists at home and abroad ship an average of 5,000 feet of film to New York daily, and turn out 250 pages of news stories and scripts each day, or enough to fill a short novel."

NBC, it is conceded by the other networks, has the lead on the startling, complicated and costly new video-tapes. The tapes are transmitted from its connection with RCA, which first purchased the machine from the Ampex Corporation. NBC engineers, hoarding "top secret" information, have made a six-second transmission they are able to achieve with this hulking, cumbersome, yet exquisitely executing tape.

Pffish, amiable newscaster Francis N. Neubert, who heads NBC's Director of News, cites ABC Radio's "new bulletin warning system" which went into action on April 21, 1958, paving the way for the network's "amnesia." They are the timekeeper, the ticker, the bulletin writer, the assistant to the anchor and an Air Force jet trainer over Las Vegas. "The system," Littlejohn explained, "utilizes a series of electronic sig- nals to alert newswoman personnel that a major story is on the way. They have to turn on their trips a warning device—light, bell, buzzer—in each station in the system. Then they are coded 'beeps' informs the affiliates that a bulletin will follow in thirty seconds; the combination of beeps indicates the charac- ter of the news."

Over at WOR, New York, where the past year's record sits proudly with such major newsworthy news, like the Watts, the Littiotown, Pennsylvania housing riots, there is a feeling of more personal ingenuity and not so much machinery. "This is partly because we're not trying to get the entire story in the news department stated frankly.

An example of human resourcefulness is WOR's flying reporter, Bob Garrett, an experienced pilot who flies a Cessna. In September, 1957, during the heat wave that described the terrible train wreckage of the Jersey Central Railroad from its pan- oroamic vantage point in the air, while able to get a clear picture of the crime, Bob Garrett flew almost flat above the flower-covered story from the ground. On another mission, Garrett recalled: "We went out to cover the Robert Taylor trial, the murder of the radio star Jasper Miles, and the George Washington Bridge. My job was to try to help her and I got so frustrated I almost lost control of my plane."

The woman was, however, rescued by an alert policeman.
The Horror "Kick"

(Continued from page 53)

one NBC spokesman put it, "We really hit pay dirt with this one."

Dragnet is credited by NBC as having been the "real trail-blazer" for the police documentary. Made in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, it debuted on TV in January 1952 (prior to that, it had been highly successful on radio). Today, it has more than a dozen imitators, among them NBC-TV's own M Squad, Ziv Television's Highway Patrol, and CBS-TV's The Lineup. The D.A.'s Man, another Jack Webb package seen on NBC-TV, puts more of its emphasis on police work and less of it on dramatic touches. In keeping with the current trend, as does locally popular, fast-moving Mike Hammer—the tough-fisted, hard-hitting detective created by Mickey Spillane and played by Darren McGavin—ABC-TV's Naked City, filmed in New York, is no slouch in the thrill department. A recent newspaper ad, heralding a typical episode, read: 'For Hilda Wallace, the numbers game finally paid off in a savage beating and a warning not to talk.' Savage was the word for Hilda's beating, all right. You've heard of kickin' people when they're down? Well, that's what Hilda got instead of the $1600 due her for winning the daily double. Morale? Place your bets with elderly bookies who wouldn't have the stomach to hit you, should you be unfortunate enough to win.

The same network's 77 Sunset Strip differs from the thrill-packed Naked City in three respects: It is an hour-long show, as against a half-hour, it has private-eyes instead of police as heroes, and it is free to switch to a more colorful locale whenever the writer decides that, after all, a punch in the stomach is twice as entertaining when dealt by an Arab in native dress.

Viewers who prefer monsters to mayhem owe a nod of thanks to Screen Gems, Inc., television subsidiary of Columbia Pictures Corp., which to date has sold a total of seventy-two horror movies—including all the "Frankenstein," "Dracula," and "Mummy" films—to more than 150 TV stations across the country.

"Horror films were always big box-office in theaters," says Jerome Hyams, Screen Gems' vice-president in charge of syndication. "The release of Screen Gems' 'Shock' packages to television has given them a tremendous new audience and they have garnered big ratings wherever they've been shown."

"Incidentally, we were the first to put..."
together a thematic package of fifty-two of these films for television—a package in which all of the movies were around a single theme. We called it "Shock." A second package of twenty was labelled "Son of Shock." Most of them are A. G. Greenberg's high-budget, careful production which went into them.

According to Mr. Hyams, the horror "kick" on TV started in the fall of 1957, when the networks and local stations change the nomenclature of their evening programs to fit the theme," he explains."For example, about a year ago in New York, WABC-TV's "The Night Shift" was "Son of Shock Theater.""

Nationwide publicity and exploitation steam-rollered and, by the time "Son of Shock" was released in April of 1958, "Son of Dracula," which was the horror recordings and similar off-shoots were thriving. Manufacturers of Frankenstein masks and other such mementos had what does he feel busying themselves around.

"The supernatural and the macabre have always fascinated people," Jerome Hyams declares. "Psychologists tell us that horror movies offer a release from everyday pressures. A film's special effects act out, viewers become more relaxed. The appeal of such classic chillers as 'Dracula' and 'Frankenstein' dates back many years."

The resurrection of these old movies has introduced to television a new breed of entertainment. The "homestay," the "horrors" of Fort Worth, Texas, where "Gorgo" spoofs a mean spook, to Portland, Oregon, home of a charming Charles Addams-like creature known as Tarantula Ghoul," feeblemindedly performed by specialists in the underground novelties field, most of whom prefer their viewers "sick, sick, sick!" Should these masters of terror have chosen to set up their headquarters might well be known as the Crypt Club, and their motto: A short life but a scary one.

WABC-TV's "Zacherley" perhaps the best known nationally of the "horror people," has been curator of WABC-TV's "Shock Theater" since last September. Casually referring to himself as the "Dick Clark of Television," he realizes that no one who does not dig the gravybigbit, Transylvania is the home base of Count Dracula), former actor John Zacherley claims his entry into the macabre of midnight madness came about because he was "too weak-willed to go look for work." On Shock Theater, his main chore is providing introductions and intermission commentary on the films, but he also has a delightful way of pointing up in the middle of a scene, on camera, in appropriate dress, with such comments as, "Why don't you send that girl to acting school?" to replace the character in the picture said, "We'll be going home soon," Zacherley sighed and remarked, "I wish we were going home soon, too, for the lack of it.

His chief concern is finding new bits to do during intermissions. The thought of "running dry" horrifies this master of the macabre. "Have a vacant brain?" he asks plaintively. Yet his originality knows no bounds. He once opened a cardboard box, removed some shredded paper, and announced, "Some kid sent me this in the mail!" "Shhh," he adds, "It's a heart beat!" which is enough to raise the hair on a mohair couch, includes such choice items as a bat, a bent leg, a coffin with the lid ajar, and some学员 leaves—"The juice of three," he explains, "keeps a mummy alive. The juice of five inspires him to murder."

And, if that is not enough, is the effect of all this horror on the kiddies? "I can't say," Zacherley replies. "I was never allowed to see such movies when I was little.

But as an understanding, some psychologists seem to be just as well as scared as while they're young.

ABC's Ted Fetter, Vice-president and Director of Programs for Network TV, points out that children have enjoyed being "scared out of their wits" since the beginning of the time. He cites as an example the last line of the lullaby "Rockabye Baby"; "When the bough breaks, down will and down will come cradle, baby and all."

"Mothers love to sing this one," says Mr. Fetter. "It doesn't seem to bother them that the poor kid is being lashed over dinner for being afraid of fairy tales. The old witch in 'Hansel and Gretel' fattening children so they can be eaten—how gory can you get? There are things that are in fact far more gory. Many an- day's television shows are harmful to children. I think the ground must be fertile before any influence will take hold in a child's life, if one gets home life, it will take action shows in stride, the same as the fairy tales."

Does he feel that the emphasis is on violence in some of today's adventure shows? "I think we tend to make action shows," he declares firmly. "People like thrills. They always have. Cut to the chase, we used to say. The popularity of the Westerns and the Hopalong Cassidy shows a suggestion of Hollywood's one hundred years from now, the current TV action series will be the folklore of our great-great-grandchildren."

"I am appalled," he added, "as all responsible executives are, about criticism whenever it is levied at the industry. There are some things that could be bad taste, and I think it's fair to say that, if these shows are taking advantage of people's weakness, they should not be considered. We have high standards of self-censorship in television."

"The heads of the television industry may do something in New York. They have approached the public. We try to please most of the people most of the time. But you can't please all of the people all of the time. In the final analysis, it is the public that votes, and we are just there to entertain. When you go too far in any direction, the public will let you know and you listen because it means only this—to this."

He goes on to say that switching channels on a television set.

Is it true that the action shows are still increasing in popularity? "We think that action is still the popular mode."

Mr. Fetter states. "77 Sunset Strip and Naked City have proved that to us, rating-wise. We have five mystery or adventure-type shows under consideration for fall production now. This is in addition to Naked City, Public Enemy, Fat Man, Amazon Trader and Torrid Zone."

Speaking for NBC, Robert Lewine, Vice-president of Television Programming, Network Programs, appears to be in complete accord with Mr. Fetter on the adventure show. "It is a basic commodity in television. It is not part of the entertainment business. We have several planned for next year."

Mr. Lewine feels that the basic appeal of this type of show is conflict, pits self-identified with the hero. Mr. Lewine says, "The bad man are the bad man and the bad man are clearly defined and the viewer knows it will turn out all right in the end. It's an outlet. A release. An exercise of the individual. These shows satisfy that very natural tendency."

On the subject of violence, Mr. Lewine feels that perhaps it might be found in some of the action-indicated shows but not in the network show. "There may be more action in one show than another in a given series, but I must protest this word 'violence,' " he states firmly. "I do not think that there is anything wrong with violent action. Every adventure story needs conflict, and at what point does it stop being conflict and become violent?"

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have some vaudeville. These forms of entertainment have been transplanted from the stage, the screen, concert halls and theaters, to television. But the intimate show, where a few people come into your home to visit, is a form of entertainment which had its natural beginning in radio and naturally belongs in television, a medium which is even more intimate.

“The explanation sounds easy, as if I’d known it for a long time. But, in the past few years, I got so fouled-up with external pressures that I couldn’t see the forest for the trees. About twenty-seven years ago, when I was an announcer in Washington to play my music, typed out announcements and commercials. One morning I got fed up, threw away the paper and began to gripe. I griped about being up early. I griped about the commercials. If something made me feel happy, I said so—but, if I didn’t like the first eight bars of a record, I took it off the turntable and smashed it.

“This week I had, Henry lain in a hospital for six months, listening to what passed for radio, and I was doing nothing more than honestly reacting to the stuffiness of the situation. So Godfrey was born and even at the beginning, radio became accepted nationally. Those of us who have stuck with this concept have outlasted everyone else and we’re still cooking good. So, knowing this, how did I get sidetracked in television? It is complicated and deep stuff.

“I had griped and I had razzed. I razzed network vice-presidents and musicians. They didn’t care. They knew it was in fun. They were individually drawing four hundred a week. The audience didn’t mind, for they knew my voice and knew I was only kidding. And, in the beginning, the newspapers didn’t care. And I think he had no attention, until one day someone discovered they could sell more papers if they wrote about TV personalities.

“There are some writers who make a business of stirring up emotions and they looked around for a target and, for a while, it was me. They wrote, ‘Look at his face when he’s talking. He’s bitter. He hates people.’ They worried the public about my income. Suddenly, it became a crime to have saved my money and to own more than one horse.

“When you pick up a paper and find you’re getting the same old something happens to you. Without being conscious of it at all, you get sick between the ears. You’re not conscious of it but you’re on the defensive. You know you haven’t changed, but something is happening. You begin to sweat. You can’t sleep. Now you’re friends say, ‘Be careful, Arthur. Be nice to everyone. Smile.’ So you sit there like a blithering idiot with a jolly-boy grin on your face. And what does it do but make you a phony. And you’re miserable.

“Well, within the last year, I got to a point which I can’t stand that series of new pictures I saw recently. One of Batista’s men was about to be executed. In the first picture, he stood before a judge pleading for his life. The second owed him pleading with a general. Seeing no way out, in the last picture you realize that he has said to hell with it and has suddenly relaxed to the inevitable. He goes out the door.

“I was at that point and I said to myself, Okay, Arthur, there’s nothing to lose. You can’t drop any lower, if these ratings are as bad as they say they are trying. Relax. Relax and enjoy yourself. Live a little. And I went to the show to have some fun and afterwards someone came up to me and said, ‘Arthur, you were in good humor this evening.’ A few days later, my close friend and attorney, Leo DeOrsey, called to say, ‘I’m beginning to have people ask, “Did you see Arthur this morning?”’ This hadn’t happened in a couple of years. People are beginning to talk again.

“I quickly said to myself, Now, wait a minute. How are we going to do this? Is it true? Is it true? They proved it, and I know them, to show the side that the audience doesn’t see. Most of these great performers aren’t what some people say they are. They are nice and, when you get to know them inside, they are fine.”

Mr. Godfrey was asked to comment on some of the others who do conversational shows, and he named Charles Morgan. He said, “I have many interests and I don’t get to see everything that is programmed. I watch Ed Murrow and John Daly. I love the way they work. I watch them and talk to people and I know them, and I can see how they show the side that the audience doesn’t see. Most of these great performers aren’t what some people say they are. They are nice and, when you get to know them inside, they are fine.”

At this point, Mr. Godfrey was asked about the techniques used in doing a conversational show. ‘T’ll tell you how we select our guests,” he replied. “Charlie Andrews, and me with a list of people. I read down the list and scratch off some names. I eliminate one man because I don’t believe in his philosophy. Then there are a few guys who, fifteen years ago, made headlines when they got dishonorable discharges from the service for trying to bribe their way into soft jobs during the war. A lot of people have forgotten. Maybe mine isn’t a good Christian attitude, but I can’t forget my buddies who were killed. Or there may be a woman who is common, sexy, brash. I’m not going to put her on the air. I’m苏州 over the air. I’m苏州 trying to be a good girl, a good citizen, and I try to make the picture that the man who puts me in the show puts in the show. ‘Come on, kids, let’s watch.” I am a guest in the house and in the life.”

“We have no tricks to make people talk. We bring them to the studio fresh and accomplish this by having someone else sit in while the lighting and cameras are set up. I’ve never heard of there are two men who must be especially alert, the director and myself. We work this way: Suppose you are my guest. I ask you a question and I leave it as if it were a laugh. Now, it is my job to make you look good, to know when to cut away. Unless you’re a Gleason, I know the next thing you will do, after making your point or getting a laugh, is to lay an egg.

“So I cut to someone else. Now, from experience, I know you’re not going to
Mr. Godfrey then asked to discuss the future of the conversational show. He said, "To talk about this, we must discuss the advertiser and the whole future of television. It is my opinion that television is going to be an "escape" medium for people who are bored and frightened, who don't have anywhere to go and don't have anything to do. The more labor-saving devices we have, the more time people will have on their hands and they will turn to Westerns or their equivalent.

"Unfortunately, so many people, poor things, prefer to escape from themselves rather than live. So escape entertainment will have a tremendous audience and my feeling is that this escape thing will eventually be just as ineffective as an advertising medium as the ten-cent Western does for the person that by the millions, but no one advertised in them. Advertisers knew better.

"This is not to say that the TV Western today is an ineffective advertising medium, if only because of the size of audience. Some Westerns have almost fifty percent of the viewers. Now, if you have around sixty-five million people watching a show and you stand up there with a cigar, you're bound to sell a million. That's only one in sixty-five—yet, even if you sell a million matchbooks, you make money for someone. But that isn't selling just as it isn't fishing if you drop sixty-five lines to catch one fish. And you've still got two other networks, plus independent stations, on the air at the same time. They have to divide up the rest of the audience, and they damned well better have someone who knows how to sell effectively.

"I have to sell a lot of merchandise, because I have just about twenty-five million view- ers. This means I must believe in what I sell. One of the sponsors may come around to me and say, 'We have a new pen here. It's a good pen and worth $1.95. You try it, Arthur, and if you agree, if you feel as enthusiastic about it as we do, we'll stock the stores. But, if you can't enthusiastic, we're not going to make them because we can lose our shirts.' So, if I believe in something that good pen, I go to work and move them, and the client is happy. We don't need an audience of sixty-five million, because our viewer is not sitting with glazed eyes in front of an escapist program, but is a different audience in the show. That is what makes the conversational or intimate show worthwhile for the advertiser.

"In radio, I always conversed with the listener. It was that simple. Now, when I'm talking with a guest, the viewer is still participating. He is either identifying with my viewpoint or the guest's, or he may be arguing, or both. He is sharing my interest in what the guest has to say. The atmosphere is friendly with laughs or controversy—just as it may be in your own living room when friends come in—and, in this case, the television living room and the viewer becomes one. The total audience is not so large as that of the escape program, but the total satisfaction for the viewer is tremendous. We have not just that one person concerned with him to meet some people, drop a few new ideas, spill a couple of laughs, enjoy the beauty of a song, and then leave him with the warmth that distinguishes us from animals.

"For the future, the project of taking over Murrow's Person To Person will give me added scope in conducting interviews with interesting personalities. That will be great fun, but otherwise I plan no big changes. I have had a great thrill, many such thrills, in discovering a young talent and in seeing him emerge into a major performer. There are still others, and I wouldn't want to drop them and let them just wither on the vine. So these younger stars and the big names—the Gleasons, the Sammys, the Bogarts, etc.—the popularities. That's old hat. There are still others, and I think all will earn their place. I wouldn't want to drop them and let them just wither on the vine. So these younger stars and the big names—the Gleasons, the Sammys, the Bogarts, etc.—the popularities. That's old hat. There are still others, and I think all will earn their place.
slated; also a number of "originals" by top writers like Rod Serling and A. E. Hotchner.

In the anthology format, the trend toward enlistment of movie stars as hosts and boistes continues with news that Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford may introduce and appear in new series. Still another trend is toward the exploration of the occult and supernatural in plays, exemplified by Alco Presents and The Veil.

An instance of what's to come, Alan Miller, executive vice-president of the Revue Productions, states that, of the programs set by his studio, about sixty percent will be in the dramatic anthology field (including family-situation series for Robert Alda's and Leave It To Beaver); thirty percent in action and adventure shows (including Westerns); and ten percent comedy. "Bearing in mind that syndication operations are getting bigger all the time," he says, "dramatic series and anthologies of one kind or another are the order of the day."

A well-tried theme of the past is cropping out this year in a major trend. Shows such as Hallmark's Fairly Celestial, with Molly Bee; You're Only Young Once, with Dean Jones; The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis, with Dwayne Hickman (who will exit as the nephew in 1959, with yet untitled series slated for the West Coast football star, Ronnie Knox).

Several familiar faces are no longer in unannounced series. Various productions of The Rod Serling Show, such as Time Frame, which was put together by Robert Alda's, have accomplished the orders of new ones, and the old ones begin the lucrative process of re-running, the question of residuals, taxes and syndications becomes acute. A case study was recently given by Peter Lawford in Santa Fe, reminding us that what's happening with his Dear Phoebe series which was so popular a few seasons ago. Over the past three years, the episodes have grossed something like $800,000 in residuals for him and his producer-partner Alex Gottlieb, and it shows signs of going on and on. Peter, of course now, stars in The Thin Man, and has every reason to look forward to making a neat profit from that, too.

An example of shrewd syndication was the sale of George Burns of 240 episodes of the Burns and Allen series to Screen Gems for $6,000,000. Such fabulous returns, especially for those who own stock in the producers, form the wish of several producers of series in which they can own a share. By becoming stockholders as well as performers, they can do better tax-wise and also reap a large portion of "residuals" by getting a producer-actor return. In this connection, David Niven, Charles Boyer and Dick Powell, partners in Four Star Films, were able to sell their stock in Four Star Films for $2,000,000.

Not all stars are going with this trend, however. Ann Sothern, currently starring in The Ann Sothern Show, states: "I wish it was true, I've had an account of over a hundred thousand dollars for my Private Secretary, series residuals, but I refused to sell out. It's not only bad for me tax-wise, but I do so much of myself into a role they can't take away, and the results as evidence by continual re-plays. Last but not least is the fact that it will make a nice nest-egg for my darling daughter, Thea, someday."

Perhaps the most significant development in dramatic programs is their flow toward foreign markets. TV exports are expected to equal motion pictures in five years and are expected to reach forty percent of the total box office.

This has some odd sidelines film producers. An author whose book on grassroots politics sold quite widely approached a TV producer with the idea of dramatizing it for television. "Oh, no, we couldn't do it..."
series on local politics," the producer said. "It just wouldn't be understood abroad."

Director John Peyer of Screen Gem's Behind Closed Doors wryly points out that he is worth millions in the exotic currency of the countries where the series is now being shown. As a gag, producer Sidney Marshall had given him this foreign money. "But," explains Peyer, "what he didn't tell me was that, when reduced to cold hard cash of the United States, it's of no value other than sentimental." Yet huge profits are in the making for American producers with an eye to foreign markets, insists Dick Powell and almost every other top player in the television field.

Wherever it is shown, American TV is having an influence on the likes and manners of foreign populations. In merry England, for example, where the pub was once a favored haven for hobbies on the lam, wives are getting to see more of their domestic chores on television. In Latin America, says Robinson, there are thousands of TV sets in use and customs will have to be established in order to have the sets not flood every home.

Nevertheless, some resistance is to be expected. Already, Goar Mestre, president of the CMQ network in Cuba, has warned that American telefilms must be careful "not to offend our traditions by excessive use of brutality, sex or crime, otherwise curbs may be imposed." However, if the taste and variety exercised on such shows as Loretta Young's anthology series, General Electric Theater, and the simple "homey" series such as Lassie, Rin Tin Tin and Lassie, we are used to, will not be sharply criticized, there would be no problem. In upcoming series, the networks are bearing this sharply in mind and the future indicates that telefilms will be exported to all parts of the world by the end of 1960. Already many of our series are going strong in England, Canada, Australia, the Latin American countries, Hong Kong, Spain, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Japan, and Thailand, Belgium, the Philippines, Denmark and Sweden.

In television circles, there is a general glow of optimism these days. The feeling is that with the shows on TV is perhaps best expressed by Jeff Morrow, presently basking in the sunshine of the syndicated success of his production of Viva Jo, Feitl and Ness. "There's no end to talent! But few could argue against the critical acclaim which greeted the TV premiere of the popular Broadway musical, Kiss Me, Kate with Alfred Drake. Or the dramatic skill of Maurice Evans in 'Dial M for Murder.' Remember the poetry of Julie Harris in the original Hallmark drama, 'Little Moon of Alban.'"

Hastily, the network programming departments dust off the names of the Shirley Temple Storybook series. "Each spectacular has its own particular delight, perhaps several others. But, in the long run, they all add to the total and ultimate effect of the spectacular world of TV."

At the American Broadcasting Company, John Green, network executive in charge of programming, commented, "Specials create a wonderful one-time impact. But over here, at ABC, we don't always throw a lot of eggs in a special basket."

"Our simple production of 'Peter and the Wolf' proved a special was an idea, not necessarily a Madison Square Garden extravaganza. The problem was to find the skill and imagination of the entertainment world's top talents. The basic goal is simply to make them such rewarding and memorable entertainment that they will live in the minds and memories of viewers long past the night of the performance. All the specials that can meet that requirement should be produced, and the more spectacular they are, the better!"

Over at NBC, Robert Lewine, vice-president in charge of programming, had this to say: "Specials this season covered — and will cover — a broader range of interest than ever before. They run the gamut from Mary Martin's Easter show, a two-in-one-day musical recapitalization of her dazzling career, to the distinguished musical experiments of the new Bell Telephone Hour series."

Asked what he considered to be the highlight of last year's specials, he pointed out, "This is like asking a chef what his favorite dish is — and that, as we all know, depends entirely on the taste of the person being interviewed. There's no end to talent! But few could argue against the critical acclaim which greeted the TV premiere of the popular Broadway musical, Kiss Me, Kate, with Alfred Drake. Or the dramatic skill of Maurice Evans in 'Dial M for Murder.' Remember the poetry of Julie Harris in the original Hallmark drama, 'Little Moon of Alban.'"
in a agreed specular have enhanced television’s prestige in the entertainment market.

Jack Gould, the leading critic of the influential New York Times whose high profile is even more keenly felt in the TV industry buzz between this East and West Coast, believes, “Spectaculars have contributed to better TV and are a much-needed relief from monotonous routine fare.”


Gould adds, however, “Like much of TV, the spectaculars wouldn’t be hurt by more substance. If TV isn’t going to perish from sameness, there must be more special efforts!”


So far, in 1959, spectaculars have yielded many memorable evenings, from song-and-dance jamborees to the Old Vic’s production of “Hamlet” and the two-part presentation of “For Whom the Bell Tolls,” buổi present a polymathic—sell-out novel and starring Maria Schell and Jason Robards, Jr.

Scheduled for later this spring are “The Humane Factor,” a touching and humorous story centering about a small-town boy who works in a telegraph office at night to support his widowed mother and learns that no one ever dies as long as he lives to the hearts of those who loved him. Hallmark is preparing a production of Eugene O’Neill’s family comedy about young love, “Ah! Wilderness,” with Donald Sinden, Ronald Lewis shows and a Dean Martin special, a Gene Kelly musical variety program and a two-hour musical comedy, “Meet Me in St. Louis,” starring Jane Powell and Tab Hunter.

