Jackie Gleason Talks About His Faith

Carol Burnett
"It's No Joke!"

Brenda Lee
"Big Girl, Big Voice"

Dick Clark
Sweet surprise...your skin can easily look this fresh and lovely

You’ll marvel, too, that your own grown-up skin can have this youthful freshness so easily, so soon... with a simple change to regular Ivory care. You see, the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your complexion... and Ivory Soap is even gentle enough for a baby’s delicate skin. Pure white, clean scented. 99 44/100 % pure... it floats. And did you know that today more doctors recommend Ivory for babies’ skin, and yours, than any other soap? Your skin never outgrows mild Ivory... it just grows smoother, clearer, lovelier. Then suddenly you have That Ivory Look!
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Cover Portrait of Dick Clark by Michael Levin

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING CRAZY?

At one time or another, a great many “normal” people have thought that they were going crazy. It has been estimated that 30% of all adult Americans think that they have had emotional problems serious enough to warrant medical assistance. On page 191 of his new book entitled, You Are Slipping, Daniel C. Munro, M.D., has these encouraging words to say:

“I have pointed out the cause of most of our mental or nervous breakdowns as the depositing of cholesterol in artery walls of our mental-nervous equipment, interfering with the normal conduction of brain waves to and from the brain. Then since that is the condition, it is obvious that the problem is to stop depositing cholesterol and to withdraw some that has already been deposited. THIS CAN BE DONE.”

The methods—the diets—and the help you need to stop depositing cholesterol are all explained in Dr. Munro’s fascinating new book.

In this book, You Are Slipping, you will learn what modern research in biochemistry has found will benefit you. The price of this remarkable book is only $3.00 at all bookstores—or if more convenient, mail coupon now.

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The accidental death of Johnny Horton in head-on collision marked the fifth teen idol to meet sudden death while on tour.

First—Valens, Holly, Richardson.
Then Cochran. Now Horton. Could these deaths have been averted?

by ANN MOSHER (Editor)

Johnny Horton

Ritchie Valens  Buddy Holly

EN ROUTE from an engagement in Austin, Texas, to his Shreveport, Louisiana home, Johnny Horton met death. In a grinding collision with a car driven by young Texas A. & M. student James E. Davis, Horton was instantly killed. His personal manager Tillman Franks and musician and friend Gerald D. Tomlinson were severely injured. Thus snuffed out the life of the singer whose record, "The Battle of New Orleans," charged to nationwide fame and 800,000 sales in less than a month.

In deepest tragedy, Horton's widow Billie Jo mourns the second husband she has lost to sudden death. She was first married to Hank Williams, another immortal of country-and-Western music, who also died on the highway. Williams died of a heart attack in 1953, en route from Knoxville to Nashville. Horton married the young widow and made a home for her and her child in Shreveport. Two children were born to them.

To have time with his family, Horton held his bookings to an intensive, fast-paced twenty days of the month. His own childhood had been a wandering one. His parents followed the crops from Texas to California. Johnny worked his way through high school and college, majoring in geology. Returning from a job in Alaska, he entered a contest on a dare and began writing and singing the "story" songs he loved.

Horton's death dramatically illustrates a life-hazard which rides with all of the young singers, running hard to capture elusive Fame and tantalizing Fortune. The track must be fast. So fast that these young men and women live every day at literally a "killing" pace.

Since February, 1959, screaming headlines have announced the death—by plane or car—of at least five major young talents.

First: Scattered in a corn patch near Mason City, Iowa, the torn bodies of Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and J. P. ("Big Bopper") Richardson. Each had, in less than twenty-five years of life, achieved a success in the popular music field which was the wonder and envy of millions of teen fans in the United States and overseas. Why were they
Bystanders look with horror at the crumpled wreck of a car in which singer Johnny Horton met death, at dawn, thirteen miles southwest of the town of Cameron, Texas.

J. P. Richardson

Eddie Cochran

together on a charter-plane flight between Mason City and Fargo, North Dakota? They had been on tour by bus for so long, they needed clean laundry and elected to charter a plane to give time to tidy up. Such haste and confusion is not at all extraordinary on such a tour.

Just over a year later, on April 17, 1960: Singer Eddie Cochran sped in a rented limousine toward London airport. With him in the car were fellow singer Gene Vincent, who had been with him on his five-month tour of England, and Patrick Tomkins, manager of their English tour. The fourth passenger: Sharon Sheeley, Cochran’s fiancee and a successful song writer, who had flown over to visit him during the last few days of the long, grueling series of performances. Suddenly a tire blew, the car wobbled drunkenly from side to side, mounted the curb and crashed into a lamp pole. Nine hours of emergency operation failed to save the life of the brilliant young performer.

Such a community of sorrow exists among the parents of the young singers that, when services were held for the dead singer in Eddie Cochran’s native California, the mother of Ritchie Valens made a special trip in order to offer comfort to Cochran’s bereaved parents. Horton’s star-crossed life seemed to be riding high in early November, when last he visited the New York office of Columbia Records, his recording label. His record, “North to Alaska,” the theme song he had composed and recorded for 20th Century-Fox’s movie, was jumping fast up the “Top 100” list of pop records. He had been signed to do three movie roles during the next year. Columbia Records had every reason to believe that—not only the single record—but Horton’s most recent album would put him again at top of the hit list.

For the young girls and boys to whom Horton was an idol, the death was received with genuine sorrow. To youngsters who recently made hits of “Teen Angel” and “Artificial Flowers”—themes dealing with youthful death—the title of Horton’s last album appeared eerily prophetic: “Johnny Horton Makes History.”
"King" of newspaper boys, Mike Watkins, chats with Jack (Queen For A Day) Bailey and Richard Boone—who remembers his own newsboy days.

Irishman J. Carrol Naish has played almost every nationality—now he's TV Indian chief.

With a song in her heart, lovely Dianne Lennon became Mrs. Dick Gass.

by Eunice Field

Good Indian: Since his debut as Hawk-eye on the Guestward Ho! series, J. Carrol Naish, an Irish New Yorker, has been made an honorary blood-brother of the Sioux, Navajo and Apache tribes. During these ceremonies, he was presented with handsome sets of head feathers and treated as though he were indeed an Indian. This brought to mind his experiences with his first two TV shows—in which he played an Italian immigrant in Life With Luigi and an Oriental detective in Charlie Chan. His performance as Luigi was so authentic that he received a letter from an Italian lady, along with a bottle of vino, which said she would be interested in marrying so nice an Italian gentleman. He replied by saying he already had a wife and that he was really Irish. Came the retort, "That you have a wife, I can understand, but to deny your ancestry is a shame." Years later, the same woman wrote again, "I just saw you in Chan . . . please forgive me for calling you down about denying your Italian blood. Now I can see you are really Chinese."

The Woman's Angle Is a Curve: Van Williams' wife Vicki is a gal who excels at any sport. Recently, she and Van have been giving Troy Donahue lessons in skin-diving for his Surfside 6 role and these have been so successful, a dozen actors have pleaded for instruction in this difficult sport. "It's wonderful to have a wife who shares your athletic hobbies," says Van, "although sometimes it can get real rough. Vicki has the competitive spirit and doesn't..."
believe in the shrinking-violet act. When she plays a man, she plays to win and she has beat me in many a test. I'll admit having a wife like that puts you in shape. I have to be, to keep pace with her." Vicki, listening to her husband's praise, generally says nothing. But once a reporter asked her what her favorite sport was. "Well," fluttered the demure Vicki, "I'd say it was whipping up real luscious desserts."

No Pussyfooting Here: Gardner McKay's best pal is his shaggy dog "Pussycat," who follows the popular actor all over the Fox lot, except on the soundstage, from which he has been barred. With dog-snatching on the rise, Gard has issued a ban of his own—no more press pictures of his dog. One day, Jill St. John, visiting her home lot with husband Lance Reventlow, saw a car almost hit Pussycat as he padded up the street. "You'd better stop worrying about your pet being swiped," she cautioned Gardner, "and see that he doesn't get sideswiped." Lance asked whether the dog could do any tricks. Gard drew himself up to his full six-foot-five and replied, "Pussycat does no tricks and I have no intention of teaching him any. Would you ask your best friend to roll over and play dead for a cookie?..."

Sin, Suffer and Repent: Elvis Presley arrived on the set of "Flaming Star," his new 20th-Fox picture exactly seventeen minutes late one morning. He was all apologies. "Don't let it bother you," assured director Don Siegel. "It could happen to anyone." Elvis, however, is not "anyone." The next day, Siegel was astounded to see Elvis walk in early, gleefully holding up his watch. "See?" said Elvis. "I'm exactly seventeen minutes early, so you and I are even."

Three Bangles Off Der Bingle: The three "middle Crosbys," as they call themselves—they're sandwiched between older brother Gary and baby brother "Tex"—have polished their act to a professional luster. But they still insist on a month's break between engagements so they can relax, study the act for improvement, and show off their beautiful brides. They are slated to do another stint at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas and, before that, a movie produced by Marty Melcher, husband of Doris Day. At present count, the boys have five youngsters among them—Dennis, two; Philip, two, and Lindsay, one. All married Vegas showgirls, as did brother Gary in a recent trip to the altar. Why showgirls? "Well," said Philip, unofficial spokesman for the group, "they make good wives. Being on their own so much, they have to learn to wash and repair clothes, cook and manage their own affairs... all good training for running a household. And, as for show business, it's not an easy road for beautiful women. The attentions they get, the adulation, are mostly insincere... and so, after a while, they get tired of it and long for the complete devotion of one man who is reliable and sympathetic."

However You Slice It: It is one of the peculiarities of Tom Ewell that he cannot abide black bread in any shape or form. This distaste seems to date back to his very first TV show, "Brother Rat," which was done live in New York back in 1938. "We wore brown makeup and black lipstick in those days," confides Ewell, "to help with the photography. Things were pretty rudimentary then—not like the shootings we're doing on my new show. On camera, we had to eat pumpernickel or dark whole wheat bread that wouldn't show the lipstick coming off. In those days, we also had continual run-throughs before the actual show went on. By the time that first experience was over, I'd lost my taste for black bread and I've never been able to digest it since..."

The Whole Town's Talkin': When he began work in "Back Street," singer-actor Dick Kallman received what is perhaps the most unusual opening-day fanfare. Universal-International got a wire saying, "Every man, woman and child in Dick's home town of Dixville Notch, New Hampshire, wish him luck and have signed their names to show it is unanimous." For those who imagine this swelled the profits of Western Union, it must be explained that Dixville Notch boasts but eleven (Continued on next page)

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 8

TVR
citizens—which has since been reduced by four when the actor's family moved to Hollywood.

Playing the Field: When Roger Smith gets up a full head of steam, everybody had better clear the way. He plows through all obstacles until he's done the job. Deciding to try his hand at writing, he sat down, cut off the phone, bolted doors and knocked out four scripts, all of which he sold to his own 77 Sunset Strip series. He is now a full-fledged member of the Writer's Guild. Dissatisfied with the swimming pools he saw, Roger designed a pool according to his own taste and, during the six-week summer lay-off, built it. Next, he finished a twelve-foot-high fire-pit, around which he planted five majestie palm trees imported from Hawaii. It seems that, while on Naval duty in the Pacific, he fell in love with the designs and decorations of the islanders and vowed to reproduce same on his own patio some-day. Recently, his interest was captured by a handsome sailboat and he rushed Vicki and Andrew Gliddon, who announced he'd bought it. "I'm going to teach you to water ski," he promised, "and we'll spend all our free time on the ocean." "Oh, yes?" replied Vicki. "And when are we going to use that lovely Hawaiian patio you built?" Roger paused a moment to consider, then his face lit up. "Don't worry, it won't go to waste. I'll write a new script for 77 Sunset and work the patio into it. Then we will bill Warner Bros. for the use of it and, with the money, throw the biggest luau this town ever saw.

Where the Girls Are: Young Sharon Hugueny was thrilled with her first Hollywood premiere, "Sunrise at Campobello." A large turnout of stars, ablaze with jewels, helped make the evening spectacular. Sharon came on the arm of her "Parrish" co-star, Troy Donahue, who gave his other arm to lovely Myrna Fahey. Teased Sharon, "Jacky in The Pride of Palm Springs," "Don't go soft on 'Parrish,' because then I have to share him with Myrna—plus Connie Stevens and Diane McBain, the other girls in the picture." . . . Newly-wed Gigi Perreau has been much in demand lately for TV Western roles. So much so that, when a friend asked her what she was wearing to the party, she blandly, absentlyreplied, "Why, the usual—split-skirt, boots and hat." She and groom Frank Gallo have taken a temporary apartment and are keeping a weather-eye open for a house—"probably," laughs Gigi, "branch style." . . . Inexplicably, the hot-shot figure of "Parrish" TV, which has borrowed every kind of movie format, should have neglected the sophisticated comedy. It is no coincidence that this happens to be the kind of series she's set her heart on doing. She and Four Star Productions are in the process of having a sponsor eager and ready to go, but no definite format and no scripts. "Until we find writers who can give us what we're looking for and will sign contracts to stay with the show, I'll concentrate on invading the concert and opera fields, plus occasional TV guestings," says Jane.

Chills and Thrills: That sound heard around the TV sets these nights is not the power tube going but teeth chattering, and Boris Karloff's NBC Thriller show is to blame. Karloff, who never had faith in the possibilities of "Frankenstein" when he made it, generously gives the credit for that success to Jack Pierce, a Universal makeup man. "I've since grown to like the old monster," Karloff smiles, "and it's really a joy to hear from so many children who express pity for the creature and pleasure at my 'Hans Christian Andersen' and 'Pied Piper' records. Just the other day, I got a letter from a little boy living in the Midwest. He wrote, "After seeing the movie, I had nightmares . . . but I want you to know I don't have any grudge against you. It was worth the nightmare to see it." . . . Ernest Borgnine told all about the new Beverly Hills home he bought for wife Kaye. "I'm a recent convert to the Tom Waits/John Jarrada, when he appeared on Ernie Alexander's About Faces, but didn't tell about a gesture that adds up to his being one of the "nicest" guys in town. Ernie, who picks his roles with care, and has turned down several big screen offers—recently, because he didn't like the script—took on the job of narrating an up-coming little show for nothing. Reason: Ernie was a cook in the Navy and wanted to take part in the segment, which is a documentary in tribute to the fiftieth anniversary of Naval aviation . . . Howard Duff promises his Dante will continue to have "guts and bite." "We'll keep hitting hard," says Duff, "and will dress up the show with some glamour dolls." Howard, you'll recall, was the popular Sam Spade of radio fame. "One thing I guarantee," he adds: "We'll have no kids or dogs on the show. They'd look ridiculous in the night-club surroundings—and, besides, Dante is not a family show." . . .

Busy Is the Room: Word For One More, the Warner series starring Andy Duggan, is definitely slated for a January bow, Fridays on ABC-TV. Twenty-six episodes are being shot despite the fact there's no sponsor as yet . . . Bill Dana and Pat Harrington Jr. will appear in a "High Hopes" show. Shigeta's next lp will be "Two Loves Have I," with one side to be sung in Japanese, the other in English . . . During his Coconaut Grove stand here, Svend Asmussen, the violin player of the "Sve-Danes," revealed that he got his first violin at age ten . . . Jerry Stahl, the voice of TV's "Parrish," is going to be a guest on "The Big Pay Off." . . . Richard Boone was one of the guests on Jack Bailey's recent Queen For A Day show honoring newspaper. Dick says he remembers well the days when he got up at five a.m. to deliver Los Angeles morning papers, even though family finances didn't force him to. "My dad used to say it was good training," Dick recalled, in talking to young newssboy Mike Watkins, who was named "King" on the basis of audience applause. "I used to say 'training for what?' But you know—it turned out he was right. When Have Gun goes on location, I have to be up even earlier than five—and it's no strain, because I did it so many times as a teenager." . . . Jane Withers, who's been devoting herself to occasional TV roles, and to bringing up her five children, goes into 20th-Fox's "The Right Approach," to be directed by David Butler, who helmed her very first film, "Bright Eyes." The ex-child star has finally gained her dream of having a "family recreational center." She and husband Ken Errair (who retired from The Four Freshmen shortly after their marriage five years ago) have purchased forty acres in nearby Saugus Valley and will convert the old country club there into a museum to hold her more than 3800 dolls. They'll also build a large swimming pool, restaurant and shops, hold auctions, have jazz and classical music festivals, and present rodeos. The project should be ready for opening by spring. "The family that plays together, stays together," is Jane's philosophy, "and I'm sure there are many who agree with me and will enjoy the recreation our place will offer." . . . Elaine Stritch, star of My Sister Eileen, is finding it difficult to get used to the West. "Life is so relaxing," says she, "I'm sure I'll become lazy. The TV pace? Why, it's nothing. When you've played on Broadway and in summer stock for years, shooting one show a week is a cinch." So she won't get too homesick for "my New York," Elaine is keeping her apartment there and will spend all holidays in the East.
The Tall Texan

Could you do a write-up on the actor Mark Miller?
O.G.I., East Riverdale, Maryland

Playing the part of the owner of a dude ranch in New Mexico in ABC-TV’s Guestward Ho! series is a cinch for handsome Mark Miller for two reasons. First, he’s a Southerner by birth—was born in Houston, Texas, thirty-six years ago. Second, he’s a talented actor with lots of experience to his credit. . . . Mark studied architecture at Texas A & M, and University of Texas—studied in Texas, University of Texas—studied in Texas, University of Texas. In his senior year at the latter, he wrote, directed and acted in a one-act play for an English course project. Following other amateur productions, Mark then headed for New York where he studied two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. . . . Later, the actor appeared at the Newport summer theater and toured in “The Moon Is Blue,” “Bus Stop,” “Picnic” and “The Dark at the Top of the Stairs.” He appeared on TV in Omnibus, Studio One, Suspense, and Gunsmoke, among others, and in such movies as “The Eagle and the Rose” and “The Trouble with Blondes.” . . . Mark is married to the former Beatrice Ammidown, a former fashion editor for Harper’s Bazaar. The couple resides at Malibu, California, where Mark pursues his hobbies of swimming, sailing, horseback riding, water skiing and tennis. In Texas, the black-haired, gray-eyed actor was once a champion water-polo player.

Ardent Supporters

The editors of TV Radio Mirror received the following letter from a group of 46 young people who live in Lansdale, Pennsylvania—they have a very decided opinion about who should be the Welk program’s new Champagne Lady: “We all signed this petition for Peggy Lennon to be given a chance at Champagne Lady. She is number one with us, and one thing you can count on—we are all Irish!”

Some Quickies

Are Harry Morgan and Henry Morgan related?
M.L.L., Cedar Vale, Kansas
No, they are not.

Arthur Tate and Joanne Barron play husband and wife on Search For Tomorrow. Are they married in real life?
J.A.M., Lyndhurst, New Jersey
They are not married to each other.

I would like to know the real name and birthplace of the singer Dinah Washington.
N.W., Greenwood, Nebraska
Her real name is Ruth Jones and she was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Are Bobby Rydell and Mark Rydell brothers?
A.R.P., Woodville, N.C.
No, they are not related.

I would like to know how old the Crosby brothers are.
J.R.T., Dayton, Ohio
Gary is 27; the twins, Philip and Dennis, are 26; and Lindsay is almost 23.

Calling All Fans

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

John Smith Fan Club, Annamarie Van Hagen, 417 Straight St., Paterson, N.J.
Anita Bryant Fan Club, Carol Paulson, 27 Eastview Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.
Mitzi Gaynor Fan Club, Jeanne Marie Schulz, 164 Long Meadow Drive, Rochester 21, New York.
Jim Roberts Friends Club, Kay Burbey, 1210 Redwood Dr., Green Bay, Wis.
Noreen Corcoran Fan Club, Ginger Wilson, 1305 Tyson Ave., Phila., Pa.

Nancy Malone

An Actress by Accident

Please tell me something about the actress Nancy Malone.
B.B.S., Bordentown, New Jersey

Pretty Nancy Malone’s show-business career has been the result of two lucky accidents. The first one occurred when she was only seven years old. An attractive auburn-haired pixie even then, she was playing on the streets of her native Queens Village, New York, when a model-agency photographer noticed her. He photographed her and, the next day, she began her career as a model. . . . Two years later, another accident launched Nancy into an acting career. She happened to accompany an actress friend who had an appointment at a talent agency. An executive saw Nancy waiting in an outer office and promptly offered her an acting job. Nancy accepted and that started the ball rolling. She appeared regularly on children’s radio and TV shows, in several Broadway plays and, more recently, on the daytime series The Brighter Day. She is currently appearing in ABC-TV’s Naked City. . . . The blue-eyed, unmarried actress lives in a Manhattan apartment where she pursues her hobbies of painting and writing poetry.

We’ll answer questions about radio and TV in this column, provided they are of general interest. Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Attach this box, specifying whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
Come Dig: Sponsors already needling networks and agencies to come up with some new ideas for next season. Feeling is that Westerns have oversaturated the public. . . More gold for Silvers. Phil and wife Evelyn Patrick expecting their third. . . Bobby Rydell readying a club act. He has an open invitation from the Copacabana. . . The American Medical Association cooperated with the writers of the daytime TV series Young Doctor Malone while the script was developing the theme of his trial for malpractice. Thought this was a good example of how an unscrupulous attorney could harass an innocent doctor. . . Casting capers: Esther Williams making her first appearance as a cowgirl on Zane Grey Theater—and, in the same series on December 15, Tuesday Weld appears as a Mormon teenager.

Remember Lola: Peter Gunn's lovely Edie materialized in N.Y.C. in the person of Lola Albright. Prettier than her TV picture—like five-four, blonde, lovely and not skinny—she said, "I've put on weight and I'm happier now than ever in my life. No more insomnia. Not lonely. Lots of things to do and lots of friends. And happier about Peter Gunn than ever, now that the action of the series takes place in my own club." There's no chance that, in the series, Edie will marry Pete. "Then it would turn into a situation comedy," says Lola. She likes the character of Edie: "That girl knows how to treat a man. After all, man gives woman security and romance. Some women aren't grateful for this and put down their men. Edie never would. The women who hate Edie just aren't treating their men right." Edie noted she is thirty-four and doesn't care who knows it. And she's very pleased with her new movie, "Cold Wind in August," which opens this month in art theaters. "It's serious. I play a stripper who finds a teen-age boy in love with her until he discovers her profession and then is disillusioned. Herschel Bernardi, who plays Lt. Jacoby on the Gunn show, is in the movie in the role of my rejected lover." Lola who has had two unsuccessful marriages, has set a May date for her third. This time, to Bill Chadney, real-life pianist who is a musician on the Peter Gunn series, too. He also owns a night club—a real one—outside Los Angeles.

that Will Rogers originated in the movie "State Fair." During the remake of this movie classic, this should be a congenial movie set. Pat Boone has the juvenile lead. And Arthur was the guy who gave Pat his first break on network broadcasting . . . Singer Jack Scott came up with a $75,000 song-writing contract, one of the biggest ever negotiated. Add to this his many hit recordings, his popularity as a performer and his Mr. America physique, and he would appear to be a lucky kid. But he has one big frustration. He wants a date with Sandra Dee. Last time in Hollywood, he was set up with a breakfast date with Sandra but was swung out of town, the night before. Since then he carries around a heart that feels like a busted egg. . . . Count your pennies. Colonel Tom Parker says you can have Elvis sing at your church social for a mere $75,000 . . . Bob Hope turned up in New York and fired off a few local-interest blasts. "Actually, I'm taking it easier than ever this year and thinking of turning golf pro, but I'll have to start my own club. No one else will hire me . . . . About my December 12 show, I'll be working with Polly Bergen and Durante and Andy Williams. All favorites of mine . . . New York always excites me. I just walk around and breathe the air and try to keep out of the way of the buildings they're tearing down." Andy Williams will tour G.I. bases with Bob Hope during the Christmas season. Then Andy settles in France long enough to make a movie with Sacha Distel, one of Bardot's ex-romances . . . Funny bit from Sammy Kaye, who tells about the woman who bought fifteen hundred pounds of steel wool because she wants to knit a sports car.

The Big Paarty: At press time, NBC considering either a December or January date for Paar's first special of the season, tentatively titled, 'The Square World of Jack Paar.' The hour consists of film made in Europe with Paar, wife Miriam, daughter Randy, and Cliff Arquette. There is about eight minutes on East Berlin. Jack and party smuggled into the Red Zone a three-foot-long lens to picture their wanderings among Communist soldiers and, the next day, the border was closed. Paar comments, "A typical Paar goodwill tour." And there is film of Paar in Tangiers, Gibraltar, Italy and Spain. Jack watched a bullfight and, after the third bull was killed, he walked out sick. "Now I'm even scared of hamburgers." One of the funniest scenes was not recorded. Wife Miriam had been shopping all over Europe for a gown, but, while she was im- (Continued on page 51)

West Coast, See Page 4

All seriousness, when it comes to cutting a hit song—Jack Scott has many of them.
... that's Tony Flynn, who is a real pro when it comes to sports broadcasting for Milwaukee's WISN-TV and Radio

When he's asked how he happened to get into broadcasting as a profession, Tony Flynn has a sure-fire answer. "I have a natural tendency to talk fast," he says. This basic talent stands by him to good effect on his sportscasts over WISN Radio and WISN-TV. On radio, he has a busy schedule with broadcasts daily at 4:10, 4:50, 5:30 and 10:15 P.M. and, on TV, with a show at 10:05 P.M. And during the football season, Tony does the pre-game interviews and dopes before the professional games. Also on TV, following the ABC-TV prize fights, he conducts a weekly sports interview show... Actually, Tony was drawn toward broadcasting because an older brother of his did radio work as a means of earning his way through college. Tony, who had always had an avid interest in sports—along with the fast-gab talent previously mentioned—got a similar chance to start "sweeping out" for free, then working into a paying job. When a chance came to put together a sports program, it all pulled together very easily. In his jobs, Tony has had the opportunity to meet many top figures in baseball, football, boxing, race-driving, basketball. Speaking with love of his work, Tony says, 'I've had some wonderful experiences. Games played in wind storms... fog so heavy the field was invisible. Once, at the end of a professional football exhibition game during which one score had been made, I discovered at the end of the game there had been a two-foot lateral and I had the wrong person scoring!' Tony, his schoolgirl-sweetheart wife Marian and the three Flynn sons live in a duplex apartment furnished in "early confused" style. Their family hobbies are golf, skating, water-skiing, hunting. Anything active and connected with sports, that's for Flynn!
Little Danny, 2½, is a man of many moods. Above, with mom and dad, he's a pensive cowboy. Below, with brothers Pat, 9, and Michael, 12, he's a bit miffed about dad's putting away the family boat.
When a girl deserts a plush secretarial job for a receptionist’s desk, she’s got to have a reason. Kentucky’s Mary Anne Luckett was angling for a foothold in WHAS Radio and TV, and it worked! She’s now heard on Fun Fair and Coffee Call, and seen on Hayloft Hoedown. . . . While singing with the Loretto High School glee club and, later, the Holy Name Choral Club in Louisville, Mary Anne hit the high notes, drew long whistles and longed for a chance to solo. Finally, the break came. A local band leader wanted a singer for a dance date. Somebody remembered the cute kid with the dark hair who had sung in a church variety show. And things have been moving fast for Mary Anne ever since. Mary Anne was hired as WHAS vacation vocalist on several radio shows featuring pop tunes and standards. But the real breakthrough occurred when she made an appearance on the 1958 WHAS Crusade For Children telethon. Here she was singing with Gretchen Wyler and the Billy Williams Quartet, backed up by both the big band and the Bobby Hackett Quartet. She was big-league and everybody knew it. However, the only opening at WHAS was on Old Kentucky Barn Dance, a Saturday-night hour of country music. She’d never sung country tunes before . . . but “you’ve got to begin sometime.” Finally, a full-time opportunity came from WHAS. The station needed a receptionist. In July, 1959, with her good looks, really fine voice and new job, Mary Anne was sitting pretty when a full-time staff vocalist was needed. She became a regular on WHAS-TV’s big Saturday-night Hayloft Hoedown. On radio, she became a Fun Fair regular from 6:30 to 9 a.m., Monday through Saturday, and took over the featured vocalist spot on the weekly half-hour Coffee Call—an audience-participation program. . . . Her stardom has come so quickly that Mary Anne admits, without a blink, she’s still a star-gazer. She still gets a thrill to be invited to sing with well known artists. And she still thinks of herself as a homebody, despite the few hours each week she’s able to spend with her family. Mary Anne tries to squeeze golf and bowling into her schedule—and she emphasizes the word “squeeze.” At home, she likes to cook and sew and take care of the rose bed. After singing her way through the week, Mary Anne looks forward to weekend family get-togethers. Brother Al plays the guitar and sings for fun, with sister Carolyn joining in. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Luckett, lend encouragement. “Dad used to play the drums in amateur bands,” says Mary Anne, “but I’m the only real noisy one in the family now.” She talks about having her own home one day and a house full of kids. But right now, with nobody special in mind to share that dream, she’s a full-time songbird. It’s unlikely that she’ll ever again be a secretary or a receptionist. She’s sitting pretty at a microphone.

Music is a family thing in the Luckett household. Mom and Dad Luckett, brother Al and sister Carolyn join Mary Anne (at right) in recording.
... says newscaster Claude Dorsey of his work for KMBC-KFRM Radio and KMBC-TV in Kansas City, Missouri.

There's nothing like preparing for a career at an early age. Long before he finished elementary school, KMBC's Claude Dorsey was learning the intricacies of the news-imparting business. His father was a country newspaperman—editor and publisher of the Cameron (Missouri) Sun—and Claude was introduced to the inside workings of the news business by him. Since then, Claude has "touched on virtually all the journalistic bases" and today is known as one of Kansas City's favorite TV newscasters. He is especially noted for his complete and authoritative coverage of the news on his shows—10 O'clock News, seen on KMBC-TV, Monday through Friday evenings, and his several news programs, heard on KMBC-KFRM Radio, Monday through Friday at 3:55, 4:55 and 5:55 p.m., and Saturday at 5:55, 7:15 and 7:55 a.m. . . . Once he had learned the field—from the printing press up—Claude didn't rely on his experience alone. He attended Kansas University before joining Transradio Press Service. He quickly became bureau manager for it in Hartford, Connecticut, and, later, in Kansas City, before joining KMBC. Says Claude of his work, "It's a fortunate, fascinating and highly effective medium for reporting and interpreting the news." . . . Claude's wife Nell, to whom he has been married for twenty years, was his accompanist when he sang in high school—but, says Claude, "We didn't actually get around to dating until after college." Today, the Dorseys have two sons. Mike, 17, is a senior in high school and considering an engineering major in college. Jimmy is in the seventh grade and already a swimming champ at the age of 12. . . . The nearest approach to a hobby that Claude has is music. Says he with a grin, "I'm a sometimes singer."
Meet the Glovables

THERE'S A ZANY, off-beat children's show which recently premiered on Chicago television. It's called, simply, Jim Stewart And The Glovables. Jim and Bud Stewart—the talented husband-and-wife team who star on the WBKB kiddies' show five days a week—fabricate, design, manipulate and speak for the hand-decorated gloves which assume delightful personalities. The show itself is largely cartoon-fare aimed at the younger set, but the satirical take-offs and comedy bits of the Glovables qualify for the adult entertainment category.

The clever show-biz folk who animate these little characters were actually well-entrenched in Chicago TV three years ago, when their Here's Geraldine debuted. Moreover, the highly-rated children's show about a whimsical giraffe won Jim Chicago's TV Emmy for Best Children's Performer in 1960. . . The male half of the versatile team, James Elson Stewart, who was born in Paducah, Kentucky, says the show-business bug took hold of him while he was still in school. (Jim attended the Tilghman High School in Paducah.) But, as luck would have it, his big chance—the lead in the high-school operetta—never materialized. He was rushed to the hospital during dress rehearsal, with appendicitis. Jim recalls that his hospital experience wasn't a total loss. He learned to knit while he was there. There was only one thing wrong, though. No one ever bothered to show him how to cast off, and, as a result, he ended up with a neck scarf some twenty feet long. . . Bud, christened Rosemary Annastacia Lightfoot-Lee Taylor, was born in Owensboro, Kentucky, and attended the Agnes Scott School in Decatur, Georgia. She claims her early start in radio came about because the hometown radio station's program director had a crush on her older sister; and, in order to make a good impression, he gave little Bud a show of her own. . . After high school, both Jim and Bud enlisted in the Armed Forces during World War II. With the end of the war, Jim headed for Chicago, where he took on odd jobs until he settled down to write copy for radio Station WCFL. After the service, Bud also went to Chicago, where—in addition to meeting Jim—she studied and later taught at Chicago's Columbia Radio College, performed in semi-professional theatricals, and eventually married Jim in the fall of 1947. . . During their early years of married life, the couple shut-
... as lovable a family of puppets as you'll find, with Jim and Bud Stewart of Chicago's WBKB doing the "handiwork"

The Glovables—puppets used by husband-and-wife team Jim and Bud Stewart—are actually designed and made from gloves by the Stewarts themselves.

tled back and forth between Chicago, Owensboro, Madisonville, Kentucky—and Evansville, Indiana, where, incidentally, Here's Geraldine was born. . . Deciding to return to Chicago in 1956, the Stewarts—now with two young boys, Chris and J.E.B.—packed their youngsters, their star-struck giraffe and her assorted animal friends, and headed again for the Windy City. Within a year's time, they found a permanent berth at WBKB. . .

Although hardy veterans in children's programming, both people say, "You're always taking your life in your hands when you have kids on a live show." Their young guests have been known to drive sponsors to the moon and back with bland statements acknowledging the fact that their mommies "never buy the stuff because we hate it." And, of course, there are the giggler, the constant talker, and the little girl who is continuously lifting her skirts to show her pretty pink panties to the TV audience. In telling about his most memorable experiences in connection with kiddie shows, Jim tells the story of a letter he received from a mother thanking him for saving her boy's life. The woman wrote that her little boy refused to get into a car with a strange man because the Stewarts, on one show, had cautioned youngsters about doing such things. . . Currently, the Stewarts live in suburban Evanston, Illinois, with their boys (now nine and eight), a golden retriever named "Princeton Joe" and a turtle named "Edward." When they have the time, the couple like to relax by working in their spacious front and back yards, which bound the hundred-year-old house they recently bought. Bud lists collecting giraffes of all kinds (stuffed, metal, and glass) as her major hobby. Jim likes to collect swords. Both of them are avid fans of Bob Newhart and Ken and Mitzi Welch and, on a word's notice, will hop into the plane of a close friend, Chicago deejay Dan Sorkin, and head for the theater or night club headlining their favorites. . . Apart from his regular TV chores, Jim has found time to appear in a fifteen-minute syndicated series, Light Time, produced by the National Lutheran Council and directed to youngsters with no church affiliations. He also writes and produces educational TV features for the Encyclopaedia Britannica. As for The Glovables, the Stewarts simply say, "We love it and wouldn't want to do anything else."
ENTRY BLANK

Though tunes were tops in Fifty-Nine,
And Sixty's songs were superfine,
Stars must pit their wits
To make Sixty-One's hits

And .............................................
(last line should rhyme with "nine")

I WANT THE GIFT FROM ......................... BECAUSE
(fill in name of star)

(in 25 words or less)

MY NAME IS ...........................................

MY ADDRESS
(Paste entry blank on a postcard and mail to THE LUCKY DOZEN CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR, Post Office Box 2985, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked no later than December 31, 1960.)
Say a happy, rewarding hello to the dear old Christmas season . . . give a little time, a simple rhyme—get fun and a fabulous prize!

It's easy to enter, and if you do enter and WIN:

THE GRAND PRIZE

is a trip to New York . . . PLUS an appearance on Dick Clark's American Bandstand in its Philadelphia studio! Why? To receive your "Lucky Dozen" prize—and acknowledgement that YOU submitted "the most original of all entries in The Lucky Dozen Contest." A personal interview with Dick Clark will make the day THE MOST. And, if the contestant winning this grand prize is under twenty-one years of age, the trip will be granted to both the winner and an adult chaperone.

ALL TWELVE "LUCKY DOZEN" WINNERS

will receive a personal gift (as described) from one of the fabulously favorite young stars whose stories are told on the following pages . . . PLUS a personal note from the star!

HOW THE CONTEST WORKS

FIRST, get the thinking cap in order, then fill in the last line of the jingle on your entry blank. THEN, in twenty-five words or less, give your reason for wanting the gift from the star of your choice.

Contest is open to all persons in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications and its agencies.

Decisions will be made on the basis of originality, and the decision of the judges is final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Contest closes at midnight, December 31, 1960. No entries with a later postmark will be considered.
Honolulu newspaper called it “the second attack on Pearl Harbor” and military police had their problems, when thousands of young fans tried to invade the naval base. Their target: Rick Nelson, who was there to film “The Wackiest Ship in the Army” for Columbia Pictures. The mob scene was later repeated in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, when Rick appeared there to sing for what was reported to be the highest fee ever paid an American entertainer there.

Add to that his unbroken list of hits for Imperial (seven gold records), plus his long-running role on the family TV program, and it would appear that Rick has no more worlds left to conquer.

Rick, however, continues to find new challenges. A current enjoyable one is the flying trapeze. Such a spectacular combination of athletic, musical and acting talent is two-generations deep in the Nelson family. Ozzie Nelson played quarterback for Rutgers University, was graduated from law school, had one of the top big bands in the nation, and married his vocalist, Harriet Hilliard. Their radio show, The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, went on the air in 1944. Rick, a tow-headed, impish wise-cracker, began playing himself on the show when he was eight.

Now twenty, he stands six-one. His hair has turned dark, but his eyes are bluer than ever. And the wide smile makes feminine hearts flutter. An English girl sent him a 328-page fan letter. And there are those who refer to a certain substation as “the Rick Nelson branch of the Hollywood post office.”

What’s ahead for Rick in 1961? Professionally, just about anything he chooses to do. Romantically, who can tell? Rick and brother Dave have purchased adjoining hilltops in the Santa Monica mountains as the site of their future homes.

RICK’S GIFT: A Kodak Automatic 35 Camera, designed for easy picture-taking, with an automatic lens-setting done by a miraculous electric eye. Altogether, totally super!
Connie Francis took her own sweet time in accepting a motion-picture contract. Roles of various sorts had been offered her ever since she turned her MGM record "Who's Sorry Now!" into a million-seller and swiftly followed it with "Stupid Cupid" and other hits. Six gold records and many TV shows later, she signed for Joseph Pasternak's light-hearted movie "Where the Boys Are," and, on arriving in Hollywood, promptly won Mr. Pasternak himself as a devoted admirer. Says Connie, "My own father couldn't have been more concerned about me. He invited me to his home, and he also invited nice young men he thought I should meet."

In the studio, Connie amazed everyone by being so at ease in front of the cameras. What Hollywood did not realize was that Connie and cameras were old friends. Born December 12, 1938, she was still in grade school at Belleville, New Jersey, when she first crossed the Hudson to appear in George Scheck's juvenile TV revue, Star Time. At seventeen, she was assistant director. She had also played roles in many TV dramas. Connie, literally, had grown up under the eyes of the camera.

Connie's New Year's wish for her fans is, "May you find love all your lives. The love and guidance of parents, first; then love and romance with your mate. Together, may you love and care for children. And may we all share an embracing love of God and our fellow men."

CONNIE'S GIFT: An avid collector of stuffed toy animals of all kinds, Connie selected as her gift for the lucky winner an enchanting, bow-bedecked grey poodle (not in picture below—but "life-size" as sketched at right).
Annette Funicello was only thirteen when she began winning the hearts of small boys—and girls, too—as one of the original Mouseketeers of Walt Disney’s Mickey Mouse Club. Born October 22, 1942, in Utica, New York, the daughter of Joseph and Virginia Funicello, she grew up in Hollywood and made her motion-picture debut in Disney’s comedy, “The Shaggy Dog.” She now stars in Disney’s upcoming feature-length production “The Horsemasters,” with Tommy Kirk and Janet Munro. Filming on the movie was done in London last fall.

Now a sophisticated young lady in high heels, sheath dresses and the curves to go with them, Annette receives about a hundred proposals a week. She announced her future plans, the moment she was graduated from high school last spring. She said, “I can’t wait to pack away my books and concentrate on my career.” The fast upsurge of her Vista record, “Pineapple Princess,” and her albums “Hawaiian Annette” and “Italian Annette” preaced new accomplishments in all areas of show business during 1961.

During her eventful years in show business, Annette Funicello has received many a tribute, but it was rare, even for her, to receive one from a boyfriend’s pestiferously teasing kid brother. This was when Paul Anka’s young brother Andy Jr. put together a record dedicated to Annette. And, of course, Annette herself had paid Paul Anka a pleasant compliment with her album of Anka-written material, “Annette Sings Anka.”

Heading into a major adult career as actress and singer, Annette can genuinely say, “For everybody, 1961 should be the greatest.”

ANNETTE’S GIFT: To take with you no matter where you roam, RCA’s transistor portable “The Ensign” in non-breakable case. High-efficiency speaker, earphone jack. Size: 7” high; 41/8 wide.
Fabian's accomplishment during 1960 has not alone been his hit records, motion-picture roles, stage shows and television performances. It has been his achievement as an individual in winning the respect of persons of stature. Louella Parsons proclaimed, "I'm on my soap box. For heaven's sake, give Fabian a chance . . . He's only seventeen and it's to his everlasting credit that his big success hasn't gone to his head." Bing Crosby, after working with him in 20th's musical, "High Time," announced, "Fabian has a natural singing voice and great acting ability. And, in addition, he's a fine young man, well-mannered, alert, understanding and very cooperative."

To celebrate Christmas—and give thanks for his own good fortune—Fabian will again join with his fellow Chancellor artist, Frankie Avalon, in giving children's parties at Philadelphia settlement houses. His special Christmas request to his fan clubs is: "Instead of sending a present to me, give it to your favorite charity." Many admirers already do this. One fan club in Holland has as its particular project the entertainment of 400 refugee children.

Fabian has learned many things this year, and his New Year's wish is a serious reflection. "May you have the wisdom to distinguish the true from the false; may you grow in spirit as well as stature; and may this year be wonderful."

Fabian's Gift: Straight from the 20th Century-Fox movie lot, Fabie will send the canvas "captain's chair" which he used during breaks in the filming of "North to Alaska" with John Wayne.
There are handicaps to being thirteen years old, even if you have just sold a million records. Dodie Stevens discovered them when she and Fabian appeared in "Hound Dog Man," his first movie.

Fabian, then sixteen, had been welcomed to Hollywood by a mob of girls so delirious they crushed in the window of his car. Dodie was a top-ranking recording star. Her crazy little song, "Pink Shoelaces," was higher in the charts than his "Turn Me Loose." They were two of the youngest performers in the cast and liked each other at first sight. While taking publicity pictures, they swam, ate hot dogs, were constantly together. But no real dates, at Dodie's age!

Fabian is not the first performer to think that Dodie Stevens is just about the sweetest, cutest little singer to turn up in show business. Stars have been awarding her contest trophies and inviting her to appear on their shows ever since her parents moved to Temple City, California. (She was born in Chicago, February 17, 1946.) She has studied professionally since she was six and has a list of motion picture and TV supporting credits almost as tall as she is. This year, 20th Century-Fox signed her to the "important" contract.

Her record on the Crystallette label is a remake of the old Ella Fitzgerald favorite, "A-Tisket, A-Tasket." Dodie had another hit in "The Five Pennies." She likes best to sing standards, with a beat.

Yet, for all Dodie's talent, education must still come ahead of bookings. She's a junior high-school student. She also studies piano, writes songs and paints. She loves to swim, go bowling and play table tennis.

Once she has done her homework, her fifteenth year promises to be bright for Dodie. "May 1961 be the greatest for everybody," she says.

Dodie's Gift: A rain-or-shine umbrella-parasol, Paris inspired, with its high-fashion exterior in this year's purple, lined delicately with flowered silk. A feminine triumph for any day's weather!
Few young performers wore as many hats as did Paul Anka in 1960. In a maturing of his many talents, he was composer, lyricist, publisher, motion-picture and TV actor, concert artist, night-club entertainer, international ambassador of good will and always, throughout his many activities, the singer who loves to sing.

Basically, Paul is a reporter in music. With a perspective rare in one his age, he observes the emotions of himself and his fellow teenagers and turns them into songs. This began when he was fifteen, with "Diana," the story of a boy's hopeless love for an older girl. "Diana" became one of the world's all-time best-selling records.

What starts Paul off on a song? Recently, he told how "Summer Is Gone" came to be written. "At resorts, I saw how kids had made new friends or fallen in love and had formed new little worlds of their own. But soon they had to go home. It was sweet and sad and wonderful, all at the same time."

Paul was born July 30, 1941, in Ottawa, where his father, Andrew Anka, owned one of Canada's poshiest restaurants. Hoping Paul would get show business out of his system, Andrew permitted him to spend an Easter vacation in New York. Paul contrived an audition at ABC-Paramount, wrote "Diana" while waiting for it, and came home with a contract.

Pleading that travel, too, was educational, he got time off from school to tour the United States and foreign countries. He has since appeared in nearly every nation this side of the Iron Curtain.

Paul has acted and/or written music for a number of films. His current picture is "Look in Any Window." This year, he also did an acting stint for the TV series, Dan Raven, and was the youngest performer ever to star at New York's Copacabana.

Paul's current album reflects his friendship with people of many lands. The album is titled "Christmas Everywhere," and Paul says: "There's no better thing I could wish for all of us than the traditional 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' Christmas everywhere—all year long!

PAUL'S GIFT: With a fabulous batch of sweaters in his own closet, Paul chose to gift a winner with a scrumptious gold-colored bulky Italian topper—warm as it is wonderful. For girls only!
THAT TWENTY-FIRST birthday is important in everyone's life, but for Joanie Sommers it will truly mean emancipation. Joanie started out with a unique handicap. She had a voice to be compared with Ella Fitzgerald, June Christy, Chris Conners—a smoky, passionate, exciting voice which could convey all the emotion of sophisticated jazz. The trouble was, she was just eighteen. A Warner Bros. recording executive confessed, "We're utterly frustrated. She's too young. We don't know what to do with her."

She was born Joan Drost, in Buffalo, New York. Her family moved to Venice, California, and Joanie later attended Santa Monica City College.

A high-school dance gave her an on-stage audition. Tommy Oliver, as a courtesy, let Joanie sing a song. Two hours later, when she finished, she had a job with his band. Oliver took her to Warner Bros. and arranged the music for her first album.

Songs in that album—"Positively the Most!"—include the sultry classics "Heart and Soul," "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," "So In Love." One man, writing about that session, remarked: "In years to come, many a knowing jazz buff will play this album for friends, saying with awe, 'This was the first she ever made.'"

Set back into her own age to grow up, Joanie then played some TV roles on 77 Sunset Strip, and was Edd Byrnes' voice-mate on "Kookie's Love Song." About to be 21 in '61, she's set to go anywhere her talent takes her. A five-year contract at the Sahara in Las Vegas is a starter.

Joanie counts her blessings. She says, "I feel God has been terribly good to me to give me a career so early." She counts her friends. "I hope to make many more, both boys and girls." Hobbies? "I like to go bowling and I love to swim. But, most of all, I love to sing." That's Joanie.

JOANIE'S GIFT: A charming pastel-pink box for your favorite jewels, which strikes up "The Merry Widow Waltz" when the lid is lifted. A singing start for any lovely day.
PUBLICLY, recording companies usually have nothing but superlative praise for their rising artists. RCA Victor, however, lodged a mild complaint against Rod Lauren when they sent out his second record, "A Wild Imagination." They stated, "For months, we have been trying to get Rod Lauren into a studio, but the busy young singer-actor has been on the run with appearances in Australia, the Midwest and with The Ken Murray Revue. Finally, he found a free weekend to record."

Rod acknowledges, "They just couldn't catch me. As for the record, the title fits. If anyone had predicted all these things a year ago, I'd have said he did have a wild imagination."

A year ago, for instance, he was still called by his given name, Roger Laurence Stunk. He was born in Fresno, California, March 26, 1940. His father Larry, a railroad man, sings in the church choir; his mother, a teacher, plays the organ. Rod plays piano and trombone. The parents' customary treat was to take Rod and his teen-age sisters to nearby San Francisco to see a play or opera. His parents thought he should become a dentist, but Rod wanted to be an actor. Movies were his textbook. "I'd stay in a theater through so many shows they had to kick me out."

He gained experience in college plays, a jazz band and local TV shows. A song-writing friend asked him to sing on his demonstration records. RCA Victor took the singer, but not the songs. They launched Rod with a $50,000 promotional campaign. A screen test followed. He'll do "The Sons of Kate Elder" at Paramount.

His aims are clear, "I want to study and work. I want to hone my talent to a sharp edge and be a good actor and singer." His New Year's wish for his friends: "May each one find the thing he most wants to do—and also get a chance to do it."

ROD'S GIFT: An RCA Victor clock-radio, for a lucky winner in the one-eye-shut, one-eye-open set. The Formflair has sleep switch-off, wake-to-music alarm. It's great!
She'll be home for Christmas, says Jo-Ann Campbell. Blonde, blue-eyed and just five feet tall, she has the affectionate nature to go with such kitten-soft packaging. An only child, she has—for each of her twenty-one years—been the focus of her family's holiday plans. "My grandparents, who live in Jacksonville, Florida, will come to New York. We'll have a tree and all the trimmings."

Sentimental though she is, Jo-Ann also has a strong side to her character. Since childhood, she has sought to be a successful entertainer. To further her ambition, her parents, James and Doris Campbell, moved from Jacksonville to New York. Jo-Ann studied acting, singing and dancing. Already a successful recording star, she wants to go into motion pictures when her chance comes.

The best thing which has happened to her this year, she says, was signing with ABC-Paramount, who released "Kookie Little Paradise."

Jo-Ann's New Year's wish for her friends: "May you always stay as sweet and wonderful to everyone as you have been to me."

JO-ANN'S GIFT:
A sterling silver charm bracelet, loaded with silver charms to jingle a good wish to the winner for the whole year ahead.
With a gold record for “Volare” plus other Cameo label hits to his credit, yellow-haired, bright-eyed Bobby Rydell glances back over the year when he turned eighteen and says, “How could fifty-two weeks hold so much? Dreams I’ve had all my life actually came true.” With a grin, he adds, “A couple came so true they were almost nightmares.”

In the too-true classification was his appearance at Atlantic City’s Steel Pier. This had been Bobby’s scene of dreams since his parents, Adrio and Jennie Ridarelli, first took him there on summer outings. Bobby would sing all the way home to South Philadelphia, then do the show over for his delighted grandparents.

The family was present when Bobby actually did run out on that great stage to sing, dance, play drums, do imitations. He bowed, and a fan tossed a toy dog at his feet. Bobby kissed it and exited laughing. The next show, the laugh was on him. He says, “The kids must have bought every stuffed animal on the Boardwalk. It rained a zoo!”

Bobby also had a small bout with Broadway. Preparing for the time he would bid to bring his own name up in lights, he auditioned for a musical, “just for practice.” To his astonishment, the producer dismissed other applicants, announcing, “You’ve got the part.”

Bobby says, “I stood speechless. What can you say when you’re handed your heart’s desire—and you can’t accept? I was booked solid, all around the country. No Broadway for me this year.”

The producer was just plain mad. He cut the role out of the show, stating, “Anyone else would be anti-climactic.”

A movie may be in Bobby Rydell’s near future, but his dearest personal wish for 1961 is a new house. “We’ve had fun in the old one, but when you add a few visiting fans, it gets crowded. I’ve asked Dad to let me share the cost to buy or build.”

Bobby’s New Year’s wish for his friends reflects his own happy state of being. “It’s great to be young, and there’s much joy in the world. May each of us find it, every single day.”

Bobby’s Gift: For some lucky girl, a stunning wristwatch by Hamilton, the 22-jeweled “Juno.” 10-karat white gold-filled case and matching gold bracelet. Anti-magnetic, shock-resistant.
For Neil Sedaka, this was the year he had hoped for since he was knee-high to a piano bench. His records were hits, he traveled to meet foreign fans, he played clubs and appeared on television programs. Most important of all, he wrote the musical score for the movie "Where the Boys Are," which stars his long-time friend, Connie Francis.

Born in Brooklyn, March 13, 1939, Neil is the son of Mac and Eleanor Sedaka. His grandmother was a concert pianist and Neil earned his first Juilliard scholarship when he was nine years old. He was strictly longhair until he and his neighbor, Howard Greenfield, discovered rock 'n' roll. They first matched Howie's tricky rhymes to Neil's bright tunes in a high-school musical. They got their first pop hit when Connie Francis sang their "Stupid Cupid." Neil turned vocalist and cut his first RCA Victor record with a tune which Connie inspired, "The Diary."

Neil found his tours of Brazil, the Philippines and Japan stimulating. He says, "The kids were great, just like the ones at home. Young people of the world have no trouble getting along. It's a pity politicians can't do the same."

His biggest gripe of the year is against the newspaperman who wrote: "Neil Sedaka's mail brings no proposals. What's wrong with his girl fans?"

Neil says, "I assure you there's nothing wrong with them. But if a girl writes me an affectionate letter, I'll not violate her confidence by showing it to some reporter." He has a running love affair with all his fans, he maintains. "I put it on record with 'You Mean Everything to Me.'"

His own 1961 ambition is to get a musical show on Broadway. His wish for his fans is: "May you all have just as much fun as I'm having. This is a wonderful year." That's for sure!

Connie Stevens

Connie Stevens believes in realistic preparation for an acting role, up to a point. She took a three-day job as a field hand in the Connecticut tobacco country to learn how to play her part in the Warner Bros. picture, “Parrish.” However, she has not yet contemplated doing any private sleuthing to give depth to her character of “Cricket,” part-time assistant to the detectives in ABC-TV’s Hawaiian Eye.

She needs no extra-curricular preparation for Cricket’s other job as a night-club singer. That’s as real as a lifetime knowledge of the music business can make it.

Connie was born in Brooklyn, August 8, 1938, and named Concetta Ann Ingolia. Her father, a musician, works under the professional name of Teddy Stevens. Her mother, Eleanor McGinley, was a vocalist. Her brother Charles, too, is a musician. When Connie and her father went to visit relatives in Hollywood, the visit turned into permanent residence as they both found career opportunities.

Gifted, blonde Connie went swiftly from amateur singing and bit parts to professional recording, television and motion-picture contracts.

In recordings, her voice backed Edd Byrnes on “Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb.” She had a million-seller in “Sixteen Reasons.” And it would appear she really believes the philosophy of another hit, “Too Young to Go Steady.”

Just when everyone expected a formal announcement, Connie cooled toward singer Gary Clark and she made the forthright statement: “We never announced an engagement because we weren’t ready to set a wedding date.”

Whether 1961 will bring a ring, Connie does not yet choose to say. But, careerwise, her course is certain. For Connie, there will be more records, more movies, more television, more opportunities.

CONNIE’S GIFT: Whether it’s an English theme or a letter to your love, some happy winner will rejoice in this beige Skyriter Portable with zipper case (9 pounds).
Life hasn't been all laughs for Jackie. But out of the early struggles, the later doubts and fears, has come the one strong answer he was seeking

by ROBERT LARDINE

When Jackie Gleason was nine, he had a habit of furtively slipping money, slated for the collection plate, back into his pocket. He never missed a Sunday attendance at Our Lady of Lourdes Church in Brooklyn—and he never missed dodging a collection plate, either. “All the kids used to do it,” says the rotund comic, “and I was no exception. I bought cigarettes with the money.” Today, the hard-working, hard-living comedian contributes huge sums to the Catholic Church, as well as to other religious groups and charities. “I have enough cigarettes now,” he says with a grin.

Jackie’s turnabout behavior toward the church is evidenced in many other ways, too. For instance, he’s aiding Father Hayden of Brookline, Massachusetts, in gathering funds to build a hospital for the mentally defective. He occupies himself with many projects of this kind, but shuns publicity concerning them. As a result, the TV audience thinks of him strictly as a fun-loving, gregarious buffoon. They’d be surprised to hear the eloquent funnyman speak seriously about man’s obligation to God and church.

The many-faceted clown hasn’t always felt so dedicated. As a youngster, his church-going was forced on him. When bereft of parental supervision at an early age, his visits to the local DeSales Place parish became few and far between. It was about this time that he began to search deep within himself. He was confused about everything that had been told him. Why was he a Catholic? he wondered. Why not a Protestant, a Jew, a Moslem?

“To this day,” says Jackie, “I don’t believe a person should inherit his religion. I know I didn’t want to be born something or other. I wanted to find out for myself.” He started out with the Catholic Encyclopedia, and then devoured countless other books on all forms of theology. He studied for years, until finally he was satisfied.

“Fortunately,” says the comedian, “I discovered that Catholicism was best for me. Its lack of vacillation in dogma impressed me. If you’re a sinner, you’re a sinner. There are no two ways about it. The religion will not stretch the rules to justify wrongdoing.”

He has found peace of mind in discovering that religion fills his particular need. But Jackie insists he shouldn’t be depicted as (Continued on page 70)
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Key words—and a candid admission—inviting you into the very private life of a Dick Clark at home, away from the daily razzle-dazzle of show business

by MARTIN COHEN

In the Dick Clark household in suburban Philadelphia, it gets a little rough in the early morning. Sometimes Dick wakes with a toe in his ear or his mouth—and it's not his and not wife Bobby's. Or, at six A.M., the doorbell rings and Dick goggily descends the stairs to the front door to find a neighbor towing in a small-type character. The character in question is a combination Dennis the Menace and automatic alarm clock. It is Dickie Clark, three-and-a-half, and he is really beginning to swing his weight around.

"Dickie's not a good eater and he's not a good sleeper," papa Clark tells you. "He's very active, mischievous—and, in a few words, very normal."

But, about eighteen months ago, the Clarks were filled with anxiety about Dickie. He began stumbling quite a bit, and then they noticed that his right eye turned in occasionally. It got more and more serious, so they took Dickie to an eye doctor, who explained (Continued on page 71)
Pauline Frederick, Reporter

by LILLA ANDERSON

Pauline Frederick, NBC News, New York, is the only woman to have a regularly scheduled network news broadcast. An expert on the United Nations, she is also on call to appear on other newscasts, radio and TV, and is the regular reporter-narrator for NBC-TV's Purex Specials For Women. Her admiring audience ranges from schoolchildren to diplomats. Poet Carl Sandburg, once a newsman himself, writes her fan letters. Four colleges have awarded her honorary doctorates and she has received many broadcasting awards. She has been president of the U.N. Correspondents Association and was on the Board of Governors of the Overseas Press Club. Yet the title which she (Continued on page 68)

Pauline covers United Nations sessions for NBC News. She is reporter-narrator for the once-a-month daytime Purex Special For Women on NBC-TV. See local newspapers for day and time.
A proud title, truly won in the no-woman's-land of TV and radio news. An inspiring story of a gracious, resourceful woman whose own colleagues—all male—call her "the greatest"
Just turned 16, not yet five feet tall, Brenda Lee has been blasting records—and waxing 'em, too—since she was just a baby firecracker.

by HELEN BOLSTAD

Depending on which way you look at it, she's a press agent's dream—or a press agent's nightmare. No one needs to build a "legend" around Brenda Lee. Her young life has been too fabulous already. As a tot, she cut her teeth on-camera. Now, as an adolescent, she's crowding Connie Francis for the title of number-one girl singer.

And thereby hangs a problem. How can anyone tell Brenda's story, just as it happened, and still hope to be believed? If a dramatic series literally re-enacted her life up to now, critics all over the country would froth at the typewriter, demanding, "How incredible can you get?"

(Continued on page 62)
the many faces of Shari

"Lamb Chop" (due left) won't be grilled—though Shari (feeding tidbits to a canine guest, below) loves to cook!

With or without her puppets, she still uses her hands to talk. I find Shari's conversation exciting—even when we don't agree.

Multiply TV's Miss Lewis by the variety of characters she's created—and you'll just be beginning to know the little enchantress I married

by JEREMY TARCHER

**This past summer,** Shari got her first ticket for speeding—and she was delighted. Startling? Sure. Even though I (her husband) found her reaction unexpected, I can explain it. Like most of us, Shari has never had trouble with the law. She doesn't drive a car, so she's never had even a summons for overtime parking or passing a light.

But, on this particular occasion, we were in our outboard-motor boat and Shari was at the helm in one of the inland waterways off Long Island. A policeman flagged her down. She was going all of seven miles an hour in a five-mile zone. When the officer (a Shari Lewis fan) recognized her, he was very apologetic. Yet she grabbed for the ticket as a child reaches for a new toy, and gave the lawman a big, happy smile! He's probably still scratching his head—but this is a perfect example of the naive side of Shari Lewis, one of her many faces.

There are so many sides to Shari, and they are bewitching rather than bewildering. Actually, you can see the various expressions of her personality in (Continued on page 78)

*The Shari Lewis Show* is seen over NBC-TV, Saturdays, at 10 A.M. EST, sponsored by the National Biscuit Company.
Showman, U.S.A.

See America with Sullivan—and learn why Ed falls more in love.
San Francisco welcome—'one of the nicest things that ever happened to me!' Above, Ed gets glamour-greeting at airport. Below, with wife Sylvia and Louis Simon of Station KPIX. At left—Golden Gate Bridge.

by LEE GREGORY

Don't stand still! That's been Ed Sullivan's formula for success ever since his show premiered more than twelve years ago. Today, more than ever, the hustling Hibernian is scurrying around for new ideas, intriguing formats and unusual concepts. He'll go anywhere in the world seeking them.

His current drive to keep his top-rated show alive and vital hinges on a "See America With Ed Sullivan" theme, starting with San Francisco, Chicago—then New York at Christmas, Dallas in January, New Orleans in February, Los Angeles in March, Washington, D.C., in April, and Boston in May. Not content with that itinerary, he's already eyeing St. Louis in the summer, and busy jawing with many (Continued on page 68)

with its great cities every time he visits them

Dr. T. C. Geiger, head of the Mayor's Welcoming Committee, makes it official: San Francisco loves Ed—as Ed has always loved the cosmopolitan but friendly city.

Chinatown—with tiny, talented Ginny Tiu—was one of many local settings used on Ed's first special "See America" show.

"See America With Ed Sullivan" is a once-a-month feature of The Ed Sullivan Show, which is seen regularly each week over CBS-TV, on Sundays, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Eastman Kodak and the Colgate-Palmolive Co.
Fun Day in the Sun
It’s a date! And, for Janet Lennon and her best friend Joan Esser, this afternoon with the brothers Crawford was right down the road to Endsville.

When Johnny Crawford called Janet Lennon for a date, brother Robert hinted, “Maybe she has a friend?” Indeed she has—Johnny had seen her at the ABC studios where both he and Janet perform for TV! Joan Esser lives just around the corner from the Lennons, has been Janet’s inseparable pal since kindergarten. So a foursome it was. . . . The boys planned to take their dates to an amusement park but—soon as they arrived—found more than enough fun and games around the Lennon home itself. Indoors, the four played records (Como, Belafonte, Ray) and had punch and cookies (“Umm, homemade,” said Johnny—“Yes, but not by me,” sighed honest Janet, “though I’m going to learn to bake soon!”). But, mostly, the fun was outdoors in the sun.

Continued
Fun Day in the Sun

(Continued)

Croquet is a new game for Johnny and Robert, but they manfully take a whack at setting up the wickets.

Mallets for all. (Johnny hit first ball so hard and far that Robert had to warn him, "This game is like golf—not polo!")

Janet is on the beam—and male honor is at stake. The boys find the game fascinating but quickly discover it isn't as simple as it looks.

Robert saves the day for the males by winnin
Baseball's a surprise. "Both girls are great batters and runners," the Crawfords report. "We'd pick them over most boys in forming a team." All four are Dodger rooters and already setting up a date for the Los Angeles Coliseum next spring.

... but Johnny 'fesses up, "A terrible thing happened to me: I lost."

End of day, near shrine which is the pride of the Lennon home. It's been a fun day to remember, for Joanie and three busy young TV performers—singer Janet of The Lawrence Welk Show, Robert Crawford Jr. (who is John Smith's kid brother in Laramie), and Johnny (Chuck Connors' son in The Rifleman).
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(Continued)

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Janet sings on The Lawrence Welk Show, seen on ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Dodge Div. of Chrysler Corp. and J. B. Williams Co., Inc. Other Welk programs are heard over ABC Radio; see local papers for day and time.

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TO BUILD A FAMILY

From Don McNeill's own heritage comes the magic formula with which he and Kay created the kind of "success" that really counts in life

by CHARLES CARNER

Don McNeill isn't one to glance backward very often, but, like most men in their middle years, he sometimes considers what might have been. For Don, who reaches his fifty-third birthday December 23, the "what might have been" forks in the road pointed to New York and Hollywood.

"Careerwise," Don admits, "I guess I've turned down more opportunities for so-called success than most people in this business. But, each time these chances came along, we weighed them against the boys' futures and, though these were good offers, we didn't want to uproot the family."

Don McNeill of the Breakfast Club realizes that, by this time, a network television program would be his, (Continued on page 60)

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, 9 to 9:55 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
All too true, says Carol Burnett . . .
when you yourself are only in your
twenties but face the challenge of being
a mother to your own kid sister!

by DAVID DACHS

This past summer, Carol Burnett anxiously
went around to parents of teenagers at a
New York State resort, asking—as seriously as
a U.N. delegate—“What time does your daugh-
ter have to be home? . . . What time does Johnny
have to be home from the Saturday dance? . . .
What time does Celia have to be in on Sunday
night?”

Since Carol is probably the most talked-about
TV comedienne since Imogene Coca and Lucille
Ball, the vacationers listened to her with a half-
smile, waiting for the punch-line. But the
“snapper” never came. Reason? Carol was in
dead-earnest.

For the fact is that reddish-brown-haired
Carol Burnett, chief female comedy backstop
on The Garry Moore Show, is the “mother” of
a teen-age girl, Christine. And lovely, long
haired Christine (pictured here with “mama”
Carol) is old enough to be dating!

Now, don’t jump to the conclusion that twen-
ty-six-year-old Carol was a child bride, similar
to one of the unshod lassies in the never-never-
land of Lil’ Abner’s “Dogpatch.” The far-from-
comic truth is that the parents of both Carol and
Christine are dead. So Carol now has the sole
responsibility of raising and guiding her kid
sister.

Of Christine, Carol says: “She’s full of life,
and I have my problems cut out for me in being
a parent. But I love her very much and she
loves me.”

Christine is a stunning brunette, a dark-eyed
beauty who causes swiveling of eyes wherever
she goes. She’s just sixteen this December, but
she could easily pass for nineteen or twenty. The
teenager is also quite tall. In fact, at five-feet-
eight, she’s taller than Carol, who tilts the yard-
stick at five-seven.

“I try to be with Chris as much as I can,” says
Carol. “Last year was pretty rough. I was on the
Garry Moore program and appearing in ‘Once
Upon A Mattress’ on Broadway. But I managed
as best I could.”

During the winter, Christine has a tight
schedule. She goes to St. John’s Baptist School,
an Episcopalian all-girls’ (Continued on page 76)
All too true, says Carol Burnett ... when you yourself are only in your twenties but face the challenge of being a mother to your own kid sister!

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For the fact is that reddish-brown-haired Carol Burnett, chief female comedy backstop on The Garry Moore Show, is the "mother" of a teen-age girl, Christine. And lovely, long-haired Christine (pictured here with "mama" Carol) is old enough to be dating. Now, don't jump to the conclusion that twenty-six-year-old Carol was a child bride, similar to one of the unshod lassies in the never-never-land of Li'l Abner's "Dogpatch." The far-from-comic truth is that the parents of both Carol and Christine are dead. So Carol now has the sole responsibility of raising and guiding her kid sister.

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From These Roots: Around young Lyddy (Sarah Hardy) swirl the highly adult problems of her mother Emily (Helen Shields, at top right), her aunt Rose Fraser (Tresa Hughes) and Jim Benson (played by Henderson Forsythe), the father she adored—and recently lost.

Being Lydia, on From These Roots, is exciting. But, personally, it keeps Sarah Hardy so busy that she sighs: “I can only dream about getting married”

by FRANCES KISH

SARAH HARDY, who plays Lydia Benson in the NBC daily television drama, From These Roots, is petite—five-feet-two, 110 pounds, tiny-waisted. Her thick, short dark hair is the kind a man wants to run his hands through. Her dark eyes are alight with fun—and warmth. Her manner is vivacious, her smile engaging, her voice soft and tinged with the music of the South. (She’s from Columbia, South Carolina.)

A romantic girl, in both appearance and actual fact. Yet Sarah herself has no time these days for romance. “I have to live vicariously in Lydia’s romances,” she sighs. “I can think about getting married, but that’s all. A working actress in a daytime drama doesn’t have much time for dates. Or much opportunity for meeting men who aren’t in show business—and I would rather not marry an actor. There seems (Continued on page 73)
Just that one problem: So little time for dates! The lucky man seen here is William Hale, who lives nearby—and has just abandoned acting for a career in advertising.

There's little drama in Sarah's own "inner sanctum" but lots of literature and fine art. She's an expert at sculpture, drawing—and practical painting, when necessary, in the apartment she shares with another career girl.
No Time for Romance

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From These Roots is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. EST, as produced by Paul Lammers, under multiple sponsorship.
What does it all mean? Humor that's new—and true—and indescribable. The

Bob Newhart tells this on himself. While in San Francisco, he played golf with a friend who brought two businessmen along. After the game, one of the men confided to Bob, “Your pal told us you are the best of the new comics. He must be kidding. You didn’t say a funny thing all day!” The fact is, as Bob explains, he is not a big belly-laugh comic. “Nor am I a sick or an angry young comic,” he adds ruefully. “But that won’t stop anyone from saying I am—or expecting me to live up to it.” Bob, whose first lp album, “The
year's quietest comedy click himself confesses: "I'd be afraid to analyze it"

Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart, perched atop the best-seller lists for months, smiles wistfully as he talks—and, at once, he seems transformed. He is no longer the newest laugh-maker of the "witnik" set, rival to Shelley Ber- man and Mort Sahl. He seems the personification of the man next door, caught in the grip of a world he never made and does not know how to con- trol. He is a modern Abe Lincoln, holding a neatly typed copy of the Gettysburg Address, being scolded by his publicity (Continued on page 74)
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Lovely Rosemary Prinz has very definite ideas on fragrance. To her, it is a completely personal accent. Fashions can be copied, but never the reaction of perfume on your particular skin, says Rosemary, who first discovered the real magic of fragrance on her eighteenth birthday—when a very handsome pilot presented her with a big bottle of perfume which he had flown in from Paris. Picture the excitement of the pretty teenager when she opened the precious bottle which had traveled all the way across the Atlantic Ocean especially for her! It was a wonderful moment that Rosemary will never forget. Since then, she uses perfume every day, no matter where she may be. Rosemary has two demands of perfume: It must be pleasing to her, and it must influence others to compliment her. She applies fragrance on her skin, on her wrists, in the crook of her arms, and on her throat. She admits to generous use because she wants always to be aware of the scent herself. Her tricks—she sprays fragrance on her hair after a fresh shampoo, saves empty perfume bottles to tuck into her closets and among her lingerie, sprays her gracious East Side apartment before guests arrive. Rosemary advises that no woman should overlook the power of perfume in completing her personality. The right fragrance is a conversation-piece which attracts others to you, adds to feminine allure.
pressed by the fabrics, she couldn’t find a style that would be comfortable on the N.Y. scene. Finally, in Venice, she saw exactly what she wanted in a shop window. She went in and found the Italian clerks spoke no English. She pointed at the dress and asked, “Do you have that in size twelve?” They didn’t understand. She counted to twelve on her fingers, then to twelve on the dress out of the window and wrote “12” on a piece of paper. Then, gently but forcibly, they took the dress away from her and ejected her from the store. She had been in a dry cleaning shop!

Ear Happy: “Zacherley,” noted the jacket cover, “was, of course, born in Transylvania, the eldest of three only sons, parented by a migratory mortician and a reformed lady spiritualist.” And now, fully ingrown, the TV idol (grrr) of many Easterners has made an album for Elektra—“Spook Along with Zacherley”—that boasts such little monsters as “The Ghoul View” and “Spider Man Lullaby.” . . . TV’s Louis Nye presents “Heigh-Ho, Madison Avenue: Songs of The Advertising Game” for Riverside. And it’s a bloody, hilarious mess that Louis makes of the advertising boys with such gems as “Ode to an Ulcer,” “Thimk, Scheme and Plan Ahead,” and “Flush the Dirt Right Down the Drain.”

The southern-fried hipster, Dave Gardner, comes up with the same gawk-eyed humor that has made him a frequent visitor on Paar’s show. This disc is Victor’s and it was recorded in Texas. . . . Just to change the subject, for the most refreshing Yuletide songs you’ve ever put on the phonograph, Victor’s twins (Hugo and Luigi) have gathered a chorus of twenty-two youngsters between the ages of eight and twelve—the number varying, according to the prevalence of mumps and head colds—to record “The Sound of Children at Christmas.” This one you will love.

Canapes: The new year finds Julia Meade with a choice Hollywood plum. She’ll play the naive wife in the movie version of Broadway’s hit, “The Chalk Garden.” . . . Johnny Mathis now works for a minimum of twenty-five grand a week plus percentage. . . . Arlene Francis making the winter scene with white mink from chin to ankles. . . . CBS pulls Ingrid Bergman out of the hat in March with dramatic special, “Four and Twenty Hours in a Woman’s Life.” . . . Yul Brynner makes the CBS-TV network December 10 with a special report on “Yul Brynner’s Odyssey,” a documentary on fifteen million men without a country . . . In deference to NBC’s colorcasting, Merv Griffin has accumulated a closet full of brilliantly-hued vests. . . . Talk about job security: Galen Drake has begun reading a portion of the Bible daily, via radio, and will go on to the end. Figures it will take him two years. . . . Riverboat tor-peded and being replaced next month with The Canfield Brothers, a Civil War series.

Hail—and Farewell: Easterners are still stunned by the loss of their beloved Western hero, Ward Bond. Of all pioneer-type characters, Major Adams of Wagon Train came closest to being a “father image.” Ward’s death was most untimely; he was born April 9, 1903, in California, but his circumstances were peculiarly in keeping with the sports-loving life he led. He was in Texas with his wife Mary Lou, on the eve of making a personal appearance in the Cotton Bowl during the game between the Dallas Cowboys and Los Angeles Rams. Football was close to the heart of this Western star who stood six-feet-four and weighed 215 pounds. Ward was playing tackle for the University of Southern California Trojans when he was discovered for movies. From then on, it was an acting career for the bratty chap who’d studied at Stanford and Bond was a familiar figure on-screen for thirty years, playing both good guys and villains—but nothing to equal the fame which was his on TV, from the moment Wagon Train premiered three years ago. Now millions mourn his passing.

The Really Big Ones: NBC sweeps the holiday season with special programming. On December 8, Mary Martin is in with her new color-taped version of “Peter Pan.” Her big problem, at press time, was finding a girl to play Wendy. In the ’58 version, the role was played by Shirley MacLaine. For the TV version, the role was played by the much younger and thinner Elizabeth Seal, star of Broadway’s musical smash “Irma la Douce,” makes the Como scene on January 4. . . . Robert Merrill doesn’t require elevator shoes to build his ego. “I grow dwarf trees around my house to make me feel tall.” . . . Garry Moore has resolved to hike, no also a sick comics and no progressive jazz on his Tuesday-night show. Finds the mass audience cares not for them . . . And Scott Brady has resolved that he will do no drinking on New Year’s Eve because he doesn’t want New Year’s Day to be remembered as the “moaning” after. That’s all brother.
Home is where the Family is

For Martin Milner, traveling CBS-TV's Route 66 is a happy journey... so long as his wife and tiny daughter can be with him
Martin Milner, handsome young co-star of CBS-TV's Route 66, surprised even his closest friends when he decided to take his family with him to the remote location sites where the series is being shot. . . . The original plan, when Martin signed the contract, was for him to travel by himself—and return, whenever he could, to see his beautiful wife Judy, and their two-year-old daughter Amy. There were several reasons for this decision. The first was that Judy is expecting another child, and, though the doctor said she could travel, Milner knew that he'd be going into some rough country, and he didn't want his wife to run the slightest risk. The second reason was that he is very devoted to his little girl Amy, and he felt that a child of her age should have a stable, secure home environment. Lastly, he felt that his home life should not be disrupted merely because he had landed a co-starring role. He didn't feel it was fair to his wife and baby. Why, then, did the young actor change his mind? Martin is an intelligent, mature person; he is not given to hasty or rash action. . . . The change came following a month on location in Louisiana, filming stories in the steaming bayous, on an off-shore oil rig, in the Gulf of Mexico, and in the mysterious old French Quarter of New Orleans. During his stay in Louisiana, Martin telephoned home every night. When he had time, he wrote letters. But this was not enough. Martin's devotion to Judy and Amy could not fully span the distance that had been placed between them. When he stepped off the plane in Los Angeles, Martin was burdened not only with the presents he had bought for his wife and child, but also with the knowledge that he would only be home for three days. Soon he was to be flown into Kanab, Utah, to film another episode of Route 66. The big decision was made after his wife tearfully told him she had heard Amy tell a neighbor's child that she had no father! The next day, Martin phoned the studio and told them to make the necessary provision for two more travelers. . . . As Martin explained, "Nothing is going to separate my family. It is the most precious possession that I can call mine, and nobody will ever take it away from me. Judy and I will keep moving with the company until the doctor calls a halt. Then I'll take her to our new home." So far, Martin, Judy and Amy have lived in nearby motels and hotels while filming episodes in Kanab, Utah; Port Hueneme, California; Grants Pass, and Merlin, Oregon; Page, Arizona; and Carlsbad, New Mexico. At each new stop, Judy and Martin work together to make a new home for Amy. "We'll admit that it has its disadvantages," said Judy, "but nothing has ever brought us closer together. We're growing together more and more each day."

Wherever they stay in their travels—be it motel, hotel or boarding house—little Amy and mommy Judy make sure it's "just like home" for husband-and-daddy Martin.

Route 66 is seen on CBS-TV. Fri., 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EST, for Chevrolet Motors, Marlboro Cigarettes, Bayer Aspirin.
To Build A Family

(Continued from page 48) had he moved. Yet knowing this—and knowing, too, that many families made the change and survived—did not alter Don's opinion then. Nor does it now. "You just never know how it might have affected them," he replies.

Don McNell's feeling of responsibility toward raising his family may have dimmed his chances for network television, but the investment in his family is paying dividends beyond the fondest dreams of Don and his wife Kay. Tom, 25, a lawyer and first lieutenant in the Judge Advocate General's Corps of the Air Force, and Don Jr., 24, who is continuing his studies, were both graduated summa cum laude from Notre Dame and Bob, 19, is among the top scholars in his sophomore class at the same great university.

Like their parents, the boys feel a deep sense of responsibility toward fellow countrymen. This past summer, Tom and Bob led a tour of fourteen college students through Europe, including East Germany and on to Russia. This experience impressed Tom so greatly that he plans a lecture tour, upon termination of his service career in early 1962, to help alert the nation to the dangers of communism.

This fall, the two boys appeared on the Breakfast Club and, in their interviews with Don, explained to the listeners how the indoctrinated Russians refuse to consider other systems or to believe they have no real choice under communism.

These three young men are serious, intelligent, responsible, stable, and handsome. It is natural to conclude that these assets accrued to them because of the time and effort and parental concern that Don and Kay contributed to raising this family. Though he's very proud of his sons, Don, with characteristic modesty, expresses surprise that they turned out so well. It's still obvious that the excellent example set for them by their parents was greatly responsible.

Don's sister, Dr. Agnes McNell Donahue, head of the English Department at Barat College in Lake Forest, Illinois, explains it this way: "Don and Kay drove all over the northern and western suburbs of Chicago to watch the boys participate in athletics. There wasn't a Saturday that went by, regardless of the weather, that the two of them weren't out there cheering the boys on, and often Don's dad and I joined them."

"That's true," says Don. "We've always maintained that youngsters already had two strikes against them if their parents weren't interested in the children's activities.

"Don and Kay put the boys before everything else," Mrs. Donahue adds. "No social engagement was ever important enough to cancel out a family activity. When a birthday party was being offered, it never was necessary for either parent to order the boys to be home that evening. Each knew it was a "family night," and each one wanted to be there. Table tennis, living-room bowling, and cartooning for the high-school papers led to editing the annuals. He was in the drama group. After taking music lessons and learning to play the flute, clarinet, and saxophone, he organized a band which played all over the area and at school dances. Topping it all off, Don curiously made the honor roll.

The story of Don's being fired from the Milwaukee station, when he asked for a raise, and being told he "had no future in radio," is familiar to all Breakfast Clubbers. This occurred during the worst of the Depression years, when the Depression hit his father's business and he'd found work as a newspaper columnist and radio announcer.

After graduation—as valedictorian of his class—Don went to Louisville, Kentucky, and developed an act, "The Two Professors," with Van Fleming. With-in a short time, the program went on the network, and the two performers moved to San Francisco. Fame and fortune beckoned, and Don married Kay (the former Katherine Bennett of Milwaukee) on the West Coast.

Eleven years have past, but it was all over. The sponsor dropped the program. The act split up, and Don and Kay returned to Milwaukee. Those were dark days. To survive, Don organized and emceed highly successful Saturday-night jambores at a local Milwaukee auditorium. But that Don calls "the starvation period" ended almost at the moment he auditioned for the Breakfast Club in 1933. In twenty-seven years, his consecutive-broadcast record rivals Lou Gehrig's for baseball—and it has assuredly earned Don the title of "Iron Man," too.

To this day, he's still able to set a record like that in an occupation as unstable and competitive as show business. Don is a very unusual person," says Mrs. Donahue. "He is not pushy for himself, nor is he greedy. He's led an exemplary life. This, in itself, is unusual in the business of entertainment.

Many of the reasons why Don McNell has maintained this strength of character are evident in his background. Grandfather McNell was orphans, between his second and third year in elementary school, in Boston. He received no further formal education but became a reader. Today, on the bookshelves in the Evanston home of Don's father, Harry McNell, there are many volumes which belonged to Grandfather McNell—Dickens, "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," Balzac, Zola, and others. By the time he passed away, he could recite entire chapters from much of what he'd read.

A huge, handsome, self-made man was Grandfather McNell. He felt every gentleman should write a "fine hand," so he taught himself to write a beautiful Spencerian script, none of which are still kept in the Evanston home. And he served as president of the local school board in Sheboygan.

But when his son Harry was about to enter high school, Grandfather Mc-

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many people term the ultimate of success, in favor of a more modest showbusiness career, one must know Don's background and know the obstacles he overcame. One must know, too, the closeness of this entire family, from Grandfather McNell to the children.

As a result of a childhood illness, Don was not a robust youth. After the family had moved from Galena, Illinois, where Don was born—to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where his grandfather had a furniture factory—the future radio star built up his health in all manner of ways.

During summer vacations at the family cottage near Princeton, Wisconsin, Don slept outside in the woods. His father and grandfather always took Don with them when they went on fishing and hunting trips, to help him build up, and he continually worked out, although he didn't participate in athletics.

But he was into everything else, in those years, to make up for it. Illustrat-
Neill decided it wasn't necessary for a boy to attend high school—he should learn a trade, then directly enter college. So, at fourteen, Harry McNeill became an apprentice machinist. On concluding the apprenticeship, he took entrance examinations for the University of Wisconsin—and was accepted.

This is Don McNeill's heritage. It isn't surprising that this sort of ruggedness, the ability to withstand show-business pressures, is reflected in Don's life—as well as in the daily broadcasts of his Breakfast Club, which has been the springboard to fame for many young persons. It's small wonder that the program has brought so much happiness and comfort to listeners, throughout the years, with a McNeill at the throttle! Many of the program features—the four "calls to breakfast," March Time, Memory Time (when Don reads his favorite homely poems), and the Moment of Silent Prayer—spring from Don's early life and from his own philosophy.

For millions of Breakfast Club listeners, it is good news that the program will continue—and with McNeill at the controls. But eventually, Don knows, he'll step aside. When this does happen, he is inclined toward teaching.

"Typically, he is not interested in material success and power," says Mrs. Donahue, "nor is he interested in entering industry to make money. He would rather be of some service to young people. I've often told him the money is not tremendous but the rewards are."

Of this, Don says: "I would teach them the realities of the communications industry, and I'd tell these rosy-cheeked young to make money unless they're willing to work at least five times as hard as the next person, and do it for less money—they should choose another field."

This is the voice of experience. Don was a musician, writer, comedian, and announcer. He worked day and night when he started seventy years ago, beavered to the advertising agencies in New York and anywhere else a potential sponsor reared his head. That was how long Breakfast Club remained unsponsored. Suddenly, all the past efforts paid off, and sponsors flocked to the program.

There may have been an easier way—those forks in the road, for instance—and it might have led to greater fame in television, as well as radio. But Don knew what he was doing when he traded this away for the benefit of his family and listeners.

To Don McNeill the big things in life are simple: The satisfaction of raising a family, watching your children grow, being part of their lives and having them want you to be a part of theirs. The greatest thing, according to Don, is to see what you've done growing up in your children.

"What many people term success, bright lights, money, assume less importance every year. They diminish in square-root proportion to your number of years," says the wise coffee-and-tosteamaster of America's beloved Breakfast Club.

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Little Miss Dynamite

(Continued from page 39)

Here's a sample of what would have to be included: In Rio de Janeiro, a contingent of soldiers, armed with machine guns, barred her from opening at a nightclub... but, a few days later, the governor sent his mounted palace guard to rescue her from over-enthusiastic fans. In Paris, she sits beside the president of France. The press, discussed "child poetess of France" became her best girlfriend, and a teenage- age duke, descendant of a Royalist family, became the nearest to a steady boyfriend that Brenda has ever had. In America, she has been a paid TV performer since she was ten, has put several discs into the hit lists and topped the charts, the past summer, with her gold record, "I'm Sorry."

And here's the payoff: Brenda Lee is just sixteen years old! She stands less than five feet tall, weighs less than a hundred pounds, has tawnily brown hair just outgrowing her freckles and looks like everyone's favorite girl-next-door. She lives near Nashville, Tennessee, with her mother, Mrs. Grace Tarpley Rainwater, her brother Randall, 10, and a half-sister, Robyn, 4. Her older sister, Linda, 18, recently married.

Last summer, they moved into a new house in the suburban Creve Coeur Hall section. Brenda describes it: "It's a Swiss chalet split-level, with four bedrooms and lots of living space. And don't forget three baths. At last, I can spread out all my girl-type stuff without having my kid brother yell I'm hogging the bathroom."

A Student, Brenda is a sophomore at Maplewood High School and, for her school is "just like it is for everybody else." "We go to the mall, catch a bus a little after seven, get home about four. If I have homework, I do it then. I like to get it finished. Then my girlfriend Nancy Jessup and I listen to records, try out hair-dos. The usual stuff."

Brenda thinks she is too young to go steady, and dates are group projects. Despite her stardom, she fits into the crowd. "That's the beauty of living in Nashville, where there are a hundred entertainers per square inch. Lots of kids in my school come from show-business families, so who's going to be impressed? I get along. I was president of my freshman class. I'm one of the cheer leaders, I'm on my debate team."

Understatement, with a twist of irony, is characteristic of Brenda. She makes terse comments and totally lacks that ain't-I-get attitude which besets some performers. During one of the many, many interviews she had while in New York to receive her gold record, a reporter asked her, "Do you know Elvis Presley?"

Brenda didn't crack a smile. One had to look close to see the twinkle in her eye. "Elvis and I are the greatest friends," she replied, "but you know how it is. He's so busy, and he's gone so much of the time... and it's so far from Memphis to Nashville..." Her voice trails off, as in a perfect duplication of an embarrassed freshman explaining why the senior she has a crush on hasn't called her.

In point of fact, her answer could have been quite different. Elvis has been collecting Brenda Lee records since the days when he himself was little known, and has no idea how she has ever cut. Further, she tops him on at least one score. In his struggling days, it broke his heart because Nashville's Grand Ole Opry turned him down on the grounds that he wasn't a "country" singer. Brenda isn't, either—but she has been on the Opry. Brenda and Elvis have the personal mutual style have won her many fans among the pros. The veteran orchestra leader, Owen Bradley, who is now Decca's artists-and-repertoire man in Nashville and is in charge of Brenda's recording sessions, offers this opinion: "Brenda doesn't sing like anybody, but she has Jimmie Rodgers. It's more voice, more style, than you expect a person her age to have."