But these are only a sampling of what’s to come!

Later this year, NBC-TV will have the honor of presenting Sir Laurence Olivier in what is already being talked about as the “colorcast spectacular of the year,” the adaptation of Somerset Maugham’s famous novel “The Moon and Sixpence.”

Shooting on the production was completed earlier this year, and Sir Laurence’s performance was so powerful it received a spontaneous burst of applause from the cast. Sir Laurence, who was paid $100,000 for his role, was so taken with his TV “debut” that he worked around the clock during the last two days of shooting, catching catnaps from time to time when he wasn’t performing in front of the cameras.

In the “Moon and Sixpence,” Sir Laurence plays a man who renounces his wife and children to become an artist, encounters many struggles in his travels and ultimately settles in the South Seas where he at last finds the beauty he is seeking.

The networks wisely plan repeat programs of past favorites—“Art Carney” (already chosen by one award-winning group as the best children’s program of 1958), the musical version of Marc Connelly’s Pulitzer Prize play, “The Green Pastures,” and others.

“Spectaculars,” says David Suskind, one of the top independent producers of them all, “are here to stay.” In the short span of five years, they’ve offered millions of viewers the best from Broadway, Hollywood, the world!”

Their future?

At every network, the consensus is the same: Spectaculars should have a field day. The sky’s the limit!
The O. and A. Business

(Continued from page 58)

One, also under fire, went off the air in October, after its rating took a dive. The $64,000 Challenge went off, amidst accusations—and The $64,000 Question departed, too, without actual ratings reported. It was reported at the time that The Question had poured out prize money to the tune of well over $2,000,000, and had given away twenty-nine Cadillacs as consolation prizes.

Other shows went off for other reasons—mostly ratings, though some were unhappy about their time-slot, loss of sponsors, worry that quiz shows in general would eventually affect them. Among the departees were Anybody Can Play, How Do You Rate?, Make a Wish, Lucky Partners, What's My Line?, and With A Winner. Lawrence Welk’s double time-slot was given as the reason for the September demise of Bid N’ Buy, with Bert Parks as host. The Big Game ran only from the middle of June to the middle of September.

Chance For Romance went on in mid-October and, before mid-December, was replaced by Mr. Average Joe. This show also ran from the middle of October until the first week in January. A program called ESP (the initials designating extrasensory perception), bowed in on July 11 with Dr. J. I. Q., and was given a good showing of format midway in its short career, and despite a change of title to Tales Of ESP.

As mentioned earlier, Dr. J. I. Q. returned for several months this season. It’s interesting to note that Lee Segall, who created the show, almost a quarter of a century ago and is its owner, still supplied the questions. He runs a successful dairy business in Houston, Texas, in the 1930’s, and a local show called Vox Pop plugged its products. Vox Pop went to Hollywood and the networks, and Segall came up with Dr. J. I. Q., a format, casting, scheduling, and Doctor himself, but decided performing was not for him. There have been a number of Dr. J. I. Q.’s and many assistants working in the field. At the present, probably the most famous of the latter, a fellow now known as Garry Moore.

Quizzes ran into a season of soberness in the year just past, and perhaps this is the feature that is most appealing is their more light-hearted approach. Their pace is swift, there are no long silences filled with suspenseful music, the tension has lessened. The questions, and even the correct answers, are frequently spiced with humor. It’s more fun this way.

Many shows have fascinating by-products, besides the money prizes, merchandise, trips, etc. Last January, a twenty-one-year-old girl from Ohio, appearing on The Price Is Right, was asked to name the city where Mike Cullen went from New York, where the show is broadcast. "Eloping," she said. Before the program was off the air, a bridal suite had been reserved for the eloping couple at the Waldorf Astoria, and they were given a reception after the show. In addition to prizes she won in the regular way—household furnishings, automobiles, etc.—a wedding dress was also left to her. Mike Cullen gave a male contestant a “bonus” in another show. Asked to name as many European countries as he could think of in ten seconds, the man was able to come up with six, good enough for a part of a trip to all of them. Viewers from coast to coast gazed at this kind of magic, which in ten seconds’ time could whisk a contestant away over land and sea, or make most of them dream of someday visiting. This element of the unexpected sparks many of the programs and gives the folks at home some vicarious thrills.

That quizzes and give-aways bring out sidelights on human foibles and frailties has long been known but was pointed up by some incidents last year unconsciously noted by news reporters. One concerned a man accused of attempting to bribe two young boys employed as mail sorters for a quiz show. He had an ingenious plan for winning, but the human factor failed: The boys told their boss.

A woman who appeared on a show and got several hundred dollars complained later that she had been fleeced of some of her winnings. The Secret Service found it necessary to issue an official warning that alteration of currency with intent to defraud is an offense, with penalties of imprisonment and fine, after dollar bills with altered serial numbers had been received by Top Dollar.

At this point, it is time to bring out our crystal ball and try to read the future for you. It is pretty plain to everyone concerned that last year’s frenetic flurry of quizzes which started during the spring and summer is not likely to repeat itself. The rumors, the direct accusations and the resulting publicity have had their effect—packager quipped at the height of the bidding and exited Augsburg in the last days of format called “Spot The Fix.” But these were not the only factors. Saturation, satiation—call it just plain boredom—had begun to set in. Everybody was getting tired of so many quizzes similar. Nobody wants to repeat that mistake.

There is a lot of time to be filled, and an audience just waiting to be entertained. The success of the quiz shows, and the fallout of format is clearly evident, has given a room for some new ideas—or old ideas dressed up in a new way. A number of these will be popping up in the months to come, some not quite ready, some still filled with promise. Nobody wants to repeat that mistake.

The brilliant new 1959 PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is ready for you now. This is the book that tells you everything about Hollywood. This glamorous yearbook sparkling with bright new pictures of all the top-flight stars. Here, too, is the news and gossip of Hollywood plus exclusive stories about the screen’s outstanding personalities of the year. This is a book you must have. Here’s a sample of what’s inside this exciting yearbook.

HOLLYWOOD MADE NEWS—Stars marry . . . divorce have husbands. And all around the globe their doings are front page news. Here are pictures and stories in a blow-by-blow account of the exciting goings-on in the almost-endless world of the movie stars.


ALL-TIME FAVORITES—Hart Lancaster, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Al Jolson, Cary Grant, John Wayne, Jimmy Durante, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, in pictures, and top-flight personalities of the screen in the "fifties.

PHOTOPLAY PORTRAIT GALLERY—The glamour, the excitement, the power that is Hollywood is wrapped up in its stars. Here is a close-up of some of "the most" George Nader, Ava Gardner, Anthony Franciosa, Jayne Mansfield, Dorothy Malone, Marilyn Brandon, Mickey Gaynor, Montgomery Clift.

HAPPILY MARRIED—Cary, exciting pictures and sparkling stories about those on Cloud Nine, Joanne Woodward, and Paul Newman, Dieu Nenay, and Don Murray, Deirdre and Maritz Melcher, Bary Cohnbaum and Linda Darnell, and Richard Ten and Patricia Hardy, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker, Charlton Heston and Lydia Clark.

RISING STARS—Refreshing pictures of 31 newcomers to the screen. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers.

STILL ONLY 50c WHILE THEY LAST

This sensational Annual is a best-seller every year. Get your copy before they are all snatched up, only 50c as your favorite magazine counter. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon, with 50c—TOTAL.
Ed Sullivan is seen shivering in the icy winds of the North Pole or below the Arctic Circle in Alaska. And it’s not a comedy sketch. It’s the real thing. Steve Allen basks under a Cuban sun, before your eyes, and the sun is moment. It looks as if trouble might be brewing. But, thinking fast, Van Dyke graciously declared the young ladies on the grounds of “religious differences.” And, in a few hours, the film was over.

Not only personal problems but business difficulties become more complicated as TV crosses the oceans. The problem of insurance coverage was never more critical. The TV company that produced the show could operate—a becomes a grave. As Lowell Thomas says, “When you have a show working in some of the most densely-populated areas of the world, the brokers don’t exactly come running.”

His company spent months trying to get insurance coverage in Switzerland, England, and America. Even though their shows, “gamblers,” Lloyds of London refused to insure the cameramen, mountain climbers, gun-bearers and technicians who work for High Adventure. Finally, in the conservatively-minded U.S., the insurance company was found, and the show could go on.

Such are the difficulties of international television, and the tough-seeming problems turn out to be solved in an almost ridiculously easy way. Thomas was on the South Sea island with the unlikely name of Puka Puka, preparing to film an account of the first rock obstructions of an eclipse on the Sun. At one point, it was necessary for him to speak to his producer in faraway New York City.

Puka Puka, however, is unreachable by phone. End of story? Not at all! Thomas’s inventive producer in New York simply dialed a nearby ham radio operator in Rio de Janeiro. . . . thought the call to Thomas in the South Seas . . . and it was picked up by a radio operator on Puka Puka.

This was done by a method called “scatter-beaming.” The program is beamed to stations in nearby Miami, which then scatter the signal through the air, to be picked up by radio sets.

Ranging farther afield, Bob Hope has done his bit to lighten international tensions as well as to brighten up video programming. Poking his famous nose into the hidden corners of the city of Moscow, Hope took American viewers on a “mis-guided” tour of that mysterious place.

As a secretary to a TV producer recently quoted, “The most exciting industry in the world of TV is the move. That it is a big, big world. And they’re going out there, to bring it to you!”

(Continued from page 48)
TV's National Classroom

(Continued from page 66)

it was a legislator who was in trouble because of educational television. His constituents, in a remote district, couldn't tune in on the lessons and they were angry about it. When word of the state's three-station network was introduced, he arose to protest. "I'll vote for it," he stated, "provided that next time you get the signal into my county."

But in Detroit, where a child retired undertaker was having the time of his life. He wrote WTVS, "I never had a chance for education when I was young, but you're finally brightening up my old age. Before I die, I'm going to get my high school diploma."

Such stories multiply as educational TV extends. The same thirst for knowledge which once led a young Abe Lincoln to learn the Rule Of Three by the midnight-light of a pine-knot torch today brings young—_and_—older—students to the television screen nightly, to study nuclear physics, sociology, history, literature and other courses. The NBC-TV-originated Continental Classroom, the first coast-to-coast instruction program, is aired at 6:45 on Saturday night on commercial and educational stations, with nearly 300 colleges offering credit. In New York, WCBS-TV's Sunrise Semester was the first to prove that television could be scheduled farmers' rising hours if given an opportunity to study.

Many people view simply because they want to learn. Others take examinations an earn academic credit.

Classroom work is keyed to broadcasts in the areas served by the thirty-four educational television stations and by the commercial stations which sell or give time to educational programs. A recent count showed that some 125 colleges televise their own courses and that about 600 school systems make regular, systematic use of television.

A number of bills are now before Congress to appropriate funds for educational television. All are similar to that of Washington's Senator Warren G. Magnuson, which would give the states one million dollars to each state to establish an educational television station or improve existing facilities. Persons supporting them call it "the only way to achieve a "breakthrough" in teaching methods. Educational TV, long the poor step-sister of glamorous commercial television, is now being courted as the attractive schoolteacher who will help solve the nation's educational problems.

The need for new educational solutions was obvious even before the Russians scared us with their spunks, but is personally felt by the young suburban mother—who must turn full-time chauffeur to deliver her children to split-shift schools—and by the elderly, pensioned property-owner whose school bills now double. Its distress is shared by the overworked, underpaid teacher and by the small-town student who can't meet college-exam requirements because his school fails to teach required courses. One of its serious economic costs is advertised by industry's frantic search for qualified engineers.

A more formal definition of need comes from the report of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education. It points out that we not only are faced by the problems mentioned by a rapidly increasing population, but by too few classrooms and teachers. Beyond that, lies the fact that the body of knowledge itself is expanding beyond the imagination of yesterday and continues to grow at a rate which baffles realization. "The average citizen, young or old, needs to know so much more today... just to navigate successfully in this highly crowded and complex world." It just about adds up to the fact that all of us need to go back to school and that only the communication offered by radio and television can take us there.

America has been slow to use the educational potential of television, but educators were among the first to develop the techniques of broadcasting. In 1917, the University of Wisconsin went on the air with the nation's first educational radio station, WEA. Later there were 176 commercial radio stations, but, according to one historian, Richard B. Hull, director of radio and television, Ohio State University, many of these were simply experimental outlets for physics and engineering departments. In the mid-30s, there were fewer than thirty-five stations and educators then rallied to demand that the FCC allocate channels to education. In 1950, at Iowa State, WOI-TV went on the air as the one-hundredth TV station in the United States and the first non-commercial educational-owned TV station in the world.

The fight for educational channels was won and it became a bitter one. Arrayed against the penniless educators were well-financed commercial interests. A recent count showed that at least a million-dollar asset. The F.C.C.'s 1949 TV allocation proposal left out education, but in 1952, the commission was resolved by the reservation of 80 VHF and 165 UHF channels for educational use. Total allocations now are 86 VHF and 171 UHF.

Few of the commercial stations which have utilized these reserves went on the air is a story of begging, generosity, devoted public service and just plain scrounging. The drive for WTTW in Chicago is one example. It began with mothers in the North Shore suburbs went from door to door asking for a dollar. It found inspired, competent leadership in Edward T. Newlin, chairman of the board of Inland Steel, retired and devoted full time to organizing the station. It now is possible for one to get a college degree by watching WTTW and taking examinations for credit.

Alabama, which had the first state network of three educational TV stations, offers an example of the scrounging. In 1953, Governor George Wallace, who had himself been in communications, supplied the driving power which led the legislature to appropriate the first $500,000 to activate their three VHF channels. When Raymond D. Hurlbert, general manager of the Alabama Educational TV Commission, appeared before the Magnuson Committee, in 1956, he set the state's total budget at about a million dollars. Asked how they could build and broadcast on so small a sum, he told how he had persuaded commercial stations to donate thousands of dollars worth of equipment and also bought a $12,000 microwave relay for $1,200. "I was brought up as a schoolteacher," he explained, "to buy things ten cents on the dollar. My experience for thirty years in public schools taught me that you never are supposed to pay full price."

Another case of ingenious operation...
INITIAL and FRIENDSHIP RING

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Music, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 64) champagne, while Sammy Kaye catered to the sophisticated set. Even Ernie Ford served up a caviar and country-cider combination of hits, hymns, hillbilly, sophisticated satire and earthy pecking philosophy.

The oldest radio show of them all, Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, now on CBS-TV, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with Ted numbering many of the brightest names among his graduates. His pop-field roster was almost endless. He also counted eleven of his young hopefuls among those who grew up to go into the Metropolitan Opera. He's been on the air since 1931, wasn't doing so badly, either. Its Saturday-afternoon broadcasts, via CBS Radio, continued to reach distant opera-lovers who might never see the Golden Horseshoe. On Saturday evenings, the New York Philharmonic, as directed by Leonard Bernstein, took over.

Bernstein himself had his busiest year. Televised-seasoned by his earlier work on Omnibus, he emerged as one of TV's egghead glamour boys—a serious, learned artist with great popular appeal. He presented four once-a-month concerts for young people over the air, via CBS-TV. With the Philharmonic providing the audible illustration, he began the series by answering the question, "What makes music symphonic music in particular, extending their musical horizons, he became the darling of the pop and rock set. His companion programs, on certain Sunday afternoons, were in the same vein. Retelling Bernstein's 'Jazz and Artistic Music," the New York Herald Tribune critic, Sid Bakal, wrote: "Mr. Bernstein, who has the happy faculty of being able to discuss longhair music in articulate, crew-cut terms, traced the relatively modern marriage of jazz and ragtime on one hand and serious concert music on the other, in interesting and informative fashion. (It) wanted an art hour and an example of television at its finest."

The Telephone Hour, long a radio favorite, returned TCM to tape, and was a series of "adventures in music" which featured outstanding artists from several fields. Starred on the first one were drama's Maurice Evans, the Baird Puppets, and the New York City Ballet and singer Harry Belafonte. The Firestone Hour, on ABC-TV, changed format, and planned to devote each program exclusively to one field of music, alternating classical, semi-classical and popular. It was on this show that the man who, in 1924, "made a lady out of jazz," returned to "A Shoe Full of Rodeo," which he had commissioned George Gershwin to write. Paul Whiteman, whom his contemporaries called "The King of Jazz," who had once called "Pops," was in fine fettle. Pops was just as proud of current hit-maker Frankie Avalon—who scored his first childhood triumphs on Pops' old TV Teen Club—as he was of his children. "Paul and Dorsey. But backstage, Pops confided that, musically, he thought the rock 'n' roll kids were a little overdue. "No one has yet taken the beat and put it to the serious story—"a beginning, an exposition, and a conclusion—to tell what it all means. It's time someone did.

Other makers of America's musical history turned up on numerous "specials," such as the Bing Crosby shows on ABC-TV and Jackie Gleason's big jazz bash on CBS-TV, which included in its breath-taking aggregation of talent Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, George Shearing,geh, Vera Espina, Dizzy Gillespie and other big names.

NBC-TV did a learned and enjoyable educational series titled "The Subject Is Jazz." The Western fan got a jazz theme with his Gunsmoke and the whoodle did indeed hear it on Peter Gunn, Garry Moore, on CBS-TV, kept it on the front burner as good week-to-week programming. Classed both as serious music and current popular entertainment, jazz had a revival year.

Those who followed the mandate to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord," also found listeners. As it had done since it first aired in 1939 on NBC, the Salute to City Tabernacle Choir continued to set standards in sacred music. Gospel singers found encouragement when a spiritual, "Last Lonely's "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," reached Number One in the pop charts. The thirteen-year-old English lad followed the styling of an earlier record by Mahalia Jackson, and, in television-seen America, the song emerged. With this and other devout spirituals, she was often a guest on major shows.

Thriving justly at the grassroots level, country-and-Western music had a special of its own when Roy Rogers and Dale Evans gathered together such old network neighbors as Red Foley, his son-in-law Pat Boone, Jo Stafford, Eddy Arnold, Homer and Jethro and others for a super- hourdown on NBC-TV.

Red Foley, whose Jubilee, U.S.A. on ABC-TV carried a passel of fun from Springfield, Missouri, each week, undertook at the beginning of his second year to explain the difference between country, Western and pops: "Strings—guitar, fiddle and bass—are the Number One need for country music; harmonica can be added for better rhythm. A Western not only has to do with horses, saddles and the plains, but it has a different sound and treatment. Country music hits can be adapted to pops, but rarely vice versa. It takes a great song to adapt to all fields."

The great grandaddy of country shows, Grand Ole Opry, continued to radio its fun get-togethers, and was copied by many local stations. Aside from entertaining a multitude, all were important as both incubators and preservers of tunes and talent. Many a youngster made such a first object lesson when the oldest brought to such microphones a tune he had heard his own grandpappy sing—a tune which had been handed down from the track.

To cite just a few for-instances: Radio provided the only music school Elvis Presley attended. Young Jack Scott, in Detroit, couldn't go for that Gilbert and Sullivan stuff in school, but plunked up his own guitar accompaniment to every Hank Williams tune he could find on radio. Johnny Cash, at the so-called "corn" stations, brought to the microphone a tune he had heard his own grandpappy sing—a tune which had been handed down from the track.

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This season, the effect of all this great and varied wealth of music, made by broadcasting—the common currency of listening—was most felt in the pop music field. The rock 'n' roll revolution, which had jolted the music industry away from purists who had long insisted that to become trite, had matured. It took more than just a frantic beat and a raucous voice to make a hit. Some of the kids who had kicked the dust from their own ground. Others, like The Platters, had grown with their times. Certain new singing groups created unstudied harmonies in a counterpoint more intricate than they could ever recall—an audible, almost mystical, resistance of the classics. Johnny Mathis directly translated a classic-music education into today's terms—and had nothing but hits. Rick Nelson drew from Ozzie and Harriet's heritage of swing and jazz, to come up a second-generation star. He and Presley tied at the top with four gold records each, during 1958. Connie Francis came into the top 100 with an oldie, "Who's Sorry Now?", and became the first new girl to crash through the all-male r & r barrier to popularity. Dome- side Modugno, holding his own in the London operatic style, moved from the top of the Italian Hit Parade to No. 1 in America. So it went, and the parade was almost endless. Billboard reported that they had received for review approximately 100 sin- gles and 75 albums per week.

Another sign of growth was that the first of the "Juilliard boys" appeared on the Big Beat scene. The Dick Clark Show has been Saturdays, and his daily American Bandstand. "Get your record on Dick Clark's shows and you've got it made," they say, for by playing young people's music on a young people's danc- ing party, Dick has become the hero of teenagers across the country.

How does it all add up? Sometimes the broadcast of the music changes. Recently a recent na- tional engagement to say that he believes there is a jazz-underground in Russia, with musicians gathering to play their hot licks secretly in cells. Russian leaders, he says, oppose jazz because it is completely "Western," and so could serve as a strong tie between the West and the Russian people.

At realization of this may have been the motivation for the fast switch of the party line on rock 'n' roll. In February, 1957, on the day prior to the arrival in England of the Beatles, the London Express and Daily Worker ran a London State counterpoint weeks the. strong, Name- weeks. 

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For the Ladies

(Continued from page 2)

hours and hospital rounds. "I wish Helen weren't always a fiancée and never a bride," he said. "Especially when played by lovely Julie Stevens. But I find Helen always charming, and it's nice, one does a bang-up job with the show, and have come to look upon all of them as real people, with interesting problems," (Readers again chose Julie this year as their favorite radio heroine.)

The loyal audiences commanded by these serials, on both radio and TV, is well established, but the year 1958 underscored his continued growth. While year run of Ma Perkins was interrupted briefly and got an enthusiastic "welcome back" when it was reinstated after a few weeks, with Virginia Payne still the well- loved Ma, a part she originated. The Right To Happiness, with Claudia Morgan, got a similar "welcome home"—as did Whispering Streets.

The Couple Next Door, continuing its popularity, began a second year in Janu- ary, with Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce as the couple, written by double-threat actress-author Peg. (You may recall Peg from your favorite radio team.) Such long-
other, hardly aware of the skill with which it had been done, was real.

Daytime serials on TV sprang other surprises. The success of The Edge Of Night and As The World Turns—both pioneers in the half-hour serial concept on TV, and tied as the longest running drama—paved the way for other half-hour serials, notably From These Roots and the above-mentioned Young Dr. Malone. Love Of Life also extended its fifteen minutes to half-an-hour in April, 1958.

Although the thirty-minute format gives more time for character development and plot, in no way has it upset interest in the filmed half-hour. Such shows, by their nature, had to attract large and steady audiences. But it has proved that women will stay with a show, even in busy daytime hours, longer than many people have thought.

Too many of the newer shows, too often during one day, might disprove it. No one can yet tell.

No matter what the length, the pace of all daytime serials was noticeably accelerated in 1958 and continues—a situation which had been building up for some time, possibly because the pace of modern life is being stepped up, year by year, and even more so where TV is concerned. Action that took six months to develop, ten years ago, is now often telecasted into as many weeks. Constant references to past events fill in the details, and TV has had to miss some of the episodes. Ten years ago, she could miss as many as three a week and still remain current on everything that was going on.

The stories have become more topical and current. Separation and divorce, delinquency and illegitimacy, are portrayed more frankly—and usually with a taste which does equal舞台 construction for them. An awakened public interest in psychiatry, psychology and medicine, dissatisfaction with corrupt politics and gangster elements in community affairs, fascination with the foreign, all-day courtroom procedure and legal language, are all reflected in the modern serial.

This fascination with courtroom procedures has given birth to such "live" and practically ad-lib programs as The Verdict Is Yours, with Jim McKay as reporter-host. Interest is added by the appearance of real-life lawyers and judges playing live parts with the actor who takes the other parts. Lawyers take the simulated cases seriously: one lawyer who fought bitterly to win against fiercely opposing odds for his client (portrayed, of course, by an actor) finally laughed at his own zeal, but admitted, "It's bad enough to lose a case in court. I certainly don't want to lose one in television either."

Another popular courtroom show, this one filmed, is A Day In Court. It, too, has a real-life lawyer—law professor Edgar Allan Jones, Jr., as judge of its criminal and civil courts. With the latest Gwinn handling the domestic ones.

One daytime casualty of 1958 was the withdrawal of TV's Kitty Foyle, once a popular and long-running radio serial. But such withdrawals are not the end of the world. For Tomorrow, The Brighter Day, The Guiding Light and The Secret Storm continued to unfold new plot twists and bring out additional characters in the central ones which have long been favorites.

It's interesting to note that TV viewers have duplicated the strong identification which radio listeners have with these people who only appear on TV at least every day. They look upon the actors and actresses as personal friends, are immensely interested in their home lives and families, in their personal philosophies. They have respect for their skills, realizing that most of the dramas are live, that lines must be learned every day, that rehearsal time must be minimized. The real-life "legendary pro's" in their field, which indeed they are. Some have long, fine stage careers behind them, movie experience, stock, night-time TV training. Many are doubling between studio TV and night-time TV.

Close to the hearts of the housewives as their favorite dramatic programs are such high-rated hosts as Arthur Godfrey (see story of first pastel TV and week-long drama) and Jack Linkletter (his House Party is your favorite daytime show on TV and will be broadcast half-hour program on radio). Bert Parks (you voted him your favorite master of ceremonies for Bert Parks' Bandstand, on radio, and Bert Parks Jr.'s Love of Life, on TV); Don McNeill (his Breakfast Club, twenty-five years a favorite, got your vote as favorite daytime show on radio); Peter Lind Hayes, who, with beauteous wife Mary Healy, has been seen on TV and radio; young Jimmy Dean, who was given his own daily TV show, last September, changed his style a little, added just a soupcon of sophistication; Liberace (minus brother George welded iron); and the usual guests and variety and a quickened pace. And such tried-and-true favorites as Galen Drake and Jack Sterling, and the teen-age favorites of the morning.

The single strand that ties all these men together—so different in personality, looks, type of performance and program—is a magnetic and warmth which comes over the air. Each one's own way is attractive physically. Each has a voice which appeals to a woman. Each represents a type which, in some way, the counterpart of some man she knows—sweetheart, brother, son—or the kind of man she would like them to be. As one woman said, "They all have qualities that remind me of the nicest men I've ever known, even our father, a couple of my college instructors, my husband."

And now we come to comedy, always welcome to the housewife, whose burdens many times weighs him down. In 1958, 59, comedy was perpetuated by the Amos 'N Andy Music Hall (you voted them your favorite radio comedy-variety program); Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll of Amos and Andy, are the only ones who have played them on radio, although others have portrayed them on TV. Gosden was honored in 1958 as a special Ambassador for the inaugu-ration of Mexico's new president, Adolf Lopez Mateos.

Incidentally, Art Linkletter was also honored, the State Department designating him a special representative to the entertainment industry to the Brussels Exhibition. This year, he's going to Russia and planning films to incorporate in his People Are Fun series. Linkletter wrote a best-selling book called "Kids Say the Darndest Things." So did Jack Sterling, with a gay tome titled "So Early In The Morning," based on life with a crack-o'clock radio partner.

Daytime broadcasting covers many another field, as well—news, sports, music and records, the situation comedies, children's shows, art and entertainment, and the special programs that fit no particular pattern. Daytime quizzes, panels and general audience-participation shows are covered separately on page 56.

Music is the heart of daytime music of all kinds, from Rigotetto to 'rock 'n roll, from live-name-bands to all-record shows. All ages of music-lovers are far more apt to turn to their radios during the middle day.

In cities served by several TV channels, and in many served by only one, the home-staying woman can see at least a
feature picture a day if she wants to, and frequently two or three. Re-runs of such popular comedy series as *I Love Lucy, My Little Margie, Our Miss Brooks, I Married Joan, Topper, Beulah, Janet Doan,* can often stir her to laughter, even the second time around.

The housewife frequently hears important news before her home-coming husband can pick up the evening paper. In some communities, she was the first to see films of the coronations attendant upon the coronation of Pope John XXIII, films taken right off after the solemnity in New York's International Airport. When Castro began his triumphant march into the city of Havana, daytime viewers got the first glimpses in a broadcast direct from Cuba. The housewife sits in on important United Nations sessions, she gets the first excerpts from President Eisenhower's press conferences and from any major speeches he makes during the day. It is for her that there are newscasts at regular hours throughout the day, and it is for her that programs are interrupted at any time when something important happens anywhere in the world. She has access to baseball and football in season, whenever there are afternoon games.

There were cries of consternation during the first decade of TV—just ended—because some mothers used it as a "built-in baby sitter." As long as a tot was kept quiet, he was allowed to watch. By the year 1958-59, most mothers had become reasonably selective of what the kids viewed, and how long they sat staring. But they were still deploiring the violence and shooting, and the lack of educational value of many programs for children.

Surveys in both the United States and Great Britain, however, have drawn the conclusion that TV viewing by even young children, under proper control and within reasonable limits, impairs neither physical nor mental health, and that children exposed to it develop amazing vocabularies for their years, spiced with atomic-age words and phrases, and have an awareness of many different subjects.

Mothers still had one very big benefit—the pressures put upon them by some commercials. Kids love the commercials, demand the products advertised on their favorite shows, and it requires an iron will to keep from buying everything they are told to "ask mother to get." A second beef is the loudness of commercials. (They disturb the baby and wake the smallest children when they’re napping.) This situation may be remedied, since at least one network (CBS) announced a few months ago that electronic equipment was being installed in its studios to eliminate "volume level differences" between the programs and the advertising.

As a matter of fact, this was the important year in which video-tape really began to revolutionize broadcasting. Shows broadcast in the East at a certain hour can now be reproduced for broadcast in the West at an equally convenient hour, without loss of quality or that inimitable something called "immediacy." Actors unavailable at certain times or on certain days, because of other commitments, can be put in tape and can participate in roles for which they are best fitted. Fine programs can be re-run, and give the same effect as "live" programing, for those who had to miss them the first time. News and interview programs have a new tool with which to work.

But it's not these technicalities that interest you, the daytime viewer. What you ask is assurance that there is more, and even better, to come. The networks say there is. You will make your own choices of the best they have to offer—and we'll report them again next year.

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Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them?
You should be able to... because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful Gold Rush Game... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter... no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a quick action contest!

All prizes paid promptly in full. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous promptness bonus award of as much as $5,000.00 along with the First Prize of $50,000.00... a grand first prize total of $55,000.00...one of the largest cash first prizes ever offered in puzzle contests!

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY
IN 4 YEARS $223,000.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL BOOK CLUB CONTESTS

In just 4 years, National Book Club contests have awarded $223,000.00 in prizes! That's a whale of a lot of money! But this new National Book Club game, with its additional $100,000.00 in prizes, will boost that grand total to an amazing $323,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U.S., Canada, or a U.S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full, IN CASH!

"Gold Rush" Game

JUST FOR SOLVING "GOLD RUSH" PICTURE PUZZLES YOU CAN WIN A FORTUNE IN CASH!

SAMPLE PUZZLE

The Correct Answer is ONE OF THESE Gold Rush Names:

☐ Jesse James
☐ Bret Hart
☐ Mark Twain
☐ John Adams

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" in the word TWAIN? What clue can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?

PUZZLE NO.ONE

The Correct Answer is ONE OF THESE Gold Rush Names:

☐ Billy Sunday
☐ Robert Fulton
☐ Kit Carson
☐ Cotton Mather

Here is your first puzzle!

Write Your Answer in Coupon Below + Mail It NOW!

NATIONAL BOOK CLUB, INC.
BOX 110 GLEN COVE, N. Y.

Paste Your Answer-Coupon On Postcard or Mail in Envelope

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Give Yourself A Chance To Win $5,000.00 Promptness Award

41st

2nd Prize

$10,000

3rd Prize

$5,000

4th Prize

$2,500

5th Prize

$1,000

Plus 145 Additional Cash Prizes

National Book Club, Inc.
Box 110, Glen Cove, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(Please Print)

I want full particulars about the National Book Club's $100,000.00 "Gold Rush" Game. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Stories of Puzzles.

Name

Address

City Zone State
and all that JAZZ

By CHICK CHARTER

I am all confused when people ask me what I think of rock 'n' roll," Joni James said. "I get many letters saying, 'Thank goodness, you don't sing it.' But some rock 'n' roll is very exciting." Joni is the rare popular singer whose huge adult audience is matched by an equally enthusiastic teen-age following. "What sounds good is good," she said, "so maybe I'm not really bucking the trend." Joni was referring to the Carnegie Hall concert on May 3, when, for the first time, a pop singer was backed by the Symphony of the Air. The concert was inspired by her new M-G-M album, One Hundred Strings and Joni. In this platter, she sings such great evergreens as "I Can Dream, Can't I," and "My Heart Tells." The recording session was held in England. "The studio was an old mansion with the upper floors taken out, and the orchestra was magnificent. The sound was like one giant violin. It was so beautiful that when I first heard them, I couldn't sing. I just listened." Two Pats, both Godfrey graduates, contribute—individually— some great ear stuff. Pat Boone, Suzuki, star of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The Flower Drum Song," lends her bounce and sparkle to the best from Broadway's current best musicals in RCA Victor's Pat Suzuki's Broadway '59. The other Pat, Boone by name, backed up by Billy Vaughn's orchestra, has a ball with best-selling ballads in Dot's simply titled Pat Boone Sings. . . . The Mary Kaye Trio, triple-gassers, sing with wit, abandon and warmth in their exciting new Warner Bros. album, The Mary Kaye Trio—Jacket. This is royal entertainment. . . . You may be Porgy-and-Bessed to death this season, but it's one of the more pleasant ways to go. With the upcoming release of the Goldwyn film, Porgy and Bess, many musicians are turning to the great Gershwin music. Camden opens up the biggest music bargain—Mundell Lowe and His All Stars in an instrumental interpretation. Lowe, finest of modern guitarists and composers, has webbed sounds for himself and such experts as Tony Scott, George Duvivier, Art Farmer and Osie Johnson. A far-out instrumental version has been waxed on Columbia's album featuring Miles Davis. Miles, the living end for many young jazzmen, trumps his way from lyricism so simple you quiver and goes on to agitated blues that blister. Vocal coverage of Porgy is made by Sammy Davis Jr. and Carmen McRae. Sammy, who plays Sportin' Life in the movie, swaggers and swings expansively, abetted by Carmen. Another choice vocal version features Diahann Carroll, backed by the Andre Previn Trio. Diahann plays Clara in the movie. If you have already heard her on the Paar, Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan programs, you well know your ears have a treat in store. . . . One of the most amusing yet satisfying gift packages of the season—excellent for ulcers, nervous wives, restless husbands and energy-ridden teenagers—is RCA Victor's Music for Frustrated Conductors. The album includes such as "Mexican Hat Dance," excerpts from "Carmen," "Die Fledermaus," etc., and comes complete with a baloon and an illustrated do-it-yourself conductor's booklet written by Deems Taylor. Victor's Pop Stoppers is another resounding sound success, for it contains the Boston Pop Orchestra's most popular numbers—"Jalousie," "Ritual Fire Dance," "Liebestraum" and others. . . . For the lucky ones equipped with stereo, Decca has a couple of outstanding thrills. For the poetic and romantic, there is Richard Strauss's Also Sprach Zarathustra with the Berlin Symphony conducted by Karl Bohm. And for pure magnificence, take Decca's stereo recording of Beethoven's much-worshipped Ninth Symphony. Ferenc Fricsay leads the Berlin Philharmonic and Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral in a performance that sings and often roars. Leonard Bernstein, a frequent caller on TV, brings the New York Philharmonic to a lavish, sometimes blazing interpretation of Ravel's Bolero, La Valse, Rapsodie Espagnole on the Columbia label. A truly priceless collection is Decca's Segovia Golden Jubilee Album. To call Andres Segovia the world's greatest concert-guitarist is beside the point, for his artistry lies in the field of musical genius. This is an album Decca has been three years in preparing, and is worth every second of it. . . . These two jazz items can be recommended without reservation. First there is Vic's One Never Knows, Do One? with Fats Waller. This is the stompin', walkin', classic kind of jazz that tickles and makes you grin. Vic's second is Jonah Jones at the Embers, containing items taped at Manhattan's famous jazz joint, where Jonah first electrified the sophisticates with his triumphant trumpet
NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

puts Spring in your curls

puts Springtime in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it conditions as it cleanses... so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

by Peter Abbott

**Last-off:** Network execs already lining up fall programs. You can be sure of more spectaculars. Very little quiz but a few new panel shows. And about those saddle sores you’ve been getting from Westerns—they’ll be calluses next year with the promise of more Westerns than ever. . . . Janet Blair gave birth to a baby girl. The first for her and husband Nick Mayo. A few days later, she signed a long-term contract with NBC. . . . Broadway would like to have Jim Garner for the musical version of “Saratoga Trunk.” . . . State Department flabbergasted when Japanese news editor Chikao Kano arrived in Washington. He said, “Take me to your Dick Clark.” No kidding. It was the first interview he requested. . . . Newest gimmick on TV receivers will be stereophonic sound. NBC already experimenting with telecasting techniques. . . . ABC’s Frankie Avalon, youngest performer on network radio, to go to Warner’s for movie in May. Fabian not far behind—to 20th Century, come summer. . . . Mickey Mouse, beware: Felix the Cat will be stalking TV this coming fall. . . . Uncle Miltie expected to take up residence again at Lindy’s when his Kraft contract expires May 13. Como concluded a $25-million deal with Kraft and takes over on Wednesdays next season, but his responsibility begins on May 20. His company, Roncom, has hired David King, a British comedian, to entertain you through the summer. . . . CBS-TV preems six daytime specials (Continued on page 8)
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you’ll never be embarrassed with unsightly “razor shadow” again (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there’s no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, neatest legs in town, why not try NEET—you’ll never want to shave again!
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from page 6)


Richard Boone gave up gun, did travel for Broadway "The Rivalry." Here, co-stars Gabel, Nancy Kelly.

titled Woman. Five of the specials are planned for next season, but the first premieres in May. The first show will pose the question, "Do women marry too young?" Seems one girl in every six wed at seventeen; one in every four, at eighteen. And they have come up with this intriguing observation—it is the plain girl who insists on going steady.

Cowboy on a Bike: Bob Culp slid the mustard jar over to his wife Nancy, bit into his corned-beef sandwich, and said, "Writers bug me when they ask very personal questions. Look, here I am happily married, with a new baby, and some reporter wants to know about my divorce, which is ancient history." Bob, six-two, with brown hair and eyes, stopped squirming when asked about motorcycles. "I love them. The bike gives me a feeling of exhilaration." He courted Nancy on a bike, but she says, "I don't like them anymore. I worry about Robert. He drives sensibly—it's the cars that worry me." Bob smiles and says, "Changing the baby's diapers can be more dangerous. I'm always getting stuck with a pin." Nancy notes Bob likes to research all projects, personal or otherwise. "For months before he began to play Hoby Gilman, he read the history of the West. Before the baby came, he played with the neighbors' children so he would understand ours." Bob said that Nancy had filmed a Trackdown episode with him which would be scheduled for May. She is listed on credits as Nancy Asch. On being a TV cowboy, he commented, "I love horses, but we ride only once a week and I always come home sore. . . . I don't know how many bad men I've killed, but I usually aim at their stomachs. Bigger target." He paused and said, "Look, if you really want to ask personal questions, go ahead." He waited a short moment, and, when none were asked, he grinned and said, "Do you want my pickle? I don't eat 'em."

Zacherley ghouls ghoulishly on ABC in N.Y. Nationwide haunting, anybody?

Something Special: NBC execs were a little doubtful when they went down to Catholic University in Washington, D.C., to preview four half-hour operas produced by students and faculty of the drama and music departments. But the same execs came away enthusiastic. So, on four successive Sunday afternoons in May, NBC-TV will program this ambitious undertaking. May 3, "The Juggler"; May 10, "The Decorator," which satirizes the effect of Madison Avenue on social patterns; May 17, "The Cage," the problems of a son and daughter dealing with aged

Lovely redhead Janet Blair lights up color TV as Dinah's summer alter-ego.
parents; May 24, "Death of Dolcero," depicting the death of an agnostic. The talent is fine. One of the writers, Leo Brady, has written for Omnibus and authored the best-selling novel, "The Edge of Doom."

Lower the Boones: Pat Boone considering making a science-fiction movie this summer. Story in mind is based on a Jules Verne tale in which the hero goes into the center of the earth. Dig, Pat, dig. . . . Richard Boone returns to Hollywood, early June, to film more Paladins. While he played Lincoln in "The Rivalry" on Broadway, he got bad news. His Hollywood home burned to the ground, destroying his Lincoln collection, including Lincoln’s White House barber chair. For good news, Broadway co-stars Nancy Kelly (Jack Maverick Kelly’s sister) and Martin Gabel (Arlene Francis’s hubby) hosted a big party for Dick, with dozens of theatrical celebs swarming into Janssen’s famous Hofbrau, one of New York’s oldest and best-loved restaurants. . . . Betsy Palmer draws Robin Hood (Richard Greene) as co-star on U.S. Steel Hour drama May 6, "Wayward Widow." . . . Same night, the ninety-minute Emmy Awards show on NBC-TV will feature an international theme, with each of three half-hours featuring a major act from abroad. . . . Humanitarian Note: CBS working on an electronic equalizer that will automatically bring down volume on those too-loud commercials. . . . Down at the Time office in Rockefeller Center, they remember when Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and Edd Byrnes were copy boys.

Zimbalist quit. Kookie was fired for doing push-ups in the mail room. . . . Thomas L. Thomas brings his great baritone to Voice Of Firestone on May 18. Following week, the program will originate from Akron. . . . Cancellation by NBC of all their mid-afternoon radio serials results in Frank Blair and Don Russell moving into the vacated time as emcees of a musical variety, It’s Network Time, with June Valli, Tommy (Continued on page 63)

Cardboard double of Edd Byrnes plays role in 77 Sunset Strip. Guess which?
Playing the field: Now it's ladies who prefer blondes. Dwayne Hickman lightened his thatch for the title role in the upcoming CBS-TV Dobie Gillis series, and pronto—he was a magnet for a bevy of beauties. "Wowee!" yelped brother Darryl, "lead me to your dye-pots." I kid you not, Dwayne actually cops eight gals in the comedy, not to mention Tuesday Weld as his steady. . . . A Gale-a-zy of stars: TV is headed the movie route, says producer Alex Gottlieb of the Gale Storm tee-hee show. All-star lineups fatten the ratings. So this fall's series will have Jerry Colonna leading off, and a glittering roster coming to join Gale in her mad-capping. . . . "Loved every second," warbles Julia Meade about her trip to Hollywood and doing her first movie (at U-I with Rock Hudson in "Any Way the Wind Blows"). Still, her pleasure was shadowed by worry over her pets, Cathy, a gray Persian, and Cecil, "just plain cat," who have never been out of their New York apartment home in all their eight years. She found them fit, furry and fascinating as ever, on her return. . . . Peter Gunn gets the below-the-border treatment as "Pedro Pistola." . . . Sheb Wooley banks half his Rawhide loot and has made only one investment from his golden "Purple People Eater" disk—a 5,000-acre ranch in Nevada. "I'm not tight," chuckles Sheb, "only half so."

Coming: a new CBS-TV format to showcase their radio star, Rusty Draper. . . . Pals of Andra Martin and Ty (Bronco Layne) Hardin wondering whether to gift the expected baby with boots instead of booties. Dad only wears the hi-heelsers and his latest—shades of Elvis!—are blue suede. How The Mop Flops: If all private-eye pilots now being filmed are sold, they will outnumber Westerns two to one, next season. . . . Richard Eastman, co-star of Tombstone Territory, will wax the series' theme song. Dick was a Broadway musical star before he took on the straight acting chore.

Politicosts: NBC and CBS set to spend almost $4 million each, and ABC more than $2 million, to cover the Democratic and Republican conventions. Both parties have storms brewing over Presidential candidates and platforms. Manufacturers stepping up production of sets, recalling how the 1952 conventions fixed the eyes of the world on the miracle box. . . . The Real Thing: A lallapaluzzi that's really a Paluzzi is here to do a series. The shapely signorina from Rome, real name Luciana Paluzzi, is to co-star with Al Heddon in 20th-Fox's Five Fingers. Lallapaluzzi has only one complaint about America: "The best men are already taken, and the worst are too taken with themselves." Heddon apparently doesn't fall into either category, since she seems plenty taken with him herself. Correction, Please: Producer John Guedel noticed an item in this column some weeks ago stating that only three Hollywood personalities drove Silver Cloud Rolls. John would like to go on record that he is the fourth such luminary to drive the $19,000 auto, and that his is the only green Silver Cloud in town. And we're (Continued on page 15)
At six months, Nanette Fabray’s Jamie MacDougall just fits new basket chair.

Julia Meade, of TV fame, in new role. She appears in U-I movie with Rock.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc... scents and silkens every inch of you... more lastingly... more lovingly than costly cologne

No cologne protects and prolongs daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Can’t evaporate. Won’t dry your skin. Will leave you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet, made of pure imported Talc, be your lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love
THE LISTENIN' IS EASY

For the "real jazz" in pops, take Larry Brown's "post-graduate course" on WPEN

Nothing like an early start on ear-training.

Pacemaker on the job, L.B.'s a funmaker at home, as Alma and he keep the kitchen routine flexible.

Gary, at seven, is quite a Western fan. Fact that Mom and Dad are all ready for an evening out doesn't faze young "Wyatt."

Well along in a successful acting career, Larry Brown called it quits, kaput, and curtains, and joined the staff of WPEN in Philadelphia. Though his young good looks would belie it, Larry's been with the station for eight years, taking an active part in civic affairs on the side and, at frequent intervals, conducting record hops for the Quaker City teenagers. Deejay L.B., as he is known about town, was born in New York City, educated in the Gotham public schools and at Columbia University, where he majored in journalism... As a nephew of famed old-time comic Willie Howard, Larry was born and bred to show business. Yet friends and fans who firmly believe his teething ring was a waxed disc find it hard to imagine Larry's first radio jobs were dramatic and that, while still in school, he was a featured player on such well-known daytime serials as Myrt And Marge, Little Orphan Annie and Jack Armstrong... Larry's three years as a GI gave him time to think things through. An actor's life was fine but, for an irrepressible youngster, something was decidedly lacking. Melody, harmony and rhythm—and it didn't take him long to make the discovery. The blues, in particular, fascinated Larry. And he spent much of his spare time, too, studying and listening to the music of each country where his Army outfit was posted... Following his mustering-out, Larry worked at NBC in a non-musical capacity. Then, tiring of that liltless life, he headed for WPEN, where he's been permanently stationed, spinning the discs and chinning the chatter that have earned him a reputation as one of Philly's most popular radio personalities... 950 Club, heard daily from 3 to 7 P.M., is L.B.'s dream-come-true. It's the most-listened-to afternoon program in the area, showcasing all the Brown musical and interviewing know-how. Married to a former fashion model and father of two sons—Gary, seven, and Jonathan, two—Larry's at home in a split-level ranch-type home in suburban Broomall.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from page 11)

green with envy... Unpaid Advertisement: "I am one of three sisters. Our act will gross $500,000 this year. Can cook, sew, shoot in middle 80's. Personable, affectionate. Wish to meet nice man, object matrimony. Willing to sing for my supper. Contact Phyllis McGuire of the McGuire Sisters..."

Art Is Long, Time Fleeting: So discovered Linkletter—Art, that is—on his trip to India. Visiting a movie set and conscious of Hollywood speed schedules, he asked the Indian director, 'How long have you been on this one?' Came the amazing reply, "Twelve years." Cause of delay—Indian stars may do five films at a time, giving a few hours a week to each. Says Art, "I bet they don't invest in their own productions..." Students' Pet: Lucille Ball is giving her all to Desilu Workshop, which she heads. Lamps burn till 2 A.M. as Lucy lavishes her great talents and the knowledge acquired after many years on the fledgling thespians. "She's wonderful, wonderful..." sighs rising starlet Louise Glenn. "We call ourselves the 'lucky 22' to have her for a teacher and We Love Lucy!"

Busman's Holiday: So many picture, TV and personal-appearance commitments have been crowding Frank Sinatra that his "clan" is telling this story. Seems Frank took a nap last week and, while snoozing, cut two albums, did a Chinese coolie bit for pal Peter Lawford's Thin Man series, and read four volumes of "The History of Civilization." When he awoke, he stretched and said, "It sure does you good to knock off for a while." That's our Frank... Two In One: Former Ozzie and Harriet regular, Don DeFore, is serving two lifelong ambitions at the same time. He's opened a Southern "vittles" place at Disneyland and uses his skill with the skillet, as well as entertaining with a five-string banjo.... For The Defense: Mike Rennie, part-owner of the Third Man series, talks up for TV like so: "Sure, you work yourself to death, but with those residuals, boy, what a funeral you can buy!"... Much More Better: Chuck Rifleman Connors refuses to cash in on personal-appearance offers. "I'd rather stay home with my wife and four boys," he says. Overwhelmed by the success of the series, he remarks, "I don't recall who said this, but I've never forgotten it: 'Talent is God-given; be grateful. Conceit is self-made; be careful.'... Voice-of-People Dept: Since Annette Funicello has been guesting on the Danny Thomas Show, two extra people have been hired to handle the fan mail.... Coming Attraction: Fred Astaire, back from Australia filming of... (Continued on page 63)
Gone... BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The bitter-sweet ballads, the grandiose show tunes—they just don't play them anymore, says Mrs. American Radio Listener, sadly shaking her head as another rock 'n' roller blares from the speaker. But listeners tuned to WCBS Radio's Freeman And Hayes Show, heard daily from 10:05 to 11, and one hour longer on Saturdays, aren't shaking their heads. They're toe-tapping and reminiscing, instead. For, besides the delightful duo's dizzy antics, crazy contests and hilarious jokes, they have added a touch of nostalgia—an accent on the wonderful music of yesteryear which has helped make the show one of the most popular daytime programs on radio. "Nostalgia is a very big selling point with listeners," says Richard Hayes. And Stan Freeman adds, "We have found, also, that radio is more than just background music for the housewives to do their work to—they really listen, especially when we do an old favorite." ... A while back, when they both were rehearsing for an appearance on the Woolworth Hour, Stan and Richard got to talking show business. Somewhere along the way, they said to each other, "Wouldn't it be nice if you had a radio show?" Little did they know then that, a year later, they would be starring as a team on their own radio program. Strangely enough, although they work so well together, the two young artists had only known each other casually, and had, until last October, traveled widely divergent paths in show business.