In her early years, love and sorrow both left their mark on Brenda's singing. She was born December 11, 1944, at Atlanta, Georgia, the second daughter of Ruben and Grace Tarpley Rainwater. Brenda's father was a carpenter-off-season. Grace would have liked to sing, and Brenda Lee started singing when she was two. "Mother tells me that I'd sing along with her and with the radio. I'd sing anything—hits, hymns, ballads—for anyone who wanted."

She would draw a crowd of appreciative neighbors when she was three, and her uncle paid off in ice-cream cones. She won a talent contest when she was four and, at six, another talent contest brought her into television. "After I won, the sponsor, a resort hotel, asked me to do their regular cast. This was my first job. I got paid maybe five dollars a night. I was on it three years."

Being as familiar with microphones and cameras as she was with dolls and doll buggies, and being as accustomed to crowds as she was to playmates next door, has given Brenda an unshakable poise. She has never had stage fright. Tragedy added its depth to her style when she was seven. Her beloved father was critically hurt in an industrial accident. The day before he died, he gave her his blessing and fare-
Perhaps it was a sorrowing child's wish to sing as high as heaven that gave Brenda Lee her intensity. If she ever had any "cute kid" tricks, she lost them fast. People called her "Miss Poker Face."

This brought her that first, big break. Dub Allbritten, her manager, and the most important man in Brenda's life since her father died—tells about it: "I was managing Red Foley's show when we came into Augusta, Georgia, where Grace Tarpley and her children were then living. When we got the usual request from a disc jockey to put a local kid on the show, we didn't expect too much. We just asked that she hold her song down to three minutes."

Brenda's intentions were good, but the crowd wouldn't let her go. Red Foley later described the scene: "One foot popped out the rhythm as though she were stomping out a prairie fire, but not another muscle in that little body twitched. And when she did that trick of breaking her voice, it just plain jarred me. I stood there with my mouth open two miles wide."

Dub Allbritten recalls that he said, "We've got to have her," and, with that, their friendship began. Eventually Dub became Brenda Lee's personal manager.

The first national television audience saw Brenda in 1956, via Foley's big show on ABC-TV, when she did the bayou blues number, "Jambalaya." The next day, Jack O'Brian, acid-penned critic of the New York Journal-American, wrote, "I didn't catch the name of the nine-year-old singer on Ozark Jubilee, but she belts out a song like a star."

Show bookers took notice. She was a regular performer on Jubilee and she guest-starred with Perry Como and Steve Allen, played Las Vegas, and signed a record contract with Decca.

Her first near-million hit, "Dynamite," late in 1958, sold as well abroad as it did here. Foreign booking offers followed and, at fourteen, Brenda became one of the youngest American girls ever to earn that resounding old Victorian title, "The Toast of London and Paris." Those toast were drunk in champagne, ale, tea, milk and just plain water, for people of all ages fell in love with "Little Miss Dynamite."

After appearing on major television shows, she went to the Olympia theater in Paris. Originally booked for four weeks, she stayed nine. One paper headlined, "Brenda Lee rocks and Paris rolls." Another said, "There's a new star in the sky over Paris." Another paper created a sensation by claiming she was not a child, but a midget. A rival paper replied by running a blow-up of her passport to establish her real age.

The shopkeepers of Paris—who, some tourists claim, can pull an American dollar out of the air and bank it—paid their tribute in a remarkable fashion.

(Continued on next page)
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9097—Wear as jumper with blouse now, later on omit the blouse and you’ve a pretty spring dress. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 10-20. Size 16 jumper: 3½ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 2½ yards 35-inch. State size. 50c

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4821—Longer-waisted, half-size style with smartly cut collar, cuffs. Printed Pattern in Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric; ½ yard contrast. State size. 35c

4604—Beautiful basic with smartly set in sleeves, tabs and buttons. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 50c

Seldom was Brenda permitted to pay for anything, says Dub. “When she admired some crystal goblets at a restaurant, the gift of a dozen was at our hotel when we returned. She saw a toy bulldog that cost thirty-five dollars. I argued it was too expensive. I didn’t even know the shopkeeper understood English—but in came the dog, with his compliments.”

Many people invited her to visit their homes, and Brenda often accepted. Two of the most enjoyable friendships were with a girl poet and a young duke. “We’d go over to his house all the time,” says Brenda. Minou Drouett is the child poet whose first published works caused some critics to claim they could never possibly have been written by one so young. When a reporter tagged Brenda “the Minou Drouett of rock ‘n’ roll,” the pretty little poet asked to meet her. “We were introduced at a style show, and discovered we were nearly the same age. We often visited each other, after that. And now she writes me the most wonderful letters.”

In contrast to her Parisian triumphs, Brenda’s venture into South America began with turmoil. Dub says, “We hadn’t been fully instructed about their tax regulations. We were told to prove she was ‘emancipated’ before she could open at a Rio de Janeiro night club. We just didn’t have the proper records with us and it would have taken a week to secure them from home. The night-club owner and the officials got into quite a contention and a judge ordered in a contingent of eighteen soldiers, with machine guns, to keep Brenda from setting foot inside the club.”

All was well—better, perhaps—when Brenda was transferred to a theater, for then fans her own age could see her. Again, Brenda charmed them. But their ardor provoked another incident. The governor invited Brenda to a midnight supper at his palace. When she was two hours late, an aide phoned to find out what had happened. Dub answered, “There’s such a crowd of kids, we can’t get out of the theater.”

The governor acted promptly. Within a few minutes, his mounted palace guard came charging down the street, dispersed the crowd and escorted Brenda to the party.

Brazil’s president, Juscelino Kubitschek, also asked that she be presented to him and, at a reception, called her “the best goodwill ambassador the States have sent us. She promotes understanding between our young people.”

With such experiences, it is no wonder that Brenda, when she received her gold record last summer, calmly accepted it by saying, “At last. After all these years.”

But, back in the hotel, a young girl’s natural show of sentiment broke through her performer’s poise. To her friend and manager, Dub Allbritten, she said, “I wish my dad could have been here . . .” And then, wistfully, “Do you think he knows?”

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Hong Kong

(Continued from page 34)

measure—and proceed to show you how wrong you can be.

“We set up the camera as if we were going to shoot the Hong Kong side,” says Rod, “and then I walked across a little narrow railroad bridge, gave a signal behind my back, and the camera swung around to shoot the border. Everyone was very tense. Here were the Red police and the machine guns and the pillboxes. It was a weird atmosphere, and when you’re there—when you are actually there—the whole thing seems unbelievable.

“The guards turn the border stand about four feet apart and never speak to each other or smile or nod or anything like that. They just stand there with their machine guns, twenty-four hours a day, watching the border con nity.” Rod shakes his head and seems to recall the scene with a slight chill. It’s weird,” he says again.

“When I walked up to the border,” Rod resumes, “this guy had his machine gun trained on me because I was wearing an American suit. Then, when they saw the camera and caught on to what we were doing, they jabbering away and another guard ran into the pillbox and came out with his own camera and started taking pictures of me.

“About two minutes after I walked back, a loudspeaker came on, with a woman’s voice shrieking in Cantonese that Eisenhow had lost face in the Orient and that, if the American movie company thought it could come up and poke fun at them, we were very much mistaken.

“It wasn’t till then the Hong Kong police told me there had been some crew a week before, when a Japanese company had brought up their cameras to shoot some scenes. The story came out that the Japanese script girl had shaken her fist in a guard’s face and he had run away—which was untrue, of course—but the Japanese had been spreading it around and the Commies were just waiting for another Japanese company to show up.

“If I had known about that, we wouldn’t have gone up there in the first place. I’m not that brave! I could have been shot!”

If Rod and the location crew were startled, it was small compared with the surprises they brought back to the sets of Hong Kong. “We had to hide the camera,” Rod explains. “You couldn’t leave it in the open, because thousands of people would come around and take the screws out of the tripod and anything else they could get.

“So, we hid the camera in a basket on a coolie’s shoulder or in a rickshaw or anywhere we could think of. Lloyd Bochner, who plays the chief inspector in the series, had his uniform made at the police quartermaster’s store, so it’s identical to the Hong Kong police uniform.

“Then I’d run down one of those crowded little streets, with Bochner in full pursuit, and the people wouldn’t know what was going on. We got genuine reactions. Beautiful reactions. Bochner would go into a little Hong Kong bar, sort of push his way in and stand there, looking stern. The patrons didn’t know he wasn’t a real policeman and they’d quiet down and watch him. After a minute, he’d say, ‘Carry on!’ very authoritatively. Then he’d turn around and walk out. Another time we boarded a junk and scared them pretty badly. They thought it was a raid and started throwing their opium pipes onboard.”

“If it hadn’t been for Rod’s penchant for turning a flat ‘no’ into a positive ‘yes,’ the chances are he would not be in America today. His arrival here was not exactly auspicious, despite the fact he had won the Rola Award for radio acting in his native Australia plus the ‘down under’ version of the Critics’ Circle Award for his work in the theater.

“I had reached the point in my Australian career where I was a fly in a bottle,” he explains. “I could go up and I could go down. It was fantastic. I was doing about forty starring roles in radio—there was no television. I’d work all day in radio, then, at night, I’d be at the theater. I was about as big as I could get in Australia.

“The Rola Award included a sum of money, and I was going to England to get out of the bottle. But then I delayed long enough to do the American movie which was shooting there with Robert Newton—‘Long John Silver’—and everybody said, ‘Go to America.’

“So I came to America. All sorts of flattering letters went back and forth before my arrival and, when I got here, M.C.A. was at the airport to meet me. I guess they were expecting a cross between Marlon Brando and Rock Hudson. Then I stepped off the plane in my tights, the Down Under suit and their faces fell, visibly. I thought, Okay, you don’t like me. I’ll stay!”

Rod quickly decided that M.C.A. was too big and too interested in a newcomer, and he went to a smaller agency. Little by little, waiting for another movie company to show up.

“He progressed from minor roles to starring parts on television’s Studio One, G-E Theater, Playhouse 90 and all the major shows. In motion pictures, he followed the same path, beginning with a small part in “A Catered Affair,” working his way to important roles in “The Darkest Hour,” “Giant,” “Separate Tables” and a number of major productions.

“His latest picture, “The Time Machine,” in which he stars with Yvette Mimieux, brought him face to face with another man who wouldn’t take no for an answer. “I turned the part down, to begin with,” Rod recalls. “Then George Pal, the producer-director, called me and said he wasn’t making ‘a science-fiction picture.’ He said, ‘I’ve never directed before. There are areas where I can help you and

Mario Lanza
The Man Who Lived Too Hard, Died Too Young.

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areas where I can be of help to you.'

"He's something of a con artist, too, you know," Rod adds with a grin. "Fortunately so, because it did give me an opportunity to work closely with the director, rather than just coming to work and going home."

Rod was at the point in his career where he had a great deal of prestige within the business, but was only a familiar face to the average movie audience and television viewer. "Studios don't build stars anymore," he explains, "but I think television series do. Before Hong Kong came along, I had to turn down most of the new series because I felt they weren't right for me. I love to work, but I wouldn't do anything that I didn't enjoy."

"When I first heard of this series, it intrigued me. I talked with the creator of the show, Bob Buckner, and found our ideas coincided. This was no 'Fu-Manchu in Hong Kong' thing. I felt the character Glenn Evans could very well be Rod Taylor. I'm not creating a separate screen personality for this. If I got up there on the screen and 'pretended' for thirty-nine weeks, somebody would see through it, or else get awfully sick of it. Either the public buys me, or we're out of luck."

"Now, don't confuse 'screen personality' with 'character.' This character of Glenn Evans, for instance, the roving American correspondent, is a guy who can be charming in a Cary Grant situation, and be just as suave—then take off his coat and slug it out, as Cary Grant wouldn't. He can be a gentleman, and still be tough. He can be well dressed, and sometimes he can be a slob."

"This, I think, is what is going to catch the audience and keep them interested, the injection of contrast. We didn't go to the opposite end of the scale probably. There are gentle situations, loving situations, action situations—even sexy situations. Some shows are played within four walls. Others are completely out-of-doors. I think we have a good series, a good, solid, exciting show."

Rod has recently moved into a new home above Coldwater Canyon, in the area also favored by Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee. He's still a bachelor, and has no plans to change that status any time soon. "I'm enjoying life too much," he admits, "and I'm such a beast about work that I couldn't burden any gentle little girl with it."

"I've been too busy to entertain much yet. I usually keep the group down to one or two—preferably some dear girl I can persuade to cook dinner for me."

Rod possesses such a gracious, persuasive manner that this shouldn't present any serious problem, although he declares, "I'm not terribly fond of myself."

"I feel that, to get things done, often I have to be a not very nice guy. I'm very serious about things, especially my work, and sometimes I am probably a bit abrupt and rude. It takes people a while to see that I'm not a rat. Honesty is probably my trouble—some people don't like honesty in others, some do."

Apparently there are more who do than he realizes, for it's the audience which makes a star—and audiences at home and in the theater have definitely made a star of Rod Taylor.

(Continued from page 43)

Junior Chambers of Commerce in other cities about where to buzz through next on his "See America" tour in 1962. As one of the oldest hour-long network TV show, Ed's been careful not to rest on his laurels or his format too long. Many another television luminary, once assured of popularity, has made the mistake of continuing in the same old groove until it turned into a rut and finally a grave. The non-smiling Irishman, on the other hand, has never let high ratings lull him into complacency or dullness. Each year, he has varied his variety show.

In 1958, Ed devoted a whole program to a filmed visit to the Brussels World Fair. He got itchy feet soon after his return. Trips to Spoleto, Italy, and to Russia followed. But, this year, Sullivan surprised everyone, by travelling all over the world, he was ignorance of the tremendous dramatic possibilities of his own country. "I decided something should be done about the United States," he says, "After all, Americans are nice people. They live in nice communities. It amuses me to think that, after traveling all over the globe looking for novel vistas, I should find the most unique ones right on my own doorstep."

The fifty-nine-year-old television pioneer decided—after urging from his son-in-law, Robert Precht, producer of the show—that San Francisco would be the perfect spot for the American tour. "Actually, I've always loved San Francisco," says Ed. "When I was the Hollywood columnist for the New York Daily News, I used to drive over there every couple of weeks—or sooner, if I became homesick. San Francisco is so much of the West Coast city. The theaters and restaurants are so similar. It was a great place to get over one's loneliness. I remember it being such a joy getting away from Hollywood, where everyone dressed in slacks and casual clothes."

Ed also rates the people living in the Bay area as being of the first water. "They're actually friendly New Yorkers," says Ed. "They think nothing of walking up to you, a total stranger, and inviting you home for a dinner. You'd never see anything like that happen in New York."

The gregarious Gael hadn't been in San Francisco for five years, up to the time he dropped in on the city in September. And what a greeting the Californians gave him! It was almost as though they knew how he felt about them and their city. As he stepped from the plane, the St. Mary's Catholic Chinese girls' drum-and-glockenspiel corps broke into with a lively version of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," And, begorra, before you knew it, Ed broke out into one of his famous shamrock-sprouting grins.

Ed claims he didn't believe the tremendous reception was for him. "With all the bands blaring, and the big crowd, I thought they were expecting Mary's. It was only after I saw a group of girls shouting out 'Welcome to Ed Sullivan' that I realized this was all for me. I can truthfully say that the airport reception was one of the nicest things that has ever happened to me."

Throughout his week-long sojourn in San Francisco, the warmth extended toward Ed never abated. When he hosted the special Pacific Festival Variety show, he was constantly hailed with cries of "Hi, Ed," and "Let's have another big show this Sunday!"

During the taping of the Johnny Mathis sequence, in which Ed and Mary drove down one of the town's incredibly winding streets, the crowds besieged both men for autographs. It was the same in the ten other locales where Ed wound up taping the rest of the October 16 program.

The celebs for the show were selected on the basis that they had either been based in San Francisco or had become famous in the colorful town. Since Mathis had crooned his first notes in the West Coast city, he was a natural to be in demand. Sultry-voiced Peggy Lee, a native Californian, was requested to appear because she'd scored some of her greatest triumphs in San Francisco. Hit wit Mort Sahl was picked because he had first blistered the hides of the high-and-mighty in the "hungry i" night club.

Jazz-great Dave Brubeck, who lives in nearby Oakland and is considered the dean of the West Coast swing set, also got an early invite from Sullivan. Myra Kirsten was seen immediately as the currently-favored soprano with the San Francisco Opera Company. Completing the lineup were the Limeliters, a new vocal group, who had recently created a sensation in the city.

With this kind of talent, the only ingredient necessary to make the initial show a smash was one that Sullivan success was the "European technique." This was something developed by Bob Precht on Ed's European excursions. It consisted of capturing the cities as they actually existed.

"In the past," says Ed, "when I did shows out of Detroit, Philadelphia or Chicago, I used theaters, skating rinks, and memorial halls for backdrops. The programs could be done in any city and it wouldn't have made any difference. Bob suggested giving the TV audience a chance to get the feel and the atmosphere of the city visited. I think you'll agree that, in our San Francisco and Chicago shows, Bob succeeded in capturing the full flavor of
the cities. It was accomplished by tapping the show in the various sections of the town.

By this process, viewers got a capsule travelogue of San Francisco. They saw a portion of the city’s craggy landscape when the camera focused on Bruck’s picturesque house on the side of a cliff. They obtained a revealing look at the Chinatown sector where little Ginny Tin introduced her talented sisters and brothers in an impromptu act. They were given a perceptive insight into Oakland Naval Hospital when Peggy Lee entertained. They thrilled to the beauty of the Japanese Gardens in Golden Gate Park when Dorothy Kirsten sang an aria from “Madame Butterfly.” And they caught a glimpse of West Coast night life when Mort Sahl performed in “the hungry i.”

While the San Francisco show stressed performers who were associated with the locale in one way or another, the Chicago program emphasized the college-oriented community idea. As a result, Charlton Heston was taped doing his best background at Northwestern University, where he studied drama. Benny Goodman, who started at Jane Addams’ Hull House, was presented there. Bob Newhart was pictured in the student building of his alma mater, Loyola University. As in the case of San Francisco, liberal use was made of slides to enhance the mood of the show.

The trip to the Windy City whipped up some memories for Ed—not all of them pleasant. “During the first World War, I ran away to Chicago to join the Marines. I used the name of Frank Keegan, a friend of mine in school. But the Navy doctor was suspicious of my age,” says Ed. “He asked me if I lived in Chicago, and I said yes. But I couldn’t tell him my address and so I was rejected.

“Pretty soon, my money ran out. I never was so cold or hungry in my life. I slept most of the time in a Y.M.C.A. for a quarter a night. That’s the cheapest place to live. It’s a place to lie down. I was very grateful to the city when my folks finally caught up to me. I’ll always carry a picture of icy streets and chilling winds when I think of Chicago.”

With two cities of the tour behind him, Ed eagerly looked forward to the rest of his traveling schedule—especially the jaunt to Dallas. “I’ve been in Texas five times, and I love Dallas, so I think the Texans will like us,” he says.

Ol’ Smiley’s almost joyful, when he talks about the scheduled trek to New Orleans during Mardi Gras time. “We plan to have Louis Armstrong serving as our official guide. It’s such a colorful place, I’m sure we’ll be able to impart a great deal of information and excitement of the festival to the TV audience. The last time I visited the Louisiana town was four years ago, and I can’t wait for the return trip. The people are utterly charming, but I think they’re more reserved than in many other parts of the country.

When he lights into Los Angeles in March, Ed expects to bump into many old friends. “It’s such a cosmopolitan town and there are many ex-New Yorkers living there. It’s like ‘old home week’ every time I arrive.”

In envisioning his forthcoming journey to Washington, D.C., Ed expresses the hope that the show won’t be too color. “We’ll be down there in cherry-blossom time,” he mourns, “and color TV would have caught the beautiful scene to perfection.”

When May rolls around, TV’s broth of a boy will be in Boston, where he never fails to be swamped by admirers. “April’s the name,” says Ed, “anybody named Sullivan would be in like a thief, in Boston. I remember in 1922, when I was covering the boat races for the New York Evening Mail up there. Nobody could get a Western Union wire to telegraph their stories back to the papers. I walked up to the dispatcher and slapped him with a gruffly said: ‘Out of the question!’ But then he asked, ‘What’s your name, Sonny?’ When I told him ‘Sullivan,’ he broke into a big grin. ‘Sullivan, eh. Well, that’s different!’

Strangely enough, the last time Ed visited Boston he got the scare of his life when he thought his helicopter was going to be swamped by a helicopter,” he says. “I didn’t feel at all secure in the thing, I kept rocking from one side to the other. And it flew so slow! I could actually see the maid’s making up the beds in the downtown hotels.

Ed’s now flying high, though, and is mighty exuberant about his “See America” scheme. Despite a major ulcer operation early in the year, and the extensive traveling, he shows little strain. He’s just as enthusiastic about TV as he was the day he started his network show on June 20, 1948.

“I can’t understand today’s criticism of television,” he says. “The detractors expect it to have one hit show after another. That’s impossible. Look at the book publishing industry. How many best-sellers do they come up with a year? And every show on Broadway isn’t a hit, either. But when it comes to TV, the critics place the damned obligation on TV. That TV has to be one hundred percent successful. All in all, I think the criticism is unfair in that it isn’t founded on good sense. TV has many weaknesses, as any medium would—but it does a wonderful job, considering the problems facing it.”

Ed’s quick to admit, however, that one of TV’s glaring faults lies in the excess of violence on some shows. His son-in-law, Bob, is quick to agree. “I can readily see,” says Bob, “some correlation between crime on TV and in the community. I think a child should get something out of television. An adult, of course, is seeking entertainment.”

All critics concur that The Ed Sullivan Show has been among the foremost on TV in providing decent and great entertainment for the entire family. All critics, that is, including the hapless one who so mistakenly wrote—on the day that Ed made his debut on TV—of amiable Mr. Sullivan lacked both the stage presence and personality which are essential tools of the trade of the professional master of ceremonies.
Pauline Frederick, Reporter

(Continued from page 38)
most deeply cherishes is the one she first set out to earn for herself: Pauline Frederick, Reporter. She says, "It was tougher to persuade editors to let me cover serious news than it has ever been to report it.

The information that editors, both of whom I still fight to keep females off their reporting staffs may come as a distinct shock to high-school girls who plan to study journalism.

But it is a familiar, maddening fact of life to almost every woman who seeks to earn her living by reporting news. She finds the readily-conceded areas of fashion, food and home,

The manpower shortages of World War II did open some opportunities for women to cover what is termed "hard-core news," but few of these women, even those of proven ability, are welcomed in news rooms during their now mature years. Even fewer have been able to advance beyond a "girl feature writer" position.

Their me-too comments point up Pauline Frederick's unique status. Says one, succinctly, "It's still 1890 in the news room." Says another, "The same editor, who will campaign for civil rights, clings to the personal exemption from women's rights."

A third, whose exploits somewhat parallel Pauline's, says, "I've covered crime, fire and flood; war, Washington and Wall Street. I've dodged bullets in Cuba and commissars in Russia. No editor has ever had to fish me out of trouble. Yet what happens when I ask to report international economics? I get that old wheeze that there are certain assignments where they just can't send a woman. Then comes that equally worn-out sop, 'But we might be interested if you can dream up a new feature you can sell."

Pauline can match such experiences, add a few, and laugh about them now. She says, "The news director who wins my personal booby prize gave orders to his editors to look at anything I brought in—free-lance. He also told them he would slit the throat of the man who sold an assignment or told me about the order."

How did she overcome such obstacles? Newsmen who have worked with her answer: "Sheer ability." Pauline is more modest. "I was more stubborn than anyone else. And luckier. I happened to be in the right places at the right times."

For all her self-confessed stubbornness, Pauline is no modern counterpart of the suffragette who chained herself to lamp posts. Her manners are as quiet as her voice. She has expressive, steady gray eyes, a flawless complexion, a trim figure and a nice taste in clothes, is utterly feminine.

But she has always known exactly what she wanted to do. "It had to be some combination of politics and journalism. From the time I was able to reach up to a typewriter, I had to be on a school paper. If my school didn't have paper, I started one."

Her father was her first teacher in politics. Matthew P. Frederick was postmaster at Gallitzin, Pennsylvania, when Pauline was born. Three years later, he moved his family to Harrisburg, the state capital, where he held a number of appointments, usually in the labor department.

In a middle-sized city, what happens on the capital Hill is always the day's topic of conversation. Pauline became her father's confidant and soon had items of her own to contribute. During her college days in Washington, when other students went to the soda fountain after classes, she took off for the gallery of the Senate to listen to the debates. When she learned there she could make a formidable debater at American University, Washington, D.C. She was a scholarship student and a major in political science.

Her course changed when Arthur Flemming, now Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, became her debater. She says, "Like most students who fell under his influence, I chose to follow his example and study law." She earned a fellowship, and had completed requirements to take her master's degree in international law, when a history professor again brought a change in direction. He says, "He pointed out there were so many lawyers, particularly in Washington, that I might have a better chance for success if I went back to my journalism."

Obvisously, neither realized that this, too, was an overcrowded field which held little welcome for women. Pauline's one bright spot had been in a Harrisburg newspaper's society department. She certainly did not intend to waste a brand-new law degree by going back to this. With the advice of the professor and a friendly newspaper man, she hunted for a woman's desk. She applied for a series of articles. They settled on a plan for Pauline to interview the wives of newly arrived diplomats.

Ministers from China, Czecho-Slovakia and Panama had recently presented their credentials. To reach their ladies, Pauline had to resort to a bit of ingenuity called "duty calls." Among the appointments, the secretary's first question was, "Where will this interview be published?" I hated to say this was my first attempt as a free-lance reporter. I said that would depend on what kind of material I got and how wide an appeal the story would render. The story would be published, she agreed to read my stories. I could only hope he would take them."

That hope dropped below zero when a messenger from The Star delivered a packet of copy to her door that evening. She says, "I was scared to open it, but there was a note from Mr. Kuhn—saying that, if the rest of my interviews were as good as these, I would take on the job."

North American Newspaper Alliance syndicated the series, and Miss Margaret Cuthbert, then in the public affairs department at NBC, saw Pauline's stories in The New York Times and wired to invite her to audition at NBC, Washington. Pauline says, "I had worked with Baulk and was told by a Nehs, who'd become NBC's anchor man in Washington. I asked if I might interview him for the purposes of my NBC audition, and he agreed."

Baukhage liked the series of articles Pauline had done for newspaper syndication and he liked Pauline. Their association continued throughout the eventful years of World War II, and he later became one of her staunchest supporters as a broadcaster. But Pauline never forgot his first command, "Stay away from the news room. They just don't want women around." She snapped up against the same prejudice when she asked for the overseas as a correspondent. Abruptly she was told, "That's no place for a woman."

Then, just after Nazi Germany surrendered, she learned that the Military Air Transport planned to fly a group of reporters overseas. Pauline—who had moved from NBC with Mr. Baukhage and was told to go to ABC network—begged for an assignment, but ABC absolutely refused to accredit her. The big publications had their own people.

"In desperation," Pauline recalls, "I went to Western Newspaper Union, a syndicate which primarily sells to wakes. When the newspaperman told me they had absolutely no need for my services, but that they would accredit me and they might possibly buy, at regular space rates, some of the stories I might send back."

Pauline applied for an allocation, but had not received it at the time that she went to San Francisco, with Baukhage to cover the charter meeting of the United Nations in the spring of 1945. While there, the Military Air Transport notified her that she was on the passenger list for a junket to the Far East, and directed her to confirm the booking immediately and to start getting her shots.

Pauline was torn between two stories. World history was being made in San Francisco, Baukhage needed her and urged her to give up her "foolish notion." For two weeks, she argued with herself. Her final decision was made in a beauty shop while she was having a manicure. "I suddenly asked myself, 'Why not go? Maybe I'll never have another chance.' I was afraid it was too late. Fortunately, they still had a place for me."

She made the rounds of the networks, asking for assignments. Only ABC would yield even "Keep us informed"
answer. Pauline herself says of the tour, "This was a real international education. In two months, we visited nineteen countries. There were nine men and four women. I was the only unknown abroad, but I, too, met everyone—kings, generals, and dictators. Chungking, ABC's correspondent turned over two of his broadcast periods to her. It was Pauline's first international news cast.

When the war ended, she moved from Washington to New York and into a period of gambling for the highest possible stakes—her daily existence and her future career. It was a horrible time to try to free-lance world news. Men were returning from service, and those news editors who objected to women reporters were getting them off their staffs as fast as they could. This was when that most cynical of newspaper editors issued the instructions that Pauline's offered copy should be read, but that she was never to be given an assignment.

The odd arrangement worked to her advantage when the Cunard Lines organized a huge press junket. Reporters were to cross on the Queen Mary, then making her last transatlantic trip, and return when the Queen Elizabeth made her maiden voyage. ABC accredited Pauline. "They made it clear," she recalls, "that I was going only because they could not spare a man. They also specified that I could not expect to be paid, except out of my expenses."

The trip furthered her acquaintance with international personalities. General and Mrs. Eisenhower were on the outbound voyage; Molotov was on board during Pauline's return trip. And, unwittingly, this same Russian later helped clear out Pauline's personal roadblocks. "I was back in New York," she remembers, "still saying to editors, 'Now may I cover straight news?' and getting fashion shows instead."

"A night came, at ABC, when there was only one man available to cover two stories. The editor refused to send me to the truck strike because there might be violence. He said that, if I wanted to take a chance, I could try the meeting of the foreign ministers at the Waldorf. At least I knew Molotov by sight, so I took off."

Pauline got her story, and eventually it led to staff status, first at ABC, later at NBC, from Nuremberg trials on to the Congo crisis, she has had a day-to-day hand in reporting world history. "There have been many hectic times, but the Congo crisis has been the worst," she says now. "On July 13, when we broke into the Democratic convention coverage with cut-ins from the U.N., I did my last spot at 3:30 A.M. I washed my hair, slept an hour, and was on the Garwood Today Show at 7 A.M."

Home, for Pauline, is a small Park Avenue penthouse within sight of the U.N. buildings. As she describes it, "I have a tiny kitchen, and dining room, a bedroom, living room and den. In decoration, it's faintly French provincial, but I like best those things I have picked up on my travels."

"He's my fellow traveler, who orbits."

Pauline meets queries about romance with the career girl's standard reply, "I'm still hoping." Seriously, she adds, "The man I deeply loved died."

Although currently lacking a personal emotional attachment, Pauline is surrounded by admiring males. Diplomats call her by her first name and save up stories for her. She has totally charmed her fellow reporters. Chet Huntley speaks for them all, when he says, "Pauline is the greatest. We like working with her, and we all pick her brains."

Irving Gitlin, producer of the new once-a-month series, Special For Women, adds a revealing tribute: "The first day I come over from CBS, I was in the control room with Bill McAndrew, head of NBC News, when they cut to Pauline at the U.N. I had admired her for years, but that day I was more than ever impressed with the quiet, unflustered way she analyzed complex happenings. I said to Bill, 'By gosh, she's good.' Bill answered with feeling, 'She sure is.'"

Right then, Gitlin determined to have Pauline on the program he had projected to give serious, critical examination to problems which women actually face in today's society.

In discussing Pauline's potential role, the question arose whether she, a specialist in international politics, could also do a personal, home-interest report. Gitlin and his director, George Lefferts, decided to hold an on-camera audition. Their avowed purpose was to "test how flexible she was." (This outside observer gains the impression that the audition was also a grown-up version of a boy's tendency to tease a girl he admires.)

Gitlin confesses, "George and I wrote down a few penetrating questions we could think of. He went on camera and quizzed her. She answered everything sensibly and without a qualm." Gitlin then decided Pauline, too, should have her innings. From the control room, he called out, "Miss Frederick, is there anything you would like to ask Mr. Lefferts?"

The ensuing colloquy has become one of the NBC staff's favorite stories. Gitlin says, "Pauline smiled sweetly and took aim. Her first question was: 'Mr. Lefferts, why is the male sex so ineffectual these days?' Another: 'Is it true that men really fear the competition of women?' In a couple of minutes, she had George so tied up he couldn't answer, and the crew laughing so hard they couldn't operate. I finally threw in the sponge by saying, 'Okay, we're sorry we ever started this. You get the job because it calls for a good woman reporter.'"

Pauline got the last word. She said, "It calls for a good reporter, period. I am taking it, not because I am a woman, but because I am a reporter."

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Jackie Gleason Talks About His Religion

(Continued from page 30)

a “profoundly religious person.” He maintains that he’s “religiously aware” and is a “deeply religious-conscious person,” but he doesn’t want to be placed in the position of influencing anyone.

“I’m not a preacher,” he says. “It’s a mistake for a layman to inflict his views on anyone. Piety is a delicate attitude. Religion should be a continuous search of man seeking to better himself before God. Some part of the battle is won if you realize you have a duty to God.”

Gleason’s prodigious knowledge of religious doctrine impresses every theologian he meets. Evangelist Billy Graham was so taken with the comedian’s grasp of the subject that he tried to persuade Jackie to give talks on religion. “I turned him down,” says Gleason. “I told him that I wasn’t good enough. Though I lead a life that’s not so irreligious or so sinful, it would be hypocritical to do such a thing.”

And that’s one thing Mr. Gleason isn’t. He says: “During a man’s life, he looks for solace. Sometimes he tries escape through liquor or women. Or refuge in other distractions. But neither works for me. Only honesty works.”

The forty-four-year-old comedian’s church-going days are now split between St. Patrick’s and the Actors’ Chapel. The little church that he first attended as a boy certainly doesn’t compare with these august places of worship, but it’s doubtful that he’ll ever forget it. The mere mention of Our Lady of Lourdes brings back a torrent of memories to him.

He remembers firstly his mother, a devout woman who attended church every day of her life. She worked as a subway cashier to bring up Jackie after his father, Herbert Gleason, disappeared mysteriously one day on his way to his job as an insurance auditor. Jackie was eight at the time.

When he was sixteen, his mother passed away, Jackie, with just an elementary education, was thrown out into the world. He remembers that day vividly. It was the day he opened at the Folly Theater, his first acting break. “I had to go on,” says Jackie, “I only had twenty-six dollars.”

After that, he spent lots of time in pool halls waiting for more chances to go on stage. He worked as a Coney Island Barker, an exhibition diver, a dishwasher driver and a disk jockey. He began earning as much as seventy-five dollars a week.

He started moving into the big-time when booked at a Budd Lake, New Jersey resort. Then he fell in love and married Genevieve Haldorn, a New York dancer. Their marriage of eighteen years ended officially in 1952.

The pair agreed to a legal separation, and Jackie says of the marriage: “All of the problems and tensions always originated with me. I guess I was too immature to appreciate the qualities of such a fine woman.”

Two daughters were born of the union. Geraldine, 20, is about to be graduated from Marymount College in California; Linda, 18, attends Catholic University in Maryland. The latter youngster is very interested in becoming an actress.

Jackie moved into real money when he was booked into the Club 18 in New York. His specialty was insulting the patrons. He got a Hollywood offer and took it, but then was unhappy about the parts he was given. He returned to New York to be cast in Olsen and Johnson’s “Hellzapoppin’” and “Artists and Models.” In 1943, he wove them in “Follow the Girls.”

His climb to the stars continued on TV when he initiated the Life Of Riley role later played by William Bendix. His appearance in Cavalcade Of Stars catapulted him into the $10,000-a-week bracket. Nothing could stop him now.

He developed the famous characters of Rudy the Repairman, Ralph Kramden, Reggie Van Gleason III, the Ham Actor and Edgar Dye. Poor result: A whopping fifteen-million-dollar contract and recognition as the greatest comedian in the world.

When Jackie could draw a deep breath after his amazing rise to the zenith, it’s little wonder that he remembered with nostalgia the poor boy who had sold his pennies from the collection plate in an out-of-the-way church in Brooklyn.

But the Gleason story seems only to be getting its second wind now. In October, the Great Man starred in the first of two dazzling spectaculars for this season—the musical variety show called “The Big Sell”—following up, a couple of months later, with “The Million Dollar Incident,” a ninety-minute CBS-TV drama which focuses on Jackie being kidnapped and held for a king-size ransom. Projecting his thoughts to next year, he’s already booked to do a “conversation” show on February 12, in which he will informally review his business celebrity. The CBS brass are so enthusiastic about this idea that they’re mulling plans to use it as a series. So Gleason may be seen weekly on TV again, in the not-too-distant future.

As if not to be accused of being lazy, the tireless round man will be composing and conducting new albums between CBS specials. (He has already sold more albums than any conductor in history.) But, while this whirling genius spins his gyroscopic path through the entertainment world, one thought, one fear, lies in the back of his mind.

Jackie’s afraid of losing his soul. It’s the only fear he has in life. “It’s natural,” says Jackie. “Everyone’s primarily occupied with taking care of their own soul. They should, before taking care of anyone else’s.”

The comedian’s preoccupation with religion has led him into a study of psychic phenomena. It all started with his interest being aroused in the supernormal powers exhibited by some saints. Today, the study of extrasensory perception has become his favorite hobby. He’s built up an enormous 500-book library on it and similar subjects.

People meeting Jackie for the first time are often startled to hear him intelligently discussing the extrasensory experiments of Prof. J. B. Rhine of Duke, or the powers of the late Kentucky clairvoyant Edgar Cayce, or Hindu firewalking.

Some Gleason critics single out his liking for psychic phenomena as an indication that he’s obsessed with the fear of dying. “That’s absurd,” Jackie counters. “It’s like saying that a physician studies medicine because he fears disease. I can only say that I wish I had even more knowledge about this fascinating subject.”

Other detractors of the rollypoly joker mutter something about “luck” when someone refers to his success. They don’t get much of an argument.
from Jackie. He’s frank about that elusive intangible in life. “I’m a great believer in luck,” he says. “I define it as being in the right place at the right time. For me, the right place was a carnival where a ventriloquist was doing his stuff. It was the right time. My dad brought me to the place just at the time when my interest was being aroused in show business. I had only one ambition in mind after that.”

When the discussion turns to talent, Jackie bolters. “I don’t want credit where credit is due. “All talent,” he maintains, “is a gift from God. Actors have neuroses about it because they realize the fact.” He firmly believes that the Almighty is liberal in the instilling of talent. “Everyone has some innate talent,” he says. “I’m sure there are some plumbers who could have been atomic scientists. That’s why it’s so important to find the right vocation for kids.”

One of the best ways to steam him up is to insinuate that comedians aren’t in the same class as actors. “A comic with a toothache is the finest actor around,” he claims. You don’t see many actors who can draw laughs. It’s a comedian’s ability to act that gets him the yack.”

He’s quick to needle pompous thespians. “There’s a great mistake made about acting, anyhow,” he tells them.

“Everyone’s an actor. A plumber with lipstick on his shirt has to act. And don’t forget that the audience, which is his wife, has seen him hundreds of times!”

As for the comedian’s own acting prowess, he has one only to turn to the reviews of “Take Me Along,” the Broadway smash hit. He’s proud of his accomplishments in the play, but takes more pleasure in solo comedy stints. And he defines a comic as “somebody who’s able to extend the material that he’s given. He should be able to execute more on the stage.”

With this in mind, he lists Charlie Chaplin, Red Skelton and Jack Oakie as his personal favorites of all time. He laments the fact that there aren’t enough places for young comedians to gain experience today. He advises novices to seek out whatever stage training they can—“church socials, summer stock . . . it makes no difference. Just get on the stage!” That’s been the Gleason credo throughout his life: Get on the stage. He loves it there, and is most happy when he’s just a single person in show business,” he notes. “Why should I? I’m financially set for the rest of my life.”

He’s also well set for friends. Two of his dearest are Bishop Fulton Sheen and Cardinal Cushing.

“‘The Three of Us’

(Continued from page 32)

that it was caused by a weak eye muscle. Dickie now wears glasses and, if that doesn’t correct his eyes, there will be an operation.

“It’s serious, but not terribly serious,” Dick says. “It’s a fairly common operation—but, of course, you have to think of the man’s personal side. If it happens, it means pauses, then goes on. ‘One thing I’m trying hard to do these days is to give Dickie more time. I mean if I’m headed out to work and he asks me to play with him, I used to say, ‘Wait until Sunday.’ Now I stop and think and, if I can get the work done by staying later at the office, I put aside the briefcase and go back to the brook and help him sail boats.”

There is that about Dick Clark which is deceptive—his youthful appearance, his unruffled and unhurried manner on the air, which makes him look as if success had stood him on silver platter. It wasn’t, and isn’t, so. Watching him off the air, you see the painstaking attention he gives production details, fan mail, trends in music and the hundreds of records that come in for audition. But even more important is his claims—his understanding that he’s given to his friends and business associates, his son and his wife.

Since there are few performers so sensitive to the problems and feelings of those around him, it’s much of a surprise to learn that Dick has, in privacy, been working on a novel. Dick doesn’t suggest that he’s about to buck Hemingway. But his sincerity and earnestness are evidenced by the fact that he carries the manuscript in a briefcase wherever he goes, although no one but Dick himself has seen it and it is still untitled.

“It’s the story about a young man in the music business,” Dick says. “Of his overnight success and the complications that happen with a private life.” He notes that, while most actors do not have the luxury of working in private life, the main character will be fictitious, most of the drama will be factual—based on the experience of himself and others. “If you’re lucky enough to be successful in show business,” he continues, “you know you must go back. There are always reversals. There are very few people who stay successful. All performers know it, and this is their great fear. The thing is not to be afraid, and you must have something to hold on to.

“What it is, you learn rather quickly when you do have a reversal. I mean after, just yesterday, I was talking to a performer who had been divorced. During the past, he had been on the road forty-five weeks. His wife just couldn’t adjust to it and she didn’t like show business. Now, that divorce hurts more than any business reversal, because it’s what’s at home that holds you up when things get rough. Maybe this performer’s wife didn’t know what was ahead of them. Maybe they didn’t sit down and talk about it ahead of time.”

Dick and wife Bobby have often discussed the problems and demands and uncertainties of show business. “Bobby is always ready for the unexpected,” he
says. "We have never lived ostentatiously, and never intend to. Matter of fact, I phoned Bobby last night and said, 'Boy, did I have a cruel day. Everything going around my ears. Start looking for that chicken farm.' And she said, 'Fine by me.'

"She takes everything placidly. I can think of only one exception." To appreciate that exception, you have to see Barbara Clark, a tall, creamy-skinned blonde with a Phi Beta Kappa key in her brassiere drawer—and an unusually even and calm disposition. So calm and understanding, she had Dick in a real panic one evening.

It was five-thirty and Dick was still in the studio when the message was delivered. "Your wife says it's an emergency and you're to call her immediately." It was the first time Bobby had ever called, and Dick ran to a telephone and got Bobby. She said, "Dick, they're building an expressway through our home. You've got to get right up here."

Dick gasped, caught his second wind, and asked, "You mean they've got wreckers and bulldozers up there?"

There was a long pause on the other end, then he heard Bobby laugh and begin to relax. She explained that neighbors had shown her a newspaper which detailed plans for a new expressway out of Philadelphia, with the road running directly through their house. And she agreed that Dick could take another thirty minutes to clean up some details before he rushed home.

"I could appreciate her feelings," Dick recalls. "This is our first house and we've put a lot of work into it. Just six months after we moved in, she hears we're going to lose it. Anyway, it turned out, a few days later, they were going to run the expressway somewhere else."

The Clarks have been married eight-and-a-half years, but they've known each other for sixteen. None of their respective families was in show business, so they had no preparation for its unusual problems. "It's the domestic problems that are the most common hazards in our business," Dick observes.

"I've experienced a few myself, and I've seen a lot more, and I try to fight what I see around me. Some of them you almost have to second-guess.

"Now, I wouldn't expect Bobby to envy me—but she did. I didn't realize it. I'd call her from New York and tell her that I had a meeting with a sponsor or something like that. I'd forget that she was still back on the cooking range, hog-tied with a child and rassling with the same domestic routine. To her, my life seemed thrilling and exciting.

Dick began inviting Bobby to various meetings with his agency and seminars and to rehearsals, and took her along on personal appearances. "She saw that, backstage, it's dull and routine. She saw how tedious it is to beat out a contract. She knows that, when you go to a meeting, you spend a lot of time waiting and arranging, and it's pretty unexciting.

"Now I've got to fly to California this weekend and she couldn't care less about coming along, for she knows what's involved," he explains. "Friday evening, I pack, to the airport, then the flight. Then to a hotel and checking in and unpacking and getting ready for a half-dozen different meetings. Before you know it, you're packing again and reversing the whole process... you might as well have been in Podunk."

When Dick went to Hollywood to make a movie, he was there for almost a month and Bobby and Dickie were with him. "We had fun on that trip," he snorts. "I worked hard, but there was time in the evening to see a lot of friends who live out there and to meet a lot of different people. And Dickie even got lost once—which means he had a good time, too.

"Dickie hasn't been lost in every state of the union, but he's trying. Out in Detroit, he opened his window in a motel and was found, a half-hour later, wandering around in his pajamas inspecting the facilities. The very first night in California, Dickie had peacefully seated himself in the living room of a rented house to watch television while Dick and Bobby had dinner in the dining room.

"Dickie, for cerebral palsy job training, join the 53 minute march."

Dick recalls, "Bobby had a fork halfway to her mouth when she said, 'I've got a funny feeling. I don't think Dickie's in there watching television.' I said, 'Don't be silly. It's his favorite program.' But Bobby went in to look and, sure enough, Dickie had disappeared. We were scared, because it was an unfamiliar neighborhood—but I found him down the street. A man was holding his hand and waiting for someone to claim him."

"Down in Maryland," he chuckles, "Dickie disappeared in a supermarket that carried everything from eggs to clothes. Bobby posted her mother at the main door, so he couldn't escape, and began to search up and down the aisles. Just as she was about to alert the store manager, Dickie peeked out from a rack of dresses. She had been playing hide-and-seek."

"Dickie's own mother finds nothing unusual in Dickie's actions. Dick himself had been the same kind of a child, active and curious and adventuresome. And, like his father, young Dickie is very interested in music. 'He has his own record player and, God bless him, he deals in playing them on eggs to clothes. Bobby posted her mother at the main door, so he couldn't escape, and began to search up and down the aisles. Just as she was about to alert the store manager, Dickie peeked out from a rack of dresses. She had been playing hide-and-seek."

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"He's even recognizes some artists. If he's listening to the radio, he will comment that that's Pat Boone or Bobby Darin or Connie Francis. His popular records but, of course, the kiddie records are his big favorites."

Dick pauses and then says, "You know, the father-son relationship is limited at his age, and there are still periods when I may not see him for a few days. This is one of the worst aspects of show business. I mean—that it keeps you away from home so much."

Wives, he notes, never quite get used to all the sudden departures and changes in plans. "No woman likes to have you stand her up," he observes.

"About six months ago, I resolved I'd get Bobby to a movie once a week. Well, we get there maybe twice a month. Often I have to cancel a dinner date for business. On our anniversary, this past year, we had to go to a baseball game the station was having as a celebration for its staff. Luckily, Bobby happens to like baseball!"

Dick always discusses with Bobby and their families the various shows which will have any unusual effect on the family. For example, during Christmas week, Dick will be at work in New York studios on a new Columbia film, "The Young Doctors," in which he will play a medic. He says, "It will interfere drastically with our holiday plans, and neither of us likes that part, but we agree it's a challenge and that I should do it."

He expects this Christmas will be the most hectic in his life. Under ordinary circumstances, he seldom has time to do his own shopping but he never allows anyone else to do it, so, the few days preceding Christmas, it drops frantically. He says, "I've never felt right in asking anyone, my secretary or even my wife or mother, to shop for me. I've got to do it myself, no matter how cramped my schedule. Makes it especially rough is that it's not a matter of buying one nice gift for everyone in the family, but buying many. It's always been that way in my family. We put the stress on quantity, rather than quality. For us, it's the fun of opening a lot of different packages."

Dick explains further about the movie: "You remember what I said earlier about every performer living in fear that his career will collapse? Well, one of the worst ways of fighting this is by maintaining other interests. Now I'm going to make another movie. I don't honestly know that I can develop a motion-picture career, but I'm going to try—so that someday, if I'm so inclined to try motion pictures full time, I will have this secondary income."

"Maybe when the time comes, I'll turn away and go to the chicken farm. I don't know. But, all through my life, I've tried to have enough interests so that I'll always have something to keep me active and interested."

Dick concludes candidly: "You can't kid about the importance of a career to a man's ego. But above that—always—is being able to support your family. Business must be secondary to people. Show business being what it is, husband and wife have to work a little harder to secure their happiness. You know the old cliche—'It's bigger than the two of us.' Well, nothing in show business or any business is bigger than the two of us. Except—including Dickie—the three of us."
No Time for Romance

(Continued from page 52)

bound to be some kind of competition, some clash in ego.

Giving up dates started when Sarah Hardy was in high school, and already a member of the Columbia Junior Theater. She missed a big school dance because there were rehearsals at the theater. Her mother warned, "You will have to make up for many sacrifices to your theatrical ambitions. Are you sure it's going to be worth it?"

She still thinks it is. In her early twenties now, Sarah feels she can afford to wait a while, if necessary, for marriage, and the four children she would like—"two of each, and two girls, so each will always have a pal."

Sarah comes from just such a family. She has a twin brother, Archie, now completing work for his master's degree at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Archie is in youth work. "It's far removed from acting, in a way—and, in a way, not. He must meet people. No, he can't play the guitar for the kids—the guitar was our present for one of our birthdays, but he learned to play it. He leads young people in recreational activities, entertains them, gives talks, went to Europe last summer for the World-Wide Christian Youth Conference.

Edmund, the younger brother, will be going into their mother's insurance business. "But he's got some ham in him—we all have," Elizabeth Cecil, at fifteen, plays bass sax with the high-school band and has also acted in school plays.

The Hardys had a home life in which something was always happening—"marvelous, exciting, chaotic, closely knit in the tradition of the South, where family is so important," as Sarah describes it. "But we all have strong personalities of our own. My mother used to say that the only unfortunate thing about us was we had all leaders and no followers."

At the Junior Theater, Sarah's first performance was in the fairy tale, "The Princess and the Swineherd." She played the villain of the piece. Her best friend played the princess. Afterward, the kids swarmed backstage to tell the princess how wonderful she was, how beautiful, how much they loved her in the show.

Sarah waited for her turn to be congratulated. "It was awful. They came over to me, yanked at my costume, and said they hated me. I was upset. It took me quite a while to understand that it was a tribute to the reality of the performance. But it didn't exactly help my popularity, either."

After high school and the five years with the children's theater, she felt ready for New York. Her parents, conditioned to the fact that they had an actress on their hands, would go. She had seen the city briefly, when she was thirteen, and was more scared of it than she admitted. "My parents stuck me in a residence club for girls, so I would be sure of eating three times a day and have a little supervision. It took a year and a half to persuade them to let me get a small apartment of my own," she says with a rueful smile.

She studied nine hours a day at the American Theater Wing—acting, dancing, play analysis, theater history. Her first professional job was with the Valley Players, at Holyoke, Massachusetts, doing the young-girl comedy role in "A Roomful of Roses." Later, she played the important ingenue part in the same play with the Port Players in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and repeated that part in a 1957 production at Rome, Italy.

Sarah's first New York acting job was in Moss Hart's "The Climate of Eden," for the Equity Library Theater. Extra parts on television followed—for Kraft, Studio One, other nighttime dramatic shows. Her first big TV chance came in a sequence of The Verdict Is Yours.

A one-shot she did on The Edge Of Night impressed Don Wallace, who was then directing that television serial. Later, when Wallace was casting for From These Roots, on NBC-TV, Sarah was just the actress he had in mind for the part of Lydia Benson. That was more than two years ago, and she has been Lyddy ever since.

"Lydly isn't the usual ingenue," Sarah emphasizes. "I've grown up, and grown mature, with Lyddy. That's one reason I love to play her. At first, I thought of part in a daytime serial as something that would give me a chance to be choosy about other parts that were offered me. A kind of security. Now I like it completely for its own sake. From These Roots is one of the best, as far as quality is concerned—the production, under Paul Lammert, the writing, the acting. One of the nicest things is working with the same people, day after day, but doing different episodes."

When there's time for dates, Sarah tries to avoid places and parties with an all-theater atmosphere. "I find it refreshing to talk to people in other professions and other businesses, with entirely different interests. One of my best friends teaches in a grammar school. His creative ability comes out in his teaching. We have wonderful talks together."

With another girl—the producer with whom she worked in Rome—she shares a four-room duplex apartment near Central Park, on a street of old New York town houses. With one wonderful room upstairs, which is Sarah's. It has windows on three sides and the sun circles around them from dawn to darkness. Sarah has tuned the room into a kind of den, where she keeps her hi-fi and her drawing board. She has a talent for line drawings, done with pen or brush and ink, mostly character studies of people. She also has the beginnings of a nice collection—some original Mary Cassatt lithographs and two Drypoints.

She likes to cook—but is still "too nervous about cooking, too afraid it won't turn out right, to enjoy it thoroughly." She "invents" dishes, once made a perfect orange spice cake that she can't, for the life of her, repeat—because she can't remember how she did it. She thinks nothing is more wonderful than a good, hearty stew—or a

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good, thick vegetable soup, served with home-made corn bread. "At home, we used to make a meal of that." And she likes to eat to music—liturgical recordings, or folk music, with a dash of other kinds.

On the show, she calls her mother "Mama." And it comes naturally. That's an old Southern custom—and apparently prevails elsewhere, judging from her mail. She gets letters from women and from men, who tell her they love to hear her still be called my father. 'Daddy,' said, when I informed him. 'Father,' he would immediately ask, 'How much?' He knew it preceded a request for funds!

One of Sarah's great disappointments is that her father died just before she began to play in From These Roots. But her mother now watches the show—from her office. If people call in when the broadcast is beginning or is on, she hands them cups of coffee and they watch with her. "A lot of businessmen in our town know the show. They have to, if they arrive when it's broadcast time!"

Last summer, one day's show was marked by a series of two dream sequences—one with Ann Flood as Liz Fraser, one with Sarah as Lydia Benson. These were done surrealistically, with "limbo" sets—just frames of doorways, mere suggestions of backgrounds and furnishings—in and out of which the girls had to run with split-second timing.

"By the time we are ordinarily getting ready to go into 'dress rehearsal,' Sarah recalls, "we were only half through the camera blocking—and still had the run-through to do. We were all off-schedule. An air of resignation fell over the studio. This had turned into a spectacle. How could we possibly go on the air that day?

"Then the time came to go on, and the show went beautifully. I had worn flats with leather soles, held on by thongs—and, when I ran around the studio, they kept slipping. I was terribly scared, I thought I'd run the show by the floor. So the dream sequence almost turned into a nightmare for me—but no one else guessed that."

Not all the days are as strenuous as that one, of course. But acting in a daytime serial is demanding of time and energy. There never can be time enough with off and on, since my early teens. He was working at writing, and had little use for the actor's contribution to a play. We went to see John Gielgud's 'Ages Of Man'—which was absolutely magnificent in every way. As we came out, this friend said, 'Well, it just goes to prove that the actor never can be as great as the man who writes for him.' He meant it, every word, and I was angry. And, all the time, he had been asking me—an actress—to marry him!

Sarah won what she terms "a small victory" while she was playing in Rome—and this, too, concerned a boy she had dated in high school when he was a university student. He had the temerity to predict that she would never continue a career but would throw all her training away, marry, and have three children before she was twenty-five.

He subsequently went into the Navy, was stationed in Italy, and Sarah never really expected to see him again. But, one day, standing in front of the theater in Rome, she noticed a sailor studying the poster announcing that "A Roomful of Roses" was playing there. He looked at her, looked back at the poster, and finally walked over. "He was a little awed," Sarah smiles, "and a lot surprised! It made me feel good.

But victories, in themselves, can be hollow. What makes up for everything—at least, for the present—are the wonderful relationships on a show like From These Roots. The friendships. The working together. "You work with people, and age made and makes absolutely no difference. There are no caste systems. Everyone's work is respected. Each does his part in putting the whole together."

In short, it's rather like the teamwork of a closely knit family. The kind of family Sarah Hardy herself comes from. The kind she likes, and hopes to have herself some day—when there's more time in her life for romance.

**The Man With the Button-Down Mind**

(Continued from page 55) agent for not writing it on the back of an envelope and being warned "to do the humble bit like Charley wrote it." He is the skipper of a nuclear submarine, thanking his men at the end of a long cruise and pleading that "a joke's a joke but please return the executive officer . . ." While denying he is sick or angry, Bob cheerfully admits, "My man confused. I had a couple of history, the age we live in, people and their quirks, show business, and even his own amazingly swift rise to fame, all leave him bewildered, amused, and faintly alarmed.

A good example was his recent bout with an ad agency. Slated to do four shows for Ed Sullivan this year, plus other TV variety programs, he awoke one morning to read that he was to be starred in his own television show, a full-season series to open in the fall. He had barely recovered from this shock when he appeared saying The Bob Newhart Show had been cancelled. How a show that had never existed could be cancelled was a question that left Bob gasping—but in his usual style—resigned.

Interviewed at San Francisco's "the hungry I," Bob delved into this puzzle-

The fact is, it was a series of talks with a chap from an ad agency, he mused in his flat Midwestern tone. "The chap said he was interested. I said we were interested, too. Which was the truth, because there's nothing I like less than people who aren't interested—after all, what could be worse to a comedian than uninterested people?

"Well, some talk passed about formats and styling and the fellow said something like 'You shouldn't come on like Gang Busters' and I said something equally profound like 'You've got something there' and we shook hands and said, 'This is worth cheating on'—and, the next thing you know, I'm the star of a show that's been cancelled.'

The button-down mind made its first appearance on a night-club stage on February 1, 1960. It was at the swank Tidelands Club of Houston. The spotlight shone down on Bob's balding head and—when he began his meek, rambling and somewhat dry first monologue—the audience showed signs of getting restless. Then came one of his offbeat cracks and someone tittered. The crowd picked up its ears to learn what was so funny.

A few moments later, they were laughing quietly, heartily, and with the delight that is a combination of surprise at something new and recognition of something true. In Bob's funny, poignant and baffled characterizations, they saw themselves trying to keep a sense of a world moving at jet speed.

Just who is this young man who so quickly conquered the hard-to-attain status of a top comedian, considered in the same league as Mort Sahl and Shelley Berman? The Oak Park, Illinois lad himself points out that his middle-class, serious-minded background would hardly have seemed likely to produce a comic. With a Bachelor of Science degree from Loyola University, Bob had decided the law was his field, and studied that subject for two years, meanwhile working at many other jobs—shoe clerk, copywriter, accountant, and cigar clerk, among others.

The question has been raised: What can be funny about a man who looks like a cigar clerk, talks like one, and actually was one? Says Bob, rather slyly, "What's funny isn't the man or his occupation, but human problems that enter, the moment a man and his occupation come together—as in the case of the driving instructor and his wild and woolly pupil."

As for style, Bob insists that, if he has one, he can't say what it is, or how he got there. "I'd like to try to analyze it," he smiles, "because, once you get self-conscious about it, your style can limit you badly." In any case, it is generally conceded that he offers the most underplayed comedy on the American scene.

"People who see me for the first time and say, 'What's that 'button-down mind' intro leads them to expect a suave, handsome Ivy League
The vast amount of fan mail pouring in has pleased and surprised Bob. His apartment in San Francisco—rented for his parents (George D. and Pauline) and his sister (Virginia) when they visited him during his stay at the "hungry"—was literally stacked with mail. "Having a family, you is a large step up from the usual routine of living in hotels. At least, there's a feeling of permanency—which is something I really crave, even though I'm a bachelor.

On account of the mail," he continued, "I had to buy a typewriter, and I also had to start typing so I would be able to type back to the correspondents. I had no idea letters addressed simply to 'Bob Newhart, U.S.A.' would seek me out wherever I happen to be. What a post-office system we have!

Returning to the subject of how he made his success, Bob lays the credit to luck and timing. "If I hadn't added, 'is also part of being lucky because good friends don't happen every hour on the hour.'" Born thirty years ago in Chicago, he was a quiet kid, studious, with a definite interest in bugs. His family was sure he would become a naturalist—particularly his mother, who fought a losing battle against the frogs, beetles and spiders he smuggled in for purposes of study.

While in his teens, however, Bob suddenly developed an interest in a young people's theater group. The director, Jean Lynch, commissioned him to help in writing some "tween-scene" skits. Once again, his failure to show up, and she gave Bob his first crack at treading the boards.

"I guess all of us kids had a subconscious hope that lightning would strike and we'd be discovered by a talent scout. But I didn't really think it would happen to me. It was a hobby and being a practical guy I thought my serious thought to college and the law," Bob recalls with a grin. "I must admit that the law had other ideas. I flunked the course. Maybe I didn't want it badly enough to give it a real try."

"Anyway, by then, I had the acting bug and I was itching to get something in that field. So I joined the Oak Park Stock Company. Bob resolutely went to work to support himself working at various jobs. "The Illinois Unemployment Department finally got tired of helping me get other jobs and took me on," he chuckles.

It was then that a close friend, Ed Gallagher—now a copywriter for Bat- ten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, in New York—and Bob put their heads together and came up with a radio show on unusual occupations. The show was funny, says Bob, but it didn't turn out funny for its creators. "We sold it to a Chicago station and we thought we had two other cities lined up to buy tapes. But when they ran the minute, they pulled out.

"It ended up with Ed and me scraping together $200 apiece to make up the difference between our costs and what we paid. But one good thing came out of it: I got my idea of the driving instructor routine from this radio show."

In looking through want-ads to get an 'odd-ball' job, I was impressed with the number of driving instructors being sought. There seemed to be a constant turnover. It didn't take much reasoning to figure out why.

Meanwhile, Dan Sorkin—Chicago deejay and author of the hilarious book, The Blabbermouths—had heard some of Bob's radio tapes, plus others which Bob had recorded impromptu (usually, while talking on the telephone with friends). He introduced Bob on his Chicago Nightline TV show, and the response was so strong that Bob got a staff job with WBKB. Sorkin also sent tapes of Bob's routines to the Chicago magazine, Rolling Stone, and the LP disc company evinced a clear-cut interest, but they felt Bob's routines would come off better before a live audience.

The irons began to get hot. It was arranged for Bob to make his nightclub debut at The Tidelsons in Houston, Texas. 'It was scared to death that first night,' Bob recalls. 'I really was happy the debut was there instead of Chicago. I would have been twice as frightened if I had to stand up there and deliver in front of my friends.'

A huge success in his debut, Bob next traveled to Windsor, Ontario, where he again scored heavily at the Elwood Casino. Then, with only one network TV appearance behind him (The Jack Paar Show), Bob was unexpectedly paged to appear on the Emmy Awards show, to do his 'Khrushchev Visit' number. When, only hours before show time, the comedy team of Nichols and May-as well as Bob Newhart—were cut, Bob was asked if he could fill the gap.

"I just happened," he grins, whenever he tells of that all-important day, "to have my music with me." The "music" was 'The Submarine Commander' speech, and both audience and reviewers agreed that Bob Newhart was the hit of the show. The "button-down mind" had found an open-hearted television public.

At the start, Bob was equipped with six short routines, all of which were recorded on his first album. His repertoire now has at least eighteen pieces—enough, when shuffled about, to give every show an air of novelty. However, it is a rare night when he can get off stage without having to answer his audience's shouts for "The Driving Instructor" (apparently the number-one favorite) or "The Submarine Speech.

This never ceases to amaze him. "Most of these folks have my album, they tell me," he pondered. "They must have played these skits over and over for friends. In fact, I can see by their
“It’s No Joke Raising a Teenager”

(Continued from page 50)

school in Morristown, New Jersey. She gets only one full weekend "free" a month. That is, she can go off-schoolgrounds once a month—plus, of course, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and summers. On most of these occasions, she stays with Carol in Manhattan. And, since Christine has such a pretty rugged schedule, Carol arranges to go over to St. John’s on Sundays, as frequently as she can. Morristown is about thirty-three miles from New York City.

“What do we do together?” Carol echoes wistfully. “We go out to lunch, talk, play ping-pong, practice, and just hang around school grounds. It’s a very nice school, and the grounds are quite beautiful.”

Chris rarely sees her sister cavort on TV, since the school is very strict, and she has to be in bed before ten. But when Christine does catch Carol on TV, she does a neat job as critic. “I’m going to brag a bit about Chris’s critical faculty,” the vivacious comedienne reports proudly. “She doesn’t drool over things. When I’ve done a poor job, and my clowns hasn’t paid off, she will say: ‘You weren’t so hot, Carol.’ But, if I’ve done a successful bit of business in a sketch with Garry or Duward Kirby, she’ll say, ‘You were very good in that’—and I know she means it.

“Sometimes,” Carol adds, “Chris has even told me to pause before delivering certain lines, to get a bigger laugh. And I try it, and it works.”

The sisters also do not see eye-to-eye regarding money matters. Carol feels youthful Christine doesn’t realize the value of money. “Christine gets an allowance of thirty dollars a month, and it goes very fast,” Carol groans. “Sometimes she spends three months’ allowance in one fell swoop. But I will say this: She has pretty good taste, and she shops around. She’ll go and look and try on, and is terribly choosey. Me, if I see what I want—and it fits—I buy it. I have to take the time out to do shopping.”

Christine also gets a dollar a week “spending money,” independent of her monthly allowance.

“My raising of Chris is superficially analagous to my upbringing,” Carol thoughtfully observes. “I was raised by my parents; Carol was raised in a small, private school in Los Angeles. She’s a wonderful old lady, now 75. My parents—and Chris’s—died young. So I was raised by my grandma.

“But I must say there’s a lot of difference between my growing up and Chris’s. First, I went to Hollywood High, a giant, public high school. She’s in a private school with a much smaller student body—eighty students. Also, she gets an allowance for what she needs. I had to work.”

Carol worked like a beaver during high school, on weekends and holidays. She was an usherette in the Metropolitan (sixty-five cents an hour), worked in a movie box-office (seventy-fives cents an hour). She also sold handbags in a shoe store during Christmas (seventy cents an hour, plus commissions).

“Despite the difference in ages,” says the now-college-educated clown, “Chris and I belong almost in the same generation. Yet the kids are different today. Perhaps it shouldn’t be. But it’s true. I guess human history repeats in some ways. When I was Christine’s age, I remember my mother complaining about the ‘younger generation.’ But that’s over now.”

Carol feels today’s boys and girls are sharper, and harder to handle. That they’re more "hip," but not necessarily more mature. "They catch on a lot faster," says the not-so-slow Miss Burnett. "Adults talk more freely in front of them. The movies are franker, and earthier."

“But they’re still teenagers,” Carol avers. "What’s 'mature'? If you’re mature, you can look at another person’s point of view. Of course, Chris says she does, but often she doesn’t. However, I don’t expect teenagers—my sister included—to be mature.”

After closely watching the reactions of Chris and her friends, Carol is inclined to think that she herself was more patient at that age. “But I never was mature at her age,” she confesses. "Teenagers generally live in a world of their own.”

Carol keeps a watchful eye on the younger girl’s social activities and plans. For example, what Chris will be doing on her free weekend is a matter of concern to all parents. Carol, along with her parents and other parents, Carol fights the ceaseless battle of the curfew. There are lots of disagreements as to when Christine has to be home from dates or from excursions with girl friends.

Sometimes Christine is permitted to stay out until 1:30 A.M., but that’s rare. Chris thinks her older sister is lenient and flexible in this area, and has generously admitted: “Carol doesn’t try to make up a bunch of rules and have me stick to them rigidly.”

When Christine is on a “free weekend,” she stays with the busy Carol at her parent’s half-room apartment, with a terrace, on East Fifty-Sixth Street. As Carol describes it: "The walls are sparkling white, and there’s lots of green—my favorite color—in the curtains and drapes. Chris and I both have lots of fun with my two dogs, Bruce and Fuzzy."".

On vacation, the Burnett sisters try to spend a great deal of time together. This summer, they enjoyed three wonderful weeks at Merriwold, a private resort colony in the Catskills. Teen-aged Chris loved it there. The place abounds with dance, bonfires, swimming, boating, and male-chasing.

Staying with the Burnett girls was a cousin of theirs from California, a freckled blonde sprite, Andrea. There was so much hectic social life at Merriwold, "mama!" Carol had to set up a curfew schedule for Chris and Andrea, which went something like this: During the week—11 P.M.; Saturday-night dance—1 A.M.; Sunday night—11 P.M. Of course, there were some upsets.
Carol recalls one night: “I was waiting for Chris to return from a Saturday dance. Came one A.M., no Chris. One-thirty A.M., still no sign of her. She didn’t get home till well after two, and I was furious. So I punished her. The next four nights, she had to be home at ten o’clock.”

“Chris cried and ranted and insisted I was ‘a villain.’ But how else could I make her understand that I really meant those curfews?” As for Chris, her explanation of her extreme lateness that night was innocence itself, and teenager-ish as a triple-scoop ice-cream cone: “The dance was extremely dull, until about one A.M.—when a charming young fellow walked in. I just couldn’t go home then.”

The summer had its laughs, as well as its quarrels. Chris and Andrea discovered that two young boys whom they liked were part of the colony’s garbage detail. The “dreamboats” would come by every morning about 7 A.M. So Chris and Andrea would reuse themselves, wash, and put on make-up—just to be on hand when the boys came rattling by to collect the garbage.

“After the boys stopped, and loaded the stuff on a truck, Chris and Andrea would go back to sleep,” Carol recalls, with a slight chuckle over the way romantic feelings could triumph over empty tin cans, decayed apple cores and chicken bones.

The rest of the summer Chris spent with her grandma in Los Angeles, while Carol went to Europe—where she combined a vacation and some TV appearances on Chelsea At 9, a top variety program in England. She returned, a little after Labor Day, to prepare for The Garry Moore Show and hunt for a possible Broadway musical. She also worked on the album of Broadway show tunes, “Show Stoppers,” for Decca.

This coming summer, Chris will be of working age, and her big sister would like her to get a summer job. Carol puts it this way: “It’ll be good for her. It’ll give her a sense of accomplishment, and teach her to be on her own. Maybe she can be a junior counselor at camp. She’ll also get to know the value of money.” Chris agrees with Carol.

As a big girl, Chris has been accused of packing in food like a truck driver after an all-night haul. She has a broad frame and sometimes tips the scale at 143 pounds, though she is so tall that it hardly shows. Yet Chris insists, “I don’t eat like a truck driver.”

Carol says calmly, “All teenagers do. She could afford to lose fifteen pounds easily. Chris says she tries. She goes on starvation diets. Stops eating completely. But I’m against that, of course.”

Chris also has another glaring teenage syndrome, “boythink.” But she doesn’t want to go “steady,” doesn’t believe in it for teenagers. “I’m very fickle,” she confesses. “That’s the way a teenager should be. It’s a time for fun and dating. This is important, in order to have a background to getting married. All the dating has to be in the past.”

Chris leads an active social life. At St. John’s, there are school and class dances with music provided by records. But the authorities are quite strict about student behavior at these functions. The boys are invited to St. John’s from nearby schools, but the visiting males constantly complain that the lights are so bright at these hops, they get “sunburnt.”

What about a career for Chris? Carol says: “I don’t want to push off any particular profession on her. I’m for her doing anything, short of being a thief. If she wants to be a housewife or an actress—whatever she wants is okay with me. But she has to be in earnest.”

“For a time, Chris wanted to be a social worker. But, lately, she’s been worrying that she might take every case home with her, because she is the type that wants to put her whole heart and soul into something she does.”

Carol reveals that her kid sister is also fond of sociology and may pursue that in some form, professionally. Of course, Chris is going to college, after graduation from St. John’s. Carol herself studied drama and journalism at U.C.L.A.

“My basic goal for Chris is simple,” Carol sums up. “I want her to be happy. Isn’t that what every parent’s goal is?”

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The Many Faces of Shari

(Continued from page 41)
her puppets, "Lamb Chop," "Charley Horse," "Wing Ding" and the others. Lamb Chop is a sweet, innocent character and this is a part of Shari. Although she's yanked and tugged on, the break and harshness of show business for ten years, she still enjoys and appreciates her audience and has no "show folk" pretensions.

Wing Ding is a crow—a very crazy kind of crow who does a disappearing act in which he puts a cloth over his head. Then it is thought that the crows aren't so smart; it is then that he looks you in the face and asks, "Am I gone?" This is a kind of unrestrained humor very different from what Shari usually does. Because of the incredible amount of time that goes into a television program, her performance is very carefully planned and rehearsed.

So Wing Ding is a reaction, a bid for freedom of expression, against the restrictions of the big clock on TV.

Charley Horse is probably the "experienced" Shari. He's a very knowing youngster and has been around. He knows all the old jokes. Shari can sit in front of television, watch a comic and then say, "Is that the way?" And this again is an expression of Lamb Chop's simple faith in the friendliness of people.

Our home is a reflection of our mutual tastes. The furnishings are modern, and golden-yellow carpeting and walls contrast with warm, dark earth colors. We live in a six-and-a-half-room apartment on Riverside Drive. This may sound spacious for two people, but we still manage to have a constantly full house. There is almost always a large assortment of puppets and props, producers and writers, around.

Shari seldom has a chance to be the typical housewife, except in the evenings, when Shari goes home and she goes into the kitchen to make dinner. And on weekends, when we pull out the phone plug and enjoy our wonderful privacy. A Saturday or Sunday is like a whole vacation.

In good weather, during the summer, we both go to the beach to get to the boat rather curiously. We had been in California for some time and, when we got back, the building superintendent asked us, "Why don't you come out on my boat some weekend?"

We thought it sounded like a marvelous idea and, two weeks later, we bought one. It's been a great pleasure for us, and perfect relaxation.

We talk a lot. We both wake up easily. Neither of us requires one or two cups of coffee to make us livable. On any "work day," Shari dresses meticulously and loves to match her shoes and gloves and handbags. On a weekend, she wears slacks and no make-up. This is the way I prefer it.

Shari is bright—so bright that I sometimes think it's a pity she's not involved in something less ephemeral than show business. Living with her is a constant stimulation. And the fact that I've had a college education, and she has, is often something of a handicap for me.

"Now what," she will ask, "is lateral tolerance?" Or it may be a question on philosophy or literature. Shari assumes that I should know the answer. I frequently don't, and it's a little embarrassing. But there is nothing embarrassing for Shari in any discussion. Her quick intelligence is immediately evident.

Luckily, I have that background which makes it natural for me to both love and appreciate her. Although my father was a very successful advertising man, our women were no slouches, certainly. And my mother was an excellent lawyer. One of my sisters is a successful magazine writer and the other, a housewife, does social work with considerable ability. I was brought up in a home where women were respected for their ability and intelligence.

Where do you want to go this evening? Shari answers—but then her intuitive mind tells her that I have something else in mind. The next few minutes may be a little difficult, for each is then trying to plan what he (or she) thinks will make the other happy. Yet, generally, Shari has so many performance decisions to make during the course of an average day that I think she's happy to have me make the decisions around the house.

It doesn't always please her. Shari now wants a dog and I have said no. This may make me sound cruel, but I hate to see me. In our three years of marriage, we have had many pets. We have had birds that have caught a draft by an open window and turned sick. We have had a collie—and it was then I learned that you must lead a dog's life as the master, if you live in the city. We also have had a charming little monkey, but he turned out to be stupid.

That was during the time when Shari was doing the "Hi, Mom" show. The monkey and I would sit together and watch the show on television. He liked Shari's performance—but he didn't like her. One day, Shari was being interviewed by the Daily Mirror. And she said, "Look at my lovely monkey," and the monkey took a real bite out of her! Nevertheless, we will soon have another animal in the house—for Shari, like Lamb Chop, still likes pets.

It would be a lopsided picture of Shari if I showed only the Lamb Chop side. The front, she is very much a woman and reminds me of our friend Kathryn Murray. Like Kath-
rejected for business reasons. It can be: "You were great, but we sold only sixty bars of soap." This is very depressing for the performer, because, if a show is rejected, she is rejected.

Shari combat this by never being defeated. Shari's father is a kind of homely philosopher. One of his favorite expressions is: "Have faith and be of good courage." Actually, if you assume in your life that you can do something, it is a long step toward being able to do it. So a setback for Shari is not a total defeat—only a single step backward in the march forward. She is consistently wise, a friend I can turn to with a problem, and be sure of an intelligent opinion.

We have few conflicts. We don't agree on background music at home. I like to have the phonograph going and prefer classical music. Shari prefers silence. But this is a major disagreement. She is as thoughtful as a wife can be—there are little gifts, an umbrella which arrives with rainy weather, a new pair of gloves when I need them but don't realize it. And, with each surprise, there is a note—usually signed by Laugh Chimp or Push Puppy or another of the puppets.

Shari's thoughtfulness extends to friends, but she has a great handicap in that she is very near-sighted. Without glasses, she is almost blind and will walk by people she knows well. I've seen her lean into people trying to identify them. Often she says hello to people she can't be sure she knows, because of her fuzzy vision. There is none of this business of "because I'm in show business and you're not, you have to speak to me first."

I worry about her "hitchhiking." Too often, in Manhattan, you read about a woman being beaten up for a few dollars in her purse. Yet, because it's sometimes hard to get a cab in front of our apartment building, Shari walks right up to a car stopping for a light and asks, "If you're going downtown, may I ride with you?"

This past September, she came home to tell me about some people who gave her a lift. "They seemed to have Russian accents and they said they were going to the dock." I picked up the newspaper and showed her the front-page story about Khrushchev arriving in New York. She had apparently got in touch with some Russians who were on their way to meet Mr. K.

I constantly ask Shari to stop thumbing rides, and she agrees. But then she will get caught in the rain, find it impossible to get a cab—and she asks for a ride. To me, it is a sign of this extraordinary trust and faith she has in people. And, I have to admit, she proves that people are amazingly friendly.

I don't think you have to explain why children love Shari. There is nothing phony about her interest in the younger set. I see it when we visit friends with children. They come to her as they would a friend of their own age. Shari keeps a bin of toys for children who visit us, and none ever leaves without a little gift. But adults are no small part of her audience, as proved by the fact that, this season, she has been appearing monthly on different nighttime variety shows. Shari's own reaction to working with other performers is almost that of a fan. She has come home to tell me, in excited terms, how sweet Max Liebman is, or about her interesting conversation with Hans Conried. For a long time, Shari and Burr Tillstrom corresponded, although they never met. Then, one day, Burr called from a hotel in New York and she invited him to dinner.

Now, in a sense, she and Burr are competitors and both are important in the business. But Shari couldn't have been more excited if she were having a man from Mars to dinner. It was as if she were the president of a Burr Tillstrom fan club. We all had a ball that evening. Burr brought along "Ollie" and "Kukla" and gave us a little show, and Shari gave Burr a performance with her puppets. And her whole feeling was, "Isn't this fun?"

I suppose when you get down to the basic question—"What is Shari Lewis really like?"—you're up against something more complex than even a husband can answer. To me, Shari is just so talented, so bright and so wonderful, she almost seems to be a product of the enchanting world of puppets she has created.
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Up, Boy: Networks plunging into new year frantically looking for new story ideas. Take this exclusive item: CBS passed $200,000 to an independent producer who brought in merely a title and idea—the series to be set in the B.C. period of Rome and to be called The Gladiators. Authentic in detail it will be, but the plots will be "cowboy and Indian." Bob Mathias up for consideration as one of the young heroes.

... Thomas Cronin, Princess Margaret's ex-butler, crowns a glorious career with a bit role in Hong Kong. ... Mark Rydell, who played drunk Jeff Baker in As The World Turns, was written out of the script. But viewers flooded the mail with pleas for his return and he is being woven back into the series—still drunk. ... Bess Myerson dating baseball's Hank Greenberg. ... Pat Suzuki and husband-photographer Mark Shaw had them a male blessing. ... The big Bobby Darin special on Jan. 31 will include Bob Hope and young singer Joanie Sommers. Joanie gets big exposure, working with Bobby throughout the show, but let's clear the air on one thing: She is not, as reported, a Darin protege—even if Darin were old enough to have a protege. Although she digs Bobby's singing, they have met only casually and she was, in fact, auditioned and cast for the show while Darin was in Italy. And how about that whirlwind marriage of Darin and Sandra Dee, right on top of their engagement announcement? That's a lot of talent for one couple!

Suddenly Gloria: Belafonte's producer went down to the jazz mecca, Birdland, to hear Gloria Lynne. That night, Bill Russo's group ran overtime and left Gloria with only enough time for two numbers—not long enough to
really warm up. But Gloria's manager, Monte Kay, talked the Belafonte people into another audition at 11 a.m. in Birdland, when the club was empty. Harry, in person, showed up half asleep. He listened, began snapping his fingers and, in the end, stood up and cheered. Gloria was scheduled for five numbers and got guest star billing. And so a star was born. "That Harry," she says, "he looks beautiful. He is beautiful. He makes you feel so relaxed and he's such a good director." On his November spec, the public saw Harry in a tie and jacket for the first time. "And I did it all for you," he told Gloria. "You can't put a finger on her style. There's a bit of Ella—she toured with the great Fitzgerald; a bit of gospel, for she sang many years with the A.M.E. Zion Church. And there's the sound musicianship of a gal who has had five years of concert training. Divorced, Gloria lives alone in New York with a TV set. She says, "Just watching TV, you never know how hard it can be. My manager said, 'Only Belafonte could get you to the studio so early.' But when it was over, I felt suddenly sad."

In and Out: Making the Manhattan rounds: Connie Francis and Jack Scott. Connie makes the Jack Benny special, next month on CBS. Merv Griffin spat angrily when pushed—clothes and all—into a swimming pool. "I wouldn't have minded if it had been the shallow end," he blubbered. "I can't swim." . . . Gertrude Berg and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, having hit it off so well in their hit play, "A Majority of One," will co-star in the TV series, Mama's A Freshman. Filming begins in June. Tillman Franks, who survived the car crash that killed Johnny Horton, is trying to talk Johnny's wife into working under his managerial direction. Odd thing about Johnny: Although he was a wonderful father and husband, he always asked reporters not to mention that he was married. Right up to his untimely death, he believed that public knowledge of his domestic life would hurt his popularity with record buyers. . . . Robert Young, who thought he knew best, is already feeling restless in his retirement and is getting ready a new series for CBS—another warm, human comedy. . . . Dwayne Hickman privately working on a club act which he plans to get on the road in April, when the shooting of Dobie Gillis lets up. His effectiveness with comedy monologues has one hipster predicting Dwayne as "the Bob Hope of the future."

The Breakthrough: At press time, Goodson-Todman didn't have a title for their new audience-participation show which replaces Dough Re Mi. But they had the format and star, Art James, who has been associated with Hugh Downs on Concentration. "I'm a different type from Hugh," Art says, "I'm a non-intellectual. Don't read much. Mostly engaged in outward pursuits, and kind of a golf nut." Born of immigrants, he spoke Russian before English. He was graduated from Wayne University, worked in Detroit radio, married actress Jane Hamilton, and came to N.Y.C. in '58. "Jane has our two children to care for. One is three, and the girl is a baby, so Jane hasn't had much time to flex her dramatic muscles—although she made some Oldsmobile (Continued on page 70)
Beware, Young Lovers: Dangers of a movie romance were highlighted by Dana Andrews on the "Madison Avenue" set. The script called for a kiss on the cheek and a nibble of the pretty ear of co-star Jeanne Crain. Dana was faithfully following directions when suddenly he began to cough and wheeze. There was a small panic until someone gave him a pound on the back, producing the cause of the spasm—one of Jeanne's earrings! Whereupon he regaled the cast with the sad story of his first movie kiss during the filming of "Berlin Correspondent," in 1941. Record of this buzz was Virginia Gilmore. The pair clinched. The director yelled "Cut!" The cameramen began moving to the next set. But Dana and Virginia remained fixed in their embrace. This mystery was solved when it was learned that both stars were wearing retaining braces on their teeth and, somehow, these had locked and couldn't be pieced apart. A dentist had to be summoned to separate the pair. "See this on my lip," Dana wryly pointed to a tiny scar. "That's where I got nicked, had to be bandaged and was out of the picture for two weeks.

The Measure of Success: When Jimmy Shigeta refused to sign a seven-year contract with Warners, he was replaced as one of the leads in Hawaiian Eye by Bob Conrad . . . and, for the benefit of those who have been wondering how Bob got the Oriental-sounding tag of Lopaka, that's how. It was originally meant for Jimmy. Now in Japan starring in "Bridge to the Sun," Jimmy is slated to do the lead in "Flower Drum Song." On meeting the great Japanese star of stage and screen, Sessue Hayakawa, Jimmy marveled, "I can't get over how young and vital you look. What's the formula?"

Hayakawa's face became a mask of Oriental meditation as he replied, "In the West, a man's success is counted by his material goods. Here in the East, there are people who count themselves lucky if they have one bowl of rice each day. But, at the height of my success, I found that eating two bowls of rice a day would keep me young and vigorous. In a sense, that's the measure of material success—that extra bowl of rice."

Call Me Kayo: The cast and crew of Checkmate have been spoofed for some time by bearded Sebastian Cabot. It seems he has latched on to a gold medal engraved "Winner 1940 Olympics, Boxing," and he wears it on his watch chain as a fob. This has started a legend that Mr. C. is a tough hombre with his dukes and Cabot has mischievously given life to the legend by acknowledging introductions with a gruff "Call me Champ."

The truth is that there never was a 1940 Olympics. It was cancelled out because of the war. But, until he gets his comeuppance, jolly Mr. C. is having his laughs bullying and strutting like John L. Sullivan . . . Room with a View: The itchiest feet in television belong to Mari Blanchard of Klondike. Mari only turned to acting as an easy way to see the world, going from location to location. The trick worked. She had actually seen sixteen countries before going into the series and marrying Reese Taylor Jr. When her marriage faltered, Mari grew restless again and, as a stopgap cure, bought a new home. "I bought it for the view," she sighs, "but I soon saw that, to certain tourists, I was the view." This led to an investment of $2000 for drapes to cover the wall-wide picture window. And now Mari is itching to move again. With the drapes shut against peepers, she hasn't
Setting his sights on a future musical is John Raitt, who also loves TV work.

Busy, busy, busy—that's pert 'n' pretty Connie Stevens these days.

had much chance to enjoy her view. So, whether the series is renewed or not, Mari's desire is to be only a part-timer and to sandwich appearances on the show with jaunts to hither and yon.

Dimpled Dynamite: Cute and gifted Susan Oliver has no regrets about turning down the choice role of Claudia in the proposed TV series of the same name. "I just didn't feel it was right for me. But I'll admit I'd love doing a series and hope the right one comes along soon." As a result of being accosted on the street by a wolf on the prowl, blonde Susan has decided to take up the art of karate, an ancient Oriental form of self-defense akin to judo. Inspiration for this came from none other than Elvis Presley. "The day after I was bothered by that masher," smiles Susan, "I met Elvis at the William Morris Agency and told him what happened. He showed me how he could break a board with one stroke of his hand. I immediately signed up with his karate instructor. Elvis was so funny. When he saw me taking my lesson, he said, 'If it ever gets out that I've been advising pretty girls to go in for karate, their boy friends are going to make me target for the day.'"

Tea-Time in Old Blighty: Though he has a term contract at 20th-Fox and another with the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas, England's top pop singer, Frankie Vaughan, has no intention of moving to this country. Starring in "The Right Approach," Frankie has several reasons for continuing to make his home in a London suburb. Firstly, his wife and two children are happy where they are; secondly, Frankie feels the British fans who gave him stardom might be hurt if he moved to another country. "Most of all, I'm too used to our English ways," says Frankie. Asked how these differ from American ways, he crinkles his brows in thought. "Here's an example. In order to get some privacy, certain American entertainers, I hear, have built high fences around their homes. But back home, when fans invade our property, we invite them in for a cup of tea. It usually calms them down and, I must say, they come up with some wonderful ideas on the songs I ought to sing..."