According to Stan Freeman's grandma, he began his career as a classical pianist at the tender age of three, for that was when the little tyke first began climbing up on a stool and picking out tunes on her piano. From that moment on, it was smooth sailing—and playing—for the young pianist. Up until his Army career, however, Stan stuck strictly to the classics. It was while he was playing with the Glenn Miller Army Band that the musician was first introduced to pops and jazz... Since then he has put his versatile talent to use for such leading orchestras as Andre Kostelanetz and Percy Faith, and in night-club, radio, and TV acts... Bachelor Stan recently purchased a three-story brownstone house in Manhattan and stocked it, from ceiling to floor, with his "nostalgia" hobby—collections of old-time records, movies, books and pictures—all having to do with show business.

Richard Hayes didn't begin his music career at quite such an early age, but he did become a professional singer, when very young. While he was attending Boys High School in Brooklyn, the young vocalist did a fifteen-minute daily radio show on a Long Island station. A stint as a featured singer with the Teddy Phillips orchestra led to his appearance on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, and, as a result of this, he walked away with top prize and a recording contract with Mercury Records. His first disc, "The Old Master Painter," sold over a million... After a two-year hitch with the Army, Richard came back to the U.S. to find that he would have to begin his career all over again. Shortly after meeting a beautiful dark-haired girl named Monique, things began looking brighter for the young singer. Since then he has not only spiraled to the top in his career, he has also found happiness with the girl who is now his wife, and their son Jonathan Andrew, not quite a year old.

When WCBS' Freeman and Hayes joke it up, it's "Crazy Rhythm"—when they make with old-time favorites... it's "Sweet and Lovely"
Little Drew and Mommy Monique have a hard time shooing Daddy Richard off to work. But, when he's at home in their Manhattan apartment, they make sure he keeps busy — entertaining them.

With a recently acquired three-story brownstone, Stan now has enough room for his piano and, of course, his hobby — collections of old-time show business books, pictures, movies, and records.
**Opera Open House**

**Bostonian** John Fisher is a "classical case" of the fan grown up and in a position to make his enthusiasm felt on a pretty wide scale. Only difference about John as "fan"—along in his twenties he switched his allegiance from movie star to opera diva. Host of a weekly recorded-opera broadcast over WCRB, AM and FM (Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M.) and a daily semi-classical concert (from 9 to 11 A.M.), John is also director of the new Boston Opera Group and founder–president of the Lucine Amara Music Club, a national fan organization whose letterhead boasts the greats of the opera world and whose agenda, a growing music-scholarship fund. . . Though John was a "music ear" since toddler days, in school, he was metamorphosed into a regular movie–bug—to the despair of his teachers. First on his fan–letter list was Bette Davis, and, thanks to his powers of persuasion, he got to meet his idol several years later when, as a Navy corpsman stationed near Hollywood, he was invited to her home. Arriving at three, at her insistence John never left till 1 A.M., as the star graciously barbecued steaks for him and her family, showed slides and, in general, made it an evening to remember for the service–youngster 3,000 miles from home . . . A graduate of Pomfret (Connecticut) School and Boston University, John entered broadcasting as a staff announcer in Rochester. Disc–jockey jobs in Nashua and Quincy followed, after which he returned to the Hub City . . . No doubt because of his very "unstuffy" manner of presentation, John's opera program attracts and holds a large audience. But to the host, as to his listeners, it's a toss–up which is more fun–opera or opera–stars. Asked his opinion on the Callas–Tebaldi "feud," he retorts: "It's never been proved there really is one. They both have undeniable strengths . . . and weaknesses, like any other artists." Speaking in general of today's performers, John says he admires singers from every country but believes it's the American diva who "has everything . . . she's sexy, she can sing . . . and act." John cites his huge mail–draw as evidence of the growing good–music kick. "And it's not just the 'culture–vultures,' either," says John, "but people from every occupation and economic level . . . Opera is entertainment," he insists, and anything one John Fisher can do to unbar the house of music will make him happy.
If you're the adventurous type you're up-to-date and sophisticated—you like to go places and do things. Made to order for the life you lead is new Kotex with the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric helps keep Kotex softer by far. And it protects longer, better—gives you perfect confidence when you need it most.

New Kotex—
the napkin most girls prefer

Special tips for you on grooming
Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accented with a cluster of flowers.

- To express your flair for color, be bold with this year's fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels...accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.
- Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece...a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.
Lola Albright
Kirby Grant
Merry Anders

INFORMATION BOOTH

What Lola Wanted . . .

Please tell us all about Lola Albright of the Peter Gunn series.
N.H., Long Beach, Calif.

Most beautiful young girls who leave home and family to go to Hollywood, do so for one reason—to break into the movies. But not Lola Albright. She just went to cinematown to join her parents, who had moved there earlier. As for a career, the only kind Lola wanted was what she already had, in radio. . . . After graduation from high school in Akron, Ohio, Lola had been unable to decide between two loves—art and music. So, with true feminine logic, she chose radio acting. The blonde star had been doing small bits on radio stations in Cleveland and Chicago, when Paul Hesse, the famous photographer, for whom she occasionally modeled, encouraged her to try for a movie career. When she moved to Hollywood to join her parents, Hesse started off a chain of events that led her to an M-G-M screen test. Lola appeared in several films, but her big break came when Stanley Kramer gave her a role in "The Champion." Her performance won her a contract at Columbia, where she appeared in several films. . . . In less than two years since then, the actress has done more than fifty TV shows, is currently co-starring as Edie Hart, the attractive night-club singer in the very popular Peter Gunn series on NBC-TV. In the very unlikely event that she runs out of acting assignments, Lola need not worry about employment opportunities. She is a gifted pianist, a fine water-color artist, and a talented sculptress.

Virtuoso on Horseback

Would you please print something about Kirby Grant, who plays Sky King?
E.C., Pascoag, Rhode Island

As the pilot-rancher star of TV's Sky King, Kirby Grant is equally at home at the controls of a plane or in a saddle. He even counts horseback riding and airplane piloting among his favorite hobbies. But there is another side to Mr. Grant—other than the athletic type of personality he presents to his viewers. The tall, rangy actor is an accomplished singer and a concert violinist. Incongruous as it may seem, the handsome TV star doesn't think it a bit unusual to troup into his living room in cowboy boots and, a few minutes later, begin playing the Mendelssohn concerto. . . . Montana-born Kirby made his professional debut as a combination actor-singer at the Chicago Theater, then later turned to a radio career at NBC. Deciding to concentrate solely upon acting, Kirby joined a band of traveling thespians about to tour the Midwest making one-night stands. His success as a roving actor won him an audition in the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest and a contract at RKO Studios. . . . The young actor had been at RKO only a few months when he joined the Air Corps as a flight instructor (previously, weekend flying had long been a hobby). The war over, he returned to Hollywood where, after a year or two of movie-making, Kirby accepted a job as director of commercial motion pictures in Chicago. Then came the opportunity to star in the Sky King series. . . . Grant lives with his wife, the former Carolyn Gillis, and their two daughters, Kendra Lee and Kristin Carole, in North Hollywood.

On Her Merry Way

Would like information on Merry Anders of How To Marry A Millionaire.
B.A.C., Millbury, Mass.

Funnyman Bob Hope may not know it, but in addition to his great comedy talents, he has displayed, on at least one occasion, a remarkable gift of clairvoyance. One evening a few years ago, as Bob was heading home from his studio, he was besieged, as usual, by a group of autograph hunters. As the comic dashed off his signature for one exceptionally pretty teenager, he said, "Honey, you shouldn't be asking for autographs, you should be giving them." And with those words, Hope predicted the bright future of Merry Anders, the sophisticated, warm-hearted Mike of TV's How To Marry A Millionaire. . . . Merry had daydreamed of an acting career long before, but her serious intent to become an actress began that night. A native of Chicago. Merry had moved with her parents to Los Angeles at the age of fifteen. The star-struck youngster immediately began her avid search for the sight of a movie star even before she had unpacked. After her encounter with the comedian, she enrolled at the Ben Bard Playhouse for dramatic lessons and, a short time later, a talent scout discovered her. The blonde starlet celebrated her sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth birthdays on the Fox lot. Several movie and TV roles later, she landed the starring role in the road company of "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter." As a result, the actress eventually was interviewed for the How To series. . . . Together with Lori Nelson and Barbara Eden, she won out over 200 actresses being considered for the three starring roles.

Calling All Fans

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

Johnny Cash Fan Club, Mrs. Pat Isom, P.O. Box 5056, Memphis, Tennessee.

John Bromfield National Fan Club, Jan Burns, 24 Heath St, Somerville, Mass.


FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York, 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
"Different as day and night" is just one way of describing his new-found happiness this season

By BETTY ETTER

GARRY MOORE saunters into his office these days along about noon, blithe as springtime. He waves gaily to the receptionist; swaps quips with the elevator operator; weaves his smiling way down aisles and around desks until he reaches his roony corner office. His crewcut crackles; his bow tie is jaunty; his grin is for real. Garry has reason to be happy. In the television season of 1958-59, having left a cushy spot on daytime TV, he tackled a new job—and has proved that the Moore charm and talent and good humor are just as potent at 10 P.M. as at 10 A.M.

His success on his nighttime variety show has been gratifying to forty-four-year-old Mr. Thomas Morfit, of course. But he was used to success; it's the "fringe" benefits which have surprised and delighted him.

The biggest change in his life this season, he says—and his face lights up in that pixie grin so beloved by long-time Moore fans—is in his rehearsal clothes. "For years," he explains, "I've been wearing my boating duds—a red
plaid shirt, khaki pants and sneakers—for rehearsal. Now the shirt and pants are all-the-time pressed," Garry doesn't know just how this happens. "Gremlins?" he suggests—and, with Garry, this doesn't seem improbable. All he knows is that he leaves his clothes in his dressing room after the show and—presto!—next Tuesday, there they are, as fresh as the new paint on the walls.

Next in importance in his new way of life he lists lunch, an institution which had been missing from his schedule for so long that he'd forgotten it existed. But the days of the fast peanut-butter sandwich and a glass of milk at his desk are gone. There's more leisure now, and occasionally—about three times, to be exact—Garry's got as far from office or studio as Sardi's or "21," where there are white tablecloths, hovering waiters and good conversation with friends he had little time to see in previous years.

On such occasions, says a member of his office staff, "He comes back, sometimes around 2:30, looking like the cat that just ate a canary." But Garry retorts: "It was eggs Benedict. I've never eaten a canary in my life."

This sort of banter and informality goes on all the time in the offices of Red Wing Productions, Inc., (Continued on page 76)

The Garry Moore Show is seen over CBS-TV, Tuesday night, from 10 to 11 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.; the Kellogg Company; and Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. Garry Moore also emcees I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wednesday, 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Winston Cigarettes.
spotlights (from left to right, at center rear) Georgie Kaye, Alfred Drake, Garry, Gretchen Wyler, and the Kingston Trio.

Back to 1917—with guest stars Wally Cox, Dorothy Collins, Helen Traubel—regulars Marion and Garry.

Drake and the Kingston Trio do a quartet for Garry—who's sung exactly once for his own "That Wonderful Year" albums.
THAT WONDERFUL YEAR OF
GARRY MOORE
(Continued)

Still with Garry on the big Tuesday-night Moore show—Durward Kirby (left). Here, they're in costume for another "wonderful year," further back in time—1917.

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This sort of banter and informality goes on all the time in the offices of Red Wing Productions, Inc., (Continued on page 76)
Against the cheerful background of the carousel-bandstand, Bob Lewandowski emcees the Polka-Go-Round show. The musical Polka Rounders are, from left to right, Clay Campbell, drummer; Jack Cordaro, clarinet; Jimmy James, banjo; Lenny Druss, clarinet; Rusty Gill, guitar; Jimmy Hutchinson, bass; Lou Prohut, accordionist-leader.
From the Windy City, a vigorous half-hour of dancing and music is livening up the TV screens on Monday nights. Totally unlike any other show on air, it enchants viewers country-wide.
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the show with an interesting European and American background. Lewandowski was born in Warsaw, Poland, and is a graduate of the Academy of Dramatic Art in that city. He was gaining a fine reputation in his hometown as a stylist of songs and as a radio and stage star, when his career was abruptly broken in 1942, as he was interned in a German prisoner-of-war camp. He was not released until 1945, but he soon re-entered the entertainment world. His experience for the next six years took him all over the free countries of Europe—and provided for him a kind of international postgraduate course in show business. During these years, he trouped as an entertainer for the World Committee of the Y.M.C.A., appearing as singer-actor-producer before audiences composed of displaced persons. During these years, he developed the easy, friendly manner which now permits him to deal with all types of audiences. Lewandowski left the Continent for England in 1947 for further study at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London, and in 1948 became an actor-director for Radiodiffusion and Television Française in Paris. He came to New York in 1951 and worked for Radio Free Europe and Voice of America before entering commercial broadcasting.

Polka-Go-Round, which originates "live" from Station WBKB (Chicago), is seen over the ABC-TV network, two Mondays out of every three, from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EDT.

Talking it up with the studio audience, Bob Lewandowski not only does the warm-up before show time, but breaks up the performance with short interviews. To make the whole show more fun, he's also likely to pick a lady dance partner from the audience and give her a whirl on stage.
High-flying dancers above (l. to r.): Primis, Mueller, Tarczynski, Kusnierz. Below: Tarczynski, Mary Ann Crocetti.
THANKS TO THE STARS

By MARY DAWSON

It isn't that Roger and Vici Smith are real far gone on astrology. They don't have their horoscopes cast regularly, they don't postpone important decisions until the moon is in its proper phase. But they sure enough do believe in taking advice from the stars.

The thing is, the stars that Roger and Vici take advice from are movie stars. And the reason they're so sold on such-like is that they might never have met, married, had their two offspring and their house on the hill—as well as their zooming careers—if it hadn't been for the two bits of advice dished out to them by two movie stars.

Roger, who plays Jeff Spencer on the Warner Bros. series, 77 Sunset Strip, might be helping his dad manufacture riding breeches in Nogales, Arizona, today, if it hadn't been for the advice given him. And Vici, whom you know as Victoria Shaw of Columbia Pictures' "The Eddie Duchin Story," might still be smiling for toothpaste ads in Australia, instead of appearing in Columbia's "The Crimson Kimono," if it hadn't been for the advice she took.

Being highly intelligent young people, Roger and Vici knew a good piece of advice when it was handed them. They knew, too, that advice is of absolutely no use to anyone if it's just left lying around. They acted on it.

Roger's best bit of advice came, of all places, on the beach at Waikiki. In Hawaii with the Navy, as a Link trainer instructor, Roger spent many an evening on the beach entertaining his buddies, strumming his guitar and singing the calypso tunes he'd used in shows when he was a college student.

The movie company of "Mister Roberts" was in the Islands at the time and, one evening, Jimmy Cagney happened to drift over to the group surrounding Roger and his guitar. Cagney was impressed by what he heard, and later drew Roger aside for a little chat. He suggested that Roger's talent was of professional caliber, and that he might do very well in Hollywood. Cagney even promised to help, if Roger decided he ever wanted to try the movies.

Acting for a (Continued on page 75)

77 Sunset Strip is seen on ABC-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for American Chicle Co., Whitehall Laboratories, Carter Products, and Harold F. Ritchie Inc.
Mrs. Smith is "Vici," at home with Roger, daughter Tracey (above) and baby Jody. She is actress Victoria Shaw, when her proud husband visits her on Columbia Pictures set (left).

Her next film: "The Crimson Kimono" — with Glen Corbett (below, left), James Shigeta (right). For her, the fame-trip began in Australia—with encouraging word from Bob Hope!

Roger Smith of 77 Sunset Strip and his actress wife Victoria Shaw are grateful to two bigtimers who weren't too big to give a boost.
February's headlines were far from the acclaim Tommy knew as a star of the NBC-TV version of Your Hit Parade (above) only a year or so ago. But his conscience was clear—and the faith of fiancée Pat Quinn (below) never wavered for a moment.

Unpleasant news was made when young singer Tommy Leonetti hit the tabloids as a result of testimony in Washington on the juke-box racket.

Here, in a frank interview, Tommy tells all he knows about the matter

By HERBERT KAMM
Family solidarity was immediate and wholehearted, during the dark days before Tommy knew the public was behind him, too. Above, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lionetti. Left, with sisters Etta Shamsey, Jacqueline Lionetti, and Sandy Hegadorn—calling other relatives not living in New Jersey. Below, with some of his nieces and nephews: Jimmy Shamsey, Tommy and Janice Lionetti, and Donna Shamsey.

ON A COLD AND WINDY afternoon in December of 1953, Tommy Leonetti sat in a poultry market situated in a seamy section of Chicago and nervously watched a one-man audience listen to a song he had recorded. It was one of the strangest “auditions” in the history of show business. It made him the protegé of a strange and somewhat mysterious figure—a chicken dealer enamoured of the entertainment world. And it was the beginning of a chain of events that—more than five years later, within the span of a few hours—almost wrecked a career and could have broken Tommy Leonetti’s heart.

But it is also a story with a warm and happy ending: The young singer’s unflagging honesty . . . the unflinching devotion of his family, fiancée and friends . . . the sense of fair play which exists among the people on every level who make up the American public.

This is Tommy Leonetti’s story, told in full for the first time and mostly in his own words—the story of a handsome, deeply religious, twenty-eight-year-old singer from a small New Jersey town who had earned his success the hard way and who saw it rocked and shaken last February by ugly testimony before a Senate investigating committee in Washington.

“It’s an experience I’ll never forget,” Tommy said in an exclusive interview with TV Radio Mirror. “But I’ll remember it more for what it taught me about the decency of people than the hurt it caused me.”

The sketchy background of (Continued on page 84)

Leonetti is featured regularly as a top male vocalist on It’s Network Time, NBC Radio’s big new afternoon variety show heard Monday through Friday; check local papers for time in your area.
The golden rule of kinship with all people is inherent in every show Edwards has created, especially the one he hosts himself: This Is Your Life (for proof, see Jimmie Rodgers story on following pages). Significantly, it also lights the way for Ralph and Barbara in relationship to their home, their three children, and their community.

To Ralph Edwards, celebrities on his programs, members of his family—and all living persons—are individuals, each to be treasured for his own sake.

By FREDDA BALLING

Experts regard Ralph Edwards as one of the two or three great showmasters appearing on television today. Friends and neighbors consider him "successful" in quite another way—respected and effective as a father, in the midst of an era noted for its cold war between generations. There is apparently a relationship between these two divergent triumphs. "Actually," says Ralph, "it had never occurred to me, until someone else pointed it out, that there might be a 'fall-out' from the show onto the family. I'm more inclined to think that the fundamental concepts which guide This Is Your Life also go into the operating of a family."

Ralph has always said of the show: "On This Is Your Life, we wave no banners, we shout no creeds. However, intrinsic within the unfolding of a life story, a theme is made clear. It's 'Love thy neighbor.' We select a subject, then delve into his or her background. We always find that our subject has been given a lift 'above and beyond the call of duty' and that, in turn, he or she has passed on the help to another. (Continued on page 79)
To the new NBC star, his surprise appearance on Ralph Edwards' program was a thrill never to be forgotten. What followed was only incredible!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Edwards never had a more appreciative subject on This Is Your Life than Jimmie—who'd been sorely puzzled by the odd actions of wife Colleen (above) and the even odder instructions for his song-and-guitar "recital" at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.
WHEN Ralph Edwards gave singer Jimmie Rodgers the *This Is Your Life* treatment, there were many who thought it was one of the most exciting surprises Mr. Edwards had ever staged. Jimmie agrees—adding, “but the audience didn’t see half of it! What happened before the show was just unbelievable . . .”

“And what happened afterwards was just incredible,” says Colleen, Jimmie’s blonde and beautiful wife. “They would have had material for a situation comedy series if they had sent a cameraman right along with us and told him to keep shooting. In our new home, during the next few days, we entertained thirty-five house guests, many of them children . . .”

Jimmie and Colleen told about it when they came to New York to sign the contract for the new *Jimmie Rodgers Show* on NBC-TV. Certain phases, they agreed, had grown funnier in retrospect than they had been at the moment they occurred. “But
Standing behind Jimmie and Colleen, on the Edwards program: Staff Sgt. Herbert L. Brown—who encouraged Jimmie’s singing in his Air Force days. At right, above: Hugo Peretti (seated) and Luigi Creatore—who signed Jimmie for Roulette Records.

Standing next to Ralph, above, is Chuck Miller—who staked Jimmie to trip to New York for auditions. Centered at right: Jimmie’s mother, Mrs. Mary Rodgers, and brother Archie Jr.—who figured largely in hectic happenings after the program!

don’t get me wrong,” Jimmie Rodgers explained seriously. “Before I go to sleep at night, I still lie there wondering why Mr. Edwards chose me—why I should be the one to be so honored. I can think of a hundred persons more deserving. I can’t get over how wonderful it was to see again—and all together—so many of the people who mean so much to me.” Suddenly, he grinned: “But I also admit that, while it was going on, it got to be almost too much for us . . .”

For Jimmie and Colleen, the year preceding the Ralph Edwards program had been filled to the brim with activity, accomplishment, tragedy and joy. After long career struggles, Jimmie had at last found success. Every one of his Roulette records had been a hit: “Honeycomb,” “Kisses Sweeter Than Wine,” “Oh, Oh, I’m Falling in Love,” “Secretly,” “Are You Really Mine?” and “Bimbombay.” His albums, too, were best-sellers. He had appeared on sixteen network TV programs, toured in stage shows, gained top night-club bookings and a movie contract. For a young man who, two years earlier, had been so broke that he had to use his wife’s sweaters for a stage costume, it was a remarkable achievement.

The tragedy was the death of Jimmie’s father, Archie, who drowned while fishing. Jimmie’s grief was deep, but even in his sorrow he gave thanks that, during the same period, another dear one’s life had been spared. Colleen (seriously injured in an automobile accident before their marriage) had again entered the hospital for serious surgery—and had quickly recovered. “We hope that will be the last of the operations,” says Jimmie. “There have been so many, we’ve lost count.” Says Colleen: “I had no time to be sick. We had the new house to furnish.”

(Continued on page 78)
Jimmie and Colleen still find it hard to believe, when they have a moment to relax and think about it all: The wonderful new house—which managed to survive the hilarious events during the absolute “deluge” of relatives who poured in for *This Is Your Life*... and the wonderful new NBC-TV show—high-water mark of a veritable tide of best-selling records.

*The Jimmie Rodgers Show* is colorcast “live” over NBC-TV each Tuesday at 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored on alternate weeks by L&M Cigarettes.
Born to the Blues

The moment they met, Jack Webb knew
William Reynolds was his jazz-age hero, Pete Kelly

Pete Kelly's Blues, produced and directed by Webb, dramatizes the Prohibition '20s. The role of Pete suits Bill Reynolds' temperament to a T—though Bill wasn't even born then, and certainly isn't singing the blues now, at home with Molly and baby Carrie!

Jack Webb (left) says Bill was the first actor he saw who looked "exactly right for the part." It was just a "bonus" that Bill really knew how to handle a trumpet—a jazz expert plays for the sound track.

Reynolds and Phil Gordon (left), who portrays the piano-player Fred, hold an informal script session.

By MAURINE REMENIH

There may be blues in the night for Pete Kelly, hero of the new NBC-TV series, Pete Kelly's Blues, but for William Reynolds, who plays the title role, it's only in the script. The blues are all behind him now, he feels, and the break he's worked toward for years has finally arrived. And the magic wand which worked this transformation was waved by as unlikely looking a "Cinderella's godmother" as you're apt to find—Jack Webb! Although Bill Reynolds is a show-business veteran with (Continued on page 69)
What I'd Like Out of Marriage

Suzanne Storrs, of Play Your Hunch and Naked City, sounds off about love and marriage

By PAUL DENIS

This apartment is just perfect for one person," says Suzanne Storrs, lovely performer featured on both Naked City and Play Your Hunch. "But I have not decorated it, because I see it as a temporary apartment. I don't want to feel I've settled down in a 'bachelor girl' apartment for good. I want to marry, and move into a 'married' apartment with my husband."

Suzanne has not picked the man yet... but she's looking. Her clear gray-green eyes gaze wistfully out of the wide, sun-drenched wall-to-wall window, as she explains:

"I'm twenty-four, and mature enough to marry. Of course, it's not age that makes me mature, but thinking and experience and understanding.

"I know that I'm ready to make some man happy. I'd like to marry within the next two years."

Right now, Suzanne is a busy, busy girl. Not only does she do the daily Play Your Hunch show, starring Merv Griffin... and portray James Franciscus' wife on Tuesday night's Naked City... she (Continued on page 72)

Naked City is seen on ABC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. for Viceroy and Kool Cigarettes. Play Your Hunch is seen on ABC-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. in all time zones.

She's very much at home, "doing for herself"—or for a family, when and if the right man comes along!

Suzanne cooks not only well, but economically—thanks to early training in a traveling household.
DANNY THOMAS

Talks About Teenagers
At home or on his show, a father who really cares sees signs that young people have changed—but not quite in the way most parents seem to think!

Danny and Rosemarie Thomas have three children representing a wide age-range: Margaret (above left), just out of her teens; Theresa (light dress), 16; Charles Anthony, 10. Girls haven't always seen eye-to-eye with parents on problems most important to teenagers, but Danny's proud that their word—"honor-bright"—is a binding promise.

By DORA ALBERT

Today's teenagers are often targets of pretty snide—sometimes even vicious—comments. To hear some adults talk, you'd think the present generation of teenagers had invented sex, crime, and alcohol. Sometimes, even otherwise wonderful parents become alarmed by the things they hear about teen-age temptations. And they begin to wonder about their own Judys and Joes.

Not so Danny Thomas. "Teenagers aren't monsters," he says, "and anyone who talks as if they are isn't thinking straight."

Sitting in his turquoise-blue desk chair in front of a modern desk at the Motion Picture Center, he relaxes a bit. He's just finished a grueling rehearsal for The Danny Thomas Show—in which, incidentally, there's hardly a hair's-breadth difference between the Danny Williams of the script (Continued on page 81)

The Danny Thomas Show, a family situation comedy, is seen on CBS-TV, Monday, at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by General Foods Corp. for Post Cereals and Sanka.
Tall story from Minnesota’s north woods to the frontier plains of Kansas—where six-foot-six James Arness keeps law and order as Marshal Matt Dillon of TV’s *Gunsmoke.*

'Way back in childhood, Robert Culp prepped for role as Texas Ranger Hoby Gilman on *Trackdown*—by roving hills of Utah and Oregon with prospecting grandpa.

Front name of *Yancy Derringer* star Jock Mahoney stands for "Jacques"! Chicago-born, he has French, Irish and Indian blood, was champ athlete at Iowa U.

Trail boss of *Rawhide* took a right rugged road to TV stardom. Eric Fleming has been an oil-field roustabout, miner, longshoreman, ambulance driver, wartime Seabee.
Wondermen of the Westerns

For TV fans who dig them the most—which includes a crashingly high percentage of all viewers—a gallery of pictures of some top stars from top-rated outdoor dramas

Missouri farmboy, seaman, carnival huckster—and TV repairman—Steve McQueen can handle "most any job... even making a hero out of a "bounty hunter" on Wanted—Dead Or Alive.

Old pals call him "Smokey." Rory Calhoun, The Texan, was a forest-fire-fighter, semi-pro boxer, miner, logger—and well-established movie star—before he tackled television.

Talent and looks make Richard Boone a perfect Paladin in Have Gun, Will Travel—or an ideal Abe Lincoln on stage. A crack shot, he won intro-service competitions while in Navy.

Nowadays, mamas tell their small bike-punchers, "Be a good boy and you, too, can grow up to have a Western show of your own!" And the odds are good—if the TV trend continues to go thataway... Of course, it takes some mighty special qualifications to become as outstanding as those we've lassoed here. Each has his individual claims to championship. All have just one brand in common: They're in show biz—the branch that combines the excitement of both rodeo and action-drama... Though many were born and bred conveniently near today's biggest "cowboy" centers—the Hollywood hills or the wide open ranges of New York state—there's hardly a territory of the Union not represented by the stars of the horde of oatburners galloping through the nation's parlors... Many of these learned about firearms the hard way, in Uncle Sam's service. Some grew up on horseback. Others never patted a pinto till they faced a camera. Some are dedicated actors. Others claim their hosses are right smart even though they never studied "The Method." All have had lives as colorful as those they now portray—but that's another story... Pictured on these six pages are some of the most representative of these TV wondermen, opening with glimpses of the CBS corral, continuing with man's-eye views of the NBC "spread," and closing with a fair-sized round-up from ABC.
Oklahoma's Dale Robertson—of Tales Of Wells Fargo—was all-letter athlete at school, officer with Patton's army in Europe, now trains quarter-horses on his ranch.

Although born to show biz (in Rochester, N.Y.), Peter Breck was Navy gunner before he turned to acting. Now he stars in Black Saddle—as gunfighter turned lawyer!

It amuses Gene Barry that Broadway hits never made him as famous as Bat Masterson. Not only strangers hail him—he now rates with his sons, as "fastest cane"!

Wondermen of the Westerns
(Continued)

Northwest Passage is an "Eastern" set in colonial New England. But there are Indians galore and three tall, athletic stars from points West. Above: Swim champ, ski instructor Don Burnett of Los Angeles. Below: Tennis ace, skindiver Keith Larsen (left) of Salt Lake—and Buddy Ebsen, born in Illinois, educated in Florida, once a top Broadway dancer.

John Payne, The Restless Gun, has starred in many a movie. A Virginian from Roanoke, he wrestled professionally while attending Columbia, was a flight instructor during the war.

Gymnast Robert Horton is dead-serious about physical fitness—and acting. Before guiding Wagon Train as frontier scout, he himself re-traced pioneers' route from Missouri!
Maverick brothers have better service record than they ever admit: Jack Kelly was in first B-29 to fly over Arctic Circle—James Garner got Purple Heart in Korea!

True story of Elfgo Baca on Walt Disney Presents was scoop for Robert Loggia—former newspaperman and radio announcer who studied journalism at Missouri U.

Sure thing about The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp—Hugh O’Brian can really make it tough for bad actors. He was once youngest drill instructor in Marine Corps.

Tom Tryon might have been a Disney cartoonist instead of playing life of John Slaughter on Walt’s Friday-eve show. Born in Hartford, Conn., he studied art at Yale.
Wondermen of the Westerns
(Continued)

Sugarfoot Will Hutchins often plays his "double" — but Canary Kid isn't likely to kill hero Tom Brewster and take over series, as suggested by one fan!

Old Laramie's a mite safer, thanks to Lawman John Russell and deputy Peter Brown. Veteran of many movies—and of Marine Corps—John's a descendant of California's '49ers. Young Peter was born in Manhattan, brought up in Spokane.

Success as Bronco in Cheyenne leads to own series for Ty Hardin—"native Texan" born as parents "just visited" New York.

Towering Chuck Connors, The Rifleman, played basketball—notch!—but he was in pro baseball when discovered for movies.
Everyone Likes Lesley!

The Second Mrs. Burton's Marcia, Lesley Woods, has known hard work and disappointment—but the people she's met have never let her down.

Fresh flowers have been Lesley's trademark since early job-seeking days—long before success in her career and marriage to John Abbate (at left).

By ALICE FRANCIS

Lesley Woods (Marcia Archer in CBS Radio's The Second Mrs. Burton) lives in the kind of romantic and stately Old New York house most people only read about in novels. A tall greystone designed by famous architect Stanford White, set flush with the sidewalk, from which one enters the large entrance hall through heavy double doors.

Inside, all is spacious and handsomely proportioned. There are graceful stairways, high windows, polished wood floors, great stone fireplaces big enough to cook in—though, of course, there's a bright new, modern kitchen. It's the kind of house which blends past (Continued on page 73)
Ira Ashley (far right), producer-director of The Second Mrs. Burton, rehearses a truly stellar cast in all key roles. Reading clockwise from directly above, the members of the beloved CBS Radio family include Lew Archer (played by Larry Haines), Stan Burton (Dwight Weist), Mother Burton (Ethel Owen), Terry Burton (title-role star Teri Keane), Marcia Archer (Lesley), Uncle George Deever (Ian Martin).

Lesley's husband John designs furniture as well as interiors, has his offices in their spacious home (at left). Most unusual of his creations for their own use is the "lazy Susan" dining table above—which can also be used in sections for buffet entertaining.

CBS Radio's The Second Mrs. Burton, written by Hector Chevigny, is heard Monday through Friday, 1:45 P.M. EDT.
William Prince and his wife Dorothy both went to Cornell University—but didn't meet until Bill was trying to get his first New York acting jobs. Married almost twenty-five years, they now make their home in Connecticut with sons Jeremy (standing) and Nicholas (strumming guitar), daughters Liza (fifteen this May) and Dinah (who's going on five).
What a time-and-space problem for TV’s Young Dr. Malone!
But William Prince has just the family and friends—and the personal ability—to accomplish “the impossible”

By FRANCES KISH

When it was telecast over NBC-TV for the first time, just as 1958 merged into 1959, Young Dr. Malone had an enthusiastic ready-made following. The story of Jerry Malone, begun nearly ten years before as a radio serial, is still one of the most popular daytime dramas on radio. Small wonder, then, that at last it should be translated into sight as well as sound, centering around the same Midwest hospital and the lives of those who, in one way or another, are affected by what happens there.

As TV’s Jerry Malone, William Prince at once seemed the personification of the self-searching, sometimes self-doubting but always dedicated and serious physician. And of the loyal, loving husband and father, not entirely sure of his own wisdom in dealing with family affairs, but always seeking to be just and kind.

It may be no accident that Bill Prince has so often appeared as a doctor, in plays, movies, and on TV. (In the film “Destination Tokyo,” he performed an appendectomy in a submarine, with Cary Grant administering the anesthetic. And he was a doctor—who turned out to be psychopathic!—in his recent movie, “Macabre.”)

Talking about his interest in becoming Jerry Malone, Prince says: “When I was still in grade school, I did odd jobs for one of two doctors my mother worked for—the eye, ear, nose and throat man. I swept the walks, mowed the lawn, cleaned the lab, and was fascinated by the cabinets filled with shining instruments. Having no son of his own, the doctor wanted me to follow in his footsteps. It was also my mother’s dearest wish.

“One day, he invited me to watch a tonsillectomy he was to perform on a small girl. His idea was, ‘Let Bill come in and see it, and this way we’ll get him interested,’ and my mother gave her consent.

“The plan worked in reverse. The humanitarian side of the operation was lost on me. The curing of illness, perhaps the prevention of invalidism. I saw only a defense—
Outdoor life in the country is just what Dr. Malone would have ordered for the Princes—left to right: Nicholas, Dorothy, Liza, Dinah, Jeremy, Bill. A fine dog’s life, too, for Liza’s “Borky” (temporarily still, above) and Jeremy’s “Jumpy” (living up to name, below, romping indoors with Bill and Dorothy).

William Prince is Dr. Jerry Malone in Young Dr. Malone, as seen daily on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3 to 3:30 P.M. EDT, for The Procter & Gamble Co. and other sponsors.
Connecticut's famed old fieldstone walls.

Clockwise around the table from daddy Bill's plaid shirt: Jeremy, Dorothy, Liza, Nicky, Dinah. Bill claims to be a tough disciplinarian. Actually, says Dorothy, he's "easier in many ways than I am with the children . . . working on projects with them whenever he can find time, amazing me with his patience."

Nicky, 11, shares father's curiosity about how things work. Together, they built a car—with a lawnmower motor! (Older boy's special hobby is "speleology," the scientific study of caves.)
Outdoor life in the country is just what Dr. Malone would have ordered for the princes—left to right: Nicholas, Dorothy, Liza, Nicky, Jeremy, Bill. A fine dog’s life, too, for Liza’s “Barky” (temporarily still, above) and Jeremy’s “Jumpy” (living up to name, below, romping indoors with Bill and Dorothy).

les little girl about to be hurt with one of those instruments I had been admiring. Just as I was getting really green around the gills, a nurse grabbed me and I was taken out of the room before I keeled over.

"Any latent regret I might have had at not being a doctor has since found its outlet in playing one."

It was while he was in high school in his hometown of Binghamton, New York—where he was rapidly attaining his full height of almost six feet, a slender blond boy with a shy manner and sensitive face dominated by eyes that were keenly blue—that the theater really "hooked" him and he could never shake it off. A teacher of public speaking who had been in the professional theater retained such tremendous interest in it that he communicated this to Bill, who began to work backstage with the school dramatic club.

They were presenting Maeterlinck’s "Bluebird" and Bill hit on an idea for some really spectacular realism. Bluebirds were difficult to come by, but pigeons were easily obtainable by boys wise in their ways. A bright blue spotlight would assure the right color, even if the birds (Continued on page 83)
WHEN A BIG, husky six-foot-plus guy like Pat Conway gets hungry—he gets hungry! And Pat is one of those lucky fellows who have a natural sense for putting a dollop of this and a dollop of that into a skillet and turning out, not only a meal, but a meal with a difference. To many a tyro cook, this kind of talent with food remains the mystery of the ages. But, to free-wheeling cooks everywhere, male or female, it's second nature to alter known ingredients and put before guests a meal with an unusual and personal taste. . . . For the husky hero of Tombstone Territory, cooking just comes naturally. And we'd wager that some comparable skill was probably the built-in talent of the Western stalwarts who operated as sheriffs during the stormy frontier days when the famous newspaper, The Tombstone Epitaph, recorded the life-and-death happenings of "the town too tough to die." Dramatized for today's viewers, the series offers fast action backed by authentic research into Arizona history, with Pat Conway—son of a top Hollywood director, and grandson of Francis X. Bushman, an all-time great in the movie business—engaging the admiration of TV audiences for his portrayal of Sheriff Clay Hollister. . . . For his friends, Pat may be admired as an actor but, as a gourmet cook, he absolutely wows 'em. Try his recipes as detailed here for the Conway super-touch with food.

Pat Conway confirms the truth that, when a man cooks, chances are he outdoes most women in imagination in the recipe department

"Good!" say guests Britt Lomond of Zorro and his fiancée, Diane Tutini (left), actress Pamela Duncan (right) of movie, "Career."

Lured by aroma of food, "Phaugg," Pat's kitten, purrs: "Bub, let's eat now—cook later!"

BOURBONED APPLES

Makes 4 servings
Peel, core and wash:
4 eating apples
Combine in a saucepan:
4 ounces (⅓ cup) bourbon whiskey
6 tablespoons sugar
grated rind of ½ lemon
juice of ½ lemon
1 stick cinnamon
Add apples and cover tightly. Simmer about 30-35 minutes, or until apples are tender and slightly colored all over. Cool slightly before placing in indivi—
He-men and their womenfolk really go for Conway's Demi-Eggs Benedict with Hollandaise Sauce. It's hearty chow, for all the fancy Sunday-best trimmin's.

CONWAY'S GINGER LAMB

Wipe with a damp cloth:
5-6 pound leg of lamb

Make several slits in meat, down to the bone, and insert tiny slivers of garlic into the openings. Place meat on rack in shallow, uncovered roasting pan. Sprinkle thoroughly with salt and pepper. Rub in:
2 teaspoons ginger
Spread prepared mustard over surface. Let stand 4-5 hours. Insert meat thermometer so bulb reaches middle of thickest part of lean meat, not touching bone. Roast in slow oven (325° F.) until thermometer registers 175° F. Or cook 35 minutes per pound of meat.

DEMI-EGGS BENEDICT

Makes 2 servings
Chill one (1 lb.) can corned beef hash. Unmold and cut one-half of it into 4 slices. Save remainder for another time. Brown slices in skillet. Prepare 4 poached eggs and place one on each slice of hash. Serve with Hollandaise.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Combine in a small saucepan:
4 egg yolks
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Add:
2 tablespoons butter
Stir over very low heat until butter is melted. Add an additional:
2 tablespoons butter
Continue stirring until butter is blended and sauce thickened. Remove from heat and add seasoning:
dash of salt
dash of pepper
dash of dry mustard
Serve at once.
Broadcasting or decorating, meeting and marrying, Ben Grauer and Melanie Kahane have so much in common they can laugh at busy schedules

By GLADYS HALL

Relaxing from merry-go-round spin of two active careers, with poodle "Dufty." On leisurely mornings, Melanie enjoys a hearty breakfast in bed—waffles and all. Ben sits nearby, at a small table, feasting on a half-grapefruit and coffee.

LOVERS OF LIFE, in every sense of the word, are NBC's microphone maestro Ben Grauer and his wife Melanie Kahane, the noted decorator, industrial designer and color consultant. Says Ben: "We have an enormous curiosity about living, Melanie and I, and a love of adventure, of strange new places, new experiences. Also, we both have careers, with deadlines to be met, so we are on a self-created merry-go-round that never stops revolving.

"Melanie and I were introduced, in 1950, by a friend who called one night to say that he was taking his wife and 'a Miss Kahane' to dinner at Whyte's—the famous old seafood restaurant in New York—and would I care to make
Together, the Grauers broadcast *Decorating Wavelengths* on the week-night *Monitor*, four times a week—brief, but brim-packed with professional know-how and the personal sense of adventure which inspired Ben and Melanie to spend their honeymoon exploring a just-excavated Roman temple in the heart of London and King Tut’s tomb in Egypt.

a fourth? Melanie has since confessed that, when she was told Ben Grauer would be her date, she said, laughing, 'Oh, heavens, is that bachelor still around!'

"After dinner, we drove uptown with our friends. As we were passing the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, I said, 'Shall we dance?' And we did. And, as we did, I knew that this was *something more* . . . love at first sight, in other words. That was in 1950. In 1954, we were married. You see," Ben laughs, "I was very impulsive.

"We had a quiet wedding, with only a few people close to us present—including, of course, Joan, Melanie’s attractive daughter by her previous marriage, who came from boarding school in Massachusetts for the event. On our honeymoon, we went to London, Paris, Rome and up the Nile . . . the Temple of Apollo in London, moonlight on the Colosseum, King Tut’s tomb—at all of which, mixing business with romance, I cut some tapes and sent them back! Three months after we were married, we bought the house that we knew was ours, at first sight—as you know when you adopt a child. A five-story brownstone (only this one was white) on New York’s East Side."

For Benjamin Franklin Grauer—born in New York City, June 2, 1908—the merry-go-round of the life he loves began to revolve when he broke into show business as a
child actor at the age of eight. For the next decade, he appeared on the Broadway stage and in movies, performing with such famed stars as Helen Hayes and the late Theda Bara. "My last appearance on stage was in 1925," he says, "with George Abbott (then an actor) and June Walker in 'Processional' for the Theater Guild at the old Garrick Theater. And then, with time for an education running out, I went to college—City College in New York."

In his freshman year, the young man whose voice has since been called "the most authoritative in the world today," got a "D" in public speaking. "Almost flunked," Ben laughs, "a wound to the ego which didn't heal until, at graduation, I was awarded the Senior Oratorical Prize for Extemporaneous Speaking. Three months later, in October of 1930, I joined the NBC Network as an announcer and I have been with NBC—speaking extemporaneously—ever since.

"How does a man stay on one job for nearly thirty years? In my case, I'd say it was a two-way road: I was good for NBC, NBC was good for me. If a young man is on a one-way road, he should shift around until he finds himself. I didn't need to shift. The kind of thing I did was constantly changing. It still is. There is no limit to the variety of things that are grist to my mill. Like a general reporter on a big city newspaper, I do a little bit of everything—on-the-spot reporting wherever headlines are being made, and interviewing the people who make them, the (Continued on page 67)

Ben Grauer and his wife Melanie Kahane are heard on Decorating Wavelengths, each Monday through Thursday, from 8:30 to 8:35 P.M. EDT, as part of week-night Monitor (formerly Nightline) on NBC Radio. Ben is also a communicator on the weekend Monitor.
Subdued off-white and beige tones of their living room are highlighted by rare color accents: Paintings, such as the Mexican one by Galvan (above) ... the pale blue stove shown on opposite page ... a Korean lacquered table in orange-red.

The Grauers love to entertain, have many friends both in and out of show business. Reading clockwise around dining table—Ben, Mrs. John Stevenson, columnist-commentator Bob Considine, Melanie, and Millie (Mrs. Bob) Considine.

After dinner, in the living room: Millie and Bob Considine, Ben, Melanie, and Mrs. Stevenson. The Grauers' parties range from such intimate gatherings to the memorable one they gave for three hundred guests, before their home was even partially furnished—"The Bare Walls Brawl," for which all but the caterer's furniture was only a painted fantasy, with "stage props" added by Melanie's impish imagination.
LIKE Peter Pan, Bonnie Prudden has a formula for eternal youth. Living in a body beautiful that's as lithe and dynamic as those of her two teen-age daughters, 45-year-old Bonnie is vital proof that keeping fit is the answer to being young at any age. As a weekly guest on NBC-TV's Today, Bonnie has captivated an audience of millions who have ardently adopted her physical fitness exercises as the key to happy living. Her routines are designed to do more than just beautify the body. According to Bonnie, by letting off physical steam we become more relaxed, our emotions get calmer, our minds function more smoothly, we look prettier, get more done, have more leisure, and lead more rewarding lives. Although she considers inactivity a greater danger to the figure than over-eating, Bonnie feels that a healthful diet is part of any fitness program. She says that "we eat mostly cardboard," favors "live" foods such as wheat germ, eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables, avoids fats and starch. About dieting, she advises, "Don't try to lick the world the first week. Whatever your project, break it down into small, attainable goals. Weigh yourself only once a week, for daily changes don't count." When should one become concerned with the subject of keeping fit? "It's never too early," says Bonnie. "The time to tackle the problems of old age is before they have a chance to happen."

Bonnie Prudden, physical fitness crusader, finds secret of youthful living in exercise
To Firm Upper Arms

A. Stand with feet apart, right arm relaxed, palm up. 
B. Turn thumb to left in complete circle, bending forward. 
C. Reverse direction, turning thumb all the way to right and bending back. Repeat 10 times with each arm.

Tone Chest Muscles

A. Stand erect, left foot in front of right, toes pointed outward, arms bent at shoulder level. Tighten muscles of right buttock. 
B. Keeping elbows bent, snap shoulders back as far as possible. 
C. Return to starting position. 
D. Straighten arms and fling back sharply. Repeat 10 times or until tired. Then alternate, right foot in front, etc. Build up gradually to 20 times each side.

Mold Thighs

A. Stand relaxed, weight on left foot, right heel raised off floor; look at right hand. 
B. Turn right knee in, flexing left knee, and look at right buttock. 
C. Raise right foot and turn all the way out. Look down at toes. Return to starting position. Reverse and repeat with weight on right foot. Do entire exercise 10 times.
**Forever Young**

**General Flexibility**

A. Stand, feet apart, seat tucked under. B. Hands behind back, lean forward—chin up, back straight. Bounce torso down. C. Relax forward and bounce limply. Repeat exercise 10 times.

**To Mold Hips**

A. Stand with feet together, about 2 feet from chair. Lean forward, head up, hands on back of chair. Tighten seat and abdominal muscles. B. Raise left leg and drop head close to knee. C. Swing leg to rear, arching back, shoulders down, chest and head up. Tighten seat muscles. Swing from position B to C 8 times. Repeat movements with other leg. Do entire exercise 4 times.

**Firm Midriff and Avoid Double Chin**

A. Stand with feet apart, arms relaxed away from sides. Tighten abdomen and seat muscles. B. Keep feet flat on floor, swing arms right as far as possible. C. Swing left. Repeat entire exercise 20 times or until tired. For this and other routines, even a few times is enough to begin. Gradually add a few more counts each day as lazy muscles become accustomed to exercise.
You Got Problems?: Nina Reader, bullent member of the new cast of Love Of Life, says, I'm too well-built, and that's the problem. People never believe I'm sixteen. If I were only three inches taller, I could pass for twenty-five. She is five-three, with red hair and green eyes. Nina says the role of Barbara Sterling, "I love the series. There's something new every day, and you learn so much." Nina, raised in England her first twelve years, had a straight-A average in the Royal Academy of Drama and Music, and was the youngest student to win the New Era Academy Award. She left the colonies with her mother four years ago, and has since appeared on Broadway with the Lunts and Nancy Kelly, and has played featured roles on Alcoa, U.S. Steel and Kraft. On a personal note, she admits, "You know, I've never been kissed, although I've done a lot of it as an actress. It's not that I'm bothered. It's just because I've never known a boy I really wanted to kiss with."

Kwicky: On May 12, Phil Silvers observes his forty-seventh birthday. Last year, wife Evelyn gave him a $400 dinner jacket. Phil, an amateur musician, moaned, "I feel awful that I'm too good enough for it." ABC trying to figure out how to turn their New York sensation, ghoul Zacherley, into a national asset. Zach, the ghostly idol of New Yorkers, hosts horror movies on Station WABC. With make-up and tux that make him look like Frankenstein's brother, he shoots TV films to perform brain operations, explain his recipe for spider soup, or to play "Pop the Werewolf." The monster, in real life, is John Zacherle, a bachelor, who majored in English Lit at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . Good example of public-service programing on the local-station level is WWRL-New York's interview series, Are You A De-frequent Parent? Staff-man Leon Lewis chats with leading sociologists, educators, etc., will offer tapes to stations across nation on a public-service basis.

Gloria Monty, producer of The Sealed Storrm, turned down offers to direct a couple of feature films, now, with husband Bob O'Byrne, will produce two Yeats plays off Broadway. . . . Robert Loggia, Eligio Baca this past TV season, is working at Actors Studio. He is cultivating a Southern accent for Disney's next film production, "Gold." . . . Five of those who will tour in CBS's first-run situation in CBS Radio's Young Dr. Malone, Carl Frank, who once played Doc Malone is now playing Dr. Potter, a psychiatrist who is at the moment treating Doc (Sandy Becker) Malone's wife Tracey Malone, played by Gertrude Warner, who is Mrs. Frank, I think.