Before and After: This is the plight of Joan Taylor, a fast-rising luminary of TV. Happily married in real life and the efficient mother of two, Joan has been cast both as the deceased wife of Robert Taylor in a segment of The Detectives and also as the general-store owner in The Rifleman, who looms as the romantic interest of Chuck Connors and, by implication, his wife-to-be.

The Boys in the Back Room: The male contingent of TV stars far outnumber the female on the Warners' lot and, for relaxation during lunch breaks, they've been having a few friendly rounds of poker. It was strictly stag until wide-eyed Dorothy Provine asked to be taught the game. "Sure," said Jack Kelly with a tolerant wink at the others. "We'll let you in." By agreement, stakes were low for the first session and Dot was given every opportunity. As a result, she won. But when she continued to win with ease and cunning, the boys began to suspect they were being sucker. So, at this writing, Warners' big problem with its human stars is not higher salaries but how to keep one pip of a blonde from getting in the card game and diverting her toward (Continued on page 62)

Who'd ever think you'd see a divided skirt on city streets—and one that looks smart as paint!

Who'd ever think that girls could dye their hair blond as readily as their mothers used to color their lips? Who'd ever think that eye make-up would be the daytime craze of the '60s?

Who'd have ever thought—twenty-five years ago—that millions of girls would be using billions of Tampax.

Only die-hards don't dare! Tampax® internal sanitary protection is such a clear-cut improvement!

There's no bulk, no chafing, no irritation. Why, you aren't even aware you're wearing Tampax!

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
TV's Favorite Bachelors Choose THE MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN IN THE WORLD

We gave them no rules, no definitions, no hints. They were completely on their own. All we asked them to do was to name "The Most Glamorous Women in the World" . . . and then tell us—in no uncertain words—why.

Here are the results, direct to TV RADIO MIRROR, from the pens of Hollywood’s most exciting new leading men . . . all of them good judges of womanhood, as any man should be.

The results . . . Well, some may surprise you, some may please you, and some may puzzle you. But when you put them all together, one thing becomes pretty obvious: When you try to get men to agree on a subject like women . . . well, it just can’t be done!
Tom Tryon asks wistfully: "I wonder how many young males like myself sat there, eating their hearts out, when the announcement came through that Grace Kelly was to leave the realm of possibility? She was going to become a princess, and poof!—there went that dream.

"But I don't give up easily. I can still daydream, can't I? She's still the most glamorous of all of them, for my money (which isn't a lot; about $3.75 right now).

"There was a girl with class. Those white gloves, you know? Man, they told the whole story, those white gloves. I have to agree: A girl who wears those and can do it like she did, without being or looking self-conscious... well, she deserves to find a husband!

"I'm just mad she married somebody else, while I sit here eating my heart out! Ah, well, we all have to do our bit for international diplomacy.

"I'll tell you another reason why I think she's the most glamorous girl of them all. Can you imagine anyone calling her 'Gracie'? Kind of does something to you, doesn't it? Like, akkkkk! In fact, it's hard to think of anyone not calling her Princess Grace, from the time she was a little girl.

"Maybe now you can see why it's going to be hard for me to settle down in a little house in West Covina. I don't know if I'll ever be coming down out of the clouds... or if I want to, either. I'm too young to trade glamour in for dishpans and diapers, don't you think?

"You don't?"

Grace Kelly—now Princess of Monaco (see page 34), formerly one of Hollywood's loveliest stars and winner of an "Oscar" for her acting talents—is the selection of Tom Tryon, handsome, jaunty "John Slaughter" of TV's Walt Disney Presents.
Gardner McKay observes: “I don’t believe, in the first place, that The Most Glamorous Woman in the World could ever be someone ‘new’—an overnight sensation, as it were. No, she must be someone whom the whole world has accepted.

“At first, I was tempted to list Greta Garbo; she fits that definition. But I was swayed by the magic longevity of the glamour of Miss Ingrid Bergman. No matter what happens to her, personally, publicly, or in any other way, she still seems to have that lasting glamour which grows and matures and becomes even more rare with the passing seasons.

“This is Miss Bergman.

“Perhaps I’m a bit partial to the Scandinavian stock; I’m not sure. Miss Garbo has, of course, many of these same qualities, too.

“But it’s that serene face, with its melting eyes, which becomes so devastating. And the air of mystery about her, too. Something we often associate with the Oriental, but Miss Bergman has it: A dignity and maybe even a little pride in being a member of the human race.

“My, but I bet this all sounds esoteric!

“I don’t mean to be. But it seems that it would be very obvious for me to say things like ‘Ingrid Bergman would win the Miss Universe pageant tomorrow’ (which she could—or should).

“It’s those eyes. Whenever they turn in your direction, you know that they’re aiming only at you—and, at that moment, nothing else matters.”
Eva Gabor—most serious actress of the three Hungarian sisters whose name has become an international synonym for glamour—is the charming choice of Roger Perry, whose own charm illuminates the role of Pat O'Brien's legal-beagle son, over ABC-TV.

Roger Perry answered: “Mmm, yes! All right, my idea of the most, most glamorous gal I ever met is Miss Eva Gabor. And ‘gal’ is just about the most inaccurate word I could have chosen, isn’t it? Let’s re-word that so it comes out ‘woman—all woman.’

“I think I probably had just about as wrong an opinion of Miss Gabor as anyone might, anyone who’s read all the care-wmess things they say she’s said and done. Which is fine . . . I’m not knocking that; she is a little bit crazy.

“But there’s a lot more to Miss Gabor, too. First of all, the first time I met her (it was in the line of duty, I promise you; we were both filming a segment of Harrigan & Son—plug!), I was just overwhelmed by her beauty. If you think she’s beautiful in pictures, you should see her in person. Garrumph! It just likes to knock a sane man down on his knees!

“Time for a quick recovery, a glass of cool water, then plunge ahead: She’s charming. Maybe I’m an A-number-one, typical, young, naive American sap, but there’s a kind of radiance about Miss Gabor and you just find yourself standing there, grinning your fool head off while she’s talking to you. It’s her charm that does it.

“And furthermore: She has a great sense of humor, once you break through the dialect jazz. She really does. For instance and as a matter of fact, she told me she ‘loved working on the Pat O’Brien serious.’ I know that may be hard to figure out, but it kind of grows on you. Inscrutable, that’s what she is.

“And mad . . . completely mad and lovable and . . . what’s the word? Glamorous? You bet!”

"One. Dignity. For all the publicity ordeals—and all the photographing—she's had to go through, Miss Loren still has managed to preserve a great deal of dignity. That's quite unusual, especially for foreign-born stars, who lately seem to have to be recognized almost exclusively for the amount of clothing they're not wearing. Regardless of what she is or isn't wearing, Sophia Loren has dignity.

"Two. Femininity. This isn't as obvious a comment as you might think. Surely, she's feminine, but it isn't easy to combine her femininity with the tremendous force of her personality. And, in spite of the hard-driving quality she has about her, she still remains soft and feminine.

"Three. Beauty. Of course, this is one of the primary requisites to being glamorous. And Miss Loren is a beauty of the first rank. She had to be, to be picked out of the hundreds upon hundreds of starlets surrounding any movie colony, and to have magazine editors clamoring for her latest stills.

"Four. Sex. No mystery about this. Miss Loren is one of that very elite group of ladies whom we used to call 'pin-ups.' She is, without doubt, near the top of any red-blooded male's list of dream women.

"Five. Mystery. And, with it all, the feeling that there's something immutable about her. The eternal feminine; the woman that man can never wholly know. That's the intriguing part of it... the extra excitement... which makes Sophia Loren the most glamorous woman in the world!"

Sophia Loren, Italy's gift to the American screen (but, thus far, a "holdout" from TV), is the well-documented selection of Rod Taylor—Australia's gift to American television, seen each week as the star of the hour-long series called Hong Kong.
Prettiest wife that any man could wish, Vera Miles is not only a talented actress but a confirmed "homebody."

Exclusive! Four heartwarming reasons why Keith Larsen of The Aquanauts took his most daring, most rewarding dive—into the seas of matrimony

by STEVE KAHN

Two little blondes—one ten, the other seven—rushed up to the tall, strapping visitor. He towered over them, but leaned down for their affectionate embraces. You could see the spark between the man and the girls. They didn't simply like this man; they loved him.

Suddenly, in chorus, the two girls sang out: "When are you marrying Mommy?" The question—which was asked, just as subtly, every time the visitor came over to their house—was one to which they never expected an immediate answer. They realized that one day, probably one day soon, they would have their answer.

The answer came last July 16, a sun-splashed Saturday to which Keith Larsen was looking forward with all the eager anticipation of a man in love. That evening he was taking her—Vera Miles—to the theater. For a change, they were leaving the kids—her kids—at home. There were

Keith could be caroling, "Are there any more at home like you?" And Vera could reply: "Yes—three!"

three of them. Debbie, ten, and Kelly, seven—the little marriage brokers—and Mike, three, and a confirmed bachelor. Usually, the children chaperoned Keith and Vera, but, on this occasion, they were getting the night off.

Keith woke up early and called Vera; her voice was the most effective wake-me-up tonic he could think of. His bachelor diggings were in their usual state of suspended animation. Vera, suspecting same, invited him over for breakfast. "Okay," he agreed, "but I'll bring my clothes over, so I can spend the day at the pool and then change without having to go home."

They ate a hearty breakfast prepared by Vera, one of Hollywood's most accomplished and ardent chefs, then adjourned to the pool. The kids were inside the house, dressing to join some of their playmates for the Saturday matinee. Keith was lounging at the poolside, (Continued on page 71)
Mr. and Mrs. Smith of

No handsomer couple exists in Glamourville than actor John Smith and actress Luana Patten, who—since their marriage a few months ago—have been sampling the joys of “living happily ever after.” Their house, high in the hills, gives them a sun-drenched view of the fabulous vista of Los Angeles by day and a stunning light-spattered panorama by night. They typify a new brand of Hollywood star and, for many reasons, consider 1961 their year.

Tall, blond and handsome John Smith is a perfect symbol of Hollywood today. The community has changed over the years, has given up the reckless abandon of earlier days. The glamour of show business, the lure of overnight fame are as strong as ever, but the new stars are saner, more serious, more mature.

The road to the top is tougher these days. Gone are the astronomical tax-free weekly salaries. Today’s star doesn’t stop when he hires a press agent. He arms himself with a business agent, as well. The reason? He’s seen too many of yesteryear’s carefree, high-living stars
the Hollywood Hills

The higher the better is John's specification for his dream house. So Laramie's star and his beautiful Luana live very close to heaven
plummet quickly from success to hard times.

Smith's career is a good example of modern ways to stardom. Seven short years ago, he was trying to break in as an actor, selling used cars, deep-freeze units and dinnerware on the side, to survive. He lived in a small apartment with three other struggling young actors. In 1953, he got his first major break when he played the young honeymooner in the movie "The High and the Mighty." John left the apartment and leased a house, again sharing it with a group of young actors. When jobs were scarce, he worked installing TV antennas.

"I finally had to move to a small apartment by myself," John says. "I was getting into debt all the time from 'subsidizing' my pals." About this time, he began getting regular acting roles, and got caught up in the Hollywood social whirl. "By 1956, I was nine thousand dollars in debt."

John and Luana rig fishnet to decorate poolside patio.

John's big break came in 1957, when NBC-TV cast him in one of the three regular starring roles in Cimarron City. He at once acquired a business manager. "Within a year's time, my business manager, Fred Barman, had me out of debt," Smith says gratefully. John then moved into a house in the Hollywood Hills with a lease and an option to buy.

In 1959, John went from a starring role in Cimarron City to a starring role in the same network's Laramie series. And this one was tailored specifically for him.

With his career fully on its way, John did what he had always wanted to do—bought a home high in the Hollywood Hills. The house is a ranch-type with three bedrooms and three baths. It sits on one acre of land. There is a large kidney-shaped swimming pool, and the view over Hollywood includes the NBC Studios in Burbank and the Revue Studios where Laramie is filmed.

While his home, his car, his eighteen-foot cabin cruiser are all unmistakable symbols of success, John doesn't throw money around. "One of the first things my business manager did was to put me on a budget," John says. "Till I was married, for instance, I lived on fifty dollars a week to cover food, laundry and entertainment. Nowadays, you have to think of the future. I'm investing so that I'll always have something to fall back on. I've already bought several acres of desert property."

John and Luana are having a wonderful time making their home a warm and charming reflection of their own personalities, but by no means are they splurging. As John sums it up: "I managed to live when I was making thirty-two dollars a week in 1952. We certainly can live within our means now." A sound, sensible philosophy!

John Smith stars as Slim Sherman in Laramie, seen on NBC-TV, Tuesday, 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
pit their wits against each other at chess.

Luana collects miniature teacups. Here's one John bought for her.

Cabin cruiser can be towed easily by car to lake or sea. With them go Juan and Sahib—their devoted canine "family."
plummet quickly from success to hard times. Smith's career is a good example of modern ways to stardom. Seven short years ago, he was trying to break in as an actor, selling used cars, deep-freeze units and dinnerware on the side, to survive. He lived in a small apartment with three other struggling young actors. In 1953, he got his first major break when he played the young honeymooner in the movie "The High and the Mighty." John left the apartment and leased a house, again sharing it with a group of young actors. When jobs were scarce, he worked installing TV antennas. "I finally had to move to a small apartment by myself," John says. "I was getting into debt all the time from 'subsiding' my pals." About this time, he began getting regular acting roles, and got caught up in the Hollywood social whirl. "By 1956, I was nine thousand dollars in debt."

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Voice of America proved he’d learned enough of his adopted language—and land—to help broadcast the truth overseas. Now he carries a tape recorder and queries people everywhere, in order to capture the typically American point of view.

Fans write that they find his way of speech “fascinating.”

Stefan Koda of Young Doctor Malone is Michael Ingram in person. The European-born actor means what he says on TV—and the accent is his own

by FRANCES KISH

Letters from fans of Dr. Stefan Koda (of NBC-TV’s Young Doctor Malone) invariably remark on the doctor’s charming Old World accent. “I never heard such a well-done accent,” one woman wrote recently. “You must have worked a long time to sound so foreign—and fascinating,” another commented. “Somehow, people assume I am taking on an accent,” says Michael Ingram, who plays Dr. Koda. “In reality, it is my own. A mixture of my German background, fused with other cultures to which I have been exposed, particularly that of this country. It would be difficult now to trace it exactly.”

When Michael first went into acting, on radio, as a young boy not too long out of Berlin, a heavy accent was the rule for German roles. “A certain stereotype was insisted upon,” he says. “Probably to get across immediately to the listener that a German was speaking. Actors who played German roles all spoke in this stereotyped way. (Continued on page 60)

Young Doctor Malone is produced by Carol Irwin over NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3 to 3:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
Young Doctor Malone boasts a TV "medical association" both dedicated and companionable. Backing up Dr. Stefan Koda (Michael Ingram) in hospital scene: Dr. Jerry Malone himself (William Prince) and Dr. Eileen Soaton (Emily McLaughlin).
... and she fell in love with him. Who could be in a better position to know that Mark Goddard is everything he seems to be in The Detectives: Impulsive, charming—and most sincere!
he fell in Love with his press agent


by DORA ALBERT

But that can't be the girl who's going to interview me, thought Mark Goddard. An interviewer from a publicity office wouldn't be that young and pretty! "Hi, there," she said. "I'm Marcia Rogers from the Rogers-Cowan office."

Later, Mark—who's currently seen as Sergeant Chris Ballard in The Detectives—was to find out that this blonde, petite girl with the hazel eyes and the winning smile was the daughter of Henry Rogers, the (Continued on page 80)

Marcia doesn't plan to wear such a formal bridal gown. But she does plan to cook more elegant meals for her husband!
ALL THE WAY TO HAWAII

Bob Conrad traveled a rough and roundabout road—through night clubs, milk routes, factories—to reach a haven of TV stardom on Hawaiian Eye

Two years ago, Bob Conrad was just another good-looking young actor trying to get his break in Hollywood, a town loaded with good-looking young actors trying to get a break. Bob's break was a co-starring role as Tom Lopaka in the Warner Bros. TV series, Hawaiian Eye. . . . All too often, young actors who do find themselves thrust suddenly into stardom get grandiose ideas about their own importance. Bob is one of the pleasant exceptions. "I don't have to consciously work at deflating my ego," he explains, "because I have worked very hard for the small success I'm enjoying, much harder than people realize. I'm grateful for this opportunity. I won't say I'm humble. It's just that I'm appreciative." . . . That hard work began when he was (Continued on page 63)
a Castle for King

This is the fair estate on Long Island which is now home for Alan and Jeanette and their sons Bobby, 9, and Andy, 6.

It's a long trail from city streets
to the green mansions of suburbia. But

Alan King's poorest memories are
rich—and even the crabgrass is fun

by MARTIN COHEN

Five-feet-ten, thirty-three years old and especially handsome for a comic, Alan King is a paradox: Built for football, he is an indoor, on-stage performer. Aggressive and extroverted, he is both warm and sentimental. A thorough male animal with pipe or cigar in mouth, he's also apt to have in his pocket a couple of recipes he's ripped from the woman's page of the daily paper. His voice strikes hard—but what he has to say is human. And the paradox continues. This season, King enters your living room some dozen times via the Garry Moore, Perry Como and Ed Sullivan shows. His monologues are concerned, (Continued on page 68)
Wendell Niles, of It Could Be You, has a sports-amusement “park” right in his own backyard—complete from water rides to barbecue.

Wendell’s pool is 55 feet long, 12 feet deep, suitable for speedboating (see opposite page), water skiing (with aid of shock cord)—and oh, yes, swimming! Man in background, above, is stunt-diver John Benson. Not shown in pictures is modernistic diving tower designed by Wendell himself.

On television, Wendell Niles is part and parcel of It Could Be You, the engrossing audience-participation show in which he helps Bill Leyden stage reunions, stunts and sundry surprises. Off camera, his life might well be subtitled: “It Should Happen to Us!” Biggest hobby of both Wendell and Ann Niles is their lovely home in the Toluca Lake district of California’s San Fernando Valley. As befits a lad from Livingston, Montana, the grounds seemingly encompass all the delights of the wide open spaces. The big backyard is one great fun area (known locally as “Wendell’s Crazy Pad”). Pictures on these pages emphasize the more watery side of the Niles sports enthusiasms, but the full equipment ranges from a punching bag to an open-air barbecue. Surrounding buildings include dressing rooms, projection room, and an alfresco dining area. Everything but a box-office for general admission. Tickets, anyone?

Archery—safari style: Bold hunter Niles’s target is tiger head on other side of pool.
Shuffleboard: A "team" game for Wendell and wife Ann. There's also table tennis—and a putting green.

Fishing: Wendell can even catch a trout without leaving home! And it can be tastily cooked outdoors, right on the premises.
Nilesland, U.S.A.

Wendell Niles, of It Could Be You, has a sports-amusement “park” right in his own backyard—complete from water rides to barbecue.
They said the star was a failure, when Adventures In Paradise began. Yet Gardner has now proved himself a winner! How? Here's the off-camera story . . .

by JOSEPH H. CONLEY JR.

Gardner’s grin, these days, is far real. He always loved boating but had to learn how to act—and enjoy it! Author-actor Conley (above, left, in an episode of Adventures In Paradise) tells the reasons why—as observed on the set and as revealed personally by both McKay and his co-workers.

A n actor whose first-season television show has just been renewed by the sponsor for a second year suddenly becomes impossible to get along with! This is a television “rule” I’ve come to know well, since I’m a character actor who moves from studio to studio, doing some thirty different TV shows during any given year.

But now I’ve also found the “exception” to this rule. The show: Adventures In Paradise. The actor: Gardner McKay. I’m not a close friend of Gardner’s, just a casual acquaintance. But actors must be good observers and I’ve worked (Continued on page 72)

Gardner McKay is Adam Troy in Adventures In Paradise, ABC-TV, Mon., from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

The name’s “Pussy Cat”—and he almost purrs. Gardner has described his constant canine pal as “part poodle, part spaniel, all whiskers.”

One of Hollywood’s most handsome escorts, Gardner is shown here with Maria, the attractive daughter of actor Gary Cooper.
So beautiful, so sweet—
and things just keep happening
around her! Is it any wonder
I find Shirley Bonne and TV’s
My Sister Eileen very much alike?

by RONALD FREEMOND
as told to Marcia Borie
Royalty Sponsors an International Festival

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco inaugurate an event which challenges the award supremacy of both “Oscar” and “Emmy”

by HERBERT KAMM

The tiny principality of Monaco, that cozy, romantic land unknown to most of us until its ruling monarch wooed and won screen beauty Grace Kelly, has wrapped its princely robes around—sound the trumpets loud and clear!—television.

In its short but eventful life, television has rarely, if ever, won more than the condescending recognition of kings and princes. They have let it go its sometimes tortuous way, as a medium of the masses, with neither endorsement nor disapproval.

But what has happened, and is about to happen, in distant Monaco could have far-reaching impact. It could have a lot to do with improving the quality of the shows you watch, and it could very well, if you’ll pardon the flowery language, hasten TV’s development as an international instrument of good will.

Quietly but efficiently, since last June, His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III, with the enthusiastic encouragement of the lovely Princess Grace, has been plotting seizure of the television limelight on a scale never before attempted.

His efforts are about to bear fruit. Between January 14 and 28, Monaco will sponsor and play host to the first International Television Festival, an award- (Continued on page 55)
The Untouchables: Eliot Ness (Robert Stack) points the way for a determined trio—left to right, William Youngfellow (Abel Fernandez), Lee Hobson (Paul Picerni), and Enrico Rossi (Nicholas Georgiade). On or off TV, says Bob, "I couldn't ask for better, more loyal and more talented support . . . or three finer human beings."
Real fighters, true heroes, good
guys to have on your side!

Meet Robert Stack’s mighty trio of
“Untouchables”—Paul Picerni,
Nicholas Georgiade, Abel Fernandez

by KATHLEEN POST

It’s a stroke of TV magic, as ABC’s The Untouchables seemingly brings D’Artagnan and the Three Musketeers back to life and shows them fighting for justice in America’s Prohibition days. When brave and honest Treasury Agent Robert Stack leads his hoodlum-hating team of Paul Picerni, Nicholas Georgiade and Abel Fernandez into battle, using tear gas and automatic guns, millions thrill as they once did to the adventures of the valiant swordsmen created by Alexandre Dumas. The idea of a latter-day “all for one, one for all” group of crime fighters has paid off handsomely on television, winning an Emmy for Desilu Studios and enriching not only Stack—already a top-rated star—but his trio of able character actors,
a Tough Team to Beat

(Continued)

Paul Picerni credits his good fortune to his family: "With each new baby, I've had a new bit of luck!" Above, rear, he's flanked by his wife Marie and daughter Nicci, 12, with little Gina, 4, down in front. The other children are—left to right—Maria, 9; Gemma, 10; Michael, 7; "P.V.," 11; Philip, 5; Charles, 8. A successful movie and TV actor since World War II, Paul had previously earned the Air Force Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross in the China-Burma area.

who probably appreciate even more the regular paycheck which a successful series brings.

Picerni—with his happy, hearty family of eight youngsters "who could eat you out of hearth and home even if they weren't happy and hearty"—is particularly pleased by the prospect. Although he's greatly in demand and has appeared in more than sixty movies, as well as on most of the major TV shows, Paul feels that a regular series is the only way to solve the inevitable problems created by an actor's uneven income.

"My wife, Marie, has breathed a sigh of relief," he says. "Now she can stop worrying about the fat-month, lean-month type of budget which is really tough to balance. For the first time since I left Warners' in 1953, she is sure of what's coming in and can arrange her expenditures and plan her payments properly."

Among other actors, Paul is respected as "a real pro," one who can be relied on for an inspired and thoroughly thought-out portrayal. Directors love him. He always knows his lines, is helpful to fellow players, and is a fertile source of ideas to improve his performance and the show.

His fellow lawman, "Nick the Greek" Georgiade, calls him "the balance-wheel" of The Untouchables. Says Nick, "Paul was the last to join our permanent group, yet he's the number-one force next to Stack. This might have made for a situation, since Fernandez and myself are members of the original team. But petty jealousies fade away when Paul appears. He loves people and enjoys their success as much as his own, and you've

The Untouchables, starring Robert Stack and narrated by Walter Winchell, on ABC-TV, Thursday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Whitehall Laboratories, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., Armour & Co., Beecham Products.

Nicholas Georgiade took up his present career to please actress-wife Anita Raffi (above), was discovered for TV by Lucille Ball. Previous credits? Nick won European heavyweight title of U. S. Army in 1950.
Robert Stack, star quarterback of The Untouchables' unbeatable team, relaxes modern-style, away from the TV cameras. He's married to actress Rosemarie Bowe, their daughter Elizabeth just turned four, son Chuck will be three in June.

In describing how he got the part of Lee Hobson, Paul says modestly, “It came out of the blue, when Jerry Thorpe, who was casting the series, called my agent.” But there was much more to it than that. The Untouchables had originally been presented to the public as a two-part TV program, in which Paul appeared as a cafe owner who slapped Barbara Nichols around and got his come-uppance from Eliot Ness (Stack) and his men. When Anthony George, playing the right-hand man to Ness, elected to leave the show to star in Checkmate, Paul's name at once came to the fore.

Born in New York City, educated there and at Elmhurst High on Long Island, Paul (Continued on page 66)

Abel Fernandez is a born Westerner, but not an Indian—though he often portrays one. A former paratrooper, he was the middleweight champion of the Far Eastern forces, later turned "pro" in the ring.
Husband Charles Debrovner, now an intern at Bellevue, was her high-school sweetheart. Patricia learned to cook after marriage—and both gained weight that first year!

Happy as an actress, happy as a wife, Patricia Bruder is now finding extra added attractions in her exciting “new” role on As The World Turns

Portrait bears the signature "Patsy," which was young Miss Bruder's childhood nickname. She debuted on radio when only ten, got her first Broadway role at thirteen.

by ALICE FRANCIS

To take over a TV part which another actress has been portraying is a little like starting in the third act of a play: Someone else has been doing the first two acts—and you suddenly have to come on and continue the performance. That's the way Patricia Ann Bruder felt, one day last September, when she became Ellen Lowell Cole in the CBS-TV daytime drama, As The World Turns. Wendy Drew, relinquishing the role to be married, gave Patricia some parting words of advice: “Just re-
member that Ellen is a many-sided girl who has already been through a great deal, and you will find her as exciting as I have."

"She was right," Patricia says. "I got to know Ellen well, even before I began to play her. Everyone helped. Especially Ted Corday, our executive director, who has been with the show since its beginning. Now Ellen seems part of me, in spite of the different paths our lives have taken. Ellen has been unhappy in love, while I am happily married. But when you're in sympathy with a person, and you really like her, she becomes almost an extension of yourself."

Patricia is a five-foot-two blonde with hair the color of pale honey, sparkling gray-blue eyes, and a complexion which (Continued on page 58)
Eddy Arnold Has a Farm...

Sure, he commutes to Chicago for each week's nationwide telecast of Today On The Farm. But that's a real spread "The Tennessee Plowboy" has near Nashville—and Eddy knows how to work it, too!

by HELEN BOLSTAD

Coffee for top trio of Today On The Farm—first major network show to originate from Chicago in many a harvest moon. Carmelita Pope does women's features, Alex Dreier (center) is news commentator, singin' Eddy Arnold is host.

Eddy not only uses the sponsor's products on his acres down in Tennessee but is mighty proud of all modern farm machinery. Tractors were rare, where he grew up. It was all "mule power" then—plus boy power, from dawn to dusk.
SUPPLE AND STRAIGHT as a hickory limb, singer Eddy Arnold settled his six-foot-two of brawn and muscle into a Danish modern chair in his manager's New York office and allowed as how he was the number-one fan, as well as host, for NBC-TV's Saturday-morning program, Today On The Farm. In the measured accents of western Tennessee, he said, "I'm paying right close attention to what all those experts report, and it sure is useful. I can't help learning things to do on my home place."

Those experts are headed by farm editor Mal Hansen. Their reports are filmed at working farms, Department of Agriculture experiment stations and agricultural colleges all over the country. Irving P. Krick's long-range predictions tell farmers how to make an ally instead of a foe out of their old adversary, the weather. Alex Dreier presents the news and Carmelita Pope brings features of interest to farmers' wives. Seen at 7:00 A.M., on some two hundred stations, it is the first major network program to be televised from Chicago studios in a number of years.

Eddy contributes his songs, but he is more than an entertainer. Because of their vast background in country music and talent, he and his manager, Ed Burton, work closely each week with the show's producer and creator, Ed Pierce, and the director, Max Miller, and Eddy continues to view the program's content from the standpoint of a working farmer. His own "home place" is a farm in the rolling, wooded hills outside Nashville, Tennessee, where he lives with his wife Sally, their daughter Jo Ann, fourteen, and their son Dicky (Richard Edward Arnold Jr.), eleven. Eddy also owns a second farm, three miles distant, bringing his total holdings to 257 acres. Tenant farmers work them, but Eddy manages them—"I'm the living example of that saying, 'A boy works like the dickens to get off the farm, then works even harder to get money enough to get back.'"

It is the contrast between the farm where he grew up and farm life today which makes Eddy a fan of the NBC program. He says, "The day of the hick, the hillbilly, is past, thank goodness. Radio, television, good roads and education keep the farmer even and sometimes ahead of the city man. But I remember too well how it used to be... Say, do you know, I'll bet I'm one of the few fathers who gets a big kick out of seeing his daughter sprawl out on the floor and talk on the telephone for hours..."

"When I was that age, there was one puny little telephone line along that backroad of ours. Then the Depression came and the batteries in all those wall phones wore out. The farmers couldn't afford to replace them and soon the whole line was dead. We didn't have electricity and the same thing could happen to the battery radios. We got a news-
Says Eddy, "The first real money I made, I bought a house for my wife Sally and me. When the children came along, I got us a farm where they could grow up." Now daughter Jo Ann is fourteen, son Dicky (Richard Edward Arnold Jr.) is eleven.

Teen telephoning doesn't bother Eddy—he recalls days when many farms had no sure line to the outside world.

On Eddy's eleventh birthday, his father died. His family lost the farm and turned sharecroppers. Eddy quit high school in his first year. "I got me a job cutting timber, I sure was a strong little ol' country boy. I could swing that axe and pull my weight on a crosscut saw. I haven't forgot, either. Nowadays, when there's timber to be cleared on my place, I go out and show the men how to chip a tree so it falls into an open space, not on top of somebody."

Good woodsman and good plowboy though he was, Eddy yearned for larger life, and music was his passport. "My mother (Continued on page 79)"

Paper once a week. You sure could feel cut off from the world! Of course, kids got together then, same as they always do, but when I wanted to talk to a girl, I walked. Or maybe rode a mule."

From personal experience, Eddy knows all the heartbreaking hazards which farming can have. "We had a good bit of flat land near Henderson, Tennessee, where we put in cotton, corn, peas, beans and peanuts. All by mule power. I knew one man who had a tractor. Before I was knee-high to a cotton boll, I was driving a two-horse turning plow—the kind where one mule walks the furrow and the other walks along the unbroken land. I sure earned that old name, 'The Tennessee Plow-boy.'"
Show-biz careers for his children? Eddy replies: 
“Dicky says he wants to be a doctor. The only show 
he can put on is socking out a homer in the Knot-
hole League. And that’s sure all right with me.”
Meet the Van Dykes: Dick and Marjorie; sons Chris, 10, and Barry, 9; daughter Stacey, 6. Other members of the family include Roberta, queen of the kitchen, and two frisky pooches named "Sammy" and "Alice."

Audiences of all types agree that Dick Van Dyke's a very funny fellow, whether hosting ABC Radio's variety-packed daily program Flair, guesting on TV, or starring in the Broadway hit musical, "Bye Bye Birdie." The only dissenting votes seem to come from a certain white house at Brookville, on New York's Long Island, which happens to be the home of Dick Van Dyke. Ask the occupants there, "Is Daddy funny around the house?" and Daddy himself snorts "No!" He's staunchly supported by nine-year-old Barry and six-year-old Stacey—while Mommy observes thoughtfully, "He's happy, but never the clown." Only ten-year-old Chris, a rugged individualist to the core, stoutly maintains, "Yes. I think Daddy's funny around the house. Very funny!" This wide divergence of opinion probably stems from one very simple, incontro-

Dick juggles the daily program on ABC Radio, TV specs—and stage stardom in "Bye Bye Birdie." But Marjorie and three little Van Dykes swear Daddy never misses a trick!

by CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

Dick is host of Flair, broadcast over ABC Radio, M-F, from 1 to 1:55 P.M. EST. See local papers for time in your area.
Humor in the Van Dyke family is always good, but Dick saves his clowning for radio's Flair, TV and stage—or the tape recorder at home. He's "very romantic," his wife confides, "and never forgets special days." Neither do the children, who love to serve him breakfast in bed on Father's Day. There isn't that much leisure for most meals. Dinner has to be early, so he can make that Broadway curtain—but the menu isn't a problem. "Promise him anything," sighs Marjorie, "but give him bean soup!"
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by CHARLOTTE BARCLAY
Regal Bess Myerson, panelist on CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret, has many secrets of her own on hand beauty

by JUNE CLARK

Bess Myerson feels that well-groomed, graceful hands are not a happy accident; they must be cultivated. The little effort, however, is well worth the reward: Poise and self-confidence. Bess guards her skin with lotion which she smooths on as she would a glove—from the tips of her fingers to her wrists. She keeps a bottle in her bedroom, bathroom and studio dressing room as visual reminders for frequent use. With long sweeping motions, she applies the lotion on her arms, right up to her shoulders, then rubs extra lotion on her elbows. Graceful hands are limber, according to Bess. She's an accomplished pianist, so her fingers get plenty of exercise. Her suggestion: Ease tension and step up circulation by playing a makebelieve scale several times a day. Because she leads such a busy life, Bess has little time for a professional manicure, often grooms her nails herself. She wears them short for piano playing; her one hope is to have long nails someday. With an emery board, she files them in one direction only—side to center. For an illusion of length, Bess covers her whole nail with polish. She never cuts her cuticles, gently pushes them back with an orange stick. Bess prefers a delicate neutral shade of polish which is not distracting when she plays the piano. Then she uses an orange stick dipped in remover to go over the contour of her nails to remove excess polish. To help prevent chipping, Bess applies a sealer over her polish. Her advice to busy women: Develop a quick, easy hand-care routine, then follow it faithfully until it becomes a beautifying habit.
KTVI-TV has a new concept in public-affairs programming and the man behind it all is St. Louis's Bruce Hayward.
Experience

Almost anything can and does happen on a TV homemaking show, but CKLW-TV's Doris Junod—wife, homemaker and mother of four—is well prepared to handle any and all problems.

Seven years ago, when Detroit's CKLW-TV asked radio-veteran Myrtle Labbitt to do a homemaking show, she agreed and immediately asked that her daughter Doris be given the assignment as her assistant. Thus was born the highly popular and successful team of Myrtle And Doris, now seen on the show of the same name on Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 p.m. "We originally decided not to reveal our mother-daughter relationship," smiles Doris, "but that lasted through only one show. On the second program, I moved off-camera and said, 'Hold the fort, Mom.' Well, that did it. From then on, we made no bones about it and now our viewers enjoy it as much as we do." Doris is also hostess of another program. It's Tower Kitchen Time, seen Thursdays at 12:30 p.m. ... It's no surprise to anyone that Doris is so capable of handling both her homemaking shows so well. She not only studied the subject—she received her B.S. in home economics from Wayne State University—but she is a wife, homemaker and mother of four, as well. Doris met husband Jack when they were both attending high school. "He used to walk me home from school every day," reminisces Doris. And that was no small accomplishment . . . at the time, she lived two miles from the town in which the school was located . . . The Junods now live in a house situated on a big wooded lot. Their home is complete with Early American furnishings and four lively American children—Jo, Jackie, Bobbie and Jamie. "My only problem, as far as the children are concerned," says Doris, "was finding someone to stay with them while I'm working. I finally happened on to a lovely little old English lady. 'Polly,' as we all call her, comes every day that I'm away and the children just love her." When she is at home, Doris and her family enjoy swimming, ball-playing, group singing and bridge.
Is the Best Teacher

Fireside family fun: Doris and Jack Junod with their children—Jo Ellen ("Jo"), 16; James ("Jamie"), 6; Barbara ("Bobbie"), 10; and Jacqueline ("Jackie"), 13.
People in central Kansas have pinned many nicknames on one of the most popular disc jockeys in the area, but the one that seems to best fit Mike Russell of KIRL in Wichita is the "Round Man of Sound." The Round Man has built up a terrific audience in the central Kansas area with his daily 7 to 10 p.m. program, and everyone, both listeners and co-workers at the station, says Mike has that wonderful quality of making everyone feel "it's a terrific day to be alive." . . . Mike was born some twenty-three years ago in Springfield, Missouri. His father is an executive with one of the Midwest's largest meat-packing companies and, because of this, Mike grew up in quite a few cities and towns in the Midwest. About the first time he settled down to any one spot was when he enrolled at Wichita University and spent four years working on his degree. While there, he discovered that radio held a great attraction for him. It was in school that he really got his first radio experience as general manager, announcer, program director and general all-around man at the university's station . . . After graduation, Mike started his first stint in commercial radio at KANS in Wichita (later changed to KLEO). It didn't take the people of Wichita and the industry long to find out that the "Round Man of Sound" had that rare gift of projecting a feeling of happiness and good feeling. About this time, Mike also discovered that other people were interested in him, and he started receiving offers from outside the radio industry. But he found, after much thought, that radio was the only thing that really made him happy and held his interest. This is probably the one big reason that Mike is so successful in his work—he loves radio, he truly enjoys the job of making other people happy and, as a result, you have a happy, jovial guy. . . . Mike's co-workers at KIRL are very quick to heap a lot of praise on him. The one big point they all make is that he has the ability to work under all conditions or with any age-group of people. On personal appearances, for Record Hops in and around Wichita, the kids stand around the stage all evening, visiting with Mike and asking his advice about a million different things. At a recent remote broadcast from a new super-
market, Mike was right at home with shoppers of all ages. . . . The deejay is a bachelor and has recently moved into an apartment near his favorite spot in Wichita—the Wichita University. An ideal bachelor place, Mike's has a sun-deck which is a fine vantage point for him to practice his favorite hobby—photography. . . . Like all top disc jockeys, Mike watches the music trends very closely. He's an avid collector of records himself and has some very definite ideas on the public's likes and dislikes in music. For example, you might think a popular disc jockey like Mike would favor rock 'n' roll, but his attitude is merely "if that's what the public wants, I'll play it for them." When asked if he thinks the disc jockeys are responsible for the current popularity of rock 'n' roll, Mike says, "No, sir! I strongly believe that the public buys what they want—they think for themselves and those of us in radio business play what they want to hear!" As for Mike's personal record collection, he's pretty much down-the-middle-of-the-road with a fairly even collection of pop, rock 'n' roll and classical music in his library.
HERE'S UNCLE WALLY

IF YOU HAD to settle on one reason for Wally Nehrling's success, it probably would be that he loves people. He knows how to talk to anyone and everyone, and he listens to everyone and anyone. Almost everyone knows Wally, early-morning announcer for Station WIRE in Indianapolis. So dear is he to the hearts of his listeners, in fact, that they affectionately refer to him as "Uncle Wally." What's the secret of the broadcaster's success? No one could define it in a few words; it is a combination of many things. First of all, Wally has been an announcer at WIRE Radio for twenty-three years, and that's long enough for the average married couple to move from newlyweds to grandparents. A great many of Wally's present listeners have actually gone through this transition with him. Secondly, Wally has made thousands of personal appearances before all kinds of audiences. As a master of ceremonies, he's excellent. His joke bag is never empty and his sense of humor never lacking. He has an unusually good memory, and—extremely important—he seldom forgets a name. A third point: Wally is a devoted family man. He and his wife June have four children—Wally, 19; Henry, 17; Daniel, 13; and Martina, 9. The Nehrlings live in a two-story house in the northern suburbs of Indianapolis. They've always been a great family for collecting such pets as ducks, rabbits, chickens, horses, etc. At one time, they had as many as twenty different animals. While attending Notre Dame University, the broadcaster had no plans for becoming a radio announcer. Instead, he wanted to be a professional singer. He applied for a singing job at WSBT and was told no singing jobs were available. However, the WSBT management liked his voice so well, they asked him if he wanted an announcing position. Wally accepted the offer and has been a radio announcer ever since. Practically everything good that has happened to Wally has been connected either directly or indirectly with radio. He even met his wife as a result of radio. June came to the WIRE studios to do a program while Wally was on duty. He lost no time introducing himself and, after a whirlwind courtship of eight weeks, they were married. For a hobby, Wally loves golf. He's constantly experimenting with new clubs, new grips, new stances, and all other details ardent golfers usually fuss over. Although Wally doesn't get a chance to play a full round more than a couple of times a week, he hits a good ball off the tee and shoots a fair score.
First International TV Festival

(Continued from page 35) giving extravaganzas which promises to exceed the glitter and pageantry of the "Oscar" and "Emmy" ceremonies put together.

After all, neither Hollywood nor Madison Avenue has been able to attract to its productions the kind of international audience which is about to descend on Monaco. Never before have the best TV shows of some thirty countries been subjected to the judgment of an international jury. Never before has any hall like Monaco’s historic Monte Carlo Opera House, breathtakingly beautiful in its ornateness, been the scene of a television production.

Fully aware that it has stolen a march on the rest of the TV world with this event, Monaco has pulled out all the stops. Through arrangement with Freddie Fields Associates, Ltd., of New York, the awards ceremony will be recorded on tape for showing, not only in the United States, but in Latin American and Asian countries, as well. An edited one-hour version is scheduled to be shown abroad.

Further, Tele-Monte Carlo, Monaco’s own TV channel, will distribute the program throughout the countries of Western Europe. Commercial profits will be distributed among charities dear to the heart of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace. The value to Monaco in terms of goodwill and attracting tourists defies calculation.

TV Radio Mirror elicited this comment from Prince Rainier, on the eve of the festival: “I believe that, above all, what we now demand of television is good entertainment and also the possibility to enlarge our general knowledge of things and people.

“But beyond these, our first expectations, one greater mission is offered to the television medium: A new, peaceful link between the peoples of the world. Where diplomacy may have failed, art can be successful, if television becomes a real creative art and an instrument of proper information. It will then be recognized as such and appeal to all people throughout the world, ignoring the frontiers of language and faith. Each country must look beyond its frontiers and, through the presentation and exchanges of artistic television productions, appeal to the heart and mind of man.”

The festival, due to become an annual event in Monaco, will present at least six awards, possibly nine. The six certain categories are for the best single program in dramatic form, the best single program in the comedy, musical or variety form, the best performance by an actor, the best by an actress, the best direction of a dramatic work, the best writing of an original drama.

Special awards, at the option of the jury, may be given for outstanding news coverage, for the program which did most to further international understanding, and for the best scientific contribution in the development of TV.

Emmy and Oscar are likely to blush at the award to be given each winner. It will be a foot-high gold statue, created by Cartier, of “La Nympe,” the original of which is a world-famous sculpture on exhibit in the Louvre.

The first two days of the festival will be given over to welcoming the jurors, who will spend the following week viewing the entries. The awards will be announced January 23, and the climax will come the evening of January 28, when Their Serene Highnesses will preside at a gala dinner-dance preceding the actual awards presentation.

As has been her custom since she married the Prince on April 18, 1956, Princess Grace will not take an active part in the festivities. “Grace prefers to stay in the background at most public functions,” a close friend of the royal couple explained. “It isn’t a case of being shy and reluctant. Protocol requires that the Prince, as Monaco’s chief of state, preside over public functions.”

The invited audience of some five hundred guests will see a Princess Grace more lovely than ever. “She has never been more radiant or happier,” a recent visitor to the Royal Palace told TV Radio Mirror. “This is really like a fairy tale romance come true. Yet Grace hasn’t insulated herself from the realities of life. She takes an extremely active part in charity work in Monaco and also keeps busy supervising the household. Her happiest hours, however, are spent with her two children (Princess Caroline, four years old on January 23, and Prince Albert, who will be three on March 14).”

Please say yes to the new March of Dimes

The Philadelphia girl who abandoned her regal station in Hollywood to take up a royal station in the 368-acre principality of Monaco has often been rumored as planning a movie comeback.

“Not a chance,” a confidant of the Prince and Princess declares. “There is nothing for her to go back to. Everything she could want is in Monaco. There isn’t even much of a chance for her to get lonely for her friends, because so many of them visit her from time to time.”

The International Film Festival will provide further opportunity for Grace to see many of her old friends, for a number of the American stars with whom she has worked are expected to be featured in the entertainment program integrated into the ceremony.

That portion of the event which will be taped for television will be much like a variety show. Seats in the Monte Carlo Opera House will have been removed, so that the main floor can be used for dining and dancing. Even the Prince’s box will be usurped—for the instant.

One might be led to assume that television in Monaco is somewhat primitive. Nothing could be further from the truth. In some respects, in fact, it is more advanced than television in the United States. As part of the Eurovision system, covering most of the countries of Western Europe, Tele-Monte Carlo is able to pick up important news events live from the major capitals.

Nord could it be said that the Prince and Princess are not aware of American television fare. Viewers in Monaco see many filmed American shows—including Westerns (Wagon Train is a big favorite), old movies and situation comedies. This being the case, it is reasonable to assume that there are some evenings when Their Serene Highnesses watch the good guys and bad guys as eagerly as we do in the States.

As a rule, however, the cultural taste of Prince and Princess is more elevated. And it is toward that end—of better material on TV—they have lent their sponsorship, prestige and support to the International Festival. Actually, the idea for the festival was not the Prince’s own. It was suggested to him by his American advisors, who felt that while there are numerous international movie festivals, TV awards had yet to cross international boundaries.

“The Prince was happy to undertake the TV Festival,” an American spokesman for him said. “Monaco for years has given us entertainment, music and art, and with television now being actively produced in thirty-seven countries, according to latest United Nations statistics, the Prince sincerely believes that TV can become our most effective means of international communications.”

The expectation is that the awards to be given at Monte Carlo will become the most important in all television. They won’t put the Emmys out of business. But the Emmies may soon find they have real competition.
The juvenile Jackie, Scene is from "The Champ," one of many hits in which Cooper and Wallace Beery were co-starred.

by LEON RICE

Last fall, Jackie Cooper's Hennessey began its second year's new episodes over CBS-TV. Jackie is charming and amusing as the young Navy medic who's in and out of comedy situations—and more or less in constant pursuit of heroine Abby Dalton. The writer of this effective TV series, Don McGuire, is co-owner—with Cooper—of the Hennessey Company which controls the show. Thus its success on the TV screen also means a substantial financial success for its star. A comparable partnership existed in Jack's prior TV series, The People's Choice, which involved a three-way participation by Jackie, George Burns and creator-producer Irving Brecher.

The recent release to TV of so much old film puts Cooper in the somewhat unique position of being before the public in footage reflecting his acting ability from the age of three to thirty-five. While no one viewing Hennessey would ever dream of thinking of the suave, finished actor as an "oldster," Cooper has been performing on screen, stage and TV for thirty-two years! Yet, no matter what part he plays, you can see Skippy, the All-American Boy, the true spirit of American manhood, revealing a boyish appeal, charm and wistfulness. Unlike other child actors, who depended on one carefully maintained acting style for effectiveness, Jackie Cooper was and is a versatile and intelligent performer. He is a "natural" in the theatrical sense, making his own contribution to the role he plays, in addition to performing in the routine sense.

Jackie is one of the few child stars who ever successfully grew up in the public eye. He survived childhood success in movies, achieved maturity, fought his way to the top in two new media: The stage and television. Except for the war years—1942 to 1945—at no time since he was eight years old has he ever made less than $50,000 a year. (By the time he was ten, he was earning more than the President of the United States!)

Born on September 15, 1922, Jackie first broke into the movies at the age of three. His mother was a rehearsal pianist at Fox. During the casting of a number called "That's You, Baby," for "The Fox Movietone Follies," she watched them take hundreds of tests of children. She felt her son Jackie could sing better. So she asked her mother, who took care of the child while she was at work, to bring him in for a test but not to tell anyone who he was. He got the part. After that, Jackie appeared in bit parts in several musicals, including "Sunny Side Up." He got some parts in Lloyd Hamilton comedies and then was put under contract to Hal Roach at $50 a week for the "Our Gang" comedies, now also familiar to television viewers as "Little Rascals."

At this point, Hal Roach tried to get movie rights to "Skippy," the famous comic strip by Percy Crosby, but Paramount beat him to it. They had a script prepared, and wanted to test Jackie Cooper for the role, but Roach was so angered he refused to release the boy. Eddie Montagne, Jackie's godfather and a producer at Paramount, suggested a secret screen test. If it was no good, they'd forget the whole thing. If the test went well, they would try again to convince Hal Roach. The test was successful and Paramount persuaded Roach to lend Jackie to the studio for the picture. Roach agreed only on condition that Jackie sign a new contract with him. This contract paid Jackie $100 a week when he worked and $50 when he didn't. Jackie was a huge hit in "Skippy" and skyrocketed to stardom at the age of eight.

For "Skippy," Jackie got only $900—six weeks' work.
at $100 a week, plus a $300 bonus Paramount added in appreciation of the boy's work. Not too long thereafter, MGM purchased Jackie's contract from Roach at a figure rumored to be more than $100,000! And, in their new contract, they gave Jackie his new income—$1300 a week, with options for two more years at increased salaries.

"Skippy" had made Cooper the nation's most popular child actor. MGM quickly pressed the advantage, and Jackie was starred in a sequel called "Sooky." Following this, he scored with Wallace Beery in "The Champ." Then came "Peck's Bad Boy," "The Bowery," and "Treasure Island." He remained under contract to MGM until 1937. By this time, Jackie had started to grow up and adolescence dimmed him as a box-office draw, although he continued to get star billing and top money in pictures like "Seventeen," "The Spirit of Culver," "Syncopation," "Where Are Your Children?" and "What a Life."

In 1941, when Jackie was nineteen, his mother died. They had been very close, and she had carefully protected his finances in the years before rigid laws controlled the earnings of child stars. Trust funds and annuities had been set up so that Jackie had no money worries.

When World War II broke out, Jackie—then twenty—enlisted in the Navy, serving three years. With his service discharge, in 1945, began the lowest period in Cooper's career. He was bitterly resentful of people who reminded him of his former greatness. He was confused and insecure, doubting his own talent. He made some quickie movies in Hollywood, including one with Jackie Coogan called "Kilroy Was Here," but starring roles were no longer readily coming his way. He was tired of fast-buck pictures which were only justified on the basis that they made money. Believing that an actor's only resources are experience, training and study, Cooper came to New York in 1947, to try to break into the Broadway stage.

For the next few years, Cooper devoted himself to becoming a finished actor. He gained experience by appearing in summer stock. And, in 1948, he made his Broadway debut in "Magnolia Alley." The production was a flop on which Jackie lost $15,000 of his own money. Following this disaster, he toured in the national company of "Mister Roberts" in the top comedy role of Ensign Pulver.

He returned to Broadway in 1951 in "Remains to Be Seen," in which he scored a great hit. By this time, Jackie was in great demand for TV appearances. And, since then, he has appeared on every major TV show, some of them several times. He has also directed several programs, including the highly successful The People's Choice. The amusing Hennesey series followed.

Cooper is married to the former Barbara Kraus and they now have three children—Russell born in 1956, Julie in 1957 and Cristina in 1959. He also has a fourteen-year-old son, John Anthony, the child of a former marriage.

Since the release of old films to television, the public has the complete 32-year career of Jackie Cooper available for viewing. The earliest "Our Gang" Comedies, "The Champ," "Peck's Bad Boy" and others. It is possible to contrast the growing, charmingly wistful boy with the adult and polished actor of Hennesey. And...though Jackie may be grown-up and a more mature actor...the little boy still looks out through his eyes and shows up in his irrepresible grin.
(Continued from page 41) looks soap-and-water scrubbed. She was twenty-three last April, and has been a performer thirteen of those years. At ten, she was on radio in "Juvenile Jury" and "Bob Emery's Rainbow House." At thirteen, she was on Broadway, first understudying and then playing Flora in "The Innocents," later touring with the national company for eight months in the United States and Canada.

Again on Broadway, she was featured in "Lace on Her Petticoat" and, off-Broadway, in "Livin' the Life"—playing Tom Sawyer's Becky Thatcher—and "The King and the Duke," in which she sang and danced as well as acted. Stock experience has included ingenue leads in "A Roomful of Roses," "Anniversary Waltz," and "Time Out for Ginger." She has done a lot of radio and television, had featured roles in radio daytime dramas such as Road Of Life and Ma Perkins.

Patricia was still appearing in Ma Perkins, and was also in "Gypsy," the Broadway hit starring Ethel Merman—Patricia was playing Marjorie May, one of the girls in Gypsy's vaudeville act—when she decided to give up the latter job to concentrate mainly on As The World Turns. She gave up her nickname of "Patsy" at about the same time. "My family had always called me that and it became my professional name, too. But, as I grew out of child parts, I kept wishing for my given name of Patricia. It was such a pleasure to be leaving childish roles behind, and to play more mature ones, that it was time to make the change."

Part of the reason for this new maturity was Patricia's marriage, in June, 1959, to Charles Debrowner, who is now interning at New York's Bellevue Hospital and preparing to specialize in obstetrics and gynecology. She and Chuck met at a party when she was a junior in high school and he was a senior.

Actually, at the time of that first meeting, young Patsy had come home from a rehearsal, deciding she was too tired to go to a party. But her mother suggested that, since she had been working so hard, she ought to have a little fun now. So Patsy went, and Chuck was there, and they began to date. When he entered Yale, she was his date whenever he got home, although neither had any idea then that it meant more than going out together. Fortunately, I never had to play love scenes in plays or TV before I fell in love with Chuck," she says. "Because they were easy after that!"

Their wedding was planned for Saturday, June 6. Patricia was already in rehearsal for "Gypsy" in March, preparatory to an out-of-town tour and the Broadway opening in late May. But she felt secure in the belief that arrangements had been made for her to be off the show that Saturday night in June, and also for a brief honeymoon.

However, an actress friend had warned her not to count on it, so—just to be safe—the wedding was put off until Sunday, June 7. Happily, as it turned out, because Patricia did have to work that Saturday, and also had to return for the Monday night performance! Only when the show took a week's holiday, at Christmastime, did she and Chuck have their honeymoon trip.

The wedding went off beautifully. Patricia was a dazzling bride in full-length white peau de soie gown with a little train. Her only sister, Joan, was her matron of honor. Chuck's only sister, Brenda, was maid of honor. Joan's husband, pediatrician Dr. Stuart Danoff, was best man. A hundred and seventy-five guests sat down to the wedding dinner.

Meanwhile, Patricia had somehow found time to find an apartment and have it ready. Three-and-a-half rooms, on a sunny corner, not far from the Washington Square Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue. With white walls, contemporary furnishings, and "sort of autumn colors—beiges and browns and the greens, touched up with black and bright orange. And with a counterpoint of the Wedgewood blue that Chuck and I both like."

"Some couples can't agree on the style or the color scheme," Patricia observes, "but it's fortunate, Chuck and I have about the same tastes. We took the same delight in doing some of the work together—like staining and varnishing our cabinets and library shelves. We reserved one section, which goes right up to the ceiling, for his medical library."

"We're glad that we married when we did, instead of waiting. It's good to be married and settled, when both are so busy. Now we would have less and less time for dates. Chuck works very hard, and I have a schedule which leaves time for a good home life, but little for night life. And it's the home life that I enjoy."

Patricia enjoys being a working wife, with all its demands, but home-making doesn't require all her time right now.

"The first year was an enormous challenge. I had so much to learn. How to keep everything running smoothly, how to cook and get a dinner on the table in time, with the hot things hot enough and the cold things cold enough. My marriage and home had to be the focus of my life for the first twelve months, and I didn't want to undertake too much else."

The first time she planned a big family event, she also planned to have some friends in to dinner a few nights before. Preparing that meal was going to be a sort of "dry run" for the family event. Chuck loved the way she fixed sauteed chicken livers, with rice and mushrooms, just for themselves. But guests meant having a greater quantity. "I asked my husband, "What do you think of 'Gypsy' and how much rice I should use, and they told me. But I wasn't experienced enough to know that I needed a great deal more of the sauce, too. I poured it all over the rice at once, and of course it absorbed, and there was none left for last-minute serving. It was the driest rice anybody ever ate!"

Appalled by this fiasco, she lost her nerve and called her mother. Mrs. Bruder suggested roast beef as the main course, and came over early, on the day of the family dinner, to lend a hand. Of course, everything turned out fine. And the next time, there was no problem.

Except the one that developed toward the end of that first year, when she and Chuck discovered they had each gained about five unwanted pounds. "It was those cheese and cream sauces I was serving on vegetables, and the fancy meat dishes, and the enormous desserts. I was so pleased about cooking that I kept trying to excel my previous efforts."

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**PLAY EDITOR**

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My mother had taught me her dessert specialties—cheese cake, fruit cake, brownies, pies—and I put those on the table in addition to ice cream topped with berries, which is a favorite of Chuck's. Now most of our vegetables are plain, our meat is broiled, and we go more easy on the desserts.”

With housekeeping well under control last summer, she was in just the right mood for the attractive part of Ellen, when it came along. As a doctor's wife and a doctor's sister-in-law, Patricia finds it fascinating to be in a drama concerned with the problems of doctors and their families. On the show, Ellen is the young widow of Dr. Tim Cole, the stepdaughter of Dr. Casson, and is surrounded by romantic young medics.

Patricia loves being an actress. Looking back, she realizes it was pure play to a ten-year-old and to a teenager. "If I hadn't been, my parents wouldn't have permitted me to do it. I never remember being nervous—I just went on and did the job and enjoyed it. My life wouldn't have been half so interesting doing anything else. It's still wonderful makebelieve for me."

The work, however, is strictly for real. Her schedule begins with the ringing of the alarm clock at 6 a.m. and arrival at the studio for 7:30 rehearsal. Rehearsals continue, with brief coffee breaks, until air time. If she is going to be on the next day's show, she remains for several hours for the script readings and camera blocking. If she has a day off, she goes supermarket shopping, puts a couple of loads of laundry through the washing machine, shampoos her hair, does housekeeping.

When both the laundry and her hair are dry, she starts dinner so that Chuck can come home to a pleasant, relaxing dining table. If he is on duty at the hospital that night, she has dinner there with him. But, three or four nights out of every week, she has lines to learn, with that early-morning alarm in mind. On Saturday nights, Patricia and Chuck celebrate with a dinner brought home from the delicatessen, with none of the fuss of cooking or washing pots and pans.

She has a spare-time interest, started backstage at "Gypsy" during waits. She began to paint in oils, only portraits, but was quick at getting the likeness. Now she has completed about half a dozen—"there were a few I gave up because they weren't turning out right." She wants to do the whole family, a gallery which will eventually include her sister's three children, as well as all the grown-ups. Also Rose, who comes in to clean for her—and times the ironing so she can put the board up near the TV set and watch As The World Turns.

This is just the kind of dramatic serial Patricia wanted: "The story of two families, played by nice people. It's wonderful to be the same girl, but to be placed in different situations." And Ellen Lowell Cole is just the kind of girl she finds interesting: "A sympathetic part—a girl who has lived, and suffered, and grown."

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(Continued from page 20)

Although mine was a genuine accent, I had to adapt it to theirs.” The trace that now remains in his speech seems part and parcel of Michael Ingram’s personality. It goes with the strong, well-cut features and deep brown eyes, set in a somewhat ascetic face. With the dark hair romantically touched with gray, and lean figure just an inch short of six feet. The quiet manner, with its suggestion of underlying force and purpose. And it goes with a certain innate reticence, which makes it difficult for him to talk about himself too freely or to expose his innermost feelings.

As a high-school boy in Berlin, in the middle ’30s, Michael met stage and opera performers. He liked to visit backstage. But his conservative family would have thought a professional acting career unthinkable for him. The nearest he came to it was carrying a spear, with other students who had been recruited as extras. “I carried more spears than anyone else. It was a chance to watch rehearsals, to be on the great stage of the opera house among the singers and actors, with the lights pouring down on us. Quite a wonderful feeling for a young boy.”

Because of the German dictatorship, his mother urged him to leave and go to the United States. “Too many men in our family had been lost in wars. She saw another approaching and encouraged me to go. So I was suddenly on my own, in a strange country and in a strange city—Chicago.”

He got a small job in a meat-packing plant, which kept him housed and eating. But mind and soul had to feed on something more than that. Someone told him about Chicago’s Goodman Theater and its fine school for actors. He applied, won a scholarship. “I suppose my accent helped. Most of the students were Midwesterners, and I had something different to offer.”

Daytimes he worked at the theater school, continuing at night in the meat-packing plant, with only a few hours of sleep in between. After a year of

that, he had lost forty pounds, didn’t know how he could continue his double life. It seemed plain he would have to give up theater and resign himself to business. Then he stumbled into radio acting, through one of those lucky flukes every actor dreams of.

An upper classman at the school lived in his neighborhood, and they often went home together. The boy had to stop at the NBC studio for an audition one day. Michael decided to wait in an outer office. The boy finally came out, accompanied by the man who had conducted the audition. “Come back in six months or a year, when you have had more experience,” the man was saying. Then he turned to Michael, and automatically said, “Next!”

“I started to tell him I was just waiting for my friend. But he was already going back into the other room, and automatically I got up and followed him. When we were inside, he saw that my hands were empty. It was the custom to bring something to read, but I hadn’t expected to read. He handed me a couple of pages of script that were lying around—and disappeared into the control room. I stood there—and read the script, cold.” He came out, said, ‘All right. Are you free tonight?’

It was a part in a show that evening. Michael was so frightened he went through it as if in a trance. Afterward, he had no idea of what he had done. But it must have been all right—because he got a part for the next day. From then on, he had trouble finding time for his school work, though it was too important to him to slight it. Now there were so many radio jobs that he could give up his night job in the packing plant.

The radio studios teemed with experienced and competent actors who disdained doing more than merely read over a script before going on. But Michael was still struggling with his heavily accented English, still getting used to new words and phrases, still feeling the need to work over his lines and study the characterization. Since this sort of thing seemed to be frowned upon by more facile actors, he had to sneak off in corners. It took quite a while before he had the courage to work out in the open and not care who was watching.

The language problem was troublesome in many ways. Buying suspenders, he translated literally from the German, asked for “pants holders.” His accent turned the words into “pen-holders”—and that’s what he got. “I was too timid to protest, so I ended up with a pen which I didn’t need, and with my pants still slipping.”

When he was graduated from the three-year course at Goodman, he was fairly well known as an actor in their stage productions and as a radio actor. It seemed the time to break away from radio and storm Broadway, his real objective. He had been saving his money to tide him over the first few months in New York.

In many people in New York encouraged him. They said nice things—even hopeful things. But nothing really happened. He met many old friends from Chicago radio. “Oh, I didn’t know you were here,” they would say. And would tell him about broadcasting opportunities that were just right for him. Without wanting it, he was right back in radio again, this time in New York studios, but as busy as ever.

War threatened. He wanted to do what he could to help the cause of his new country. His greatest contribution seemed to lie in the field of broadcasting—through the Voice of America. Throughout World War II, he broadcast overseas, became a specialist attached to the staff until the offices were moved to Washington. At one period, he supervised European production. Later, he worked in New York as a free-lance, going wherever events and people could be covered with his portable tape recorder, writing his own feature material, broadcasting the American point of view wherever it could penetrate to peoples hunger to hear it. It’s work he continues to do.

As a radio actor, he was playing in so many daytime dramatic serials that it would be easier to name the ones he wasn’t in than the ones he was. His accent cast him frequently as the heavy or villain, but almost as frequently as the comic or eccentric. On stage, he has been in a couple of Broadway plays, “Men in Shadow,” a war play which was popular in England but enjoyed only a brief run in the United States. And “House in Paris,” in which he had the male lead.

He never had to make rounds or contrive “contacts.” Someone always seemed to hear of a producer or director who was looking for a certain type—and remembered him.

“I got into television,” says Michael Ingram, “the same way I got into radio—by chance. Someone asked me to read for a part. I got it. It was in the early days of TV, when you couldn’t move more than a few inches one way.
or another without being off-camera. The lights were unbearably hot. But one part led to another, and I was in practically all the important nighttime shows.

"I remember one, in particular. I was a Frenchman, involved with a girl and up to no good. We were about to indulge in champagne, in an intimate little scene. The waiter, a nervous extra, was having trouble getting the cork out of the bottle. The camera left him struggling and came back to us. "The girl and I had to ad lib. But we couldn't ad lib around the plot, because we weren't supposed to be talking freely in front of the waiter. I was still not too proficient in English and had little small talk. But somehow I managed—although, to this day, I can't tell you what I said!"

It wasn't the only nightmare experience on camera. A well-known designer of women's fashions had been scheduled to narrate his own fashion show, but suddenly went cold about appearing. Michael received a hurried call to substitute for him, maybe because they are somewhat the same type, maybe because both have slight accents. He was never sure why. There was no prepared script. The designer wouldn't have needed one, but Michael did. And he still wonders how he got through that evening.

Directors have always called him when they needed special kinds of accents. His phone rang late one night and he was asked if he could do a Malayan. He said yes, of course—without having the faintest idea what it should be like. But he figured no one else knew, either. No one complained about that broadcast, so he probably was right. When there is time, he takes no chances, does his research and studies meticulously.

At the beginning, Stefan Koda was merely an incidental character in TV's Young Doctor Malone. But the part grew and grew, under Michael Ingram's sympathetic portrayal, until it has become one of the pivotal roles. "Stefan Koda's life may have been different in many ways from the lives of other men," Michael observes, "but the difference is more in the scale and scope. He has gone through violent upheaval—but, in more minor ways, others have these upheavals, too. Others have had his feelings of being rejected, of wanting to belong. And of knowing that it isn't any outside evil force that makes people hurt each other, but something they are fighting in their own selves.

"Stefan Koda is a man without bitterness. He realizes that all of us are apt to transmit our own hurts to others. Something happens that wounds us. We pass that along, increasing the hurts of the world. An endless stream. As a doctor, Stefan has the advantage of helping to influence the mind, as well as heal the body. He tries to use that influence well. I enjoy the experience of playing him."

Michael also enjoys the cast and the rest of the people connected with the show. "An intelligent group. Not the kind that can only talk shop, or gossip."

The actors don't always know how the story will develop. And this, he believes, is an asset. "Life also is developing from day to day. We don't know what will happen tomorrow, or next month, or next year. It's the same with the story. I immerse myself in the character, and what happens to him becomes as fresh and interesting to me as it does to the audience."

He does narration for films shown in Europe. He loves the theater, goes "in a completely uncritical attitude, ...like anyone else in the audience, and I find myself right back where I was as a boy, watching the play for the sheer magic of it." He brings this same uncritical enjoyment to concerts. His mother once tried to make him learn the piano, but he had such a good teacher, who played his pieces so beautifully, that he couldn't bear to follow with his own clumsy efforts.

When he walks along the streets today, Michael Ingram is recognized. Letters from schoolgirls beg for a lock of his hair—a few strands, to add to their "collections." Letters from a slightly higher age level frequently offer advice. About what he should do in the story—whether he should marry or remain a romantic bachelor.

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something feminine like knitting. Groans Jack, "That gal's hands are faster than our eyes and I don't like the smooth way she rakes in the pots—no beginner was ever that smooth." As for Dot, she is as wide-eyed as ever. But, if one looks hard enough, there is a knowing gleam in her innocent gaze.

Playing the Field: John Raitt is one singer with a strong sense of responsibility toward his public. "A lot of entertainers resent having to repeat the same old numbers they made popular. But I feel that, as long as the public wants to hear a song, it's my duty to sing it," John has set his sights on a musical for this year—"Brave New World," based on the book by famed author Aldous Huxley. The musical will present the words and music of Larry Rosenthal and Franklin Lacey. John denies he plans to "go Western" as so many other stars have. "I love working on TV," he explains, "but I feel the transition from singing to acting is a great step and I'm not sure I care to do it. What I'd really go for is the kind of series where the emphasis is on singing, with occasional bits of acting in-between. It has always seemed to me that, when singers talk about acting, they're either running away from the problems of what they are or trying to prove they can be something else."... Big Clint Walker's book, "Prospect for Living," which gives details about his diet and exercise regimen, plus hints on how to prospect in isolated areas as he once did, is due out in the spring, Bobbs-Merrill publishing.

Jet-Propelled Doll: Instead of "busy as a bee," Hollywood now says, "busy as Connie," meaning Connie Stevens. What with movies, TV and cutting records, she has bought a musical comedy, "April Land," and plans to produce it off-Broadway. "Wish I could star in it, too," she muses wistfully, "but I couldn't get off from Hawaiian Eye for that long." Connie is also hoping for a twelve-week vacation this year, but not to loll in the sun—she plans to do the night-club circuit and is working with writers on special material for this tour. In her "spare time," she is busy designing hats and dresses for the swank Beverly Hills shop she opens this month. ... A Pleasure All Around: The invitation from Paramount read "The pleasure of your company" is requested at a welcome-back party for the cast and crew of "The Pleasure of His Company." And the affair turned out to be pleasurable for guests, stars and studio officials. Debbie Reynolds, whose first TV spec had aired a few nights before, was in great good humor despite some poor reviews dealt her show. "I'm not let down in the slight-

locationed for a few days. Though Ava bears a striking resemblance to Fred's long-time dance partner, Ginger Rogers, she has no yearning for the stage. "I'm going to business college in Santa Monica," she laughed. Tab Hunter, the other star of the company, was also in high spirits. His court case, involving a dog-beating complaint, had been settled in his favor the day before. "I'd like to point out one thing that wasn't properly explained at the trial," he said. "It was not neighbors who signed the charge, but apartment-house transients in the area. My neighbors stood up for me in court. Still, it's soured me on living there. Anyone want a home in Glendale—cheap?"

My Card, Sir: At the opening of the second Paladin Room in Apache Junction, Arizona, Dick Boone presented the manager of Hotel Superstition Ho with a ceramic tile replica of the Have Gun, Will Travel card that is a feature of the show. Done by Sasha Brastoff, the tile card is 11 x 21 and is now on display in the Paladin Room adjacent to the cocktail lounge called Jake's Saloon. With a decor of red brocade walls, marble tables and tufted black satin love-seats of the 1870 era, it compares favorably with the first Paladin Room in San Francisco, where Dick left the red-knight holster as a memento of his visit. The star is thinking seriously of a contest for the best Paladin cocktail—only bartenders being eligible to compete. ... A Clan What Are a Clan: In the opinion of Rosemary Clooney, the famous "clan" of Sinatra, Dean Martin, etc., has nothing on her "Roxbury Clan." "We have a number of film and TV performers on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills, several with substantial families. I have five, Jeanne Crain has six, and there are others. And if we are not as famous as Mr. Sinatra's clan, we sure do outnumber them."

Dorothy Provine has a new pastime... and it's keeping the boys guessing.

Actor-turned-author is Clint Walker—his book comes out this spring.

Thanksgiving weekend wedding merged star Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl.
seventeen, and just married. "I had always been on the fringe of show business," he says. "My mother is a publicist and my stepfather was one of Chicago's better-known disc jockeys. But when Joan and I eloped, I had no vocation, no real ambition. But I couldn't wait. I was married. Finally, I took a job as a dock worker."

It wasn't particularly inspiring or challenging work, picking things up and putting them down somewhere else. "Junior," as Bob was called by the older men, was soon expressing the exuberance of youth in song. He didn't give it much thought until one of the other dock workers told him he was wasting his time juggling freight: "You're a nice-looking boy, you have a natural singing voice. Now's the time to get into something that you really want to do and that will pay big dividends."

Bob discussed it with Joan. "But we didn't know anything about how you make it in this business, so I talked to my mother. She threw up her hands. She knew how long it had taken Frankie Laine to get someplace, because she had done publicity for him. Her attitude was, 'Why play the long shots?'

"But I started studying privately at the Metropolitan School of Music and later at Chicago Musical College. I wasn't very good, but I had an opportunity to see young kids who were beginning as I was, and some of them were starting to move. Nothing big, but as dance-band singers and night-club entertainers, and I began to get enthusiastic about it."

His first appearance earned him an even five dollars. He met a band leader who needed a vocalist, and Bob turned professional on the spot. "We played college gigs. It was tremendous experience, because many times there wouldn't be a mike. The first time, I really didn't know anything about working professionally. The pianist asked me what I knew, and I told him 'September in the Rain.'"

"He said, 'What key?' and I was lost. I finally told him, 'I sing it like this,' and hummed a few bars. He looked at me like 'Get up and show the teeth, kid, but forget the singing.'"

However, it was a beginning, and Bob began to learn. Meanwhile, he had left the docks and taken a job delivering milk. Also meanwhile, he began to acquire a family: Two daughters, Joan and Nancy. By the time he went into a suburban night club called the Bali Hai, he was earning two hundred dollars a week—and still driving a milk truck.

I wanted to accumulate enough money to invest in myself, but my family had to eat, too. I worked the milk route from six till two. Then, from four to nine, I worked as a laborer in a candy factory. On weekends, I sang at the Bali Hai, sometimes until three or four in the morning.

"In the first five years of our marriage, we managed to save six thou-
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sand dollars, but I wasn’t getting anywhere with the career. I decided to make a break to a club downtown and sort of sold them a bill of goods at a place that was just opening. I had my own group and I worked out a deal with the owner to take a percentage of the net profit.

"At the age of twenty-two, I learned the difference between 'gross' and 'net.' We were there two weeks and it cost me a hundred-and-forty dollars because I had guaranteed the band’s salaries!"

By now, Bob had begun to wonder if music might not be a blind alley for him. He had yet to sing in the big-time, and it was the heyday of the teen-age vocalist—Presley, Pat Boone, the youngsters who were selling the records and drawing the crowds.

Bob Schneideman, associate professor of the School of Speech at Northwestern University, had become one of his close friends and advised him to study acting. "If you should hit as a big-time singer," Schneideman pointed out, "and went into movies, you’d be equipped as an actor."

Thereafter, Bob studied informally with him and, by the time he decided he was on a vocal treadmill, Schneideman had given him real encouragement. Bob concluded his future was in acting.

"I went to New York," he recalls, "and spent three weeks drinking coffee with some of the sick actors in Downey's—the guys who look down their noses at everything and say, 'Yeah...yeah. This was in 1957, and everything was going West.

"So I went West, too. I didn't know anything about Hollywood. All I had was an association through Nick Adams, whom I had met when he was in Chicago on tour. Nick started taking me along on his interviews and introduced me to people. Finally, I got a non-speaking part in 'Juvenile Jungle' and spent two days on the beach at Santa Monica kissing a girl who was a strip-teaser by profession.

"When I told Joan about it, she said, 'I don't know about this. I've put up with the night clubs and the singing, but this acting business doesn't sound like it's going to be so great.'"

Which was more prophetic than she knew. His next job was in a picture called "Thundering Jets," and Bob turned in a performance which he calls "unforgettably terrible—if I ever get enough money, I'm going to buy every print and destroy it."

After that, he didn't work for nine and a half months. The money he had saved was gone. He tried to get a job as a milk driver, but even there he couldn't find anything. Finally, he applied for unemployment compensation and, for the first time in my life, I started borrowing five dollars here and ten dollars there—not from people who would think I was a dead-beat, but from people who knew I would pay it back.

He adds, with obvious satisfaction, that he has paid it back, every cent.

Eventually, things started coming his way again. He did eleven shows for Ziv, and the producer of The Aqua-
nauts, which debuted this year, wanted Bob for one of the leads. But by then, Bob was under contract to Warner Bros.

He got the job as Tom Lopaka in a borrowed tuxedo. "Nick had tickets for the Academy Awards, and wasn’t going to take a girl because he wanted to talk business—he was then trying to sell The Rebel. He called me, but I didn’t have a tuxedo, so he loaned me his. Then he called the rental place and told the girl there, he wasn’t going to give you a nickel for the tuxedo, baby, but I’m going to tell everybody there where I got it."

"So we went to the Academy Awards—both of us in borrowed tuxedos! Bob Wagner was at the table with the people from Warner Bros. Bob knew me and liked me, and when they told him they were looking for another fellow for Hawaiian Eye, he said he knew just the guy and insisted on bringing me over. I was unemployed and had been lying in the sun all the time, so I was really tanned. All you could see were two holes where the eyes were. And that was about it. I was in Hawaiian Eye."

Bob and Joan and their two little girls now live in a comfortable apartment like several thousand others in the San Fernando Valley. They love it. Especially when Bob reads the weather reports from Chicago and remembers the bitterly cold mornings he delivered frozen milk from door to door.

There has been one disquieting factor to their California living. Because Joan prefers to stay in the background, certain gossips have hinted Hollywood is breaking up another marriage.

"I resent these innuendoes," Bob declares, with feeling. "They don’t upset me because I don’t allow them to, but they do irritate me. They’re so ridiculous! I love this girl. We’ve been married eight years, and we have something more important to me than career or suntan or biceps or anything! We have a good wholesome marriage, and I only hope I can continue to provide for her and our children."

“What she can’t understand, and what I can’t understand, is why people should feel she should be present at all these various functions, when they are primarily a business. She never accompanied me to the docks. She never rode the milk truck. She watched me sing in the night clubs only two or three times, because she felt this was business and it wasn’t a wife’s place to be there. She comments on my performances, on my public, overweight, everything. We’re in partnership, but she is a silent partner in my career."

Perhaps the most tangible indication of how Bob feels about Joan is the recently purchased Cadillac—a blue Cadillac with blue leather upholstery. Blue, because my wife is a blonde. The way I feel about it, my wife is the kind of a girl who should drive a Cadillac."

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Players Ring Company. "In 'View,' I didn't mind the small pay because it was a wonderful showcase. Lots of people in the industry came to see us. I went at my part with deadly seriousness—and when I say 'deadly,' I mean it. One actor said I was 'too physical' in my part. The ending had me killing him in a highly emotional scene. At first, he wanted me to use a real knife, but I knew how charged up I got in the role and I insisted on a rubber knife instead. A good thing, too! I'm afraid that, when I act, I give it my all."

Among the good things that came from this role, Nick recalls, was that it interested Paul Newman, who arranged for a Warners' test. "He was most encouraging, and wanted me in 'The Young Philadelphians.' " Ironically, it was Paul Picerni who got the part—"because the studio wanted a 'name.'"

When Lucille Ball saw Nick act, she felt he was "too advanced" for her Workshop. But his performance haunted her. "I went to see Tallulah Bankhead at the Hartford Theatre the next night," she remembers, "but, all during the show, I couldn't concentrate. I kept thinking of Nick's vitality and skill in 'View.' I went home and dreamed he had become a great star. I called Hal Gershon (co-director of her Workshop) and said, 'You know the saying about Greeks bearing gifts? Well, I'm sending you a Greek who is a gift, and don't feed the chicken a horse in the mouth—just sign him!'

Although the Workshop folded soon after, Nick lost nothing. Through it all, Nick attributes his good fortune to his children. "Several years ago," he recalls, "when I told Argentina Brunetti, one of the nicest actresses in the business, that Marie was expecting our eighth child, another actor remarked, 'I'm surprised you're not worried!' Argentina laughed and said, 'You know, there's an old adage: 'You get a chicken (which provide eggs for the family) and two beagle hounds. It is a religious family and when Paul, during a brief rough period, failed to find work, the youngsters said Rosaries every day until he got a job."

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Strike back at Cancer

he won his role in The Untouchables and he was kept busy with "Project 58," a group of serious actors, looking to extend the horizons of their art. Here, again, his part in "View" paid off. The membership committee of "Project 58," who are all top talents, were impressed with his reading but felt he lacked acting credits. Fortunately, on the committee were Jeff Mossman and his actress wife, Anna Karen, who had seen Nick and went all out in convincing the others to accept him. He is still active with this group, since he has a firm belief that actors must keep working at learning more of their craft.

Nick says earnestly, "I got into it by way of my better half, Anita Raffi. There's nothing I want to do—or wanted to do—as much as this. But, in the beginning, when Anita kept me to keep trying, I thought I was being hooked into something strange to my nature. Now I know she was right. Through acting, I found myself."

Nick went the long route in finding his way to the stage. Born March 25, 1933, in New York City, he had two burning desires at fifteen. He wanted to travel and to excel in boxing.Listing about his age, he joined the Army and set out to see the world. He also got a chance to sharpen his ring craft and soon was participating in bouts before the troops. In 1950, he won the European heavyweight title of the U.S. Army and, while stationed in Berlin, became a sparring partner of champion Jersey Joe Walcott, when the fighter asked the State Department if he could "borrow" a couple of boys.

"That was when I discovered the all-important fact about myself as a fighter. I'd never make it as a pro, because I had a glass jaw. I would have to find something else to bring me fame and fortune. Those were good years, though. I got one of my wishes, because I did travel, saw most of Europe, and even got to Africa."

In 1952, back in mufti, Nick was about to apply for seaman's papers, as a means of livelihood, when Sam Sanzangelo, a buddy, suggested he come up to Syracuse for a weekend and try out for an athletic scholarship. Without a high-school diploma, Nick didn't think he would win the year's championship, but he took the general exams, anyway.

He did pass, and entered college, majoring in sociology and psychology with the general aim of becoming a teacher. Then a pretty senior named Anita hove into sight, and Nick was a gone goose. In order to be with her, he joined the campus drama club at the University of Chicago and appeared in "The Rose Tattoo." After marriage and Nick's graduation, they made New York their home while Nick studied with Herbert Berghoff, and made the casting rounds. But with stage roles scarce and most TV and film activities on the West Coast, the Georgiades hove to Hollywood.

Nick and Anita live in an unpretentious apartment in West Hollywood. While his standard Screen Actors Guild contract offers security, it doesn't provide for Beverly Hills rentals. However, with Nick on the rise and Anita getting her chance, too—she has been seen lately in "cat required"—some skill, he often tried to sneak onto studio lots.

Another fighter turned actor is the third member of the gang—busting Federal musketeers. This tough but sensitive Abel, an ex-paratrooper, who plays William Young-fellow, the Indian sidekick of Picerni and Georgiade. Fernandez grew up within walking distance of movieland in downtown Los Angeles. As a child, he was fascinated by film companies shooting street and he often tried to sneak onto studio lots.

Abel's mother died when he was born, the youngest of a large family. He was bounced from relative to relative, until a kindly grandmother took over his rearing. He grew up in a neighborhood full of "cat required," and some skill with fists and. at Belmont High (now Cathedral High), he made his mark as an athlete. Money was scarce in the
Fernandez family, and Abel felt it would be better all around if he went into the service, where he could possibly learn a trade and earn his own way at the same time. Like Georgiade, at sixteen, Abel—already a strapping six-footer—talked his way into the service, shrewdly picking the paratroopers because that branch paid more money. He was sent to Asia with the Eleventh Airborne Division shortly after the end of World War II.

Abel did learn a trade—boxing. He won the middleweight championship of the Far Eastern forces and, after his discharge, decided to go pro. He worked as a printer's devil while in training. But, after some 120 bouts as amateur and pro, Abel quit the ring.

"It was all too advertised for me," he explains. "And there really wasn't much money in it, after I paid for sparring partners, equipment, training facilities, and all the rest. Then, one night, I got really mad when my opponent insulted me as we climbed into the ring. I belted him so hard he ended up in the hospital for three days. I didn't even feel any joy at winning. Inside, I was just sick."

So, Abel quit the prize ring in 1953, just as he was being touted as a real comer. He turned to bartending, devoting all his free time to studying acting. "It just suddenly hit me that that was what I'd wanted all along.

Abel, a strange mixture of nationalities—he's part Mexican, Irish, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish—attracted a number of friends in the movie industry who set out to help him. A part opened for an easy-going, tall, dark and handsome actor, and six-foot-four Abel applied and landed his first movie role in "Second Chance," with Robert Mitchum and Linda Darnell. He has since appeared in sixteen movies and about fifty TV shows, including "Sunset Strip," "Playhouse 90" and "Wagon Train." In "The Untouchables," he plays a role that has become all-too-familiar, an Indian.

"I don't mind, as long as I'm not frozen into this type," he says. "I've got a lot to learn and being in this series is a fine break. But I'm not considering it the best. I'd like to go on from here to other things. I was a pretty good fighter before I went into acting, and I don't think my hat-size will change if I make good.

"What I'd really like is to hear someone who knows say one day, 'That Abel Fernandez is a heck of a good actor.' . . . I'd also like," he adds with a grin, "to find the right girl and get married. I don't particularly enjoy being the only bachelor on the show. I get a lot of ribbing from the other boys."

As for the leader of this intrepid band of fighters for law and good government, what says Robert Stack? "As Eliot Ness, I couldn't ask for better, more loyal and more talented support than these three have been giving me. As Robert Stack, I couldn't ask for three finer human beings to be associated with. It was a great day in actors' heaven when Picerini, Georgiade and Fernandez were recruited for our show."

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A Castle for King

(Continued from page 26)

as always, with life in the suburbs... the kids in the grass, the weeds in the grass, his wife in his hair about the kids and weeds in the grass... and the grass—the crab-grass comic, grew up on the cracked concrete surrounding New York’s tenements.

“I didn’t plan to be a spokesman for the surburbanites. It still startles me when I think of it,” Alan says. “But I’ve been living in the country for about eleven years and, one night, when I was a Hamptons club, I started kidding about the grass. Jack E. Leonard was in the audience and afterward said to me, ’If you don’t do a routine on moving into a house, you’re crazy.’ That’s how it started.”

We talked in his office. His home, he explained, was in a mess because they were moving into a new, fabulous former Hammerstein estate on Long Island’s North Shore. But the office itself illustrated other paradoxical characteristics of the man. Alan never finished high school, but on the shelves are rare books and a large bust of Shakespeare. Although he couldn’t afford to belong to any youth organizations, on his desk is a silver statuette presented to him by the Boy Scouts of America for the tremendous assistance he has given them. On the wall are many pictures of celebrities.

But most prominent of all is the picture of his family. “I get most of my ideas from home,” he says. “My boys, Bobby and Andy, are nine and six and typical. They’re wild and spoiled.”

Since his wife spoils the children all day, Alan thinks it a little unfair that he should be expected to discipline them when he gets home. He seldom does. This spoils them even further. “Like the evening I came home to find the whole family good upset. Bobby and Andy had gone out to sell lemonade at a nickel a glass. There are only eight families on our block, so they can’t sell any lemonade and they begin trading. Now there is an uproar.

“What happened was that Andy, the little one, was left in charge—and he took a bottle of cherry and spiked the lemonade. Andy didn’t know any better and the big one swore he knew nothing about it. But the kids in the neighborhood are walking around loaded, and the mothers are carrying on like it was the end of the world. I don’t know what to do. Do I beat up the boys? I’m too funny for that.”

Alan has a special feeling for children which derives from his own childhood. He was born in the Depression and things were bad for his father, who was a laborer, often on relief. He lived in the switchblade section of Brooklyn. “It’s become a cliche,” Alan says, ”but true. It was tough and there was just a hairline between my staying good or going bad. What made the difference was that, because my father couldn’t find employment, he spent a lot of time with me.

“He used to tell me stories about traveling and the good things in life. I was well versed in the Bible because he could take the stories and make them sound like cowboys-and-Indians. And, no matter how poor, he never lost his dignity. He’s talking about poverty that goes with relief checks. I never saw him sit down to dinner without a white shirt, tie and jacket.”

He speaks of his father’s understanding. “My parents were Russian-Polish immigrants and had a hard time with American customs. But, whatever I wanted to do, my father took an interest in. What I couldn’t do for me with money, he made up for in thoughtfulness.”

Alan cites a time when his father worked as a night watchman for the W.F.A. He came home one day and mentioned that an athlete was doing road training every morning at five, in the W.P.A. gym. Alan, very sports conscious, had never seen a professional athlete because his father didn’t have the price of tickets to a sports event.

“I was nine,” Alan recalls, “and, one Friday evening, he took me on the job with him. There was a cot in the watchman’s shed where I went to sleep. At five-thirty, he woke me to see this man training. It was Jesse Owens getting in shape for the Olympics. My father couldn’t afford to buy me a bike

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INVEST IN
U. S. SAVINGS BONDS
NOW EVEN BETTER
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—but going back and telling the kids I’d met Jesse Owens made me a big man in the neighborhood.”