One Never Knows: Pretty Florence Henderson said, "I don't own stock in General Motors. I wish I did." She was being third-degree-about a most unusual occurrence. When Oldsmobile gave the sack to Patti Page, they upped Florence and Bill Hayes from commercial artists to stars of a new show, now seen Thursday P.M. on NBC-TV. Florence admits the procedure was unusual, but adds, "I think I know why it happened. Bill and I have been doing dealer shows for the company for two years, and they got to know us so well they felt like a father to us." On The Oldsmobile Theater, Florence and Bill act as hosts, sing, dance and, every third week, perform in an original half-hour drama. . . . And then, backstage at Broadway's hit, "The World of Suzie Wong," and into the dressing room of star William Shatner, who will co-star in the new CBS-TV series, Nero Wolfe. Kurt Kaszner plays Nero, and startled the cast when he wore a ring that weighed the seventy pounds. They had to pad him. Bill, as Archie, has no such problems. "I just go on with my waistline as is." Bill achieved fame as a young actor through TV. He had second billing to Lee J. Cobb in the brilliant two-part "N-Deadly Medicine." He got rave reviews for his portrayal in Playhouse 90's "A Town Has Turned to Dust." He has worked in twenty-five other TV shows, including Hallmark. "But it was tough in the beginning. I'd get $300 for a show but—after taxes and agent's fees—it didn't mean much, when you consider it was often six weeks between shows." A Canadian, he came South in '56 with his young bride, "I have a mid-Atlantic accent," he says. "It's somewhere between British and American." He and wife Carol have an infant daughter. Bill says, "I'm the best barker. Three slaps and a squeeze. Most people just pat." He hasn't much time for barking now, for he is playing in "Suzie Wong" evenings and matinées, and filming Nero other days.

Dog Bites Man: Jack Weinstock, a practicing surgeon, is co-writer on the Howdy Doody show. He actually operated for appendicitis on his writer-partner, Wally Gilbert, but isn't this carrying collaboration too far? Many listeners to The Couple Next Door have asked for copies of scripts for hometown production. Peg Lynch, star and writer of the show, has had a dozen of the most popular broadcasts published, and they can be purchased from Samuel F. Gilbert, but isn't this carrying collaboration too far?

What's New—East

(Continued from page 9)

Leonetti, Pat Carroll and Arnold Stang. The only daytime drama to remain will be My True Story, now in its sixteenth year. . . . Pat Buttram said it: "A cold is the only thing that stays in some folks' heads more than a day."

What's New—West

(Continued from page 12)

"On the Beach," working on Number Two spec even though its airing is months away. Fred didn't fulfill daughter Ava's request for a karangao, but he did buy a thoroughbred horse, Down Under, and will race it at Del Mar this summer.

My Son, My Son: Some time ago, David Niven ruled that his family were not to pose for publicity pictures. David Jr., a soph at military school, lent Dad an attentive ear. A few weeks later, the English star got an urgent call from the headmaster. Young David is holding up our student year book, he refused to pose for it. David Sr. had to assure Davie Jr. that posing with his class did not fall under the edict. . . . The Builder: Latest addition to the George Montgomery—Dinah Shore place is a swank dog kennel with glassed-in wall, so Missy, 10, and Jody, 4, can watch their misses. "I'm told the last job of do-it-yourself George—because, "We can't afford my services any more." Yes and No: Yes, Markham, Ray Milland's new series which bowed May 2, will have the most varied locale of any dramatic show. Footage has already been shot in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and Quebec. Missy, producer for the French Riviera in June. No, Process Grace won't appear in an episode, even though Monaco will be filmed. . . . Gunsmoke's Chester, Dennis Weaver, finally did it! He cut two discs, "Girls Wuz Made to be Loved" and "Michael Finnegan." What's more, he's still preserving the show's producer to let him wrangle some more on the series. Marjorie Lord went straight from final films of the Danny Thomas Show into rehearsals for "Once More With Feeling," in which she co-stars with Fernando Lamas at Hollywood's Hartford Theater, starting May 11. Then she travels to her honorees to let him wrangle some more on the series. . . . Pat O'Way's biggest critic is his grandfather, famed silent-screen star Francis X. Bushman, who never misses a segment of his grandson's Tombstone Territory series. "My phone rings after every show," says Pat, "and it'll be Bushie with a few questions and some bad advice. He's a very typical grandfather. Just the other night, he wanted to know why my name wasn't larger on the credits." . . . NBC is studying formats for a comedy hour to take over the Saturday-night spot Perry Como is moving out of. Rotation of comics would bring back "You're in the Pictures," just as NBC has found its rough going lately. . . . During the filming of a recent episode of Trackdown, the script called for star Robert Culp to be handcuffed to character actor Addison Richards. All went well until it was time to release the two men. Addison had on a set of handcuffs he'd neglected to provide a key! The shackled pair had to eat lunch handcuffed together until a locksmith arrived. "Fortunately," quipped Bob, "we're both light eaters!"
Home is the Hunter

... home from the Sea Hunt—and to see Lloyd Bridges there is to know he needs no other “hobby”

Describing his location work for the roaring Ziv series, Sea Hunt, Lloyd Bridges sums up what must be the understatement of the television year: “It’s a lot safer at home.” Six-two, blond and rugged of build, Lloyd isn’t the man to complain. A prime fact of his life is his “actor’s life,” whose everyday routines, these days, pack a wallop and downright hazard to limb and life—expectancy alike. Lloyd realizes the sea-going show, though rough at times, is not necessarily a dangerous proposition, but that “you do have to be on your toes, alert all the time.” On location, a while back, at Lake Mead, for example, fourteen members of the company were laid up with broken bones or sprains. “We were fortunate the first thirty-nine,” says the star, “the most that happened was that everybody got seasick.” ... Man’s man par excellence, Lloyd turns into a veritable “boy’s boy” the minute he goes home and changes into the polo shirt and denims that have become his off-camera uniform. His sons, Beau and Jeff, would rather be roughhousing with Dad than with their own friends. At five, little Cindy is, of course, the apple of her daddy’s eye. Dorothy Bridges tells how “two or three times, the doorbell has rung and some little child will be asking, ‘Can Lloyd come out to play?’ He is always organizing some street ballgame or other,” says she. ... The Bridges entertain a great deal at home but, here again, the thing they both enjoy most is providing a fun atmosphere for entertaining their children’s friends. “It is wonderful, from a selfish point of view,” says Lloyd. “I don’t know... just being around the kids makes me very happy. They are so honest and free.” ... Lloyd traces his career-choice to his childhood in San Leandro, California. His mother used to trundle the youngster off to his father’s theater and leave him there while she did her shopping. Lloyd’s dad had been against his acting career, but became reconciled to it over the years, seeing that his son was utterly happy and coming to achieve no mean success, via such films as “High Noon,” “Home of the Brave,” “The Goddess,” and finally the Sea Hunt series. Nowadays, Lloyd’s dad looks after the business end of his son’s affairs, while Lloyd happily reads “every page of the paper but the financial news.” Both Lloyd and Dorothy feel it an irony that, after years of struggle, they now have the money, but not the time, to go looking for a new house or a piece of land. They’ve always loved travel, and it’s a current project of Dorothy’s to get the Sea Hunt crew to Honolulu for shooting, and have the whole family go along for a vacation. Son Beau takes it for granted he’ll be an actor eventually, and his parents feel that any travel or professional experience he can get is all to the good. To Lloyd and Dorothy, building the younger Bridges’ is a perennial, fulltime and utterly delightful job.
Jeff, nine, shows Lloyd pointing he did in school based on *Sea Hunt.*

**Bridges** puppet show: That's Jeff "backstage," Dorothy, Cindy, Lloyd.

Beau, sixteen, studies acting classic, Boleslovsky, with Dad Lloyd.

Jeff is scientist of family, but Lloyd's welcome to get in this "act," too, checking microscope findings.

Cindy on two-wheeler needs help in fix-it department.

Hard to say who started this session of basket play—dad or son!
PARDON the civic pride, but Pittsburgh, where your pal Pallan holds forth, is having one wow of a birthday celebration. Can't blame us—we're 200 years young!

For a Bicentennial blow-out to take the cake, picture for yourself some of the great talent that's come from the Pittsburgh area gathered around the candles singing "Happy Birthday."

Our spectacular would include that fellow from nearby Canonsburg who used to help out in the barber shop for fifty cents a week. He went to the "top" fast and had his own tonsorial parlor while still in his teens. But the lure of band-singing and the big money it paid—twenty-eight dollars a week—was too much. Canonsburg lost a good barber, but the nation gained a fine vocalist, recording personality and television star who recently inked a $25,000,000 contract—Perry Como.

There'd be room for Norma Jean Speranza. Half-a-dozen years ago, this petite miss was earning six dollars an evening singing with a Pittsburgh band. A local record distributor, Jim Winston, was so impressed by her voice that he sent a tape to Mitch Miller. The recording contract was followed by a run on the Dave Garroway show, night-club engagements and movie work for Miss Speranza—better known outside of Avonmore, Pa., as Jill Corey.

To the Pittsburgh birthday chorus, add a lovely lass who delighted Pittsburgh Playhouse audiences, a few years ago, with her acting, her singing, her beauty and her charm. Hardly any time elapsed before she was co-starring with Gordon MacRae in the movie versions of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." She still uses the name she was born with in Smith- ton, Pennsylvania—Shirley Jones.

Let's not forget Billy, who used to sing at Pittsburgh church affairs, when he was a little boy. He later toured with Earl Hines' band, organized his own orchestra and then became a sensational singer. He still returns to Pittsburgh for visits home and engagements at leading night spots. Eckstine's his last name; affectionately, he's "Mr. B."

In the early '30s, a young trumpet player from nearby Jeannette, Pa., was tooting with dance bands to pick up money so that he might enter Carnegie Tech. There he divided his studies between engineering and music—but the trumpet triumphed over the slide-rule. He added singing to his band stints and eventually formed his own orchestra. Some fifty million of his records have been bought by fans of this chap—Vaughn Monroe.

The birthday wouldn't be complete without Eileen Rodgers, city-born-and-bred, Dino Crocetti of Steubenville, crooning in his best Dean Martin style, and pretty Peggy King, who used to call Greensburg home.

Pittsburgh products could provide some first-rate accompaniment. How can you top jazzdom's great pianist, Erroll Garner? And consider orchestra leader and arranger extraordinaire, Billy May; swing organist Ethel Smith; movie and TV (Peter Gunn) composer-conductor Henry Mancini of Aliquippa, Pa., and many more.

And we'd have to start our birthday song with "a-one, a-two, a-three." For Lawrence Welk's career started to bubble over when he played Pittsburgh's William Penn Hotel in the mid-'30s. In fact, Phil Davis, a local radio writer, was the one who coined a pretty successful phrase for Mr. Welk—"Champagne Music."

Proud of Pittsburgh, Art plays city-guide to Boston's Ames Brothers.

**FROSTING FOR OUR BIRTHDAY CAKE**

**By ART PALLAN**

Our pal, and yours, Art Pallan of KDKA, evokes a big bash for Pittsburgh's bicentennial, with all her native Jacks and Jills to sing the Happy Birthday song.
Two Hearts on the Same Wavelength

(Continued from page 58)

world over. In other words, I have never got in a rut... and a rut is the one place in the world I don’t want to be.

A quick-thinking, fast-moving reporter, NBC’s Mr. Grauer does indeed “do a little bit of everything.” Merely to skimp the surface, he managed to report on the assassination of Count Folke-Bernadotte in Israel. He covered the Lindbergh kidnapping, the Hauptmann trial in the early 1930’s, the burning of the Morro Castle off the coast of Asbury Park, New Jersey—in 1936—and every political convention and Presidential inauguration since 1940.

“If I were to name what were, to me, the most memorable thrills during the years I’ve been reporting,” says Ben, “the Morro Castle—for shock value—would be one of them. I put the first survivor on the air. He sweated and hollered and I interviewed him in a phone booth. For awe-inspiring qualities, there was the eclipse in Brazil, a spectacle I described from a remote section in the uplands. The eclipse lasted four-and-a-half minutes. To be present during that epochal four-and-a-half minutes, I travelled over 10,000 miles, round-trip.

“There was the return to America, in 1945, of General Eisenhower, the conquering hero home from the war. A thrill that will stay with me always was reporting to the world whole, from the United Nations Headquarters in New York, what the U.N. was doing about the crises in Lebanon, Suez and Hungary. Among the many memorable personalities I’ve interviewed are Israeli Prime Minister David Ben Gurion—a giant in his time... General MacArthur, ex-President Herbert Hoover... and, among theater people, Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, Shirley Booth and Helen Hayes, Fredric and Florence March, Abe Burroughs, Jimmy Durante—all favorites of mine.”

A virtuoso of the mike, Mr. Grauer is also a symphony commentator, panel moderator, master of ceremonies (he was the emcee of Pot O’Gold, the first radio show to present cash prizes), and a commentator on Monitor. Of his success in polished ad-libbers in broadcasting, he once described a parade for fifty minutes without interruption. In 1944, he was the winner of the H. P. Davis award to the best NBC announcer and he has been decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor.

“Though I often think it’s strange,” Ben says, “that I, who am really a reflective kind of guy, should be in the most unreflective business in the world. I am a deep lover of two things—archeology and book-collecting. In a less exigent profession, I would probably dream my life away among the old ruins and old books I love. As it is, the clock-discipline of television and radio has turned my procrastinator into a meeter—of deadlines—sometimes as many as ten a day, but never less than five. In one day last summer, for example, I returned by plane from the Brussels Exhibition in Belgium, mixed two panel shows in the afternoon, did a three-hour stint on Monitor, then narrated the radio version of an NBC-TV dramatic show.

And now there are two careers, each with a capital “C,” under one roof, two sets of deadlines to be met... for Melanie’s career, though in a different field, is comparable in the demands it makes upon
time, energy and talent. A graduate of the Parsons School of Design in New York, the chic and vivid Miss Kahane is president of her own firm, Melanie Kahane Associates, and president of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Decorators. Recipient of many honors in her field, she is noted for creating the interiors for hotels and offices, industrial displays, cars and airplanes. She also designs furniture, lighting fixtures, kitchen equipment, and fabrics. Recently, she designed the Playbill Restaurant in New York's theatrical district, and she has decorated, to the last detail, many residences—including the Governor’s mansion in Austin, Texas, the official residence of Princeton University’s president, Billy Rose’s town house in New York—and, of course, the Grauer’s duplex apartment, which Melanie’s taste has made so beautiful it must be seen to be believed.

To cite a few of the beautiful spaces permits, the walls, upholstery and an unusual handmade rug (designed by Melanie) in the living room are a soft off-white and beige. So are the curtains that flow, from the ceiling to floor, at the windows. Between the windows stands, full-bellied and almost ceiling high, a fabulous and fabled pale blue porcelain stove of the Baroque period, from Schoenbrunn Castle in Vienna. Back of the long sofa, along the wall facing the fireplace, stands a very rare twelve-foot eighteen-century Imperial Coromandel screen, almost twelve feet tall and considered one of the finest in this country. “We found it in Paris,” Ben says, “in flawless condition. I doubt there is another of its kind in the Western hemisphere.”

In front of the sofa, and running its length, is a narrow Korean lacquered orange-red table—the only touch of color in the all-beige and white room, with the exceptions of the porcelain stove, the screen and the paintings—including a Mexican painting by Galvan. At one end of the sofa, a beautiful eighteenth-century leather Chinese war lord’s chest is used as a table and supports a tall gold-crestaled lamp. On one table, there is an Etruscan lamp with a framed picture of Arturo Toscanini, autographed to Ben—the only photograph in the room.

In the foyer which separates the living room from the dining room and kitchen quarters, a curving stairway leads up to the bedroom and dens. The library—which houses some 3,500 books, most of them collector’s items which Ben has sought out, and found, over the years—is combined with the dining area. Mrs. Goodwin, the Grauer’s indispensable housekeeper, presides over the kitchen realm. The Grauer manner is “Duffy,” the gray miniature French poodle with whom Ben romps about on the pale beige living-room rug as boisterously as though on an old sandy beach.

“A self-created merry-go-round that never stops revolving,” Ben says. Yet, somehow, they manage time out for home openings—Ben’s garden party, fun-things—perhaps because they ride the merry-go-round side by side, sharing interests, sharing thrills and, on occasion, merging their careers... as on Decorating Wavelengths. In this instance, and going together to the Brussels Fair—which Ben covered with his tape-recorder, for Monitor, and Melanie (who served on the Committee of Selection of Industrial Design and Handicrafts for the U. S. Pavilion) with her camera and sketchbook.

“We do live pretty much side by side,” Melanie laughs. “We even stagger up at the same time in the morning—what time depends on whether we have a deadline to meet, or a plane to make. If a six-o’clock plane, we’re there at five-fifty-nine—just to get a seat. A receptacle of common is that we make anything on deadline. If we haven’t a deadline of any kind, we sort of groan our way to eight fifteen or nine. The most beautiful bedroom... I in bed; Ben at a small table... Ben’s breakfast, a very little one—half a grapefruit and coffee; mine, a very big one—juice and egg, waffles, or sweet rolls and coffee. After breakfast, we read the papers... I, the front page and the theater section, while Ben digs into the editorials. Then we leave for our respective offices—after which everything is on the table...”

“At the end of what is, for both of us, a jammed day, we get home at six-thirty or maybe seven. If we’re staying at home, we’re usually in bed by ten o’clock. We always leave the lights on to catch up on trade papers or a new novel. Ben always retires with a rare—books catalogue—like a gambler reading the racing forms. We go to the movies once a week. We both love the classics. The best purchase we made was the book of all the openings. Many a time, we get home at seven, clean up, get into dinner clothes and make an eight-o’clock curtain on the opening.

“With so many friends in the theater— Cornelia Otis Skinner, Fredric and Florence March, Moss Hart and Kitty Carlisle—there are few openings we want to miss. after the theater, Sardi’s or The Playbill for supper and a hashing-over of what ever play we’ve seen... or we go dancing. We both love it—my husband is a fabulous dancer.” (“My wife,” Ben interjects with a gleeful partner.

“We both love parties. One was one last week for our good friends, Eddie Albert and Margo. But the best one we ever gave was The Bare Walls Brawl, a black-tie event that took the breath of most of us away after we bought the house. ’Let’s give one now,’ I suggested, ‘while it’s empty. Barer than a barn, not a stick of furniture in it. We’ll hang our new prints and give the wall a black wash. I’ll wear a black dress and hang my black hat on the wall. ’"

From the warehouse, I produced some gaudy stuff, such as you use to dress a set, including my favorite pink-and-orange complement, each old over a grapefruit table—brought in by the caterer, along with some chairs, tables and pink tablecloths. A friend lent me some phony Ed- wardian lamps, with huge globes, and I stuck those around, along with some tall cans in which we keep blueprints at the office. On one of them I lettered in paint, Unpaid Bills, on another, Mortgage Mitchell.

“We rolled out the red carpet for our three hundred guests—a small swatch of red carpet had been attached to each individual carpet stairway and we fired the wine flowed. Like Paris in April, with the windows open onto the balconies, it was one of those magical parties that, from beginning to end, was sheer perfection.

“Now, oh did we have a wonderful skiing holiday, last winter in the Bahamas—and the year before, in Majorca. Ben and I also went to Yachting, with friends, we were under sail one day, and trolling, and I caught a sea mackerel—big enough for four—which Melanie cleaned and cooked. He was a darling fish.

“We both love food, love it. Melanie’s daughter is an absolutely epicurean cook of the mouse, souffle, and veal-in-water school. Now we have our own apartment and an editorial job with Community Chests of America. I’m not a chef, either. A member of the Soci- ety of Authors, I make a good Beef Stroganoff. And then there are my peaches. Every autumn, for fifteen years, I’ve been canning peaches—some I brandy, some I don’t—and never lost any.”

“We love travel more than anything,” Melanie says. “For example, on Saturdays, our one all-to-ourselves day each week—on Sundays, Ben does his three-hour stint on Money, we both do together—at the Colony, or Voisin, or our favorite 21, and then we do the galleries or wander over to Third Avenue, where I do the bookshops, and Ben the antique shops with me. Although Ben may not know whether an old chair is a Victorian or Restoration piece, let’s say, he has an enormous consciousness about antiques, palaces, and treasures.

“On Decorating Wavelengths, we complement each other—of course, I may mention ‘glass curtain’ or use some deep-thought paint, but from the ‘mere-man point of view,’ will ask me what I mean by it. On the other hand, when—just before we go on the air—he says something like, if we can find ‘some other,’ I haven’t the vague idea what he’s talking about, or what I’m supposed to do, until he explains. We may have to cut out five lines toward the end, ’’

Two lovers of art, and of each other, on a self-created merry-go-round which they hope will never stop revolving.

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TUNE IN

“MY TRUE STORY”

National Broadcasting Company

What happens when a young couple vow, “No more babies!” Read “That Operation Men Can Have” in June TRUE STORY, now at your newstand.
(Continued from page 36) ten years of experience, he is a "new face" to a wide segment of the viewing public. This is fine with him—playing Pete Kelly is the break he's been hoping for for years, and he feels that public acceptance of him in this part will be much easier than if people were able to remember him in other types of roles. Meanwhile, those same ten years in movies, with twenty feature films to his credit, will make it easier for Bill Reynolds to give Pete Kelly everything he has.

This intensity of feeling for the role seems appropriate, for the part of Pete Kelly has been a long-time dream of its creator, Jack Webb. In fact, Jack played the part on a radio serialization for a season, then repeated the role in a successful movie. Determined to stay behind the cameras for the tele-version, however, Webb had been on the watch for several years for just the right actor to play Pete.

One interview with Bill Reynolds did it. Some electric spark, some empathy between the two men, signalled to Webb that Bill was the one. Pete Kelly, as Webb had always visualized him, was "a sensitive man, a man who feels things deeply, but doesn't want the world to know. He covers up with a veneer of sophistication and cynicism, but that veneer is so thin you can almost see through it!"

Webb recalls: "I'd interviewed scores of actors, with the part of Pete Kelly in mind, but I'd never even got so far as testing any of them. Bill was the first one who looked exactly right for the part. He looked like the kind who was highly emotional, easily moved—and yet kept it fairly well hidden within himself. And he looked like the kind who could pick up a trumpet, and make all his joys and woes come out in music. When I learned he'd really played the cornet back in high school, I realized I had a bonus. He doesn't do the actual playing on the sound track—we have jazz expert Dick Cathcart for that. But he knows his instrument well enough to make a convincing job of fingering. He's just Pete Kelly, the way I've always pictured him—that's all."

It isn't difficult to see why Webb would pick Bill Reynolds for the Pete Kelly role. Dressed in a suit with a 1920 vintage cut, wearing the blazing bow-tie of the era, he looks as if he'd just stepped out of a cartoon by John Held Jr., or out of an illustration in the old Smart Set or Col-lege Humor magazines. Slightly in build—his five-foot-eleven frame is sparsely padded with 155 pounds—he gives the feeling of being a taut, high-strung individual, yet sufficiently well-disciplined to keep his sensitivity hidden and under control.

Serious and thoughtful much of the time, Bill Reynolds still possesses a wonderful, off-beat sense of humor, which can produce a flashing grin and light up his deep-set blue eyes. Those eyes, he confesses, may look dreamy more often than they actually are. He's nearsighted and—since Pete Kelly doesn't wear glasses, as Bill Reynolds does off-screen—myopia is occasionally mistaken for mood. Even contact lenses won't solve Bill's problem—he's tried them and found himself the one person in a hundred unable to wear them. This presents certain difficulties—where other actors may rely on the teleprompter for an occasional assist, Bill must memorize his script completely. For him, the little black box directly over the camera lens presents only a fast-moving blur.

Reynolds believes that the new series will climb into the top ten toward the end of its first year. "In a season so full of Westerns, Pete Kelly's Blues should come as a welcome relief," he points out. "But it probably won't be any big overnight hit—learning to love jazz, which will figure largely in the show, will be an acquired taste for many people. It will have to grow on them, like learning to love olives."

Waiting for that year to unfold will be easy for Bill Reynolds. It's the wait of the year just past which has been tough. The interview with Webb, and the "you're-the-man" nod, came in February, 1958. The pilot for the series was filmed the following April. From then until the last March was the long wait—lining up sponsor and network and timeslot, all the myriad details necessary before a show goes on the air.

No do-it-yourselfer, Bill wasn't able to fill that year's wait with the putting-about—his occupation is that of a Mr. Fixit. He claims it's a major accomplishment and a day's work when he is able to reduce a half-inch washer to quarter-inch size, for some emergency use. When time does allow, he likes to spend around the house, he admits, he's mainly getting under wife Molly's feet. Since the holidays, there has been more to do—baby daughter Carrie occupies a great deal of her dad's attention.

Bill did appear in several television

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69
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Bill's first taste of professional acting came when he was only fourteen, and he'd talked himself into landing a bit part in a radio drama broadcast over radio Station KVSM, at San Mateo, California. That part led to a weekly job, at the magnificent sum of ten dollars a week, which was barely enough to cover his carfare from home and back. But the money meant little—Bill had a chance to act. Besides, every once in a while, one of the announcers would be called away for an hour or so, and Bill would be allowed to give the station-break announcements. He could still roll that station break off so glibly you know it's etched a neat little groove in his brain.

What money he could manage to scrounge together during those days, Bill spent on movies. He went to anything and everything for which he could find the price of a ticket. Between times, he

plays during his year's wait. But he kept to Westerns, so that there would be less chance of becoming identified by the audience. Pete Kelly was hiding behind a day's growth of beard and under a Stetson.

Of course, this year of waiting would be the year during which other plans were dashed before Reynolds. One studio offered a long-term contract, another wanted to sign him for several pictures, still another had a series they wanted him to try. But Bill, with a regard for Jack Webb's talent and abilities which approaches reverence, felt that the Pete Kelly spot was the one he'd been waiting for, and sat tight.

In a way, it's a little curious that Bill has this strong feeling about the role of a man who was trumpeting his loudest back in the 1920s. Because Bill wasn't born until 1931. That was in Los Angeles, where his father was a professor of economics. The family name was Reynolds, with the silent "g"—when Bill became an actor, he simplified it to Reynolds.

No one else in his family has even been in show business, but acting is all that's ever really interested Bill. He did toy briefly with sports when he was in high school. The family had moved to the San Francisco area, and Bill became a star swimmer at Sequoia High School, in Redwood City.

He still remembers vividly one swimming meet, when he was leading the field in a free-style race. "I swam backstroke, and there I was, up front, and watching them all trying to catch me. At first, I had a good lead, but my wind started going, and I kept seeing them closing in on me. As I reached the side of the pool, just before I flipped over for the return trip, I caught sight of my brother standing there. His look of triumph was fading fast, and I knew what that meant. I was only sixteen at the time, and most of my strength had gone into just plain growing—I didn't have much reserve to call on. I won that match, but barely. Even though there'd been some talk about my being 'Olympic material,' I knew, after that match, that I'd never make it.

"The same with boxing—I tried some amateur stuff when I was in school. But I didn't have the control a boxer must have. When I got hurt, I got mad. And a fighter who's angry is no good—not in the ring. He leaves himself absolutely at the mercy of his opponent, and he's on the canvas in nothing-flat. I knew, before I ever left high school, that I was too emotional ever to be a real success in sports. But emotions are just fine to have for what I really wanted to do—act. That's all I've ever wanted to do, I hope that's all I ever have to do!"
listened to the radio, and became a red-hot fan of the San Francisco-originated radio show, Pat Novak For Hire. In case you may have forgotten, that's the series which first acquainted the country with the talents of one Jack Webb.

After he finished high school in Redwood City, Bill came to Pasadena, to make his home with his brother Bob, who was a banker there. He attended Pasadena City College, and then, in 1949, enrolled in the Century Theater group in Hollywood. Within a year he had been signed to a contract by a major movie studio.

In 1952, Bill's theatrical career was interrupted by a two-year hitch in the army. Interrupted is hardly the word, however, for Bill kept right on packing in the useful experience, even during the two years in uniform. By a crazy stroke of luck, he was pulled out of a Korea-bound battalion—pulled quite literally off a Japanese dock, minutes before sailing time—to join the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Headquartering in Tokyo, he was able to act, write, produce, and announce for the heavy schedule of entertainment furnished the troops throughout the Far East. He was in charge, too, of the recorded programs of network shows flown over from the United States to be broadcast to the troops. Among these was one which became his personal favorite, as well as the favorite of many another soldier. It was a show called Dragnet, done by Bill's favorite of the Pete Novak days, Jack Webb.

Out of uniform and back in Hollywood, Bill resumed his career in motion pictures. But the studio where he was under contract was already giving the big star-buildup to a couple of their other male juveniles, and Bill, who could play character roles, got left behind in the dust. Generally, he wound up as the second lead in some opus destined to fill the bottom half of a double-feature bill. As a contract player, he had no choice.

He's not complaining, however, because he did manage to survive ten years in the business, which is more than many can boast. Also, he made himself a very good living while he was doing it, and one of his routine chores as a contract player really paid off: It was his job to read lines with hopeful young actresses who had been brought in to make screen tests. He remembers the day when attractive model Molly Sinclair showed up for a screen test, and he was assigned to play the scene with her. Molly didn't get the acting part, but she did get Bill.

Nowadays, she couldn't care less about having an acting career—her days are full of making like a housewife, in their little home in Studio City, not far from the Republic studios where Pete Kelly's Blues is filmed. When the baby came along last November, they named her "Carrie" for one of Bill's movies.

Bill's two new roles—that of parent and that of Pete Kelly—may just combine into making him a better father, he believes. He has learned, doing the television series, some very interesting facts, such as the one that young people today are much more like the young people of the 1920s.

"They had the same hopes and ambitions—that 'younger generation' back in 1920—the same feelings of frustration and rebellion, that kids have today," he points out. "The crazy thing, to me, is that so many of those young people of the '20s are today's parents, the very ones who claim they aren't able to understand their sons and daughters, can't figure out what all the shouting is about. I'm going to make an earnest effort to remember, when Carrie gets older, just what it was like to be her age."

tips for teens

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What I’d Like Out of Marriage

(Continued from page 38)

also does commercials and stage plays. “Fortunately, I can now get all the work I want,” Suzanne smiles. “But I want to have a personal life, too. So I limit myself to a period of time when I live in one place, in a dedicated apartment in Berkeley, California.”

Until she marries, her ample room-and-a-half apartment in midtown New York is used to house one of the city’s many temporary jobs, rehearsals, appointments, deadlines. It consists of one big L-shaped room, plus bathroom. The “half portion of the apartment consists of a kitchen (stove, sink, pantry) compact against a small wall, with space left for a dinette table for four and an exercise machine.

“T’s not a big kitchen, but ‘t’s enough to enable me to cook for four or six people, if I want to.” She admits she hasn’t entertained much. “I’ve been so busy establishing myself as an actress. And, when I do have time to rest, I prefer to read, to listen to classical music on the radio.”

For a while, she used to go to a gym-studio twice a week. “I’d be so tired, I’d want to go home and sleep...but, inste...”

Suzanne’s apartment has white walls, and is furnished with a mixture of modern and old furniture. It contains a blue rug, a couple of early American chairs, a modern plastic chair, a couple of Empire chairs, a large bookcase, a convertible couch, several framed paintings. “Some things I bought,” she explains, “and some were gifts.”

There were also four roses there...a couple are painted by my doctor’s wife, and a couple are loans from the landlord. As I’ve said before, I don’t really want to feel that this is permanent.”

It seems only yesterday, she admits, that she was Miss Utah of 1955, and a runner-up in Miss America Atlantic City. She was then five-feet-four-and-a-half and 133 pounds, with figure measurements of 32-25-35. Today, she has grown to five-feet-six, 120 pounds, and 34-24-35.

She was born Suzanne Poulter, but took her mother’s maiden name when she became an actress. From Provo, Utah, her birthplace, she traveled all over California and Utah because her dad was a salesman and never stayed put too long.

She went to a dozen grammar schools— in Berkeley, Capitola, Santa Cruz Moun- tains, and San Francisco. She was also educated at Oakland High School. Then she studied for a year at San Francisco State College, followed by three years at the University of Utah, where she earned a B.A. in speech.

“Those were lonesome years,” she recalls. “I never had a real close girl friend, even though I learned how to make friends quickly. Life was always lonely, sometimes poor, and I never had a room of my own. I couldn’t invite a girl friend to stay over night. We were always living in temporary places, and I wasn’t prepared for good at pretending things were lovely.

“I learned how to adjust to new situations quickly and our security was in knowing things could not possibly go worst but had to get better. Even when we didn’t have money, Mother had a gift

for making sure that my three brothers and I looked nice and presentable.”

Suzanne started acting in the first grade and, by the time she got to college, was good enough to land the title role in the spring musical. In Miss America Atlantic City she later repeated with the Denver Civic Theater in Colorado.

She worked nights, weekends and sum- mers during her high-school and college years, as a dental assistant, playground supervisor, package-wraper in a department store, nurses’ aid, waitress, secretary at the university, salesgirl and receptionist at Station KUTV in Salt Lake City and the “Miss America girl”—and subsequently decided to enter the Miss Utah contest.

During this period, Suzanne fell in love with a man five years older than herself. It was a business-office friendship which slowly blossomed. When he realized she was serious about becoming an actress, he hurried to give her an engagement ring on Christmas Eve. “I had told myself that I’d marry him someday,” Suzanne recalls, “but not so soon. When he gave me the ring and asked me to marry him, I ac- cepted, but I never got engaged too deeply. I was not being realistic.”

The climax came when Suzanne’s dad died. Her mother, realizing she was not prepared to face a husband-less future, announced to Suzanne that she was going to the University of Utah for a degree in business administration. Suzanne found herself torn between wanting to enter the business world and her ambition as an actress...and staying home to help her mother raise her kid brothers.

She had to make a profound decision. But, instead of depending on logic, she looked to her heart and instinct. “I always had been accurate for me, and they told me to leave home. Of course, I had guilty feelings about leaving my mother and when I get married.”

She gave the boy back the ring, won the Miss Utah contest, and left for Atlantic City with her life savings—about two hundred dollars.

Today, she knows she made the right decision. Her mother, who had married at seventeen and never completed her edu- cation, looked up to Suzanne. “She has blossomed out wonderfully, and is really enjoying life,” smiles Suzanne. Her brothers are fine, too. “And I am telling you, financially, so everything worked out all right!”

She recalls how her mother made the trip from Salt Lake City to Atlantic City by bus, because she couldn’t afford train or plane fare. A costume dancer, Suzanne win the Miss America title...but she was happy when Suzanne did Ophelia’s mad scene from “Hamlet” and won the Grand Award. They were at the Theater Wing and living expenses at a hotel for women in New York.

Mother then took a bus back to Salt Lake, and from there, to New York...where she didn’t know a soul, outside of a friendly newspaper columnist she had met in Atlantic City, Frank Farrell.

In New York, Suzanne was just another aspiring actress, competing with several thousand other hopefuls. To save money, after the scholarship ran out, she shared a room with a friend, Nancy Huston, for two-and-a-half years. She worked as a receptionist in an advertising agency, ran over to Frank Farrell’s radio show during lunchtime, to do commercials, and attended drama school at night.

“And, in between, I looked for jobs.”

She averaged about three hours’ sleep a night. “I don’t know how I survived. But I guess I’m just very healthy. Even now, when I feel a cold coming on, I keep busy and just ignore the cold until it goes away.”

Along with her good physical health she enjoyed spiritual health. “I was raised a Mormon, and I don’t smoke or drink, and I carry with me wonderful memories of Mormon youth activities and church worship. My faith gives me tre- mendous strength.”

By now, Suzanne has finshed establishing herself in New York. She can take her choice of jobs; she has money in the bank; she is financially independent; she is secure in the knowledge that she can get all the dates she wants...but it’s not more dates she wants...it’s meeting the right man. “I know now that romantic love is very important I have fallen in love since leaving Salt Lake City, and I know there is a big difference between ‘falling in love’ and loving somebody.”

Suzanne has dated some of the hand-someest men in New York, including the two popular bachelors she works with—Merv Griffin and Jim Francis—and Jody McCrea, Michael Tolon, Jim Olsen. But she is still searching.

Of course, she has seen a lot of broken marriages, but she does not permit that to disillusion her. “I know what a happy marriage is. I’ve seen it in New York, including the two popular bachelors she works with—Merv Griffin and Jim Francis—and Jody McCrea, Michael Tolon, Jim Olsen. But she is still search- ing.

“Let’s face it,” she says, “living alone cannot ever produce real happiness. You have to be in a surrounding where you think someone is really doing something for you, where you are appreciated for what you are—including your faults.”

Suzanne has a pretty good idea of the kind of man she would like to marry. “He has to have integrity. He must not compromise for what he believes he ought to have. He must be highly honest. For example, I could never be interested in a man who is devious about what he wants and how he gets it. I could not love a man who is dishonest, because he does not know how he attains his success.”

She says she is not going to be a re- former. “I would not expect to change the man. I would want to be with the time anybody gets to the age that I would marry him, he would be impossible to change, anyway. I would never marry anybody that I can’t live with.”

“I think it’s a woman’s place to adapt to a man’s life. She should step gladly, cheer- fully into his way of life.”

She can never forget the poverty of her childhood, but she does not put money first in thinking of marriage. “I think it is important not to be poor; but I do not think it is important to be rich.” She would like to establish herself so firmly as a top actress that, if it’s necessary to work after marriage, she can do so. “But
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Everyone Likes Lesley

(Continued from page 48) and present, a formal background with informal living, dignity with hospitality. Reflecting the two people who live there, Lesley and her husband, John Abbate.

Lesley has been an actress since school days at St. Joseph's Academy in Des Moines, Iowa, and later in Chicago, New York, and Rome, Italy. John is an interior designer, having received his B.A. in architecture at Harvard. This house combines their home (on two floors) and his studios and offices (on the remaining floors).

John designs furniture, as well as complete interiors, and there are examples of his skill everywhere. All the modern pieces are his, mixed with antiques from the Old World and the New. Sometimes he adapts an Old World design to modern materials. His long conference table in the upstairs library is a fine piece, topped with black felt. The big walnut and leather chest is another design he adapted to modern living. The room itself is brown, gray and white, with color in lamps and upholstery and in the jackets
and bindings of the books that line one long wall, opposite the huez stone fire-place. Twin columns from floor to ceiling are at the window end, and even this rather formal note does not detract from the livableness of this room. It's where they spend much of their time. Their bed-room and dressing rooms are on the other side of the built-in lazy Susan for serving. For buffet suppers, the table can be separated into two half-circles, one placed at each side of the house, allowing the cook to work in the room free. The lazy Susan becomes a separate server for fruits and nuts and desserts, and can be placed anywhere.

Both Lesley and John are incorrigible collectors. Their side and a room, and that neither will buy one more thing for the house without the consent of the other. It's the only way they can curb that urge. John is more likely to make an instant sale. His room uses bold splashes of color to stunning effect. His oils, and those of many of his contemporaries, hang along the staircases and other walls.

In an odd sort of way, their professions brought them together. Friends of Lesley owned some property in Connecticut. She was asked if she would care to take a place for weekends, dreamed of a small summer colony with a little theater. She interested other young performers, they hoped to bring in a few more. First she knew, she was in a room from the inside.

Someone told her about John, just out of O.S.S., where he had served for four-and-a-half years. They discussed his prowess in combat, his love of literature, his quick wit. She knew he was a very talented young man, and when he told me I must be out of my mind to consider it, his plans collapsed with a dull thud. He said that both the time and the place were wrong, that materials would be difficult to get, because of continued wartime shortages—it was a job. There was a long list of good reasons.

Summer drama lost a home, but romance gained by default. John took his would-be client to dinner, apologized: "You know, I'm not much good at telling you the truth. That's what you wanted, isn't it?" She had to admit she did. One dinner led to another, until Lesley finally decided to let him go. A month later, she wrote:

"I fixed the kind of dinner most actresses live on," she smiles. "Steak, a green salad, a plain vegetable. Easy to fix, easy on the wallet. I told him, 'There's four of us, slim, doesn't look as if she ever got to give weight a thought.' John ate everything, said he liked it—but hoped that, if she ever invited him again, she would let him choose the dishes and do the cooking. She thought that would be wonderful, was intrigued by the idea of the guest turning chef.

"Of all the things he thought I would like and should learn about. Different cuts of meat, vegetables I had never used, flavorings I had never tasted. It was a kind of education, a window that filled the shelves with spices, tried new things every day—and reserved steak and salad for hurried dinners when I was late.

They were soon engaged, but hadn't set a wedding date. The day they suddenly decided to get married—because it seemed ridiculous to go living apart in separate apartments, with separate expenses—had asked some friends to dinner, which led to some hectic arrangements.

Lesley wanted to be married by Judge Andrew Kross, publisher of the middle school paper. Judge Kross agreed, if they could arrive at a prescribed time, because she would have to leave a little later to appear on a radio program. This made Lesley laugh, as she explained that her life, too, was regulated by a radio schedule. John had designed the wedding ring, but the goldsmith was still working on it. She thought he would have a better ring when he showed it, but, in the excitement, couldn't locate it until just before she left for the ceremony.

On the way home, after the wedding, they stopped at a pastry shop for dessert for Lesley's unsuspecting dinner guests, came out to find a traffic officer starting to fill out a ticket. "You can't do this," John explained. "We were married only an hour ago." The officer gave him a cynical look. "But it's true," John said, and brought out the license to prove it. The law reined. They got married and, later, went off to Europe for a two-year stay (or "until the money runs out"). They lived in England, Spain, Switzerland, France, Italy—but mainly in Italy, for at least four months of the year. They got an apartment in one of the finest theater buildings in Rome. "It's impossible to get in there," everyone told them. "There's a great demand and we make the apartment yours for the month."

But they met the owner and, when he said there was one apartment only partially used as the theater office, they knew John could turn the rest into a home. He ripped paper from the walls, moved the furniture. They let the Abbates pore around in the theater storeroom, and Lesley came up with washable apricot velvet for the slipcovers she sewed in the United States. (The other she didn't like and hopes never to see anywhere.)

Lesley was born of English parents in the town of Berwick, Iowa, and went to school in Des Moines. With her mother, she traveled to England several times as a child, but mostly stayed at St. Joseph's, desiring to be an actress. Then, when she was twelve, the school gave an outdoor pageant. "I played a butterfly and took the whole thing quite seriously. It was really a charming sort of an audience. I played the part of a snobbish guy for everything for me. They kept chanting, 'I didn't know butter could fly.'

Finishing high school in Chicago, where she went to join her mother, Lesley studied at the Goodman Theater and then got a job in summer stock by saying she had been in a play in Boston. As you might have had. "In fact, much more experience" had little meaning. At that time, they hired the ingenue who had probably lied about everything and been found out—and now they were stuck with me. I was scared, not accustomed to taking care of myself. I didn't eat properly, became ill, and couldn't get out of the summer stock. I could consolation prizes, but no real work.

"I wasn't. There were the usual fill-in jobs—selling in department and specialty stores, modeling hats and junior clothing. But, when Lesley's share of the apartment rent was paid, the bus and subways, the movies and dinners and the active social life, she felt she was left for food. One day, she went into the Automat to get some soup and fainted from hunger as the smell of food reached her. She was so hungry that, in a corresponding mood, she admitted, "Maybe they were used to hungry young actresses who collapsed at the mere aroma of something cooking."

Somewhere or other, she managed to get out. But from then on, she tried to go flower every day, bought from a street vendor near a subway entrance. She had no jewelry, nothing to make her stand out from other eyesores. She was a sorry sight for the rounds as she was. And she discovered she had created a small name for herself.

Even now, people remember her and ask if she still wears a crisp bright forever daily for wearing a bow tie at a bridge game. "It's Love Is Not So Simple," but the show closed out of town. She had a few other parts in other plays, wanted to study more. Happy, she said, had finished the commercial. "Three or four of us were always trying to keep expenses down in some tiny apartment. I got tired of it, and went to New York."

In Chicago Lesley did a commercial for a dentifrice. New at it, she made some of those embarrassing fluffs which sent everyone in the studio into convulsive laughter. The director stopped her, and, afterwards, teased her but told her this was no reason for giving up. They even trusted her with the commercial again.

Once she had a tiny part in a radio drama, just to be the battled in the outer room when they went off the air. A voice came through the studio talk-back. "There's a message from your mother," the man in the booth said. "She wants you to tell you that you stole the show!" Again she almost died of embarrassment—novice among skilled performers.

In Chicago, she played a woman In White Light, who had no role. The additional serials by Iris Phillips. When radio moved East, Lesley decided to go back to the stage. But, in New York, radio opportunities wererarer. She could play Joyce Jordan, M.D. It turned out to be a long-running serial and a good part. She played Nicole, in Room Of Life. She appeared in a number of TV shows, in Playmates Of Ellery Queen, Light Of The World, and on many television dramas. She also did five Broadway shows. She didn't know how to tell Marcia, written by Hector Chevigny, Lesley has a part very much to her liking. "A light hearted part. Marcia has a happy outlook on life, is uninhibited enough to say things into her head. Maybe I'm little like her."

Standing at the door of her lovely house to say goodbye to her visitors, Lesley Woods Abbie seemed content with the comparison.
Thanks to the Stars

(Continued from page 26)

living had never really occurred to Roger. He had done a lot of it as a child, when his family lived in the Los Angeles area. He'd been a member of the Meglin Kiddies, a group which put on plays in theaters all over Los Angeles. But, when he was twelve, his family had moved to Nogales, Arizona. Except for school theatricals, in Nogales High School and the University of Arizona, Roger had "retired from acting. Later, falling in love with calypso music, he had won first places on the Horace Heidt show, Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, and several other talent shows in Tucson, singing and accompanying himself on the guitar.

But he'd never figured on making a living at it, or at acting. In fact, he'd always thought he might go into business with his dad, who manufactures Western-type clothing, or at least into some venture which promised more security than show business.

But, once out of the service, Roger decided to see if Cagney's opinion of his talents had been right. He headed for Hollywood—only to learn that Cagney was out of town and wouldn't be back for a week.

Roger decided to strike out on his own. He made the rounds of the studios, but no one was interested. By this time, he was broke, so he picked up his guitar, and quite literally sang his way into three evenings, at the Cabaret Concert, a Hollywood supper club which has been the showcase for many a new and exciting talent. A girl he met there helped him to write songs, and get a reading, for Columbia studios. It's a Hollywood cliche, what happened next—but it's true just the same: The girl didn't get the job, but Roger did.

At the time Cagney had been making pictures. Roger had the Columbia contract neatly signed and folded in his pocket. He remembers how pleased and proud he felt to be able to report to Cagney that the advice he'd been well-founded, and that he'd been able to get his start on his own, without an assist from Cagney himself.

The contract at Columbia didn't exactly set the world on fire, however. He was tossed into—lost in a sea of "B" pictures. But it was all good experience, and he was young, and he felt he was learning the business, even if he wasn't getting very far very fast. Besides, it was at Columbia studios that Roger met Vici.

For Vici, The Advice came four years ago in faraway Australia. Naturally endowed with a dream figure, Vici had used her gifts to become the top-paid photographer's model in Australia. But, when one's on top, there's no place left to climb, and Vici was getting a little restless. One night at a party, she ran into Bob Hope, then touring Australia. Impressed with Vici's poise and beauty, Hope told her that she ought to make a movie career in the United States. Hope's press agent, Mac Millar, added that, if she ever did come to Hollywood, she should call him and he'd see that she met the right people.

Several months later, gathering together her courage and her cash, Vici hopped a plane for Los Angeles. Once settled in her hotel, she phoned Millar—and the rest is history. After a lunch date, he took her around to Columbia studios, where the powers were so impressed they tested her the next day. And, the third day after she landed in this country, she was signed to a long-term contract and cast opposite

Roger Cagney.

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That Wonderful Year of Garry Moore

(Continued from page 20)

the outfit which produces Garry’s show and looks after his other enterprises. Big, young and handsome Bob Banner, executive producer, drops by casually to inquire about the show and then slips into the control room to discuss “the numbers racket”. A sign over a writer’s desk states, “It was funny when it left here.” A secretary sticks her head in the star’s door—which is always open—to comment on his new coat, a snappy job with a raccoon collar. Poor little raccoon, says Garry, looking up from the show.

Around the office are no signs of ulcer in the making; plenty of signs of success. The phones ring constantly with requests for interviews, pictures, tickets to the show. Garry is continually being asked to do benefits—so many that, if he accepted them all, he’d have to hire someone else to do his own show. One of the things Garry is proudest of is that he hasn’t killed his audiences; he has brought them all down, explaining that, if they have any leisure time, they should devote it to more worthwhile projects. He thumbed down all except one, that is. He could scarcely refuse Nell, his wife, when she announced, after his first few shows, that she was about to become president of the American Red Cross.

Garry doesn’t talk about it—he has steadfastly insisted on keeping his personal life out of the public view—but the new evening shows, intimates say, have somehow given added zest to his personal life. “He and Nell go around holding hands as if they were honeymooners,” one of them said. “You’d never dream, to see them on the beach that they’ve been married twenty years.”

For the eight years during which he did his five-mornings-a-week program on CBS-TV, Garry led the life of a typical businessman. He commuted from suburban Rye, New York, getting into his office shortly after nine in the morning. After the show, there were meetings and conferences, lunch in the executive kitchen after the noon. As soon as he could break away, he headed for home, dinner, and a quiet evening with Nell and their two sons. When the show ended, the boating-happy community, he spent on the Red Wing II, a forty-foot sloop in which he explored the waters of Long Island Sound.

This year, things are different. Both boys are away at school—Mason at Harvard and Garry Jr. at Choate. With two nighttime programs—his variety show on Tuesday and I’ve Got A Secret on Wednesday—Garry finds it simpler and easier to spend three nights a week in New York and two in California. They have found a comfortable place to live in the city and, as they re-visit their old haunts and explore new ones, they feel the way they look—like honeymooners.

Among the other nice things that have happened to Garry as a result of the success of his new variety show are his new record albums for Warner Bros. The Brahmns have taken an interest in them.

That Wonderful Year of 1940—“a wonderful year for Garry. As the introductory number says, it was the year of his first anniversary—he and Nell were married in 1939—and the nursery was that of their older son, Mason, who was born in 1940. A second album, “That Wonderful Year of 1930,” was next on the stands. Both albums, of course, have what has become a weekly feature on the TV show, and include many of the same songs. Garry had made other records and albums, of course, in those days, but when they worked together on radio—and more recently he has narrated some children’s stories and put together an album of his own—a My Kind of Music. Aside from one number on that album, he had never sung

Tyron Power in "The Crimson Kimono" Story. After taking time out to get the Smith family started, with two babies, Vici went back to work at the studio last spring, opposite the Japanese singer, Jimmy Shigeta, in "The Crimson Kimono." The pictures are already scheduled to follow.

Although they met on the Columbia lot, and were married less than a year later, Jeff and Roger feel the journey which happened to Roger that year—his movies, “No Time to Be Young” and “Crash Landing,” for example—were made rapidly and forgotten just as rapidly.