When Alan wanted to take a drum lesson, he walked over the bridge to Manhattan, saving the fare of two cents each way—which came to twenty cents a week, the exact cost of the lessons. This is what led Alan into show business. At the age of fourteen, he had his own band. At fifteen, he was playing in a resort hotel on the borsch circuit.

By the time fall blew in, Alan had learned that he was good at comedy and, when he had a chance to be a second comic at the Gayety Burlesque Theater in Montreal, Canada, he dropped his school books and ran away from home. It was the money. Seventy-five dollars a week for a fifteen-year-old. I couldn’t resist it.”

He was a professional for eight weeks. Then immigration authorities discovered he was working without an alien permit and chased him home. He returned to high school for a time, but was back up in Canada the following year—this time, with a work permit. When he got back to New York, he began to pound the doors of agents.

At nineteen, he married a pretty brunette who lived down the block. “Jeanette is part of my luck,” Alan says. “She was eighteen when we married. Her parents had been against it and they threatened to send her away to school to separate us. But it was a right marriage. I had responsibility from the very beginning. She’s tremendous and she’s grown with the marriage.”

“You know, I’ve seen a lot of marriages—and not only in show business—where two kids get married, he becomes successful and has to travel in different circles, and his wife is at a loss. But Jeanette holds her own with the kids, and she helps me do it. Because I’m very emotional.”

When Alan married, he was making $150 a week—when he worked. Sometimes it was tough sledding. In 1949, he got his first break. He filled in for an ailing comedian at the Paramount Theater and that led to a tour with Fatty Arbuckle, then a big Louisiana singing sensation. The following year, he toured with Billy Eckstine, then spent a year on the road with Lena Horne. After that, he was on a bill with Tony Martin. By 1955, he had worked in three movies, but was referring to himself as “America’s most successful un-known.”

In 1956 came the turning point. He opened at the Palace Theater with Judy Garland, a date which has gone into show-business history as one of the great shows of all time. Every important showman in New York was in the audience. Alan was a tremendous hit and Ed Sullivan signed him for three Sunday-night TV shows. That was the “really big” beginning.

When Alan opened in London with Judy Garland, he was greeted by British reserve. He came out on the stage and did his usual routine, the same one that had buckled his New York audience, but there was no applause and no laughter. Just silence. According to brilliance and intelligence and said, “I don’t like you, either.” Then came the applause and laughter. Since that time, Alan has been commuting between New York and London, where he is frequently seen on television with his own program. In England, he is considered one of the most significant American contribution to British entertainment since Danny Kaye.

“And yet my story,” he says, “is of the city boy who moved into the country. Once, in the past eleven years, Jeanette and I talked about moving back into the city. We said we couldn’t do that because of the children, but we weren’t kidding ourselves. We really didn’t want to.”

Alan makes no bones about the fact that community living entails keeping up with the Joneses, whether it be in landscaping or in cars. “Take the car situation,” he says. “My wife tells me we’re the only ones who don’t have a foreign car. This doesn’t look very nice and, besides, it’s hard on the kids.

They go to school and their friends say, ‘Yah, yah, you’re father has a rear-engine drive.’ So I have to take the rap. Then I’m on my way to London.
and my wife says, 'Bring me back a foreign car.'

As Alan notes, if you go to London and ask to see a "foreign" car, they show you Buicks and Chryslers. What Alan had in mind was a Rolls Royce. "I've always loved cars," he explains. "And what every man wants, who loves cars, is a Rolls Royce.

"So I went to a Rolls Royce showroom. Now, this is unbelievable but true. They are not concerned with your interest in getting a Rolls. They want to know whether the car is interested in you. They interrogate you and take down your answers. One of the questions was whether anyone in my family ever owned one. I said, 'Sure, my father, when we were kids on the East Side, used to drive his to get his relief check.' And they wrote it down.

"So I ordered their inexpensive model and, when I got home and off the plane, my wife asks, 'What did you buy?' I told her, and she starts to go, 'A Rolls Royce! Are you crazy? Who needs one?' I said, 'Nobody needs one, but it's something I've always wanted. You wanted a foreign car and that's as good as you can get.'"

Alan talks with great pride about the new house, twenty-two rooms on two acres. "That was my idea," Alan says. "We were looking for a little larger house when I saw this and it was just the most exciting thing. It's so beautiful to look inside the manor house with beamed ceilings and beautiful wood. We're moving in with nine rooms of furniture.

"Our friends ask Jeanette why we bought a twenty-two-room house. She says right back, 'Why did Alan buy the Rolls Royce?' The house is a feeling of accomplishment, but I didn't buy it to be ostentatious or to show off. I get great pleasure out of beautiful things. I buy beautiful paintings and rare books. I like them."

Yet he is not faking his suburban routines. Do-it-yourself projects? In the house Alan is about to desert, he designed a wing off the living room and there—instead of giving the plans out to a contractor, he took it himself with the help of three men who came in during evenings. Decorating? This again is something he enjoys, an interest he shares with his wife. Whenever he travels, he keeps a spare hour, he looks at paintings and antique furniture and old books. Cooking? He does more cooking around the house than his wife does.

Friends come for dinner and Jeanette explains Alan's absence: 'He's still busy back in the kitchen.' He takes cooking seriously, but quips that it all came about in self-defense. "The first two years, I ate lamb chops six nights a week. Jeanette just isn't a good cook. Ask the kids. They'll tell you I'm the best cook.

"I'll get a call at the office in the late afternoon," he grins. "The kids want to know if I'm coming home to make dinner or will they have to eat what mother makes." It gets him a dreamy look in his eyes. In the new house, I'll have a real kitchen. Two stoves, two

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sinks and two refrigerators.”

Although Alan has a finger in much of what goes on around the house, he says in perfect frankness, “Jeanette runs it, and it’s not that I’m afraid of my wife. It’s because she’s completely sensible and keeps the balance and thereby keeps me in check. I’m not easy to live with, by any means. I’m very emotional, high-strung and keyed up. But she gives me all the rope and freedom I need.”

He mentions his sleeping habits. Not since childhood has he been able to get in bed and sleep for eight hours, or even six. “I walk around all night. It takes me eight hours to sleep four, because I’m up and down. I go into the study. Do a little work. Smoke a pipe or maybe read.”

When he gets completely exhausted, he and Jeanette will fly to Mexico to rest. “But at home, I do my own thing by watching old movies on television. But, a great part of the time, he’s traveling. “There’s no comedian in the business who travels more than I do,” says Alan.

He notes that fifty percent of his income derives from one-nighters which may take him to Milwaukee or Chicago or New York. His wife and children go along on these trips. “But it’s not so bad. I’m seldom away for more than twenty-four hours. It’s an improvement over the early days, when I had to go out of town for a two- or three-week engagement.”

He’s the perfect answer to the wife who complains that she seldom gets out of the house. Alan enjoys driving into Manhattan for dinner and the theater or a table at a night club. They both enjoy dressing up to see and be seen. Jeanette plays golf, but Alan—one a tournament golfer—finds he hasn’t time for it today. And, by the time the weekend comes along, he is in a state of near exhaustion. He may take the kids for a ride. They like to look at the boats along the shore, although they haven’t given much thought yet to owning one.

“I suppose if there’s any one thing that bothers me, it’s the kids,” Alan says. “I probably get more time at home than the average businessman, but I’m always on my own father and, in that comparison, I fall short. Take vacations and holidays, for example. We have a Christmas tree, although I come from an orthodox Jewish family and my boys go to Hebrew School. But, at Chanukkah or Christmas, I’m up.”

“Alan King has become a big business and it keeps me busy. I wouldn’t kid you with the expression ‘poor little rich boy.’ I know I’ve been fortunate, and I’m grateful. But it’s a funny thing. In spite of all my poverty as a kid, the thing that comes through is the relationship of parents to children, people to people. Maybe that’s the real answer to my concentration on the problems of a suburban family. The fact that it’s suburban is incidental. I’m not telling jokes anymore. I’m painting pictures of the family, reflecting for them what goes on in their own lives. And it gives me a good feeling,” says Alan King.

He talks about commercials and did a part in True Story.” Pleased about his new assignment, Art kept his restraint up. “It’s a screwy business. You’re up one day and down the next. And you’re supposed to be in show business, you live for today.”

The new show calls on contestants to pick out a variety of merchandise without going over a thousand dollars. Shades of Price Is Right? True, but Goodson and Tomdman own that, too, and can’t sue themselves for plagiarism.

Salute: Don McNeil—year thirty, the end of his twenty-eighth year of broadcasting on radio—but he had a new five-year contract effective New Year’s Day.

Ralph Taege, of Klonjike, just moved into new bachelor digs, then took a three-week hunting trip—and that should kill off the rumors about his marrying Molly Bee.


January’s Child: “It’s like no news is good news,” Jan Murray says. “The TV show is doing well. Ratings going up and everyone so pleased, there’s nothing to talk about. But there is something new for me—my acting debut on television.” In early December, Jan flew to Hollywood to star in an episode of the Zane Grey Theatre. “It’s not a prosaic Western. I play a gambler, a character study of a good guy who has to choose between gambling and the love of his wife.” Later, in the spring, he goes back to the coast again to make a pilot with Danny Thomas’s company.

Jan says, “I’ve been studying acting for three years. Sounds funny for me. I never had any lessons. No drama. No musical instruments. Everything I’ve done in show business has been by instinct. Anyway, I decided to try an acting class and loved it. Some people sneer at acting schools but it’s good for performers. Like a violinist practicing or an athlete training.”

On the home front he noted that his wife was still locked behind the steering wheel, chauffeuring his kids from dance classes to Boy Scout meetings and so forth. “I’m very proud of my eldest, Warren. He’s in college, fraternity, Kappa Nu, and he’s only a sophomore. Serious kid with plans to teach history.” About his youngest children, he says, “They’re lazy. Doesn’t look like I’ll get them working before they’re eleven.”

Eyes & Ears: Shari Lewis has written another book, this time a two-parter for Kids” (Doubleday), but it’s really for parents who get that “what are we going to do now, Mommy?” treatment. There are ideas for everything from rainy days to sunny ones, before and after holidays, party suggestions and even fun for the little sick-abled. The book is chock full of wonderful games and fun projects. Somewhere back in his early youth, Henry Morgan, must have had a traumatic experience. Frightened by a common insect or something, he got up on sponsors. And so a book, “And Now a Word from Our Sponsors” (Citadel), in which he berates the man with a message. Every other page has a funny gag picture taken by Gary Wagner. It’s only fair to say there are a lot of laughs in the book but Heiny is so bitter about commercials, he might be taking the wrong approach. Such that half-million or so people who bought Bob Newhart’s first album better walk to the store once more. He’s done it again with “The Button-Down Mind Strikes Back.” More of the same clever, deceptively simple humor on the Warner Bros. label.

By Invitation: Not tea, not liquor, but coffee was served at five P.M. for a group of reporters invited to meet Tommy Sands and wife Nancy, nee Sinatra. Tommy, in a television rehearsal, never did get there but Nancy showed. A soft-spoken brunette with a twenty-one-inch waistline, she remained gracious, at ease, and responded quietly to all the questions. She wasn’t upset at all about all the stories on our romance. I mean, when they said the marriage was off and on, it just made it more exciting. Tommy’s the boss, not Daddy. “We haven’t yet had our honeymoon because Tommy has been so busy. I go with him to rehearsals and press meetings and everywhere else. I don’t even think of working with him in the show. He’s sufficient by himself, but I’ll always be sitting on the sidelines. I honestly want to be a performer and I’ve studied and Daddy picked all of my teachers. It won’t make me angry if people think of me as Frank Sinatra’s daughter, so long as my performance entitles me to choose my own plans for myself now. Tommy goes back to make a picture and then we go on the club circuit. In May, he opens in New York with the Stan Kenton Band.”

A way out, manager Ted Weeks mentioned, “Nancy has been booked to dance and sing on the Perry Como show in May. I suppose she doesn’t mention it because she doesn’t want to take the play away from Tommy.”

Homestretch: Ward Bond will still be seen in new Wagon Train episodes until the end of January. Julia Meade departs N.Y.C. in February to film “Tammy, Tell Me True.” Sandra Dee plays a rich society girl. Teal Ames, of The Edge Of Night, is not the gal to plan your diet. She excluded everything from the table but nuts and tea. The magnifi- cent Christopher Plummer lights up the screen January 18 on CBS with “Prisoner of Zenda.” On January 5 and 12, The Story of Two Kids” is a two-parter on Al Capone titled, “The Big Train,” concerning the excitement in transporting Capone to Alcatraz. Incidentally, if you ever wonder about it, the real Elliott Ness was involved only in the capture of Capone. His involve- ment in other episodes is fiction.
Built-In Happiness

(Continued from page 15)

thinking of the people around him: Vera and the kids. Suddenly, with a surge of emotions which he will never be able to define, "I decided that we should get married," reveals Keith. "I just knew that we had to get married."

As soon as Vera had safely seen Debbie and Kelly off to the movies, and made sure that Mike was resting comfortably in his crib, she joined Keith at the pool. In the sunlight, framed by the sloping Santa Monica mountain range, they made a photo- genic couple.

Keith couldn't contain himself. In one long exhalation, he exhaled all his thoughts: "If we fly to Vegas now, we can get our license, be married and be home again by ten-thirty tonight."

Vera, who was stunned and overwhelmed, managed only to stutter: "You're kidding. You're not serious."

"And, for a minute," Keith admits today, "I myself wasn't sure whether or not I was kidding. But then I knew I wasn't, that I meant every word, that we just had to get married, that the love we knew we had for each other had to be fulfilled."

Vera, with two unsuccessful marriages behind her, also took a long count to think things over. But then, just as surely as Keith, she knew that the only response could be an immediate: "Yes."

Keith ran—did not walk—back into the house to call the airport and make reservations for the next flight to Las Vegas, reserve a chapel there, and confirm a return flight home the same day. Then, with the agility of the athlete he is, he tumbled into his suit ("I had never thought it was going to become my wedding suit!") and whisked Vera off.

"I guess you've deduced that I don't believe in long engagements," quipped Keith as he detailed his wedding day exclusively for TV Radio Mirror.

"But I also don't believe in inactivity. You must go ahead and do what you feel you must do. There is no other way to go through life. You never plan those things which mean the most to you. They just happen. That's what the story was with us. What had to happen, did." Everything went so smoothly in Las Vegas that the newlyweds found they had an hour to roam around the lively, neon-bedazzled city before their plane for home took off. "I knew that Vera would never again come to Vegas," says Keith. "She's a dignified woman, a homemaker. And you just know that she's out of place in a setting like Vegas. It just doesn't jibe with her personality."

"I knew that I could probably never drag her to Vegas again. So I insisted that she walk through one of the gambling casinos, just to see what they are like. I swear we walked into it and never broke stride as we practically jogged through the place. Vera just wanted to get home and back to the kids, where she's happy." Keith, of course, spent the night—his wedding night—at Vera's house. In the morning, the kids were a bit surprised to find Keith in the kitchen at such an early hour. But they just figured that he had come over early for a Sunday brunch.

Keith broke the news to the two older girls and they broke into broad do-you-mean-it? smiles. "They couldn't have been more pleased," says Keith, "but somehow they couldn't believe it. They'd been nagging us to get married, hand in hand charity, it was what they wanted. But, when it happened, they just couldn't believe it. They kept saying, 'You two aren't married'—just, I guess, to make sure that we were. It took about a week for them to really believe it. Mike, of course, didn't have too much to say about the whole thing."

Debbie, Kelly and Mike had accepted Keith from the second he had set foot into the house. They made their house and his and never, ever made him feel like a stranger.

Vera, of course, was delighted and relieved to see the bond between the kids and Keith form. She couldn't help but think of the woman in love, she had known that they would accept him at once.

The children were never in the way when Keith and Vera dated. "They were usually with us," recalls Keith. "When we went to the movies, we never went to a theater but always to a drive-in, so that they could be with us. The only times we didn't take them along was when we went to see a play. I hated to go anywhere without them. They became a part of us."

The prospect of a built-in family greeting Keith as he crossed the threshold never bothered him. "I never really felt the need or the need to accept, says Keith, matter-of-factly but modestly. "They completely accepted me from the start and there was never any sort of a problem. Until you just brought up the question of acceptance by them, I really had never thought of it. I guess that's because I was lucky enough never to have to."

There was really a trouble-free, untemperamental courtship. On the surface, it would seem to be a January-to-July romance which ended in marriage. But, under the surface, it was a nine-year-long engagement. It was in 1951, on a picture called "The Red Years," that Vera and Keith met. "I knew then," says Keith, "with the prophecy of a man in love, "that she was the woman for me. But though I was always fond of her, whenever I wanted to date her, she was married."

Vera was separating from her second husband and Keith managed to secure her phone number—a feat which automatically qualified him for a counterspy set. They had a couple of dates and then Vera had to leave for Rome to film a picture, "Five Brandied Women." Upon her return in the winter, Keith and Vera kept com-
compa—steadily—but not steady company. "We both dated others," says Keith, "and, up to the day we got married, we never 'went steady' although we had vowed our love to each other."

Three children they both loved were certainly not going to become an obstacle to their love. Instead, they became a focal point, if not the focal point, of their love.

Keith, without terribly much prompting, will wax poetic about the three children in his life. "Debbie," he enthuses, "is a beautiful blonde who is a beautiful girl. She has an angelic, ethereal, dramatic quality about her and is an idealist. Kelly is like her mother. A practical, beautiful, brilliant girl. Mike is a really little guy. All—man and a roughneck. As a matter of fact, we sometimes play so rough that Vera holds her breath as we wrestle. But he can take it."

As the children have posed no problem to this well-founded marriage, neither have Vera's and Keith's separate and independent careers. They are not in competition with one another.

McKay Makes the Grade

(Continued from page 31) with Gardner McKay both this year and last, and was a fellow student with him at one time.

In May of 1959, a relatively unknown and distinctly untired Gardner McKay was suddenly thrust into 20th Century-Fox's big, high-budget TV offering, James A. Michener's Adventures In Paradise. This was more than a gigantific opportunity for a young actor. It was a challenging, grueling test.

Gardner's job was to star in the equivalent of one feature motion picture a week for a full season. As "guests," he would have co-stars of the first magnitude. He himself was expected to be an all-American athlete, a sailor of obvious ability, an actor of consummate skill, the major love-interest in each story—and a personality who would make a lasting good impression.

The studio was betting millions that he could make it. Production values made this the most expensive of TV series. In September of 1959, Gardner received the biggest publicity build-up ever given an "unknown." His picture appeared to the top of the back page of the New York Times, and in dozens of other national magazines. Everyone in the entire United States knew who Gardner McKay was.

In October, 1959, the show hit the air—and the balloon burst. He and the show were severely panned in virtually every publication across the country. It began with an opening-night story. But the series continued through the season, completing thirty-one-hour episodes—with Gardner starred in every one. When summer repeats started in mid-May, critics predicted: "This show won't be back for another season!"

In July, 1960, Adventures In Paradise started its second season. The first of these episodes ran on ABC-TV in October—and was greeted by excellent reviews. What had happened? Who changed the script? Why did the show return? To get these answers, I talked with Gardner and with every technician on the show.

Gardner says it was the immensity of it all that got to him last year. He worked long, long hours—sometimes seventy a week at the studio. This does not include the study of scripts at home and the mandatory personal appearances. He was in virtually every scene and a great deal of physical effort was required. He was dog-tired all the time, and undoubtedly some of this showed through on the film. It was a hellish year, he says, and sometimes he was irritable and felt oppressed. It was as if he had a perpetual headache. He found that he could not unwind from the tensions at night. He knew his acting background was meager, and he also knew this was no secret to the crew. He knew that they had no respect for him and this undermined his confidence in himself.

I talked to several members of the company about this. Here are some of their remarks: "Gardner was unsure of himself and this manifested itself in a recalcitrant attitude toward the crew. . . . 'I never thought he was unsure of himself, but he was just overworked and the strain was showing.' . . . 'He's an independent guy, sure, but he was always conscientious and very thoughtful.'

"As a guy, he was great—but, when it came to acting, it was like pitting a good high-school tennis player against Pancho Gonzales.' . . . 'The job was beyond his ability, and he was just overworked and the strain was showing.' . . . 'We helped him all we could, because we put attitude above performance, any day of the week. He's the salt of the earth.'

As you can see, the majority of his fellow workers harbored no resentment. They realized the strain he was under and tried to help. But these things are never spoken about openly, so Gardner thought he was waging his battle alone.

The fact is that, although the show was being panned unmercifully by the critics, the viewing audience was eating it up. Personally, Gardner was receiving two or three thousand fan letters a week. Two or three hundred hundred were enthusiastic. In some of the letters were concerned only with this. But the majority of writers said they liked him as a friendly, outgoing person—the kind of fellow they would like their brothers or boyfriends to be.

One of the problems Gardner faced was one of the very assets of the series—the fact that he had the privilege of working with some of filmdom's greatest, such as Herbert Marshall, Elsa Lancaster, Dan Duryea, Elizabeth Scott, Yvonne DeCarlo. These are renowned names, not only to viewers, but to Gardner himself. He was so much in awe of them that it occasionally caused him to forget his character, even his lines.

He found it difficult to imagine himself playing scenes with such luminaries. This sometimes resulted in Adam Troy—the strong, virile captain of the schooner "Tiki"—appearing as an immature boy among grown-up men and women. As a matter of fact, this was harmful to him. Yet it might be the very thing which caused his fans to identify with him: He was acting like themselves in a similar situation.

Another problem which confronted the young Mr. McKay was the formula of movie-making. A universal hex, to all neophyte movie actors, is the frequent necessity of repeating one scene many times. With each "take," tensions mount, fears increase and apprehensions intensify. This is a difficult aspect to overcome and, in Gardner's case, maybe a bit more so.

Before Gardner began acting, he had dabbled in art. Quite successfully, too. His paintings sold for decent prices and he was honored in the work in several art exhibitions. Gardner believes (and I quote): "True greatness in art is brought about by hard work and accident." He applied this philosophy to acting. When he had worked hard on a scene and it came off well, from his standpoint, he saw no need of repetition. Doing a scene over and over made it less real to him and, therefore, less convincing in performance.

Because of the very nature of the show and the time involved, Adventures In Paradise has no regular director. Each week, Gardner met a new man with new ideas and different techniques. He would just about settle down to the habits and demands of one director when he would suddenly face another, often one with opposite methods of approach. He found it difficult to conform and sometimes arguments ensued which helped no one, especially the actor.

As to the scripts themselves, the word "adventure" can have many meanings. There is the one which fits such adjectives as exciting, dangerous, thrilling, hair-raising. This was the producers' plan. The scripts threw Gardner into heavy situations loaded with intrigue and plot. With the emphasis always on serious drama, there
Isn't much room for diversified interpretation. Gardner is a lighthearted, easygoing guy who can play heavy drama when it's called for. But playing it every day of every week makes for heavy going in the role of the lively character of the very man on whom the series is based.

These were the main stumbling blocks which stood in Gardner's way during the first few months of filming. And this is how he has been able to overcome them:

As to being in awe of some of the stars with whom he worked, Gardner tells me he finally woke up to the fact that these were people, not really different from everyone else. They were perfectionists who should be respected for their talents—but, once the camera started rolling, they played a character. And the feelings of Adam Troy must be directed toward that character in that particular situation.

It took him a while, but now he plays with the same honesty toward all actors, whether they be stars or bit players. On some series, he has received applause from super-critical technicians which is seldom given anyone—and it has helped build up the confidence every actor needs.

Adjusting to the repetitive nature of movie work, Gardner soon realized he must approach it as an actor, not a painter. The latter is the sole contributor to his own work, responsible for all that's good or bad in his painting. But movie-making is a team effort. He gradually learned that what an actor believes to be a perfect "take" may, for elementary reasons, be the wrong one. This might or might not be the fault of the actor. It might also be caused by a defect in lights, camera, sound, props, wardrobe—individually or collectively.

On one occasion, Gardner watched Herbert Marshall, an actor he avidly admires, do a very difficult scene to perfection—then he was dumped when he heard the director call for another take. Mr. Marshall repeated the scene three times, and Gardner was amazed to find that each successive take was better than the previous one. Similar occurrences have not convinced him to know until the director says so. He accepts the problem of repetition as an occupational hazard which must be lived with, rather than fought.

Arguing with the director isn't conducive to good movie-making. Experience taught Gardner that this was an area over which he had no control. He didn't hire the directors, but the directors hired were capable, experienced, creative men. When he fought with them, it was time-consuming, nerve-racking, and used up his own energies. He has learned to give full power to the director, thinking of himself as the sculptor, but as the clay in the sculptor's hands. He finds that this respect works both ways. Now, when he has a suggestion, it is listened to by the director and, if it contributes to the scene's success, it is accepted. But the director's word is law.

This acceptance has made Gardner a more satisfied person, free to enjoy his work within the actor's confines. His philosophy has now become: "I forget that I am the star of the show and just play the part. This has made me less conscious of the demands placed upon me, and a greater contributor to the whole—which is the story, not the individual personality." He sincerely feels that the title star is obsolete. "In television, there is no longer any room, time or opportunity to indulge in such an illusion."

However, the producers are very much aware of their stars and have discovered ways of capitalizing on Gardner's engaging personality. They experimented by inserting a light comedy script into the schedule. The word "adventure" now fitted such adjectives as amusing, hilarious, offbeat, fun-filled. Gardner responded as he had hoped and the light script proved to be the best they had made.

Don't get me wrong. Gardner is not a comedian, and certainly not a comic actor. He simply finds it enjoyable to have a kidding or humorous sidelight to the story. The producers have pleasured him that found this out. Now each script has humorous overtones and Gardner's wry smile is seen more often.

Now that he has overcome his problems, there is a new Gardner McKay not only on the TV screen but on the stage. He is friendly and cooperative. He still works long hours and the burden of responsibility is heavy upon his shoulders, but his entire demeanor has changed. Where he once stood aloof, at times last year, he now jumps to assist the crew when they're tackling elements of his own chore. Just the other day, I saw Gardner and several laborers on the set huffing and puffing as they moved a huge camera platform.

I've never helped this way, and I never saw any other actor do it. We've always figured that they have their jobs and we have ours. With Gardner, it's different. He needs to feel that the permanent crew regard him as just another guy. I also think he needs the release from tension a hard physical task affords.

The sound engineer has told me that Gardner created history, as far as he knows, by picking up on the studio's first day of shooting—and then called him by name the next day. This actor says this is the first time, in his thirty-one years in the business, that an actor had ever done this. But it's only one example of Gardner's kindness and consideration toward all.

"I am happier than I have ever been in my entire life," says Gardner. He is able to say this because he feels that he has found the best of his ability. As for the future, he would like to do feature motion pictures. The studio has talked to him about it and has even offered him a script about which he is very enthusiastic.

There's only one hitch: Lack of time. The successful new Gardner McKay is too busy on the successful second TV season of Adventures In Paradise!
George Maharis opines: “This is hardly original thinking, but I'll choose Simone Signoret. I've just seen her in a couple of films, 'Room at the Top' and 'The Witches of Salem.' But that's enough. She's it, mister, and that's all there is to it. I don't blame Yves Montand or France or Hollywood or anybody else for falling over themselves in front of her. She's worth it. She beats these other young-starlet types two ways to Sunday, and I'm not kidding. You just look at her and, all over, it's written: Woman. You bet.

'She's got a kind of basic, earthy glamour that means more than all the other kinds. The way I look at it, glamour is really the quality of being womanly as well as you can. (I've never heard of a man being called 'glamorous,' I don't think.) And nobody's going to deny that Mrs. Montand isn't just about the most all-woman ever put on the screen. Oh, sure, there've been lots of fancy substitutes—the vamps and sirens and sex-pots and all—but it took the French (in one way, with Brigitte Bardot, and in another, with Miss Signoret) to do it. They turned out the quintessence of the International Woman. (How's that for big language?)

'One more thing: She's not being skimpy on being a woman, either. I don't know where American women got their obsession for being all skin and bones, but it sure does look awkward to me. A little padding—just a reasonable amount—never did anybody any harm. And, on Simone Signoret, it's glamorous. At least, that's this guy's opinion.'

Robert Fuller avows: 'I'll wrestle any man in eight feet of mud who doesn't agree with me that Susan Hayward is the most glamorous woman in the world! I remember that, a few years back, some group voted her that title and, as far as I'm concerned, it still stands. There isn't any one thing that makes me think of her as the most glamorous star I know. It's everything: Hair, eyes, face, shape. She has classic beauty.

'I've been watching her for years. Up on the screen, I mean. It may seem like a strange way to get kicks, but I think almost everybody does it... go to the movies and sort of fall in love with the people you see. That's when I fell for Susan Hayward. You know, a lot of kids were falling for Donald Duck? I fell for Susan Hayward. So who's to say who's sick?

'Anyway, I like to think that my falling for her was partly under the heading of Art Appreciation. Look at it this way: There are some girls who are just perfect. So perfect that a guy'd have to be a fool to want to change it by meeting them. That's why I call Susan Hayward 'art appreciation.' I like to look at her from afar... look at all that glamorous... and then shut my eyes and dream.

'One more thing: She has class. To me, that word means that Susan Hayward is the kind of woman you're proud to live in the same world with, you know? She's the kind of woman who sits and walks, straight up—not because she learned it in any posture class, but because she is straight up, naturally. She looks a little taller than she really is. That's class. And that's Susan Hayward.'

Anthony George asks: 'Can I name half a dozen, just so I won't have to settle for one?'

'1. Lee Remick. It's her kind of cool but magnetic sex appeal... it really

No less than six "clues" for Anthony George, sleuth of CBS-TV's Checkmate.
comes across to you. You watch her in something like 'Anatomy of a Murder,' and you begin to understand all over again what makes women so damned attractive.

2. Elizabeth Taylor. Here's the most beautiful woman in the world, maybe, and one that the whole world has watched grow up from the early 'National Velvet' days to her current 'Cleopatra' ones. She's the modern Cleopatra, no doubt about that.

3. Madame Nehru. It takes a lot of stature and dignity to earn the title of 'most glamorous.' Perhaps Madame Nehru isn't the kind of person who'd make you twist your neck off to get a second glimpse of her. But, once you began to talk to her, I bet you wouldn't start looking around at other women!

4. The Marquise de Portago. I only saw her once, on a TV program, but she was the epitome of cool refinement. The whole roof could have caved in and it wouldn't have rattled her teacup. Great self-possession, and that's a mark of glamour, I'm sure.

5. Marlene Dietrich. For her siren quality, and those world-famous, billion-dollar legs. How can you help but bow low before this Lorelei?

6. The woman I marry. Don't say this cat hasn't got foresight! I'm covering all the bets, just in case.

Lee Patterson echoes the question, "Who is the most glamorous woman in the world?"—and answers: "That's not an easy question. . . I guess you realize that. Hmm, the most glamorous in the world. . . . Maybe someone like Kim Novak—certainly no arguing about her beauty. . . or someone like Rita Hayworth or Dorothy Dandridge or—gee, any number of movie stars.

"But does it have to be a movie star? There are plenty of other glamorous women, too. . . . like Maria Callas or Madame Nehru or Princess Margaret. They've got something extra-special, something more than glamour. . . what would you call it? 'Presence,' maybe. . . or 'stature.' Makes their glamour seem deeper than skin-deep.

"What does 'glamour' mean, anyway? If you're looking for someone glamorous, you can find plenty of them in the ads in magazines. Those fashion maga-

Venus de Milo of the Louvre museum is the "disarming" choice of Lee Patterson—who pursues more modern lovelies in ABC-TV's SurfSide 6.

zines, they're supposed to be loaded with glamour. All their models have it—like Suzy Parker. . . and Carol Lynley and Sandra Dee used to be models, too. They're still part of the over-all glamour picture. But you can't settle on one woman, that way.

"Maybe. . . no, she couldn't be intellectually glamorous. She has to be fun, though. . . or at least seem like she'd have some kind of personality. . . you can't fall in love with a statue, now, can you? Although the Venus de Milo certainly does have a lot of glamour to her credit. . .

"That'd be fascinating, wouldn't it? A statue as the most glamorous woman in the world! Nobody'd believe me, though. They'd all say, 'Lee Patterson, what a crazy guy!' Well, we've all got to go sometime. . .

"Venus de Milo. And if you expected maybe Jayne Mansfield, I'm sorry!"

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My Wife Shirley

(Continued from page 33)

into TV stardom as a result of her very first interview are about a million-to-one. Yet, up until the time Shirley was cast as Eileen, she'd never studied acting, or acted professionally before. But Shirley's life has been full of unusual coincidences and chance meetings.

Take the way we met—it was sheer kismet. You see, I'm an attorney. I practice law in Beverly Hills and, up until a certain June night in 1958, I had no idea that such a person as Shirley Bonner, or any other person, existed. Fate brought us together... but, wait a minute, even though this is the first magazine story I've ever had a hand in writing, I should know better than to start at the middle!

To go back to the very beginning, she was born Shirley Tanner in Inglewood, just southwest of Los Angeles. When she was three, her parents were divorced and she and her mother moved to the city. Because her mother had to go out to work to support her, Shirley was sent to a private co-educational school, the Carl Thorpe School in Santa Monica. She saw her mother only twice a month and, in a situation which deprived her of normal family life, staring, it's no wonder that her favorite game was "playing house." She would draw in the dirt an outline of a cozy cottage, pretend there were four walls surrounding her, and fill it with dolls which she cared for and babied.

When it was time to enter high school, Shirley moved back home with her mother and enrolled at Washington High in Los Angeles. Though she'd already developed into an exceptionally pretty girl—the type that usually gravitates toward drama classes—Shirley never had the slightest inclination to try her hand at acting. Her main ambition was to be a successful school teacher. She settled down, married, and raise a houseful of children to whom she'd devote her life.

While she was still at school, family friends introduced her to Leonard Bonanno, a boy seven years her senior. Before the ink on her diploma was dry, Shirley was leaving 170 miles, every other day, toward San Clemente, south of Los Angeles. She and her husband moved to San Clemente, south of Los Angeles. A year passed and they had a son, Johnny—a blessed event which, unknown to Shirley, was eventually to lead her to stardom.

To make her husband's first Father's Day a special occasion, she had some color pictures made. Without her knowledge, the photographer entered one of them in the Laguna Beach Festival of Arts. There, it was spotted by another photographer who tracked Shirley down, and asked if she'd be interested in doing professional modeling for five dollars an hour. This seemed like a gigantic sum to an amateur like Shirley and it wasn't long before she got her first cover on True Story.

That accidental discovery snowballed into one job after another. She began doing commercials in between, and by day, to Los Angeles assignments. She signed with a top agency and was soon filming television commercials, as well as appearing on many, many more magazine covers.

Then she retired temporarily, to await the birth of her second child, Sherri—and again, when little Marty came along. Just barely out of her teens, Shirley was the mother of three, and a most successful model. In her private life, things weren't going as well. She and her husband had grown apart. Shirley obtained a divorce from Lenny, but everything was—and still is—very friendly between them. (To-day, the three of us are good friends.)

All of which brings me back to a June night in 1958 and our personal kismet. A director friend of mine, Bob Gordon, had invited me to join him at a place called Ye Little Club, in Beverly Hills, for a social evening with a group of young single people who called themselves the Rogues and Wenches.

As soon as I got there, I was sorry I'd come. The place was filled with people, all of whom seemed to know each other intimately.

My eyes finally focused on a corner booth and, to my surprise, I knew one of the men at the table. Next to him was a girl I recognized as a former Miss Universe contestant, and next to her was a girl in a light red suit, who was talking to the owner of the club, Marshall Edson. I kept staring at the table, then walked over and was invited to sit down. I sat between the former beauty contestant and the blonde in red—who said, the minute I sat down, "Gee, you've been knocking yourself out flirting with me." I was startled, partly because that's not the kind of remark a girl usually makes, mostly because I hadn't been staring at her in the first place. I was too gentlemanly to inform her that I had been carrying on a mildly teasing flirtation with the girl sitting next to her! But one word led to another and, a few minutes later, the blonde—who'd been introduced as Shirley Bonne—smiled and said, "It's very stuffy in here. Would you like to go next door and get a cup of coffee?"

The girl accepted. How could I resist? The place next door was closed, so we wound up around the block in a booth for two at Frascati's. Over coffee, we found ourselves chatting away like long-lost friends. She told me she was a model and that she'd come to the club that night to see her good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bonner. "Then you aren't a Wench?" I asked.

"Are you kidding?" she answered, smiling that toothpaste-ad smile of hers. She had no idea that I was referring to the group gathered at the club, the Rogues and Wenches. I just smiled to myself. "You see, since I wasn't a regular Rogue, Shirley wasn't a regular Wench, it's obvious that fate brought us together that night!"

Over a second cup of coffee I asked for her phone number.

"I never give my number out," she said. "But you can give me your number. It'll be sometime I'll call you!"

Boy, was that a refreshing experience! As a matter of fact, the thing that struck me, as I sat across from her, was how uniquely wholesome and sweet and neat and unpretentious she was. It may sound corny, but it's the truth. Her beauty, which haunted me later on, didn't even faze me that night. I was captivated by her personality, so frank and wide-eyed and original.

After the fifth cup of coffee, she suddenly smiled and, "I've changed my mind. You're very nice. Not at all like the others. I will give you my number."

By this time, I was a little confused.

I thought to myself, This girl is too good to be true, or else she's a kook or something, and I'll be darned if I'll call her, anyway, since she lives 70 or 80 miles away and that means long-distance! We finished cup of coffee number six and said goodnight.

The next morning, my office phone rang. It was Shirley calling me. "I'm coming into Los Angeles on an assignment. Would you like to have lunch?"

I didn't realize how much she'd affected me until I found myself saying yes before she'd finished asking the question. As I sat across from her in the cafe, something happened—like you read about in books. Someone got through to me! From that moment on, I never had any desire to date another girl.

During lunch, Shirley went on gaily chatting, then she suddenly said, "There's something I have to tell you. I've been married and I have three little children. My divorce will be final in three months." If someone hadn't casually mentioned this fact to me the previous evening, I really would have been stunned. She looked about eighteen at the most, and there was something so childlike about her, it hardly seemed possible that she was the mother of three.

Shirley went on to tell me a little about her background. The more she talked, the more I knew I was deeply attracted to her. But one part of me managed to remain aloof. I certainly had no intentions of getting married, not for years. I'd only been out of law school for less than two years. Half that time, I'd worked for the City Attorney. I had just started in private practice and, like a typical bachelor, had furnished a nice apartment and bought myself a sharp-looking T-bird. No, sir, the last thing in the world I was thinking about was settling down...

We started dating and every time Shirley came to Los Angeles, which was several times a week, I knew I'd fallen in love and I thought she felt the same way, too. Yet neither of us said anything. Aside from thoughts of taking on the responsibility of a wife and three children, there were other problems. When we'd started dating, my parents had been

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out of town. Now they were due back and I knew I had to tell them about Shirley. I didn’t know how or what I’d say, but my sister arranged a family dinner for the folks and me. I just came right out and told them I was seeing a girl who’d been married before, etc.

To be honest, they weren’t overjoyed. They had nothing against Shirley, but you know how parents are, particularly with an only son who’s just starting out to make his own way in the world. Finally, I took Shirley to meet my folks. It was a strained meeting, with Shirley on the defensive, my mother on the offensive, and my dad noncommittal. The evening ended up a draw.

But we kept on dating and, finally, I resolved the conflict in my own mind. I knew I had my own life to lead—and I could not envision that life without Shirley. By this time, it was January of 1959 and we’d been dating for seven months. One night, I picked her up to take her to the movies. We wanted to make an early show and didn’t have time to stop for a full dinner, so we wound up having a snack at Schwab’s drugstore.

Now, Schwab’s may be famous from Coast to Coast because a lot of celebrities do hang out there, but, believe me, the decor isn’t exactly what you’d call romantic. That’s why I was so stunned to say anything for a few moments, until finally it dawned on me that she hadn’t got my message at all. I took her hand and, in mock anger, “I thought you said you loved me!”

“Well, I do,” she said, and I could see the tears about to fall. “All right, then why are you so upset? I just proposed to you.” Her huge blue eyes opened as wide as saucers. “You did?” she said. Then, reaching for her coin purse, she jumped up from the table. “I’m going to call everybody I know and tell them the good news!” Then she disappeared into the phone booth for half an hour.

Shirley and I were married at my sister’s home on April 12, 1959. It was a small wedding. Just my sister and brother-in-law, my folks, Shirley’s mother, and her two oldest children, Johnny and Mickey. That’s all. Throughout our courtship, I’d grown to love the children—so you can imagine how I felt when the ceremony was over and both of them ran up and hugged me and looked at Shirley and said, “Now can we call him Daddy?”

Neither of us could take any extended time off, so we spent a three-day honeymoon in Palm Springs, where my folks were staying. They, in turn, fell in love with Shirley. From the night of our wedding dinner, Shirley’s been able to twist my dad around her little finger and, if any little thing goes wrong, both my parents always take Shirley’s side. So you can see everything worked out wonderfully well.

A few weeks before we were married, Shirley had flown to New York for a little time in her life. She did some important commercials and, after several return trips to New York during the first year of our marriage, she decided to try acting. She called agent Dick Clayton, who’d been trying to talk her into testing for five years, and told him she was ready. Maybe he could get her a role or walk-ons. He set up an interview for her with Max Arnow, casting director at Columbia Studios.

When Shirley walked into Mr. Arnow’s office, his secretary took one look at her and blurted out, “My gosh, you’re Eileen!” Shirley didn’t have the vaguest idea who she was, until the secretary told her that the studio was frantically looking for a girl to play a character called Eileen, had already tested 150 girls, and hadn’t been able to find one. She added that this information was hush-hush and told Shirley not to say a word about it, unless Mr. Arnow mentioned it first.

When Mr. Arnow interviewed Shirley, he didn’t say a word about Eileen. Instead, he gave her some scripts and asked her to read for him. She was absolutely petrified and managed to convince him that she wasn’t at her best, reading from the script. So he gave her the scripts and told her to go home and memorize them. Shirley left his office, still unaware of what the “Eileen” bit was all about.

A few days later, when she received a call from Columbia asking her to report to Mr. Harry Ackerman’s office at 8:30, she was still so nervous about the business that she had no idea what Screen Gems was. She didn’t know that it was Columbia’s TV subsidiary and that Mr. Ackerman was one of the big executives.

On her first interview, she’d tried to impress Mr. Arnow, all done up as if she’d been going to pose for a Vogue cover. Chic suit, hair piled high, fur stole, the works. This time, although she had no idea why, she decided to be casual. She wore no makeup except a trace of lipstick and a bit of eyeshadow. She wore a simple skirt and blouse, and that was that.

She entered Mr. Ackerman’s office and sat waiting to be called. The door opened, a man walked in, looked at her and said, “Are you the one who’s testing for Eileen?”

Shirley looked bewildered but didn’t get a chance to say anything, because the secretary put her finger to her mouth and said to the man, “Sh, it’s a secret.” Shirley just sat still, looking wide-eyed and waiting for somebody else to make the first move. The man must have been mistaken. From what little she’d been able to gather, Eileen was a big part in a new TV series—so obviously it wasn’t for her.

Mr. Ackerman asked her to come in, took one look at her, and handed her a script. On the cover were the words: “My Sister Eileen.” It was forty-seven pages long and, as she sat nervously
Information Booth

The Name's the Same

Please tell me if the actresses Kathleen Crowley and Pat Crowley are related?

B.A.L., Tacoma, Washington

The two attractive young actresses are not related.

Blonde, blue-eyed Kathleen Crowley dreamed of becoming an actress all the time she was growing up in her native New Jersey. Lacking funds for a college education, she let herself be sponsored by the townspeople as Miss Egg Harbor in a preliminary contest for Miss America, in hopes of winning a scholarship. She reached the finals as Miss New Jersey and won not one but two scholarships, which she promptly used to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. . . . Kathleen later worked a season at Kennebunkport Playhouse in Maine before returning to New York to star in many TV shows . . . . The pretty actress arrived in Hollywood in 1952, where she has been ever since, appearing in movies and such TV shows as 77 Sunset Strip and Maverick. Kathleen likes to read and is fond of music.

Dark-haired, hazel-eyed Pat Crowley does have a sister in show business, but the latter's name is Ann. It was through her that Pat made her professional debut as an actress. Ann had the lead in the Broadway musical "Carousel" and managed to wrangle a walk-on part for sister Pat, then only fourteen. From this small beginning, Pat eventually went on to starring roles in Broadway plays, movies and many TV shows, including Walt Disney Presents and The Untouchables. . . . Pretty Pat is married to attorney Gregory Hookstraten and has a son Jon, 2½; she likes cooking and dancing.

Some Quickies

Are the actresses Barbara Lawrence and Rita Lee sisters?

R.D., Rockford, Ill.

They are not related.

I would like to know when and where Loretta Young was born.

N.R., Fairmont, N.C.

She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913.

I would like to know the following about Donald May, Tom Tryon, Will Hutchins and Peter Brown: How old are they and are any of them married?

P.G., Babylon, L.I., N.Y.

Donald is 32; Tom, 35; Will, 28; and Peter, 25. Donald is the only one who is currently married.

Are Marjorie Lord and Jack Lord related?

L.M., Homer, Nebraska

No, they are not.

Regretfully

The editors of TV Radio Mirror note with regret the tragic death in a motorboat accident, of twenty-three-year-old actor Ted "Zeke" Budny, close friend of Rick Nelson, and author of a story about Rick which appeared in our December 1960 issue.

Calling All Fans

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

Allen Case Fan Club, Joyce Mocher, 710 Whipple Rd., N.W., Canton, Ohio.

Adam Wade Fan Club, Linda McCurdy, 458 Morehouse Dr., Wilmington, Del.

Conway Twitty Fan Club, Lorraine Bartucca, 19 Jones St., New Rochelle, N.Y.

Diane McBain Fan Club, Pamela Lea, 6743 Banning Dr., Oakland, Calif.

Dorothy Provine Fan Club, Polly Businger, 164 E. 226th St., Euclid, O.
Eddy Arnold Has a Farm

(Continued from page 44)

had taught me to chord a guitar and I kept trying to learn enough songs so as I could get a job. Singing was the only thing I could turn to, and I wasn't really equipped for that, either— as I soon found out by cooling my heels around radio stations.

Eddy says that he honestly did not know the difference between a country tune and pop number. To me, they were all something I wanted to sing, and some I didn’t. But program managers had them all fenced off. Music was hillbilly, jazz, pop or classic. All I wanted was to be accepted as an entertainer, but it was almost impossible to break through the barriers.

Chronologically, that barrier-breaking Arnold career first surged forward when Eddy went on tour with Pee Wee King’s band. It advanced—when he landed a radio show on WSM, Nashville. At radio’s pre-TV peak, Eddy was heard daily on more than a thousand stations. He was the first of the Nashville well-sellers to use his vocals and that money—mecca, Las Vegas.

His RCA Victor records, “Anytime,” “I’ll Hold You In My Heart,” and “Bouquet Of Roses,” were among the first of the country-flavored tunes to sell a million discs. His style, copied by many artists, was one of the components of that fusion which became rock ‘n’ roll and was later modified into today’s more melodious pop music with a beat. Today, some music men say that Eddy “sings all-American.” Others classify him with Burl Ives.

However, Eddy is also a strong contender in the pop field, until someone anywhere over twenty had a hard time getting heard, he ran “The Tennessee Stud,” a story-telling ballad about a horse and its rider, to the top of the charts. His recent “Before This Day Ends” didn’t do so badly, either.

These are the accomplishments which Eddy refers to when he says “the dickens to get back on the farm.” He says, “The first real money I made, I bought a house for my wife Sally and me. When the children came along, I started looking for a farm where they could grow up. On a farm, a child learns a lot about life in a wholesome way. Sex isn’t any big mystery; it’s a natural part of growth. Also, on a farm, a child has room to run and he has work to do. He feels useful and he doesn’t get all copped-up and rebellious.”

Eddy chose land in the Brentwood section, near Nashville. Describing it, he says, “It’s the prettiest place. Not that the house is much. It’s just an ordinary, comfortable, roomy, ranch-style white clapboard. But it sits at the top of a hill and the way the land rolls and the trees grow makes a picture.”

The character of the land led to Eddy’s specializing in raising cattle. “Eventually, I want to get most of it into permanent pasture. I got me a herd of eighty-five grade Herefords, plus some registered bulls. I fattened an animal eighteen months before selling it for beef.”

There are horses, too. “I confess that I’ve played golf more often than I’ve been riding, lately, but I just can’t imagine a farm without horses. We have three Tennessee walking horses and a pony. Every time I go down to the pasture, they come running to me.”

Furnishings of their home reflect Eddy’s and Sally’s old-American heritage. Many of the pieces are antiques. Eddy’s San-Go also led to the purchase of the second farm. “She had been collecting for quite a while,” he says. “Then she took a course in interior decorating and really started hunting for old things. She heard about this auction, and I went along. I’d had my eye on that land, and had walked it over, but I didn’t think I could buy it. The auction was on a nasty, dismal day and the crowd was small. When I realized what price it was going for, I bid it in.”

In a high-pressure business, Eddy manages to pack a lot of family enjoyment into a low-pressure life. The singer-guitarist lives near Nashville a few hours on a plane take him to Chicago or New York, but, in between, he’s at home.

“A recording session here isn’t like a recording session anywhere else,” he explains. “Jo Ann and Dicky can come along if they want to. There’s no fran- tasy or catcher or conductor getting rattled by having people sitting around on the sidelines. My friend, Chet Atkins, who heads up the Victor branch here, gets the musicians together and hands out a lead sheet. We go into the studio and just keep on playing and singing until it’s dark and then we get.”

Both Eddy’s children have a gift for music. By Eddy’s statement, “They do right well when we’re sitting around the living room and I ask them to go to the piano and play me a tune.” He is cautious, however, in encouraging professional ambitions. “I remind them that a musician is a lucky sort of fellow and that’s the way one wants to go. They can go into show business, if they want to. That’s up to them.”

Any attempt to draw them into it prematurely arouses Eddy’s wrath. “A fellow from Detroit sent me a song and had the nerve to say, This can be your son’s first hit.” Well, I fixed it right back at him. I wrote that man, ‘My son sings only in his bedroom and says he wants to be a doctor. The only show he can put on is sitting a homer in the Knot-hole League. And that’s sure all right with me.’

There’s one threat of encroachment on Eddy Arnold’s particular brand of country life. “The city is growing this direction so fast that I figure we’ll be surrounded about the time the children are old enough to go away to school. When that happens, I’ll sell off the land for a development and keep just a few acres for the home place. What will I do then? Well, I told you I was the kind of country boy who had to work hard to get back on the land. I’m not leaving it. I’ll just take the money and go out a ways farther and buy me another farm.”

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He Fell in Love With His Press Agent

(Continued from page 23)

well-known press agent, Marcia—long accustomed to an atmosphere of publicity ballyhoo—ain’t apt to be easily impressed by handsome young actors. She duly noted that the new client was six feet tall, had dark brown hair; olive skin—and eyes the same color as her own (hazel)—and dutifully jotted down these details in her notebook.

Now it was time to find out what subjects this new addition to the cast of The Detectives would talk about to future interviewers. "Would you be willing to tell me why you won't go steady?" she asked Mark.

"I’ll talk about why I won’t go steady," he said. "I don’t want to get involved. It’s important, right now, to concentrate on a career. Acting is a business, like any other business, and requires concentration. I don’t expect to fall in love for a long time so I go out with a girl a few times, then switch to someone else. If a man doesn’t take any girl out too often, no one gets hurt."

"That will be a good angle for a fan magazine story," said Marcia. "We can call it, 'I Won’t Go Steady.'"

Within three weeks, Mark and Goddard and Marcia were going steady.

When Mark had said that he didn’t expect to fall in love for a long time, he was telling the truth. "I’d never been in love before," he told me. "Infatuation, yes. But love—I thought that was something which would hit me in the remote future.

He did ask Marcia for a date the very first time they met. It was to be a casual sort of date—they’d play table tennis at the home of producer-writer Aaron Spelling and his actress wife, Carolyn Jones. "I have a tentative appointment but I’ll try to change it," said Marcia. It wouldn’t do to antagonize a client—but she also didn’t want to get involved.

For about nine months, Marcia had been going steady with Burt Reynolds. Neither she nor Burt was contemplating marriage, but it was a nice friendship; they got along well. Mark was attractive, pleasant, and pleasant—but it would be silly to drop a friend for a man who’d never be anything more than a casual date.

So, when Mark called to ask about the table-tennis date, she said she didn’t have time that Sunday. "Then what about lunch next week?" Lunch would be easier. Lunch, she thought, would also be safe—much more noncommittal than an evening date. A girl might become sentimental in a restaurant with soft lights and music at night, but nothing of the sort could happen at lunch. However, what did he want that she liked? Mark so well that, when he suggested a matinee, a few nights later at the Albatross at Malibu, she weakened and said yes.

That evening at the Albatross, Mark Goddard became aware that he had fallen in love at third sight. “It took me about two or three weeks,” said Marcia. "About two or three weeks, that evening, Mark talked as he never had before to any girl. He found himself telling her intimate things that he’d never told anyone. As they looked through the large picture windows at the ocean, Mark said, ‘I’ve always loved water. I was brought up near water. Though I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, I was brought up in Scituate—which is right near the harbor.’

"Somehow, I always get a sense of peace from being near the ocean. Whenever I used to go through doing a show, I would take a walk on the beach to relax. No matter how upset I was, there was something about the waves that always calmed me. I still feel that way. Do you?"

Marcia admitted that she, too, loved the ocean.

As they talked, the picture of what Mark was really like became more and more appealing. From the time he was a small boy, he had been impulsive. His closest friend had been Pete Stewart, and the two of them—both imaginative, both restless—had got into all sorts of scrapes and adventures as youngsters. Pete and Mark (whose real name was Charles Goddard) were curious about everything and anything. They used to go down to the boatyard, and jump from one boat to another.

When the northeast storms came up, they’d venture out in their dories. Once they’d been caught in a particularly bad storm, and the Coast Guard had to come to save them. In the winter, they were always exploring nearby ponds, skating metaphorically and literally on thin ice. Sometimes, they would fall into ponds, and once Pete was caught in quicksand. Terrified as he was, young Mark had managed to rescue him.

Their worst escapade came when Mark was about eighteen. They were in Boston at the time, and had noted the famous wooden Indian in front of the Algonquin Hotel. As a prank, they decided to remove the figure and place it with their brother Indians in the Museum of Fine Arts. They managed to drag it from the hotel entrance into their car, but that was as far as they got—at that point, the Boston police arrested them.

They were kept in jail overnight. Next morning, along with a lot of other licks, they had to face the judge. Fortunately, she was a woman with a great deal of understanding of teenagers. She quickly realized that these boys were simply playing the kind of practical joke boys have played from time immemorial, and dismissed them with a warning.

Pete and Mark attended Scituate High School together, then Mark went on to Holy Cross College, with the idea of preparing for a legal career. Actually, he was more interested in athletics than in law. He tried out for varsity basketball, but didn’t make the team. Until that point, he’d done well in his studies. Now he was so disappointed that he stopped paying attention to his studies, and his marks went ‘way down.

Finally, Father Gallagher, the rhetoric teacher, sent for him. "What’s the matter with you?" he asked. "You’re a bright boy, but you’ve been throwing away your attention to your studies. What’s wrong?"

"I’m just not interested in anything," said Mark. "I’ve lost interest. First, I couldn’t get on the basketball squad, and now I’m not sure that I want to become a lawyer."

Father Gallagher suggested that Mark try out for a school play. "Not interested," said Mark. But later he wandered into the auditorium to watch a rehearsal and became so interested that he accepted a bit part in the play. In fact, he was so excited by this whole new world of acting that he made up his mind to quit college and study for a acting career.

When he told his mother that he was going to take his junior mid-year exams and then quit college, she said, "At least, come home and talk things over."

To please her, he did. "But my mind was made up," he now explained to Marcia. "If I hadn’t left college, I wouldn’t be here in Hollywood today. I wouldn’t be acting in television—and I wouldn’t have met you."

The eloquent way in which he said "you," was enough to give Marcia the tip-off. This boy who didn’t want to go steady was falling for her. She’d gone out with other actors, and she knew the signs. On all of them, Hollywood had been the center of life. But, to this young man, life itself was the center of life. To him, acting was an exciting business, but the sun didn’t rise or set according to how well an actor did in a part.

In his view of things, actors were far less important than doctors and many others. They had a job to do. If they did it well, they could derive much more satisfaction than if they did it sloppily. He would always do his best. But he would never become self-important or egocentric.

In the way they said goodnight, Marcia was startled by Mark’s directness. "You’re the kind of girl I’ve been looking for all my life," he said. "Sooner or later, Marcia—and I hope it’s sooner—we’re going to get married."

Startled, Marcia changed the subject. But Mark meant what he had said. The next evening, at the harbor: "I’ve met the girl I’m going to marry."

They began to see each other almost every evening. Marcia discovered that Mark had a wonderful sense of humor. She chortled over his story—which she dragged out of him with her best press-agent finesse—of how he got into television.

After playing stock in Florida and
A Family With "Flair"

(Continued from page 46)

Flair is a daily hour gem-packed with what Dick calls "a little bit of everything. We have humor, news, music, beauty hints—features like Boris Karloff speaking on baby care, Hermione Gingold discussing men, Martha Rountree covering the Washington scene. There may be a host of stars in all, and all monologues are limited to a minute-and-a-half, including mine."

Dick's own stint is a daily one, adding up to a pretty heavy schedule for everything.
a star who's also appearing on Broadway. But he enjoys every moment, whatever he's working on or just relaxing at home. His charming blonde wife, Marjorie, and their three children are equally well adjusted. It's a happy and disciplined family living in that large old house, colonial farm house, with large patio, barbecue pit and swimming pool.

"We have five bathrooms," Chris adds proudly. "We're clean, anyway," Dick comments. "And the boys eat like boys, not like horses—so we can't get away with feeding them dates!"

For lunch, the family serves at a large circular table set before a wood-burning fireplace in the paneled kitchen. Dinner is early, so that Dick may leave at seven for the 54th Street Theater where "Bye Bye Birdie" is playing. On winter nights, it must take the courage of a pioneer to hop into a cold car and drive mile and a half into town, leaving behind so warm and charming an atmosphere! The Van Dyke living room is large and uncluttered. Carpeting is beige, draperies white. Built-in bookcases with white cupboards line the walls on both sides of the fireplace. A large circular coffee table is flanked by four easy chairs—one blue, one green—and there are two gold couches. Above the fireplace is an abstract painting done by Dick; on another wall, another interesting study of Dick as a white-faced clown, painted in his dressing room. "It doesn't resemble me much but the artist said he wasn't attempting a portrait," the star explains.

There is a hi-fi set and a baby grand piano which is for use, not show. "We all play a little," says Marjorie. Stacey has just begun to study. She's been playing by ear for a year. The children all write music, and are encouraged by music teachers.

"I used to play trombone," Chris confides, "but I gave it up. The blowing hurt my ears." Dick smiles: "It was a question of being talented or deaf!"

"I can play the clarinet," Barry announces hopefully. But it is Stacey, a doll-like child with large blue eyes and long blond hair, who is able to perform. "Play 'I Love You, Conrad,'" and Daddy will sing it," her mother suggests.

Stacey seats herself at the piano, tiny hands poised over the keys, little-girl legs swinging a good foot above the pedals, and begins. Dick beams with pride. "That's my Stacey," he was wont to perform. "Play 'I Love You, Conrad,' and Daddy will sing it," her mother suggests.

Do any of the children plan a career in show business? "I doubt it," Marjorie says, "although Stacey claims she wants to be a ballerina. I'll let her study when she's eight. I studied ballet but never did anything with it professionally. Chris leans toward science and Barry wants to be an archaeologist. Right now, they're interested in baseball, football and track. Barry's quite a runner."

"In the summer, we all live in the pool. But, whenever the weather is right, Dick gets out in the backyard and joins the boys in athletics. They even have a high jump. How about Stacey? Oh, she has swings and a slide and she's happy with her dolls. She's a real little girl. The only major argument the kids ever have is when the boys want to watch a Western on TV and Stacey insists on cartoons. We settle it by having them take turns."

"Dick is very patient with the children," their mother says. "We're not 'progressive' parents at all. We definitely believe in discipline. Dick says there are those who feel he's overly strict because he makes the kids behave around the house, but I'd say he has more understanding than I do."

The concert over, Stacey slides off the piano bench and announces excitedly, "We're going to a party tonight—in costumes! I'm going to be a gypsy. I can hardly wait."

"I'm going to be Dracula," says Chris, "and Barry's going to be a goul. Daddy's going to make us up. Let's go get our costumes, huh?" The children troop upstairs and quickly change into an easy chair. "One good thing about being a father in show business, I can always get them costumes for a masquerade. First date I ever had with Marge was kind of a masquerade—well, not really. It was the Sadie Hawkins Day dance and she asked me to go. I always did wear a mask to that.""

"We were in high school and the girls were supposed to ask the boys," Marjorie explains.

"Yes, dear," he smiles at her affectionately. "I remember you were wearing a full skirt and kind of large square gems."

"That was gingham. That's what we wore to Sadie Hawkins dances."

"Good idea having the girls ask the boys. Took you three years to catch me, though," he laughs and throws his arm up as though to ward off an imaginary blow. "Never mind! I wanted to get married."

"It's a woman's right to have the kind of marriage she wants, isn't it?"

"Yes, all right, you can keep your hat. She was good company and I felt—well, comfortable with her. You know how it is at that age. You're usually kinda shy."

"The truth is I laughed at his jokes. Was he funny then? Oh, yes! His sense of humor was one of the things I liked best about him. In one way, he was very attractive. He's always had excellent taste in clothes—we were very proud when he won the Best Dressed Actor Award. Dick is a soft-spoken, gentle sort of person and very romantic. Not a bit practical. Well, you might say he's practical in being romantic. He never sleeps with me, but he's always kind and affectionate. He's absent-minded about everything else."

"I showed up for the wedding, didn't I?" Dick smiles. "We were married in 1948 in Los Angeles, on Bride And Groom. I remember we got all kinds of stuff. Furniture, appliances, a honey-moon at Mt. Hood." At that moment, he's interrupted by a cry of, "Daddy, would you come up here, please?"

Did Marjorie ever feel in the early years that Dick would be famous one day? "Well, I knew he had the talent but I didn't know if he'd ever have confidence enough. What Dick has achieved in a short time has gone far beyond our greatest hopes," Marjorie excuses herself to settle a problem in the kitchen, where Roberta—whom the Van Dykes consider "another member of the family"—reigns. Dick re-enters the living
room almost on cue, settles down comfortably on a couch and returns to his favorite subject: Father's Day.

"Kids are funny," he muses, "ours love to take over on special days like Father's Day and Mother's Day. Chris gets up early and serves us breakfast in bed. They bring us presents they've made in school—ashtrays for me, jewelry boxes for Mom. Their favorite trick is to wrap a tiny gift in sixteen boxes, each one bigger than the last. One year, they dragged in a box so big I said, 'You built me a hot-rod!'"

What is a typical day in the Van Dyke household like? "Like anybody else's, I guess," says Dick. "Except Daddy can sleep till ten or eleven, if he's lucky. It's not so bad when there's school. But, during the summer, we get me up pretty early. Of course, I have two tailmates of 'Birdie' each and, on other days, we tape Flair. Also, I always seem to be rehearsing for some TV show."

The NBC-TV special on Thanksgiving Day, called 'No Place Like Home.' Ironical?

"Actually, the only day I can count on having to myself is Sunday. We all get up and go to church. We attend the Dutch Reformed Church here in Brookville, and I teach Sunday School. But, the rest of the day, we just stay home—no guests. We don't even go for a drive. The traffic is too heavy on the Island. When we go on family excursions to some place like Freedomland, we go on a weekday.

"Any hobbies?" he echoes, "None that I have time to pursue. I like golf, and I was quite an amateur magician when I was a kid. Used to put on lots of penny shows in a barn in Danville, Illinois. I was born in 1925 and missed being a Christmas present by twelve years.

Dick's dad, L. W. Van Dyke, is an agent for a freight line. Young Richard's childhood was rather uneventful. He confesses that he was a quiet youngster. "Pretty bookish, I guess. I have a younger brother Jerry, but I remember I played alone most of the time. Amused myself inventing magic tricks."

Dick made his first public appearance at the age of six, when he recited a Christmas poem in Sunday School. He acted in high-school plays and with the Danville Civic Theater, but insists he had no real desire to enter show business until he came out of the Air Force. "I was in pilot training until the war was over. I went in, in 1944, as a cadet—and came out a cadet. But, meanwhile, I was active in the entertainment district. I used to have an assortment of jobs, up to that point. I started with a paper route as a kid. Later, I got a job as a shoe salesman, then graduated to radio announcer after school. The summer I was seventeen, I became a carnival Barker for Sally Rand at the Illinois State Fair. I learned the family that I was going to quit the carnival, travel with the carnival. That idea didn't go over so well, but they needn't have worried. I lasted three days. The grind was tougher than I thought."

Eventually, Dick ended up in advertising. He and a friend opened their own agency. He enjoyed it while it lasted but it was "an awful lot of hard work. My wife was my secretary."

Marjorie comes in and says, with a chuckle, "I wasn't his wife then, and I wasn't paid. I did everything, even finished all the furniture they bought for the office. They got unfinished stuff, and I had to sand it and paint it.

Dick gives her a hug. "And she loved every minute of it. It was the only way she could get to spend so much time with me." His grin fades, as he adds, "Actually, the advertising agency was a bad idea. A town that size had no need of a friend of mine.

Phil Erickson, came through town looking for a partner to do a record pantomime act called The Merry Mutes, I joined him and headed for the West Coast.

Three months later, I sent for Marjorie and we got married. The name of the agent was subsequently changed to Eric and Van. We played everything from Martha Raye's 5 O'Clock Club in Miami to the Old Last Frontier in Vegas, but traveling was tough. When Barry was a baby, he actually did sleep in a theatrical trunk."

After six years, Dick called it quits and settled in at Santa, where he emceed a daily TV show. In 1955, he moved to New Orleans for another daytime TV offering. Then he got a network contract in New York, and he was on his way.

Two years ago, Dick faced what he considers one of the great challenges of his career in Los Angeles, where he took over for Jack Paar on NBC-TV's big late-night show, while the star was on vacation. Was it a tough assignment? "Yes. Not so bad when I got into it, but I was nervous a week before. Was I overprepared that first night? I had enough material for a telethon. And then, to my surprise, the show seemed to be over before it got started.

A miniature poodle and a Cairn terrier race into the room. Dick gives them a stern look. "All right, Sammy, Alice—out!" he says firmly. Obediently, the dogs leave the room. It's obvious who is boss in this house. Dick meekly agrees, "I am. But it's not a self-appointed job. I was elected to the post."

"Excuse me, Daddy," calls Chris from the doorway, "but the photographer is here. He wants to take a picture of me serving you breakfast in bed like I do on Father's Day."

There is a sudden hush as the entire family waits for Dick's reply. "I don't think we need it. My good dressing robe is at the theater."

"I have a bathrobe," Stacey says hopefully. Nobody seems to hear. She reaches for the costume she's going to wear to the party and avows, "I'd rather be a gypsy, anyway. Who wants a lot of old crumps from breakfast-in-bed?"

Dick swings her up in his arms. "I'd like an old crump like you anytime."

The children roar with laughter.

"See?" says Chris proudly. "I told you Daddy was funny around the house."

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Some may wonder: Why should Dr. Munro write on mental conditions when he is known principally because of his work on diet. Dr. Munro says, “Throughout my medical life I have always been a student of the ‘why’ of mental disease. It seems to be the least well explained of all diseases. My work on diet brought hundreds of people suffering from mental conditions to my attention, and I have seen many favorable results from diet in this type of case after all other methods failed.”

While it is not Dr. Munro’s desire to frighten people—he does drive home the point that our present day physical and mental ills are associated with the typical American diet. Dr. Munro’s books appeal to the serious, intelligent person who is receptive to new ideas. Dr. Munro’s books are not written for the “health faddist.”

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Cover Portrait of Jo Ann Castle by Robert Perkins
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BUY YOUR APRIL ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE MARCH 7
Tips on Talbott

I would like to know something about the actress Gloria Talbott.
T. B. B., Salt Lake City, Utah

"I was brought up within a few miles of the studios," says pretty dark-haired Gloria Talbott, who was born in Glendale, California, a city founded by her maternal grandfather. "And that in itself is an obstacle to fame," she continues. "For some reason, people who come from 'outside' seem to progress more rapidly." But Gloria certainly never needed to worry about that. She is now one of Hollywood's most versatile performers (she's played everything from an Indian maiden to a girl who turns into a monster and has appeared in well over two hundred TV shows and movies).... After graduation from high school, Gloria acted at the Eagle Rock Theater and at the Pasadena Playhouse. Her first big professional break was in the play "One Fine Day." Then came many roles in movies and TV, including Wanted—Dead Or Alive, Zorro, and Alfred Hitchcock Presents.... Gloria was married in 1949 and divorced in 1954. She has a ten-year-old son named Mark. The brown-haired, brown-eyed actress has a favorite hobby—horseback riding.

(Continued on next page)
Facts About Fay

What can you tell us about the actress Fay Spain?

D. F. C., Tulsa, Oklahoma

Fair-haired, blue-eyed Fay Spain got her start in the theater at the early age of fifteen... but as the cashier in a movie house in White Salmon, Washington! The Phoenix-born actress then moved to Frederick, Maryland, to work in the Braddock Heights Theater. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, she was an actress. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, she was a babysitter for the lady manager of the theater, also an actress...

...After working on the Borscht circuit in New York’s Catskill Mountains, Fay headed for Hollywood, where she eventually broke into TV and, since then, has appeared in practically every successful TV series, including Gunsmoke, Maverick, 77 Sunset Strip, Bat Masterson. Her movies include “God’s Little Acre,” “The Beat Generation,” and “Al Capone.”... Fay is married to an artist and is the mother of a son, seven-year-old Jock.

Some Quickies

What is the name of the newest Lennon baby? M. G., New Hartford, N. Y.

Born last March, his name is Christopher.

Please inform me if Durward Kirby and William Hopper are both the sons of DeWolf Hopper.


Just William is his son.

Please tell me if Skip Homeier and Lee Marvin are related.

A. R. J., Randolph, Va.

No, they are not.

I would like some information about Don Grady of My Three Sons. What sports does he like, what shows has he been on, and what school does he go to?

P. S., Houston, Texas

Don attends Burbank High School, likes baseball, horseback riding, and water skiing. He has appeared on Wagon Train, The Rifleman, Rescue 8 and Have Gun—Will Travel, among others.

What is the birthdate of Tab Hunter?

J. H., Riviera, Texas

July 11, 1931.

Casey Comes Calling

Coos Bay’s KCBY-TV, newest member of Oregon Triangle Television group, has a new “member” of the staff. He’s Casey B. Wye, a squirrel! Casey, who lives in the woods near the transmitter station located on Noah’s Butte, drops in every day to keep the engineers company.

Reader Accolade

Dear Editors:

I read your November issue article on George Maharis entitled “A Fighter All the Way” and thoroughly enjoyed it. Friday evening is a most enjoyable one for me, for that is Route 66 time. There are many reasons for its being so enjoyable to me. First, the authenticity of location makes it good. I haven’t been able to travel very much, and these actual locations let me see quite a lot of the country. Secondly, George Maharis and Martin Milner play their parts with such realism and naturalness. One other thing, the simplicity of love and affection is presented in a most wonderfully clean manner. Marvelous. It’s nice to see that these precious feelings are still treated with respect on TV.

Sincerely, Elizabeth Cardinale
OK?  Even on “those days?”

CERTAINLY!

It’s a superstition to believe that washing your hair during your period will stop the flow.

The same thing holds for showering or bathing. In fact a warm tub will make you feel neater, sweeter, better.

A second question: need you remove Tampax during bathing?

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Inside Out: NBC's Project 20 prepping new series "The World of --" to premiere this spring with Bob Hope's world under scrutiny. A crew with hand cameras will spend a month following Robert from place to place for candid photography. Dick Powell definitely set to host full-hour weekly dramatic series over NBC this fall. CBS has not commented on what will happen to Powell's Zane Grey Theater but there is every expectation that it will fade. Handsome star of Disney's "The Swamp Fox," Leslie Nielsen gets the lead in ABC-TV's new cops-and-robbers series, The New Breed. State Dept. asking Hanna-Barbera for copies of The Flintstones to send the Russians. NBC no longer gloomy about daytime TV. Over $33 million in new and renewal business signed for daylight hours, a 30% increase over a year ago. Oddly enough, our great TV media will be almost silent in Civil War programming, although the nation has begun a five-year commemoration of the historic struggle. Sponsors rejected many program ideas, fearing bad reaction when tempers are so heated over segregation and civil rights.

Roundabout: Polly Bergen getting streaks of gray in her hair but definitely refusing to touch up, "I want everyone to know I'm thirty." Dick Clark, currently filming "The Young Doctors," has top-notch assistance in Fredric March and Eddie Albert. Lucille Ball drew great reviews—the Broadway show itself ("Wildcat"), lukewarm notices. But it has a million-dollar advance sale and thus should be around for many months. Rumors come and go about Lucy and Desi reuniting. Meanwhile, she sees the town with Keith Andes, her leading man. Wouldn't you know? When Jimmy Durante married Marjorie Little, it was Jimmy who broke down and cried. Bobby Darin, with his TV special out of the way, joins Pess Parker in the film production of "Separation Hill." Johnny Mathis is turning down guest-appearance offers. He has his own show for TV sale and manager Helen Noga is ready to greet all customers.

Hamster Actor: Ebullient Dick Crenna, Luke on The Real McCoys, phoned in the big news, "I'm going to try directing the show. You might say they are auditioning me for the job. If it goes well, it'll be a permanent thing." The show itself he finds as ex-
citing as ever. "But the kids are growing like weeds. Lydia Reed plays my kid sister, but she's beginning to look more like my wife. She's sixteen and mature beyond her years." Around the set, they figure they may get a wedding invitation any day. Whose? "Bob Fuller's and Kathy Nolan's. This has been a steady thing for over a year." One other thing is new for Dick. "You know I'm playing a hamster, too. On the Mr. Magoo TV series, I play Hamlet the Hamster!"

Crystal Ball: You may expect to hear NBC announce they have bought six famous David Selnick properties: "Rebecca," "Spellbound," "Notorious," "The Paradine Case," "Portrait of Jenny," and "The Spiral Staircase." These will be adapted for TV specials. . . Desilu will put up for sale two new programs, CIC, a series on counter-intelligence, and Holidays Abroad, a comedy series which will mean the return of Barry Nelson and Richard Carlson. . . ABC nursing to birth a comedy show titled The Hathaways, starring Jack Weston, Peggy Cass and Enoch the Chimp.

Televitis: Godfrey on tape this month while the live Godfrey hunts big game in Africa. . . Robert Stack producing a movie on the life of Trotsky. . . Bill Frawley says Lucy kept him feeling young, but My Three Sons makes him feel old. . . Did you know that beautiful Maggie O'Neil, who plays Althea Dennis on The Brighter Day, is the wife of Shepperd Strudwick? . . . The Islanders gets washed away in April and will be replaced with new series, The Asphalt Jungle, starring Jack Warden and Arch Johnson. Duke Ellington is writing background music. . . For Easter presentation, ABC is preparing a specially commissioned opera titled 'Mary Magdalene.' . . Yvonne Lime, of the Happy series, with actress roommate Sarah Bruckner, founded an organization to find homes for foreign orphans. A Marine officer in Japan came to their aid—and wound up marrying Sarah. . . While Professor Ruccel C. Erb taught science over WFIL-TV, Philadelphia, he wooed. One of his viewers, Mrs. Julia Wiedof, of Norristown, began a correspondence with the professor and the result was matrimony. . . On the planning board at NBC is Dead Letter, a series about what happens to people who don’t get an important letter because of a plane crash.

(Continued on next page)
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

The Big Ones: On February 8, Jack Benny presents and appears in "Remember How Great," an hour music-variety with Andy Williams, Connie Francis, The McGuire Sisters and Juliet Prowse. The unusual aspect is that it will be on NBC—the first time Benny has been on that network with his own program since 1948. The inside story is that he did show as a favor to Paul M. Hahn, president of American Tobacco Company. Dramatically speaking, "Cry Vengeance!" looks like the big one for February and the day is Tuesday, 21, NBC-TV. A three-star cast of Ben Gazzara, Sal Mineo and Peter Falk tell the story of a self-styled Robin Hood in the Sicilian mountains. The majestic Ingrid Bergman makes her second TV appearance ever, on March 6, via CBS-TV in "Twenty-four Hours in a Woman's Life." The problems behind the scene have not been those of the lady. Maximilian Schell was dropped in favor of Rip Torn when the script changed Bergman's love interest from a European to an American. And when the men who run the bank at Monte Carlo refused to grant permission for the tele-tape to be made on their premises—because it did not reflect their best interests (a young man tries to commit suicide because of gambling losses)—the whole production was shifted to New York.

Look, Ma, No Pix: Radio—defined as TV without a picture—is not quite the tattered old man you might think. NBC is considering expanding network service from eighteen hours a day to twenty-four. . . . Radio daytime serials evaporated, but now there's a chance they may reappear as syndicated series on local stations. While music and kookie-talking deejays seem to hold the fort, unusual items turn up such as this one: At radio Station WTRY—servicing Albany, Troy and Schenectady—four times a day, six times a week, there is a program reporting and describing lost dogs. Sponsored, natch, by a dog biscuit maker. . . . And one deejay actually created a market for a new product. KDKA's Rege Cordic, who has been "inventing" new products since his undergraduate days at WWSW, talked of a beer so light that the liquid floats on top of the suds and called it Old Frothingsham. Now a Pittsburgh brewmaster is marketing beer under that name in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

Extra Special: The Bell Telephone Hour schedules for February 17, NBC-TV, "The Sound of America," with words and music by Gordon Jenkins. It has been taped in Disneyland. Among the cast are Gene Nelson, Jacques d'Amboise and The (lovely) Earl Twins. This means double-exposure (pun intended) for Jane and Ruth Earl, who dance again on the Fred Astaire repeat February 20. The twins kept things lively and lovely at Disneyland, playing the usual identical-twin tricks—until Gene Nelson branded Jane with lipstick so he could tell them apart.

Over & Out: Jo-Ann Campbell—looking not the least put-out over Darin's marriage—collaborating with Neil Sedaka at the Harwyn. And it's all "deductible" for Neil, because he's penning songs for Jo-Ann. . . . Nancy Kovack to make two pictures for Columbia. . . . Joey Bishop will star in his own series under the production aegis of Danny Thomas. . . . Jimmy Boyd signed for six more Bachelor Father episodes. . . . General Mark Clark filmed at Ft. Myer for Valiant Years, the Winston Churchill series seen Sunday nights on ABC-TV.
So They Were Married: On the set of “Come September,” shot in romantic Italy, Bobby Darin met his bride-to-be, glamour-glowing Sandra Dee. Perhaps to cover his shyness, Bobby wisecracked, “I enjoy your pictures, Miss Tuesday Weld.” No slouch herself at boy-girl repartee, Sandy snapped, “And I love your records, Mr. Fabian.” So began the love story behind the movie love story in which they were co-starred. As the film progressed, first in north Italy, then in Rome and Portofino, Bobby deluged Sandy with yellow roses... They were young, far from home. The place was lovely, the time auspicious, and they had to make screen love every day according to direction of Robert Mulligan and the script. Dates began to blossom. They drove in horse and carriage through Rome, took long boat rides at Portofino, fed the cats at midnight at the Colosseum and strolled hand-in-hand through the famed art galleries of the Vatican. And so, for once, life imitated fiction, and the lovers of “Come September” returned to America. Bobby put a huge square-cut emerald ring on Sandra’s finger, and their elopement—no surprise to anyone who had seen their love scenes—soon followed. Says Mulligan ruefully, “Had I known this would happen, I’d have adapted our movie to meet the more romantic goings-on between these real-life lovers.”

TV Series for Sports-Minded Viewers: Terry Moore cut the pilot this month for her TV show, with Tony Owen producing. It has a sports background, and important figures in the athletic world will be guest stars each week. Terry’s quite an athlete herself in real life—is great at skiing and sailing. In fact, she and her husband—Stuart Kramer III—are entering their boat, “Karaun” (meaning “peace of mind” in Arabic) in the Honolulu Races July 4.

New Home for Oscar: Controversy still rages over the moving of the Academy Awards ceremony from Hollywood’s Pantages Theater to the Civic Auditorium in the nearby beach suburb of Santa Monica. And there’s more grumbling than usual over the fact the Oscar show will be sponsored. More commercials than ever are rumored for this year of the “hard sell.” The new site of the Oscar festivities can accommodate 2,368 guests—almost double the Pantages capacity—and, according to TV engineers, acoustics and lighting conditions are excellent. But, whether the move was for good or bad, it’s still going to sound strange to hear the announcer say, Monday night, April 17, “And now from Santa Monica, California, we bring you the Hollywood Academy Awards.”

Horrors, Mr. Hitchcock! The master of mystery and suspense admits that he (Continued on next page)

For What’s New on the East Coast, See Page 6
Fred Astaire’s lovely companion is his daughter Ava. Milton Berle, Jeff Chandler get tips from a champion.

Fred Astaire's lovely companion is his daughter Ava.

Pint-sized young admirer (?), all of 3 years old, draws a bead on TV's Gene Barry—attired in one of his more outdoor-type Bat Masterson outfits.

never watches his own shows. "I can't stand suspense in any shape or form, which may account for my knack for bringing it in vivid style to the public," says Alfred H. Hitch. He does not, however, see horror stories as being a bad influence. He feels this side of entertainment has been grossly maligned. Even children, he feels, do not take the grisly events too seriously. They seem mostly interested in technical points. At a premiere, he was approached by a boy who asked, "In the scene where your victim got knifed last week—did you smear her with chicken blood or plain ketchup?" Looking soberly down at the lad, Hitch replied, "We used chocolate syrup." To which the kid exclaimed, "Gee, imagine wasting all that good syrup!" Hitch replies only one letter of protest—this from an outraged husband. It said, "Since seeing the French film 'Diabolique'—where a woman is murdered in a bathtub—and then 'Psycho'—where Janet Leigh gets killed in a shower—my wife hasn't taken a bath or a shower. What am I to do?" Replied the impish Hitch, "Send her to the dry cleaners."
The Little Pink Lie: Most amazing thing about This Is Your Life is the way family and friends faithfully keep the secret from the subject. Since there is always a "dress rehearsal," everyone but the subject knows a week in advance. This resulted in ten-year-old Jayne Marie Mansfield telling her first lie to Mommy Jayne. Step-daddy Mickey Hargitay helped out the youngster by letting his glamorous wife know, the week before, that little Jayne would need a new dress for a birthday party. The day of the fictitious affair, Jayne busied herself prettying up her daughter. When Mickey was about to drive the giggling Jayne Marie to her party, Jayne Sr. ran out, waving the gift Mickey had prepared as a decoy. "You forgot your present," chided Jayne. When Mickey and Jayne Marie turned up on the stage of Ralph Edwards' show, nobody was more surprised than Jayne. "I'm sorry I told you that white lie," apologized the child later. "Darling," laughed her mother, whose home is done in pink, one of her favorite colors, "In your case, we will call it a little pink lie."

In Jayne's (Continued on next page)
case, actually her favorite color is lavender. But, since it has been so closely associated with Kim Novak, she settled for her second-best color, pink. After the honors paid her at This Is Your Life, she was presented by her husband with a lavender Cadillac. As she was about to enter the car, Mickey handed her a large box. "It isn't pink and it isn't lavender," said Mickey gallantly. When Jayne opened it, a leopard coat was revealed. "Daddy and I picked it out," chirped Jayne Marie gleefully, "cause how we feel about you is like the coat... it will never change its spots!"

Sez Gob to Gobbler: Roly-poly Buddy Hackett lost twenty pounds during the filming of "All Hands on Deck," at 20th-Fox. Buddy plays a sailor who has to act as guardian of a thirty-pound turkey named Oswasso. After carting the bird around the lot for several days, the perspiring comic addressed Oswasso as follows: "You fowl t'ing you, and they calls me fat and give me Metracal... deg oughta give youse the stuff. But just wait... a day's comin' when you're gonna get eat up—but not by me. I wouldn't swallow one itsy-bitsy bite of you 'cause even my stomach is sick 'n' tired of carrying you around!"

And That's No Joke: While Tennessee Ernie Ford, just past forty, is again talking retirement, fiftyish Milton Berle—with two-thirds of his thirty-year NBC contract to go—says he's just starting a new trend in comedy. There were some in show business who laughed at the notion of Uncle Milty emceeing Jackpot Bowling. What a comedown, they said. But the laughter came to a sudden stop when it was revealed that Berle was getting $15,000 per segment, and that the show was zooming into top ratings. Not only that, but Uncle Milty is talking of sinking two-and-a-half-million into four big bowling centers. "It's become the number-one national pastime," chortles Milty. Said pal Jack Benny, "With all this bowling on your mind, I'm surprised you haven't picked it up." Snapped Milty, "I would if I could pick up the ball!"

Playing the Field at Las Vegas: The second annual "Fast-Gun Contest" held at Las Vegas attracted more than 200 gunslingers from across the country, many from television's star-studded home operas. Among the latter were Bill Williams, Jock Mahoney, Sheb Wooley, Clint Eastwood, Peter Brown, Eric Fleming, Paul Brinegar, Gerald Mohr and Gene Barry. Clint modestly laid claim to being a slow shooter, saying, "In Rawhide, we don't have to shoot fast. Our job is to move the cattle along." Modest Clint failed to mention that he is one of the fastest draws in show business, having been officially clocked at 48/100 of a second. In an impromptu shoot-out with Peter Breck (of the recent Black Saddle), Clint won easily. Commenting on the Sahara Hotel's contest, Paul Brinegar—who plays Wishbone, the cook, on Rawhide—declared, "One thing's more deadly than lead poisoning from a fast gun, and that's ptomaine poisoning from a chuck wagon." And Sheb Woolley, of the same show, has just completed a ballad about a fast-draw artist named Billy Bardel which he hopes will match the sales of his famous "Purple People Eater" tune. Winner of the con-

for his horse. "When I say horseback riding is the best way to live to a healthy, ripe old age, I'm not talking about the exercise," he points out. "Dissipation has killed off many actors. But, as long as you're on a horse, you're safe. You can't take a horse into a night club, pool hall or saloon."

The Wonderful World of TV: According to Eddie Albert—interviewed while taping his part in the upcoming Linkletter special, "Kids Are Funny"—viewers will soon be shopping through their TV sets. As for Henry Kaiser's multi-million-dollar city, Hawaii Kai, now in construction outside Honolulu, Eddie is in charge of all TV in the project. It will have a closed circuit channel designed strictly for home services and arm-chair shopping. Machines are now being fashioned—and they work, he assures—so that a housewife can push a button and order delivery of any item scanned by the camera as it moves slowly by the shelves. Fascinating as all this is, Eddie doesn't plan to limit his TV activities to the Hawaiian job. He is preparing a special, "The Songs That Lincoln Loved," which he will emcee, with top folk singers featured.

Just Call Me "Bub": Bill "Bub" Frawley, says that the I Love Lucy series was "gentleman's work" compared to My Three Sons, on which he plays Fred MacMurray's father-in-law and housekeeper to three growing boys. "We used to work from ten to five on Lucy," Bill points out. "But, on this one, it's usually five to ten. Sometimes we have such a short lunch period, I forget to take off my apron on my way out of the studio." But one thing is definitely on Bill's agenda—in April, he and long-time pal, actor John Gallaudet, head for Europe, to mark Bill's first trip abroad. "I've often pictured myself in Vienna sitting in one of those sidewalk cafes, sipping beer. At last, I'm going to make it. We'll hit my ancestral sod, Ireland, too, even if it's just for one hour."

"On the Riviera": Mike Connors' new TV show, The Riviera, began locationing in Paris with the New Year, and from there moved on to Rome and Geneva. Format will have Mike as a writer covering news events, and it will all be on a glamorous, upbeat basis, trying to capture the excitement of such films as Cary Grant's "To Catch A Thief." . . . Jimmy Darren returned from the Hawaiian location of "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" to discover that wife Evi Norlund had decorated their new Hollywood Hills home in Danish modern, with vivid Italian paintings complementing. "That figures," says Jimmy, "since Evi's Danish, and I'm Italian."
Until five years ago, Phyllis Diller lived in San Francisco with her five children, her insurance-salesman husband, and, like everyone else, had bills from here to around the block—and not quite enough money to pay them. How could a simple homebody, a gal from nowhere, not even young, leap to fame as 1961's top comedienne in such a short space of time? Phyllis tells it like this.

"I always loved to make people laugh. I was as thrilled as the conductor of a symphony orchestra—laughter was music to my ears and I couldn't get enough of it. I came from a singing family and I always wanted to write. I'd write one-liners, gags and funny songs every chance I got. I didn't know what to do with them so I tried them out on my family, and they loved them. I'd read my routines off to myself in a mirror with a clock in my hand for timing, then serve them up with the dinner. Then I found myself either giving parties or going to them just so I could entertain. And that was the beginning."

Finally her family rebelled. They kicked her out of the kitchen,

Oh, I admit some things. I'm not a very good cook it's true. But when they say my kitchen is a disaster area, and that I can even louse up corn flakes, they lie! I just do things different. I'd like to see them try to stuff a turkey through its beak with a tweezer! Why, it takes weeks! That is, if it'll hold still for you!
which was fast becoming a disaster area, took over themselves, and made Phyllis sit down and write about the peccadillos which she thought were the bane of the average housewife's existence. When she had a real act put together, they arranged for audition at the "Purple Onion," a well known night club. The owner agreed to put her on for practically no pay, then gave her $60 a week. She stayed for 89 record-breaking weeks!

She careened across the country, sharpening her act, a mixture of parodies, gags and songs. Combined with weird costumes and the deepest, most contagious laugh ever heard on stage, Phyllis landed two years ago in New York at the age of forty. She was booked at No. 1 Fifth Avenue. Her pianist, Harold Fonville, watched her as she sat on top of the piano in black tights doing an imitation of Eartha Kitt, and decided she was such a riot she ought to be good on the Jack Paar show. He called the Paar office every day for two months until they finally agreed to give her an audition.

"Jack Paar and I took one look at each other and got this thing going," Phyllis says. "What's he like? Besides being a gentleman and a scholar, he's a sweet, sensitive, sincere guy and I love him. I owe everything to Jack Paar. People know me now. I can't walk down the streets of any city without being mobbed! And as for the money? I'm up to $4,000 a week, I'm practically priced out of the market. Only the best places can afford me. And am I glad!

"It wasn't always that way. People think one ap-
appearance on the Paar show is enough to make you rich. I've been on The Jack Paar Show twenty-seven times. The first time nothing happened. The second time the same. Along about the tenth time people knew either my first or my last name—not both. About the fifteenth time, a year and a half ago, everyone knew me. Then my salary began to skyrocket, and the night clubs where I once performed for nothing began to make lovely offers. I've been in a movie, "Splendor in the Grass," soon to be released, where I play Texas Guinan which was a wonderful experience. And I've done summer stock, too. I have a record, "Wet Toe in a Hot Socket."

Phyllis's husband Shelly travels with her as personal manager. She has an agent and a press agent. Between engagements, every seven or eight weeks, she manages to fly home to St. Louis, where the family home now is, to see her five children, who are cared for by her sister-in-law. She phones them every day, and sometimes sends for the whole family. The kids, ranging from ten to twenty, have been to Hollywood, Florida, New York and Texas, and are her best audience. The two boys and three girls, help her rehearse and watch her whenever she's on TV. All five of the children have reddish brown hair like their mother, who dyes hers white for the act.

Phyllis Diller plans to write books, plays and novels, as well as the comedy routines which have made her famous. Then, when she's 86, like Grandma Moses, she will start in to paint—and she's good at that, too!
With a real sense of discovery, TV Radio Mirror presents a tall, cool, beautiful singer who's scheduled to burst right out of the screen to fame!

Showcased by such knowing stars as Jack Benny (above) and Mitch Miller (left), Diana now has an exclusive NBC-TV contract, may get her own show.

by HERBERT KAMM

TAKE HEART, you youthful guys and dolls who dream of being touched by the magic wand of show business. It could happen to you—just as it happened to sultry-voiced Diana Trask. Less than two years ago, newly arrived from her native Australia, she stood on the sidewalks of New York, a frightened and bewildered teenager gazing up at the columns of concrete. She wasn’t penniless or friendless, but no jobs were in sight and her staunchest ally was her own conviction that, given the (Continued on page 59)
The ladies love *The Edge Of Night*, the long-running daytime drama. And virile

Top test of a true matinee idol is that he can steal feminine hearts by daylight. John Larkin does, as Mike Karr in *The Edge Of Night*. Extra-special fans here: Daughters Sharon (left) and Kathleen (center), wife Audrey and tiny Victoria. The latter not only vigorously applauds her dad's dramatic scenes, but sometimes steals them from him—in her TV role as Laurie Ann Karr!
TV's Only Real Matinee Idol

by MARY TEMPLE

When a wide-eyed little blonde, playing a mere supporting part, upstages the handsome hero of a TV drama, she seldom gets away with it more than once. But this sort of thing keeps happening on The Edge Of Night, CBS serialization of the career of crime-detector Mike Karr.

John Larkin, who has been Karr since the show began on April 2, 1956, is an actor known for his kindness to young beginners. He has been seen to turn from the camera deliberately, to let some newcomer register more forcibly with the audience. But such selflessness must have its limitations when you're the star of a show. And this blonde is a born scene-stealer!

John's pretty wife, (Continued on page 68)
Skiing on land—not water—led Abby to real-life romance with Jack Smith (facing page). Above, happy pair check plans in kitchen of their new home. Left, choosing fabrics at Los Angeles Furniture Mart.

by KATHLEEN POST

Oh, we're a very unusual couple," laughs beauteous Abby Dalton, leading lady of television's Hennesey. "In most cases, the groom courts the parents to get at the girl . . . but my big romance likes my parents so much that sometimes I think he married me so he could spend more time with them!"

This notion—far-fetched to anyone who has ever caught a glimpse of blonde, Las Vegas-born Abby—is most pleasing to the girl who plays Martha Hale, Navy nurse, on TV. She comes of a close-knit family who are great on doing things together and having fun. When she started to date Jack Smith, a wholesale electrical supplier, seriously, her father said: "Marlene"—Abby's real name is Marlene Wasden—"we're happy you're dating Jack . . . but I wonder if you've got the brains to (Continued on page 71)
Surprise! Unlikely combination of three very likely people: Arthur Godfrey—one of broadcasting’s all-time greats . . . Dorothy Collins—one of its sweetest singers and a delightful comedienne . . . Allen Funt—the man whose unique idea proved that broadcasting has both all-seeing eyes and all-hearing ears!
A revealing report on the roving-eye show which reveals humanity in all its lovable gullibility—with America's fabulous redhead along to spark up the fun

by FRANCES KISH

Candid Camera catches people unaware, in situations so odd its well-known stars aren't even recognized. Arthur says, "I wouldn't know how to play anyone but myself." Yet he successfully passed himself off as a Good Humor Man (above). Dorothy found several stalwart volunteers to push her "stalled" car. Unknown to them: No engine! Also unknown: Dorothy herself.

Differences of opinion, yes. But Godfrey and Funt have honest respect for each other's achievements.

It's good to have him back. That was the universal reaction, when Arthur Godfrey returned to the evening scene via Candid Camera last fall. For those who couldn't catch him mornings, on CBS Radio's Arthur Godfrey Time—for all who wanted to see the ebullient redhead, as well as hear him, it was the best of news. It was good news, too, that Allen Funt's intriguing Candid Camera was to have a solo slot of its own on CBS-TV, after a season as a highly successful segment of The Garry Moore Show. Viewers sat back, prepared to enjoy a hilarious half-hour with two long-time favorites on Sunday evenings.

And they got it. Ratings soared, unaffected by rumors and even headlines of dissension behind the scenes. Was Godfrey, the host and star, feuding with Funt, the man who created Candid Camera? Was cute Dorothy Collins—previously best-known as a singer, now a regular (Continued on page 62)

Candid Camera is seen over CBS-TV, Sunday, 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lever Brothers and the Bristol-Myers Company.
Self-appointed juries of psychologists (male) have indicted the modern American female. Their accusation: In compromising her "traditional role" by competing with men in business and the professions, she can only make herself unhappy. Their verdict: A woman who undertakes two jobs excels at neither, is punished by both!

Enter for a resounding defense: Gail Patrick Jackson, wife and mother in good (Continued on page 75)

"X" marks the spot: Set design is one of many vital details supervised by Executive Producer Gail Jackson.

Behind the scenes of this slick, successful series is Gail Patrick Jackson. Executive producer's the title. She says, "Mother confessor, listening post, correlating agent." Quite a job for a lady!
Homemaker: Gail Patrick (yes, she's the former movie star) with her husband — Cornwell Jackson — their children Tom, 7, and Jennifer, going on 9. "Every day with them," says Gail, "is a fresh adventure!"
President Kennedy has indicated that, in future months, there is a possibility that he will use the all-seeing TV eye to bring the White House closer to the public. Here is an analysis of the role TV played in his election.

"Glamour" of the Massachusetts Senator and his lovely wife, Jacqueline, was evident to all who knew the Kennedys, but unrecognized by rest of nation—until TV campaign.

Television not only gave Kennedy a vigorous "new image" but was a deciding factor in his election. Now the whole country takes a family interest in the President, his First Lady, their lively, church-going daughter Caroline (at left) and newly-christened son John Jr. (above).
One day last year—August 27, to be exact—a worried-looking John Kennedy studied the day’s supply of newspapers. Picking up one at random, the Democratic candidate winced as he read: “New York bookies rate Nixon the favorite to win the state.” Flipping rapidly to another, he frowned at the headline: “Las Vegas Odds-Makers Establish Nixon Choice For White House.” The Senator from Massachusetts groaned aloud when he next came across the lead article in an influential paper: “Pollsters across the nation see Nixon as the next President.” Kennedy wearily put the papers down, feeling as though he had already been stomped on by the G.O.P. elephant.

But, exactly one month later, Kennedy was positively jubilant. He even went so far as to whisper confidently to intimates that he now felt he couldn’t lose. As for the New York and Las Vegas gambling houses, they were frantically adjusting their odds to make the handsome Senator the favorite. Meanwhile, the poll takers were scratching their heads as they checked and re-checked their figures, which revealed a sudden avalanche of sentiment for the lanky ex-Naval hero from New England.

What caused this phenomenal reversal of the nation’s thinking? How did Nixon lose his decided advantage in thirty short days? Why were the (Continued on page 77)
Connie Francis, who has just turned twenty-two, is living Everygirl's dream. Fans around the world acclaim her talent and beauty. She has just appeared in her first movie. Her records crowd the Top 100 lists. She has a charming home and many beautiful clothes. Glamorous, admiring friends shower her with invitations. And everywhere she goes there are beaus, beaus, beaus.

... Naturally, Connie loves every moment of it, but she confesses that enjoying the frivolity is a new phase in her life. She says, "I've changed." (Continued on page 82)

Connie's personal "stagline" spans half the globe: Below, with singer Adam Faith in London. Right, with actor Anthony Hall in Hollywood. (Plus other beaus in Germany and Canada!)

Where the Boys Are: Yes, that's the movie title. But where are the boys? That's the question. And what's the answer? The boys are wherever singer Connie Francis happens to be!
The Unbeatable Beatnik

The frisky little "beard" of the Dobie Gillis series grants an inside look at his life as a loving, responsible and thoroughly non-beatnik father

by DORA ALBERT

America's favorite beatnik is a bearded teenager named Maynard, bosom buddy of TV's Dobie Gillis. Reality may be even harder on him than on most folks—watching his antics, you know why!—but that never dampens his wild and woolly imagination. And who can resist such a blissfully resilient dreamer?

Take it from redheaded Maggie Denver, wife of the man who plays Maynard, her husband Bob is equally irresistible in private life. Maybe as much of a dreamer, too. But definitely not a beatnik—though the best-laid Denver plans sometimes come smack up against the facts of life, with unpredictable results.

With what care, for instance, they tried to prepare three-and-a-half-year-old Kim (Maggie's son by a previous marriage) for a new addition to the family. Hoping to teach him something about both birds and babies, Bob and Maggie took Kim to an exhibit showing dozens of chicks hatching out of their shells. Somehow, the connection with human blessed events only confused Kim. Now Maggie asks helplessly, "How will we ever convince him that Patrick didn't peck his way out of an egg?"

Another highly recommended plan also backfired. When Maggie took Kim shopping to "help" pick out the expected baby's clothes, Kim refused to select anything but pink. He knew what he wanted: A baby sister. And when Patrick was born, Kim was indignant. He still can't get over the treachery of the stork (Kim probably thinks it was a hen) who brought Patrick.

"He's having an attack of j-e-a-l-o-u-s-y," Maggie spells out, as she gives Patrick his bottle.

If anyone can help Kim get over jealousy, it's Bob. From the time the two laid eyes on each other, it's been a case of mutual love. Bob not only plays pacheshi with Kim but also reads aloud to him. When he reads animal stories, he imitates each animal. When he reads about planes or cars, he can sound more like a jet or hot-rod than the actual engines themselves.

Dobie Gillis is seen over CBS-TV, Tuesday, 8:30 P.M EST, as sponsored by Marlboro Cigarettes and Pillsbury Mills.
Bob's also an expert at handling Patrick, and holds the baby in his arms like a veteran father. No wonder Maggie says happily, "We'll have a large family—at least four children, and certainly a girl!"

Bob smiles and admits that the future is hard to predict. He's all for living in the present. "You’re here for so long," he explains his philosophy. "You have to plan for the future, but you mustn’t live in it. Living is a day-to-day process." Ever since he met Maggie, life has taught Bob the importance of living in the present. They had very little money when they married and, if they'd been over-concerned about the future, they'd still be single and lonely.

Love and the role of Maynard, the bearded beatnik, came into Bob's life almost simultaneously. Redheaded Maggie Ryan was secretary to Norman Henry, associate producer of Dobie Gillis. The first time she saw Bob on the lot, she felt a flutter around the heart. He thought she was attractive but, since he was going steady with another girl, he didn't ask for a date. So Maggie took matters into her own hands.

One day, she came to the studio by bus, just so she could ask Bob for a ride home. He recognized her strategy, but willingly swallowed the bait. "Instead of my taking you directly home, why don't we go to the Max Shulman party at the Ready Room tonight?" he suggested. (Max Shulman, of course, is the author who created Dobie Gillis.)

Bob knew his way to the Ready Room restaurant, but he got so engrossed in their conversation that he took...
It's a boy named Patrick—though Kim wanted a baby sister. Maggie’s son by a previous marriage, Kim is devoted to Bob, would like to be the Denvers’ “only boy” a while longer.

the wrong turn. “Are we going north?” he asked Maggie. “I don't know,” she confessed. They wandered around for more than two hours, and arrived at the party late. It was the inauspicious beginning of a fine romance.

For about three months, Maggie and Bob dated almost every night. “Bob was different from anyone else I'd ever dated,” says Maggie. “He never put on a front. He drove a battered car, with torn upholstery.” On their dates—most of them informal—they learned a lot about each other. Bob learned that Maggie was working to support herself and help support her young son, Kim. She learned that Bob had been born in New Rochelle, New York, and was the son of an accountant. He’d started high school in New Rochelle, where he’d tried out for football, and landed on the team.

“They kept me on the bench, but used me for a scrimmage dummy,” he said cheerfully. “I was only five feet tall then”—he’s almost five-eleven now—“and very light. But I always tackled everything I saw. I aimed for their shoestrings (Continued on page 74)
The wonderful eighty-eight-note riot of the Welk music aggregation—
Jo Ann Castle—talks about the big break
by BILL KELSAY

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD when you're twenty-one—old enough to vote—and firmly established as a television favorite with several million viewers from coast to coast. This is the wonderful, sometimes breathless world of Jo Ann Castle, the ragtime piano gal on the big Lawrence Welk shows. It's been more than a year now since Lawrence hired her as a regular member of the band, on her twentieth birthday. "That was my biggest moment," Jo Ann says emphatically. "It was supposed to be just a (Continued on page 81)
the STAR who GREW

Fabian, the boy, was an untrained, untried singer.
The critics panned.
The teenagers adored.
Here we show you the seasoned star that boy has become

"And one to grow on": Fabian and friends watch Brenda Lee cut her birthday cake. Seasoned trouper that she is, Little Miss Dynamite still is many months short of Fabian's eighteen years!

by LILLA ANDERSON

Fabian stood on the ornate grand staircase of New York's Paramount Theater, signing autographs. He had a pat on the head for the littlest kids, a smile for the girls, a handshake for the boys. His manner was easy, but it was obvious that his days as "the handsomest boy in show business" were nearing their end. ... Not that he has lost his looks! He is, in fact, handsomer than ever, now that he tops six feet and has shoulders broad enough to do credit to the University of Pennsylvania backfield where he once hoped to play. ... He simply has outgrown being a "boy."

Eighteen years old on February 6, he will be graduated in June from Philadelphia's South High School. Already, he has graduated from being merely "the singer Bob Marcucci invented." The young artist who was once scoffed at by columnists, as being talentless, now stands squarely on his merits as an adult singer and motion-picture actor.

Such success is more remarkable because Fabian was literally catapulted into a career and way of life for which he was not prepared. Unlike his friends and neighbors, Bobby Rydell and Frankie Avalon, Fabian never learned his performing ABCs on Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club.

His break came out of a deep sorrow. Three years ago, Bob Marcucci—who, with Peter DeAngelis, had recently started Chancellor Records—was about to visit Mr. and Mrs. John J. Palieri, when he noticed a boy sitting on the next doorstep, weeping. From his friends, Bob learned that the boy's father, a police officer, had just been taken to the hospital, victim of a heart attack. Bob spoke to the (Continued on page 73)
Apartment's entire decor is white, yellow and green—lovely, airy complementary colors for Lucy's red hair and green eyes.

After years of being America's favorite redhead lady in the TV series I Love Lucy, Lucille Ball has moved back to New York as the lead in "Wildcat," a fast and funny musical comedy about wildcat oil-drilling in the West. . . Broadway is the richer for her arrival. But for Lucy, the move meant transplanting young Desi IV and her daughter Lucie to an apartment—after years of California house living. The home she chose, in Imperial House—New York's newest luxury apartment house—is light, spacious, charming. It comprises a center entrance hall, surrounded by two bedrooms, a guest-study, living room, dining room, kitchen and baths. A penthouse, it has the advantage of a thirty-foot terrace. . . Lucy was typically vigorous in handling the problem of interior finishing and decoration. She employed the decorating firm of Claire Jenneth Interiors and chose all furnishings and fabrics herself, after settling on a color scheme of white, yellow and green. The entire apartment makes generous use of Italian silk from the house of Bergamo, in a wide range from taffeta and satin to Venetian damask and brocades. Still as fascinated as ever with what's going on in TV, Lucy has a set in every room in the house, except the dining room. The apartment makes a handsome, elegant background for Lucy and her family.

*I Love Lucy* is currently seen in re-run over the CBS-TV network, Monday through Friday, at 11 A.M. EST.
... and 'way up, in a penthouse paradise in Manhattan's social East 60's. The lovable comedy star of TV and the sure-fire Broadway hit "Wildcat" welcomes you for a visit.

Dining room is furnished in Directoire style, with practical formica table-top, vinyl floor.

Yellow Bergamo silks in draperies and upholstery give a sunny, rich look to Lucy's bedroom. Note grouping of family pictures.

The guest-study combines function of informal sitting room and guest room. Here Lucy reads to Desi IV, 8, Lucie, 9 1/2.
LUCY LIVES IT UP...

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The guest-study combines function of informal sitting room and guest room. Here Lucy reads to Desi IV, 8, Lucie, 9½.
Lucy's spacious living room in New York is a comfortable combination of Provincial and contemporary furniture. Draw drapes of Bergamo silk match those in hallway below.

Comfortable guest-study has two studio beds, lounge chair and ottoman in green-and-white floral tapestry, TV at left.

Long entrance hall leads to terrace, and is center of the apartment. White vinyl floor has yellow-green trim.
Children's bedroom is done in white, with chandelier of metal flowers. Yarn dolls and animals make it gay.

Lucy has morning tea by window in her large, cheery bedroom. Below, other side of the room, with Venetian love seat.
LUCY LIVES IT UP...
(Continued)

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Long entrance hall leads to terrace, and is center of the apartment. White vinyl floor has yellow-green trim.
With the debut of Say When, TV’s newest fun-game, Art James really hit the Big Time. Introducing the personable young man who’s sharing your morning coffee break these days.

Say When? The whole James family’s ready for fun and games, anytime—host Art himself and his attractive wife (actress Jane Hamilton), three-year-old Jeffrey and baby Jennifer.
NEW DAYTIME HOST

by CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

In the large, half-empty living room of his newly rented ten-room apartment on West End Avenue, Art James watches with amusement as his blonde, brown-eyed wife, actress Jane Hamilton, gaily describes her decorating plans. "The walls will remain white, the rug will be a mossy green, and the furniture will be Italian provincial."

"Right now, it's 'early poverty,'" says Art, with a slow smile. Jane laughs and nine-month-old Jennifer, seated in her stroller, looks up with a toothless grin. Jeffrey, age three, is too busy playing cowboy to appreciate Daddy's humor.

Pleased about his new show, Say When, Art confesses: "When it first happened, when I first knew I was going to have a show of my own—graduating at long last from announcer to emcee—I felt no emotion. It followed such a period of hard work that it just seemed as though everything was finally beginning to fall into place. These overnight success stories you hear always amuse me. I've been in this business ten years."

He is not jesting about the hard work. Between high school and college, Art went through a (Continued on page 64)

Everybody gets into the act, as the Jameses move into their new apartment in New York. Asked if "cowboy" Jeff has shown any talent for show business, Art grins: "He's certainly loud—if that's any indication—and he likes to sing and dance."

Art James emcees Say When, audience-participation show produced by Goodson-Todman with NBC-TV, seen on the network, M-F, 10 A.M. EST.
Every week, Bud Collyer meets with more than eighty young people. In an era where "teenager" has become a negative tag, he has a vigorous defense for this magic period of growing up

by ALICE FRANCIS

Any talk with Bud Collyer is apt to touch on the subject of teenagers. Because he likes them. Because he enjoys spending time with them. Because he doesn't think they are difficult to understand, or intolerant of adults.

Bud wishes someone would coin a new word to describe the teens. "Teenager has been used so adversely that the kids themselves are beginning to resent it," he says. "But, in its real sense, it describes that magic period between childhood and adulthood. Years that should be wonderful for both parents and children."

It bothers him when people speak of "the teen-age problem." As Bud says, "Every period in (Continued on page 70)"
have taught me

Patricia and Cynthia (right), now "ex"-teenagers... and Michael, nineteen.

Bud and Marian consider the three younger people of the household their "three best friends." Here, accompanied by Pat.

Parents should be "good listeners"—and always have time for their children, says Bud (with Mike above, Cynthia below).
Every week, Bud Collyer meets with more than eighty young people. In an era where "teenager" has become a negative tag, he has a vigorous defense for this magic period of growing up

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Bud Collyer coaxes To Tell The Truth, an CBS-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Home Products and Helene Curtis Industries. He hosts the new daytime audience-participation show, Number Please, ABC-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST.
The thing that delights me," says Nanette, "is that the show is really the story of our marriage. It really happened just the way we filmed it in the first episode of the new Westinghouse Playhouse. Randy and I met on Monday, fell in love on Tuesday, married on Friday, and then came home to face up to his children. They were wonderful. I came unglued, but they were wonderful."

Nanette Fabray, of course, is a familiar and well-loved face on the nation's TV screens. Before Sid Caesar introduced her to delight the millions on (Continued on page 78)


by KEL WILLIAMS
Show stems from Nanette's own whirlwind romance with Ranald MacDougall—successful screen writer with three children she didn't meet until after the wedding!

Ranald created story for the new series—"funniest material I ever worked with," she beams. Meanwhile, their baby Jamie has increased MacDougall brood to four.
by MARTIN COHEN

HE HAS THREE JOBS, each of which would be a full career for the average man—as star of ABC-TV's Day In Court, professor of law at the U.C.L.A. Law School, and labor arbitrator. He also has eight children, with a ninth due this February—and finds fatherhood the most satisfying occupation any man could have.

Yet in person—an intelligent, alert man about five-ten, with brown hair and blue eyes—the incredible Edgar Allan Jones Jr. proves to be an incredibly relaxed individual who accomplishes the impossible with little effort.

He notes, "I just bought a small two-door sedan. Hasn't been delivered yet, but there's no rush. I
Older children participate in team-type sports with their dad—basketball, baseball, volleyball, touch football. Left to right, above: Anna Marie, 11; Linda Marie, 13; Carol Marie, 10; Terry, 9; David, 3; Dennis, 7; Bob, 6. Individually, each has his or her own "day out" and "night up" alone with father and mother—who have their own "night out," usually on Saturdays.

Edgar Allan Jones Jr., actor, lawyer and teacher, confesses that his favorite role is “father” and explains how rewarding it is to be a nine-time winner!
by MARTIN COHEN

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Hobbies? Jones even finds time to make a mosaic—with expert "sidewalk supervision" from sons Bob and David.

Wife Helen "is a genius at creating an atmosphere in which we're all happy." He often says it—with flowers!

Edgar Allan Jones Jr. is the presiding judge for *Day In Court*, as seen over ABC-TV, Monday through Friday, 2 P.M. (local time).
No cracks about "Davy Jones," now. Bob and David are safe as can be, in their little boat, with older brother Dennis lending a steady hand, Dad watching from the pool edge—and Terry understandably quite unconcerned.

Fun is part of a rich family life, too. And this family can make quite a splash!
the More the Merrier

(Continued)

can fit all the family into my present convertible without any trouble." Even the pre-breakfast hour, when ten people are rushing in and out of bathrooms, dressing for work and school and converging on masses at the breakfast table, is less than a minor problem. "I admit the traffic is pretty heavy but there are no traffic jams, and we all get dressed and arrive at breakfast together."

At eight-thirty, Edgar Allan Jones Jr. is on the campus as a professor of law. About five-thirty (Pacifc time), he appears at the ABC studio to perform in Day In Court. Occasionally, he is called on to act as an arbitrator in management-labor disputes. But on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and on weekends, he is again a father—one who believes in a sense of humor, "my wife and I believe in kidding each other and laughing at ourselves," he says, "especially in front of the children."

But, with the humor, there is a serious attitude and a heavy sense of responsibility toward the family. "People tend to test me. They say to themselves, 'Here's a man, well-educated, very busy in the contemporary scene, and he has brought a large family into a world that is fraught (Continued on page 80)

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No cracks about "Davy Jones," now. Bob and David are safe as can be, in their little boat, with older brother Dennis lending a steady hand. Dad watching from the pool edge—and Terry understandably quite unconcerned.

Jane believes "first steps" are all-important—and needs expert "sidewalk supervision" from sons Bob and David.

Hobbies? Jones even finds time to make a mosaic—"the More the Merrier."
KNEE-LENGTH HAIR

Lovely Mary Stuart, of CBS-TV's Search For Tomorrow, prefers long hair though it means more care.

Brush, brush, brush is Mary's advice to those who want shining hair. She faithfully brushes her locks and daughter Cynthia's every day.

For a lasting setting, and to tame stray strands, Mary uses hair spray.

by JUNE CLARK

Having yards and yards of hair presents no problem for Mary Stuart, for this clever lass has devised a unique beauty program which leaves her hair perfectly groomed. She begins with a sensible premise: Proper attention to her tresses makes for greater manageability. Clean locks are the basis of loveliness, according to Mary, who has an unusual way of shampooing. She washes all her hair once a week, which is normal enough—but, in addition, she shampoos only her bangs twice a week. (This way, they are always bright and obedient, with lots of bounce.) After her weekly sudsing, Mary smooths a cream conditioner through her hair to prevent snarls and to pave the way for easy combing and brushing. Mary feels brushing is vital in distributing the natural oils to combat dry and brittle ends, and to add a healthy glow. With an upward and outward motion, she wields the brush until her arm is tired. Everyone can master the care of hair with consistent brushing, claims Mary. Don't worry about upsetting your wave, she says. Brushing gives hair resiliency, helps to train it to the curve of the wave. Carry a tiny hair brush in your handbag, too—and, in no time at all, your curls and waves will learn to behave properly. Mary has her hair cut only when she can no longer conveniently reach it to brush it, and even then she is sparing with the shears. In a matter of minutes, Mary adeptly arranges her long hair into an artistic figure eight. Then she vigorously brushes back her pin-curled bangs and, with her fingers, arranges each strand individually on her forehead. Mary finds this hairdo is easy to keep when she protects it with a spray. At night, for comfort, she lets her hair dangle between the headboard and mattress!
THE “FULLER” LIFE

Whether it’s acting, or newscasting on KMTV, to Bob Fuller, it’s all a part of “story telling”

FROM FOOTLIGHTS TO KLEIG LIGHTS . . . and from acting to real life . . . so goes the career of Bob Fuller, self-styled “story teller” and broadcasting-billed “featured newscaster” for Station KMTV in Omaha, Nebraska. “It all really amounts to the same thing,” says Fuller, “whether you act, direct, write or broadcast news. The techniques and tools are different, but it’s still story telling.” Bob is well qualified to express an opinion on the relation of all the various media. For more than a decade, he has been busy exploring all forms of “story telling” and, at the same time, making friends, influencing people, and earning a living doing it. Robert H. Fuller of Cleveland and then Akron, Ohio, didn’t get the “story telling” bug until he enrolled at Syracuse University. There, for two years until the Army beckoned, he majored in journalism. He enlisted in the Army in 1939 and then spent the next six years in khaki . . . Eventually, he turned to acting. In 1949 and 1950, he did 52 weeks of the ABC-TV network show, I Cover Times Square, which starred Harold Huber. He also worked with Ralph Bellamy in the Man Against Crime series. . . . During this time, Fuller was directing as well as acting in television and off Broadway. At this point, New York Post drama critic, Vernon Rice, seemed to sum up Fuller’s career in commenting on the off-Broadway production of “A Case of a Neglected Calling Card,” directed by Fuller. “Judging his work here and the jobs he has done with other off-Broadway groups, Fuller seems to be preparing himself as a superior all-around man of the theater,” Rice wrote. . . . In the 1953-54 season, Fuller joined a road company of “Mister Roberts” which covered the entire United States. When it was over, Fuller decided to settle down in television in Syracuse, New York. He joined WHEN-TV as a staff announcer and director and quickly worked into the News Department . . . In 1957, Fuller went to Little Rock, Arkansas’ KTHV and, within a year, was the News Director. There, Fuller had a big story to tell. “Integration . . . its violent introduction to the city, and the parts played by individuals in the struggle was heavy drama,” says he. “I became aware that life is dramatic. That news is drama. And, if you look for it, you’ll find it everywhere. The television newsmnan who says ‘nothing happened today’ is only admitting that he has failed, for news stories are really everywhere. The drama that is news concerns people who are in conflict—with other people, with nature, with themselves. Whether you make it up—as a playwright or novelist does—or whether you report it as it happens—as a newscaster does—you are still simply telling a story,” philosophizes Fuller. . . . Since joining KMTV, in September, 1960, Fuller has been the featured newscaster on eleven newscasts a week. He is part of a sixteen-man team which produces the top-rated 10 p.m. news show in Omaha television. In addition to his on-the-air duties, he personally covers numerous stories, conducts sound-on-film interviews and develops feature stories for the regular news broadcasts. With Fuller narrating, KMTV won nationwide recognition in November on the station’s study-in-depth of teen-age driving problems, following a tragic accident in which six young people were killed. Fuller’s tongue and pen are already making themselves well known in the Omaha area. In addition to his television work, he spends his off hours writing a novel. . . . Mrs. Fuller, the former Elizabeth Goettel, is a home economist. . . . The Fullers have two children—an eleven-year-old boy Robert and a five-year-old girl Diantha. And what do they think of their dad? Well, to quote little Diantha: “He’s quite a story teller.”

The happy Fuller family at home—l. to r.—Mom Elizabeth; son Robert, 11; Dad Bob; and five-year-old daughter Diantha.
He's been many places, done many things, but WBKB-TV's Bob Lewandowski came "home"—when America took him to its heart.
Arms linked, Bob happily joins the Lithuanian Dancers of Chicago.

Bob leads a guest dance group and audience in a German singing game.

Each week, the Chaine Dancers do a dance of some nationality group.

Every Saturday, from 6 to 6:30 P.M., the dance-ingest show on TV beams out to a fanatically enthusiastic audience over WBKB-TV. Polka-Go-Round is described by its host Bob Lewandowski as “music, singing, dancing of many nationalities—a lively family party.” Bob is an ideal selection to helm a show on which people of many national backgrounds appear. Born in Poland, trained for the stage, his life took an abrupt and dramatic turn when Nazi troops occupied Warsaw. He served as an announcer on Polish Underground radio and as a member of the underground army for five years—and was a prisoner of war in Germany when World War II ended. The experience gained for Bob a philosophy of life which sums up as: “Leave tomorrow for tomorrow, and you will be happier today.” This optimistic slant on life has helped Bob in all his days since 1945, through all the many countries in which he performed to bring joy to people of many lands. When, in 1951, he reached the United States, he said: “I wasn’t a wanderer anymore. I was home!”
He doesn’t sing, dance, or even tell jokes, but likeable Ed Allen is wowing the ladies with his daily physical-fitness show.

The shy, skinny boy named Ed Allen happily tugged his father’s hand as they left the movie house. Again, he had seen his favorite performer, Donald O’Connor. He looked up at his father. “That’s what I’m going to be—an entertainer,” he announced. “What are you going to be—a dancer, singer or actor?” asked his father. “I don’t know that yet,” the boy answered, “but I do know that it’ll have to be some kind of show business.” Father suggested: “You have a pretty good voice, Ed. What say you try to do something with it? Radio would be a good start...” So, the boy began studying voice and, before long, he landed a job—doing commercials on the Jack Armstrong radio show. And he was getting parts in musicals at school. He was happy in this accomplishment, but soon there was something else that began gnawing inside of him with more and more insistence. It was his slight build. Here he was, a freshman in high school, very eager to play football, but only weighing a paltry 120 pounds. One day, he stopped at a drugstore for something to read to take his mind off his discouragement. An advertisement from a magazine caught his eye. It was a picture of a heavily-muscled man who attributed his handsome physique to weight-lifting. This might be the answer, he thought. Quickly, the boy hurried home, gathered some savings, and set out to buy a set of weights. Day after day, he set time aside for the barbell treatment and his interest in physical culture intensified. In between resting periods from the weight-lifting, he read every available book on physical culture. The two strong interests of that boy—entertainment and physical culture—eventually blended and have culminated in the popular daily TV show, Ed Allen Time, which, shortly after its initiation on WWJ-TV in Detroit, attracted the attention of Fred A. Niles Productions, Inc. for video-tape syndication on stations throughout the nation. Ed Allen—who was born in Milwaukee and moved to Chicago with his family during his school years—experienced a varied career in the entertainment field before his current TV show. He has performed in Broadway musicals, theatrical road companies, summer theaters, supper clubs, radio, and has written, produced, packaged and emceed twenty-seven TV shows in all. His start in television came quite by chance, after a hitch in the Air Corps, when he joined a successful comedy pantomime act. “We were playing in a hotel in Windsor, Canada,” he recalls, “when a program executive of WXYZ-TV, in Detroit, saw our act and signed us up to perform it in one of his TV shows. That led me into other TV programs and, before I knew it, I was including exercise segments in my format. Actually, Ed Allen Time is an evolution of many TV shows I’ve done, both in Detroit and Chicago.” In addition to being the host and performer, Ed produces and writes the show. He selects all the exercise routines, many of which are his originals, and is very careful in seeing to it that they are suitable and not too strenuous. Ed’s home life is filled with a variety of interesting activities. He
and his wife Kay have two children—Edward, 10, and Kandace, 8. (And the Allens are now expecting their third child.) They live in a three-bedroom ranch home—complete with art room and gym—in St. Clare Shores, a suburb of Detroit. Both Ed and his wife paint in oils, water colors, and pastels. “With two artists in the house, ‘friction’ sometimes generates when there’s wall space to be filled,” Ed says. “We all use the gym, of course, and my son is getting to be quite a weight-lifter in his own right.” He adds, with a grin, “There’s only one thing I’ll never understand about my wife. She’s a marvelous cook, yet she becomes annoyed when I tell anyone. About the only thing Kay doesn’t do well is sew—in fact, she can’t sew a stitch. When one of the kids loses a button, Daddy’s elected.” . . . Ed’s interest in sports has also stayed with him during the years and he swims, plays golf and fences whenever he can. “There just isn’t the time to do all the things I want to do.” Kay reveals that Ed likes to polish things—silver, the family’s shoes, cars, bathroom faucets and what-have-you. Of course, this is the family joke. She goes on to say, “Our family and friends never quite get used to the idea that Ed’s breakfast includes a half-dozen eggs, a half-dozen slices of bacon and four slices of bread. Or that he likes a good-sized head of lettuce for a snack.” . . . He’s the kind of man who can’t help projecting fun on Ed Allen Time. That this has both the understanding and hearty approval of TV viewers is evidenced by the fact that the formerly local show is well on its way to nationwide fame.
MAN ON A PARTY LINE

... is WHAS' Milton Metz, who literally has the whole Kentucky—southern Indiana area talking ... on the telephone ... on all manner of subjects

Eight-thirty is talking time on WHAS and, in Juniper 5-2385, the radio station has a program which seems to have the whole Kentucky—southern Indiana area talking. In fact, the ninety-minute, Monday-through-Friday night show draws mail from forty-two states and has received as many as thirty-nine long-distance telephone calls on a single night. ... Versatile Milton Metz conducts the party-line program, which allows the listeners to hear both ends of conversations on the most varied group of topics an active imagination can muster. It's the kind of program which has prompted scores of people to write their first fan letters. One listener describes it as "interesting, informative, educational, and the essence of free speech and discussion." ... In the middle of all this talk is dapper Milton Metz, always courteous, never taking sides, but continually drawing out his listeners. He begins every program with a background period to set the stage for the open discussion, frequently calling on guest experts but often developing the subject himself. This presents a real challenge, since the program topics range from "Do Women Dress for Comfort, or Are They Just Plain Sloppy?" to "How Much Mercy Is There in Mercy Killing?" ... Metz introduced himself to broadcasting by doing sound effects for a local radio station while still attending high school in Cleveland. He then worked his way through Ohio State University doing various radio jobs. After three years in the Army, he joined Louisville's WHAS. He soon built a strong reputation as a special-events and current-affairs announcer. In 1952, he became the weather specialist for both WHAS-TV and Radio. He later inaugurated a nightly business-news program on radio. And, in 1957, his public-affairs efforts won him a Ford Foundation Fellowship. In 1958, a weekly series of traffic-safety TV documentaries produced and conducted by Metz won a National Safety Council award. Milt reads voraciously for enjoyment and to keep up with anything which could conceivably be discussed on the show ... Despite his heavy air schedule, the broadcaster is called upon with great frequency as an after-dinner speaker. And, early in 1960, he was a lecturer on public relations at the first annual Institute for Adult Probation and Parole Officers, University of Louisville. ... Married since 1949, Milt says his lovely wife, Miriam, is a great help with original ideas and unusually objective criticism. Their six-year-old son, Perry Stewart, follows his dad's programs closely but is "singularly unimpressed," says Milt. ... As a "professional middle man," Milt withholds his own opinions on Juniper 5. One belief which he makes no effort to keep to himself is that broadcast audiences are a good deal more intelligent than they've been pictured in some quarters. No wonder listeners like him too!
Diana Trask

(Continued from page 17) chance, she could make it. And make it she has. Today, Diana Trask is under exclusive contract to the NBC Television Network and reaping the fruits of a buildup that has made her the freshest—and most eye-filling—singing star in many a TV moon.

The lissome, long-stemmed beauty has sung on the shows of Perry Como, Dinah Shore, Jack Benny and Mitch Miller. She has cultivated night-club audiences in New York and points west. She has gone to parties with celebrities who, short months ago, were a world away.

In a brief span, too, she has learned that a beautiful young "discovery" pays a price for her fame. Because she sang on a show with Frank Sinatra in Australia and received encouragement from him, she has been referred to by some columnists as a "Sinatra protege," which she denies, and as a "Sinatra broad," which she resents.

"I'm not a Sinatra broad," she insists, in an interview for TV Radio Mirror—her first since she hit the big-time. "He was very nice to me, the one time I met him, but it's unfair to call me his protege, and I'm certainly not a 'broad.'"

It would indeed require considerable license with Mr. Webster's lexicon to apply the term to this nineteen-year-old strawberry blonde with the flaxen and pink complexion, the wide green eyes, and the polished manners of a society deb. And yet, with all of these attributes, plus a gifted voice, Diana's success story is a strange one. Not the least of its poignant points is the fact that she was a flop back home before her faith and talent shone through.

It should be understood, first, that—although Australia is nearly half a globe away from us in distance—it is almost as modern in its entertainment tastes as Broadway. Teenagers in the land "down under" dote on American music and are enamored of American stars. They buy records, collect photographs and write fan letters, just as our home-grown youngsters do.

It was perfectly natural, then, for Diana to rebel at the idea of following in the footsteps of her mother and becoming an opera singer. Mother Trask taught her daughter piano, voice and theory. At the age of nine, Diana won a voice contest and music scholarship. But, as Diana grew up, the beat of jazz and swing overwhelmed the arias.

"I still have an ambition to do opera," Diana says, "and perhaps one day I will. My voice has a wide range, and I could be a lyric soprano. But I adore popular music. When I first started to sing popular songs, Mother looked dubiously at everything I did. She used to tell me I screamed, that I was forcing..."
NEW PATTERNS FOR YOU

9220—Sportswear for the larger figure, cut on slimming lines. Included: shirt, pedal pushers, shorts, slacks. Printed Pattern in Women's Sizes 34-48. See pattern for yardages. State size, 50c

4767—Four-piece sun 'semble for daughter. Printed Pattern in Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 sun top: ½ yard 35-inch fabric; shorts, 3/4 yard; blouse, 1 1/6 yards; skirt, 1 3/4 yards. State size, 35c

4767 SIZES 2-10

4972 SIZES 14 1/2-24 1/2

9342 SIZES 14 1/2-24 1/2

PRINTED PATTERNS
Spring and Summer 1961

9321 SIZES 12-20; 40

9321—Square-collared step-in style; front skirt of impressed pleats. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 takes 4 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. State size, 35c

4972—Crisp-cut of collar adds a flattering touch to this 8-gore shirtdress. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14 1/2-24 1/2. Size 16 takes 4 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. State size, 50c


Send orders (in coin) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 10c for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 35c for full-color Fashion Catalogue (shown above).

my voice and would be very sorry. I'm happy to say she has lived to renge it.

Diana's professional debut came at the age of seventeen, when she entered a television contest in the hope of attracting attention. Singing such standards as "Embraceable You," "These Foolish Things" and "You Go to My Head," she won four eliminations and captured top money of $2,100. A rival television station promptly hired her—but for the next five months the golden singing voice wasn't heard on the air.

Ironically, that first job called for her to stand before the cameras and merely mouth the words to top-selling records. Further frustration came when she was booked as the singer on a nightly program similar to The Jack Paar Show—and succeeded in offending most of the viewers with her style.

Enough wrote in to get her fired.

"For some reason," Diana says, "I just didn't get across, even though I sang the most wonderful of American ballads. They told me I was 'cold.' Maybe the listeners weren't in the mood. Anyway, I was sacked." But she took great comfort from the words of the boys in the band and the station manager, who told her: "Don't give up. You have it in you to be a star."

More determined than ever now, to make it to New York, Diana headed in roughly the right direction—north and east. The journey was short, to the city of Sydney, but it was an important stop, for it was there that the Australian phase of her career turned upward.

In several months of singing in night clubs, doing her own radio show and appearing as a guest on TV programs, she became the country's best-known vocalist, and she was a natural choice for the local talent when an American troupe headed by Frank Sinatra was booked for a four-night stand in the Melbourne Stadium.

Diana's return to Melbourne was triumphant. Sinatra wowed the audiences; Diana wowed both the audiences and Sinatra. After the opening night's performance, he sent a message to her inviting her to a party. "When I was introduced to him," Diana remembers, "all he said was, 'I'm happy to meet you.' I almost fainted." (She hadn't reached her eighteenth birthday yet.)

Sinatra also told the slim beauty (she recollected, when she regained her senses) that she had "real class"—a supreme accolade from the great man—and that he would try to help her if she came to the States. Similar encouragement was bestowed on her not long afterward by Sammy Davis Jr., when that versatile entertainer toured Australia and Diana sang on the same bill.

"It was as a result of this that the impression was created I was a protege of Mr. Sinatra," Diana says, in her clipped manner of speaking. "Certainly, he helped give me courage, and I'll always
be grateful to him for it. But I came to the United States on my own, as I had always wanted to do.”

The date of her arrival was June 4, 1959. Diana had saved most of her contest prize money and her earnings—but “I was frightened to tears . . . just didn’t know what would happen to me.” Actually, developments were not too slow in coming. After an audition, she signed a contract with General Artists Corp. Two months later, she was booked into The Blue Angel, a New York night club which long has served as an excellent showcase for new talent. The favorable notices she received from the critics led to other night-club engagements and finally to an appearance at Lake Tahoe with Jack Benny.

In hope of breaking into the movies, as well, Diana took a screen test and signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox which threatened for a time to stymie her television appearances. But she soon realized that movies were too large a challenge at the moment, and arrived at a compromise arrangement under which she’ll probably make one film during 1961 and devote most of her time to TV.

Her American network debut on television came on May 24, 1960, as a special guest star on the NBC Ford Stars in Time colorcast of “Sing Along With Mitch.” Her rendition of “A Guy Is a Guy” drew critical raves and convinced NBC it had captured a new star. Records, guest appearances on other top shows and attention from network brass followed, and it’s likely that the once-frightened girl from Australia will wind up with a show of her own next season.

“I can see my way clear now,” Diana says. “The only thing I have to work on now is myself. I want to become a better singer and be able to act. There is so much talent in this country that it makes you want to do the very best you can. I’ve been so lucky, and I don’t want it said I was not worthy of it.”

Meanwhile, Diana travels in the best of company. Though she can afford the luxury of disavowing the sponsorship of Sinatra, the singing king did attend her opening at The Blue Angel and continues to evince a keen interest in her progress. Jack Benny and Mitch Miller also have demonstrated a rooting interest in her. When Jerry Lewis threw a surprise party in New York recently for his wife, Diana arrived on the scene with Benny and rubbed elbows with such other stars of song as Ethel Merman and Sophie Tucker.

She hasn’t reached the point yet where she is recognized on the street, but her trim five-foot-seven figure and her cameo-like face have succeeded in stopping traffic. Australia seems farther away than ever, Diana admits, somewhat wistfully. “It’s still my home. But it is here, in America, that dreams come true.”
Arthur Godfrey and Candid Camera

(Continued from page 23)

comediene on the show—getting less chance to display her unexpected but undeniable "new" talent? Were there too many guest celebrities cluttering up the format?

Whatever the charges and countercharges, the basic appeal of Candid Camera remained. "Everyone I have talked to expresses a different reason," Godfrey told me. "But it's true that natural human reactions are always more interesting to watch than any trumped-up ideas. The sequences have to be played by ear all the way. The fact that they never work out quite the way Allen has planned them is what makes the whole thing fun."

This skill for improvisation is one which Funt began developing, back in his Army days, when the novel idea first occurred to him. Assigned to help G.I.s make recordings to send their home folks, he found the men were stilted and formal—until he learned to catch the byplay of their conversation before they knew they were on record. Later, he turned the hidden-mike trick into a network program, under the name of Candid Microphone.

When television came upon the scene, Funt re-christened his brainchild Candid Camera and, throughout the years, the formula of catching people off guard has retained its popular appeal. Technical advances merely increased its effectiveness. With the aid of such camouflage as a one-way mirror, the camera can look directly into the faces of people who have no idea they're being photographed. Close-ups can be made from even some distance away, with the use of telescopic lens. A tape recorder takes care of the rest.

The main problems are purely psychological. The people themselves, of course—though, after they learn what has happened, most of them go along with the fun. And the stars themselves, whether guests or regulars on the program. Accustomed to being recognized, they're not so sure they can "get away with it." in the hidden-camera sequences.

When Godfrey was scheduled to masquerade as an ice-cream vendor, for the opening program this season, there were doubts that he could play the part unrecognized. He may have had some doubts, too. As he says, "I wouldn't know how to play anyone but myself. Several times, when people said to me, 'You look like Arthur Godfrey,' I just replied, 'Yes, everyone says that.' This would put them off for quite some time. My big trouble was to keep from breaking up when something funny—or too unexpected—happened."

Dorothy Collins faced the same problems, when she was tapped for the show. One day, when the format was first discussed in her presence, someone said there should be a girl on the proposed program—one with a flair for comedy, but not a recognized comedienne. "A girl who is sweet and apple- pie-ish. Like Dorothy here." Everyone looked at her and agreed, "She's the one." Dorothy shook her head. "Sounds like fun," she told them, "but people would know me."

Funt shook his head. "I don't want to deflate your ego, Dorothy, but you're going to be surprised. You won't be recognized. People will be so busy reacting to what's going on, they won't notice you that much." And she was surprised. Even those who later told her that her voice sounded familiar, had no idea it was she at the time.

Funt has an explanation of why he is still not recognized after years of candid reporting of this kind. "I have learned the art of distraction, of moving in so quickly that the person becomes completely involved and off guard. The 'vocal' offensive has something to do with it. I don't give anyone enough time to pause and put the pieces together. And I hate to admit it, but I seem to have the kind of face that doesn't stand out. Several times, after I have told people they have been photographed for our show, they have said, 'I saw that program only last night—or the night before. How could I fail to recognize you today? But I did!' I believe the main reason the celebrities on the show haven't been recognized is that no one expects to see them in these situations."

"The people have to be the stars on this show," Godfrey commented. "We can't be the stars." This was amply proved by the sequence in which Garry Moore—dressed in little-boy shorts—pretended to be a six-year-old who was new to a school classroom. The kids themselves were definitely the stars. Garry simply became their straight man. As Godfrey observed, "When Garry said he was scared of school, that's all those kids needed to hear. They accepted him, and they wanted to take care of him. It impressed me that everyone—men, women, children—wants to help, even in what seem like ridiculous situations."

Funt is persuaded that the idea of showing people becoming too angry or frustrated, as he sometimes did in the very early days of his show, is no longer good. He once thought it was fun to watch a man fight his way out of some predicament. Now he looks for happy, more contented types. The only time he ever really broke up was when, in those long ago days, he sent for a locksmith to free a girl he had chained to a desk!

He explained to the bewildered man that the girl always stayed too long when she went out to lunch, and this was his way of keeping her in until he was ready to let her go. "The back of the man's neck flushed bright red with anger, as he bent down to start saving the chain. I never saw anyone work so hard and fast, or get so furious. The film later showed me practically holding my sides with laughter, but he was too angered with me, too eager to break those chains, even to notice. I wouldn't do a stunt like that now, although it made a very funny piece of film."

When anyone suggests that Candid Camera might hold some persons up to ridicule, Funt says, "We keep thinking about how not to do that. We worry about it. We do everything possible to avoid it, and I think we succeed. We think most people enjoy laughing at themselves a little."

The early Candid Camera employed only a small group. There are now twenty-two. Executive producer, working closely with Funt, is Bob Banner, who last year produced The Garry Moore Show and whose reputation goes back to the fabulous Garry Moore At Large which made TV history as one of the most original and imaginative programs of the early 1950's.

Everybody has ideas for this show, including the viewers. "The mail is full of ideas every day," Godfrey noted. One of the most frequent lines is: "I would love to see how I look on Candid Camera." Husbands want to get wives on the show, and vice versa. But no one gets on who wants to. No one gets on who is even thinking about it. That would spoil the whole thing.

Sometimes the cameraman goes out on little wordless expeditions and comes back with priceless bits. A street sign will be put up—Silence, No Talking Area. Two little girls tip toe down the street after reading the sign. When they
Wet necessarily real. Dorothy doesn’t drive. In a gas station where she was supposed to have oil and water checked—she had been pushed down a hilly road by unseen hands, with just enough momentum to land her safely at the destination—the attendant asked her to “pull up over here.” She had to go through the motions of starting the car—which, by the way, had no engine at all—and complain that suddenly the car wouldn’t start. Three gallant men sprang to the aid of the helpless little woman at the wheel, pushing the car into the pit where it could be given a going-over. “But I still had to steer into the narrow thing and I don’t know much about steering. Fortunately, they mistook my scared look for concern about the car. ‘Don’t worry,’ they kept telling me. ‘We’ll take care of it.’”

From past experience, Allen has learned that some of the best scenes occur after they think they are through. “Back in the very early days of the show, we used to wind up a sequence when we decided it was finished. Now we keep going as long as four or five minutes—because some of the things that come afterward are even funnier than those we have wrapped up.

“There was a kid once who came into a pet store to buy some guinea pigs for science class at school. It was a real cute piece of film, but we cut when we told him he was on a show. The best part came later, when he walked back into the shop and earnestly began all over again to look for these guinea pigs, just as if nothing had happened. Who could have guessed he would come right back?”

A great deal of planning goes into the show. The talk is necessarily ad-lib, but a plan has to be carefully laid out. It can be thrown away if things take a different turn. When celebrities come on “cold,” as it were, a greater amount of planning is required. More details have to be worked out ahead of time. But, for the regulars, it’s done pretty much on the wing.

Much of the conversation calls for fast thinking. Dorothy found herself defending a filling station attendant who had put forty-two gallons of gas into what was supposed to be the eleven-gallon tank of a small car. (An oversize tank had been put into the car, to confound the attendant.) “I called across the street to Allen, as if he were my husband, and told him I was paying for forty-two gallons. He pretended it was the most ridiculous thing he ever heard. I began to insist that the man had really put that much gas in—suddenly I thought, Whose side am I supposed to be on?”

Funny things sometimes happen even after shows have been on the air. But touching things happen, too. One of the sweetest has grown out of the saddest. “Over the ten years we have photographed and recorded for this program,” says Allen Funt, “many caught by our candid shots have since passed on. Letters have come from some of the families, asking for that particular piece of film. There have been somewhere between thirty and forty such requests, and we try to honor them. It’s a strict rule of mine never to give out film to anybody, under any other circumstances—but this is different. It becomes a precious remembrance for those left behind.”

Funt himself feels that the show’s basic appeal is self-identification. That the viewer relates in basic ways to the person involved on the screen. That, therefore, the outlandish stunts are not necessarily the most successful. “The more genuine the situation, the more amusing it is to most viewers.”

And for Godfrey, for everyone concerned, with the show—wherever—whether watching or facing the camera—the greatest fun of all has been that nothing ever works out quite the way it was planned!

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T V R
Art James: New Daytime Host

(Continued from page 42) period of indecision where he “bumped around” and had hundreds of jobs. He worked as a grocery clerk, soda jerk, and on a construction crew. He was a cab driver, factory worker, shipping clerk, credit investigator and telephone salesman.

Does he feel that any of these various endeavors helped him to gain the charm and poise he has today? “I guess the one that really helped me most was the telephone-salesman thing. This TV station in Detroit had a half-hour show called I Believe In America, and they wanted the small businessmen for sponsors. You were given a stack of cards with names and telephone numbers, and everything you were to say was written out for you like a script. We even had rebuttal sheets.”

“Do you still remember how you played the part?” 

“No matter what the guy said, you flipped through the pages and it told you exactly how to answer him. But when I got more expert, developed more confidence in myself, I began to ad-lib—you know, wing it. It was comparable, in a way, to facing a TV studio audience for a warm-up. The objective is the same: Win them over!”

How did Art happen to get Say When? “Through a competitive audition at Goodson and Todman,” says Art. “The show is fun, it takes only about two and a half hours of my time each day, and that leaves me plenty of time to worry and drink.”

“Art!” exclaims Jane. “You forget people who don’t know you might believe that. What have you got to worry about?”

“What have I got to worry about? With an accountant in charge of my money and me on a measly allowance? Nowadays, when I get an extra little check in the mail—like maybe twenty-five dollars for a slide film or something—I just stick it in my pocket and don’t tell him.” Actually, Art believes that hiring an accountant was the smartest move he ever made. “I always have a very great desire to be practical but I never quite make it.”

“That’s because he’s the romantic type,” says Jane. “He gave me my engagement ring in our favorite French restaurant, a cellar kind of place. We were both sobbing—”

“Oh, come now,” says Art. “Speak for yourself. If I did cry, it was from an impending sense of doom!”

Blue-eyed, tow-headed Jeffrey climbs onto his father’s lap and looks up at him adoringly. “We have fun, don’t we, old man?” Art beams at him with fatherly pride. “I go out with Jeff a lot. We go to the zoo, ride the carousel, take a rowboat out on the lake in Central Park. He loves pony rides, and the theater fascinates him. I take him to the kid shows. He loves to have the story re-told before he goes to bed.”

“Don’t get me wrong,” Art grins. “I love my family, but I’d leave them for golf any day. I think nothing of getting up at five or six a.m. to play over in Jersey. I enjoy physical exercise. I belong to a health club where I play handball and swim. I’ve always loved baseball. I tried out for the Yankees, after I finished high school, but I failed miserably.”

Along with his love for outdoor activity and the casual life, Art has another foible: He hates to get dressed. He confesses that on Sundays—“unless we have friends coming over”—he often doesn’t dress until dinnertime. He likes to relax in khaki pants, T-shirt and slippers “three times too large.”

The James family day usually starts at seven, when Jeffrey wakes and “climbs in with us.” Art is up shortly after. “I have the show to do, and there are always other things like checking with my agent, following a lead, answering fan mail. I like to read when I can. At the moment, I’ve gone off into a new area—devising and creating TV shows. I would like to be anonymously rich, and I’d love one day to do a Broadway play. I don’t mean as a producer. I’d like to act.”

“I had a taste of it when I did stock in Detroit. We ran the gamut from ‘Hay Fever’ to ‘Macbeth.’ That’s where I met Jane. I innocently took her out for a beer and we were married eight months later—September, 1956. Today, we both study with a director from Actor’s Studio.” To date, Jane has done TV almost exclusively, here in New York. She finds combining a career with marriage difficult, but she wouldn’t want “one without the other.”

As a child, Art James dreamed of show business. He studied piano and violin—but only because it was “forced on me” by his Russian-born parents, Olga and Samuel Efimich. Art’s father, a die-maker for the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn (where Art was born October 15, 1929), loved music and wanted advantages for his two sons, Artur and Leo. Papa quite approves of Leo, a Detroit attorney who also uses the name of James—a loose translation of Efim, in Russian—but he was strongly opposed to the entertainment medium for Art, although he had no objection to the boy’s performing at social gatherings.

“When I was a kid,” Art recalls, “the Russian community in Dearborn was very closely knit. We children had a Russian tutor once a week. And, every week, a big ball was held in one of the large halls. There was always a musical and dramatic program. I can remember—I must have been five or six—standing on the stage reciting a poem by Pushkin, in Russian, wearing the traditional high-collared silk shirt and boots. I don’t know how I managed it, because I was painfully shy and never took part in any school activities.”

“On rainy days, I loved to hide in the attic and read adventure stories. But I also had a bolder side to my
Art attended Fordson High School in Dearborn, where he was a straight-A student until the tenth grade, when he began "skipping school a lot." He never again regained his status as an honor student. He entered Wayne State University in Detroit to study aeronautical engineering but developed a mental block about mathematics and quit. He, "started college four times" before he was finally graduated, in 1952, with a B.A. in business administration, minoring in Russian and theater.

"In between," he adds, "there was that period with the numerous jobs. Come to think of it, I guess the dreamiest one of all was the job I had as a counter for an oil company. I was assigned to count traffic on a corner where they were considering opening a new gas station. The first three hours, I was very conscientious—but then I began to count dogs, bicycles and baby carriages."

It was about the second day that a friend passed by the magic corner and changed the whole course of Art's life. "I knew this guy from the college theater. He had just auditioned for an announcer's job on WKNX in Saginaw. I got a sudden inspiration—why shouldn't I try? I did, blustered my way through, and got the job. I ended up as a deejay playing hillbilly music."

About a year later, in September, 1952, Art was called into the armed forces. "I was a radio broadcast specialist. Did a fifteen-minute recruiting show in Missouri. Then I went to Frankfurt, Germany, as an announcer with the armed forces there." Upon discharge from the Army, in 1954, Art headed back to Saginaw and soon got a summer job at a local station as an announcer on WWJ-TV in Detroit. From there, he went to WJR Radio as staff announcer for three years.

When Art heard that a TV show called Concentration was due to go on the air over NBC in New York, he made an audition and sent it to the producers. "They told me to come in, so I flew to New York and they had me do a warm-up on Tic Tac Dough. Luck was with me that day. There was a sort of chemistry in the air. My stories all went over and I got the job as announcer on Concentration. Things have been looking up ever since."

With his warmth, charm and ambition, it is easy to predict that this is only the beginning for Art James. No more counting cars on corners—he'll be counting them in his own garage. No more rowboats on Central Park lake—there is a Chris Craft just around the corner. After all, what's a few thousand dollars to a man who will someday be "anonymously rich"?

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**Zino-pads**
Robert Taylor

ALL-TIME HERO

by LEON RICE

ROBERT TAYLOR became a movie star because he “just happened” to join a college acting group. He has now become a TV star because he “just happened” to live across the street from Dick Powell. As he explains it, “I bought a farm across the road from Dick Powell. Has Dick Powell ever given you a sales talk? This is a stubborn man who knows what he is selling, why he’s selling it and—what’s more—why the person he’s selling it to should buy it. He was sold on TV. I should be on TV. I wanted no part of TV. He sold me on it. So I’m on TV and loving it.”

Taylor, who is without question one of filmdom’s greatest stars, now has his own TV series on ABC-TV each week. Appearing with him, from time to time, is his beautiful wife Ursula. She was persuaded to come out of retirement to play the continuing role of a reporter.

Taylor is considered to be one of the most photogenic males who ever faced a camera. Like Elizabeth Taylor on the distaff side, it is believed to be impossible to take a bad picture of him, regardless of the camera angle. For most of his career, he has struggled to prove that he was more than a pretty boy and that he really could act.

Robert Taylor was born Spangler Arlington Brugh on August 5, 1911, in Filley, Nebraska. His father was a doctor. Spangler Arlington Brugh went to Doane College in Crete, Nebraska. There he took the pre-medical course and also studied the cello. He was undecided as to whether he should become a musician or follow in the foot-
steps of his father. When his music instructor at Doane College transferred to Pomona College in California, Spangler Arlington Brugh followed him there. For no reason that actor Robert Taylor can now remember, he joined the dramatic club and played a variety of small roles. In his senior year, he played in “Journey’s End.” Incidentally, this is Taylor’s only acting experience before a live audience.

After studying acting privately for a few months following his graduation in 1933, Brugh—convinced that he had no real talent as an actor—returned to his hometown of Fillley when his father became ill. After his father’s death, Spangler Arlington Brugh and his mother returned to Hollywood in November, 1933. He started to study acting again and made the studio rounds. Samuel Goldwyn took a free fourteen-day option on his services and immediately dropped him. A talent scout at MGM believed in him, however, and persuaded MGM to sign the young actor at a big thirty-five dollars a week. His first assignment was an almost invisible part in a Will Rogers picture called “Handy Andy.” After several other microscopic parts, he was given the second lead in “Society Doctor,” starring Chester Morris. This movie released to theaters across the country late in 1934. A tidal wave of fan mail for the young co-star overwhelmed the studio executives. At this point, Spangler Arlington Brugh died and Robert Taylor was born.

A few pictures later, in 1935, while on loan-out to Universal, Robert Taylor proved he was not a one-part freak. He played opposite Irene Dunne in “The Magnificent Obsession.” Mail arrived in truckloads. Exhibitors begged for more. But it was not until 1936, opposite Greta Garbo in “Camille,” that he really hit his peak as a matinee idol of the screen. He was twenty-five years old, and he was considered one of Hollywood’s greatest permanent stars.

In 1937, Taylor was Barbara Stanwyck’s co-star in two pictures. Their friendship grew into romance and they were married on May 14, 1939, soon after Miss Stanwyck’s divorce from Frank Fay. They were divorced February 21, 1951.

During the late ’30s, Taylor was selected as one of the ten top box-office attractions—runner-up to Clark Gable as King of Hollywood.

Taylor voluntarily left his movie-star career to serve in World War II and, at war’s end, was discharged as a full lieutenant in the U. S. Navy. After the war, his career took a whole new turn. He began to play parts with more character, which made greater demands on his abilities as a creative actor. Taylor appeared in “Quo Vadis” and then he made “Ivanhoe.” These were followed by the role of Lancelot in “Knights of the Round Table” and the lead in “Quentin Durward.” Later came pictures such as “Tip on a Dead Jockey” and “The Killers of Kilimanjaro.” These parts are a far cry from the roles that got Taylor nicknamed “The Heartthrob of a Nation.”

During the actor’s twenty-five years with MGM, he was the workhorse of the studio. He made over fifty movies, and co-starred with Irene Dunne, Janet Gaynor, Garbo, Vivien Leigh, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn.

In 1954, Robert Taylor married Ursula Thiess, a German-born actress who had two small children by a previous marriage. They now have two children of their own—Terence and Tessa.

In the twenty-seven years that Robert Taylor has worked before the cameras, he has grown up and developed. He has matured. He has developed his techniques as an actor. Now no longer just a “pretty boy,” even his appearance has changed. He is handsome and playing two-fisted, rugged roles. He strives constantly to increase and improve his ability.

Television audiences can judge how well he has succeeded by watching the MGM movies now being shown. These include his magnificent portrayal of Armand Duval opposite Garbo in “Camille.” His latest roles have been widely diversified—romantic costume parts, dashing adventuromine roles, and realistic character studies. Robert Taylor proves the depths of his matured ability by playing each one with the skill and ease of a master craftsman. He hates being half-good at anything. From this facet of his personality and realistic approach to life comes promise of increasingly finer performances on television in his current series, The Detectives, as well as on the screen.
**Our Marriage Is Different**

So say Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, one of Hollywood's most happily married couples. Be sure to read how they manage both stardom and marriage successfully in the exciting new issue of TRUE STORY Magazine.

**TV's Only Real Matinee Idol**

(Continued from page 19)

Audrey—herself a petite brunette—was the first to notice what the blonde was up to. "She upstaged you in the cribs scene," Audrey taunted him. "Oh, I don't know about that," John began defending his wife's age. Then he laughed. "I just thought people might prefer looking into that lovely little face for a minute, instead of mine. I let her get away with it."

The lovely little face belongs to Victoria Larkin, two years old this January 14. Daughter of Audrey and John, she has been playing Mike Karr's daughter, Laurie Ann. And who could have a better right to get into the act—and sometimes even steal it?

There's an axiom in show business that you've got it made if you happen to be in the right place at the right time. Vicki was. It happened one day last summer, when Audrey brought her to the studio to pick up John. One of the cameramen took some shots of the little girl as she stared into cameras and poked her fingers into props. The soft, pale hair, darkly lashed large blue eyes, peaches-and-cream complexion, registered sensation. She looks like her daddy, she responds to him always with adoration. What more could a casting director want? From that time on, Laurie Ann Karr began to appear on the show in the enchanting image of Victoria Larkin.

It hasn't gone to Vicki's pretty head that her name appears prominently on the list of credits headed by her father's. Fame is an ephemeral thing. It's those lights and the big cameras and those fascinating microphones which are tangible and concrete. A girl can grab at them and maybe hold on to them for a while. Besides, her home audience of one—namely, a black French poodle called "Scarlet"—is every bit as satisfying to her as all the people "out there" she hears everyone talk about on the set.

Home is an attractive Swiss-chateau type of house, on a quiet street in a quiet Long Island village, where Vicki has her own turquoise and pale yellow room. "Just a nice, little girl's room," Audrey says. "I happen to think it's a magnificent room," John adds, "probably because I decorated it."

"It really is," Audrey concedes. "John has impeccable taste. But I mean that a room for such a small girl shouldn't rate too much attention. It's the way we feel about Vicki's fling at acting. The minute we see her re-acting too much, out of TV she goes. Now she doesn't realize that anything is being done especially for her. She goes to the other actors without making any fuss. She's happy and well adjusted. But if she gets too aware of what's going on and of being the center of attention, she's out—at least until she's older."

John's and Audrey's bedroom is coral and brown. John's daughter by an earlier marriage, Kathleen, lives with them and has a "pink and ruf-ly room, the kind every young girl should have." Kate, a tall, blue-eyed, blonde beauty, is away now at junior college, has switched from acting ambitions to political science and government. Sharon, John's middle daughter, by his marriage to actress Teri Keane, lives with her mother but comes to visit. She is almost ten, has chestnut-tinged hair, lovely hazel eyes, is tall for her age, talented, and has a strong drive toward the theater.

The living and dining rooms are in warm autumnal shades, orange and beige, gold and brown. The blue- and beige kitchen is big and bright, the combination den and guest room cozy and inviting. Much of the furnishing is Danish contemporary. An old-fashioned rocker is one that Audrey scored at antique shops to find before their marriage, the minute she learned that John had wanted such a chair for years.

Their house is built on a high rise of ground, with triple terraces flaunting multi-colored azaleas in the spring. This year, they hope to do more landscaping, but it's a busy household in which a dozen things are always waiting to be done.

Audrey was an actress and singer before her marriage, did off-Broadway leads, some radio and TV, but is now devoted to Vicki's care. She has a big, Merman-like voice and continues with a voice coach, hoping some day to use it in a musical. Right now, she's chief cook and bottle washer. John used to fancy himself as quite a chef, but has retired in favor of his wife. "I've learned everything but Chinese cooking," she says. "We both love it, and if I knew how, my husband would never have a reason for taking me out to dinner."

For a man who knows good food and likes to eat well, John keeps his six-foot frame remarkably lean and fit. He works out regularly in his basement gym, but he's not the type to put on weight easily. For one thing, he's too active, and too restless. When he talks, when he feels strongly on any subject, he's on his feet and striding around the room. "We own fifty-two acres in New Hampshire now, with nothing but trees on it—but it gives a man space to move about in. We're going to put a house on it one day."

"I started this whole New Hampshire idea," Audrey laments, "and sometimes I'm sorry I ever thought of it. I prefer city living, but John just has..."
certain goofed saw remain never conversation So,ing afternoon, executive "I being strictly for rehearsal—and added, "And so I am obvious, fans out there in television land." Instead of laughs from the cast and crew, he was greeted with stony silence. Everyone was petrified. "So was I, when I realized we were on, he growled. But to show that "King John" can do no wrong, he only told about comic from viewers more amused than upset by this departure from the expected.

In the Larkins' home neighborhood there may be some flurry of excitement at his comings and goings, but mostly he's just another householder and family man like all the others. At a Broadway Sunday-night Actors' Benefit performance which he attended with Audrey, that super-sophisticated audience fairly mobbed him after the show. On the street, workers yell to him from construction jobs. "We see you when we get off the job. Great show," Taxi drivers wave, truck drivers slow down to talk.

On Park Avenue, one recent day, a long gray car drew up next to the curb. In it sat a little gray-haired matron, all dressed in gray. John saw her signal the chauffeur to stop, press the button to lower the window. "I've been trailing you for blocks," she said to the astonished Larkin. "I just want to tell my family tonight I saw John Larkin and talked to him." She waved a discreet goodby, the car sped off, leaving John standing with his mouth still open. "She was so pretty and cute," he told Audrey. "I just loved her."

When John and Walter Greaza (who is Winston Grimsley on the show) were at the Yankee Stadium in New York during the recent World Series games—John being the most rabid of all the rabid Yankee fans—they were surrounded by a crowd at least ninety percent masculine. In department stores, he has been known to need twenty minutes to change from floor to floor. Folks just want to tell him they see the show and like it. Sometimes they tell him what Mike should do—or shouldn't. "Rather pertinent advice, at times," he says. "But, mostly they just want to say they like us.

Karr is the kind of man an audience doesn't tire of. He was never a cipher to begin with, and he has grown in dynamism and strength. He is all-male, virile and vigorous. You feel, when he walks in, that this is a man in charge of his own affairs, able to make his own decisions. Master in his house."

That's Mike Karr. That's also John Larkin. But there's a certain little blonde named Victoria who can reduce him to a slave. Even upstage him, any time she tries.

Boss in his own domain, is he? Well, most of the time!
“What Teenagers Have Taught Me”

Life has problems to be worked out. Teenagers are solving theirs every day, sometimes much better than the grownups do. Teen-age problems are apt to reflect adult problems.

As the father of three children, Bud Collyer has always maintained a close companionship with them. Patricia and Cynthia are now out of their teens and Michael has just turned nineteen. As a Sunday School teacher of fourteen years’ standing, with a class which runs to some eighty-five students ranging from middle to late teens, he has had a long indoctrination into what makes teenagers tick. He is grateful for it. “I never close a Sunday School year without thanking my students for what they have taught me.”

Because his ideas are based on experience, are understanding and go straight to the point, we asked Bud some pointed questions and got his answers:

Are teenagers justified in believing that parents tend to be old-fashioned in their ideas?

“I believe that most parents do a good job of keeping up with the times. They make allowances for the fact that things have changed since they grew up. By and large, the rules they lay down are fair. Kids should remember there is a natural inclination for parents to be concerned about a child, and this sometimes makes them seem out of date.”

At what age should boys and girls begin to date?

“This is entirely an individual question, for their parents to decide. Certainly not before the age of fourteen, or perhaps fifteen. But this, too, depends on the maturity of the girl or boy involved. Even then, certain definite limits should be set for an evening date—going to the movies, a school or club or church dance or entertainment, a party. Parents should work out the rules in advance, and teens should adhere to them. One of the greatest honors you can pay teenagers is to let them know they are trusted.”

What about going steady?

“Try to avoid going steady too early; get to meet as many as possible of the opposite sex first. When dating finally involves one boy, or one girl, parents should be careful about such statements as ‘What can you see in him—or her?’ Or upon insisting that ‘You’re not right for each other.’ This is difficult to know, and even the most loving parent should beware of playing God.”

Then why should teenagers believe it when parents say they don’t know what love really is?

“Probably because it’s true! Most young people haven’t lived long enough to realize that love—and this means love of any kind, not just between a boy and girl—is an enduring relationship. It’s much more than romantic attraction, much more than dating or going steady. The teen years, and those just beyond, are the time to meet many people, to get to know them, to evaluate qualities and personalities, and to choose among them the one with whom you want to spend your life. There is no fast step to becoming an adult. You will be grown up a long time. Why be in such a hurry?”

Should teenagers have cars?

“If there is a way to avoid giving high-school and first-year college students their own cars, I’m all for avoiding it. Responsible kids can drive the family car—but with the understanding that it belongs to the parents, and the child is responsible to them for its use. Traffic laws should be absolutely obeyed. I have a friend who gave each of his sons a car upon graduation. In theory, I wasn’t sure I entirely approved, but I admired the wisdom with which he handled his gifts. Each boy was warned that the first traffic ticket, even for illegal parking, meant sacrificing the use of the car for two months. Two tickets meant the loss of the car altogether. The boys never broke the rules, justifying his trust in them.”

Do young people respect a certain amount of discipline and guidance?

“No only do they respect it, they want it—and respond, when it is rightly given. The channels of communication between parents and children should always be kept open. There is nothing our kids can’t come to us about. Even more important, they have always known this. Parents should be good listeners. Teens want a place where they can find understanding. Brush children aside once too often, and they turn elsewhere. Teens also should be tolerant. Parents have feelings, too—their experience merely makes it easier for them to hide their hurts.”

Should teenagers have to earn their own spending money?

“This is an individual problem for parents and children to work out together. Generally speaking, it’s an excellent thing to earn at least part of what you get. No young person who starts out doing that, will later look upon work as a burden. It drives home the lesson that earning money is a means to an end, not an end in itself.”

Is competition good for teenagers?

“A certain amount, in scholarship and in sports. But too competitive a spirit may be a strain on a growing boy or girl. Sometimes the parents push too hard. Sometimes the kids themselves push too hard. Almost everyone has far more potential than is used, but each should try to learn his own capabilities and go at his own speed. If young people do particularly well in anything, especially their school work, an attempt should be made to reward them. Take them to the theater, or let them go to something special, even on a school night—on the theory that good students can afford a night out occasionally. We found that this worked beautifully. It’s good to be tops in something, but not really necessary. And certainly not in everything. The great thrill is in the achievement itself, and no one can learn that too early.”

Does a belief in religion—no matter what denomination—help teenagers meet their problems?

“This is the question I have been waiting to answer. Because, to me, true religion is the greatest help anyone can have. Not mere religious ritual which has become a habit, but a living faith in the power of a Supreme Being and in what that power can do. At our house,
we have always talked to God—our way of praying. The children have seen and heard us, and have done this themselves, from earliest childhood. It comes so naturally to us all that there is no embarrassment about it, and no problem has been too big or too small to be approached in this way. I have tried to impress this on my students. I tell them that when they are confused or troubled, God should not be the court of last resort, but the first.

Could you sum up some of the important things for teens—and their parents—to remember?

"It would be presumptuous for me to speak as an authority—except as a father who thinks of his three children as his three best friends, and as a Sunday School teacher who enjoys every minute of his class. I have simply told you the things that worked out well for us. Even when parents have been justifiably angered, I believe they should maintain the resiliency of forgiveness. They should remember how angry they got sometimes, when they were young, and how quickly they could forgive and forget. I believe young people should try just as hard to be understanding, and forgiving.

"The greatest help the parents can give—and the greatest help the teenagers can give themselves—is to accept each new phase of development. The teen years are wonderful," Bud Collyer sums up, "when both remember that every period in life has its own particular problems, but that all problems can be overcome—with God's help."

(Continued from page 20)

marry him...?" Now Abby twinkled. "When I was walking down the aisle at my wedding, I winked at Daddy and said, 'Aren't you glad I've got brains?"

Jack's courtship of Abby got off to a halting start. He had become friendly with the Wasdens when his best friend, Ronald Heck, was in process of marrying Abby's sister, Shirley. Between the usher and the sister of the bride had flared a rather vague attraction, but neither had anything to encourage its growth. Soon after Shirley's and Ronald's wedding, Abby left for New York, where she became a model. It wasn't long before both she and Jack were married—none too happily—to two different people.

"My first was a musician. I was a romantic teenager," Abby explains, "and I had high hopes of finding some bridge between our opposing temperaments. Maybe he thought the same. It just didn't work."

Daughter of a one-time boxer, and member of an athletic family, Abby excels in many sports. These include riding, baseball, water-skiing, the Trampoline and skating. It was the latter interest which, after her divorce, finally brought Jack once more into her orbit. By then, he, too, was in process of ending his marriage.

From time to time, Abby had run into Jack on skiing trips to Mammoth Mountain in the Sierras, some 280 miles from Los Angeles. About a year ago, she and a girl friend, actress Connie Hines, went up to the ski lodge for a weekend. Disillusioned and lonely after the failure of her young dream of love and marriage, Abby said little. Finally, Connie patted her hand and said, "Abby, it's time you let go of the past and began to pick up the threads of your life. Maybe this will be a lucky weekend and you'll meet someone nice."

To Connie's surprise, Abby merely shrugged. "There's only one man I'd like to know better. He's on the ski patrol at Mammoth and does come up here often. But, with my luck, this won't be the time..."

That evening, she was proven wrong. "Whenever I tell people how romantic this reunion with Jack was, they laugh and say, 'You have to be kidding.' Connie and I walked into the social room and the jukebox happened to be playing 'Some Enchanted Evening.' I looked across the room—and there stood the man I was hoping to see again. He rushed across the floor to me. It was a wish come true."

If Abby's name has seldom appeared in the gossip columns, it's because she rarely makes the round of night clubs. Deeply attached to her parents, sister Shirley and brother Raymond, she most enjoys a holiday at Lake Arrowhead, where the family can loaf and run the gamut of sporting skills together.

Jack is now one of them. "Any Thanksgiving, Christmas or birthday, you'll find us all there," he smiles. "Especially birthdays—more especially, Marlene's. There's a good reason: She doesn't let anyone forget her birthday is coming up, and spends weeks reminding you!"

To this, Abby tosses her head. "It's not the presents—it's just that I like seeing the family together, and a birthday is a good excuse for a get-together."

Abby's mother enjoys the outdoors and watching her athletic brood in action, but is the least sports-skilled among them. "Mother knows what she can and cannot do well," says Abby thoughtfully. "Latey, I've come around to the idea that the important thing for a wife is to encourage her family in what they love to do and to share an
interest in these things. But it is not important, at all, for her to imitate them. She must develop her own interests, and her family ought to return interest for interest by encouraging her.

This sage piece of thought probably relates to a near-tragic attempt of Mrs. Wasden to go in for water-skiing. Because it is a favorite sport of her family, she decided to test her own ability—but fell into the water, narrowly avoiding injury and possible drowning. Mrs. Wasden still accompanies her family to the outings, but limits participation to whipping up delicious picnic meals for her bustling, wave-and-wind-weary bunch.

Abby's prowess at all sorts of athletics has often backfired. "I'm afraid I've lost a lot of beaus that way," she sighs. "You know, when I was modeling in New York, I spent weekends on Long Island with friends. One day, a group of us were playing ball. Suddenly, I hit the plastic ball about a hundred feet over their heads into the ocean. A few minutes later, I was alone on the beach, doing push-ups—while the other girls, lolling prettily in their sun suits, had all the lads bumbling around them!

"The wonderful thing about Jack is that I don't have to pretend to be a helpless lily around him," she beams. "He can lick me at most things—and, when he can't, he takes it in good sorts. Neither of us tries to be what we aren't, and we're always comfortable with each other. I guess that's a sign of maturity."

This lack of pretense was evident in the way he proposed and she accepted. They were at Mammoth and had been asked to a party. Neither wanted to go, that evening, but they had promised the hostess. Finally, Abby said she really thought they should go. Jack grinned at her and offered a deal. "Marry me and I'll take you." With a simplicity and quiet tenderness that matched his own, Abby said, "I will . . . so let's go." But they had to wait until Abby could wangle a holiday from her Nurse Martha Hale role before setting the wedding date.

At Christmas, when the Hennessey series took a rest, seemed the logical time. Jack's father, the Rev. George "Burt" Smith (now retired), performed the ceremony. Then the family, in-laws and all, made the trek to Lake Arrowhead for a celebration . . . after which, the happy pair left for—where else?—Mammoth, for their honeymoon.

The wedding reception, it should be noted, took place in the San Fernando Valley home the Smiths now occupy. It is a modern place, with two bedrooms upstairs and an enormous room downstairs which is not in use as yet but will eventually be divided into a family room and nursery. The house is done entirely in light beige on the inside, while the outside is a combination of white and charcoal gray.

"Being a new bride," says Abby, "I was worried about mishaps at the reception, but no damage was done. Coffee was served in the den and champagne on the terrace. Since the furniture wasn't delivered until after our honeymoon, we had plenty of room for our friends."

Because she couldn't have all her close chums serve as bridesmaids, Abby initiated a new custom of twelve "almost-bridesmaids," whose job was to serve at the reception. Her sister Shirley was matron of honor, and Ronald Heck returned Jack's favor by serving as usher.

The house itself was "another case of romantic luck," says Abby. "Jack and I spent weeks looking for a place and, finally, we found almost what we wanted. The real-estate woman told us about a house with a spiral staircase nearby. It sounded good, and we decided to look at it with the thought of 'borrowing some ideas' for the place we'd almost settled on. We knew we couldn't buy it, because the price was out of our budget. But, when we got there, we found it closed and were terribly disappointed.

"Suddenly, the real-estate woman said, 'Wait, there's the builder on his way up to another house. This is a dead-end street, so we'll stop him when he comes down.' We did. And it turned out that the contractor-builder was romantic by nature and he took an interest in us right away. When he found out we were going to be married and had fallen in love with his house, he sold it to us at less than the asking price! I guess he saw how much we wanted it and, being a man who loved his creations, he wanted someone living in the place who felt about it as he did."

Abby plans on working until children come along. "I love show business, and it's a wonderful, rewarding way of making a living. But it's not my life. That's deeply involved in my family—or I should say, 'families'—because, actually, I have three now: my own, Jack's, and the one we hope to raise together as man and wife."

But fans who have seen Abby's exploits in such shows as Rawhide, The Rifleman, Have Gun—Will Travel, and now weekly on Hennessey, will find it hard to believe that the agile, gamelike Abby will ever quit acting. They say so in thousands of letters every month. As for hubby Jack, his comment is: "Being in the electrical business, I have a particular interest in lighting—lighting of all types. And the lighting that appeals to me most is the kind my wife gives off when she's emoting on that little magic screen. Here's one of her fans who wants nothing so much as her happiness . . . but I'm not pushing for her retirement."
The Star Who Grew

(Continued from page 37)

lad, and, simply because the boy was so handsome, asked if he would like to cut a record. Fabian's oft-quoted reply was: "Me? I just flunked Chorus."

Bob's answer was: "We'll teach you to sing."

What is now acknowledged to be one of the most brilliant promotion campaigns, in recording history, drew some shafts of ridicule at the time. Bob introduced him as "The Fabulous Fabian, protege of Chancellor's teenage idol, Frankie Avalon."

A financial measure of that venture was revealed last November, when an accounting in Orphans Court showed Fabian's 1959 income to be $136,926. (Don't let that "Orphans Court" puzzle you. Fabian has a full set of competent, solvent, intelligent and loving parents, Domenic and Josephine Forte. However, as an under-age performer, he is under the jurisdiction of this court and protected by it."

Salary from films, singing dates and personal appearances amounted to $62,236. Record royalties were $74,600. His expenditures: Taxes, $33,594; expenses, $28,702; managerial commissions and fees, $38,702. (His neighbor, John J. Palmieri, a physical education instructor, accepted a guardian's fee of 1½ percent—$1,828—although five percent is the normal fee.)

Marcucci predicts that Fabian's 1960 accounting will show his income doubled. And the year 1961 will show higher motion-picture earnings—20th Century-Fox has given him a new five-year contract.

How has this untrained boy accomplished this? The answer lies in the character of Fabian himself. One reason that Marcucci and DeAngelis have been able to coach Fabian into stardom is that he is highly intelligent and anxious to learn. Furthermore, he retains the spirit of the athlete he once wanted to be. In contrast to the "born" entertainer—who says, in effect, "Look at me, I have to shine"—Fabian's attitude is more that of "If you let me carry the ball, I'll try to score for all of us."

Sensing this, people identify with him and feel they share his role. It is an appeal not unlike that of the late Clark Gable. Gable never claimed to be the world's best actor, but certainly became one of its most beloved ones. Fabian, too, says, "I want to be a good actor."

In Chancellor's New York office, prior to his Paramount autograph party, Fabian told this reporter of his ambitions, "I'm studying. Not just singing and acting. As soon as I finish trigonometry and English, I'll be ready to graduate with my class. I hope to be able to be in Philadelphia for the prom and other graduation-week events. Then I'll work on college credits. I want to major in business management."

He's modestly pleased that his earnings eased two family crises. Soon after his father's heart attack, his brother, Bobby, developed curvature of the spine. Fabian says, "I'm glad it gave them a better chance to get well. They're both fine, now."

Proud as he is of a new house near Haddonfield, New Jersey, he's still fond of the Philadelphia one. "That was a nice house, too, but it did get a little crowded. And it's great to have a swimming pool." The pool is also great for his friends. Last summer, Fabian invited so many of the old gang that, on some days, the family couldn't get into it.

Reared in a loving family, Fabian's flow of affection makes him unusually considerate of his fans. During his Atlantic City engagement, he saw a frail young girl peering in his dressing-room window. Rain drenched her hair; tears drenched her eyes. Fabian yelled, "Bob, do something," and Marcucci brought the girl in. Fabian towelled her hair; Bob brought her coffee. She stayed for three shows.