Finally, however, Cagney began to cast his biography of Lon Chaney, "The Man of A Thousand Faces," over at Universal-International studios. He asked for Roger to play Chaney. Chaney was not in on the deal, of course, but once everything went up. After the Cagney picture, Roger went into "Auntie Mame" at Warner Bros., playing Rosalind Russell’s nephew. And then into another Cagney vehicle, "Spring in September." The latter was a big dog, Nanook, an Alaskan husky who has delusions that he’s a king. Mostly, there was the various equipment necessary to maintain two small children during a visit of several days. Any mother who has prepared for even an afternoon out with babies just four and eighteen months old knows you might as well be preparing for a safari into darkest Africa. Roger claims that the station wagon, on that trip, looked like something straight out of the 1959 version of The Grapes of Wrath.

Ludicrous as they make it sound, you can tell this is what the Smiths actually got a bang out of. They'd like more opportunities to just take off for somewhere, on the whim of the moment. But with Roger tied up with the series, and Vici back on the road a lot, the Smiths will be bound to Hollywood for some months to come.

Already, the Smiths have outgrown the modern ranch-style of the Rocky Mountain home they helped build on the hills overlooking San Fernando valley. Roger put the roof on the place himself, added a couple of rooms after they'd been living there a few months. But the ands look like some bursting at the seams now, and the Smiths have put it on the market. They’re looking for a bigger house.

Roger's guitar still stands in a corner of the living room and a few assorted books propped up against a corner of the fireplace. But he finds it easier to play it and less, these days. Instead of having any free time, he's apt to pick up his Contax camera and his ultra-new speed flash attachment, and shoot pictures of Vici and the children. And it doesn't take much arm-twisting to persuade him to haul out the screen and projector, and show a few choice slides to visitors.

Actually, all the slides Roger has are choice. This is partly because he is fastidious about his photography and imme-sion. Roger might, of course, have a better camera, but he knows, though, it's because he has a flair for photography, a feeling for color and composition, and the joy he gets from making a good picture comes through in the project. And there is a difference of judgment between professional caliber. He has, in fact, toyed occasionally with the idea of going into picture-taking as a business.

His shots of the children are little short of wonderful. He can capture much the same quality Constance Bannister does in her baby portraits. He doesn't wait for a pretty smile—he shoots when a characteristic expression comes on the young face. Consequently, owlish Jody comes out on the screen looking owlish. And Tracey, a born flirt if ever there was one, had, flutters a big eyelash even as in life. You get the feeling, watching Roger show off his children and his photos simultaneously, that he might be happiest of all doing just this the rest of his life.

The boisterous, carefree calypso singer of the Waikiki beach has matured into the 1959 Roger Smith, serious about his work, and absorbed in his home and family. And, if he and Vici ever have a third child, for they do even more: They thank their generous stars, Cagney and Hope, for the advice which started it all.
on a recording and still insists he has no voice. He does, however, have a great rhythmic sense and beats a mean amateur drum when the spirit moves him.

Though he dreams up many of the ideas for his show, just as he did for his daytime program, Garry says the "Wonderful Year" theme was the brainchild of writer Arnold George, for a researcher thumbs through books of song titles; usually comes up with some two hundred. From them are chosen the nine or ten which are best suited to the week's guest stars and which are most familiar. Like everything else on the show, the final word on the songs rests on the shoulders of the star, and one of the things Garry's discovered about his nighttime viewers is that they want to hear familiar tunes.

His original plan for his Tuesday-night Garry Moore Show was to make it as free-wheeling and spontaneous as his morning program had been. (And anyone who watched him remembers seeing him curl up with a lion, give away Durward Kirby as a prize to a contest-winner, and other such zaniness.) After a few weeks, he discovered that this just wouldn't work.

Nighttime viewers, he found, didn't want to hear jokes by Tommy Sands and Cuba Smith and Sullivan; they wanted Tommy singing his latest hit. They thumbed down comedy skits, which Garry had been doing some four times a week on his morning show. Eskimos performing on trombone lines left them as cold as Eskimos in their igloos.

The sponsors—who were laying $100,000 on the line for the show each week (not including $116,000 for Garry's $100,000 plus $16,000 for his own participation)—were disturbed by the spontaneous business which went on. For this kind of money, they wanted a script, so they could be sure in advance that nothing embarrassing to them or one of their products would turn up.

Added to all this, Garry and his staff learned that his plan was roughly equivalent to producing a complete musical comedy each week from scratch.

He bowed to the inevitable. The show now has a script and a format and no time available in case the elfin Mr. Moore decides he feels like standing on his head. As a result, it has a full quota of sponsors and a growing audience. By midwinter, Garry's was third most popular among variety shows, behind Perry Como and breathing heavily on the neck of Ed Sullivan.

But one has only to watch a rehearsal—and, a few hours later, the show which goes out on the airwaves—to know that the pixie spirit is still there. Between times, little bits of Moore business have appeared. Garry whips an atomizer out of his pocket and sprays the throttle of a surprised Durward Kirby. He plants an unrehearsed but resounding smack on the cheek of Marion Lorne. (She is one of Garry's inspirations and one of the most popular features.)

Garry left his morning show last spring because he felt the need of trying something new. In eight years, he had become almost a fixture on CBS-TV and, he says, "when you become a fixture, you become fat and dumb." Garry wanted to be neither—and if he was ever to try something new and different, this year, he felt, was the time. It wasn't the first time he'd quit when he was ahead. He left the Jimmy Durante radio show in 1948, when it was one of the five most popular programs on the air. Earlier, in 1943, he had exited Club Matinee when it was at its peak. Each time, he wanted the challenge of tackling something new. And each time he's had the satisfaction of proving he could make the grade.

In the midst of his new success, he naturally has some regrets. He can no longer shepherd his audience around the corner to the nearest grocery to show his sponsor's products. He can't send his right-hand man, Charlie McCauley, out to Cleveland to ferret out an unsuspecting housewife and bring her to New York for a week's visit on the show. He can't casually suggest to his viewers that each one send a nickel to a woman in a small Michigan town, and have her reap a small fortune as a result. This kind of spontaneous gaiety, Garry misses.

Because of the difference in his show and his audience, there is also a difference in his fan mail. He's run into a shortage of birthday cakes and knitted socks and other such signs of affection which used to crowd his mail bags. Ladies don't write him so often this season warning him to take care of his health and enclosing home cold remedies. This intimacy between Garry and his viewers is, he regards, his most formal—and there's less of it. The men and the teenagers who now make up part of his audience are not so apt to take pen in hand.

As everyone in the public eye knows all too well, there is a certain percentage of crank mail in every bag. Mention Mother's Day and a few irate communications are sure to arrive saying, "What have you against my mother?" Mention the pay which Garry does often, for he's a jazz buff of years' standing—and a batch of letters arrives by return mail asking, "What's wrong with rock and roll?" In his wonderful years, 1958-59, Garry had a wonderful new reply for all these: "I thought you might be interested," he writes, "in the fact that some idiot has signed this letter over your signature."

Now that he's in TV's biggest league, Garry's being seen by more show-busines folk than ever before. As he himself explained, "It's not exactly true that no one is doing at his TV show, but the hep crowd certainly isn't. Before he rocketed to fame, George Gobel appeared on my show at least thirty times. It didn't cause a ripple. If he appeared on the Paul show just once, he'd have made it overnight."

This season the hep crowd is most certainly looking at Garry. And wondering just what it is that makes him tick.

It's a great idea to have wondered about since the day, twenty-two years ago, when he was shoved forcibly in front of a microphone. Critics have talked about his charm and his sincerity and his sincerity and his sincerity, but psychologists have taken him apart and come up with something like "He appeals to the maternal in men."

The panelists on "I've Got A Secret," asked a few years back to choose the word which best fitted their master of ceremonies, chose: Gaiety, charm, thoughtfulness and plain old-fashioned goodness.

As for his audiences, old and new, who can express their feelings by the flip of a dial, they don't bother analyzing. They just stay tuned. Which is the most wonderful part of Garry's wonderful year.
Jimmie Rodgers—This Is Your Life

(Continued from page 34)

The happy song had been the signal of their dreams even before they were married, the objective of a penny-pinching economy campaign since Jimmie sang his first hit. "We were saving so hard," says Jimmie, "two, three months before we took our trip. We showed up for rehearsal, it was a nightmarish experience, heard of such goofy arrangements.

"Easygoing Jimmie had nodded in agreement when he was told to pay no attention to any movement on stage. He understood, and before the orchestra pit—was rising. Rising and covered by another forest of TV gear.

"From it, stepped a man. The blinding balloon light blinked on. Other lights came up. As the next section of stage—was struggling to form. Again, Jimmie Rodgers—This Is Your Life—our foremost recording, television and night-club stars—a man who typifies the very best qualities of young America—you, Jimmie Rodgers—This Is Your Life—" says, "I still wonder how I managed to say anything—I was that surprised, and broke up, too. Just thinking of all those people together."

Colleen's brother Archie, and Sergeant Brown, and Mrs. Bobbi Green, and all the rest of them. It was like having my deepest wish come true.

Colleen provided the perfect climax by inviting them all out for overnight visits to the new house. The party divided into groups and, by installing cots in the living room, held its gathering late into the night. And, of course, both Jimmie and Colleen said, "Be sure to bring the children..."

That's when the second round of hectic hilarity began. Jimmie had the first taste of it. A friend's son vanished from the house and, after about an hour, Jimmie went to hunt him up.

He found the boy at the edge of the recently completed pool. The mound of earth from the excavation had not yet been cleared away. A large pile had also been formed near the swimming pool. The child industriously filled the pool with dirt and rocks, dragged it to the pool's edge and dumped it in.

"That's enough," the taskful, factual, Jimmie demanded, "What did you do that for?"

"The boy was all smiles because of his accomplishment. "I wanted to make a real big mud pie."

The next day, it was Colleen's turn to have troubles. Jimmie and his brother Archie took off on some private expedition. Archie's wife, Anita, went shopping. Colleen had volunteered to care for their two little girls, Joan, three, and Cheryl, five.

It was quiet. Too quiet. Colleen, going to investigate, found the bathroom, her face dark with what is known in the family as "the Rodgers scowl."

"What's that, the matter, Joanie?"

"The towel won't go down the toilet."

Colleen, thinking this some little game, asked, "Why did you put it in the toilet?"

Colleen had been left alone, so was wondering present.

For the inevitable question, "Why did you do that?"—the little girls had a ready answer. "It ate everything else you put in it all day. We wanted to see if it would eat the silverware."
Again there was a rescue operation, and again quiet reigned. It was a smell, not a sound, which broke it. Joan entered the kitchen, accompanied by what Colleen called “the most odoriferous stink.” What’s more, she had a complaint: “Cheryl got more perfume than I did.”

They had raided Colleen’s perfume tray. She explains, “Whenever Jimmie comes back from a trip, all she says is, ‘I bought us a whole bottle of expensive perfume. Those little girls had poured every bit of it all over themselves.’”

There was nothing to do but chuck both children in the bathtub. They balked. To persuade them, Colleen let each choose a colored ball of compressed bubble bath. As Colleen was getting them into the tub, their mother returned, trying to make light of the situation, called out that she had everything under control. “Fine,” said Anita. “Then I’ll wash up their clothes. I might as well put in their other used dresses, too. We’ve got the door open, and while I’m at it, I’ll pick up your things.”

Her good intentions proved too ambitious. Shortly, Colleen heard a scream from the kitchen. Anita, unfamiliar with the machine, had overloaded it and the door had popped open. The kitchen was flooded with clothes and suds.

Intent on mopping up the mess, Colleen, thinking she had it under control, looked up to see a second flood approaching from the living-room door. A towering mountain of bubbles billowed and advanced. With a shriek, both women dropped their mops to run for the door. They had to fight their way down through them to find the children. Both little girls were near suffocation when they fished them out. They had dumped all of Colleen’s big box of bubble bath into the tub.

The suds had spilled out of the bathroom, through the door and into the living room as well as the kitchen. Anita was moaning over the stains on Colleen’s wall-to-wall carpeting, and was not to be braved about it—and both were attempting to find some way to dispose of the bubbles—when Mother Rodgers arrived from town with a party of friends. From the front door, she called, “May I take these people through the house?”

Colleen called back, “Sure, do the full tour.” Too beat to care or try to explain, all she said was, “The mother cleaned the house.”

To the photographer who arrived a bit later, she said weakly, “That’s all right. Just go ahead and shoot around this.” An hour later, quiet was restored. The little girls were taking a nap. The phone rang. Anita took the call. White-faced and trembling, she reported, “It was Archie. Jimmie says you’re to take your car and come at once. They’ve had an accident.”

Colleen says now, “It’s a wonder I didn’t have two of them, the way I tore down that road!”

She found the scene. Two cars were at the side of the road. Neither seemed badly damaged. Colleen, braking to a stop, cried, “Is anybody hurt?”

“I don’t think so,” said Jimmie, “but those ladies are shaky. And, while I’m at it, I’ll pick up your things.”

The ladies were two slightly elderly tourists from Ireland, driving around in a rented car to see the roadside sights. “It was our fault, entirely,” they assured Colleen. “We just didn’t see that stop light in time and went right through it. We couldn’t be more sorry.”

Colleen said, “And I couldn’t have agreed with them more. I got them taken care of, got Jimmie fed and called the club where he was working to say, ‘Don’t start the stage show until you see him come through the door. We’ve been doing an off-camera installment of This Is Your Life.’”

For Jimmie and Colleen Rodgers, the current installments of a busy and eventful life are being lived in New York. Temporarily, they have exchanged their beloved new house for a rented apartment. They have to be brave about it—and both were attempting to find some way to dispose of the bubbles—when Mother Rodgers arrived, accompanied by a party of friends. From

The World Is His Neighbor

(Continued from page 30)

We never point this out. If the dramatic presentation is right, the fact speaks for itself. It emerges as a way of life. It’s that kind of a show.

“Wealth of knowledge, church-going is a way of life. We’re no different from millions of people all over this country, and usually it is just as involved for the Edwards to manage their church and their own church is for the Smiths. The weather may be miserable, someone may be worn out from too much football-playing or football watching on Saturday, or there may be ha-ha-daze dozen people in the house. Barbara and I don’t serenade—that’s the job of the minister—but we get ready and we tell the youngsters, ‘Okay, let’s get with it. We have to be there on time, you know.’

The Edwards children are Christine, seventeen this April; Gary, fifteen last October; and Laurie, thirteen in February. Each is quite different from the other in appearance, and each has sharply individual tastes and interests.

Ralph says, “One of the most important concepts of the show is that every human being has the right to think about it, and you will find that, when you describe one of your friends to another, you stress the exceptional qualities which give him a special flavor. Differences may give an emcee trouble, but they’re the spice of life.” How does this theory square with a parent’s inclination to teach conformity? Says Ralph with a grin, “I had to learn the hard way with my own children—that individuality is a private as well as a public manifestation. However, inside the family, the development of individuality isn’t always a pleasant one, and the reality develops, so must a sense of responsibility. Sometimes it’s rough to face, but a parent’s job is to prepare the bird to fly the nest.”

“During the years, This Is Your Life has dramatized the fact that the individual who is to contribute most to the general welfare is able first, to stand on his own two feet, and then is ready to shoulder the burdens of others as necessary. We were lucky enough to have General Mark Clark on our show; his life, is, you might say, a living lecture on developing self-confidence and the ability to accept responsibility. At another time, our guest was a truck driver who had learned of the impoverished condition of a tribe of Indians in New Mexico, and who had decided that it was his responsibility, to do something about it. When you look at two men like that—one famous and one unknown, but both doing a job for humanity—you think you’d

CANDY LEE, Senior, James Ford Rhodes High School, Cleveland, Ohio says: "Every time I think of a job or rather one that I may have to do, I think of the one that my mother brought home Clearasil. It really did the trick.

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large size and save money. Get Dean's Pills today!
Danny Thomas Talks About Teenagers

Danny Thomas, the popular singer and actor, has some thoughts on the subject of teenagers. He believes that teenagers are different from adults in many ways, and that they need special attention and guidance. He also believes that teenagers should be given the opportunity to learn and experience the world around them, rather than being held back by adult expectations.

In one of his TV series, Danny advised parents to give their teenagers more freedom. He said that teenagers need to be independent and need to learn how far they can go with their parents. He also suggested that parents should trust their teenagers and give them the freedom to make their own decisions.

Danny also talked about the importance of education for teenagers. He believed that education is the key to success in life, and that teenagers should be encouraged to pursue their interests and passions.

Overall, Danny Thomas believes that teenagers are a special group of people who need special care and attention. He hopes that parents and educators will take his advice to heart and help teenagers to grow and develop into successful adults.
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If you have
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are an interesting combination of both of us. When they are with Dorothy, I think how much they look like her. When they are with me, people say how much they look like me.

"I've been with Dorothy, playing things in stride. I am the tough guy when it comes to enforcing discipline." He shakes his head at Liza, fifteen this May, the second oldest of the children. "You know your mother lets you get away with it. I wouldn't."

Liza grins a sort of ascent.

"But Bill is the really understanding parent," Dorothy insists. "Easier, in many ways, than I am with the children. Working in the trapdoors in the 'Wilderness!' Bill observes, shaking his head over the tenacity of a boy motivated by an idea."

"The first time Bill's big hobby has been carpentry, particularly making furniture, but the basement workshop of their house sees him less and less frequently.

Dinah, getting ready for the next play and the acknowledged pet of the family, has collected a trunkful of old clothes, some of them old theatrical costumes, in which she dresses up. No one can be sure that the tiny actress or actress is or just the usual small girl's delight in wearing grown-up clothes.

Liza is the one most likely to take up acting, according to present indications. She has now the Connecticut town-at-a-sight, and prettily, a feminine version of her father, with the same quiet smile and level gaze.

The house, where they all live was once an onion barn, back eighty or ninety years, when the building has crept up around it and the property is close to its center. The old barn has long, since been transformed into a town-at-a-sight, which club, being called "Spanish-Colonial," because of the big fireplace built up from the floor, and other Hispanic touches which add to the charm of the high-ceilinged, thirty-foot living room, and the rest of the rambling structure.

Two English cockers, "Barry" and "Jumpy," belong to the kids. Nicky's cat, that went everywhere with them, was run over during the winter, leaving empty hearts behind.

There was one time when Dorothy Prince turned out the house, and Bill brought the cat in by some way. She took a backstage job when he was in summer stock. "That did it," says Bill. "We had a temperamental star to whom Dot was supposed to hand a pet, but when the pet was not brought the town for a bunch of roses, finally found a lovely bouquet of artificial ones—at the local undertaker's, to her secret delight. Having the things sent to them to the great lady, they were rudely brushed aside. I want real roses, real ones do you hear?" she insisted. Dot dumped them into her arms, fled with a few words of advice. Bill turned that sound suspiciously like 'I hate the theater.' The incident marked the final phase of my wife's active period in anything theatrical."

(Continued from page 52)
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Tommy Leonetti's Own Story

(Continued from page 29) his ordeal is familiar to most. Last February 10, Ted Sipiora, a wholesale distributor of records to juke-box operators, told the Senate committees that Johnny Ambrosia, a Chicago music promoter, was Leonetti's manager in 1954 and part of 1955, took part in an effort by Chicago mobsters to push Tommy's records. Ambrosia paid us a visit and said he was interested in getting my cooperation," Sipiora testified. "He was toasting what we felt was a bullet. He wasn't coming out and threatening us directly. But he was saying, 'These things can become bigger and bigger.'"

Sipiora said he had heard from juke-box operators that some "leading underworld figures were out pushing" a new Leonetti disk. He testified further that the only reason he bought some Leonetti records after Ambrosia's visit was that several juke-box operators requested them after receiving "calls." Tommy had ample reason to wonder if the world was about to collapse at his feet. The ups and downs of his long climb to national prominence flashed before him—driving a truck, selling fuel oil, singing in small clubs, on nightstands with touring bands, striking out on his own, going broke, and then the slow but steady journey back under a new manager. Happily, however, the events that were set in motion so suddenly by that surprise testimony in Washington turned as dramatically as they had begun, largely because he faced up to them and didn't look for an easy way out.

"I was twenty-three years old when I first met Ambrosia," Leonetti began. "I had sung with his group and later, with Charlie Spivak's orchestra. When Spivak dropped me, I became a fuel-oil salesman for a time in my father's business in Cliffside Park, New Jersey.

"Then, one day, a friend of mine suggested that I take a chance on my own as a singer, that I get a manager and see what he could do for me. He told me to go in touch with Ambrosia, said he was a chicken dealer who was one of those fellows who like to be around show-business people.

"I called Ambrosia and made a date to see him in Chicago. I borrowed a hundred dollars from my brother and took the cheapest flight I could get. My sister, Kay, was living out there, and I stayed with her for the weekend.

"My first meeting with Ambrosia was in his chicken store, in a pretty run-down section of town. I brought one of my demonstration records with me, an unknown "piece of sometimes written by a young fellow I had known for a long time. and also brought along a portable record-player I had borrowed from my sister."

"Right there in the chicken store, Tommy recalled with a chuckle, "I played the record while Johnny listened. He said he liked it, and right away he got on the phone and called a Chicago newspaper columnist. He asked her to listen to it, and while he held the receiver near the record player, he played the song again.

"I didn't hear her reaction, but it must have been favorable. When Johnny finished talking to her, he said: 'Okay, I'm going to try to get you some work.' Within a couple of weeks, he set up an audition at the Black Orchid night club in Chicago. Gertrude Niesen, the singer, was in the audience when I auditioned, and she loved my singing. It turned out being the last job that Ambrosia gave me. Shortly after that, he asked me to leave and I accepted."

"Meanwhile, Ambrosia had set up an audition for me with Capitol Records in Chicago. After my first number, with a piano for accompaniment, I was asked to tape three or four selections so that some of his men could hear them. A week later, I was signed to a Capitol contract for three years, and then Johnny put me under contract for seven years.

"The reason I went with Johnny," Leonetti said, "was that I was still in the army and he promised to get me out. When I left— I was with him from the first part of 1954 to the middle of 1955—it was because he was unable to get me a job at that point. Nothing was happening, and I needed money. I was broke.

"Finally, in 1955, I came back to New York—I wasn't working and hadn't worked for some time—I sent a letter through my attorneys stating that he was no longer authorized to represent me. I had spoken to him about it many times before, and I
man in Detroit, following my guest appearance on the Steve Allen television show. We had not yet cancelled off the Dick Clark show. The man said, "I have four kids, and anyone who can sing as sincerely as you did couldn't be part of anything wrong.

It should be mentioned here that Tommy was re-scheduled for the Clark show—he appeared March 21—and that he holds not the slightest resentment toward Clark. "Somebody got panicked before all the facts were in," was Tommy's charitable comment about the cancellation. "Dick has been a friend of mine for a long time and has always treated me as a gentleman. Two days after the story broke, I was in Philadelphia and visited him at the studios of WIP. He told me he was sorry about the whole thing and that I could come back on his show any time I wanted.

The NBC Radio network never wavered in its support of Tommy, continuing to use him as a guest star on Bert Parks' Bandstand—and subsequently signing him to a top spot as a regular featured vocalist on It's Network Time.

Further light on the Ambrosia affair and on the inside of the recording business is shed by Leonetti's forty-year-old manager, Dick Linke, who took Tommy under his wing three-and-a-half years ago and who, in Tommy's own words, "has had more to do with my success than any other person, except my wife."

"Ambrosia always seemed like a very nice guy," said Linke. "In the three years I knew him, he never let on that he did anything but sell chickens and manage Tommy. But he's a good manager, and a particularly good manager. When I took over, Tommy was deeply in debt. That's why I have to laugh when they talk about Ambrosia's connections."

"There's a lot more to managing a personality than helping him get work," Linke continued. "You have to know the boy—his every whim, his every idiosyncrasy. Pat was ever so helpful in getting him to his career. We don't make a move without one another. It's like being married."

Linke, who has Leonetti under contract for five years with an option for another five, says it was for Tommy's own sake that he made the RCA contract with his manager, "I don't want to lose the connection with RCA."

"And it's primarily the function of the recording company, rather than the manager, to push a singer's records," Linke pointed out. "Juke-box sales are important in my business, but they are far more important to a singer and his records.

"Linke revealed that, ironic as it may seem, there was a flurry of professional interest in Leonetti after the singer refused to sign with RCA. The Wall Street rumors about Ambrosia stampeding him into making albums or excuses. "The public and the people in the business were quick to realize that Tommy was the victim of unfair charges and unfair publicity," Linke said. "I hate to say it, but it was only a matter of time before all the rumors started to come out."

"But Tommy isn't interested in the quick buck. He's a real quality guy. He knows that isn't the way you build or preserve a career. What's more, he's got too much character. He's the sort of kid everyone younger in the country could well model after."

"I got hundreds of letters, wires and phone calls from disk jockeys, many of whom I know, a lot whom I never even heard of. These fellows were just great in rallying to my support."

"Among the things that touched me most were the thousands of cards I got from total strangers. One of the very first calls I got was from Kenny Gardner, Guy Lombardo's vocalist, who phoned from his home on Long Island to say he and his wife had heard me interview on the Monitor radio show over NBC. "I don't know you," he said, 'but we want you to know that we think it's a bum rap.'"

"Then there was a call I got from a
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