On tour, Fabian carries along a list of fan-club presidents and calls them. It's not always a successful gesture. He says, "Sometimes they think they're being kidded. I talked to one girl twenty minutes. I even sang for her. But she still didn't believe it was me."

He likes high-school press conferences. "The reporters are kids my own age. Sometimes I ask more questions than they do. In Little Rock, I told them, 'I'll bet I've read more about you than you have about me,' and we sure had a session."

He's always eager to learn. Recently, a friend found him reading Homer's "Iliad." Said Fabian, "I sure dig this. Those old boys got around. There's more action than a Western!" On tour, he tries to explore the cities he visits. "I want to see more than backstage and a hotel room. They all look alike. I have to find out about the rest of the country."

At eighteen, Fabian already is a star with a fabulous past. He promises to have an even more fabulous future.

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The Unbeatable Beatnik

(Continued from page 33) and held on. Since most of the players weighed about twenty-five pounds more than I, if I'd hit them high up, they'd have gone through. I never played in a real game. But, because I tackled everything, they kept me on the team. Though Bob made light of his athletic abilities, Maggie learned that he'd won several medals for swimming. He is modest and unassuming, and enjoys laughing at himself.

He told how the Denvers had lived in Texas for a year and then moved to California. "I went to Loyola University, planning to study law," he said. "The speech classes were my Waterloo. Whenever I got up to deliver a speech, my mouth seemed full of marshmallows."

It was rather surprising that Father Joseph S. Brusher, moderator of the dramatic club, kept urging him to take part in the university plays. Maybe he realized that Bob was just suffering from stage fright. First, Bob agreed to stage-manage a play; then Father Brusher talked him into playing some roles.

It was while Bob was playing the lead in "Harvey" that Ben Bard, then head of talent at 20th Century-Fox, saw him in the play and liked his performance. "My sister Helen, his secretary, conned him into going to see it," Bob explained to Maggie.

After graduation from Loyola, he wanted to get into television, or on the stage or into pictures. He'd lost interest in law. But all he could land was a ten-line bit in a TV drama. So, when his father died, he decided he'd better give up his dream of acting. "The mortgage on our house in the Pacific Palisades had to be paid. Since I was living there, it was only fair that I pitch in."

Bob became an athletic director and part-time schoolteacher at the Corpus Christi School in the Pacific Palisades, and took courses that would lead to a master of arts degree. Meanwhile, to earn extra money, he worked at the post office.

One evening, about five, his phone rang. It was his sister—calling for her boss, Ben Bard. Would he come to the studio right away and see Herbert Swope, Jr., the producer, about a comedy role in Dobie Gillis?

Bob looked at the clock in surprise. He'd fallen asleep, because of exhaustion, and had failed to get up in time for his job at the post office—his difficult schedule had finally worn him out. He hesitated. If he rushed, he could still get to the post office and earn a few dollars.

"This may be your big chance," said his sister. So he reported. But, when Mr. Swope saw him, he looked disappointed. "This role is for a boy of eighteen," he said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," admitted Bob.

"You look every day of it," said Mr. Swope. But he agreed to give him a chance, after Bob told him that he usually looked younger, when he was less exhausted. After a good night's rest, Bob came to the studio the next day. Someone passed a beard on him, gave him some lines to learn, and then tested him.

About a month later, Max Shulman phoned to tell him he'd won the role, and might as well begin to grow a real beard. And so Bob became Maynard, the beatnik, on TV.

Off TV, Maggie told herself, he was Bob, the unbeatable. They found that they had a lot of mutual tastes. They both liked jazz and picnics and serious non-fiction books. In spite of the fact that Bob had to drive to the Pacific Palisades each night to get ready for his dates, then drive to her house in Hollywood, take her out, drive her home again, and go back to his home, they were dizzy with love. Bob was also dizzy with fatigue.

Suddenly, one day, it hit him that he couldn't keep seeing Maggie every evening without committing himself to marriage. But was he ready for matrimony? Love had happened so suddenly, he hadn't had time to think. He'd have to quit seeing her, in order to think logically.

Manlike, he picked the worst possible time—two days before Christmas—to announce that they ought to stop seeing each other so as to give themselves time to think things over. He mentioned this over the sound at dinner in the Naples Restaurant.

Maggie burst into tears. "We'll never see each other again," she sobbed, and stormed out. He threw some money on the table, and followed her.

"We'll have to be apart for a while to weigh things," he said. But Maggie couldn't see it. She knew instinctively that Bob was right for her, and she for Bob.

The next day, she had a headache. She told her sympathetic boss what had happened. Hating to see anyone so unhappy just before Christmas, he sent her home in a cab.

At home, Maggie looked at the gifts for Bob she'd stacked all over the apartment, and thought, What am I going to do with them?

Early that evening, the phone rang. It was Bob. "May I come to see you?" he asked. "All right," she said in a dead-pan voice.

He was there a few minutes later. He'd parked close to her apartment, and had called from the neighborhood. In his arms he carried a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums. He followed her into the kitchen.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Do you really mean that?" she said. "Yes," he said—and took an engagement ring out of his pocket. Then she said, "Yes."

They decided that August would be a nice month for marriage. Not long afterward, they decided July was better. Then it seemed obvious June was still better. They got married on January 22, 1960, in Big Bear. They packed hurriedly. Maggie had bought a gorgeous beige suit and Italian shoes for the wedding. She left them home.
by mistake, and was married in a plaid skirt and sweater. But it didn't really matter.

Nothing has been able to down their spirits since their marriage. A month after the wedding, the writers' strike came along and Maggie was out of work. Then the actor's strike came along, and Bob was out of work. "But people who've seen me on TV let us buy things on credit," he said. During the strike, they grew their own vegetables and bought second-hand furniture, which they cheerfully refinshed. The strike eventually ended, and they were now enjoying life in a log-cabin bungalow in Beverly Hills. It is probably the only log cabin in that exclusive section.

There they live with their two children, a cat named "Moke," a dog named "Annie," and a parrot. It's an unbeatable combination, headed for thoroughly non-beatnik success.

Perry Mason's Secret Ingredient

(Continued from page 24) standing, and executive producer of one of the all-time smash hits of television, Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason, starring Raymond Burr in the title role, with Barbara Hale as "girl Friday" Della Street.

How did Gail Patrick Jackson reach her present eminence, and how has she retained her position in TV—a field noted for its mercurial changes of personnel?

According to Gail, "I married into my job. My husband, Cornwell Jackson, and Erle Stanley Gardner have been partners for years. When the show was planned, someone was needed to draw the threads together. I knew the acting side of the business, and Corny felt that he could teach me the executive job, so away I went. I was a 'premature baby,' and I've been rushing ever since."

More explicitly, she explains, "My job—pared to its essentials—is 'loving care.' My talent is a love for people and a sort of sixth sense about their true natures, their needs, and their problems. I serve as mother confessor, listening post, and correlating agent. In any complex operation, there has to be a loose-end gatherer-upper; I'm it in our organization."

Born Margaret Fitzpatrick in Birmingham, Alabama, Gail earned her A.B. degree from Howard University and made plans to study law, thanks to a scholarship. A Paramount talent scout, waving a long-term contract beginning at seventy-five dollars per week ("in Birmingham, there just wasn't that kind of money per week") enticed the tall, brown-eyed Brunette to Hollywood.

"I'll never forget the morning I reported to the Marathon Street gate," she says. "There I stood, all knuckles and teeth, and watched a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce wheel up and discharge two Russian wolveshounds, a uniformed maid, and a real, live movie star in a full-length mink coat. I thought I had never seen a more beautiful sight in my life. It was Jeannette MacDonald."

The girl from Birmingham starred in some fifty films before turning to wifehood, motherhood, and TV production.

To confound the cry-havoc psychologists, Gail's present weekday schedule (during the school year) is submitted in evidence to prove glowing health—both mental and physical—and the fact of notable accomplishment:

She rolls out at 6:30 each morning and prepares breakfast for her husband and two children, Jennifer (almost nine years old) and Tom (just past seven). Breakfast ends at 7:30, when Tom goes to his piano for thirty minutes of practice. Until recently, her mother has sat with him, explaining musical passages and encouraging concentration.

Then, one morning, Gail—not a piano player—realized that there was something different about one selection he played. "I'm transposing it," her son explained calmly.

"I knew then," she says, "that I was going to have an extra thirty minutes each morning. It was pretty clear that Tom didn't need me anymore!"

At eight, the children leave for school via motor pool. (The Jacksons have the duty every sixth week.) For the next half-hour, Gail places telephone calls having to do with Perry Mason and running her household.

She reaches the studio before 9:30, to attend to details that have accumulated on her desk since the previous afternoon. At eleven, she sees the "dailies" (footage shot the previous day). At 11:30, she watches wardrobe testing—a matter of importance. Time-hungry programs have found that the proper use of clothing can save valuable footage for plot development. The distraught wife who enters Perry Mason's office wearing the conservative but suavelly cut "little black dress" and a string of pearls, is quite different in impact from the distraught wife who wears a tight, flowered sheath and carries a mangy fox scarf.

"Impact," in this context, is one of Gail's happy responsibilities.

At noon, she usually has luncheon with a newspaper or magazine writer, or with some member of the Perry Mason cast or crew. In the afternoons, she sits in on casting interviews and script conferences, and presides at

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meetings called to review the ramifications of TV production.

She is quick to say, "We have no real problems on our show, because our regulars are essentially secure and successful adults. Everyone works well together. When our stock company is away from the studio for a week or so, it's fun to be on the set when shooting is resumed. It's like a family reunion: Everyone is simply delighted to see everyone else. They have trouble settling down that first morning, because they have so much to talk about."

Gail feels that the Perry Mason show makes a valid human point each week, but her ambition for the series is modest: "They tell us that millions of viewers watch our show each week. If only one person—at the end of one of our programs—has a clearer understanding of his rights and his responsibilities under law, we shall have served a useful purpose."

Like any craftsman, she has her favorite segments. One was "The Case of the Violent Village." Its story dealt with the dilemma of an ex-convict who, in trying to go straight and rebuild his life in a small community, encountered ironclad prejudice. Charged with a crime he did not commit, he was defended by Perry Mason, who proved the man to be innocent.

Gail says, "It was a powerful script, dramatizing the truth that a man must be held innocent until proved guilty, instead of the opposite. It also stressed the importance of giving a pardoned man a chance to mend his life so as to take his place as a constructive member of a community."

Another favorite was titled "The Case of the Nine Dolls." It dealt with the search for parents of a small girl living with foster parents and being supported by mysterious payments from a Swiss bank. The child in the story was played by a small friend of Jennifer Jackson. "It's always a thrill to discover authentic talent," says Gail. "I think the girl may have taken her first step toward a highly rewarding career."

In the past, members of the cast have urged Mrs. Jackson to appear in an acting capacity on Perry Mason. She laughs at the suggestion, dismissing it with: "I'm too lazy to do the work necessary to perfect a characterization. I have no desire to go back to acting."

Her studio day ends at four, when she drives home to be on hand to welcome her children when they step off the school bus. From that moment on, her life belongs to her family. She says, "My home is my relaxation." The Jacksons live on a seven-acre plot in the Hollywood Hills. The estate is so situated that it seems isolated from the city (deer saunter down to eat the roses in winter), yet it is a five-minute drive from Hollywood Boulevard.

Both of the Jackson children are adopted. Jennifer "chose" her parents when she was five days old, and she selected her younger brother, Tom, when he was only three days old. The children never tire of the story of their acquisition. Repeatedly they demand an account of the Jacksons' search, of their hurrying from hospital to hospital seeking the ex-fighter God had placed on earth for them.

An expectant hush falls as Gail says, "Then, one day, your daddy looked at you in your crib and said, 'That baby looks like me. I wonder if she's ours.' Then you opened your eyes wide and smiled at us, and we knew that you had picked us out of the whole world to belong to you."

After one such recital, Jennifer was unusually quiet for several moments. Suddenly, with a flash of insight, she threw her arms around her mother's waist, held her in a bear hug, and murmured intensely, "I'm so glad I picked you."

The relationship between Jennifer and her younger brother has been ideal, until a rift developed early this year. Because of her eighteen months' seniority, Jennifer has always been accorded a privilege or two beyond Tom's—things like being able to stay up fifteen minutes longer in the evening, and designing a centerpiece for holiday dinners. She has cherished those advantages, and at times she has been mildly patronizing with her little brother.

Suddenly, Tom was a "little" brother no longer. Following a growth pattern for which his parents were prepared by knowledge of his background, he began to lengthen out. At first, Gail was puzzled by Jennifer's inexplicable antagonism toward her brother. Patiently, Gail began to ask questions, soon unearthed the reason: Jennifer thought that the advantage of her age was to be nullified by her brother's height, and that, as he grew taller, he would be permitted her privileges.

That misunderstanding straightened out, a new emergency arose. Tom decided that he wanted one thing, and one only, for his birthday: A piano bench exactly like the one Van Cliburn had used when Tom heard him play at the Hollywood Bowl. Satisfaction of the ambition seemed sensible—until the Jacksons priced the electrically-adjustable bench. They relayed the news to Tom, who has a lively sense of cash money. "Two hundred dollars?" he repeated. "How many Saturday chores is that?"

He is paid ten cents for letting his mother sleep undisturbed on Saturday mornings; ten cents for making his bed and straightening his room on Saturdays; ten cents for emptying the wastepaper baskets; ten cents for raking leaves off the lawn. He is docked for less than perfect performance: One cent off for a lumpy bed job; one cent off for a sweater left on the back of a chair; two cents off for leaving the rake on the lawn instead of hanging it properly in the tool shed, etc.

Jennifer has her own money-making ventures, and suffers her own penalties.

Both children are encouraged to save for the future. Every penny deposited in the piggy bank by one of the youngsters is matched by a contribution from the parents—with one exception. Familiar friends sometimes provide an unexpected dime for an ice-cream bar. Jennifer, spotting an investment opportunity, tried to talk her dad into duplicating windfalls. No dice.

"The wonderful thing about children," Gail says, "is that every day with them is a fresh adventure. Nothing is static. We started our family somewhat later than most couples do; possibly that's one reason our enjoyment is so intense. We aren't casual about them. They are a constant challenge and a constant source of amazement. Now and then they provide stunning insight into one's self."

"The children's daddy is semi-retired, at the moment, because of a mild illness from which he is recovering, so he has been able to spend a great deal of time with them. He does most of the chauffeuring—which is lucky for me. Last year, I was driving around seventy-two miles daily, and keeping my present office hours."

One afternoon, Gail overheard Tom asking Jennifer, "Why does Mother always hurry so fast, and why does Daddy always move so slow?"

Jennifer's prompt answer: "Because Mother always has a lot to do, and Daddy isn't going anywhere."

Gail says, "I think both Jennifer and Tom are growing up without preconceived notions of woman's 'traditional role.' I think they will share my opinion that choice of profession, extent of ability and degree of dynamism are individual things, have nothing to do with one's having been born male or female. "Both children accept the fact that I'm energetic and know how to use a hammer, whereas Jennifer is artistic to the point of having been offered two hundred dollars for a painting she did when she was four. But both accept without hesitation Tom's being musical, and Corney's love of reading."

"I hope they will always avoid the error of pigeon-holing human beings—which is, of course, the error of psychologists when they start to generalize about the status of women who combine a private with a public career."

Gail Patrick Jackson, chin-chilla-haired these days, flashing-eyed, dynamic and humorous, is obviously a contented woman. Jazz musicians have a term meaning "authentic, in harmony and on beat." It is: "Solid, Jackson." "Solid, Jackson," is the word for Gail.
Kennedy: They Loved Him on TV

(Continued from page 27)

American people cottoning to the lad born with a solid gold spoon in his mouth?

The constant answer you get from professional politicians, veteran newsman, TV commentators, political analysts, etc., is that the television "Great Debates"—especially, the first one, on September 26—did more in gaining the big prize for Kennedy than any other single factor. Quick to agree with this theory is the new President himself.

When asked at a press conference if he thought he would have won without participating in the debates, Kennedy replied: "I don't think so." His brother and general campaign manager, Robert Kennedy, was even more specific. "Without the debates," he candidly admitted, "it wouldn't have even been close."

Long-time reporter James Desmond of the New York Daily News concurs with Robert's statement. "Unquestionably," says the sage political writer, "the TV debates did it for Jack. In the opening one alone, he dispelled the notion that he was immature and inexperienced to be President."

New York State's Democratic chairman, Michael Prendergast, adds: "Public opinion sampling in the course of the campaign showed that the TV debates were a decisive factor in Kennedy's favor in New York State. They helped him win the undecided vote. They also helped to expose the myth of the so-called Nixon 'experience' issue. The people had the opportunity to see and hear the candidates face to face, right in their own living rooms, to the great advantage of the Democratic candidate."

J. Leonard Reinsch, executive director of James M. Cox's TV and radio stations, thinks there's little doubt that the debates paved the way for a Kennedy triumph. "The first debate was the big one," says the man who served as Kennedy's TV consultant throughout the campaign and who is given credit for the President's polished television technique. "We broke down the Republican charge that Kennedy was immature. We solidified Democrats who had wondered if Sen. Kennedy was the right choice to defeat the Vice-President. That first debate convinced campaign workers, governors and others that we had a strong, fighting candidate. It scared and shocked Republicans. Our people were inspired. I, too, was convinced after the opening debate that we had a great candidate."

The initial TV encounter between Kennedy and Nixon also convinced William (Bill) Shadel, ABC-TV political commentator, that the Senator had scored a tremendous victory. "Up to that time," says Bill, "I frankly thought Nixon would clobber him. After all, the Vice-President had the decided edge in TV experience and exposure. But, once Jack got before the cameras, he took the offensive immediately. He seemed to reflect sincerity, a knowledge of many subjects and a real passion for the highest office in the land. On the other hand, Nixon had a difficult time projecting sincerity. He also had the kick of a position of trying to defend the Ike Administration when, at the same time, trying to curry favor with the Democrats. In addition, he had to reconcile the forces of Sen. Barry Goldwater and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. On top of everything else, his makeup job was poorly done. He seemed sickly. Even his tailor seemed to have committed a boo-boo during the first debate. He never adjusted Nixon's shirt collar, which appeared much too loose. It made him look scrawny."

Many political savants think it's in-material whether Kennedy won or lost the opening debate with Nixon. The important point was that the Senator gained the necessary exposure before the American people. Prior to the debates, Nixon was much better known across the land than the Senator. TV gave Kennedy a chance, in a few appearances, to close the gap that Nixon had built up for four years. Then, too, television provided the means for Kennedy to get across some of his more potent ideas. He couldn't rely too well on the press for this function, since seventy-five percent of the Fourth Estate were on record as supporting Nixon.

That Kennedy was one hundred percent correct, in his estimation that TV would put him across with the people, was borne out by Shadel's interviews with hundreds of people throughout the country. "My job made it necessary for me to do a great deal of traveling," says Bill. "Following the first debate, I was amazed to hear people from all walks of life tell me: 'I didn't think much of Kennedy, but I saw him last night and he sure knows stuff.' You know, that TV eye sees right through you, and Kennedy was coming over very strong to a great many people."

With thirty-two years of radio and TV experience under his belt, Shadel doesn't shock too easily, but he confesses that "glamour boy" Kennedy electrified him with his TV debate performances. "I knew Jack and Dick Nixon ever since they came into the Senate, fourteen years ago," he says. "Kennedy was so young looking, at the time, that you couldn't distinguish him from the pages. Little attention was focused on him, other than that he was..."
exceptionally handsome and exceptionally rich. His Senate record wasn’t exactly a brilliant one. I’m sure that Nixon didn’t fear him at all, prior to the first debate. After all, he had seen him in action many times on the Senate floor, and even Kennedy’s die-hard admirers would admit that he wasn’t any ball of fire.”

But then came the momentous debates, and a change came over the tanned, tight-lipped Senator. “I noticed it immediately,” says Bill, who had the honor of moderating the third of the historic television debates. “He seemed to have a tremendous amount of confidence. He radiated the stuff. He gave the impression that he actually felt it was extremely important that he be elected President—not so much for himself, but for the country! This fierce dedication and desire undoubtedly communicated itself to the people.”

Little fanfare was actually needed to fire the public’s imagination for the unprecedented head-on clash between the Presidential candidates. NBC boss Robert Sarnoff, commenting on this phase, said: “The attention the debates commanded from the American people is reflected in the fact that any one of the four broadcasts would qualify as the most-watched program in television history.”

The Gallup Poll estimated that eighty-five million adults watched at least one of the four debates. In the initial clash, the American Research Bureau claimed that seventy-three million viewers were glued to their sets. In the New York area alone, the Nielsen rating service asserted that fifty-four percent of all homes with TV sets were tuned to the debate—which, translated, meant that 2,241,000 screens were reflecting images of Dick and Jack.

Strangely enough, the original motive which prompted both the Republican and Democratic parties to seek the debates was a financial one. Neither side actually foresaw that one of the candidates would crush the other in a verbal battle. They were much more interested in gaining free time for their standard-bearers.

In cold, hard cash, it is estimated that the networks lost between twenty and thirty million dollars in footing the bill for the unsponsored Nixon-Kennedy tiffs. Both political parties, on the other hand, saved an estimated four to five million dollars that they would otherwise have expended in network time. Even with the debates given to them gratis, the G.O.P. spent $1,644,381 during the national campaign and the Democrats forked over $1,053,310.

It’s interesting to note that, when time was bought from the networks for either Kennedy or Nixon, it was practically money thrown out. Entertainment shows opposite the “paid political announcements” invariably swamped them, rating-wise. For example, two days before the election, Nixon’s political talk was practically disregarded by TV viewers. The Rebel, on ABC-TV, had a 22.6 rating; Dinah Shore had a 19.6 on NBC; Nixon came in last, with an 11.4 mark. The same disastrous results were experienced by Kennedy. On October 31, the Senator came in last in the ratings race when thrown opposite such moderately popular shows as Bringing Up Buddy and Surfside 6.

However, there’s no arguing against Kennedy’s obvious TV appeal. Already his smile has become as famous as Franklin D. Roosevelt’s. Shadel says: “I believe Kennedy has discovered he’s a new TV idol. I have no doubts that he’ll go on TV whenever he really wants something, such as a piece of legislation passed. He’ll use television as F.D.R. used radio, to get the people to go along with his policies.”

As for Kennedy engaging in “Great TV Debates” in 1964, there isn’t much chance of that happening. The hero of Hyannisport learned only too well what TV could do for the virtually unknown.

When the query of whether Kennedy would take part in TV debates in 1964 was asked of the President’s brother, Robert, he chuckled. Then, with eyes sparkling and the famous Kennedy boyish grin showing to great advantage, he replied: “Of course not! A President would not want to debate with someone who wanted to be President.”

So we’ll probably have to forget about TV debates for some time to come. Of course, they can always show the Nixon-Kennedy debates over and over. They re-run everything else on TV!

The Fun’s For Real on the Nanette Fabray Show

(Continued from page 46)

Nanette Fabray is the most popular comedienne on television, she had endeared herself to the thousands of Broadway theater patrons in such musical comedies as “Bloomer Girl,” “High Button Shoes,” “Make a Wish,” and many, many others.

Her husband, Ronald MacDougall, is also famous, in a less spectacular way. His name lies within the motion-picture industry, where his screenplays for “The Hasty Heart,” “Mr. Belvedere” and “Mildred Pierce” established him as one of the important writers in Hollywood. More recently, he has written and directed “The Subterraneans” and “Go Naked in the World,” in which Nanette appeared in bit roles.

“Randy’s career is the important one in this family,” Nanette declares emphatically. “I’m not ambitious. I was semi-retired when we married, and all I wanted was a home and a family. Before and after that great day, I was offered a number of series. But, before we were married, I wasn’t anxious to get involved—and, afterward, I knew that a series would probably involve situations which would mean being away from the family. As far as I’m concerned now, if I can’t get home to them, the studio can burn down.

“I did a spectacular and some guest appearances. About the closest I came to being a regular was on the Dinah Shore show. There, for a while, it seemed they kept hitting some snag with their guest stars and, every time somebody had to cancel out, Dinah would call me. Once I came on with only one day’s notice. I did six shows with Dinah, the last one when I was very pregnant.”

Jamie is two years old now, and, Nanette laughs, “Sometimes it’s spooky. He’ll come in and tell me there’s a great big locomotive out in the backyard, then he goes through the whole bit with the face working—the whole routine. It’s like watching myself do an act.”

Besides Jamie, the MacDougall household includes Laura, who is nineteen; Heather, seventeen; and Brian, seven—all of whom have “contributed” something to the plot of the new series. The situations are normal family situations, blown up to comedy proportions on the show. The episode about “organizing” the family, for instance, stemmed from the habit Nanette developed of carrying a stack of notes and papers to the studio each morning and bringing them home each night unopened and unread.

“Wendell Corey co-stars as my husband on the show,” Nanette says, “and who could ask for more? We’re not playing him as a goof, either. I think the day for ‘poor old nice but stupid Dad’ is about over on television. He’s a writer, like Randy, and, in one episode, I find out that when he is just starting into space, he isn’t loafting. Actually, he’s working very hard. I found this out myself at home one time,” she adds with a wry grin.

“Nine-tenths of the quality of the show is Randy’s writing. He knows how to write for me and his material is the funniest I’ve ever worked with. He wrote the first several scripts, but now he acts as script supervisor. We can’t afford him full-time. He’s too expensive,” Nanette tells you with very little effort to hide her pride.

The usual procedure, with a television show which has just been sold, is to hurry it on the air as quickly as possible. Consequently, everybody from the
writer to the script girl is continually fighting a deadline, which creates intense pressure—and painful ulcers. The Nanette Fabray show was sold four days after the pilot was completed, but the MacDougal firms firmly refused to rush into production.

For one thing, Nanette wasn’t about to become involved in a situation which would rob her family of a normal life. She insists on one day a week completely away from any part of the show, so she can spend that day on family affairs. Also, during the shooting schedule, she leaves the studio in time to feed the baby and put him to bed.

Additionally, Randy felt it would be a distinct “plus” for the show itself to have everything properly organized. There are no last-minute script conferences on the set, no panic because the next episode has to be in the can by Thursday at the latest. Everything is planned and scheduled to the minute, before the director ever calls, “Roll ’em!”

All of which is quite a switch from Nanette’s days with Sid Caesar. “Sid likes to work under pressure,” she recalls. “It was a go-go-go! Seven days a week. The only time off was the morning after the show. In the afternoon, we were at it again. Material was written, tried out, put in, taken out, and rewritten right up to air time. It was pretty hectic, and it’s marvelous now to work on a set where everything is worked out beforehand. I have such a good time that I never get tense up.”

Nanette’s almost fierce preoccupation with her family doubtless stems from the long years of the uncertain life in show business. She was four years old when she made her first professional appearance in Los Angeles. She had been taking dancing lessons for only two or three weeks when she entered and won a children’s talent contest. First prize was a week’s engagement at one of the leading local theaters. From then on, her childhood was spent backstage and on movie sets.

“It’s very hard for a youngster to grow up in that atmosphere,” she says quietly. “You are forced to cope on adult terms, and you don’t even know what you’re competing for. ‘Success’ is just a word. When you’re a child, you don’t even know what it means. Mostly, it’s the mothers who are pursuing the careers.

“Of course, if a child has talent, it isn’t fair not to develop it, but it shouldn’t become the only goal in life. Like my niece, Shelley Fabares, on The Donna Reed Show. She’s always had talent coming out her ears, but her mother has been very wise. The growing-up comes first. Show business, second. Shelley gets good grades in school. She has dates. She has friends who are not actors and actresses and show people.”

Nanette followed her own professional debut with a vaudevillian tour headlining comedian Ben Turpin. She played in several of the “Our Gang” comedies, in between vaudeville troupings, until she started outgrowing the Baby Nan stage. At Los Angeles Junior College, she won two scholarships for Max Reinhardt’s Dramatic Workshop and played leading roles in two of his productions. It was the musical revue, “Meet the People,” which took her to New York—and I just sort of stayed.”

“I don’t know where it began,” she says of her talent for making people laugh, “but the turning point was High Button Shoes.” I had played the love interest in four previous shows. I hadn’t especially enjoyed being an actress. It was just my work, the only work I knew.

“When High Button Shoes’ came along, with Phil Silvers in the lead, I was offered my choice of playing the twenty-five-year-old ingenue, like always, or the part of the mother. There were only about four lines of dialogue in the latter role, when it started out, but it was comedy—and, in the previous shows, I had been getting laughs on lines that weren’t supposed to be funny.

“So I thought, Why not? I took the mother role and we worked on it. We worked hard on it, building the character up till it was important. And, on opening night in Philadelphia, it paid off in spades. It was a big hit and, for the first time, I really enjoyed my work. It was fun making people laugh. This isn’t something you can learn from scratch. You must have an instinct for comedy, a feeling for it, just as a writer must have a feeling for words. Me, I can’t write a decent letter.

“Of course, just having the instinct isn’t enough. Like anything else, you have to work to develop it. You have to learn it inside out. In comedy, about the only way to learn is by observation. I’ve taken something from everyone I’ve ever worked with.”

It took Nanette a long while to find her proper niche in the theater, and it wasn’t all violins and ice cream while she was searching. There were hard times as well as good. There were overnight flops as well as long-lived hits. One time, after playing the lead in two Broadway shows in quick succession, she spent two years just trying to find another job.

It took her even longer to find her proper family. Now that she has found it, she’s taking no chances on losing it. The show doesn’t come home with her—or with Randy, either. “I don’t mean we never discuss it around the house,” she amends quickly. “But we keep it in its proper perspective. It doesn’t overwhelm the whole family.”

Nanette has reached the turning point now in her personal living. She is a happy woman, with a family—and a job which gives her a lot of personal satisfaction and several million viewers a lot of laughs. So everybody wins!
The More the Merrier

(Continued from page 50)

with pessimism and danger. He should know better." So I tell them I majored in history in college and I know that in any given period of time the same point could be made.

"Threats of war, of vandalism, of economic recession and utter annihilation have always been with us. They say I'm bringing children into a world where they will be demolished by a nuclear bomb. Well, everyone is going to die sometime; the prospect of death is no reason to prevent the birth of one child or ten. I'm afraid death is regarded as a very grim specter in our society. Here in America we have such a high standard of living and, with all these creature comforts, people think, 'It can't be as good as this in heaven.' And they tend to focus on the shadows of existence rather than on reality."

Reality, to Edgar Allan Jones Jr., means appreciation of human values. Although his family grows and grows, he maintains individual contact with every member of his family. He has worked out a system so that no one is devoured by the whole. There is the "day out" when one child alone joins him and his wife Helen for dinner. For the older children, there is the "night up," when one alone comes to the living room to spend the evening with his parents. "And no matter what the child has done during the day, the 'night up' is never taken away from him as a means of punishment."

Their home is in Santa Monica. It's an old Spanish house with two floors—and four bathrooms. "A matter," he comments, "not to be taken lightly with a large family." There are two pianos, which serve four young musicians. A huge dining table supports the entire group. He says, "You can do much to prepare your children for adulthood in routine matters. When an entire family eats together, as ours does, they learn basic respect for others."

He tries to convey to the children the spirit of the law just as he does to the TV audience. He says, "To quote Judge Learned Hand, 'No court can preserve liberty unless people want it.' But liberty is dependent on law. Without it, only a few, the very strong, would be free. Well, even my children grasp this."

In the eyes of the law, especially that of Edgar Allan Jones Jr., woman is an equal citizen. "I want to see all women treated on a par with men, on terms of their own personalities and talents and skills. And I mean this for the career woman and housewife alike. When I get home a little grumpy and tired, I don't expect special treatment. I'm not surprised to find that my wife is tired, too, and may not be smiling with ecstasy as I come through the door. She has been working, too!"

He notes that domestic bliss is not easily come by, for a lawyer and his wife. Law is a jealous mistress demanding a great deal of time and energy. "But Helen and I were married when I was a law student, and then it was law twenty-four hours a day—so by comparison, things are now better. Besides, we have an ideal relationship. We've never had an argument. I defer to her and she defers to me, and we don't keep count to see who's 'ahead.'"

The Joneses start off each day with a family prayer. Before breakfast, all kneel down in the living room and ask God "to take care of us, as well as our friends and enemies." At meal-times, even the four-year-old takes his turn in asking God's blessings on the family. And while the family eats together, plays together and is taught "all for one and one for all," they are told that "all" includes people who live outside the family.

He has had young couples ask his advice on whether or not to have large families. He tells them, "It seems negative, almost depressing, for a young couple to assume that, perhaps in ten years, there won't be enough money coming in to pay the way of a large family. And it's ignorance to fear the shape of the world to come. The whole history of humanity is the broadening of insights, a greater grasp of the truths of the universe, and there isn't any reason why we should not continue broadening.

"I don't mean this only in terms of scientific achievements, but in the development of tolerance and respect for the individual. We have come a long, long way and, although we must go a longer way now in a shorter time, the history of the race on this planet has been one of progressing from a complete, callous disregard of the human person to a rather sophisticated concern. The earth could explode anytime, and astronomers will tell us that it doesn't have to be attributable to a nuclear holocaust. It's within the realm of possibility that a star might crash into us. But—even if this should happen ten days—the human race will be nonetheless ahead. This is the nature, the wonder of it, and the fact is that the next day always holds something a little better for the race as a whole—but only so long as we work at it!"

All of the Jones philosophy goes into daily practice. No matter whose birthday, all the children get a gift. ("It isn't right to give one child presents when the others don't get anything.") Finding yet another name for a new baby. ("No problem. We even give them middle names as a bonus.") Wrapping a hundred gifts for the children at Christmas. ("There's so much paper around afterward that you can't see the light of day for an hour.") His wife sewing, washing and cooking for a family of eleven. ("She's the happiest woman I know.") His putting in a fifteen-hour day in the home, on campus and at the studio. ("I believe that man and woman must use their talents to the utmost, consonant with health.")

Yes, Edgar Allan Jones Jr. believes wholeheartedly in large families. "For me," he states simply, "there could be no more pleasant way of life."
Everybody's Ragtime Girl

(Continued from page 35)
guest appearance, but then Mr. Welk told everybody it was my birthday and they brought out a big cake. I felt so good I cried, and then he hired me right there on the air.”

Since then, Jo Ann Castle's life has been what musicians call “up-tempo.” Lawrence allows his specialty artists to take outside engagements, as long as they don't interfere with the show, and the blonde pianist has been getting almost more than she can handle since her name has been associated with the maestro. Also, this year for the first time, Welk has taken the entire band on a series of one-night stands through the Midwest and the South. And that was exciting, too.

In New Orleans, Jo Ann had to see Bourbon Street. After the show, she and several of the other musicians from the troupe found a Dixieland spot where they jammed the night away.

In St. Louis, it was election night, and raining. One of the bandsmen had a transistor radio with the plug in his ear as he relayed the balloting results to Lawrence, who announced them to the audience. “We also had a television set backstage,” Jo Ann says, “and I stayed up until five o'clock watching the returns. This was my first time to vote and I was real excited.

“When I knew we were going to be on tour Election Day, I sent for an absentee ballot. But it didn't come and it didn't come, and I began to get worried. Finally, I was afraid I'd lose my very first vote, so I went downtown and marked my ballot. It was a thrill, going into the booth alone and really being a citizen. . . Of course, the very next day the absentee ballot came in the mail!”

Jo Ann had decided early in the campaign who was her choice for President, but her mother, who has been the guiding force in her career, was undecided. “We had some real electioneering around the house,” Jo Ann laughs. “I was so worried she'd vote for the other candidate—and ‘cancel out’ my vote—that I was almost a one-woman bandwagon.”

She had another opportunity to see the democratic process in action when she was playing an engagement with Buddy Morrow’s orchestra at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, South Dakota. “I was there when Senator Kennedy came through on his campaign. The Lennon Sisters were there, too, and they had met him before, so I told them they just had to introduce me. And Buddy promised to take a picture of me with Mr. Kennedy.

“When he came in, he saw the girls and went right over to talk with them. I just stood there for a long time. I was actually shy. Finally, I said to myself, ‘What’s the matter with you? You’re in this business of getting up in front of strangers, and now, all of a sudden, you get scared!’

“So, I took a deep breath and walked over and sort of stood in the way until Kathy introduced us. Then, when I got hold of his hand, I wouldn’t let go. I was so afraid Buddy wouldn’t get a picture. I was shaking hands and turning around to look at the camera, and when Senator Kennedy started to leave, I trailed along behind him, signaling over his shoulder to Buddy: ‘Did you get a picture?’

“He had got eight before I ever let go of Senator Kennedy’s hand,” she admits with a grin. “I can just imagine what he was thinking—but I was so excited, I called Mother long-distance to tell her about it.”

It’s something special and wonderfully warm to Jo Ann now when she goes on these personal appearances. Less than two years ago, she was just a performer to the people in the audience. Now she is greeted like an old friend.

“One time, a hammer fell off the piano during the show—I play the piano very hard, you know, like a man,” she says. “I was playing along and all of a sudden— whoops!—right over the keyboard. After the number, I picked it up and waved it in front of the camera. An awful lot of people must have seen it, because now on tours someone is always coming up and saying, ‘I saw that hammer you knocked off the piano.’ They’re so nice and friendly about it, like it was a family joke.

“And everybody says my personality is so different on TV. For one thing, they’re surprised at how tall I am—five-feet, seven-and-a-quarter. I’m a tall girl, and big-boned, too. But, for some reason, I look smaller on television. I do have small hands, though, which is something else that surprises them. It seems that, when you’re making a personal appearance, people want to look at your hands, and they’re always amazed that I can reach so far with such short fingers. I can reach because I exercised my fingers for years.”

Jo Ann is as accomplished an accordionist as she is a pianist. She plays the accordion occasionally on the television show. On other jobs, it is a featured part of her act. She has an electronic instrument with which she gets a stereophonic effect by placing an amplifier on one end of the stage while she plays at the other.

It produces a good sound, but her introduction to electronic music was quite literally shocking. It happened in Bakersfield, California, which is her hometown. When a strap broke on her
accordion, she borrowed another one which had been adapted to an amplifier.

"The owner suggested I try it with the amplifier," Jo Ann says, "and everything was fine until I had to disconnect it to get off stage at the break. When I came back, I was groping around trying to reconnect it, and talking to the audience to cover the time. Then I took hold of the microphone, and that was it!

"I remember thinking I should try not to fall on my face—because that would smash the accordion. So there I was, flat on my back on the stage, with the back of my head up on the dais, and I couldn't let go of the mike until somebody threw all the switches. It seemed like an eternity. I wasn't hurt. I wasn't even scared—except that I was afraid I might have broken the man's accordion."

More and more, Jo Ann is finding less and less time for relaxation. The day the pictures were scheduled to be taken for TV Radio Mirrors, she had just flown in from Fort Worth after a week of one-night stands, and was to fly out to Spokane on Sunday. With about two hours' sleep, she had to run to rehearsal for the Welk show, hurry to the studio for the pictures, then dash off to the Aragon Ballroom to play for the evening. She wasn't worried about the lost sleep. Her only concern was whether or not "the photographer could tell if I was tired."

When she does have an evening of her own, she likes to go to shows or bowling. "I try to make time for dates." When asked if the dates are with anyone in particular, she grins self-consciously and admits, "In a way."

"I'm more or less in an ABC clique," she adds. "There's a bunch of us—the engineers and announcers and their wives, and we do things together."

It's a busy life Jo Ann is leading, and a happy one. She is still thrilled by her substantial stacks of fan mail, and a little awed that so many of her fans take such a personal interest in her career. "There's one man in Joliet who writes every week. He's never presumptuous or out-of-order. He just comments on the show each time and what I did. And there's another one. It's as if he were watching the show while he writes. His letters are a regular running commentary on the way I smiled or a gesture I made. The main thing is, they all say they don't see enough of me on the show—and that's good!"

"Someday, of course, even the Lawrence Welk engagement must come to an end. "I haven't thought much about what happens after that," she admits. "I'll want to expand in every field—except dancing. I started out as a dancer, and it doesn't appeal to me anymore. I may try to get into acting. Actresses have told me I have expressions which should work out well in dramas.

"I just don't know, not yet. I was so excited about being twenty-one, but I'm even over that now. I'm as old as I ever want to be. I feel like old age is already creeping up on me! She says it with a laugh, but there is a bit of a sober look in her eye. After all, right now, at twenty-one, it's a wonderful, wonderful world in which Jo Ann Castle finds herself.

(Continued from page 28)

You know how hard I've worked. . . ."

The previous few minutes had offered a capsule interview of Connie's terrific pace. She had arrived at her Broadway office after a rugged four hours of language lessons. To communicate with her international audience, she is studying French, Italian, German, Japanese and Spanish. Turning the efficient young executive, she then discussed contracts with her manager, George Schect, dictated letters and set the date for a recording session. At last, she was ready to sit down and talk, and she knew what she wanted to say.

"Even in high school, I had no time for dates. Five minutes spent holding someone's hand was five minutes taken away from work." Her dark eyes sparked with laughter. "I've got news for you: I now dig boys. I don't want to sound like the female version of the sailor who has a romance in every port, but I've got a boyfriend in Hollywood and another in London and one in Germany. And I've got a real groovy little thing going in Canada, too. Since my bookings keep me racing around the world, it's fun to know there's a particular someone waiting."

Serious again, she added, "For the first time, I am planning my work so that I also have time to play. In fact, I have planned my work so that I also have time to play."

Connie's subsequent appearances with them did not go unnoticed. She says, "Every time some one took me to dinner, the columnists tried to marry us off." One such report brought consolation back home in New Jersey. "My mother is an absolute darling," Connie observes, "but she can be pretty square about some of these Hollywood things. She was crying so hard that she called my secretary, Sandy Constantinople, instead of me. Between sobs, she said she was glad I had found someone I loved, but she did feel badly because I was going to marry a man she had never met."

Irked, Connie investigated. She then phoned her mother. "I told her that I had never met that man, either. In fact, no one had, because he did not exist. This was just a name some one made up and put in a column."

One boyfriend who definitely does exist is MGM's promising young actor, Anthony Hall, who stars in "Atlantic," Speaking of him, Connie flashes a smile and flirts her long eyelashes. "He's gorgeous. Girls turn around for a second look. He's also a warm, intelligent, understanding person."

Happily, Tony turned Mr. Pasternak's advice into a for-real experience. "When I opened at the Las Vegas Hotel," Connie recalls, "he flew down. For the first time, I was practically forced to have fun. There was nothing else to do. No recording sessions, no interviews, no promotion appearances. I worked just two shows a night and, beyond that, Tony and I danced, swam, went water-skiing or just sat around being lazy. In the words of the song, I had a chance to enjoy being a girl."

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from Adams to Zimbalist

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that show people all over the world await with keen
anticipation. It's the yearbook that covers all the
history-making moments of the industry... all the
great shows and programs of the year. Here, too, is the
news of the year—the marriages... divorces... babies... and those choice bits about he and she. You
will go for the intimate stories about the stars and the
life they lead off stage. You will go for the yummy
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favorite stars and programs is a best seller
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coupon with 50c—today.
Teen-Aged Dollmaker

Dear Editors:

My hobby is creating miniature dolls of various popular TV stars. This is an exciting, fun-filled pastime for me, and has brought me many hours of pleasure. At present, my collection includes Kathryn and Arthur Murray, Paul Winchell, Jerry Mahoney, Knucklehead Smiff, and The Three Stooges. The dolls take a good deal of work, including analysis of the person which the doll represents, but it all seems worth it compared to the pleasure I have received from my hobby.

Sincerely,
Linda Dill Baird, Texas

Editor's Note: A photograph of some of the dolls appears above.

Calling All Fans

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


Johnny Tillotson Fan Club, Nancy Lee Gardner, 26 Lincoln St., Hartford, Conn.

Brothers Four Fan Club, Sally Johnson, 2060 Heath Rd., Chesterland, O.

Pat Harrington Jr. Fan Club, Lynda Norman, 1447 Harvard St., Santa Monica, California.

Lennon Sisters Fan Club, Eugene Gorney, 7415 Pleasant View Dr., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota.

(Continued on page 3)
PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW!"
FREE! Frank, revealing 24-page book explaining menstruation. Write Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

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Cover Portrait of Loretta Young by John Engstead

BUY YOUR MAY ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE APRIL 6
Lucky Dozen Contest Winners

TV Radio Mirror is pleased to announce the winners in our January "Lucky Dozen" contest.

Winner of Grand Prize and camera from Rick Nelson: Bill Fox, Athens, Ohio.
Sweater from Paul Anka: Michael Thomas, Norfolk 5, Virginia.
Umbrella from Dodie Stevens: Ellen Mason, Seville, Ohio.
RCA Victor "Victrola" from Neil Sedaka: Jim Wilson, Canton, Ohio.
Chair from Fabian: Pam Bowen, Park Ridge, Illinois.
Jewelry box from Joanie Sommers: Susanna Sommers, Vancouver 10, B.C.
Charm bracelet from Jo Ann Campbell: Carol Haugen, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Typewriter from Connie Stevens: Don Altman, Miami 56, Florida.
Wristwatch from Bobby Rydell: Patricia W. Fuet, Buffalo, New York.
Clock radio from Rod Lauren: Rose Leion, Miami Beach 41, Florida.
Stuffed animal from Connie Francis: Sharon Lee Porter, Winchester Bay, Oregon.
Transistor radio from Annette Funicello: Dave Conner, Phoenix, Arizona.

Some Quickies

Please tell me if Teresa Brewer and Gale Storm are sisters.
P.M., Cookstown, N.J.
They are not related.

I would like to know where and when Allen Case was born.
B.D., West Covina, Calif.
He was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 8, 1934.

How old is Paul Burke? To whom is he married and does he have any children?
M.E., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Paul is 34, has a wife, Peggy, and three children.

Do Roger Smith and his wife have any children? If so, what are their names and ages?
L.M., Columbia, S.C.
They have a daughter Tracy, almost 4, and a son Jordan, 2½.

We'll answer questions about radio and TV in this column, provided they are of general interest. Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Attach this box, specifying whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE

by PETER ABBOTT

Hot Stuff: The Art Carney revue got the walloping treatment from critics but Lee Remick came out of it covered with whipped cream and cited as a "sparkling new comedienne." And now she is being besieged with TV offers.... Bob Stack's wife, Rosemarie Bowe, wants to come out of domestic retirement and act again.... Pat Boone in the production business. His company will make a series on the great Barnum for ABC-TV.... Hugh O'Brian skimmed through N.Y.C. after a skiing vacation in the Alps. He's now busy readying three TV shows for presentation to the networks.... Du Pont has an ambitious plan for spring—a ninety-minute spec on the lives of Laurel and Hardy. It hopes to get Gleason and Carney for the title roles.... Take a good look, for it may be your last, at Ernie Kovacs's *Take A Good Look*. Any day now *pow*! Most likely replacement will be *Silents, Please*. .... At R.C.A. figures on TV color receiver sales are rosy, not red. Profit in sales for 1960 was over $1 million.... On March 19, Sammy Davis Jr. guest-stars on *Lawman* as a cowboy. This is not showbiz hokum. Negro cowboys were among those who broke the trails to the West.... An airline hostess, who stops over in Manhattan occasionally, claims to be...
First of "Brothers Four" to wed, John Paine, wife Libby now have son Scott.

Rick Nelson's most steady date. . . . Jan Murray has a new idea for a science fiction movie he would title "Flapjack." The story of a monster pancake that eats waiters!

Spring Fever: Polly Bergen's TV absence is temporary. She is presently working on a film, "Cape Fear," with Gregory Peck. And, come summer, she is due to make a TV comedy series titled, Occupation: Female. . . . Last year, NBC paid Ingrid Bergman $100,000 for her first TV dramatic performance. But Marilyn Monroe will get a larger gratuity—$125,000—to play the temptress in "Rain." Rod Serling will adapt the Somerset Maugham story for TV. Oscar Homolka has the part of the innkeeper and Fredric March is being sought for the missionary. NBC plans to schedule the blockbuster for November. . . . The biggest musical success story of '60, The Brothers Four have another four-star album in Columbia's "B.M.O.C."—Best Music On (or off) Campus. One of the "brothers," Dick Foley, started off the new year by marrying his Seattle sweetheart, Janice Eisinga. The score is now two down and two bachelors to go, because John Paine has been married more than two years and has a son six months old. . . . Dragnet's Jack Webb huddling with Danny Thomas over a new series. . . . Fabian, three credits short for midterm graduation, will make it for sure with the June graduating class. His next movie will be made with society actress Dina Merrill—and how's that for "from rags to riches"?

Grant Takes New York: The talented decibels of singing star Gogi Grant came over the phone, "I only have twenty minutes before the fitter gets here, and then back to rehearsal." In town for The Ed Sullivan Show, Gogi explained that, the moment work was over, she would fly back to "the most wonderful man in the world—my husband Robert Rifkind. I just won't take a job that will keep me out of commuting distance for over a week." Married two years, they recently moved into (Continued on page 74)
Kiss from fabulous Fabian should be enough for any teenster! But Brenda Lee has other dreams—one here, one overseas.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

by EUNICE FIELD

Capital Hepcats: The cat who went to London to visit the queen had nothing on Louis Prima. With the okay of the Las Vegas Desert Inn, Louis and lovely wife Keely Smith cut short their date at the hotel by a week in order to attend the star-studded Inauguration Ball for John F. Kennedy, and perform at the money-making wingding master-minded by Frank Sinatra. Though this was Keely's first brush with Washington society, Louis had "made the scene" before. In 1942, Eleanor Roosevelt bade him come to dinner with the President and family. For days, Louis worried over protocol and what to wear. But what gave him most concern was how to address F.D.R. Should he call him "Sir"? "Your Honor"? Or just "Mr. President"? Came the great occasion and Louis was ushered into the smiling presence of F.D.R. His mind went blank. The little speech he had prepared, protocol, the proprieties, were all gone. He looked at the President's outstretched hand and blurted "Hiya, Daddy-o." Then he stood and prayed for the floor to open and swallow him. Now came the greatest of all shocks. The President took his hand, squeezed it, chuckled and shot back, "And how are you, my friend Daddy-o?"

Queens High: For the past two years, actresses K. T. Stevens (Mrs. Hugh Marlowe), Midge Ware (Mrs. Arthur Bitanides), Peg LaCentra (Mrs. Paul Stewart), Chris Nelson (Mrs. Louis Quinn) and Joy Terry (Mrs. Paul Frees)—plus their non-pro pals, Charle Wynn (Mrs. Keenan), Julie Forsythe (Mrs. John), Marianne Stewart and Dorothy Atlas—get together on Tuesday nights for a fast, tough session of poker. Men are strictly banned. But the deal-to-the-death brand of poker played by the gal pals requires a minimum of seven hands. Thus, on at least three nights, the absence of a player made them compromise and let a husband fill in. So "honored" were Keenan Wynn, John Forsythe and Louis Quinn. They had to swear, however, that they would never blab a word of what they heard to anyone, because the chitchat is almost completely distaff stuff. Also, in order not to break the illusion of an all-gal game, the boys were forced to answer all evening to the names of Kay, Joan and Louise.
Keely Smith remains unimpressed, as husband Louis Prima recalls how he handled matters in the White House.

**The Vast Differences in the Teens**

A girl of 12 received a Christmas present of $25 from a relative. Her mother refused to let her spend it, however, saying she would merely waste it on trivialities. “When can I spend it?” the girl asked. “When you are 16,” the mother replied. Mollified, the girl sat down to make a list of what she would buy when she had her money. Suddenly she burst into tears. “The whole list’s wasted,” she sobbed. “I won’t want at 16 what I want now. Now I’ll have to find a 16-year-old and ask her what she’d buy with $25.”

It is true that the teens create their own gulfs every single year. Sixteen is nothing like fifteen. Seventeen changes again. And eighteen looks back with amazement on seventeen’s carefree outlook.

Some time during these formative years, many girls make up their minds to try a most popular product: Tampax. What motivates them? Generally speaking, a newly acquired maturity of viewpoint.

When you consider how many of your own friends use Tampax®; it is obvious that there is nothing strange or unnatural about internal sanitary protection. In fact, by absorbing internally, Tampax prevents odor, chafing, irritation, embarrassment. Far smaller than an external pad, Tampax is easy to dispose of, convenient to carry. And it gives complete freedom of action.

Some day you, too, will almost surely graduate to Tampax... just as you graduated to lipstick and high heels. For every Tampax user maintains firmly that Tampax is a better way; not just different—better!

**For What’s New on the East Coast, See Page 4**

**Tampax** Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from previous page)

Stars in her eyes—if they mean what they say, SurfSide 6's Diane McBain is in for an eventful life!

New daytimer, Shoppers Keepers, may lure football's Frank Gifford to TV-emceeing for CBS next fall.

The strangest way. Not only are we getting fatter due to TV “snacking,” but the middle of the figure is suffering from our prolonged sitting, and the sizing of clothing is being changed as a result. But young character actor Kelton Garwood may save the day. He's working on the invention of a stationary "TV" bicycle. It will have a tray on the handlebars and, says Kelton, viewers can eat and work off the fat while they enjoy their shows... Lost in the Stars: Vivacious, blonde Diane McBain is a star with stars on her mind. Diane has become an astrology addict and recently put out $40 for a complete horoscope. On the set of SurfSide 6, she sat poring over the chart that predicted she would marry a rich man in 1964, remarry twice again, go into a profitable business venture and attain great movie fame. Her co-stars, Van Williams and Troy Donahue, observed her with skeptical eyes, as she read them the various predictions. "The only thing I can't understand is why this says I'll definitely retire at 35," Diane sighed. Snapped "unbeliever" Troy, "If you keep on studying that silly chart instead of your script, you may be retiring a lot sooner than that..."

The Price Was Right: The cast of Goodson-Todman's new TV series, One Happy Family, is fast becoming just that in real life, too. When Jody Warner—who plays the bride in the situation comedy which features three generations living under one roof—bought her first home, she was in such haste to move in that she didn't wait to buy furniture. Within three days, her TV parents and grandparents, Chick Chandler, Elizabeth Fraser, Jack Kirkwood and Cheerio Meredith had practically furnished the house for her. Cheerio sent a bedroom set; Kirkwood, living and dining room suites; and Chandler and TV wife Liz Fraser made kitchen and den contributions. Jody was delighted to have the use of these "second-hand" gifts until she can find time to do some shopping on her own. But one article from "Gramps" Kirkwood amazed her. It was a tin bathtub. "Now what do I need that for?" she asked. Quoth Jack, "It was on sale for thirty-five cents in a curiosity shop and, at that price, I figured no home can afford to be without one."... The Who-done-it of Art: Roger Moore has instructed a London art agent to make inquiry about buying a painting by Sir Winston Churchill. The former British prime minister had earlier declined to sell any of his paintings, but, since he must get his estate in order to meet heavy inheritance taxes, will shortly offer them (Continued on page 70)
Announcing the
TV RADIO MIRROR
AWARDS FOR 1960-61

THE STAR OF THE YEAR
LORETTA YOUNG

TV'S "GOLDEN DOZEN"

MOST POPULAR NEW ACTOR
Rod Taylor
BEST NEW COMEDIENNE
Annie Fargé
BEST NEW MUSICAL PROGRAM
NBC Saturday Prom
BEST NEW SITUATION COMEDY
My Three Sons
BEST CHILDREN'S PROGRAM
The Shari Lewis Show
BEST PANEL PROGRAM
To Tell The Truth

BEST DAYTIME ACTRESS
Mary Stuart
BEST NEW DRAMATIC SERIES
Checkmate
BEST NEW SPECIAL SERIES
Purex Specials for Women
BEST FAMILY PROGRAM
Leave It To Beaver
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MOST ORIGINAL NEW SERIES
The Flintstones

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FOR OUTSTANDING INTERPRETATION
OF NEWS ON RADIO
Edward R. Murrow's "Background"
FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT
AS EMCEE AND IMPRESARIO
Garry Moore

FOR DISTINGUISHED NEWSCASTING
ON BOTH RADIO AND TV
Chet Huntley and David Brinkley
BEST CONTINUING VARIETY
PROGRAM ON THE AIR
Kraft Music Hall
The editors of TV Radio Mirror salute the people and shows of TV and radio which have brightened the present season of home entertainment for millions of Americans.

**Best Continuing Variety Show on the Air:** Now sixty minutes long and telecast in color, each Wednesday evening, *Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall* (NBC-TV) carries on a tradition of entertainment excellence which began on radio, for this sponsor, back in 1933... long before Como—or the industry itself!—dreamed of success on the magic screen.

**Television** has come a long way since the days when you used to peer through the snow on your seven-inch screen to see Milton Berle or Jerry Lester and Dagmar. The snow has melted away. And Dagmar has been replaced by a passel of rootin' tootin' cowboys, some of the slickest private-eyes ever to track down a criminal, a full contingent of erudite news commentators—and even, last fall, by the candidates for the Presidency of the United States.

You can settle down in an easy chair any evening, this season, and see and hear some of the best that the entertainment world has to offer. People, to whom Mike Nichols and Elaine May or Maurice Evans or Harry Belafonte would otherwise be only names, are now able to watch these top-flight performers in their own living rooms. As television has grown larger and larger, the world has grown smaller and smaller.

Vying with each other to present the most popular programs on the air, the three major networks have come up this season with new shows which, they hope, will one day become as popular as those perennials which return year after year "by popular demand."

From the new and the old, TV Radio Mirror has selected, for its annual Awards, those programs which best fill the roles for which they are intended, and those stars who have contributed most to television's and radio's popularity.

- As she whirls blithely onto the screen, Sunday evenings, Loretta Young is every elegant and talented inch the star—and TV Radio Mirror's "star of the
Best New Comedienne: France's Annie Farge brings both authentic talent and authentic personality to her role in Angel (CBS-TV) — as the bewildered but resourceful French-born bride of America's Marshall Thompson.

Best New Situation Comedy: Movies' Fred MacMurray (center) stars as widower on ABC-TV's My Three Sons — with Lucy's lovable William Frawley (rear) as the "housekeeper" for an all-male household which includes young Tim Considine (right), middle-sized Don Grady, littlest-son Stanley Livingston and a very shaggy dog.

Most Popular New Actor: Australian-born Rod Taylor has found his most rewarding American role to date, as the foreign-correspondent hero of exciting Hong Kong (ABC-TV) who is ably abetted — and sometimes thwarted — by series-regular Lloyd Bochner (in uniform at left).

In an industry where few women have made it big, and where the life expectancy of any program is figured at four or five years, Loretta is now in her eighth season as hostess and star of The Loretta Young Show, with a faithful following of twenty millions. (This season, re-runs of her earlier plays are also being shown five afternoons a week as The Loretta Young Theater.) The full story of the fragile-looking star's fabulous career appears elsewhere in this issue of TV RADIO MIRROR.

- When long-lived programs — and stars — are mentioned, Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall just has to head the list. The perennially popular Perry has had his own television show for twelve years, starting with a fifteen-minute program three times a week in 1948, and shifting six years ago to his current hour format. For the past two seasons, he's presided over the even longer-lived Kraft Music Hall, which was launched on radio back in 1933, when Como was still cutting hair back in Canonsburg, Pa. TV Radio Mirror gives a double bow to Perry and the Hall for the best continuing variety show on the air.

Produced under the banner of Roncom, Perry's own company, the program makes use of the talents of Mitchell Ayres and his orchestra and the Ray Charles singers, long familiar on Como shows. The easy-going atmosphere is helped along by producer Nick Vanoff, director Dwight Hemiol, writer Goodman Ace and his staff of four. One of these writers is Selma Diamond, about whom a story appears elsewhere in this issue.
TV Radio Mirror's National Awards 1960 - 61

- From the movies to TV has come the star of TV Radio Mirror's choice for the best new situation comedy of the year, My Three Sons. Fred MacMurray had been a big name in movies for twenty years, and finished his latest feature picture, "The Absent-Minded Professor," for Walt Disney, just before beginning work on the new series.

Though he had previously made only guest appearances on TV, and turned down any number of series, Fred accepted the role of widower Steve Douglas without hesitation. The idea—the complications of life in an all-male household—appealed to him. And with Peter Tewskbury—who had won an Emmy for his work on Father Knows Best—at the helm as producer-director, Fred figured he was in good hands. He was right: The show was a hit from the start, with both critics and audiences. And that's no mean feat.

Once his signature was on the dotted line, Fred's role was, of course, tailored to his man-next-door personality, long popular with movie-goers and now proving just as appealing to home viewers. But much of the success of My Three Sons is also due to William Frawley, who plays Bub, housekeeper for Fred and his sons. Known for years, to everyone who's ever looked at a TV screen, as the next-door neighbor in I Love Lucy, Bill Frawley presides over the kitchen sink as if he'd been doing it all his life. He looks right at home.

In their smaller parts, the three boys—played by Tim Considine, Don Grady and Stanley Livingston—are just as believable. Of these, twenty-year-old Tim is best known. An alumnus of The Mickey Mouse Club and other Disney features, he also worked with Fred in "The Shaggy Dog" a couple of years ago.

- Though he has been in Hollywood since 1955, working in both movies and television, Australian-born Rod Taylor got TV Radio Mirror's vote as the most popular new TV actor of the year. For it is as Glenn Evans, the two-fisted foreign correspondent of Hong Kong, that Rod has made his first big impact on American audiences. A rugged guy—five-feet-eleven and 175 pounds—who insists on doing his own fight scenes, Rod is also a competent actor, with more than ten years' experience on radio and the stage, as well as in movies and TV. He had turned down exactly nineteen series offers, he says, before he read the Hong Kong script and found it irresistible. On the TV screen Wednesday evenings, women are finding him irresistible, too.

Born in Sydney, Australia, the son of a contractor (his father) and a writer (his mother), Rod was wavering between art and acting when Sir Laurence...
Distinguished Newscasting on Both Radio and TV: No one tops David Brinkley and Chet Huntley—solo or as a team—whether on radio’s Emphasis, TV’s Texaco newscasts, or special NBC reports around the world.

Olivier and the Old Vic company appeared “down under.” That settled the question of a career for the seventeen-year-old. After some amateur theatrical experience and a year’s study, he began pounding on the doors of radio stations. Got in eventually, and, by the time he was twenty-four, he was named best actor of the year by Australian newspaper critics. His prize was a trip to England, but he never went there. Deciding to have a look at Hollywood first, he was signed to a movie contract and has made ten pictures since—the latest, “The Time Machine,” in 1959.

With a big budget and no corner-cutting necessary, Rod gets top-notch support from Lloyd Bochner, who plays the police inspector, and some of the most sought-after Oriental cuties in Hollywood. The lavish production included making background shots in Hong Kong itself, where Rod got too close for comfort to the border of Red China. Since then, he has settled down to a safe but grueling schedule of thirty-six hour-long episodes, one right after the other. They are made at 20th Century-Fox, where Rod is also under contract for movies.

- Even less familiar to American audiences, until last fall, was Annie Fargé, the twenty-four-year-old who walked off with TV Radio Mirror’s Award for the best new comedienne of the year. Though she has a fine theatrical background in her native France, she had been seen here in only a few TV commercials before she turned up in Angel. But the pint-sized bit of femininity who struggles with the language—and all things American—on TV, began winning hearts on her first appearance, last October, and has been enlarging her holdings each week since.

There was nothing in Annie’s early life to indicate that a bright new star was in the making, unless it was the fact that her world was so terrifying she was forced into make-believe to escape from it. Annie’s family is Jewish—her real name is Goldfarb—and when the Nazis invaded France in 1940, the little four-year-old and her brother, six, were hustled off to a friend’s farm near the Belgian border. Registered under assumed names, they lived for five years with neither mother nor father, and always in the shadow of death.

Annie was nine when she rejoined her mother in Paris, and fourteen when—having auditioned successfully for the Conservatoire National—she received parental permission to study acting. Graduated at sixteen, she has been appearing on the French stage since. She was married in 1958 to Dutch dance-director-chorégrapher Dirk Sanders, and their first child, daughter Leslie, was born in Paris on April 6, 1960. Two months later, Annie was in Hollywood, beginning work on Angel and coping with all things American, just as she does on-screen.

- Garry Moore has proved that life on TV isn’t necessarily an ephemeral affair. After eight seasons as the emcee of a daytime program during which he endeared himself to millions of housewives, Garry bowed out in 1958, in favor of a weekly nighttime show, and quickly proved that he could hold his own against formidable competition.

Garry doesn’t sing, dance, or act—and, though he’s sometimes labeled a comedian, he doesn’t tell many jokes, either. But the warmth of his personality, and his shrewd showmanship, have made him one of the most popular emcees and impresarios in the business. In the opinion of TV Radio Mirror, he is this year’s best.

In his years on radio and television, Garry has introduced new ideas and personalities galore. Dig back into the beginnings of dozens of present-day stars—George Gobel—for one—and you’ll find they got their start with Garry. Last season, Carol Burnett was zoomed into the upper stratum of show business on the

Best New Special Series: Skillfully tackling such topics as “The Working Mother” (with Leora Dana and Seth Edwards, below), the hour-long Purex Specials For Women (NBC-TV) proved that no subject is too delicate or too difficult for daytime—when handled with taste.
Moore show. *Candid Camera*, which had been an on-and-off item for years, was incorporated into Garry’s program as a weekly feature and was so popular that, this season, it’s been made into a highly successful half-hour of its own. “The Wonderful Year of…”, another Moore innovation, has become a series of successful record albums.

- For years, critics of television, both professional and amateur, have complained about the quality of daytime programs. In their opinion, housewives, who make up the major part of the daytime audiences, were being fed pap. But since the arrival of the *Purex Specials For Women* last October, they are—some happily, some reluctantly—eating their words. Hour-long and presented at intervals of approximately once a month, the programs were chosen by *TV Radio Mirror* for its “best new special series” Award.

Each of the shows deals with a major problem area for women in today’s society, and a special bow goes to Irving Gitlin, executive producer of the series, and his staff for their courage in presenting subjects which were considered taboo only a few seasons ago. But The Cold Woman, The Single Woman, The Working Mother—though treated forthrightly—have been done with such taste that no one could take offense.

- Newscasters extraordinary are Chet Huntley, forty-nine, and David Brinkley, forty. The team has this year risen to a new place of prominence. On NBC, their nightly TV *Texaco Huntley-Brinkley Report… Emphasis*, a radio program on which they and other newsmen comment on events, trends and personalities that make the news… *Chet Huntley Reporting…* and various special programs… have made the two newsmen true celebrities. *TV Radio Mirror’s* Award for distinguished newscasting on both television and radio is thus awarded to them for 1960.

- Turning from the established talent in the news field to new faces in TV drama, we survey next *Checkmate*, the new hour-long show which is *TV Radio Mirror’s* choice as the best new dramatic series of the year.

The creator of the series is Eric Ambler, whose name on a book jacket is a guarantee of cold chills up and down the spine to mystery aficionados. Older of the two co-stars is Anthony George, thirty-five. Tall, dark and handsome, he has been working in Hollywood since 1943, appeared last season as an aide to Eliot Ness in *The Untouchables*. The younger is twenty-five-year-old Doug McClure, a native Californian recruited from last season’s *Overland Trail*. Sebastian Cabot, long-time stage, screen and television actor, plays the former Oxford criminology professor to the last turn of a whisker.

A liberal production budget has allowed for filming on location in San Francisco, where the private-eye firm is theoretically headquartered, as well as in Los Angeles, has made possible guest stars of high caliber, and has made Tony George one of the best-dressed dicks in the business. The experienced hands doing the mixing of all these ingredients are Herb Coleman, who learned about chiller-dillers from that old master, Alfred Hitchcock, and Maxwell Shane, most recently producer of *M Squad*.

- Among the hardy perennials in the fast-changing world of television is *To Tell The Truth*, winner of a *TV Radio Mirror* Award as the year’s best panel show. A product of Goodson-Todman, which also produces *What’s My Line?*, *To Tell The Truth* made its debut without any great fanfare four years ago. But it caught the public fancy, and has continued to hold it. Like many successful ideas, it is simple. By asking a series of questions, four panelists attempt to decide which of three people, all claiming to be the same
Outstanding Interpretation of News on Radio: All the skill of one of broadcasting's most experienced, most respected minds went into the analysis on CBS Radio's Background With Edward R. Murrow (right).

person, is telling the truth. Though they have no stake in it, home viewers like to guess, too.

It's a relaxed, easy-going half-hour, presided over by personable Bud Collyer. Like its time slot, which has changed several times over the years, the panelists have changed, too. Polly Bergen alone remains of the original four. Kitty Carlisle and Tom Poston are other recent regulars, joined each week by a guest panelist.

- Since World War II, when his words, “This is London,” were the prelude to newscasts from that beleaguered city, Edward R. Murrow has been a commentator of stature on both radio and television. Back last summer, from an eight-month trip around the world, during which he observed various international trouble spots, he started a new radio series: Background With Edward R. Murrow. To this Sunday show goes TV Radio Mirror's Award for outstanding interpretation of news on radio. After the Awards had been determined came the news of Mr. Murrow's appointment by President Kennedy as director of the United States Information Agency. In this new post, his avowed intention: “Whatever is done will have to stand on a rugged basis of truth.”

- The Shari Lewis Show—another program new this year—receives TV Radio Mirror's Award as the best children's show of 1960.

Shari is just five feet tall and weighs ninety-seven pounds. She is a ventriloquist, puppeteer, story-teller, dancer, musician and magician—and uses all these talents to entertain her small-fry audiences. With her are her puppets: The flirtatious-lashed Lamb Chop, pun-loving Charlie Horse, Hush Puppy and Wing Ding. Playing her next-door neighbor, Mr. Goodfellow, is English actor Ronald Radd, out of Broadway's "My Fair Lady." His "dog," Jump Pup, is played by Jack Warner.

Putting all these elements together is a group of young and talented folk: Producer Bob Scheerer; director Bob Hultgren (formerly of Howdy Doody); writers Saul Turteltaub and Lan O'Kun, who worked with Shari on her local shows; and the star herself. A weekend brain-storming session is followed by three days of rehearsals, during which O'Kun composes the music and songs to be used, and the bits and pieces are brought together on Thursday, when they are taped for showing two days later.

Shari and her puppets aren't new to moppets in the New York area, where she had two local programs, Hi Mom and Shariland, a few years ago. But, for children in other parts of the country, The Shari Lewis Show is a brand-new half-hour of magic people with puppets as real to them as the twenty-seven-year-old who manipulates them, and especially entrancing in all the magic of color television.

Best Panel Show: An ever-increasing audience tunes in on Goodson-Todman's To Tell The Truth (CBS-TV), eager to match wits with panelists (here Polly Bergen, Don Ameche, Kitty Carlisle, Tom Poston). Bud Collyer emcees.
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Best Children's Show: Childhood's most delightful companion sparkles The Shari Lewis Show (NBC-TV) on Saturday mornings, accompanied not only by her cast of puppets, but by two full-size performers—Jack Warner as "Jump Pup," Ronald Radd as "Mr. Goodfellow."

- Just as a lot of grown-ups watch The Shari Lewis Show, so do a surprising number of men make a point of catching Search For Tomorrow, a daytime dramatic series aimed at women, and the oldest such on TV. (Its star, Mary Stuart, even has a fan club made up of truck drivers who stop for lunch every day at a Buffalo, New York diner to watch her show.) Equally popular with women all across the country, Mary was an obvious choice for TV Radio Mirror's Award as best daytime actress.

  It was in September, 1951, that Mary took on the role of Joanne Barron (later to become Mrs. Arthur Tate). In the same month, she became, in real life, Mrs. Richard Krolik, wife of a New York press agent. For more than nine years, she has happily combined her two careers. Where else, she asks, could she find a spot which would allow her to continue acting and yet be a devoted wife and mother?

  A graduate of Tulsa University and its little theater, an alumna of Hollywood—where she had "small parts in big pictures and big parts in little pictures"—Mary is today successfully playing her double role and reigning as "queen of daytime drama." A story on Mary and her family appears elsewhere in this issue.

- When the NBC Saturday Prom debuted last October, it was intended for teenagers, but when its creator and producer, Ed Pierce, saw a member of his crew out on the dance floor with his wife during rehearsals, it began to dawn on him that he had something for grown-ups, too. Even parents who couldn't care less about dancing are enthusiastic about the weekly program.

Best Family Show: The ever-loving but everlasting differences of viewpoint between children and parents have never been captured more charmingly than in Leave It To Beaver (ABC-TV). Left to right—Tony Dow, Barbara Billingsley, Jerry Mathers, Hugh Beaumont.

The show has kept its promise re the bands and the singers. Studio 8H is weekly turned into a festive prom setting, with a dance floor bordered by tables and chairs, and a soft-drink bar. Each week, some 400 or 500 students from a different high school in the New York area are brought in as guests. And Merv Griffin, who began his show-business career as a pop singer, and is now also emcee of the daytime Play Your Hunch, presides.

To the NBC Saturday Prom goes TV Radio Mirror's Award for the best new musical show of the year.

- There's no question about for whom Leave It To Beaver is intended, or who watches it. It's a family show, for men and women, grown-ups, teenagers and kids—and, in the opinion of TV Radio Mirror, the best such show in many a moon.

It's more than three years now since Beaver and Wally and their sometimes harassed, more often perplexed, parents first appeared on home screens. Beaver was eight then, and Wally, twelve. But as Jerry Mathers, who plays Beaver, and Tony Dow, the Wally of the series, have grown, so have the two on-screen brothers. The complications of life in the Cleaver household have changed, too, to fit the older boys.

The brain child of Joe Connelly and Bob Mosher, who have continued to write and produce it, there's no doubt whence it gets its authenticity: There are six little Connelys and two little Moshers at home.

- Up on the fourth floor of the RCA Building, in the very center of busy New York, is a group of offices
Best New Musical Show: Telecasting today's best in both dance bands and singing stars, NBC Saturday Prom has attracted an even wider audience than anticipated—parents at home join the toe-tapping fun, along with teenagers in Studio 8H, where proceedings are emceed by Merv Griffin (center), who also hosts the weekday Play Your Hunch.

Best Daytime Actress: The warmth and talent of Mary Stuart has much to do with the long-running success of Search For Tomorrow. Other fine members of this CBS-TV "family" include Lynn Loring and Terry O'Sullivan.

which provides a small oasis of calm, complete with rocking chairs and afternoon tea. Here work five dedicated men who are responsible for Project 20. In its seven years of existence, this little group has produced twelve films dealing with the major events and forces which have acted upon twentieth-century man. All of them have received salvo's of applause from critics. More important, audiences have become increasingly aware of them, too. This year, Project 20 has topped the series ratings list whenever one of its films has been shown. It's the winner of this year's TV Radio Mirror Award for the best documentary series. A full story on Donald Hyatt, producer-director, and Project 20 appears elsewhere in this issue.

- Something new under the sun, and on the TV screen, made its appearance this season—and wins an Award from TV Radio Mirror as the most original new series on the air. It is The Flintstones, a situation comedy for adults in cartoon technique, picturing the Stone Age adventures of Fred and Wilma Flintstone and their neighbors, Betty and Barney Rubble.

Out of the imagination of Joe Barbera and Bill Hanna, who are responsible for such kiddie cartoon fare as Yogi Bear and Huckleberry Hound, this new format seems certain to start a new trend in TV comedy. What makes these two men tick is the basis for a story elsewhere in this magazine.

And there they are—the sixteen stars and shows judged best by TV Radio Mirror's editors for the current season. They furnish solid proof that there's much that's good, a lot that's superb, on radio-TV.
TV Radio Mirror presents here, in brief, the story of Loretta Young which concisely defines the special quality of her success.

Her personal messages on The Loretta Young Show spell out a credo by which she herself has lived—and which she herself expresses so well in the accompanying story. Result today: A stellar career-record which is literally "incomparable."

The Loretta Young Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by The Toni Company and Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. The Loretta Young Theater (repeats) is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 2:30 P.M. EST.
Gretchen Young's first big break resulted from a simple fact. She was in the right place at the right time; a bell rang and she answered it.

Mervyn LeRoy, of First National, was telephoning her sister Polly Ann. Twelve-year-old Gretchen explained that Polly Ann was working for a week and on location. Alerted to hear whatever might be opportunity's knock on her door, "Won't I do?" she asked.

LeRoy told her to come to the studio. She went to the studio and she got a job—but not Polly Ann's. She was hired, with several other children, for a sequence in a Colleen Moore picture.

Miss Moore (First National's top box-office star) noticed her on the set. Miss Moore called the front office. Miss Moore insisted the studio put the tall, lanky youngster under a long-term contract. Miss Moore changed her name Gretchen to "Loretta." Miss Moore predicted the child would become a great beauty!

Loretta has a basic philosophy of life, which she herself summed up concisely in an article she wrote for TV Radio Mirror a number of years ago, "Have Faith in Yourself." As she explains, "You have to believe in yourself if you want to be a success in life. It doesn't make any difference if you want to be a successful actress, engineer, or housewife. Believing in yourself is the keynote in any field of endeavor."

"By (Continued on page 75)
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STAR OF THE YEAR

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"By (Continued on page 75)
Recipe: First, take a big, tough subject. Put it on the fire to soften up its cultural elements. Add the marvelous "sugar" of entertainment.

What do you have? Another world-beating Project 20 production

In the backrooms of the television industry, "culture" is a word that is seldom used with enthusiasm. You're more apt to hear that culture won't sell soap, or that it is box-office poison. Not so, however, in the NBC offices of a thirty-six-year-old dedicated dynamo named Donald Hyatt!

Hyatt is Director of Special Projects for the NBC-TV Network, and producer-director of the award-winning Project 20 series, which is one of his "special projects."

"It all sounds pretty involved," grins Hyatt, a strapping six-foot, 190 pounds of energy, whose easygoing manner belies his determined drive. "Actually, as producer-director of Project 20, I report to myself as Director of Special Projects—an arrangement that is most satisfactory to me."

Defining Hyatt's job is rather difficult. "Boiling it down," he says, "I guess what I'm doing is attempting to present culture on a commercial basis. There are those in this business who say I have an impossible task. They're wrong. We're proving them wrong all the time. The television audience isn't made up of (Continued on page 81)
Hyatt counts his understanding wife, Jeanne, as a major asset in his demanding job. "She was my secretary at NBC," he says. "She worked with me then and she still does."
UNNOTICED by the other passengers, Ingrid Bergman gazed out the window beside her. She idly watched the ocean flashing in the sunlight as the plane winged its way toward New York. Her mind wandered from the monotonous scenery below to the demanding role she would soon be undertaking before the cameras. A couple of weeks' rehearsal, then the taping—and finally, on March 20, the drama would be shown over CBS-TV. By then, of course, she would be back home in Paris.

Ingrid leaned back, slowly closed her eyes and once again thought of the upcoming TV show. "Twenty-Four Hours in a Woman's Life," she mused. An unusual title for a television play. The actress began to doze—and if she dreamed of the "key" twenty-four hours in the life of a woman whose name happens to be Ingrid Bergman, who could really be surprised?

Many of those hours had been brilliant, shining ones which brought her acclaim from the entire world. Other hours had been filled with pain, abuse and rejection by the very same people who once had shouted her praises.

Let's "flash back" and tick off those (Continued on page 80)
by KATHLEEN POST

SUDDENLY I FELT A SHADOW OVER ME. And, according to Art Linkletter, this shadow has stayed with him all his life, a cloud on an otherwise sunny vista. . . . The disclosure of its existence has come as a shock to the many ardent Linkletter fans. Considering Art's great success, fine family and radiant personality, they felt that here at last was a man who had been spared the dark uncertainties that afflict most people today. . . . Now it is known that Art Linkletter, genial emcee of two popular programs, was an adopted boy, an unhappy boy who did not learn the secret of his birth until he was ten, and who has borne the painful sense of rejection and doubt into the years of his maturity.

Since he told the story of his unhappy childhood, Art has been the target of letters chiding him for being ungrateful to his foster parents and the system of adoption which has given so many orphans the blessing of a home and family. "Had I been an orphan," Art points out, "or had my foster parents—the only mother and father I ever really knew—told me at once that I was adopted, I'm sure I would have felt better about the whole thing.

"I found out that I was not really Art Linkletter, but Gordon Arthur Kelly, when I was ten. My curiosity had been aroused several times, when I came into my father's room and saw him hide a package of papers in a drawer. One day when he was away, I slipped into the room, took out the papers and read them. To my amazement, they were letters from my real parents discussing my adoption and other matters pertaining to me. I sat there a long while staring at the letters and my adoption papers. My first feeling was not regret, but relief. This may sound like a terrible thing to confess, but it is the truth and there were good reasons for my relief. Later, I felt the shadow of rejection that has haunted me all of my life."

As any child psychologist will point out, Art was at a crucial stage in a boy's life. . . . the time when he begins to seek for the identity which can form a bridge between past and future. He had never been really happy with the life of his adoptive parents, although he accepted them as his own and loved them. The trouble was that, by nature, Art was completely unsuited to John (Continued on page 84)

Art Linkletter's House Party is on CBS-TV, M-F, 2:30 P.M.—CBS Radio, M-F, 10:10 A.M. (WCBS Radio, 11:10 A.M.)—under multiple sponsorship. His People Are Funny, on NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M., is sponsored by Squibb Laboratories. All EST.

Today, adopted children are told the truth about themselves,
lovingly. Yesterday, this wasn't so.
A retrospective look at a childhood crisis by one of TV's most beloved men
Youngest grandparents in show biz: Art and Lois not only have five children of their own. They have four grandchildren: Dawn Linkletter Zweyer's twin sons Kevin and James (in Art's arms) . . . Jack Linkletter's baby Dennis (in Art's lap) and firstborn Michael (held by Lois).
Behind the new Screen Gems success: Joe Barbera (left) and Bill Hanna—who have teamed up for more than 20 years making prize animated cartoons.

The impossible happened this television season, when a cartoon series jumped into second place in national ratings. Into a TV world dominated by cowboys, private eyes and neurotic villains came The Flintstones, an "animated" family show as wholesome as a fresh apple. Betty, Fred, Wilma and Barney live in Bedrock, a suburb of Anywhere, U.S.A., but their "props" are a little different. They drive cars with rock wheels, bet on dinosaur races, play Stoneway pianos. When Fred shaves, he picks up a clam shell, glances out the window and eyes the largest bumblebee in the bush. Snap! and the bee is buzzing inside the shell, and Fred has the best "electric" shave known to the Stone Age.

The creators of this happy comedy are two genial geniuses, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera. "If there is an underlying philosophy about our cartoons," says Joe, "it is to project warmth and good feeling. Wilma and

The Flintstones' way of life has struck a spark with TV audiences, whose sharp eyes were seeking something NEW! And that's the series. This story is about the people who made the miracle

by MARTIN COHEN
to Success
the Rocky Road to Success

(Continued)

Betty say 'Honey' when they speak to their husbands, and their husbands are good guys. We spoof lots of things—Hollywood, cars, television, and even our own animated commercials—but we don't see anything funny in violence and sin. Even our villains are nice guys.

Besides The Flintstones, Hanna's and Barbera's brainchildren include Quick Draw McGraw, Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound, Jinks and Pixie and Dixie, Doggie Daddy and Snaggle Puss. Last season, Huckleberry Hound won an Emmy as the best children's series—but this is misleading. The show's audience involves a wide range of adults. Sponsor Kellogg received a letter signed by six scientists at White Sands Proving Ground, asking that the daytime show be moved to a later hour because "it is one of our chief relaxations."

In Seneca, New York, a group of businessmen formed a charitable organization and titled it The Yogi Bear Club. In Seattle, a bar hangs out a sign once a week: "No drinking. No talking. No noise. Yogi Bear is on." Asked what they would miss most on a two-month charting course in the Antarctic, the 1,750-man crew of the U.S.S. Glacier named—not Marilyn Monroe, not Brigitte Bardot—but Huckleberry Hound. The Yale Alumni Review announced that their alma mater had chosen Huckleberry Hound as its favorite TV show. At Ohio State University's big homecoming game, Huck and Yogi were the featured stars.

"How do you explain it?" Says Joe, "Well, we don't write stories for children or adults or any particular age group. This is TV humor. Something..."
“Moving” pictures: Head cameraman Frank Parker's task is to bring "cells" and "backgrounds" together in one smooth-running, hilariously believable film.

Huckleberry Hound, a Hanna-Barbera daytime series, proved there’s no age limit for cartoon enjoyment. Collegians love the characters, used them as the theme for Ohio State's homecoming.

Cordiality reigns at the studio, despite busy schedules. Here, Hanna joins the girls from the Inking and Painting Department to celebrate Roberta Greutert's birthday.

altogether new. Children and adults together have loved Gleason, Carney, Lucy, and Sid Caesar. This, too, is our kind of humor. You would never hear of college students voting Mickey Mouse their favorite, never hear of a father making a point to watch Donald Duck with his kids. That's because Mickey and Donald are designed for children. Our shows are made for the family."

Barbera continues, "The other part of it is the personal side. Cartoonists are unusual people. They are adults who never grow old. Everyone in our business stays young. You watch a white-haired artist describing a funny idea, and he acts it out with the agility and excitement and humor of a person one-third his (Continued on page 85)

Businessmen named a charitable organization for Yogi Bear (above), scientists begged a later TV-time for his friend Huck (below).
MEN of BONANZA
Hearty appetites! Richard and Mary Stuart Krolik, little Cynthia and Jeffrey—all ready for an outdoor feast.

by FRANCES KISH

It would be a return to romantic Early American living, Mary Stuart thought last June, when she and Richard and the children took possession of a small, green-shuttered white house in the gentle hills of Connecticut. They would learn how peaceful, how beautiful, how easy it is to live among spreading trees and rolling meadows. Happily, they would forget crowded New York on all the weekends. And Mary herself would have three restful weeks of vacation from being Joanne Tate in the CBS television serial, Search For Tomorrow. Surely, life would be more simple in such surroundings. . . . She was partly right. They all loved it. They still do. It has been peaceful—some days. And beautiful—always. Happy, too. But easy? Simple? Not on your life. Certainly, not on Mary's life.

"Even during those brief vacation weeks in the country, I got some idea of the miracles women perform daily who live in outlying and suburban areas. They are the unsung heroines of our time. They are not only wives, mothers, housekeepers, full-time (Continued on page 76)
Mary Stuart vs. THE SIMPLE LIFE

The trials and tribulations of Joanne Tate in Search For Tomorrow had nothing on the real-life doings which occurred when actress Mary Stuart came to grips with Nature.

Mary can always count on the kids' "help" going to market.

Richard, a public relations exec, takes to the wood . . . also finds mowing three acres is no simple task.
Hearty appetites! Richard and Mary Stuart Krolik, little Cynthia and Jeffrey—all ready for an outdoor feast.

by FRANCES KISH

It would be a return to romantic Early American living, Mary Stuart thought last June, when she and Richard and the children took possession of a small, green-shuttered white house in the gentle hills of Connecticut. They would learn how peaceful, how beautiful, how easy it is to live among spreading trees and rolling meadows. Happily, they would forget crowded New York on all the weekends. And Mary herself would have three restful weeks of vacation from being Joanne Tate in the CBS television serial, Search For Tomorrow. Surely, life would be more simple in such surroundings... She was partly right. They all loved it. They still do. It has been peaceful—some days. And beautiful—always. Happy, too. But easy? Simple? Not on your life. Certainly, not on Mary's life.

"Even during those brief vacation weeks in the country, I got some idea of the miracles women perform daily who live in outlying and suburban areas. They are the unsung heroines of our time. They are not only wives, mothers, housekeepers, full-time (Continued on page 10)"

Mary can always count on the kids' "help" going to market.

Richard, a public relations exec, takes to the wood... also finds mowing three acres is no simple task.
David Susskind wages an unceasing one-man war against mediocrity on TV. Win or lose, nobody can say he isn't lively!

by JIM MORSE
intentions. Yet all this pleases David Susskind. He’s fighting a one-man war against complacency and mediocrity, and he believes that reactions such as this are proof that he’s getting results.

Who and what is David Susskind?

Millions of people are acquainted with his activities as a prolific television producer and as moderator of NTA’s (National Telefilm Associates’) syndicated discussion program, Open End. But these are just two of his many activities. In addition, he’s a producer of motion pictures and Broadway plays, a lecturer, an author, and a critic-at-large.

Surprisingly, perhaps, his pet hates are the very businesses of which he is so very much a part—the present state of television, Hollywood and the theater. “Television,” he barks, “is mostly junk. It lulls you to sleep. It’s escapism. Its greatest capacity now is the capacity for harm. It’s a sleeping robot.

“This is shameful, during this time in world history when we must be awake, alert and thinking. The public affairs programs are TV at its best. On the whole, they’re doing a brilliant job. But the entertainment section of television is miserable. There’s (Continued on page 66)

David Susskind’s provocative program, Open End, is presented in the New York area over WNTA-TV, Sun., beginning at 10 P.M. EST. For time and day in other areas, see local newspaper listings.
David Susskind wages an unceasing one-man war against mediocrity on TV. Win or lose, nobody can say he isn't lively!

by JIM MORSE

Although he lives in a glass house, David Susskind delights in throwing stones—"verbal boulders" might be a better description! Without doubt, Susskind is the angriest young man of show business. He is also one of its most successful. It's an unusual combination indeed, in this day and age of mass conformism.

His enemies are legion—simply because Susskind is a self-described "dedicated critic." He speaks up, he speaks loud, he speaks often. And he names names.

Tony Curtis, for one, has publicly threatened to punch Susskind in the nose, the first time he sees him. Other targets may have something of a similar nature in mind, even if they haven't announced such violent physical intentions. Yet all this pleases David Susskind. He's fighting a one-man war against complacency and mediocrity, and he believes that reactions such as this are proof that he's getting results.

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Como's Lady Laugh Artist

by PAT and PEARSON MULLEN

IF YOU CALL HER on the phone and ask, "Is this Selma Diamond, the gag-writer?"—there's a small silence, then a polite, slow "Well . . . this is Selma Diamond, the writer." Once that's clear, TV's top woman comedy writer—now sparkling up the Perry Como show—cordially invites you to visit. Selma Diamond's elegantly furnished apartment in smart Sutton Place has a dream terrace looking down on New York City. Selma herself is small and blonde, with a cuddly figure and an ever-present, pixie-ish grin. She has a tendency to bounce. She's never still for a moment. She wears toreador pants and bright sweaters almost as a uniform, and her conversation is hilarious.

"Do I have trouble with the comedians I work for? Why, I have trouble with the butcher! I can make a four-act drama out of a trip to the supermarket! . . . Am I rich? Let's say that I don't have to go to the Laundromat anymore—I just drag the stuff there to get gags. . . . But, honestly, the comedian I like the best is always the one I'm working with at the time. I've worked for Groucho, Berle, Caesar, Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante. I got along fine with every one of them. Right now, my true love is Perry Como and I hope to work for him straight through until 2061!"

Though her credit-line is a foot high on the TV screen, Miss Diamond makes it clear that she works with Goodman Ace, the most important comedy writer of our time. The writing "team" which puts the Como show together also includes Jay Burton, a jokemaster from way back, Frank Peppiatt and John Aylesworth.

"I'll try to describe an average day," she says. "First, you don't write as the novelist or columnist writes, alone in an ivory tower with endless sheets of blank paper to fill and the clock racing madly toward an impossible deadline. You never work alone. The bigger the comedian, the more writers he can afford. Sometimes you find yourself in a mob scene of ten to fifteen people, all top comedy writers with definite ideas of their own—and one lone female . . . me.

"Comedy writing is an exhausting business. It's a combination of group therapy and public breast-beating. You don't write—you throw lines at each other. Then you fight for every comma, every intonation, and for every smallest bit of business the comedian you are working for must put over on the TV screen. Then comes the payoff—you watch the program. And when the lines that are particularly your own flash on the screen, if the comedian happens to forget to raise an eyebrow to accent a punchline, you are as plunged in gloom as if he skipped your lines altogether.

"But I'm doing what I always wanted to do, since I was a kid in high school: Write comedy. I used to cut
No flaws in this diamond. Selma Diamond, that is. America's top lady gagwriter tells how it feels to be the only woman in a man's profession.

classes to catch the vaudeville acts, then waylay the comedians at the theater and hand them written jokes. After a while, they got to know me and they'd buy me sodas and candy. I never got any money. But the glory of hearing them tell my jokes on the stage was enough to keep me starry-eyed. Then I began to branch out a bit. I sent some gags to New Yorker cartoonist Perry Barlow and, to my stunned amazement, he bought one for five dollars. I was really hooked then—that sale was the biggest thrill of my life.

"For the next couple of years, I supplied nearly every cartoonist in print with gags—I wrote thousands. Then I decided to work on a comic-strip idea which I called 'Jeannie.' Sort of a girl-reporter type thing. I hired a cartoonist and sold it to the Herald Tribune Syndicate. It sold quite a few papers and, for a while, it looked like the comic strip would take up my whole time. Finally, I gave it up because salaries and commissions amounted to more than the strip brought in.

"Along the way somewhere, an agent had looked over my work . . . he was big-time and I was a nobody, but I held onto his card. He had said that, if I ever got out to Hollywood, I should look him up. That was ten years ago and I was a bit on the broke side. I thought I might just as well spend my last cent in Hollywood as anywhere else. When I arrived in the land of sunshine, I had less than twenty dollars in my purse and a dog-eared card with the name 'George Griskin, Agent' on it. The card was three years old. By some lucky quirk of fate, the agent remembered me and assigned me to the Groucho Marx show. Next came a stint with Tallulah Bankhead and Duffy's Tavern, both radio shows, then television with Milton Berle."

From then on, Selma Diamond had people waiting until she was available. In the beginning, there weren't any set thirteen-week contracts. She'd be hired for two weeks or four weeks. There were so few women in comedy writing, she was always taken on "temporarily, until we see how you do." Now the contract's by the year.

"It just takes a couple of days for the men I work with to get used to having a woman in the group. After the first shock, there's complete harmony and we pull together as a team. Though I wouldn't recommend the hectic life of a comedy writer to the beginner—it's too strenuous—and I sometimes think I'll give it up and retire to the country and grow things . . . I know I never will. Comedy writing is my whole life and I love it!"
to Danny with Love

A daughter's affectionate appraisal of that beloved funnyman, Danny Thomas

by MARLO THOMAS

About a year ago, I was invited to appear as a mystery guest on The Jack Paar Show. Naturally, I was thrilled. I had a chance to be interviewed, I told a joke, 'n' everything. I was in my element. (All this was long before I made my "formal" TV acting debut on Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theater—that earth-shaking event took place just this February.)

During the quizzing, a series of questions established that I was the daughter of a show-business personality. Instantly, someone came up with: "After one look at those eyes, I know you just have to be one of Eddie Cantor's daughters!"

It's true that my eyes were patterned after those of my father, but my dad is Danny Thomas. Being the daughter of a world-famous personality is often described by outsiders as an adventure as mixed-up as a Chinese dinner with plenty of sweet-and-sour sauce—emphasis on the sour.

I can't go along with the "poor me" descriptions. Cases (Continued on page 71)

Now that I've decided to be an actress—well, believe it or not, that's Danny T. with me (below) in the Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theater episode which was my debut!
Irresistible! With a voice as big as his grin.

This fellow's out to capture you . . . and you . . . and you . . .

by GREGORY MERWIN

Bareheaded and wearing a topcoat which belongs to Johnny Mathis, Mike Clifford stands at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-Second Street. Keyed up with excitement, he grins at newsboys, policemen and strangers. It's Mike's first morning in New York, his first day in a coast-to-coast promotion trip to introduce deejays to his first recording for Columbia. Tall and slim, hazel-eyed and brown-haired, he looks like a youthful edition of Jimmy Stewart. Still grinning, he says, "It's just that I feel so good. I have a lot to be happy about."

Mike is on a jet express to stardom. Propelling the jet is female dynamo Helen Noga, whose talented ears have led her to discover the talented sounds of such as Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan and Andre Previn. Four years ago, Johnny Mathis walked into the San Francisco club she runs with her husband, and she became Johnny's personal manager. Now she has taken on one other singer—seventeen-year-old Mike Clifford—and that is news.

Helen says, "I've been in the business more years than I care to remember, and I've heard a lot of singers that I don't want to remember. I don't have time to waste and couldn't get interested in a personality unless I was confident that he was unmistakably great." Getting down to particulars, she goes on, "I haven't heard a voice like Mike's since Buddy Clark. The pure tone of his voice is rare. His personality and looks—the (Continued on page 90)
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TV RADIO MIRROR'S NEW FACE OF THE MONTH
A venerable New York landmark, once the home of a German singing society. Come inside for a behind-the-scenes look at how some of your favorite daytime dramas are put together

by ALICE FRANCIS

DAILY, thousands pass a weathered brick building on New York's East Fifty-Eighth Street. It claims little attention, set as it is in a tight row of equally ancient edifices. But, if the eye follows the sharp ascent of old-fashioned high stone steps, it finds a sign which proclaims this to be Liederkranz Hall. Other signs attest to its use now as a CBS television studio. Actually, four separate studios.

Sometimes, a girl whose lovely face seems oddly familiar—or a man who reminds passersby of someone they seem to know—hurries up the steps and goes in, too quickly for total recognition. Or a truck pulls up, spilling out scenery and props, and people pause for a moment to watch with some curiosity.

But, to most New Yorkers, this is just another old building which has stood since before the turn of the century. Some may

Monday-through-Friday programs telecast on CBS-TV from Liederkranz Hall include: Love Of Life, from 12 noon to 12:30; Search For Tomorrow, 12:30 to 12:45 P.M.; The Secret Storm; 4:15 to 4:30 P.M.; and Captain Kangaroo, 8:15 to 9 A.M. (also seen Sat., from 10 to 11 A.M.). All times given are EST.
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Through Liederkranz portals pass such gifted daytime-TV performers as Joan Copeland (left), Helen Dumas and Tom Shirley, star Audrey Peters (right)—Love Of Life’s Margie Porter, Vivian and Henry Carlson, Vanessa Sterling!

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remember it as the former home of a German singing society, the Liederkranz. Its once-great dining and concert halls hosted stars of the Metropolitan, musicians from Carnegie Hall, great names of Broadway. Presidents, and dignitaries of many lands, have been honored guests here.

Few realize that here and now, in the heart of the city, is a modern Temple of Dreams filled with romance and anguish, excitement and sweetness, which it beams electronically into every city and town and village across the nation, providing entertainment for millions. For out of this sober-looking structure come three of the CBS top-rated daily dramatic serials: Love Of Life, Search For Tomorrow, and The Secret Storm. Thus, Liederkranz Hall is a veritable "home away from home" for many who live on these sets in their long-running roles.

Studio 55, from which Search For Tomorrow is telecast, is largest of the three used for serials. (The fourth, 53, is home of the topflight children's show, Captain Kangaroo, and of many public affairs programs and special shows.) It measures some forty by fifty-five feet, but the "playing area" is necessarily more confined, among all the backgrounds and equipment. Studios 56, housing Love (Continued on page 78)
In this fast-whirling age of electronics, the American public is rapidly growing accustomed to the idea of a far-out satellite capable of instantly transmitting radio and TV to any global point. It's a challenging concept. The immensity of the world is shrinking year by year with each step forward in speed of communication. International networks are already in the planning. What does this mean for local radio and TV stations?

TV RADIO MIRROR believes that the developments of the next few years will increase, rather than diminish, the national and world importance of the functions performed by those dedicated people who produce perceptive programing for local regions. So, once again, the magazine is happy to honor a group of local radio and TV stations judged outstanding in the opinion of the editors. Material was invoked on a competitive basis from these regions: Atlantic States, Midwest States, Southern States, Western States, and Canada. Our stories tell about these best programs—and the people who made them outstanding.

On the following pages, THE WINNERS from the MIDWEST STATES
Host Van Vance of Fun Fair P.M and his guest jazz musician, Jonah Jones.

News director Bill Small confers with editors Hugh Smith, Richard Thomsen.

Milton Metz gathers weather information. He broadcasts twice each day.


Day-by-day programing excellence, 365 days a year, is the proud record of radio Station WHAS, of Louisville, Kentucky. In addition, its special programs reached a high peak with its reportage of the important national events of 1960. But, if all this gives an impression of egghead, strictly educational, deep stuff, it just isn't so. Variety being the spice of life, WHAS's day is liberally sprinkled with seasoning. Running through it are fun and frolic and laughter, with music and song (minus the red-hot type and the shouting platter-pluggers). News—local, national, foreign, business, financial. Farm news, with market information. Home news and woman-to-woman talk. Panel discussions, drama, dancing parties. Religious discussions. Sports, with accent on horse racing—that sport of kings and Kentuckians. Sports are staffed by director Cawood Ledford and editor Dave Martin. During the year, more than twenty separate sports, major and minor, are covered on WHAS programs, regularly or as special events. News is high on the daily schedule, headed
by news director Bill Small and assistant news director Jay Crouse. Besides the full-time staff of ten, forty part-time correspondents throughout Kentucky and Indiana send in exclusive reports. Thirty-five countries and news centers feed additional material. Farm director Barney Arnold travels more than 15,000 miles annually to interview experts and discuss farm problems with the people themselves. He broadcasts twice daily. The Moral Side Of The News consists of a panel of Baptist, Catholic, Christian (Disciples of Christ) and Jewish leaders. Such topics as the Population Explosion, Should We Have Compulsory Voting? and Discrimination are freely discussed. ... Five nights a week, the listeners speak by calling Juniper 5-2385, sometimes seriously, sometimes hilariously. Moderator Milton Metz starts off a discussion and, from there on, it's a lively free-for-all. ... The Old Kentucky Barn Dance is a favorite country-music show. Headed by singing star Randy Atcher (who also conducts the Saturday-night Country Record Shop), it includes clowning "Cactus" Tom Brooks, the Sharpe Twins, Red River Ramblers, accordionist Kenny Riehl and teen favorite Bobby Lewis. ... On Saturday morning, it's Hi Teens—Ray Shelton's teen-age participation program of music, talk and interviews, staged in cooperation with high-school editors. The Monday-through-Saturday Early Morning Frolic (and we do mean early—from 5 to 6 A.M.) is Shorty Chesser's, a service-entertainment affair that's a real waker-upper. ... Later in the morning comes Jim Walton's Fun Fair—relaxed, spontaneous melange of music and banter and service features. Fun Fair PM has Van Vance emceeing. Here's Tiny presents mid-morning keyboard entertainment and anecdotes by Carl "Tiny" Thomale. Joe Hamilton spins popular recordings on Hamilton, K-Y. The big break for housewives, of course, is Phyllis Knight's Your Home. Every weekday morning, Phyllis "expands the four walls of a kitchen to include the world." There's more, day and night—much more than we can cover here—and it all adds up to a wondrous variety of prime listening pleasure for every tuner-in.
MOST ORIGINAL PROGRAM ON RADIO: KMOX, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

AT YOUR SERVICE

Eleanor Roosevelt discusses the U.N. with Jack Buck, Station Mgr. Hyland listens in.

Baseball's Jackie Robinson answers listener questions on the air, with Jack Buck acting as the anchor man.

A NEW CONCEPT IN RADIO BROADCASTING is the four-hour, 3 to 7 p.m. At Your Service programing on KMOX, St. Louis. Capturing the full potential of creative, mobile radio, the microphones are open to news and views, culture and comedy, audience participation and celebrity appearances, sports, woman appeal, constructive controversy, big-name interviews—all presented a little differently from the usual run of radio. . . . The first hour is a press conference of the air, hosted by Jack Buck, who continues as host throughout the entire four hours. Jack interviews the V.I.P. of the day, listeners call in questions to the guest, who answers them on the air. Prof. Roy McCarthy screens and paraphrases questions, is skilled at give-and-take tactics with the callers. During the first week of broadcasts, trunk lines were tied up, as well as the whole telephone exchange. . . . The second hour makes events and names in the news come alive, through Bob Goddard, John McCormick, Steve Rowan, Rex Davis, Miss Nanette (fashions), Laurent Torno (music), Dr. Alfred Weber (space age). Bob Holt, man of a thousand voices, turns up anywhere in the area with comic commentary. . . . Rowan and Davis tee off the news from 5 to 7 p.m., with Bob Anthony taking over local and regional reports. . . . Jack Buck contributes "vignettes" from the news and the people who make the news. Harry Caray and Bob Burnes contribute individual sports features. . . . All of this woven together into a complete whole by coordinator Buck. . . . The daily morning story conference, at 8, is designed to keep the programing fresh, exciting, topical. Wherever and whenever news breaks occur during the day, KMOX and At Your Service are on the spot—with a never static, constantly expanding service for all its listeners.

Rev. Kellogg of Maplewood Baptist Church, Father Bayne, S.J., participate in a church-state debate.
"Faith in fundamental human rights is reaffirmed by the United Nations Charter. It is reaffirmed also by the St. Louis community serving as a part of the larger body of the United Nations. ... It is reaffirmed by the effort of many individuals and organizations working within the community toward the most urgent area of concern—the area of interracial human rights. Within the Negro community rests the greatest problem ... within the entire community rests the only solution. In an effort to appraise the problem, KMOX-TV offers this special report: Profile Of Human Rights." With these inspired words, on Saturday, December 10, 1960, KMOX-TV set the stage for an hour-long tribute—commemorating the twelfth anniversary of Human Rights Day. The commemoration became an area-wide observance—a public forum—directed to more than 850,000 families living in the fifty-two counties served by the station. ... Cooperating with the station on this special "Profile" program were fifteen local organizations, representing a membership of more than 100,000 workers dedicated to the advancement of equality and dignity of all persons and all groups. With outspoken direct commentary from intelligent, forceful representatives of the St. Louis community, and vivid dramatization of the present living and working conditions of St. Louis' Negro population, the special show was a standout for originality of concept. The show was written and produced by Helen Hagen, directed by Robert Schnorf. Although it was a one-time broadcast concerned with a topic of vital interest to the community, it acted as a year's-end summary of many programs of public interest and as an extension of a station policy which focuses attention on the highest principles of human rights.
BEST NEWS PROGRAM ON TV: KMTV, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

THE MISSILE STORY THAT GREW
One day last June, a faint rumor drifted into the news room of Station KMTV in Omaha, Nebraska. A cautious phone call or two, to check the rumor, persuaded the station that they had stumbled upon what might be a news story of international importance. Forthwith, three men—Floyd Kalber, the newscaster, and Mark Gautier and Jerry Mason, two KMTV reporters—set to work. Before they were through, they had developed a story that shook the entire United States military establishment and brought about a radical change in defense policy which strengthens American security.

The core of the story was this: That, notwithstanding the real progress—along with the excitement and publicity—of American guided missiles in recent years, the construction of launching sites for these missiles was so far behind in the matter of development points as to render the missiles currently useless. For the most powerful missile extant is as harmless as a toy pistol, unless there is a properly built and equipped site from which to launch it.

What made the discovery even more hair-raising, to the men at KMTV, was the fact that the Offutt Air Base at Omaha was the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command, one of the most acutely important defense arms of this country. The S.A.C. lives “on the alert.” Day and night, around the clock, through every day, hour and minute of the year, the S.A.C. must be ready to take the air at a second’s notice in the country’s defense. And here was the Offutt Air Base—other air bases, as well—with its protective missile-launching sites incomplete, unready and in a state of “chaotic confusion.” Just how vulnerable can you get?

The situation is different now, and the reason why it is different is because of what KMTV did.

The award of TV Radio Mirror’s annual Gold Medal to KMTV is simply recognition of the fact that one of the most admired traditions of American journalism is still alive and going strong: That truly vital news stories do not always originate with the press corps of the great metropolitan stations and newspapers. Given an alert and efficient personnel—which KMTV has—a small station can scoop the great ones.

Consider some of the facts which underlay this tremendous story. The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. This bomb, developed in the United States, utterly changed the character of warfare. It jolted the world as it had never been jolted before. So great, indeed, was the jolt that it overshadowed in the public mind the development of the radio-aimed “buzz bombs” which Hitler had used, toward the end of World War II, in a final effort to subdue the British. True, there had been rocket enthusiasts and experimenters in America for years. True also that, after 1945, the United States military had persuaded German missile technicians to come to America and pursue their experiments at White Sands, New Mexico, and elsewhere. But, on the whole, this work seemed like just another of those scientific military miracles so numerous you couldn’t keep up with them.

But on October 4, 1957, the Russians launched the Sputnik. The whole world realized that another weapon revolution of profound importance had occurred. In America, there was a wave of apprehension as it dawned on people that we had been outdistanced in this development. At once, there began a feverish expansion of the missile program. Money was poured out. Millions of persons, for the first time in their lives, began to hear about Cape Canaveral and launching pads.

Conceive then, the state of mind of the KMTV men when, last June, they turned up in their researches one Rex Breese, an engineer employed by the George A. Fuller Co., a big contracting firm. Breese had been sent to Omaha to find out why missile-site construction at Offutt and other bases was so far behind. After three months of total frustration, he was about to resign.

KMTV persuaded Mr. Breese to make a sound-on-film statement. When broadcast, it proved as big a bombshell as a missile would have been. Work at the base was “in complete chaos.” Wasted money, interminable delays, faulty materials, endless work stoppages and wildcat strikes—even “a bribe offer of $50,000 to take my men and get out of town.”

Next development: Mr. Breese told KMTV that the prime contractor at Omaha, the Malan Construction Co. of New York, had been turned down in their original bid for the job—and then, in some mysterious way, were awarded the contract, five days after the turndown.

Day by day, KMTV broadcast these developments. The earth began to heave. There was growing agitation in Washington. Where KMTV pointed the finger, investigations multiplied. The Army Engineers investigated. So did the F.B.I., the Air Force, and the House Armed Services Committee. Official investigators were getting in each other’s way, there were so many of them. The KMTV men couldn’t understand why, if the missile sites were so critically important, there hadn’t been some of this investigation long before.

KMTV kept right on and, presently, the mystery began to crack. Congressman Taber of New York frankly stated that, when the Malan bid had been rejected, his aid had been sought. He had asked that the question be reopened. It was—with the result that the Malan people had brought in a firm of collaborating contractors and the resultant bid was accepted. There was, and is, nothing unusual or necessarily sinister about Congressional intervention. If anyone doing business with the Government feels that he has been slighted or unjustly treated, he has the right to seek reconsideration, at least. The trouble with the Malan people—or, maybe, just one of the troubles—was that they were participants in a contract system which had become so complicated and overgrown as to be an almost impenetrable jungle.

What a picture KMTV gradually brought to light! It appeared that the General Dynamics Corporation made the original specifications for the missile sites. Then the Air Force Ballistics Missile Division drew the initial plans. Then the Army Engineers became responsible for construction and the awarding of contracts. Then the successful prime contractor turned around, cut his contract in little bits, and subcontracted out each fragment. In the end, you might find “John Doe”—a small-time, small-town builder—attempting vainly to build something far beyond his comprehension or competence. What do you expect from a carpenter or metal worker—accustomed to building garages, putting tin roofs on houses—when he is confronted with demands for measurement tolerances so exact that they represent the difference between life and death? What you might expect was what you got at Omaha and elsewhere.

The climax came when Secretary of Defense Gates summoned to Washington the fifty-six leading missile and construction contractors from the entire country. It was the first time that most of these men had ever got together with defense officials to go over this critical problem. What was the upshot of the KMTV effort? The appointment of a “missile czar,” the cutting of red tape and a clearing of the tracks. Things are moving now at the missile bases, but KMTV is still watching closely. KMTV deserves the gratitude and admiration of us all.
HOLIDAYS IN MUSIC

The people of the St. Louis, Missouri area were—this past year—treated to a wholly original and new idea in radio programming. For each of eight holidays of the year, Station KADY's facilities were devoted completely to music related to the day. Save for brief news breaks, and the excellent spoken commentary which brought the music's significance to life for listeners, the whole day was music, music, music. First notion of such an original program idea came from William R. Cady Jr., President and General Manager of KADY (AM) and KADI (FM), St. Charles and St. Louis, Missouri. Working with him on the shows were fourteen people: The total sales, administrative, announcing and engineering personnel. Cooperating generously (by their relinquishment of prior time-commitments) were the regular sponsors who use the stations. Sponsoring the special music series was the Laclede Gas Company, who underwrote all costs, and held commercial interruption to a minimum. For example, during the Christmas Day show, they did not include a single commercial, used only an institutional message from their Chairman of the Board wishing seasonal greetings to listeners. . . . Music for the shows came from the KADY-KADI library, which contains over 50,000 selections. And a portion of each show was done in stereo, utilizing the AM and FM stations for channel separation. The range of selections was wide—folk music, marching songs, popular selections, jazz—any composition which could evoke in the listener a dramatic feeling of the reasons why the holiday was celebrated in the first place. To St. Louis residents, a special treat. For KADY-KADI, a triumph!
A MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY WCKY Radio news show, from 6 to 7 p.m., is appropriately titled Compass. Covering North, South, East, West, in all its facets, specifically geared to follow day-to-day local happenings in the Cincinnati area. Pivot-man is Lloyd Baldwin. The format is flexible, as wide-open to change as the news it reports. The first twenty-five to thirty-five minutes are devoted to all the day's news for those who may have missed it—not just the "hot" items. Where possible, actual voices of people who have made the news are heard. "Business Beat" and "Sports Beat" are included. "Background," five-minute commentary on what's behind the headlines, and "As Others See It," editorial comment from the national and local press on a current topic. Specials deal with many community problems. "Talkback" is man-in-the-street informal stuff. "Overseas Monitor" records highlights of foreign broadcasts, with explanatory comment, especially on Russian propaganda. "Documentary" may cover the last thirty minutes of Compass, is an in-depth report on a major community problem. "Sounds" presents sound-pictures—amazingly vivid in the images they call up—teenagers screaming greetings to visiting Johnny Mathis, or the "Sounds of Christmas" recorded in stores and streets. Perhaps in "Undercover," Compass achieves some of its most unique reporting. WCKY reporters, armed with hidden mikes and tape recorders, pose as something they're not, to get both honest and dramatic stories. They have worn the guises of ex-convict, panhandler, sidewalk fund-solicitor, to name a few. One reporter, posing as an ex-con, went out to get a job, being careful to establish his "record" early in interviews. Aside from gathering interesting, enlightening program material, the man got the job—proving it could be done. . . . Big people, little people, newsworthy people and events, all have their day on this highly stimulating program.
During a segment called "Sure You Can Cook," regular Tom Fouts concocts a tasty treat for the "Clock-Watchers."

**CLOCK-A-DOODLE-DAY**

To make it easier for the kids to get off to a hard day in the classroom, give them something to think about, to wonder at, and to giggle at a little. That seems to be the thought behind this excellent early-morning children's television program, *Clock-A-Doodle-Day*, telecast over WBKB, Chicago, five days a week. It's hosted by Dale Young, produced by Tom Shutter, directed by Dick Dumont. The time is 7 to 8:30, the age group runs roughly eight to twelve, but the four-year-olds are fast catching on to the fact that there's fun for them in it, too—and many a mom and dad is bewitched into watching. The pace is fast, the show is plotted to a highly mobile audience getting dressed, breakfasting, grabbing up books and homework papers, sweaters and lunchboxes. Segments are short, compact, attention-holding. Quality, suitability of program content is guided by educational consultants. Two grade-school youngsters are designated each week as "Clock-Watchers"—chosen by their grade school and junior high-school principals on the basis of scholarship and character. They assist Dale Young for the five-day period, have a rare chance to get acquainted with activities involved in behind-the-scenes production of a live TV show. It's a sought-after honor, of course, and they love it. Some favored features of the program are: Minute Mysteries—quick identification of famous people. Sure You Can Cook—easy dishes for young chefs. Something To Grow On—ninety-second parables by Chicago churchman Dr. Preston Bradley. What Is It? and Snap Judgment—identification of objects, or parts of objects, flashed on the screen for a fraction of a second, to stimulate visual alertness. It Figures—fun and fascination with numbers. Twisted Tales—"spoonerisms," or unusual pronunciations of children's stories as told by host Dale Young. A Visit With Uncle Fudd—anecdotes from that comical character, portrayed by Tom Fouts. Even weather reports are slanted to youthful watchers, with some simple science lessons worked into them. News, too, is made easy to understand. Mom and Dad wait for that. Even after all, kids don't mind letting their parents in on a good thing like their own *Clock-A-Doodle-Day*!
ALL WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL, according to the Ann Colone Show, seen at 1 p.m., Monday through Friday, on WANE-TV, Fort Wayne. This includes the viewers, who put aside the lunch dishes and the dustcloth and polishers to keep their daily date with Ann. It certainly includes Ann Colone herself, a pixie-type gal with a lively sense of humor, a pervading curiosity about people and a genius for attracting some of the most interesting ones to her show. . . . The program has a little of everything for the ladies, and it all adds up to something rather special. Exercise Day, on Tuesday, is host to a physical-education instructor from the local Y.W.C.A. Ann goes along with the bending and jumping, sometimes persuades a dignified guest to join in, has had the whole Johnny "Scat" Davis orchestra—seven members strong—doing bends like crazy. There's a weekly home-economist feature, to which Purdue University Extension Service sends an expert. Another, on flower care and arrangement, with the help of a local florist. A two-man and two-woman provocative panel discussion, and a Who's Who list of guest celebrities. And always there is time to talk about the work and the needs of various community and other organizations which may require the help of Ann's thousands of devoted followers.

Ann Colone doesn't just stand there. She dared to put on skates when show was telecast from a portable rink.

The program has its serious side, which also appeals to women. Her guest here is Mwant Yav, of the Lunda tribe.

With the Dukes of Dixieland, Ann plays it cool at the mike while the boys blow it hot, sweet, super-melodic.
Light Christmas entertainment, but with loveliness and reverence in it.

Music in the Air
An original musical, locally written, orchestrated and produced, using local talent. "Christmas In The Air," they called it. The audience called it "terrific."

Music, songs, Santa. Elves, children, dancing and magic makebelieve. What more could one ask of any Christmas show? For the third consecutive year, a Christmas In The Air program has been produced as an hour-long special by WCCO Television, using local talent in prime evening time on the Sunday preceding the Big Day. Sets were designed by Robert Edwards, constructed by the scene-shop crew, painted by Bill Dietrickson. Director Harry Jones also collaborated on the script, with Donna Sorenson. Cast included the Lamplighters Sextette, nine-year-old Ginny Sears, Mary Davies. Music was arranged and conducted by Foster "Pops" Wakefield. Three special songs were written by Dick Wilson. Some familiar Christmas characters were present—Mr. Claus with his sleigh and reindeer, Old Scrooge. And new ones—little Ginny and the elf, Twinkles. Light, tuneful entertainment... but the end carried the true meaning of the day with the adoration of the Child. Preserved on video-tape, it will be repeated, if its many delighted viewers have their say!
TELEVISION REPORTS

The WCCO Television Reports program, narrated by Dave Moore, is an example of how a daytime show, starting in a small way, grew in importance to fill a prime nighttime spot. At the beginning of 1960, it was part of the Sunday afternoon news-in-depth reporting of problems and incidents significant to the people of the Northwest. By April, a public-affairs production unit was set up to produce the Reports headed by Carl Ruble, assisted by news writer Jim Dooley and film photographer P. J. O'Connell. By the end of November, WCCO Television Reports went nighttime as an every-third-week alternate to a network show. The impact of subjects covered has, at times, swamped the mailroom and switchboard of the station. A study of Unwed Mothers, first shown in the daytime, was repeated on an evening broadcast because of tremendous reaction from viewers themselves and from schools and church organizations. Handled with taste and tact, it was an intelligent and sympathetic report on an age-old problem which has touched many homes. The plight of the Chippewa Indian was covered in a visit on the Minnesota Red Lake reservation. Operation Fire-Stop showed methods used to fight ravaging fires which destroy much of Minnesota's third largest industry. The wheat farmer's problems have been studied in depth. One Report few viewers will forget was the poignant "One Christmas Day," a touching documentary about Yuletide and the way it was celebrated on Skid Row in Minneapolis.

Winning team of Reports is writer Jim Dooley, photographer P. J. O'Connell, and producer Carl Ruble.

Such subjects as Civil Rights in Colleges receive unbiased reportage in straightforward, open forum. Dave Moore (also seen at left) is able narrator.
The Kingston Trio

(Continued from page 31)

Dobie Gillises isn’t relevant. “I haven’t seen more mature behavior in adults, so far as handling a car is concerned. Driving doesn’t necessarily improve with age.”

Though he is not oblivious to the serious problems involved, crew-cut Nick Reynolds is for the family lending Junior the car on sherry practical grounds. “Where else are the teenagers going to get a car, unless they borrow Dad’s? How else are they going to get home? There are few, if any, buses running at late hours.”

Dave Guard argues: “My opinion is that, if you don’t give the kids responsibility, they won’t be ready to take it. I had to go out and buy a car and learn to drive it myself. I never drove the family car. Kids should be allowed to drive when they reach the legal age.”

Besides observing the rules of the road, boys and girls should observe certain prom decencies, otherwise a beautiful evening can turn into a sad one. As the entertainment world knows—and everybody else who isn’t tone-deaf—the Kingston Trio rode to fame in 1938 with “Tom Dooley,” a ballad about a fickle lover who killed his sweetheart because he found another more to his liking. For this, he got the hangman’s noose. The button-down balladeers don’t intend to imply that fickle teenagers will follow Dooley’s footsteps to the gallows. But, for proms, they do recommend certain amities.

“For example,” says Nick Reynolds, “don’t take another fellow’s girl home from a dance. This is bad form for either sex, switching partners. If you’re attracted to somebody at a prom—other than the boy or girl you’re with—what then? Well, trading dances should be a regular custom at proms (prom committees, please note). It gives a fellow an opportunity to get a line on a girl who attracts him. ‘Bird-dogging’—that is, sticking to one partner like a corsage—isn’t a good prom habit.”

In the next two months, few high schools or colleges will have the good fortune to have the Kingston Trio entertain at their proms. More than seven requests for them to appear are turned down daily, according to their booking agency, I.T.A. At proms they stick pretty close to the same repertoire they use on TV (for Dinah Shore, Perry Como, Bell Telephone Hour)—the best of the world’s folk music. The trio has also discovered that the setting (college auditorium or night-club floor or TV mike) has no bearing on musical tastes. Neither does geography. Their folk tunes, sea chanteys, work songs (“Fast Freight,” “The Jolly Coachmen,” “John Henry”) are as well received at California’s Cocoanut Grove as they are in New England’s winter home.

A nervous breakdown! The very thought of it sends a chill down your spine. Yet 25% of us think that we have had emotional problems serious enough to warrant medical assistance. So, if you worry about a nervous breakdown, this is a normal fear.

CHOLESTEROL—HUMAN RUST

The increasingly high rate of mental disease today as compared with 50 years ago suggests that something is happening. In his new book, Dr. Daniel C. Munro tells us that we are slipping both physically and mentally—and then he points a way to better health through a simple change in our eating habits.

Cholesterol—the arch villain of good health—is discussed almost daily in newspapers throughout the country. Dr. Munro describes cholesterol as “Human Rust.” You owe it to yourself to learn as much as possible about what cholesterol is and what you can do about it. On page 191 of his new book entitled, You Are Slipping, Dr. Munro has these encouraging words to say:

“I have pointed out the cause of most of our mental or nervous breakdowns as the depositing of cholesterol in artery walls of our mental—nervous equipment, interfering with the normal conduction of brain waves to and from the brain. Then since that is the condition, it is obvious that the problem is to stop depositing cholesterol and to withdraw some that has already been deposited. THIS CAN BE DONE.”

The methods—the diets—and the help you need to stop depositing cholesterol are all explained in Dr. Munro’s fascinating new book.

Some may wonder: Why should Dr. Munro write on mental conditions when he is known principally because of his work on diet. Dr. Munro says, “Through—
as on a Virginia university campus.

At proms, the West Coast folk singers do not play requests. This is not out of rudeness, but for professional aesthetic reasons. However, they point out that, in most cases, a dance band is happy to comply with requests for certain tunes.

"But don't go to the bandstand," Bob Shane warns, "and shout, 'Hey, you. Play 'I Could Have Danced All Night'!" There is a simple and dignified way of making a request. Just go over quietly to the bandleader and say, 'Mr. Elgart'—or whatever the bandleader's name is—"could you please play 'I Could Have Danced All Night'?" Chances are he'll be happy to play it.

Whether a top U.S. band, local jazz combo or the Kingston Trio entertain, the function's meaning is the same. Proms mark a high point in school social life and a coming-of-age for young people. They are an old American custom. "Prom," of course, comes from the word 'promenade'—in the sense of a fancy ball or dance. From the start, these have been considered exciting, romantic, memory-filled events, graced by soft lights and music. They still are. "Many college students get married right after the prom," says happily-wed Bob Shane.

Today, going to a prom is relatively inexpensive. For a high-school student, it may be five dollars a person, while a college prom may be five to ten dollars a person. Years ago, they were only for the well-born and rich. However, though tickets are now relatively inexpensive, the prom itself is getting more complex. Right after the dance, for instance, the big question is: "What'll we do now?"

The Kingston Trio's Dave Guard advises that, when the band strikes up the traditional farewell strains of "Auld Lang Syne," this shouldn't be a signal for wild carousing, high-speed drives to suburban roadhouses. A good idea is to have a late snack or early break-

fast at someone's home. Some may prefer a quiet hamburger at a drive-in. Some may prefer more substantial refreshments at an all-night restaurant. Whatever the post-prom dance activity may be, self-discipline should be accepted. "Moderation," he says, "should be the keynote.

Should teenagers go to a night club? This is rapidly becoming a point of contention, since many night clubs are now featuring top teen record and TV stars.

To Dave Guard, there's "nothing particularly wrong in post-dance night-clubbing, even for high-school grads, providing they're prepared to behave as adults. Teenagers at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, and other places where they have come to see us, have been well behaved—and great to us!

"It's a responsibility which teenagers should assume only if they're prepared for it. And, of course, if the law allows it. Reputable night clubs know how to handle teenagers, and waiters can usually spot youngsters if they are underage, and won't serve them liquor.

"Those who are really too young should try to have a quiet home party, or a snack with friends. If youngsters are really under-age and they walk into clubs with dates, and sit all evening nursing a Coke apiece, the waiters are justified in sounding an air-raid alert to get them out into the open."

About drinking, the Kingston Trio—to a man—insist that it's "silly" to get drunk in the mistaken notion that this is adult behavior. So far as imbibing goes, Bob Shane suggests: "Drink only what you would at home. Drink moderately, if at all. If you get drunk, you merely spoil what could be a beautiful, sentimental occasion."

Lately, there's been the rise of the "all-night prom." These take many forms. Usually, a dinner begins the festivities, followed by a clothes change, the dance itself, a movie, perhaps a moonlight swim, a night-club visit, breakfast at a Rotary Club—or anything else the prom committee can dream up. Sometimes school busses provide the transportation.

Sometimes, the students themselves concoct all-night prom activities in which the prom dance is followed by a party at home. Such parties have to be run impeccably, according to Dave Guard. "Such parties have to be well-organized. No resorting to such tactics as breaking up furniture for laughs or making so much noise that the neighbors call the police!

"When a party goes on all night, nobody can object—if the host's or hostess's parents are around to serve the sandwiches and Cokes or lobster thermidor. Smart parents know how to be present at their kids' parties without making themselves too obvious and putting a damper on the fun. Staying up all night on special occasions is just a natural part of the process of growing up."

As a bright footnote, it might be worth noting that today's young people are not addicted to "mad sprees" on prom night. The Eugene Gilbert Youth Research group recently reported, in a spot check, that only thirteen percent of the teenagers queried wanted to "have a wild time." Most said that they wanted to have a good time, but also "to mind their manners and watch their conduct."

Good conduct implies a sense of responsibility. Which brings up the electronic device that binds together young America, the telephone—a good instrument to remember on prom night. The Kingston Trio's Bob Shane suggests that wherever "the crowd" goes, after the dance, responsible teenagers should not forget to call home, particularly if they agreed to be home at a certain time and aren't there yet. "If you're late for any reason, phone. Parents are naturally worried if it's late and they don't get a call from the kids. That doesn't mean that the parents are playing Gestapo. It's only normal for parents to get worried if the kids don't check in at a certain time. They might have been in an accident."

Informal as sportswear, and wary of regimentation, the former collegians do not want to be killjoys in regard to proms, binding them in with lots of rules and regulations. They believe proms are more fun, if self-discipline is practiced. They contend that parents can help youngsters to acquire greater self-confidence by a degree of trust in their children. And teens can repay this trust by taking care of themselves and their dates.

Now some final tips from the trio. Bob: "Just take the prom in your stride, and you'll have a good time." Nick: "Act natural, as if the prom were just another school-gym dance." And from Dave: "Have fun!"
All the strength Red Cross has comes from you. You, your family, your neighbor next door. Red Cross is people. People needing, people heeding—giving comfort and care person-to-person. In time of personal tragedy or national disaster, people turn to Red Cross for swift, unfailing help. This is why—now—Red Cross turns to you.

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN YOU HELP.
(Continued from page 39) no challenge. Drama is sterile. The comedy shows are inane. As for the Westerns... well, if you dial out Maverick halfway through the program and then dial in Lawman, you won’t miss a beat. The same thing with Gunsmoke and Wyatt Earp.

"Yes, unfortunately, most of television is designed to knit by, to doze by, and to avoid-talking-to-your-wife by. Leland Hayward recently told a group of Detroit advertising men that TV shows are thirty percent worse this season than last. I disagree with his figures. Leland was being kind. It’s eighty percent worse. And from what I hear of what’s coming up, it’s going to get still worse.

"In addition to not entertaining and not causing people to think," says angry young David Susskind, "I have a feeling that television isn’t selling. My five-year-old son had a favorite show, last year, sponsored by a spark-plug company. He never missed it. My wife and I never watched the program. I know of no other adults who did. But my son thought it was great. I doubt that he’s ever bought a spark plug. So maybe there were thirty million five-year-olds who watched the show. Most of them get ten cents a week allowance.

"While I’m at it, I’d like to salute the handful of sponsors who have stood up against the tide of claptrap. They seem to care about culture more than ratings. I’m referring to sponsors like Hallmark, du Pont, Bell & Howell, and the Armstrong Cork Company.

"It’s my belief that good programing and good business go hand in hand. But that’s a difficult thing to sell to a sponsor when you’re trying to produce drama, especially original drama. Sponsors say, ‘Why should we spend $200,000 on an unknown play? Get us something that’s proven itself, something that’s been done before.’ Another reason why original drama is almost hopeless is because the people who write such plays have something to say. Their material is controversial. It may antagonize somebody. Sponsors don’t want to offend a single person. So what have we got? Sterility...

"Some people are getting out of television, it’s so bad. But they’re wrong. Where else can one present exciting ideas to so many people at once? Fifty or sixty million people saw ‘The Moon and Sixpence’—the NBC-TV special produced by Susskind’s Talent Associates. ‘I can’t walk away from TV. But it’s getting tougher all the time. The networks, the agencies, the sponsors tell me, ‘We want action, not that artistic bunk. Give us a private-eye or a Western.’"

Although Susskind sneers at present-day TV comedy, he is hopeful about the future. "There’s a new crop of comedians,” he believes, “who are going to break through the barrier. People like Shelley Berman, Bob Newhart, Nichols and May, Buddy Hackett and, of course, Mort Sahl. They are social satirists and they’re quite marvelous.

"They provide pin-pricking humor, something that’s needed desperately. They stab at phony values. Among the veterans, let me pay tribute to Bob Hope. His opening six-minute monologues are brilliant. They’re topical and urgent. He has something to say.

"Ideas comedy is almost extinct, except for the newcomers. The idea that what’s funny in New York and Chicago won’t be funny in Ames, Iowa, is ridiculous. There are no ‘sticks’ anymore. There’s just America. Appetites are the same. Nichols and May have a funny routine about necking in a car. It’s great. Well, people are necking everywhere... not just in New York and Chicago."

Let’s get back to Hollywood and Tony Curtis.

On his Open End program—originating, at the time, from Hollywood, where he was producing the film, “A Raisin in the Sun”—Susskind cut loose on a group of actors who have taken to writing, directing and producing. Among those he mentioned were Mr. Curtis, Dick Powell, Rock Hudson and Jerry Lewis. "They barely qualify as actors," he charged. "The idea that they are creators is nonsensical and manic.

Curtis was quoted as replying thusly: "I’ve never met Mr. Susskind. But when I do, I’m going to punch him right in the nose. Nobody has to tell me how bad an actor I am. Better men than Susskind have told me I’m lousy. His criticism isn’t even original. As for that punch in the nose, I’m not kidding about that. He’d better stay away from me."

Susskind has yet to meet Curtis, "I have a very full life without him," he says. "We don’t need each other. I’ve always believed that violence was the last recourse of an exhausted mind. If I’m not the biggest admirer of Tony Curtis’ talent, I’ve never questioned his virility or strength. No, it’s probably just as well that we’ve never met.

"However, I would like to meet Mrs. Curtis”—actress Janet Leigh. "She’s never threatened to hit anybody. She did rip my picture from the wall of Sardi’s Restaurant, here in New York, with the explanation that she was going to put it in her bathroom. That’s the kind of imagination I admire."

Other Susskind quotes relative to Hollywood, and made on that scene:

"Show business here is founded on quicksand. The people are quick to take offense at criticism because they have a guilt complex. They know they’re turning out crass, commercialized junk. Basically, they are ashamed of it, and they’re defensive.

"Actually, there is more creative talent per square inch in Hollywood than any place else in the world, but it is abused and misused."

Tony Curtis wasn’t the only one to make public reply: "Susskind," jibed Oscar Levant, "is salami dipped in

Show business being Susskind’s favorite topic, director Peter Glenville and actress Margaret Leighton are ideal guests for an Open End discussion.
chicken fat.” And Groucho Marx called David Susskind “this phony New York intellectual.”

Unlike Curtis, Marx was someone Susskind did want to meet. “After Groucho blasted me,” he recalls, “I phoned him and invited him for lunch. We became very good friends. He’s a wit, a cultivated man, a seeker of knowledge.”

During a recent interview in his Madison Avenue office, Susskind expressed a more sympathetic attitude toward the film capital. “Hollywood is going through an agonizing period. To be successful today, movies must be truly tailor-made and urgent. The movie habit is over. When someone leaves the comfort of his home today to go to a movie theater, the film must be compelling, inspired, something different from what can be seen on television.

“It doesn’t surprise me that ‘Alamo’—a twelve-million-dollar Western—was a box-office flop. We’ve been West erned to death on television. For the same reason, I wouldn’t want to produce a private-eye movie. When you come right down to it, the movie-going public is no longer attracted by piffle. There’s already too much piffle on television. And that they can get for free.

“Movie producers used to say, ‘Get me Gary Cooper or Marlon Brando on the phone,’ and then they’d sit back with no worries. That day is over. The story is the big thing today. Once you get a good story, add marquee names if you can—but the story itself is the most important. People won’t go to see Cooper or Brando in a bad movie.”

Never one to undersell his own ability, Susskind believes that, in “A Raisin in the Sun,” he made the kind of movie that will enhance the quality of motion picture fare.

“I’m doing work that gives me pride and satisfaction,” he says. “I’m a rebel against the status quo.”

He himself expects to follow up “A Raisin in the Sun” with a double-exposure of Rod Serling’s award-winning television drama, “Requiem for a Heavyweight.” He says, “Ralph Nelson and I are going to produce ‘Requiem’ on Broadway and make a movie of it at the same time, with the same cast. It will be the first time anything like this has been attempted.

“We plan to start rehearsals for the play in August, open it on Broadway in October, and start shooting the movie in November.” At forty, Susskind is still a young man in a hurry.

After graduation—cum laude—from Harvard in 1942, he served a few months as an economist for the War Labor Board, and then entered the Navy. Upon his discharge, he took a job for $50 a week as a studio press agent in Hollywood. After learning the ropes of show business, Susskind and Al Levy, a talent agent, joined forces and became producers in their own right under the name of Talent Associates, Ltd., which has since become one of the best known and most active of all television production firms. It anticipates a gross of forty-two million dollars for the 1960-61 TV season alone.

Susskind was a behind-the-scenes figure until the fall of 1958, when he became moderator of Open End on an independent station, WNTA-TV, in the New York area. Within a few weeks, Susskind became a “name” as a performer, and requests for syndication of Open End began arriving at WNTA from other stations throughout the country. It is now seen in a number of cities from Maine to California.

Open End—so-called because there is no set time at which the program must come to a close—has made an impact everywhere it’s heard and seen. From the very beginning, Susskind and his guests have discussed subjects which are not common fodder for television conversation and which often lead to disagreement and lively debate.

Repeating to critics that he provokes too much vitriolic argument among his Open End guests, Susskind explains: “Such a show, with a lot of fellows sitting around bleating about nothing but sweetness and light, would become the most stupid affair imaginable. Sure, I try to stir ‘em up. I’ll continue to do so,”

In just 15 Days see how invisible

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New York, N. Y. (Report)—Science developed pharmaceutical ice to meet today’s biggest skin problem—overflow active oil glands. As excess oil fills pores, it hardens into comedones—blackheads and whiteheads—stretches and enlarges pores—invites breaking out and “flare ups.”

Massaged into skin Ice-O-Derm® rolls out “fatty” masses not removed by soap or ordinary cleansing creams. It clears out excess oil and helps tighten enlarged pores. It protects skin all day from dust and dirt with invisible medication—holds in natural moisture. “Ice” stimulates circulation. Ice-O-Derm is the scientific new wonder-way to better skin care.

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1ST 5 DAYS:
Your first “ice” treatment starts to rid pores of blackheads within minutes—medication helps keep skin from breaking out—special astringents tighten enlarged pores. Result: Clearer, smoother skin.

2ND 5 DAYS:
Now you may see how Ice-O-Derm’s invisible shield has held in moisture—protected skin from wrinkling sun, wind and steam heat. Result: Softer, moister skin.

3RD 5 DAYS:
As “ice” stimulates circulation your skin is nourished from beneath. See how it’s improving. Result: Fresher, healthier looking skin.
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9079 SIZES 36-48

9494 SIZES 10-18

Susskind came under heavy fire from the critics following his solo Open End interview with Nikita Khrushchev. It was said that he was not equipped to wage a battle of words with the Russian leader, that he was too much on the defensive.

"I'm glad I did that program," says Susskind, "but I'll admit that I could have done a better job. I presented Khrushchev as a new personality. I never expected for a second that he'd say anything new, but I thought it important that America should see him as a human being. After all, he's one of two men who could set the world aflame. But I wish I'd done a better job. I shouldn't have tried to debate with him. Dulles couldn't, Eisenhower couldn't, Herter couldn't, and I shouldn't have tried.

"The trouble was, I think, that the hysteria preceding the show got to me subconsciously. People called me a Communist, told me to go to Russia, and that sort of thing. There were pickets and newspaper editorials criticizing me. The animosity got to me. I found myself trying to prove my Americanism on the air. I felt compelled to challenge Khrushchev and argue with him, instead of just getting information."

While on the subject of discussion, Susskind defends television from those who say that TV is to blame for the "lost art of conversation."

"The American school system is at fault," he charges. "I don't know what they've been doing to English courses, but whatever it is, it isn't good. The average person's vocabulary is pitiful. Television didn't do it, the school systems did.

"Of course, television hasn't helped. People sit there, in front of the TV set, and don't 'relate' to each other. But good television programs throw out ideas. They make people think and have feelings. That's what all my shouting is about. That's why I'm opposed to all the junk that doesn't even make people think enough to turn off the set.

"As for conversationalists, actors are the worst. The very worst. They're boring. Their favorite subjects are themselves. On that subject, they're brilliant. But it's all they can talk about. Actors, with few exceptions, are glorious kooks. Of course, to be an actor in the first place requires certain conditions. An actor can't be himself... he's always playing someone else. They play a game. They're charming, though... as children can be charming."

A man with unlimited energy and ideas, Susskind puts in a seven-day work week, and his working day usually begins at 9:30 A.M. and ends at...
Even his critics will agree that Susskind, whatever they believe his other faults may be, is not lacking in courage. In December of 1960, he rebelled against the long-time practice of submitting names of performers to networks for clearance in casting television programs.

"I will no longer submit names for clearance by anybody," said Susskind. "The witch-hunt hysteria in America is over. The 'blacklist' is one of the sorriest chapters in TV's history. Of all the things television should be ashamed of, the 'blacklist' is the worst. We actually gave in to pressure groups, with no evidence, and without offering the victims an opportunity to defend themselves."

The custom of "clearing" performers came into being in the early 1950s, when many actors were barred from employment on the basis of information published in privately-operated pamphlets such as "Red Channels."

The first major victim of the "blacklist" was actor Jean Muir. Last December, Susskind cast her in his "Witness," on the CBS television network. His casting of Miss Muir was widely interpreted in the industry as indicating the end of the blacklist era. "I simply told CBS that Jean Muir was cast, that she was ideal for the role, that she was a splendid American and a fine actress," said Susskind.

"I intend to fight against blacklist- ing," he said, "as an unjust, unmerciful and ugly thing."

Following the appearance of Miss Muir, Susskind received only one letter in opposition. "Someone wrote to tell me the old line that I should go to Russia," he said. "On the other hand, I received many letters applauding my stand."

Susskind and his wife, Phyllis, live in Manhattan with their three children: Pamela, 17, Diana, 14, and Andrew, 6. "I don't suppose I lead what most people consider a normal home life," said Susskind, "but then, who wants to be normal? What is normal? I don't know, and I don't want to find out."

"Phyllis is interested in what I'm doing. She'd have to be, to have stayed with me all these years. My business is exciting, and it excites her too. Why, she's a part of it. She's production assistant of our program, Family Classics."

"I have no hobbies, other than reading. Oh, I'm interested in politics. Not as a politician, but as an American. But that's not a hobby."

"I'm a leader. At least, that's what I want to be. I want to lead with what I believe to be the truth. It makes me feel good inside. If I seem to be fighting all the time, it's only because there's so much to fight against—mediocrity and complacency. Besides, that's what makes life worth living."
for public sale. Roger, whose biggest ambition at the moment is to have a Churchill seascape hanging in his home, says, "I don’t care whether it’s great art or not. When I think of the great man whose hand did it, I couldn’t care less about how good or bad art critics might consider the picture to be.”

Playing the Field: Opening of the newest International Pancake House on Sunset Strip brought out almost every top TV star in town, most bringing along the entire family to eat it up and join in the fun. Among them were the Bob Stacks, Chuck Connors, Bob Denver, John and Luana Smith, Bob Conrad, and Clu Gulager. Clu, wearing his regalia from The Tall Man, took a royal ribbing for it. He laughed it off by saying, “Some actors resent being associated off-screen with their roles. I don’t. I’m grateful to the series and figure every time I plug it I’m plugging myself.” Clu swears the following story of his pre-"Billy the Kid" video days is true. As he was driving along Sunset Boulevard one day, a police car hailed him over to the side. Clu couldn’t figure why and was certainly surprised when the officer told him to raise his arms, put them on the roof of the car and proceed to frisk him. Clu showed his driver’s license and explained he was an actor. "Maybe," said the cop, "but I’ve seen a mug shot of you somewhere." Suddenly it dawned on Clu. "Did you see The Untouchables last week?" The officer admitted he had. "Well," grinned Clu, who’d played a heavy on the show, "that’s where you saw me." With her return to professional life this month—via a splashy, beautifully-staged revue at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas—Eleanor Powell says she’ll let no more grass grow under her feet. Eleanor has had offers from every network to do a TV spectacular, and the star—who gave up her fame as Top Dancing Lady of the World when she wed Glenn Ford fifteen years ago—says, now that her marriage is ended, her career begins anew. "It will be many years before I hang up my dancing shoes again,” she promises the many fans who’ve missed her.

Heard Around: Will Sugarfoot Hutchins has his first on-screen kiss in Warners’ feature, ”Claudelle Inglish.” The closest he ever got to it on TV was a peck on the ear from his horse. ‘I’ve nothing against kissing, either on or off screen,” explains Will, "but TV kisses, at least for Western stars, seem to be taboo. I’ve done my own couple of tele-kisses and, in watching twenty-four Westerns in one week, not one star kissed the girl. Guess it’s proof that the home viewer prefers shooting to smooching." . . . Petite Brenda Lee, now enrolled in Hollywood Professional School as well as high school in her hometown in Tennessee, still has one great frustration. Every time she gets to California, she’s so busy between school and professional appearances, she hasn’t been able to get to Disneyland. She got up at six one morning, during her last Western stay, dressed, and was all set for a trip to Walt’s fairyland—when the rains came and the junket had to be cancelled. "I’ll make it yet, though," she sighed. "That and a trip to Russia are my big desires." Brenda’s next recording will be a hymn, with a choir as the only background . . . Mike Connors was already in Europe shooting backgrounds for Riviera, a new series, when called back for Tightrope, which will now go to a full hour and be back on the networks come the fall. . . . Jane Wyatt thought she’d enjoy the rest from weekly shooting of the cancelled Father Knows Best, but grew restless instead. So, she returned to the stage—for the first time in eight years—plaguing "Candida” at the Phoenix (Arizona) Sombrero Playhouse. Now she’s reading scripts with the hope of going to Broadway next season . . . Ken Murray has donated his fabulous collection of show-biz artifacts to the Hollywood Motion Picture Museum. The collection includes every autobiography ever written by film and TV stars. . . . Alan Mowbray, who plays the maître d’ on Dante, admits that his TV role is “getting to him.” Sighs Alan, “I went to a restaurant one night, noticed the silverware had been wrongly placed, and corrected it at every nearby table.” . . . Robert Ryan’s burro has become a celebrity. The animal, only one of its kind in fashionable Holmy Hills, roams the Ryan’s front lawn all day long, and is now included in the new movie-star tourist maps . . . Gary Cooper—who, on his thirty-fifth anniversary as a major star, was honored by the Hollywood Friars with a testimonial dinner—was the first film personage to be elected to their Hall of Fame. A sculptured bust of Gary will be the first to be lodged in their new $750,000 building in Beverly Hills. The new three-story headquarters is expected to be completed in August, and the opening will be a gala fundraising affair—all monies to go to the many non-sectarian charities supported by The Friars Club.
To Danny With Love

(Continued from page 43)

vary as individuals vary, but—in my opinion, and in that of my sister Theresa and my brother Anthony—being the children of Danny Thomas is the best present that an army of Fairy Godmothers could bestow upon three kids.

The above emotional announcement results from no snap judgment. When I was a little girl, I could look in my heart and find reasons why I thought my daddy was tops; now that I'm grown, I can look into my mind and spirit and verify my heart's report.

Many people ask me, "What is your dad really like?" He is like this: His work, like that of most men, is foremost in his life. Once that is said, it must be followed by explanation of the characteristic that makes him different from ninety-nine men out of a hundred. With the other ninety-nine, work is not only No. 1 in their lives, but numbers 2 to 20, as well. With Daddy, his family is No. 1A.

That is proved by the kooky goings-on during our first Christmas in California. I was ten at the time, Theresa was five, and Tony was not yet born. During the first two weeks in December, Theresa and I spent most of our time at the front window of our Beverly Hills home, scooping into the dazzling sunshine and asking Mother when snow would start to fall.

We couldn't imagine Christmas without snow and she hadn't the heart to break the news that the most we could hope for was rain. Daddy was in Chicago, appearing at the Chez Paree, so we assumed that when he came home—his booking ended on December 17—he would bring the snow.

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, the owner of the Chez Paree asked Daddy to remain for three more weeks. "I can't," Daddy said regretfully. "My family is in California; they expect me home for the holidays." The owner said that was okay, he would treat the family to round-trip air tickets and a holiday stay at the Blackstone. Daddy telephoned Mother the news.

I won't quote Mother exactly. But she said, in essence, that she had just finished decorating an eight-foot Christmas tree, wrapping all our gifts and signing for packages from all over the country. She had no intention of flying East for three weeks and leaving everything.

Apologetically, Daddy reported the situation to the owner of the Chez Paree. The owner was a sport. "Okay, we'll fly the family and their tree and their presents to Chicago. When you finish your run here, we'll fly them home again."

That is exactly what happened. It

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was a spectacular Christmas. There we were, in our hotel suite, overlooking a city we loved; snow began to drift down lazily on December 23, so we walked to Mass on Christmas morning through a Christmas-card landscape. And all because my daddy said, “I promised to be with my family for the holidays, and I have to keep my word.”

Daddy is also like this: He has great presence. Many people in show business say that his professional poise is unique; with easy grace, he can manage night-club situations that would floor a less competent performer. Almost nothing jars him. Except leading his family through a personal appearance.

A few years ago, Person To Person called on the Thomases. It was all sketched in, in advance. We were to be here, and—in general—we were to say thus and so. Among other antics, Theresa was to play “White Christmas” while the rest of us clustered around the piano, singing. Twenty minutes before we were to go on the air, Theresa (then thirteen) announced abruptly, “I'm not going to play.”

“You're not what?” gasped Daddy.

Theresa repeated her statement, explaining that she had broken two fingernails that afternoon, so her hands looked “awful.” She said “Let Marlo play.” It was my turn to fall to pieces—

I hadn't practiced in months. Finally, Theresa was assured that the camera would keep its eye off her hands. That settled, the show went on the air.

The rest of us arose to the occasion and carried on as if nothing had happened. We were as cool as an electric fan in the Klondike, but Daddy flubbed several times. He was so concentrated on extracting attractive performances from his family that he had no energy left with which to put himself across. When the show was over, he collapsed into a chair, totally beat and dripping perspiration. . . . A few hours later, he received a ribbing telegram from the William Morris agency, to wit: “We're dropping you and signing the rest of the family.”

As I grew up, I was convinced that I was the only teenager in the world who regularly received lectures from her father on coast-to-coast CBS-TV. By that time, I had started to watch the program every week, whereas—earlier—I had boycotted it. I had my reasons. During my pre-teen days, Bunnie Luhbell was Daddy's daughter on The Four-Star Revue. No junior actress was ever scrutinized more closely than Bunnie by Daddy's two daughters at home. We were bitterly jealous of her.

One night, Daddy—following the script—attempted to comfort Bunnie because of some childhood mishap. Sourly, I watched him pick her up and hold her on his lap. But when he called her “Daddy's little girl”—I burst into tears and announced wrathfully that I was through forever with watching the show, and I was never, never going to speak to Daddy again.

The next day, Daddy had a talk with me. “In addition to my show, your mother tells me you watched a cowboy show last night. A man was killed in that script. Did you believe he was really killed, or was it just make-believe?” Grudgingly, I admitted that I knew it was make-believe. “The other day, your doll was sick. Was she really sick, or were you play-acting?” I finally got it.

That has always been one of the wonderful things about Daddy. When we children had to be set right, it has been done in terms we could understand. He always let us know that we were still in, still members of the family in good standing, but we were never to do that particular thing again. Sometimes, it hasn't been necessary for Daddy to speak up in mere words.

When I started to have dates, there was one boy who came to our house often and stayed late. . . . Well, he and I didn't think it was late, but Daddy held a different opinion. One night, when the boy and I were in the midst of a serious discussion of the school elections, we were abruptly interrupted by the blasting strains of “Pomp and Circumstance” from Daddy's upstairs hi-fi. I got it instantly. It was Daddy’s way of saying, “Time to march!” It's been a signal ever since; nowadays, all of my friends and most of Theresa's have caught on. They get a kick out of it.

Sometimes, unintentionally, I've supplied Daddy with material for the show. One night, when a boy brought me home from a party a little later than Daddy thought was satisfactory, we had a conference in front of the clock. “Look, Daddy, I'm in college now,” I said. “There comes a time in every father's life when he must assume that his teachings have taken root. He has to trust his children. If I should fail to do right, it would mean that you had failed in bringing me up. Daddy, I'm not going to let you fail.”

We both shed a few tears, then kissed each other goodnight. A few months later, the incident appeared in a segment of The Danny Thomas Show, “Make Room For Daddy.” I knew that Daddy was setting me free—but, in giving me freedom, he was also accepting my pledge of responsibility. Daddy likes to say, “My children have always been wise enough to use psychology on me.” I think that may be true, but only because he has always used psychology on us. We've learned our technique from a master.

After I was graduated from Marymount High School and entered U.S.C. (where I was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta), I decided that I wanted to be a teacher. Although I had done a good deal of modeling of teenage clothes for Saks Fifth Avenue and for Lanz, I hadn't been bitten by the show-business bug. I earned my A.B. degree,
and applied to the Beverly Hills School Board for a position. There were to be six vacancies, the following fall, and there were five hundred applicants. I wound up with an appointment to teach second grade—one of the biggest thrills and most flattering triumphs of my life to date.

However, during the summer, my thinking changed. For the first time in four years, I had a chance to see a great deal of television, and many movies. I had a chance to talk with Daddy about his profession, and to share the excitement (and occasional discouragement) of many of my friends who were getting a show-business start.

I knew then that I wanted to be an actress.

Before I resigned my teaching position, I had my "most serious" talk with Daddy. He started out by saying that the only truly happy career for a girl was marriage, a home, and children. He added that show business could provide a thrilling, engrossing, instructive experience for a girl, if it could be regarded only as an experience, not a career.

He said, "Never forget that any public career is a tremendous burden. No girl should be expected to take on the enormous responsibility of bringing up a family while trying to maintain a public career. If you want to be an actress while you're very young, be one. Be the best possible, within your talent and training. But remember always that acting should be a part of living; it should not be your life. I don't want to have a shattered little girl, destroyed by a senseless chase after a stuffed rabbit. Some things are not worth capturing."

He went on, "If you want to have the experience of acting, there is one more thing you should know. You can't divide a personality. You can't come across the footlights, or over the movie or TV screen, as a warm, genuine, responsive human being, unless you are warm, genuine and responsive. A phony can get by on surface charm for a while. But, sooner or later, audiences develop X-ray eyes. Grow and develop as a real woman, Rainbow"—Daddy has always called me "Rainbow" during sentimental moments—"then you will also grow and develop as a real actress."

That's what I hope to do. If I can give a few people a fraction of the joy my daddy has given many, I'll feel that I have been a success and a credit to a remarkable man and father, Danny Thomas.

P.S. I have a remarkable mother, too, who is a combination of Gracie Allen, Judy Holliday, and the Queen of Rumana. Sometime I'll write a story about her... if I can catch her incredible quality of zaniness and regularity and tireless devotion to those she loves!
Young's for Real: The high caliber of The Loretta Young Show is explained, in part, by the talent of Dick Morris, writer-director on the show (and also co-writer, with Meredith Willson, of the Broadway musical hit, "The Unsinkable Molly Brown"). About Loretta, Dick says, "People don't believe she's real. She comes out for a half-hour each week and then she's gone. She refuses to make guest appearances on other shows because she maintains she can't do anything better or different from what she's doing on her own show." Dick says she's real enough. "She's truly beautiful, with the figure of a nineteen-year-old, and she has a positive approach. Nothing defeats her. Loretta finds good everywhere." As TV Radio Mirror's Star of the Year, this beautiful actress also stars in a full story on page 18.

Crystal-Gazing: When Dick Powell moves to NBC-TV in the fall, the replacement for Zone Grey Theater will likely be Bob Cummings's new brain child, Fasten Your Seat Belts, a comedy about air travel. Pat Harrington Jr.—like Guido Panzini, man—expects his third child in August. Curious controversy on the subject of "quality" programs, in that ad agencies think network rates should be lower for such shows. Audiences will be smaller, they say. But networks rebut that the audience will be more loyal, more intelligent, and have greater buying power. NBC claims to be ahead in total billings these days. Seems all three networks are sold out in night time, but NBC has taken the lead in nighttime programming. Wendy Drew, who left the part of Ellen Lowell in As The World Turns to marry, will welcome a July stork. CBS and Judy Garland, immersed in lawsuits for a couple of years, have buried the hatchet and Judy will lead off the CBS fall program with a spectacular.

Further Forecasts: Desi and Lucy may not be holding hands, but Desi is reportedly brain-meshing a spec for next fall, to be titled "Lucy Goes to Broadway," based on her present experiences. Bing Crosby's show on ABC-TV, March 13, will feature Carol Lawrence and Maurice Chevalier. Rex Harrison bowed out, after being asked to trio a song, "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore." From the office of Steve Allen to Peter Abbott: "Your item noting that Steve would very much like to get back to Manhattan via a Broadway show is incorrect. Steve and Jayne are quite happy here in California." Steve is rejecting Broadway as well as TV offers. He turned down ABC's suggestion that he buck The Jack Paar Show... On April 4, Lawrence Harvey heads up an NBC special titled "A Night at the Palladium." The cast includes British comedians, singers, dancers and the famed Scots Guards. "To stir up creative juices," The Radio Advertising Bureau has set up $1,750 in awards for the best radio commercial in 1961. The Bureau thinks that commercial writers don't feel they are doing anything of real importance—and yet they really are... Note that Perry Como stopped scratching his ear long enough to get down to Victor studios to make his first new album in ages. Titled "For the Young at Heart," it is a collaboration of Hugo and Luigi with the gentleman swinger. Among programs already scheduled for summer by NBC is "The Cold Woman"—not a TV substitute for air conditioning, but a study of the sexually deep-frozen female. This, along with other features from the Purex Specials For Women, will be rerun in prime evening time by demand of women who have written NBC: "My husband should see these so he will know that he is the cause of some of my problems.

Quick Talk: Leon Ames and Ruth Warrick are set for the new TV series, Father Of The Bride. Gene Kelly and Carol Lawrence will do several night-club stints together which, in reality, will be warm-ups for a TV special planned for the fall. ABC shelling out a quarter of a million to each of the ten American League Football clubs for TV rights. Dave Brinkley's "Hong Kong," slated for March 21, will be a full-hour profile on that mysterious city... It would seem that Midge Ware, female interest in the new Gunslinger series, has been chosen to satisfy everyone. A publicity release describes her as "sane, sober, sophisticated and sensible but she can also be fun-loving and provocative." Look for NBC to give Mark Richman the big build-up. Richman—who acted in "Friendly Persuasion," "Black Orchid," "Zoo Story," and "Haftul of Rain"—will star in a new full-hour action series, this fall, titled Cain's Hundred. Richman plays a square-jawed lawyer who goes after the syndicate... Joe Garagiola, former announcer for the St. Louis Cardinals, joins NBC's Lindsay Nelson to commentate on major league baseball... Shari Lewis elated about her show being played on Australian TV. "If it goes into Hong Kong," she says, "I will change 'Lamb Chops' name to 'Lamb Chop Chop.'" That's all for now.
Loretta Young: Star of the Year

(Continued from page 19)

believing in yourself, I mean you have to have the courage of your convictions. If you think something is right for you, then you must stick to it like chewing gum—even though well-wishers would deter you. If you fail to stick to your belief, then you will find yourself bobbing like a cork in the flood.

"There was a time in my teens when I didn't have faith in myself. Teenagers are sometimes dissatisfied with their own appearance or lack confidence in their own abilities. In short, they lack faith in themselves.

"When I was a teenager, Corinne Griffith was the biggest star of the day. She was my idol, too. Not having faith in my own personality, I copied Corinne's. I dressed like her, wore my hair like hers, mimicked her mannerisms.

"One day the head of the studio visited my set. I felt his eyes on me. (My Corinne Griffith act, I thought, is making a real impression.) When the executive called me over, I walked up just as Corinne Griffith would, expecting to hear warm words of praise. I couldn't have been less right. 'Loretta,' he said kindly, 'you should believe in yourself. Don't you think it would be better to be a "real" Loretta Young—not an imitation Corinne Griffith?'

"That's what I call a gentle come-upance. I've never forgotten his words. I stopped being Corinne Griffith and started being Loretta Young.

"In the development of my career, that gentleman's words prodded me whenever I had to wrestle with doubts: 'You have to believe in yourself—you have to have the courage of your convictions.' When I went into television, some of my business associates thought that an undertaking of 39 films was too much.

"'You're a movie star,' they reasoned. You've only been seen two or three times a year. If you go into the homes of the American public every week, you'll wear out your welcome inside of three months.'

"I didn't believe this was true. It took a lot of repeating to myself, 'You have to believe in yourself.' Some years ago, I decided to free-lance—for the first time since I was placed under contract when I was just a kid entering her teens. Everyone, except the late Myron Selznick, thought I was just plain crazy to give up the financial security which a contract guarantees. That's when I learned that real self-confidence comes from a source far greater than self.

"I found, when my conviction about free-lancing couldn't be shaken by any dire warnings or any pessimistic predictions, that it was my faith in my daily prayers that was supporting my confidence and my belief in myself. It was wonderful to discover that I wasn't, after all, just being stubborn. My faith was in me, and I was strong and sure because of it. At last, I understood what the gentle gentleman, so long before, had really meant. Believe. Believe in the power which God gives to each of His children.

HUNDREDs OF times since then, in as many different situations and decisions, I have proved that this kind of self-confidence pays off. It took me from silent pictures to talkies. It took away my fear of the microphone when I did my first performances on radio. It led me to make myself unavailable for motion pictures, in which I have spent most of my life, and into television. I find even its rugged schedules, its bewildering facets, are as endearing as the exciting growth of a healthy, robust baby. I love the intimate, possessive feeling with which television audiences view your visits to the family living rooms, and the way they let you know—in true family fashion—what they think of what you do. Your letters and your faith have again proven to me that 'You have to believe in yourself.'

As is made plain by the performance record of Loretta Young in the years she has appeared on television, this belief in herself has paid off. She is, without question, the most durable actress on TV. The Loretta Young Show has been the recipient of more awards than any other anthology program on TV.

And, as for Loretta Young's finished record of performances: By March 18, 1961, she will have 252 performances recorded on film, 87 in movies, 165 in teleplays. This does not include 300 hostessing spots for The Loretta Young Show! It is in recognition of this superb record that TV Radio Mirror honors Loretta as Star of the Year.

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Star of the Year—caught between scenes of The Loretta Young Show—with TV director Richard Morris.
Mary Stuart vs. The Simple Life

(Continued from page 36)

cooks and bottle washers, and errand-runners. They have taught themselves to be plumbers, carpenters, electricians, painters, plasterers, landscape gardeners. Bus drivers, general handymen, emergency first-aiders to assorted children, animals and ailing household appliances.

For almost ten years, Mary has been married to Richard Krolik, public relations executive. A month after her marriage, she created the role of Joanne in Search For Tomorrow, then making its debut on the air. Except for short maternity leaves and vacations, she has hardly been away from the show.

Cynthia was born in July, 1955. Jeffrey came in October of the next year. Mary has been wife and mother and homemaker in a New York apartment—and a career woman—all at one time, and thinks it the most wonderfully busy and satisfying existence she could possibly have. The country house has added to these satisfactions—but it has also added, often amusingly, to the complications of living.

"I had all the idealistic and impractical ideas about living out, away from the city pavements, which most city people have. Until we actually tried it, Richard and I didn't know how things are in the country. I didn't know how a woman feels—how I would feel—when something goes all wrong in the house, your husband is away, and the children are depending completely on you. I didn't know how many things there were that could go wrong!"

The whole idea of a country place started when they decided it would be "good for the children." Maybe a remark made by her small daughter helped make up Mary's mind. She was talking one day about the mess she had to clean up before they could go to the park. Cynthia broke in, "You don't have to keep the house clean, Mommy. Martha does that." (Martha being one of two helpers Mary has because most of her mornings are spent at the studio.)

"I didn't believe this was a good idea for a little girl to get about her mother. I wanted Cynthia to grow up knowing I can do all the things other mothers do and—that's more—that I enjoy doing them. That this is important work for a woman, because it is done for her family. I wanted Jeff to know that his father can do more than go to an office. That Richard knows many things his son can be proud of. That he can chop wood and make repairs and do lots of the heavy outdoor work that other daddies do. In the country, there would be no outside help. The children would see us as we really are."

It all started well. The day before her vacation began, Mary got her driving license. The children still talk about "when Mommy started to drive the car." They would sit in the back seat and inform her, "You'll never find your way home, Mommy," shaking their heads.

"I got up early every morning to get everybody dressed and fed, so we could chauffeur Richard the mile to the station where he got his train to New York. Our house is a charming old saltbox, but the kitchen still isn't streamlined and, at that time, we didn't even have a washing machine. So, on the way to the train, we dropped off the laundry at a Laundromat, and I picked it up on the way back. Which would have worked out fine, except that I hadn't learned to park well. If no one honked at me and I could take my time, I did all right. If they honked, I couldn't make it.

"The weather preceding my vacation and the weather that followed were lovely—but we had almost three weeks of rain in between. One morning, when no space near the Laundromat was big enough for my kind of parking, I had to drive across a bridge, park in a space big enough for three cars, walk the children through the puddles to the Laundromat, and haul children and bundle on a bus back to the parked car. How I envied those clever women who had learned to park on a dime!"

She learned, too, that a country place isn't all automobile and house. It's land—in their case, three acres, through which runs a babbling, shallow brook. But all that acreage has to be watered and mowed and raked, and something has to be done constantly about the planting. And that becomes partly a woman's job, since the man of the house can't be home all the time to do it.

"I overplanted at first," Mary says. "That's a typical amateur's trick. The vegetable garden is huge, and I grew far too many tomatoes, too much corn, too much everything. But it all grew like mad. I carried in bushels of vegetables every Sunday night to distribute to my city friends, and got so carried away that we finally had to buy tomatoes for our own table! And ours had been so much better."

There was the matter of the plumbing. In an apartment, someone came right up to fix whatever went wrong. So, the first time she turned on the water and nothing ran from the faucet, she called a local man. Luckily, he could come. But he couldn't figure out, after a great deal of turning and testing, why the pipes still ran dry. Small Jeff then decided he should be helpful. "There's one thing you haven't checked," he advised the man. "I worked on it this afternoon while we were waiting for you." He pointed to a valve. It controlled the water supply. He had turned it off, tight.

Next time was worse. Much worse. Mary decided late one afternoon to rip off some old linoleum from the kitchen cabinets and replace it with fresh. Richard was out of town, company was coming next day, the kids were having their supper and going to bed, and

Simple start for a complex career: Mary Stuart wants daughter Cynthia to realize that "homemaking" is the most important work a woman can do.
nothing would interfere. The job was far more formidable than she anticipated. What's more, strange noises began to drift up to her from the basement. By eleven o'clock, they were growing menacing. She was exhausted. She fixed coffee, sat down to think. Someth- ing ran across her feet—her first encounter with wild life in the house. A little gray field mouse (since quite tamed by the children and nicknamed ‘Cecil’).

She put away her tools, got ready for bed. The cold water faucet sputtered dry while she was brushing her teeth. The water noises followed her under the covers. She got up and tried the hot water faucet. It was dry, too. Any minute, she thought, this whole place could explode and blast off into orbit—with the children still in it. Then something clicked in her mind. She had put on the garden hose at four-thirty that afternoon. She hadn’t turned it off.

Carefully, she put on her shoes, because of the mouse. She ran outdoors. The springhouse had run dry. Wearily, she turned off the hose. The noises stopped. When she went up to bed, the clock said two in the morning.

She learned how to fix a balky stove. To start a stopping machine. And that everything like this happens when the man of the house is away. (Everything goes just fine when he’s around.) She learned that, even after an appliance is professionally installed, the housewife needs this and this and this to make it perform right. And that this and this and this usually involve at least three trips to the hardware store. The hose isn’t the right kind. The connection doesn’t fit. Something is always too long or too short.

Their driveway was blocked off for a while because a school road was coming in. Mary had to park across a field in a neighbor’s driveway. The groceries seemed even heavier, during that period! Then, one day, she was so busy cleaning the forty little fingers that belonged to her children and two little visitors that she completely forgot her own fingers. They got caught as she slammed the door on them.

Mary was so busy that she even pushed the button to lock the door before she realized that it was doing something to do with that sharp pain traveling up her arm. Even then, she still had four kids to get inside the house and to fix lunch for. And she still had to get to the station that afternoon to pick up Richard . . .

In New York, the market is close to home. In the country, going to market means packing the kids into the car and trundling them through stores—one eye on them, one on the grocery list. “I have to make such careful lists. I can’t forget anything. If I overlook bread, then I have to make muffins. The things these ladies in the country have to learn to substitute are legion. I marvel at their ingenuity. Muffins are the least of it.”

Only at breakfast are there four people. Assorted youngsters appear at other meals. “My mother says it’s all right for me to stay for lunch”—or supper, as the case may be. Mary takes it for granted the child can stay. “I have discovered the family-size loaf of bread, the family-size package of practically everything. And the real value of logos.”

She has discovered all the shortcuts: the paper plates, the thick, unbreakable mugs. She has learned about shoes. The first time at the country place, she brought tennis shoes to rough it. took along one pair of dress shoes. She learned about children’s shoes, too. And how muddy feet track up floors. “No one but a city woman would have put down an off-white rug in the living room—even if she did already have it, and even if it did fit. It has become a project, in itself, to keep clean.”

Stray strings tug at her heartstrings—but can become an extra care. When Richard isn’t away on one of his frequent business trips, he drives the family to the city on Sunday nights. When he isn’t with them, they take the train. But do you transport a cat—about to present you with kittens—who has strayed in from nowhere? Mary had to solve the problem by finding it a home late on a Sunday afternoon. A home that Cynthia would approve for her brand-new pet.

Actually, Mary has no complaints. She has learned how many things she can do, just as so many other women have learned. To paper walls, paint inside and out, fix and repair. “You have to find out about window frames,” she says. “How to sand, putty up holes, spackle cracks. I look at my apartment windows now and realize the ones I repainted in the country look far better—though a professional painter did the city windows.”

The change has been good for the children. The country has given them freedom, more self-reliance. “Jeff came home, one day, with a black eye. But he won the fight. And I was glad I wasn’t there. The children. He had worked it out for himself. This kind of thing can’t happen when play is strictly supervised. He felt something was worth fighting for—and he did it.”

Richard has only one complaint. “This is supposed to be a weekend and vacation house, and you never sit down,” he tells Mary. She admits he’s right.

“I still have only a small-scale idea of what it’s all about, because we don’t live out in the country all the time. But I have a large-scale appreciation of the things women can accomplish when their families are depending on them. I suspect we all do it for the same reason: It’s so wonderfully worth it!”
Liederkranz Hall

(Continued from page 48)

Of Life, and 54, housing The Secret Storm, are slightly smaller, but each is filled with a diversity of backgrounds—a corner of a park, the exterior of a house, an airport waiting room—all skillfully built to fit space requirements.

As many as twenty or more people mill around the crowded floor before air time. Actors get ready to take their places. Crews ready their equipment. Director and assistant director give last-minute instructions, then disappear into the glass-fronted control room looking down upon this floor. As you stumble over cables which look like thin, twisting snakes under the dazing overhead lights—and dodge the three cameras and two sound booms and the flats and props being transported from one place to another—you wonder how, within the next few minutes, a well-paced, perfect-in-every-detail program will go out on the air. And you marvel at all the people involved, who survive this terrific daily tension and seem to thrive on it.

Maybe the tension accounts for the gallons of coffee delivered every day. Each show has its own huge coffee urn, kept filled from early-morning rehearsals to air time. Seymour “Sy” Gross, manager of this huge studio operation, estimates at least ten gallons of the steaming brew are delivered daily. He also estimates that, to put on these three shows, a couple of hundred people arrive and leave, at least 160 of them directly involved with performance and production.

Once admitted to these sacrosanct halls, a visitor can pick up some fascinating and diversified “inside” facts. Flowers used on these sets are always real. When you see vases of roses, you may be sure they are the kind you can smell—and that, after the show, they will go to a nearby hospital or a church to spread their cheer. Food is real, too. Usually eaten when the broadcast is over, unless the action has called for finishing it off on the air.

Married girls who play bachelor girls leave their wedding rings with the wardrobe woman. Some sentimental new brides would like to “tape” the ring, rather than remove it. “Not on my shows,” says director Dan Levin of Search For Tomorrow. “I can’t let my girls have clumsy-looking hands.” Other directors are of the same mind.

You learn where an actress really goes, on the TV set, when she’s supposed to run upstairs in a huff after a disagreement with her husband or mother-in-law. She goes up a few steps which then take a little turn to a small platform hidden behind a piece of scenery. From there, she descends what are technically known as “escape stairs”—sometimes hardly more than a ladder arrangement. Or, if the camera moves away immediately, she comes down the same way she went up.

You learn that even a main camera can “go out” just before a broadcast goes on—it happened on The Secret Storm. Two cameras being only two-thirds as mobile as three, all of Gloria Monty’s carefully blocked-out shots had to be re-shuffled on split-second decisions. But, on the air, the action went as smoothly as ever. (Gloria, incidentally, is one of the few women TV directors.)

There are about eighty “permanent” sets for these three shows, and no one show uses sets designed for the others. Each has its own set decorator—Phil Cuoco for Search For Tomorrow, John Pickett for Love Of Life, Nelson Baumé for The Secret Storm. Each has its own flats (pieces that form the walls), furniture, properties. Two or three major sets may be used each day on each show.

Even a so-called “permanent” set isn’t up all the time, but can be assembled rapidly and easily, with every part carefully marked. Mr. Cuoco’s detailed set plan shows all such structures shaded in dark tones, to differentiate them from the more transient ones. Notations, made a couple of weeks in advance, show which sets will be required. Markings give special instructions. For instance, “MHLR (NFD)” means: “Set up the Motor Haven living room, but no front door.” The front door area won’t “play” that day, doesn’t have to be erected.

When any storyline takes a decided new course, this means some new sets. Frequently, these are created from materials in the large basement area of Liederkranz Hall. Most serial sets are not “furnished,” in keeping with the lives of the people who live in them, but attention to details is meticulous, even for the short times a camera may show the full background.

When any new character steps into a story, other sets must be added. A banker, for instance, must live in a certain kind of house, have a certain kind of office. A chic young woman will live in a different kind of house and create a different environment for herself. Architecturally correct exteriors and interiors are designed to suit each personality. A one-shot part, appearing merely for a day, may require only what is called a “limbo” scene—perhaps a door, or a window with a draper— which is taken apart the moment the show goes off the air. But everything used must be flame-proofed, or non-flammable, to guard against fire hazard.

Actors must not only make good in their own parts—the actor in a dramatic serial needs to be especially flexible and alert, a “quick study”—but each must complement the others in the cast. “Each actor plays off the others,” says Frank Dodge, executive producer of Search For Tomorrow. “No one works alone.” Dan Levin, director of the show, adds, “Actors may have to work together for years in our show—many of them already have. They work things out on a personal level, just as members of any family or community must do, in getting along together.”

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Young visitor to old building: Baby elephant on stairs of Liederkranz Hall can be headed for just one place—Studio 53 and Captain Kangaroo!
The director is the last word on everything that pertains to the show. He can demand a change in a hair style for one of the actresses, if he thinks it unsuited to the character—and the change is made. Hairdressers and make-up people for these shows are tops in their professions. They get to know their "faces" well—will shadow a too prominent chin, curb a straggly eyebrow, dramatize a too-round face.

Costuming is tops, too. Julia Sze, fashion consultant for two of the serials—Love Of Life and The Secret Storm—has some interesting comments about dressing a daytime drama. "The costuming helps to create a character. It's not how elaborate that matters, but how suitable and functional. We are not putting on fashion shows."

Julia selects fine designer clothes that "move" well and "sit" well. Materials must have enough body to drape gracefully. Costume fabrics have to complement background fabrics and patterns. Many a costume that is right in itself "fades out" against certain backgrounds under certain lighting conditions. Every selection must be balanced within the framework of everything else.

Men provide their own wardrobes, except for special costumes. Julia usually checks with them by telephone before they come in, if two or three are going to appear in one scene. It won't do to have all dressed in dark suits, or all in light. Or all wearing striped ties, or solid-color ties. An emergency wardrobe she has created takes care of any last-minute clothes crises.

Virginia Schreiber, wardrobe woman for Search For Tomorrow, keeps a reserve of clothes for her actresses, gets any special things required. But the girls on that show usually wear their own clothes—approved by the director, of course. Other emergencies, besides those of tone and pattern, pop up now and then. Melba Rae—Marge Bergman in the drama—put on a new dress and found it much too big. "Don't worry," Virginia said. With Melba still in the dress, she took a pleat down each side—and the fit was sensational.

Each director, of course, has his own individual working methods, but a general pattern runs through all. Search For Tomorrow is the only one of the three shows that is rehearsed and broadcast all in one day. Love Of Life and The Secret Storm split their rehearsal time over two days. But each director does about two weeks' advance work on a show and each requires—from three-and-a-half to four hours of rehearsal time, from the first "dry run"—without the facilities, such as cameras—to the final dress rehearsal, which must approximate the actual broadcast as closely as possible.

The final "dress" is an interesting show in itself, as seen from the control room. Here sit the director, assistant director, technical director, audio man, video man, lighting director, script girl (stopwatch in hand to time the show and get it off the air promptly), and unit manager. A bank of "monitors" lights up the semi-darkness. One for each camera and one for the picture selected for broadcast at that moment. Below and beyond the glass window is the studio floor, the actors quietly finding their places, the cameras and mike booms being positioned.

In the midst of a romantic scene in The Secret Storm, as director Gloria Monty directs the camera to "pan in" she suddenly interrupts—"I see a boom shadow." The long, derrick-like piece of machinery, with a microphone hung from the end, has cast its shadow on the face of the girl. . . . During dress for Love Of Life, seconds are counted off until the action starts. Suddenly director Auerbach asks, "What's he showing on that paper? Let the audience see what it is. Maybe it should be a bigger piece. . . ." During dress for Search For Tomorrow, director Levin says, "I heard a noise that shouldn't be there. Maybe when that suitcase was put down too hard. Find out what made that noise."

Each director goes down to the floor to make last-minute changes and give final instructions, before air time. Two of these shows go into rehearsal for next day, very soon after they leave the air. Actors climb the high, old-fashioned stairs to studios on the upper floors (there are no elevators). There are readings, interpretations by the directors, dry runs—and then the actors leave, scripts in hand, to study next day's lines.

The director's job isn't finished, even then. The physical blocking—which means the camera moves—has to be worked out in detail. Next morning, he must get the studio "checked out"—make sure the props are on hand, go over the furniture moves with the stage manager, and a dozen other details.

There is no guarantee, however, that accidents—and incidents—won't happen at the last moment. A heavy flood in Connecticut detained actor Larry Haines, who is Stu Bergman in Search For Tomorrow. Roads were closed, railroads weren't running. Larry telephoned he couldn't get in. The first scene that day was between Larry and Melba Rae, and the script was quickly doctored to turn it into a one-way telephone conversation, with Marge paraphrasing Stu's part, so the audience would get both sides from her. She had to re-learn all her lines. Just before air time, in walked Larry, who had finally located a passable road into New York. Melba had to review her part quickly, as originally written. The show went on.

But the show always goes on, at Liederkranz Hall.

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twenty-four pivotal hours in Ingrid’s exciting existence, for an insight into the world’s greatest living actress, as she is acclaimed by most critics today.

First Hour. Ingrid’s destiny—fame, fortune, failure and frustration—began in 1927, when her father died. She was twelve at the time. Her mother had passed away when she was two. Living with an uncle and his family in Stockholm, she showed a penchant for the theater by writing, directing and acting in a juvenile play when only fifteen. The gangling, freckled-face girl was shy and stiff, but her innate acting ability soon brought her to the attention of the top dramatic school in Sweden. At seventeen, she won first place in the annual tests for scholarships to the Royal dramatic theater school. The next year, she made her film debut. Ten other pictures quickly followed, in which she starred in all but two.

Second Hour. Long, lean, beautiful and twenty, Ingrid married Peter Lindstrom, then a dentist. It was a happy hour in her young life. A friend of Lindstrom says of him: “There was something of the dictator in him. He was the absolute ruler. He was not a warm personality.”

Third Hour. Ingrid gave birth to Pia, a lovely, blonde-haired baby, in 1939. The girl later changed her name to Jenny Ann. A source of happiness to the actress for many years, she turned against her mother at a critical time.

Fourth Hour. Her face hopeful and expectant, Ingrid arrived in the United States with her six-month-old daughter to make her first American picture—“Intermezzo.” Reviewing the movie, New York Daily News film critic Wanda Hale said: “It isn’t extravagant to say that she is the finest thing that has come to Hollywood from anywhere in many a day. She has a combination of rare beauty, freshness, vitality and ability that is as uncommon as a century plant in bloom.”

Fifth Hour. Ingrid’s star nears its zenith as she captures a Motion Picture Academy Award for her scintillating performance in the 1944 production of “Gaslight.”

Sixth Hour. An unforgettable hour occurs in 1945, as the Swedish girl becomes an American citizen.

Seventh Hour. A shadow crosses Ingrid’s path, as she’s introduced to Italian director Roberto Rossellini. Making the introduction is her husband, Peter, now a surgeon. Ingrid’s now the highest paid star in Hollywood, but she’s bored with movieland. She writes Rossellini: “I am ready to come and make a film with you.” The time: Spring of 1948.

Eighth Hour. A black hour in her life. Having forsaken her husband and child to live with Rossellini, Ingrid gives birth to an illegitimate son, Renato Roberto (fondly called Robertino). The world’s press heaps scorn on their former darling, but Ingrid refuses to hang her head. “I love Rossellini,” she says with fire, on February 2, 1950.

Ninth Hour. Seven weeks after giving birth, Ingrid marries Rossellini by proxy in Juarez, Mexico, on May 24, 1950. Her former husband launches and wins a custody fight to keep their daughter for most of the time.

Tenth Hour. Dr. Lindstrom and Ingrid are divorced in 1950. She insists on having the last word. “People say Rossellini snatched me away from Lindstrom! The fools! I wanted to escape, anyway, and when Rossellini came along, I would have swum the ocean to be with him.”

Eleventh Hour. A tearful hour. Daughter Jenny makes a trip to Stockholm to see Ingrid in 1951. It’s their first reunion in three years. It will be six years before they meet again.

Twelfth Hour. Custody fight for Jenny reaches its acrimonious pitch on June 13, 1952. Testifying in court, Jenny says: “I like her (Ingrid), but I don’t love her. I don’t want to live with her. I want to live with my father. I don’t think she cares too much about me.” Ingrid reads the statement with a breaking heart.

Thirteenth Hour. Temporarily forgotten for a few months, Ingrid streaks into the limelight once more by giving birth to twins, Isabella and Ingrid. At least they are legitimate, and the world doesn’t look at her with such baleful eyes.

Fourteenth Hour. A chapter ends in Ingrid’s life forever, as her former hus-

band, Dr. Lindstrom, marries Dr. Agnes Rovanev, a pediatrician, in Pittsburgh on September 10, 1954. Attending the wedding is Jenny, looking as radiant as her mother.

Fifteenth Hour. Another sad hour. Her marriage with Rossellini begins to founder. He refuses to watch her on the Paris stage, in 1956, as she stars in “Tea and Sympathy.” He calls it “trash,” but Ingrid receives fifteen curtain calls. Critics rave about her.

Sixteenth Hour. Ingrid bravely denies rumors that Rossellini has strayed to other pastures—namely, one in which Indian beauty Sonali Da Gupta is frolicking. Finally, the entire world learns it’s true.

Seventeenth Hour. Amidst all her unhappiness, she finds a golden hour. For the second time, she wins a Motion Picture Academy Award. It’s for her magnificent performance in “Anastasia.” The date: March 27, 1957.

Eighteenth Hour. Another dismal hour. Ingrid and her Rossellini are legally separated on November 7, 1957. The man for whom she gave up everything passes out of her life.

Nineteenth Hour. Name-calling custody fight begins over the three Rossellini children.

Twentieth Hour. A joyful hour. She marries Swedish producer Lars Schmidt in London, on December 21, 1958.

Twenty-First Hour. Ingrid comes back to the United States to make her first TV appearance—on October 20, 1959. Henry James’ “The Turn of the Screw” is taped and shown over NBC-TV.

Twenty-Second Hour. Ingrid’s spitting-image daughter, Jenny, marries Fuller E. Callaway, III, scion to a Georgia textile fortune, on the “spur of the moment” in Elko, Nevada, February 21, 1960. The town’s jailer, Joe Bell, is best man. Ingrid learns of the nuptials thousands of miles away in Paris.

Twenty-Third Hour. A triumphant hour. Her first TV appearance nets her a television “Emmy” during the twelfth annual awarding of the prizes. It’s June 20, 1960.

Twenty-Fourth Hour. Ingrid takes off for America in early January, 1961, to tape an adaptation of a famous Stefan Zweig story. Executive producer of the show is none other than her husband, Lars Schmidt.

What will Ingrid’s next scattered “key” twenty-four hours be like? According to all observers, they’ll be golden, peaceful and productive.

Jerry Leider, director of special programs for CBS-TV, couldn’t stop from gloating after visiting with her. “Ingrid’s the best actress we’ll have on the air all season,” he says. “She was very

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May’s big, big issue of TV RADIO MIRROR at newsstands April 6
excited about doing this show. She prefers to do only one TV show a year, and she's well aware of the tremendous television audience."

The director couldn't get over her physical appearance. "She certainly doesn't look her age (forty-four)," he says. "She actually looks better than ever before. As for her temperament, you'll rarely see such a friendly, warm, unaffected person."

Public relations executive Buddy Clarke also fell under the Bergman spell. "She glows with an inner beauty," he says. "The first minute I met her, I felt I knew her forever. There's no pretentiousness about her whatsoever. When the movie-studio boss in Paris offered her the use of a limousine and chauffeur, she politely declined. Ingrid preferred to drive her own car."

Possibly the highest tribute to the unique artist comes from actor Anthony Perkins, who recently completed making the movie, "Goodbye Again," with her and Yves Montand.

In an exclusive interview, he told this writer: "Ingrid's a marvelous girl. She's more than anything they've ever written about her. She's sunny, gay, and has a wonderful enthusiasm. Ingrid's got a take-over quality. Every shot she's in fascinates you. She's so enormous talent, it can make an actor depressed just by watching her, if he's not careful and tends to be neurotic. Besides everything else, she's a great sport. She's game for everything. If she hears about a new night club, she wants to go. But Ingrid doesn't insist on being the subject of attention. So many actresses tend to dissolve if they're not paid enough attention."

Illustrating another Bergman characteristic, Perkins tells of the scene in the movie where he plays a drunk. "We shot the episode about ten times," he says. "Each time, something went wrong. On three occasions when I was supposed to lurch drunkenly up against her, I knocked her down. Another actress would have yelled, 'You clumsy oaf, watch what you're doing!' Ingrid just bounced right up, brushed herself off and never said a word."

Though she's been malignled and scorned in her life, Ingrid nevertheless comes through as a decent human being, unbelievably courageous and exceptionally modest.

"Big Swede"—as she laughingly refers to herself—is certainly not bitter about anything. "It's not in my makeup to be bitter," she says. "God was good to me because he made me in such a way that I cannot bear grudges."

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**Hyatt's Cандied Culture**

(Continued from page 20)

a bunch of books. Give the people a good program and they'll watch it. Despite what you hear, culture will sell soap. And we are doing just that, this year, for Proctor & Gamble and Purex.

"Our credo in 'special projects' is to present entertainment programs in the broad public interest. We have fifty or sixty such programs on the planning boards for 1961. Now, just what is entertainment? My definition is that entertainment is the ability to capture one's mind. A Shakespearean play is entertaining and captures one's mind, and it is also educational. We attempt to establish an emotional contact with the audience. If we do, we've succeeded in entertaining them.

"The theme of Project 20 is to deal with the major events and forces affecting twentieth-century man. I call it 'the guts of living.' Our programs are a humanistic study of men and events affecting us personally. To be specific, let's consider the program we presented called 'Meet Mr. Lincoln.' Lincoln is a part of us in the twentieth century. If he isn't, he should be."

Hyatt is in violent disagreement with critics who complain that television programming is becoming more sterile with each season. "How do you measure what is good and what is bad?" he asks. "I believe quality should be the meas-

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doesn't bother me, though. Maybe it's because of my New England background, but I believe a little suffering is good for you. It strengthens character. And I also believe so thoroughly in what I'm doing that the heartaches and headaches are worthwhile."

"This isn't a one-man project. The Project 20 team is the oldest in television. There are seven of us who have been working together since 1951. We're a team in every sense of the word. We understand each other and can practically read each other's minds."

Hyatt's belief that the public will respond to culture, when it's presented in an entertaining fashion, received an important test three years ago, when Project 20's "Meet Mr. Lincoln" preempted the highly-rated The Price Is Right program. "Some people thought we were absolutely crazy," Hyatt recalls. "They said that a game-show audience wouldn't be interested in a program of still pictures. They also reminded us that Lincoln has been dead at the box-office for years."

"So what happened? 'Meet Mr. Lincoln' attracted a higher rating than The Price Is Right. Not only did the Price Is Right audience stay with us, we also drew a new audience."

"When a man goes home from work, he's usually tired. He's not in a mood to sit in front of his television set and be educated by lecture. It's our job to capture his mind. We were able to do that with 'Meet Mr. Lincoln.'"

"By the way, the greatest of all possible compliments is when we present an adult program that appeals to the kids. You can't fool kids. They can spot a phony a mile away."

"After 'Meet Mr. Lincoln' was telecast, we received many letters from parents telling us that their children were completely captured by the program."

"One four-year-old girl sent us a letter addressed 'To Aber' with a nickel enclosed, asking us to buy Mr. Lincoln a Valentine. Her mother explained that the girl had watched the program and liked Mr. Lincoln so much that was worth more to her than the highest critical praise."

It was NBC's management-training plan which led Hyatt to his position of Director of Special Projects. The National Broadcasting Company set up the plan at the close of World War II, on a competitive basis, for college graduates of exceptional promise. Hyatt was chosen from Dartmouth College in 1950. "When I came down to New York to apply for NBC's training program, I was shocked to discover that I was one of three hundred guys being considered, and that only two of us would be selected. To this day, I don't know how we were picked."

Before finding a logical niche in produ-

duction, Hyatt worked in virtually every one of NBC's departments during his term as an executive-in-training. There was a period devoted to assisting the producer of a TV series known as Vacation Wonderlands, on which he appeared once as on-camera narrator for "Skiing in North America." He was associate producer on several musical programs, Red Feather Review among them.

The training year was climaxd by a term as the producer of a special project known as "Uncle Miltie's Fairy Tales for Children," a series which was to star comedian Milton Berle but which did not reach the screen. "The program was Berle's idea, but it seems there was something in his contract which finally prohibited him from doing it."

Hyatt's next assignment was a major one. He joined the staff of Victory At Sea, in May, 1951, as assistant to its producer, Henry Salomon. This Naval history of World War II, a series of twenty-six half-hour films for TV made by Salomon with the full and official cooperation of the U.S. Navy, went on the NBC network in the fall of 1952 and was an immediate and overwhelming success. It has never been off the air since it was first presented in 1952, and has been seen by more people than any other series. In syndicated form, it has been repeated in the same markets as many as fifteen times.

Hyatt was named assistant producer when Salomon created Project 20, in the spring of 1954. He has since become producer-director, and, in 1958, was named director of NBC's Special Projects Department. In this position, Hyatt maintains absolute editorial control. "Certainly," he says, "there are some agencies and sponsors who would love to step in and tell us what to do and how to do it. But no one ever has, and no one ever will."

"I have no use for scared people... people who will always be scared, as long as they are like a puff in the wind. Some agencies are scared. They won't admit that a quality show can attract an audience. If these people are allowed to interfere with our programming, we've lost the fight."

Hyatt was born in New Britain, Connecticut, April 22, 1924. He attended Lincoln School there and New Britain High, and was later graduated from Taft School at Watertown. During World War II, he was an Army Air Force pilot, and it was during his service assignment that his creative energy broke loose in several directions. He produced several music-variety programs on the A.A.F. radio network and edited camp newspapers and Air Force bulletins.

"It was then I learned that rules were made to be broken," he grins. "I was editing a camp paper in my spare time. It was a good paper and the commanding officer was receiving compliments. I asked for permission to be excused from reveille in the morning, and got it. I also asked for permission to be excused from bed-check at night, and got it."

"You see, if you're doing something good, really good, you can more or less make your own rules. I've never forgotten that."

After his discharge from the Air Force in October of 1945, Hyatt founded and managed the Plymouth Slopes at Plymouth, New Hampshire, and directed its ski school. In September of the following year, he entered Dartmouth College, graduating cum laude in 1950 with a major in sociology.

Active in extra-curricular activities, he wrote, produced and directed commercial programs for WBDS, the college-community radio station at Hanover, taught skiing, wrote columns on the sport for Ski Magazine and for several newspapers, launched and operated a company called Home Serv-

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Personal project for NBC Special Projects Director Donald Hyatt and his wife Jeonne: The care and feeding of their baby daughter, Wendy.
ice, employing twenty persons in landscaping and light construction, and continued to run his ski school at Plymouth Slopes. His only complaint about his present job at NBC is that he doesn’t have sufficient time for skiing.

“Skiing is more than a sport,” he explains. “It’s a way of life. I know that sounds corny, but it’s really true. For me, skiing is a mental stimulant. It gives me an opportunity to store up steam. When I come back from a ski weekend, my head is popping with ideas.”

Hyatt lives with his wife Jeanne and baby daughter Wendy in a one-hundred-year-old house at Branford, Connecticut, which is approximately one hundred miles from his NBC offices in New York City. “That round trip on the train is a wonderful tonic for me,” he says. “I’m completely insulated—and, in this world, it’s difficult to be insulated. I rest, relax with the newspaper or a good book, and enjoy the scenery. There’s no phone, no distraction. The only trouble is that I don’t do it every day.”

When a new project is being planned, he stays in New York, working practically around the clock. “I’ve found that I can manage to work one night without any sleep at all,” he says. “But, after that, I have to get about four hours a night. Sometimes I have to stay in New York for a month, working day and night, and just going home on Sundays.

“It probably goes without saying that I have an extremely understanding wife. Jeanne was my secretary at NBC, when I married her in 1958. She worked with me then, and she still does. My work is her world too. Her greatest contribution is one of understanding. When I’m involved in a project that requires my full concentration, she understands. There are no questions over my odd hours. She’s a part of what I’m doing.”

Hyatt’s only hobby is working on his home. “It’s a physical and creative hobby,” he says. “I’ve been doing everything from laying concrete in the cellar to landscaping. Come to think of it, the work I’m doing at NBC could be termed a hobby. It’s what I want to do most in life. It’s fortunate that I’m able to earn a living doing it.

“The creative world has so very much to offer. It’s exciting. The challenge is ever-present, and I enjoy the challenge. You have to take chances every day, and every day you have to stand up and be counted. You can be a hero one day and a bum the next. No one can ever predict audience reaction to the arts—whether it be a television program, a book or a painting. You can predict that there will be a reaction, but not whether it will be good or bad.

“We have some ambitious plans for 1961. Project 20 has two programs coming up in late March which I believe will be cultural block-busters. On March 28, we’re going to present The Story of Will Rogers, with Bob Hope narrating. The following night, we’re going to offer a program called The Real West, a show based on what the West was really like from 1840 to 1900, with Gary Cooper the narrator.

“In late spring, we’re going to start a new series called The World Of — — . The first program will be The World Of Bob Hope. It won’t be a biography. We’re going to take our cameras right into the world of Bob Hope. At least, that’s our aim. Hope will be followed by people like Jimmy Doolittle and Casey Stengel . . . vibrant people, people of action with something to say.

“Of course, the Wisdom series will be continued. In this year, we attempt to present interesting conversations with the elder wise men of our time, such as Somerset Maugham, Picasso, Carl Sandburg.”

Hyatt’s pet peeve is the negative thought centered on repeat programs. “Of course, it began with all the summer repeats,” he says. “Many programs are repeated that shouldn’t be. So, when good programs are repeated, they’re caught in the trap of guilt-by-association.

“But fine programs should be repeated. People reread good books. The classics, for example. And think of how many people go to a particular movie for the second or third time, or watch an old movie on television although they’ve seen it before in a theater.

“One of our programs, ‘Not So Long Ago,’ got a higher rating when it was repeated than it did on its first showing. On any second or third viewing, I frequently see things I hadn’t seen before. I don’t know how many times I’ve seen Victory At Sea, but I still see some things in it for the first time.

“If a classic book can be reread, an exceptionally fine television program can be and should be repeated. I just wish that someone would invent a new word for ‘repeat’. Perhaps ‘encore’ is it.

“Many, many hours of mental and physical labor go into a fine television program. The result shouldn’t be shown just once and then forgotten. Just shouldering the responsibility alone is a terrific burden.

“It scares me, sometimes, when I realize that one of our special programs will be seen by 20-million of people. That goes for every show, whether it be good or bad. It will affect millions of lives in some way.

“It scares me, but it also provides that challenge I love. I want to have a strong feeling of contribution. I hope the work I’m doing is contributing in some manner to our way of life. The fellows turning out Westerns may be making more money, but do they ever get that same sense of satisfaction?”
Art Linkletter Talks About Adoption

(Continued from page 24) and Mary Linkletter. For one thing, the Linkletters were both fiftyish when they adopted him, shortly after his birth in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. And they were not a "modern" fifty, but old-fashioned and set in their ways. They had lost their only baby years before, and were ill-prepared to be pals with a growing boy of lively temperament. Their ways were also unusually strict. John Linkletter was a very religious man, who cared little for financial success and went from job to job. He lived by the Bible and dedicated much of his time to preaching. Art's job was to beat on a brass triangle to attract passersby to stop and listen to his father's message.

"I'd like to point out," Art continues, "that my foster parents were good people who did all they could for me, according to their lights. But they lacked an awareness of the dreams and desires that fill a child's heart. There was little money, and often neighbors laughed at my father's 'gospelizing.' I had few friends, because I was not allowed to share many ordinary childhood interests. For instance, my parents were against my going to the movies. They thought it frivolous. And, while Dad didn't disapprove of sports and games, he had no interest in them, mainly because of his age. We never went on picnics, to baseball games, or enjoyed any activities together. I never knew the wonder of father-child activity which I've come to know with my own children."

Art's five children (Jack, 23; Dawn, 21; Robert, 16; Sharon, 15; Diane, 12) all share their father's love of swimming, handball and photography. They are now four grandchildren—two belonging to Jack and two to Dawn—who are certain to benefit from their grandfather's boyhood experiences. They will never be left in doubt as to their roots, nor will they ever feel the isolation of children whose parents are too old or preoccupied to join in their games.

The popular star and emcee of House Party and People Are Funny has said there is no joy or fulfillment "like that of having children and making them happy you had them." But, if circumstances prevent the having of children, Art is all for adoptions—"providing they are handled by accredited agencies in this field." Art and his wife Lois have, in fact, adopted five foreign children through the International Foster Parents Plan. These live in their own countries. But Link adds that—loving children as they do—had he and Lois not had five bouncing babies of their own, they would probably have adopted several in this country and brought them up as their own.

"But," he qualifies, "they would have been told, as soon as possible, that they were adopted, for the sake of their own happiness. In the old days, foster parents kept an adoption secret—not only for the protection of the child—but to hide the fact that they were unable to have children of their own. Today, people know it is no disgrace not to be able to have children, and even send out announcement cards saying, 'We have adopted a child.' Thus the occasion is given an importance just like the birth of their own baby. If I had known from the start that I was adopted, I would have had time to adjust to the idea and overcome any feeling of having been rejected.

"Today, too, parents take great pains to tell the child that his adoption is proof of his being loved and wanted. He is told that his real parents hated to give him away but had to, due to unavoidable circumstances, and that his foster parents chose him out of many other children because they wanted him so very much. In this way, learning the facts of his life, how he came to be where and what he is, doesn't come as a shock to the child. I can never forget that, in my own first shock of wilderment and surprise, there was also a touch of relief . . . coupled with the foolish dream that someday my real parents would appear in a splendid car, chauffeur-driven, to carry me off to a life of luxury and freedom from old-fashioned restrictions."

Art points out that the last twenty years have brought many changes in the manner in which adoptions are handled. Agencies (and he believes firmly that accredited agencies are the only source prospective adoptive parents should use) work hard to match infants to their new family in race, religion, general appearance, and cultural backgrounds. He adds, too, that he wishes more people would welcome older children into their homes. "Unfortunately," he sighs, "too many still want only 'cute, curly-haired babies.'"

Lois and Art take a great interest in the two present foreign youngsters they have adopted. (The three others are now grown up.) There is little Kwai Ying, who lives in Kowloon with her grandmother, in an overcrowded room shared by two other families—living conditions for children in this area are far from being conducive to health and happiness. Then there is Stella Tambaki, a little Greek girl. The Linkletters have visited both children and correspond with them regularly.

"Common sense tells us that it wouldn't be best for the children to bring them to this country, even if immigration laws allowed." Art explains. "All their ties are in their own lands, the remainders of their families. their
The Rocky Road to Success

(Continued from page 29)

age. Our employees' ages range from the teen-aged to the white-haired, but the atmosphere is that of the young in heart. There's not one businessman in our studio to 'expedite.' Not an executive to execute.'

The Hanna-Barbera studio, just around the corner from the Hollywood Bowl, is one of the most unusual operations in the country. It has the feeling of a big family operation. Artists work in slacks and sport shirts and sandals. Among them are a half-dozen father-son and mother-daughter teams. At lunch time, out come homemade casserole and jars of soup. A good half of the 140 artists Hanna-Barbera employ work at home. They are women who get out the pen and brush while the children are in school or while an infant is napping. When the work is finished, they drive in to the studio with Junior clutching the skirt, deliver the finished artwork, and pick up another job.

Office doors are never shut. Joe and Bill, in adjoining rooms, call across to one another. An artist with a problem, or a sketch to be okayed, walks right in and wastes no time getting color approved. One corner of Joe's desk is reserved for ideas. Any employee can drop an idea, in sketch or print, to the boss. Within forty-five minutes, if the idea is accepted, he will have a check for $50 or $100. If there is a conflict in character, Joe points this out immediately and he takes particular pains to explain there can be nothing frightening or wicked in a story.

"When I was five years old," he recalls, "I saw a movie about Jack the Giant Killer. Except for the giant, all the people were midgets and he knocked them over like bowling pins. I was sick for five days. Really sick. So I won't have anything frightening or wicked in our cartoons."

Joe Barbera, born and raised in Brooklyn, fell in love with cartooning as a child. Out of high school, he went to work in a Wall Street bank but skipped lunch hour daily to take a subway into midtown Manhattan, to peddle cartoons to magazines. He got very thin but sold cartoons, and this eventually got him into animated-film studios, his real goal.

Bill Hanna, born in Melrose, New Mexico, spent his school years studying engineering and journalism. After college, he joined a construction firm in California as a structural engineer, but the desire to express himself overcame all other aspirations and he joined a cartoon company. In 1937, Bill was hired as a director and story man in the studio, and Joe Barbera came in as an animator and writer.

The Hanna-Barbera team was born— and, out of it, came the famous "Tom and Jerry" cartoons which won seven Academy Awards. In the twentieth year of their stay at MGM, they reached the ultimate goal and became producers. A few months later, they were fired.

"That is a year to be remembered," Joe says. "Bill and I were finally in the driver's seat as producers and had great plans. I even had an old friend, Carlo Vincini—a fine artist—sell his home in New York and bring his family to the Coast. Then, some three months later, there is a phone call: 'Dismiss everyone. We're closing down cartoon production.'"

Out on the streets themselves, Joe and Bill roughed out a presentation for a new series, "Ruff 'n Reddy," but none of the motion-picture companies were interested. All had decided cartoon-making had become too expensive.
Finally, Joe and Bill walked into the office of Screen Gems. Within fifteen minutes, they had a deal for television. Joe says, "It was overwhelming. In the past, we had turned out eight cartoons a year—and we walked out of Screen Gems with an order for seventy!"

Six weeks later, Screen Gems asked for another cartoon series. Joe and Bill got on the phone and tracked down all the good artists they had known over the years. This included women who had become housewives and mothers, and men who had retired or gone into other work. The oldtimers brought in sons and daughters. Even the children of Joe and Bill came into the studio. The warmth of old friendship and loyalty made for a family atmosphere—but it had been no party.

"Lots of work," Joe says. "For example, let me tell you how we develop a character. Take Yogi Bear. We started off listing names and we had over a hundred, from Abigail Bear and Baby Bear all the way down the alphabet to Yogi Bear. And then there are hundreds of sketches until we find the look we want." He pauses and goes on. "The Flintstones were even harder to develop. In the first place, no one had ever heard of a cartoon series in the evenings, when adults are home. We thought it could be done because Yogi and Huck already had a tremendous adult following. So we went to work."

They made more than a thousand drawings of two men, two women, a child and a dog. They did them in all shapes and against a variety of backgrounds. "It added up to nothing, until we were struck with the idea of putting our characters into the Stone Age. Then it began to make good nonsense. Screen Gems took our sketches to ABC-TV and they had the guts to buy it for evening programming."

There was still the problem of sponsors. R. J. Reynolds and Miles Laboratories had first call on the time slot. The tobacco company sent a private plane to fly Joe to their executive offices in Salem, North Carolina. Joe recalls, "They bought it immediately, and a top executive commented, 'At least, this doesn't have blood running down the alley.'" Joe then flew to Chicago and auditioned the rough sketches for Miles Laboratories. In two hours, he had an affirmative decision.

Sponsors are no problem. Kellogg's is so pleased with the afternoon series that store displays and billboards across the country feature Hanna-Barbera characters, and five million boxes of cereal a day come out of the plant with full-size pictures of Yogi or Jinks or Huck. Today, Hanna-Barbera's only problem is time. Since he oversees production, Bill seldom gets away from the studio. Joe, who does much of the necessary traveling, takes work with him. On a flight to New York, he writes a complete story and, flying back, he writes another.

So well do Joe and Bill understand each other and the business that an exchange of a few words solves any problem. In more than twenty years of working as closely as Siamese Twins, they have never had an argument or fight. "Our secret is to split up, the moment work is over," Joe says. "Bill lives on one side of the mountain, in San Fernando Valley, and I live on the other, Bel Air. We seldom cross the divide after work hours."

Bill Hanna is an outdoors man. On a weekend, he will drive four hours into the mountains, ride another four on horseback, then set up camp and fish. And he is an ardent do-it-yourself man. He gets home at nine p.m. and, with his wife Violet, makes a pie from the crust up. He has built several rooms onto his house. On a Sunday, he may spend the whole day marinating meats for a cook-out. He has one son, David, at the University of Arizona, who plans to be a lawyer. His married daughter, Bonnie Hanna Williams, is one of their artists who work at home.

Joe Barbera, on the other hand, finds little pleasure in tools. His idea of relaxation is to bathe in the sun. He has a gourmet's taste in food and eats out frequently. Joe has three children. One daughter, Lynn, is married and lives in Sacramento. Jayne is a student at U.S.C. and works at the studio during the summer. His sixteen-year-old son Neal comes in after school as a "cell" (celluloid) wiper.

The children of Joe and Bill are just beginning to realize the worth of their parents' genius. On a promotion trip to Honolulu, Joe sent his daughter Jayne along with Bill for the festivities. Some 15,000 people turned out at the airport to meet Yogi and Huck. Jayne was so overwhelmed, she cried and mumbled, "I had no idea they meant so much to people."

Wherever Yogi and Huck make "personal" appearances, their reception is fantastic. During the Presidential race, if they happened into the same city as a nominee, they frequently drew larger crowds than the nominees—one even decided it might be good politics to pose for a picture with Yogi. Two cities are planning amusement parks named "Jellystone Park." A circus is negotiating a deal to feature Hanna-Barbera cartoons. The State Department has requested films to send abroad.

"In terms of work, what we are doing is impossible," Joe says. "At MGM, for example, we turned out a total of forty-eight minutes of cartoon film a year. We now turn out more than that in one week. The other day, one of the artists said to me, Joe, do you realize how much work we're doing here?" I said, 'Don't tell me. I don't want to think about it. I'm scared to death.'"

Joe didn't mention that he had in his pocket a contract for a 75-minute feature film of Yogi, to be shown in motion-picture theaters—plus an order for an additional TV series!
Dennis The Menace

(Continued from page 33)

the way he swings his “heavy” bat, or how the long pole he used to sweep the pool “got right between my legs and knocked me in.”

Too often, show-business children become so emotionally precocious they are unbearable. Happily, Jay North is not one of these child-adults. Everyone on the set—from the make-up man who applies his makeup after lunch, to the director who exchanges a broad wink as he passes by—likes Jay. His mother and his Aunt Marie Hopper, of course, are responsible for this state. Dorothy North has worked, ever since Jay was a baby, and is now an executive secretary for an actors’ guild. But she takes the time to be with Jay in the evening, to play checkers with him nearly every night, to see that he picks up his toys and makes his own bed. Jay is not hungry for affection, and so he gives it to everyone as readily and confidently as he receives it.

On the set, though, it has been Aunt Marie who has guided him and looked after him. It is she who shakes her head slightly to curb youthful exuberance when it threatens to go out of bounds. It is she to whom he turns for permission to eat the candy bar, she who has taught him his excellent manners. Aunt Marie has been on the set with him ever since his first acting job—a commercial on Queen For A Day.

“I got very old on that first show,” she says, “but it didn’t bother Jay a bit. The rehearsal went fine. And then, three minutes before air time, they changed his cue and what they wanted him to do. But he went through it without a hitch. That was the only commercial he ever did. They said, because of his looks, the people would be watching the child instead of the product.”

Between Queen For A Day and Dennis The Menace, Jay kept busy in a number of shows—Westinghouse-Desilu Playhouse, 77 Sunset Strip, Dinah Shore’s and George Gobel’s shows, and others. Some of the roles called for heavy dramatics. Fortunately, Jay is a natural actor and blessed with a retentive memory.

“One time,” Marie recalls, “Jay was doing a telephone interview and the reporter asked him how many shows he had done. Jay said sixteen, and the reporter asked him if he could remember the names of some of them. Jay went right down the list of all sixteen in order.”

Jay’s room is decorated in what might be termed “buccaneer modern.” Says eight-year-old Jay: “One day, a long, long time ago, before I was really interested in pirates, I saw this program they made in England. It’s about an ex-pirate captain, Dan Tempest, who

Dennis The Menace pranks are more laughable than lethal, despite the hold Dennis (Jay North) has over head of small pal Joey (played by Gil Smith).
is a very kind man. So, I began collecting things about them."

Aside from the pictures he has drawn of pirate ships, costumes and books, his room also contains a Long John Silver toby mug, a Captain Kidd lamp, and another pirate lamp which his mother had made especially for him in New York.

"He's so careful with his things," Aunt Marie explains, "that we can give him nice things. He isn't destructive. He reads his pirate books all the time, but they aren't torn or worn a bit."

There are, however, exceptions to Jay's rule of caution. "When we had just moved into our new house," Jay tells, "I was out front playing ball with some of my boy friends. I was batting and this one friend pitched the ball to me. I hit it and it broke the window in my own room. Aunt Marie came flying out, but she didn't get mad. She said it was a relief to get that first window broken, like she was waiting for it to happen."

Home is also inhabited by a hamster named "Heckster," a pair of unnamed parakeets, and a cocker spaniel, "Timothy," which Jay has had since he was a pup. "I won't ever go hunting, though," Jay says soberly. "I don't like to go fishing, either. It's nice for anybody who likes to fish, but it's not for me. I don't like to kill things."

"Not even bugs and flies," Aunt Marie adds wryly. "We have to step over the bugs and shoо the flies out the door."

Jay has another pet dislike. He's in the fourth grade now, and his teacher, Florence Burrill, tells about the relief map of California which they were studying. "It had all the dam sites marked on it. So I said, 'You see, here is this dam-' But he wouldn't say it. It was a bad word and he didn't want me to say it, either, because he was afraid somebody might go by and think we were swearing in the schoolroom! We had quite a time learning to call them 'dams' and not 'dams.' He's a wonderful little boy," she continues. "Very affectionate, and so polite. The courtesy he shows visitors, like getting chairs for everyone, isn't pretense. He's been taught that."

Jay's uncle, Hal Hopper, was one of the Pied Pipers and is now a composer. He has written the theme music for Colt .45, 26 Men and other television series. So it was only natural that he should put together an album for Jay: "Look Who's Singing—Jay North." It has a few standards, but Hal wrote most of the twelve numbers for Jay, including, "What Good Is a Girl?" ("Which I don't really mean," Jay hastens to add diplomatically.)

Uncle Hal has also written him an act for his personal appearances, which have become more and more frequent, especially since he has been going regularly to orphanages and crippled children's hospitals. "I do a couple of songs and say some things," Jay describes his act. "And then they ask me a bunch of funny questions. They ask me do I like liver. The answer to that is no!"

He had his first ride on a jet recently. "I liked it," he confesses. "The very first time I ever flew in an airplane was when I went to Seattle, and I was just a tiny little bit scared. When I was little and people talked about flying, I thought you just flew through the air by yourself, which sounded kind of scary. I didn't know you were in a plane."

Young Jay North is enjoying life immensely, thanks to his own eagerness for it, and his future is secure, thanks to his mother's judicious planning. "He's definitely going to college," Aunt Marie says. "He draws constantly—every thought he has, he transfers to paper—so we think maybe he'll be interested in becoming an architect. His mind is so active in so many directions that life will never be dull for him. Everything is a big adventure. Everything is new."

Jay, of course, has different ideas. He's going to be a big-league catcher, since there is very little work for pirates these days.

There is one more thing that Jay would like to make clear to his viewers: "I don't really do all those things you see me do for Dennis."

After a moment, he adds, "Not all of them, anyway!"

The Four Big Men of Bonanza

(Continued from page 34) booming voice which registers authority. But Lorne Greene claims no special privileges for himself among the men of Bonanza. "The big reason we get along so well," he says, "is that nobody tries to boss anybody else. We're just four men doing as good a job as we can, each of us fully respecting the roles and talents of the others."

Georgia-born Pernell Roberts wears a hairpiece in the series to cover a balding pate, but there is nothing artificial about his devotion to acting. So intent is he about it, in fact, that—in sharp contrast with the others—he candidly admits he misses the legitimate stage. "The greatest satisfaction comes from playing to a live audience," he says. "Doing Bonanza is wonderful. It has given me steady employment and an identification I probably could not get any other way. But I do want to get back to the stage. I don't agree with those who contend that you lose something, that you perform perfunctorily, doing the same thing on stage, night after night, in a successful play. Each night's audience is different, and a good actor reacts to his audience."

Like Greene, Roberts has done Shakespeare and Broadway, but his finest stage work has been off-Broadway, where his performances won him a "best actor" award from New York drama critics in 1958. It was a tortuous journey which brought Roberts to an acting career ten years ago. His variety of jobs included butcher, forest ranger, tombstone maker, rivet gang welder and hotel room clerk.

"I had a lot of jobs, but I had become bored with all of them," says Roberts. "I realized, one day, that financial and material security were not the most important thing in the world and that you can find true identity in doing what you want to do. I decided that I wanted to act, and I set about becoming an actor. I've never had any regrets, even when I was starving."

Dan Blocker and Michael Landon play a lighthearted counterpart to the serious attitudes of Greene and Roberts. To them, Bonanza is nothing less than a real bonanza, and they're not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

At six-feet-three and 275 pounds, the mountainous Blocker—and the name fits every square inch of him—is the biggest man on any Hollywood shooting stage and one of the jolliest. A native Texan, he personifies just about everything most of us think of when the word "Texas" is uttered. "My dad used to say of me that I was the 'olliest' man in Texas that wears a number-14 shoe and a size-3 hat," he chuckles. "He also said that I was too darned big to ride and too little to hitch to a wagon—ain't good for a darned thing."

Dad Blocker obviously underestimated his young giant of a son. Among other things, Dan was a school teacher in Carlsbad, New Mexico, for two years—which convinced the whole family that there were brains, as well as brawn, in all them there muscular hills. Big Dan drifted into acting while working for a Ph.D. degree at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1956. Gunsmoke needed an hombre his size for a featured role in one of its episodes. When Dan found he could make "more money in four days in this business than I did in a month of teaching," he was hooked.

Even before Bonanza came along he was rarely out of work. "A guy my size can play only certain parts," Block-
er explains, "but there aren't many like me around, either, which gives me a sort of monopoly. Every time they looked around for a big man, ol' Dan was right there and ready. I guess I was made to order for Bonanza. Hoss Cartwright, that's me, whether I'm sit-"n' on a horse or sittin' down to dinner."

The "baby" of the family, twenty-three-year-old Michael Landon, is dwarfed by the others, even though he stands six feet tall in his own right. He's the only Easterling of the team, having been born in New York City and having spent his childhood and teen years in Collingswood, New Jersey.

After setting a record for the javelin throw in high school, Mike was flooded with athletic scholarship offers from colleges around the country, but it was only natural that he should have drifted into acting. His mother was Peggy O'Neill, of musical-comedy fame, and his father, now a Los Angeles theater manager, is credited with having produced the first hour-long drama ever presented on radio. Mike's own principal claim to fame, before he joined Bonanza, was as the star of the movie "I Was a Teen-Age Werewolf." It could have stigmatized him, but the critical notices he received enhanced rather than narrowed his career.

The handsome younger says he couldn't be happier than he is with Bonanza. "I'm the outdoor type," Mike smiles. "I love horses and guns—anything that keeps me out in the open. It may sound strange, coming from a kid who was born in New York and raised in the East, but I think there is more of the Old West in me than there is in most people born in the West."

The four co-stars of Bonanza won their roles in the series through the customary procedure of auditions, but so well suited are they for the portrayals that it seems they were handpicked. "We hit it off right from the beginning," says Pernell Roberts.

"There never has been any misunderstanding among us," Lorne Greene adds. "Nobody ever steps on anybody else's lines; nobody tries to outdo the others. There's no element of competition among us. We work together as a team."

"Maybe one of the reasons we get along so well is that we don't try to carry this partnership beyond our work," Michael Landon puts in. "We see each other socially once in a while. We don't avoid each other, but we don't knock ourselves out to be with each other, either."

And from Dan Blocker: "I wouldn't want to work with a better bunch, both as actors and as men. If it ever came to a fight, I could mop up the place with the rest of them with one hand tied behind my back." He laughs at the thought. "But I don't think there's any danger of it ever happening."

They sound like a mutual admiration society. Considering the bonanza the series has brought them, they have every right to be contented.

Bonanza's Mike Landon and his wife Dodie can hardly wait for baby Josh to get big enough to join in outdoor sports with Dad and the older son, Mark.
Presenting Mike Clifford

(Continued from page 44)

studios are already testing him for movies—that's strictly bonus."

When Helen Noga takes charge, she takes full charge. But, in Mike Clifford, she has no meek little lamb. For example, he's fond of Mathis and appreciates the loan of the topcoat, but he's not overwhelmed. "I've got to be honest with you," Mike says. "John has never been a favorite singer of mine. I respect his talent. He's a great performer. But I know that anyone who tries to copy John's style sings badly. What I could get from John would not justify putting him in my category of favorite singers."

And when Helen offered Mike a contract, Mike almost turned it down. He recalls, "I needed Helen. Nothing was happening to me career-wise. I got an appointment and I took along a tape recorder so she could hear how my voice sounded with orchestra. That same afternoon, she agreed to take me on. But I was sixteen and, before I could say yes, I had to have my parents' approval. That took three weeks."

"It was the most difficult three weeks in my life. No one questions Helen's integrity, but she is a determined woman who does nothing halfway. My parents knew this and they were reluctant to let me sign with her. I guess, for one thing, my mother was afraid of losing me. I rather think I forced the decision because I let them know how much it meant to me."

Mike, who turned seventeen last November, is an only child. His father, Cal, is a realtor and musician who has played the trumpet with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Paul Whiteman and other big bands. Mike's mother, Gerry, is an accessory buyer for a chain of California clothing stores. The three live in an apartment in Baldwin Hills, just twenty minutes from Helen's home in Beverly Hills.

"We've always been a close family," Mike says. "When you're an only child, you feel more like a young brother. We share the good and bad and, when things are bad, we're the kind of family that can sit down and laugh at the whole thing. I always have a voice in decisions. We've never been rich, but I've never lacked for anything I needed. And I've paid them back by trying to burn down our house only once."

Mike, who considers himself rather quiet, recalls this as quite a dramatic incident. "I was six, and decided to cremate an ant. Well, I burned the ant, all right, but the ant was on a curtain. And the curtain burned and fell on the bed, and the bed burned and fell on the floor. It turned out to be a warm afternoon."

In school, Mike found himself only mildly interested in study. "My grades have been only slightly better than average. You might say I get B's for boredom." But there was early recognition of his singing talents and, at nine, he was scheduled to sing a solo at a school assembly. Out on the stage, he panicked and flew off to a closet, where he locked himself in for two hours. The next time, the principal kept Mike in his office until the very last minute and then thrust him onto the stage. That was about the last time Mike had to be coaxed to perform.

"When I was twelve," he recalls, "I told my parents I wanted to be a singer. They said no and it was hard to argue with Dad, because he has had a lot of years in the music business and knows the ups and downs. But argue I did, and finally they relented to the point of saying, 'No for now.'"

When a boy as basically shy and quiet as Mike makes a big noise about something he wants, you know he wants it badly. So his father took him to a respected voice teacher and the teacher asserted that Mike could sing. Occasionally then, Cal Clifford would take Mike along to sing with his band, The Cavaliers, and this proved to be very important experience. At fifteen, Mike talked himself into a recording contract.

"I was chatting with a parking-lot attendant," Mike says. "You know, in Hollywood, everyone does something. A waitress is a poet. The milkman may be a violinist. In this case, the car attendant was a songwriter and I was telling him I'd heard his song on the radio and liked it and someday hoped to record one of his songs. Just then, Skip Carmel drives up. Well, Skip is kind of an A & R man for nobody but he knows everybody.

"I gave Skip the biggest sales pitch of my life and talked him into recording a 'demo' of me that afternoon." Skip then took Mike to a West Coast recording company. The A & R man there turned out to be a musician who had played with Mike's father in Matty Malneck's group. He listened, and Mike was signed to a seven-year contract. He made two recordings for the company before the contract was broken by mutual consent.

"Dad acted as my personal manager through that period," says Mike, "and sometimes we were at odds. He's a fine musician. He's very critical of my singing, as he should be. I was too much of a kid for a while to appreciate his advice. But now, when he has a suggestion as to phrasing or interpretation, I listen." But Mike no longer allows his parents to come to a recording session. "I know they want to be there. I know they are sitting on pins and needles at home, but I feel that I've got to do it all on my own."

No one's feelings are hurt, for Mike's parents consider him trustworthy and self-reliant. Since his sophomore year in high school, he has had few restrictions on the use of money or dating hours. If he wants to blow his savings on a new suit, it's his business. The family car is his, any time of the day or night. Mike enjoys his independence and the solitude he finds when he gets home from school while his parents are still at work. He spends his private hours listening to records, singing, and mulling over his decisions of the day. His bedroom is typical of his age, with college pennants on the wall and a bulletin board that currently holds a program from one of Johnny Mathis' theater appearances and a picture of

Why not write us a letter?

In this issue of TV Radio Mirror, there are more stories than ever before. Many of them are, as before, about favorite stars of TV seen regularly on weekly shows. Others, as you've noticed, are about new stars, new shows. And, in the case of Donald Hyatt, producer-director of the Project 20 series, a notable behind-the-scenes individual. Please write us a letter to let us know what you'd like in future issues:

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Send to: TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
singer Kathy Linden, a friend and fellow student in Mike's dramatic class. Very proud of his parents, Mike resembles his mother in coloring. Personality-wise, there seems to be a touch of his father. "Dad is from Missouri," Mike points out. "I wouldn't say he's exactly stubborn about things, but he forms his own opinions and stands by them until he is convinced otherwise." Mike, too, has a bit of this quality. He may be a little shy, but he's thoughtful and conclusive.

He's not impressed by big names. "Sinatra is the perfect example of a somebody who is going nowhere," he says. "I could not be so cynical. I couldn't be so uninspired." But he is quick to explain his admiration for Perry Como. "There is stability in his character, presentation and personality. He might fall down in one—but not all three at once."

There are only two singers besides Como whom he looks up to, and they are Judy Garland and Ella Fitzgerald. In the younger generation, he sees little to admire. He shrugs at the name of Elvis. About Bobby Darin, Mike says only, "He's got guts." When it comes to Connie Francis and Brenda Lee, he says, "Both have great talent and great determination."

There is nothing smart-alecky or wise-guy about Mike. The proof is in his popularity with fellow students at Dorsey High School. Twice, Mike ran for a school office. Once, he lost a class presidency by ten votes. In the race for president of the student body, with two thousand votes cast, he lost by only a hundred. Hardly enough to depress a young man who also notes: "Especially, when I remember that I'm dating the prettiest girl in the school."

Mike's favorite girl is Sue Pritchard, a classmate and also a senior. "Sue's different from me," he says. "Although she wants to be a singer, she's a better student. She makes straight A's and participates in more activities. But we're comfortable together. My idea of a date is to pick up Sue, drive for two hours, stop for coffee, drive another two hours and talk and talk and talk."

He adds, "We're a little more than friends, but not serious. It'll be so many years before I'll be thinking of marriage that it would be a waste of time to even suggest what my ideal would be. But, certainly, Sue has characteristics I admire. I like a natural-looking girl, with little make-up, who is honest and sincere. Beyond that, I have no thought on the matter."

With school, studies, friends and an expanding career, Mike finds himself fully occupied. He is determined to broaden the scope of his performing personality so that he may eventually work in every aspect of show business. He keeps his distance from voice teachers because he feels they can do him more harm than good. But, in the past year, he's put in considerable time in a dramatic school. He has met several film producers and presently is up for consideration for Screen Gems' new private-eye TV series Riviera. His ultimate ambition is to one day perform in a Broadway musical.

One or two evenings a week, Mike drives over to Helen Noga's, and is almost always there on Saturdays and Sundays. He will run over a song and listen to the criticism of Helen and her husband. He sits in on conversations about films, television, night clubs, tours, and record making. He hears about the people connected with show business whom he may one day have to work with, and learns about their methods and even their personality problems. Sometimes he meets stars and important people who drop in on Helen. Very often, he finds Johnny Mathis on hand, for Mathis makes Helen's house his home when he is in Hollywood.

In the beginning, Mike was curious as to what position he would find himself in, with Johnny around. Helen works closely with Johnny and her management attitude has been described as "motherly." However, Helen's energies are such that neither Johnny nor Mike finds any difference in her treatment of them. Mike, the protege, and Johnny, the star, have become good friends. Mike says, "There are some things we both have in common. We both like songs that make sense and have something to say. Neither of us has much use for tricks or gimmicks in music."

"John has been great to me and I have every reason to like him. We sang together only once. At a party in honor of his Greek Theater appearance, we got up and sang two songs. It was a ball and everyone liked it. But John isn't the kind who plays grandfather and keeps giving out advice. The most significant thing he told me was on advice itself. He suggested that I should listen to everyone for what it's worth, and not just let it go in one ear and out the other. I guess the most important thing he told me is that you can learn something from almost everyone."

The grin is missing, for a moment, as he concludes: "One thing I am most careful of is holding my identity. I don't want to look like or sound like anyone else in the business. I want my personal life to be stable. But, in the business, I want the excitement of continuing development. Helen has helped me grow—but, in the other sense, I don't ever want to stop growing!"
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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

by Peter Abbott

Hot News: Jack Barry went all the way to Tokyo to announce he will return to TV. Just waiting for the proper climate. . . . Janet Blair awaits Sir Stork. Her husband, Nick Mayo, is a CBS producer . . . Kraft and Como haggling. Perry wants to cut down his number of shows and push up his take-home pay. . . . CBC increasing its programming of adventure series—not only because they are cheaper but Canadian viewers prefer them. . . . NBC won the pool to cover the story of the first astronaut to go into space and will feed the other networks. It could happen anytime this spring. . . . Life Begins at 70 Dept: Casey Stengel did so well on the Como show, he has been asked back and has an invitation to guest-star on the Bat Masterson series. . . . Move on foot to install coin-operated TV receivers in coin-operated laundries. . . . Ever wonder what happened to Jean Shepherd, inventor of "the Night People"? He's turned actor and is seen as Milton Sweetwater on From These Roots. . . . If you buy only one record this month, let it be ABC-Paramount's
“Highlights of 1961 Circus” brings Arthur Godfrey and “Goldie” into center ring.

“Ray Charles—dedicated to you.” . . . Hang on to your transfer—new ABC-TV series this fall is Bus Stop, starring Marilyn Maxwell.

The Big Ones: “Cry Vengeance!”—the new teleplay with Ben Gazzara and Sal Mineo—got bounced out of its February date by a special NBC report on Lumumba’s murder. The drama is now scheduled for April 25 and it’s a first-rate story about the real life of a Sicilian bandit, played by Gazzara. Mineo plays a rebel turncoat and Peter Falk turns up as a priest. . . . On April 29, ABC-TV kicks off Saturday Sport Spectacular with a bullfight taped in Seville . . . Arthur Godfrey draws the ringmaster assignment on April 29, CBS-TV, with “Highlights of the 1961 Circus,” featuring Ringling—Barnum & Bailey Circus acts and Arthur, himself, putting Goldie through her paces.

Return to Paradise: Richard Boone pleaded fatigue and expressed a desire to stop traveling with gun. But he lost that tired-blood feeling when CBS agreed to pay him $1,000,000 for 39 more episodes. . . Wells Fargo creaking. May not return in the fall. . . Lee Remick remains off TV until next season. Immobilized as she awaits the blessed event. . . Music publishers figure Bobby Darin is closer to 30 than 25. Remember, he was kicking around Broadway eight or nine years before he made it big. . . Gardner McKay definitely returns next season with Adventures In Paradise.

King Kan: Alan King, who makes the scene with Como April 26, is also at work on a situation comedy with Bob Banner as partner. Alan says, “The episodes will be based on my monologues and we will do it on live tape—which will be something different, and the comedy will be different. The thing that bugs me is why does every father have to be Robert Young? Good, loud arguments are normal between husband and wife.”

Ricochet: According to Nielsen (Continued on page 57)
Happiness for Jimmie and Colleen Rodgers is a year-old bundle of chubby charm named Michele.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE

The Tall One: Barry Sullivan, star of TV's The Tall Man, is immune to flattery. "There are plenty of fine actors who could fill my shoes if called on," he says candidly. It was during the Chicago run of "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial" that Barry got his hard but rather funny lesson in humility. As he came into the Pump Room, an obviously over-exhilarated man seized his hand. "Barry boy," hiccuped this admirer, "that play'd be a flop without you—you're the greatest!" Barry denied this and pointed to the moving performances by Lloyd Nolan and the late John Hodiak. "No, no," insisted the inebriate, "you make the play." Pleased by the flattery, in spite of himself, Barry went to his table. A few moments later, Esther Williams passed by. "Some fellow just told me I'm the greatest," she laughed. "He said 'Mutiny' would be a flop without me. The silly drunk didn't even know there are no women in the show."

The Thin One: Harry Morgan, of Pete And Gladys, was listening to Cara Williams, his wife in the series, tell how she lost 15 pounds. Said Cara, "My diet is strictly grapefruit and beef Tartar (raw, ground steak seasoned with anchovies) and I think you should try it, Harry." But the well-meant suggestion was vetoed by Harry, as he told the following story: An actor who was sort of chubby came to his agent and said he was going to lose forty pounds. "Will that get me more parts?" he asked. The agent flipped through his papers. "Well," he sighed, "there is one part you'd be in line for—it calls for a skinny puppet."... The Beat One: Possibly the most easily recognized TV actor is Bob Denver—who plays Maynard, the bearded, sweatshirted beatnik buddy of Dwayne Hickman in Dobie Gillis. Bob is now thinking of trading in his open sports car for a closed coupé. Reason? He can't go driving, even on the freeways, without fans pulling up alongside and starting conversations. Since the cars are in motion, this has become a hazard to life and limb. One day, a man, holding the wheel steady with his knees, yelled, "Hey, Maynard, look sad," and proceeded to snap Bob's picture. Another time, as he came off the freeway, a sweet old lady in an ancient Ford with an Iowa license, forced him to the curb. "Mr. Maynard," she cooed, "if you'll give me your sweatshirt and address, I'll wash and
It's bedtime for Jackie Cooper's family—high-riding son Russell, 5; daughters Julie, 3, Cristina, 1 1/2 (at left).


WEST COAST

darn it and send it back to you . . . then you won't look so poorly on TV."

The Talky One: Hans Conried, whose repartee has been a feature of many panel shows, is a master of accents. He has played everything from a Nazi to Danny Thomas' Lebanese uncle. He is also an eloquent lecturer on show business and spends half his time talking to America's women's clubs. "There are over 100,000 of these ladies' clubs," he explains, "and they pay from $350 to $1000 per talk. If properly scheduled, I can knock off two in a day. Imagine! It could be a gold mine." Here his face lengthens in droll fashion. "But, alas, I will never get rich talking to these ladies' clubs. While my voice could hold out, there is just so much chicken a la King my tummy can absorb." . . . The

Walky One: Sex may be here to stay, but it looks like it's going back to the style of silent films. Mari Blanchard, a siren in a recent segment of The Roaring 20's, couldn't walk quite as director Lee Martinson wanted. Finally, he spoke thusly: "Maybe, in 1961, you girls bounce like Marilyn Monroe . . . but, in 1920, you slithered like Theda Bara." Retorted Mari, "Mr. Martinson, even in 1920, it would have taken three Theda Baras to slither as you want me to."

The Hopeful One: Efrem Zimbalist is eager to quit TV for films. He confided this hope to studio boss Jack (Continued on next page)

For What's New on the East Coast, See Page 2
What's New on the West Coast  
(Continued from previous page)  

Warner, who asked, "Will that satisfy you?" If had to admit it wouldn't. "Because I still hope to go back to television as director of my own production company," Groaned Warner, "Hope, hope. I have a hope, too ... and it's that someday one of you actors will stop hoping and settle down to acting." . . . The Mystic One: Shortly after Jimmie Rodgers had made his dramatic debut in "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," his wife Colleen predicted that he'd be named by Box Office in their ten top newcomers to the motion-picture field. Jimmie gestured to their recently-built swim pool and said, "That will happen the day a mermaid comes out of that pool, singing 'Kisses Sweeter Than Wine.'" Colleen said nothing, but began making plans. One evening, Jimmie raced home with the glad tidings that he'd been named among the top ten in the annual barometer of the magazine. Colleen was ready and waiting for him. As he dashed out to their patio, she emerged in a fish-tail costume rented for the occasion, warbling, "Uh-uh, sweeter than wine..."

The Pretty One: One of the cutest of the new singers is Joanie Sommers. While taping her first big TV show ("Bobby Darin and Friends"), she fell victim to backstage kibitzers. Ordinarily, she wears her hair in a simple uncut flow over the shoulders. Said her manager: "You look square. You should look regal. Try a coronet." Said the night-club agent: "You need a chic hairdo, like so..." And he produced an ad full of "beehive" bobs. "What you really need," said a glamorous film star, "is a shorty—you know, tight wee curls in a bonnet effect." Others then joined in: "How about a Jackie Kennedy cut?" "How about going blonde?" Whereupon young Joanie raised her hand and yelped, "Stop! How would it be if I had my head shaved and got twenty different wigs? Would everybody be happy?"

The Witty One: When Patrice Munsel, famed opera singer, was in Los Angeles, appearing with the Civic Light Opera Company, she essayed a straight acting role in Checkmate. While she was at the studio, her co-star, Tony George, took her on a tour of the movie lot. It was a new experience to her, and she was fascinated, especially by the technicians at work. Tony told her the cameramen were probably the most important single element in making a good picture. At one place, she saw some horses grazing in the shadow of a replica of the Roman Colosseum used in filming "Spartacus." These horses, Tony said, were used by Revue Productions for their Westerns. "Aha," trilled Patrice, "I see why cameramen are so important. Who but a genius could shoot a Western out here—and manage to keep ancient Rome out of Laramie?"

The Motherly One: On the set of Happy, Mickey Rooney was startled to hear someone ask Yvonne Lime, barely out of her teens, "How are your kids?" He was further shocked to hear Yvonne blithely answer, "They are all fine." "Here, here," gasped Mickey. "If you are married, it's not long enough for you to have kids. What gives here?"

Yvonne giggled, "But I do have lots of kids—in fact, 270 of them." It was then that Mickey learned about International Orphans Inc, of which Yvonne and
actor-pals Sara Buckner are founders, and which cares for American-Japanese orphans left without shelter after the 1959 typhoons.

Playing the Field: Jack Kelly admits he'd shed no tears if Maverick were canceled next season. He has other plans. Jack has a yearning to do a Broadway play with his talented sister Nancy. "There hasn't been a family team since the Barrymores," Jack points out, "and working with Nancy would be like taking a post-graduate course in acting." . . . Carl Reiner says: "I keep getting the same comment at Hollywood parties. People don't say, 'Hey, you're much funnier than you are on TV.' Instead they say, 'Hey, you're much taller than you look on TV.' " . . . Jack Webb's Dragnet fans are due for a shock when they see the movie. "The Last Time I Saw Archie." In the feature, Sgt. Friday plays straight comedy, ma'am! . . . Earl Holliman, enjoying a leisurely tour of Europe since his Hotel De Paree series folded, traveled back to Hollywood to do a "Summer and Smoke" role covered by a mere six paragraphs in a 146-page script. And he'll be on-screen less than three minutes. "It's one of those parts, small as it is," Earl says, "that should have a bang-bang effect on the audience." . . . Mike Landon and Lorne Greene, of Bonanza, were given awards by the Los Angeles Boys Club for their appearances at the club and at benefits in its behalf . . . Giselle MacKenzie is another singer who wants to turn actress and is looking for a comedy series. . . . Pretty Nancy Simpson, NBC secretary, is the current Cinderemmy and will participate on the thirteenth annual Emmy Awards TV show, May 16. Nancy has had many acting offers, but turns them all down, insisting she's quite happy with her present job.

Looking forward to a "bang-bang" role on the screen—Earl Holliman.

On-set clowning for Cara Williams, Harry Morgan of Pete and Gladys.

Pert singer Giselle MacKenzie is looking for new type of TV career.
Information Booth

Olive Sturgess

Suzanne Lloyd

Look Alikes?

Can you tell me if the two young actresses Olive Sturgess and Suzanne Lloyd are related? They look so much alike.

B.R.B., Trenton, New Jersey

The two attractive girls are not related, although—oddly enough—both were born in Canada. . . Pretty and dimpled Olive Sturgess, a native of Ocean Falls, British Columbia, trained for a theatrical career in Canada, where she acted in twenty stage shows, as well as on Canadian radio for three years. After beginning her career in Hollywood, Olive played nothing but teen-aged parts for five years, including the role of Carol Henning on The Bob Cummings Show. Lawman producer Jules Schermer took pity on the young actress and, as a present for her 21st birthday, gave her the grow-up role of a glamorous dance-hall girl in a Lawman episode. Olive's joy knew no bounds until she read the script. Halfway through the show, the glamorous girl gets killed off! The pretty actress didn't waste any tears on her

plight, for she has since gone on to many more adult roles. She has played in three feature films for Universal and in such TV shows as Maverick, Matinee Theater, Climax! and Goodyear Playhouse. . . . Toronto-born Suzanne Lloyd grew up in Pasadena and got started on her career a few short years ago when she auditioned for a role in "Stage Door" at the Glendale Center Theater. Following roles in several productions there, she was tested for TV and since has appeared in practically every successful TV series, including Maverick, Twilight Zone, Zorro, Bonanza and Gunsmoke. She's in the movie "Pepe" and will do a featured role in the upcoming film, "Hate Town." Says she, "Before I went into acting, I didn't know what I wanted to do. I tried modeling, I tried selling. And then I found myself. I love acting more than anything on earth."

Some Quickies

When and where was Frankie Avalon born?

G.D., Detroit Lakes, Minn.

He was born in Philadelphia on September 18, 1940.

Is Lloyd Bochner of Hong Kong married?

T.P., Cleveland, Ohio

He is married to concert pianist Ruth Roher. They have three children—Paul, 9; Johanna, 6; Hart, 4.

Can you tell me when and where Tony Dow was born?


He was born in Hollywood on April 13, 1945.

Can you tell me if the Johnny Johnston who emcees the TV show, Make That Spare, is the same one who used to be a singer on records and in the movies?


Yes, he is.

Are Shari Lewis and Jerry Lewis related?

P.J.H., Summerville, Pa.

No, they are not.

Are Jo Ann Castle and Peggie Castle related?

E.S., Rockford, Ill.

No, they are not.

What is the birthdate of Michael Londan?

B.W., Lakeland, Florida

October 31, 1937.

Calling All Fans

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

Elvis Presley Fan Club, June McGowan, 514 Spring Lane, Baltimore 21, Md.

Angela Cartwright Fan Club, Toby R. Elnser, 2786 Brighton 8th Street, Brooklyn 35, New York.

Ron Jackson Fan Club, Mary Nell Jones, Route 1, Rusk, Texas.

Jock Mahoney Fan Club, Mrs. Dorothy Crouse, 417 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana.

Carl Dobkins Jr. Fan Club, Jan Atchison, 661 DeSoto Street, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

Pat Boone Fan Club, Rosemary Barberini, 511 High Ridge, Hillside, Ill.


We'll answer questions about radio and TV in this column, provided they are of general interest. Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 203 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Attach this box, specifying whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
THOSE
Fortunate
FOUR-FOOTED
ACTORS

Last year, 14,000 animals were used on TV. And, every hour they worked, they were protected by the American Humane Association. Human stars should have it so good!

by MAURINE REMENIH

Don't let it worry you! That wasn't really a fierce battle between a horse and a dog you saw on TV last night. Maybe you thought the program's producer goaded two innocent, unsuspecting creatures into attacking each other, just for the plot. Maybe you decided to write the sponsor, and complain.

Save your postage. The American Humane Association got there first.

Whenever you view a TV or movie scene involving an animal, and it seems the animal is in pain or being abused—relax. It's all simulated. The vigilance of the A.H.A. sees to it that no animals are ever mistreated. Human actors may be overworked, shouted at, asked to undergo discomfort and even danger. But not their four-footed friends!

Let's get back to that horse-and-dog conflict mentioned above. Reconstruct, for a moment, what it was you saw on your screen. First, there was a long shot—you saw the dog and the horse...

Continued
"Asta" (co-star with Phyllis Kirk and Peter Lawford in *The Thin Man*) is an Award winner!

"Francis"—the talking mule seen with Donald O'Connor in the U-I movie series—often trots off with A.H.A.'s Patsy Award.

approaching each other ominously from opposite sides of the picture; they were still yards apart. Then the camera cut to a closeup of the horse—rearing, hooves flying. Next, you saw the dog crouched, snarling, ready to spring. But did you ever see the two of them in actual combat?

Of course not—because the yards-apart position at the first of the scene was the closest the pair ever got to each other. The shots of the horse rearing and pawing were made on a Monday. The dog was photographed snarling and springing, on Wednesday. Skillful editing and a good soundtrack—and you were convinced you'd actually watched a to-the-death struggle between the two beasts!

Not all the jobs supervised by A.H.A. inspectors are as simple, or as dramatic. Much of their work, in fact, is pure routine. In a typical month—July, 1960—a total of 2,042 animal "actors" were on Hollywood studio payrolls, in a total of twenty-six TV shows and five movies. It was the duty of A.H.A. Inspectors to see that these animals were not being

"Lassie," one of the most popular canine stars of all time, has a TV series by the same name, with such fine human performers as little Jon Provost and June Lockhart (right).
overworked, that they were being fed properly and not subjected to any hardships. This involved traveling to locations in Nevada, in Mexico, and to studios and ranches around Hollywood. Inspectors traveled a total of 5,309 miles by bus, car and plane that month.

There was a time, some years back, when animals were not treated as considerately as they are today. In the early '30s, it was not unusual to resort to the whip to secure certain desired actions from horses and dogs. Other forms of abuse were used to get spectacular scenes for pictures. Then animal lovers learned what was going on in Hollywood, brought pressure to bear, and the American Humane Association set up an office in the movie capital.

In 1940, an agreement was reached with the Motion Picture Association of America that an authorized A.H.A. representative should be consulted in all matters connected with the use of animals. This agreement specified that the A.H.A. supervisor should be invited by the producer to be present during the staging of animal action for any movie. The three major television networks—ABC, CBS and (Continued on page 69)
THE PAST HE SWARE HE'D NEVER REVEAL

by ROSE PERLBERG

You find these areas in every big city—the tough neighborhoods where the still of the night is shattered by the crash of whiskey bottles, the raucous voices raised in threat or argument, the ominous wail of an ambulance siren or shrill blast of a police whistle... where the dim doorways, sooty candy store and pool parlor are packed with sullen young men—bored and brooding, groping for guidance yet fiercely rebellious against established authority... teenagers who prowl the streets until dawn, then sleep away the day because they have nothing better to do—who pile into hotrods and roar away in search of kicks... but too often find only trouble.

There is a neighborhood like this in New York's East Bronx. A hotbed for juvenile delinquency, a headache area which harried policemen and weary social workers call "the aspirin belt." Through its cluttered, crumbling streets roam the restless young men striving to prove themselves and to find themselves—often succeeding at neither.

Dion knows this neighborhood and this existence only too well. For eighteen of his twenty-one years, he was a part of it... On the surface, you might not know it. On the surface, you see Dion, a successful recording artist with an impressive series of hit discs as a group singer, who now faces a bright future as solo vocalist and prospective actor.

Financially, Dion is now (Continued on page 72)
Dion:

The Past He Swore He'd Never Reveal

by Rose Perlberg

You race these areas in every big city—the tough neighborhoods where the still of the night is shattered by the crash of whiskey bottles, the raucous voices raised in threat or argument, the anxious wail of an ambulance siren or shrill blast of a police whistle... where the dim doorways, sloeta candy store and pool parl are packed with sulen young men—bored and brooding, groping for guidance yet fiercely rebellious against established authority... teenagers who prow the streets until dawn, then sleep away the day because they have nothing better to do—who pile into hotrods and roar away in search of kicks... but too often find only trouble.

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Financially, Dion is now (Continued on page 72)
Awed by the view of Radio City from the Hagman rooftop, daughter Heidi falls asleep downstairs—under the cozy protection of "Freya."

Heidi sews for fun. Mama Maj not only fixed up the apartment but worked as costume designer while Larry found acting jobs hard to hustle.

The Edge Of Night: Larry as Police Lt. Ed Gibson, star John Larkin as Mike Karr. They look for clues—but none are needed to detect Hagman family's happiness at right!

by ALICE FRANCIS

There is never a dull moment—and hardly a quiet one—in the Larry Hagman household. The big, rambling New York apartment, three flights up in an elderly building near Broadway, is usually filled with people. Someone is always staying overnight in the bedrooms that dart off the winding hallways. Someone is always raiding the refrigerator, talking on the phone, or seeing that three-year-old Heidi Christina Mary is entertained after her nap. Least quiet of all is Larry himself, a muscular (Continued on page 75)

The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble and others.
"The Mystic Barber" explains how his headband receives telepathic messages from other planets. A fresh twist, but almost an old story to the lanky, courteous host of The Long John Nebel Show—where the unexpected usually happens!
An informal portrait of that Tall One who is a friend to all the night people

by FRANCES KISH

If you've never experienced down-to-earth talk about out-of-this-world happenings, you've been missing The Long John Nebel Show: Five to five-and-a-half hours from midnight on, seven nights a week, over WOR Radio. One hour, one night a week, over WOR-TV in New York and syndicated to many parts of the country. Guests sincerely relaying telepathic communications from "space people" or telling of being transported in flying saucers to other planets. (Some haven't even required such vehicles, but have been "teleported" or "astrally projected.")

A medium falls into trance at 3 A.M. and speaks in a long-dead language. Another guest describes the 385-pound dog the space people brought from Venus—or the Deros, a race purported to live in the bowels of the earth. A human "sending and receiving station" explains how it works. A man tells of the perfectly formed five-inch blonde who appeared in his glass at a coffee shop on the desert. People "regressing," on the show, to former lives—under the influence of hypnosis.

You don't "buy" it? Well, neither does Long John Nebel, who conducts this unusual program. But anyone with something interesting to say—especially, if it's off-beat—finds (Continued on page 62)

Magic of this world: Dr. William Neff, famed illusionist and wizard, demonstrates an age-old mystery—the Indian rope trick.

Flying saucer? This is the giant model of the "OTC-XI" circular foil spacecraft, as described by a devotee of interplanetary travel. Program also delves into more earthly skills, from modern medicine to bullfighting. Below: Karate expert Peter Urban, director Ralph Giffen (back to camera), Long John and producer Paris Flammonde prepare for a telecast.

The Long John Nebel Show is heard nightly on WOR Radio (N.Y.), from midnight on. It is seen on WOR-TV, Wed., at 9 P.M.; see local papers for day and time in your area.
Adored by the public, berated by the critics. For a new slant, we talked to the actors . . . and this is what they have to say

Private Eyes: Sporting a Holmes-type pipe, Efrem Zimbalist Jr. (with 77 Sunset Strip colleagues Edd Byrnes, left, Roger Smith, Richard Long) reaffirms "escape" values of the detective story.

Gene Barry: "Good triumphs over evil" . . . Robert Horton: "It's history" . . . Dewey Martin: "Variety is the key word."

In Defense of

by JIM MORSE

When I was three years old," said Robert Horton, "I picked up a roller skate and clobbered my brother's best friend. That's one caper that can't be blamed on television—because there wasn't any such thing then." Handsome Bob, of NBC-TV's Wagon Train, was one of several stars interviewed to get their side of the controversy raging about Westerns and private-eye programs—two prime targets of TV critics.

"It's a storm in a teacup," said Horton. "What are the critics shouting about? Certainly, the national crime rate is up. But not because of television. Crime has increased because of the rapid rise in the nation's population. The minority of kids who become delinquents don't pursue that course from watching TV shows, any more than TV or radio or literature can be blamed for me smacking my bother's friend with the roller skate.

"But I suppose the so-called experts must have a scapegoat, and TV is the handiest thing around. Our series is frequently criticized for its display of (Continued on page 70)
Westerns and Private Eyes

Westerns: James Arness (left) believes top popularity of his Gunsmoke series stems from the "genuine respect and love of the Old West" possessed by entire staff and crew. (Dennis Weaver, right, is sometimes the director, as well as actor.)

Barry Sullivan speaks up for "good drama" . . . Tom Tryon, for "the democratic way" . . . Clint Eastwood, for "honesty."
It's not many years ago—ten, perhaps—that Marilyn Monroe, then the nation's newest "sex symbol," was appearing, radiant and glowing in a skin-tight dress and dangling earrings, at every Hollywood function to which she was invited. Arriving late, usually—"I like to keep people waiting," she has said, with a candor which is unusual in cinema circles, but which has a tragic meaning all its own. The girl who was born Norma Jean Baker, thirty-four years ago . . . whose childhood had been unbelievably

A revealing life story in pictures
of one of America's most head-spinning stars
by BETTY ETTER

First fling at movies was a frost. Fired by two studios, in 1950 she got a break in "Asphalt Jungle," become "MM—the sexiest blonde since Harlow."

The man she wed "for expediency" (as she said later). She remained Mrs. Jim Dougherty four years, until '46.

Plucked from assembly line by a photographer, she learned modeling was more fun, paid better. Here, in 1945.

At six, she was scrubbing floors in a foster home—one of twelve where she spent her childhood. Friend at left.

Ten years later, she was a bride—and, at Catalina, was wowing service men. She'd discovered sweaters, too.
Living room, kitchen and bath—that was her first honeymoon home. Furnished, the rental was forty dollars a month. And Marilyn did the housework herself.

Still a teenager, she wasn't yet interested in children of her own, but enjoyed baby-sitting for neighbors.

Fame was still like a dream as "the most popular star of 1953" attended Photoplay's annual Awards Dinner.

Premieres were still new and fun in those days, as the MM legend grew and photogs begged "one more shot."

Continued
The Unpredictable MARILYN MONROE

(Continued)

Marriage to Joe DiMaggio, January, 1954, seemed ideal but lasted just a few months. Then she was alone again.

Tired of sexpot roles and the fame she'd so wanted, she made "The Seven Year Itch" in 1955—then rebelled.

From Hollywood and her studio, she fled to New York, where she got privacy, discovered the Actors Studio.

In 1956, she found love again. This time, as she wed playwright Arthur Miller, she was sure it was for good.

Ready to raise a family now, Marilyn lost expected baby in 1957 but still managed weak smile for newsmen.

Starring in "Let's Make Love," she found leading man Yves Montand a charmer. Rumors began to circulate.

wretched ... had pulled herself up to fame and fortune by her own fragile shoulder straps. She should have been happy—and she was. But not for long. The adulation of Hollywood soon became as confining as the skin-tight dress. She chucked it gladly for the long black stockings and babushka in which she was soon bicycling, unnoticed, in New York's Central Park. With one marriage behind her, she tried again (with Joe DiMaggio) ... and again (with Arthur Miller). She made housewife motions and fewer quips . . . studied acting . . . became the darling of the egghead set. With one of the most fabulous contracts ever offered a movie actress, she became harder to get . . . her lateness, later—"It's a wonder I get here at all" ... and her illnesses, more frequent. Last winter, having made two movies in succession, she wrote fire to her third marriage, entered the psychiatric clinic of a New York hospital—and agreed to appear as Sadie Thompson in a ninety-minute TV version of the famous stage play, "Rain" (see story on following pages). The $150,000 fee NBC had offered her for this appearance was to go, she announced, to the Actors Studio. "I'll do this even if we have to start rehearsals in the hospital," she said then. But, with the unpredictable Monroe, who could tell? She moves fast and far, does Marilyn—and maybe scared.
Her own company, with Milton Greene (left) as veep, bested movie studio. Darryl Zanuck gave her all she asked.

Another ambition was fulfilled, signing Sir Laurence Olivier to co-star in "The Prince and the Show Girl."

Big-time directors—Josh Logan here—sought her out. But now she could afford to be temperamental. She was!

On set with much-discussed Yves and Marilyn, Miller looked bored—later said he was bored with all Hollywood.

Illness again caught up with Marilyn on "The Misfits." At its finish, she and Miller announced separation.

Her marriage to Miller was over and co-star Clark Gable had died. But Marilyn Monroe, ever the actress, hid her unhappiness at the premiere of "The Misfits."

Continued
ANN MARLOWE: Miracle Maker

Bringing Marilyn Monroe to TV!

by HELEN BOLSTAD

Some of the world's fanciest adjectives have been expended in praise of Marilyn Monroe, but a compliment which meant much to Miss Monroe herself was written most simply by one of the world's most distinguished authors. When informed she had accepted the role of Sadie Thompson in his play, "Rain," Somerset Maugham commented, "I think Marilyn Monroe is a very good actress and is perfect for the part."

Television viewers can give their verdict next fall. The National Broadcasting Company has scheduled the production as an opening "special" for the 1961-62 season, with Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, expected to play Mr. and Mrs. Davidson.

Count on it to create plenty of conversation. That the show should have reached contract stage is being spoken of as a "seventh wonder." In matters of cash and casting, Miss M. and Mr. M. are both canny characters. TV has been after Monroe since her calendar-girl days, but to all offers she has breathed a soft denial: "I'm so sorry. I just couldn't." Maugham readily concedes that, in matters concerning his property, he can be a most touchy old party.

To bring the Queen of Glamour to the TV screen to play the role created by the King of Story Tellers took $150,000—and quite some doing. It was accomplished by

Ann Marlowe, who carries the title of executive producer and readily shares the secret of her success: "I do what I call 'dream-casting.' I ask myself, Who, in all the world, could best play this part? When I have play and player matched to my own satisfaction, then all I have to do is find a way to stage it."

Simple? Try that method, even on your home-talent drama group, and you'll encounter problems you never knew existed! That Miss Marlowe can achieve it on a grand scale has brought her a reputation as one of the theater's miracle-workers.

Ann Marlowe is, in her own right, fully as fabulous as big names she has booked. A slender, blue-eyed blonde, she has a Dresden-doll fragility and, when she curls up on a huge sofa, appears far too young to have a married daughter and a son who was recently graduated from Harvard Medical School.

She lives in a luxurious apartment in the fashionable upper reaches of Park Avenue, is a director of the New York City Symphony and president of the board of Austin Riggs Center, a mental health institution at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. In her tightly scheduled day, every minute is precious, but she so deftly balances her professional, social and civic life that she seldom appears hurried. She has been (Continued on page 66)
Faith is their power—above, Peggy (left), Kathy (front) and Janet (rear) with Mimi and Pat at shrine in their own backyard. But it took a very human kind of love to care for all their younger brothers and sisters in California while Daddy was so ill and Mother was with him in far-off Ohio!

by NANCY ANDERSON

Four frightened girls stood at the door of what had been their father's motel room. Outside, the skyline of Toledo was strange and thus somehow forbidding. "I just don't see how we can leave him," Peggy Lennon said. "Why, Daddy doesn't know a soul in Toledo. What will become of him, sick in a strange town?"

Serious though the moment was, Janet smiled. "You talk like you were the parent and Daddy was the child. Goodness, Daddy has been in strange cities by himself before! But," she sobered, "of course he hasn't been sick like this." A solemn moment followed. The girls were really scared. The Lennon Sisters had never seen their father so sick before. He'd had pneumonia once, but that was at home in Venice, California, and he hadn't been so sick as he was now. To make matters worse—they were going to have to leave him alone in Toledo, Ohio, the next day, when they flew back to the West Coast.

Bill Lennon, their father and manager, had been suddenly hospitalized. And the girls—who had to fill an engagement in Los Angeles—couldn't wait with him until his exact condition was determined.

"Well," said Dianne, after a pause, "one thing is certain: Mother ought to be here. Poor Mother. She'll be so

While on tour with his singing daughters,

Bill Lennon had a close brush with death.

The story of how family solidarity and faith helped him back to complete health

Three singing sisters are happy as larks, now that their father has recovered (and in time for DeeDee's marriage, too). Above, appearing on The Lawrence Welk Show with Larry Dean. On facing page, a personal portrait just for you. From left to right: Janet, Kathy and Peggy Lennon.
Janet did a masterly job of baby-sitting, while Mommy was back East with Daddy. She didn't like all the dishwashing, but she did enjoy supervising Pat (left) on his homework, and the crayon-drawing of Mimi, Annie (right) and little Joey — whose active imagination sometimes upset the older girls' plans, particularly when he decided to be "the family dog"!

Once more able to join his children's games and even play a healthy round of golf, Bill Lennon (seen here practicing with son Danny) will be forever grateful that the Lennon Sisters met a heart specialist, that fateful night in Ohio, worried about Daddy, and she'll be so worried about the little kids, too. Let's call her right now, tell her to get the next plane to Toledo, and we'll hurry home and take care of the children." Since there are eleven Lennon children—including Chris, who was only six months old when Bill was stricken, and Annie, who wasn't yet two—Dianne was accepting a major responsibility with the suggestion. But . . . "Of course we can take care of them," Kathy seconded. "Put in a call for Mommy now, DeeDee."

The evening Bill Lennon became ill, his daughters were in Ohio to play a county-fair engagement, and they had all been invited out to dinner. The girls had recorded for Dr. Clifford Bennett of Toledo's Gregorian Institute of Music, and he had invited the Lennons to have dinner with his doctor's family.

Bill, however, had begged off. "I don't feel very well, girls," he told them, "so I'm going to stay in the motel room and rest, while you go out with Dr. Bennett."

Some might call it coincidence. Some might call it Divine Providence. In any case, Dr. Bennett and the girls were the guests, that evening, of an eminent heart specialist, Dr. Harry Zaenger. But, when the girls were introduced to him, there was no hint of how closely he'd be associated with their future. Dinner was delicious and their host (Continued on page 78)
All together again (except for DeeDee, who has her own home with new husband Dick Gass): Left to right—Peggy with Annie; Kathy with Mimi; Janet; mother Isabel with baby Chris; father Bill with Joey; Billy, Danny and Pat. It was quite a houseful the singing sisters took over, during their parents’ absence. And two whole carsful, when they took the youngsters to a drive-in movie for a “treat” which turned out to be more of a “trial” for all concerned.

Peggy, Janet and Kathy with youngest sister Annie—“so smart!,” says Peggy, “it scares me...you’ve never seen a baby smarter than Annie!” High praise indeed in a highly talented family.

They all sing, of course—led by their father. The three “old pros” watch younger members rehearsing for sheer fun.
Jim Garner's Declaration of Independence

First direct interview with the central figure in the contract battle: Garner vs. Warner Bros.

by KATHLEEN POST

HEADLINE: Garner Wins Divorce From Warner Bros.

...When big Jim Garner—once king of Sunday-night television—heard the judge rule in his favor during his contract battle with the studio producing Maverick, he put his head down on the courtroom table and cried. "I felt like a free man for the first time in years," he explained.

There was another verdict that day—from people wise to the ways of show business. On no other current young star does the sun shine more brightly. Most actors hope and pray for a TV series as the secure rock on which to build their fortunes—but that same rock may become a millstone around their necks. A series tends to become routine, after a while, and the actor's part in it becomes fairly routine, too. To Garner, a man of both ambition and talent, the urge to try dramatic roles of greater significance had been flaming hotly for some time. In Hollywood, they predict he will become the first big TV star to jump into even bigger fame in the movies.

"The right to pick and choose parts is very important to an actor," says Jim. "I don't want to spend my life walking through easy scenes. I'm not afraid of a challenging part. If I make a mistake in choosing something that turns out not right for me—well, it's my mistake and my back is broad enough to support the responsibility."

In spite of the fervor with which the contract battle was waged—and Warner Bros. is said to be planning an appeal—Garner insists he is not bitter against the studio. "I felt that, when they laid me off on the very day my option pay was due to be upped to $1,750 a week, they had broken our contract. My lawyer, Martin Gang, agreed with me and the judge agreed with him.

"I was off the Warner payroll for nine months. But let me point out that I didn't fare too badly. I put in some weeks of summer stock in New Haven, Connecticut, and other Eastern cities. Of course, the fact that I had been earning money in the theater, and in personal appearances, led the court to give me only one week's pay—$1,750—in damages. But this was not the important part of the fight to me. I was so happy to be out of my contract and able to go on to other things. And I'm looking with a light heart to the future."

That last statement is typical of Jim. Although never given to bragging, he is by nature a confident and resolute chap. When he first went on the air with Maverick, he did not hesitate to predict: "We'll clobber both Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan within three months. They have good shows, but ours is better." Looking back on this today, Jim remarks, "It wasn't that I felt Maverick was better in quality but in entertainment impact. The public had become a little tired of the 'variety show' and wanted a change. We rode in with our comedy-Western on the wave of this public feeling."

While the part of Bret Maverick might not measure up to his yearning for roles (Continued on page 74)
Ronnie cycling on the sunny streets of their own self-contained "village."

Norma billboards typical social events.

Above the recreation hall, their own home—complete with music, as Ronnie (left) and Mark serenade their happy parents.
Eric Fleming: COWBOY, REALIST and DREAMER

On a recent tour of Texas, a local newsmen was moved to say about Rawhide's trail boss, "That guy's so real, you can almost hear the cattle." A true comment. Let's learn why...

Talkfest in Texas: Above, Eric with little Blake (son of rodeo producer Tommy Steiner), and George Light, who owns ranch on which many scenes of Rawhide are filmed. Left, with Baylor co-ed Carolyn Watson of Fort Worth.

by RAY BELL

Lanky, blue-eyed Eric Fleming isn't just acting when he steps before the cameras as trail-boss Gil Favor in TV's Rawhide. He's living the role. Fleming is no counterfeit cowboy. He's a throwback to a bygone era, when desperate men poured into the cattle country only to find it glutted with stock, the ranchers' one hope lying in unconfirmed rumors of railroads and bountiful prices in Kansas and Missouri. Those were the circumstances—a combination of necessity and the dreamer's vision—which drove the $30-a-month cowhands to prod the giant herds northward over wild, Indian-infested country. A similar situation makes Fleming so believable. A battle for survival, like that of the trail drivers, has forced him to success.

Fleming, son of an itinerant carpenter and oil-field laborer, was born thirty-two years ago in Santa Paula, California. He was reared during the drab, sometimes hungry Depression days and, before he was out of his teens, had knocked around the world, working first as a newsboy and soda jerk, later as merchant seaman, miner, ambulance driver, carpenter, waiter, short-order cook, longshoreman, oil-field roughneck. But, even as a wandering youngster, Fleming's intense (Continued on page 55)

Eric Fleming stars as Gil Favor in Rawhide, seen over CBS-TV, Fri., from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
They can’t all become Queen! But Jack Bailey hopes they’ll all be at least “a little happier” because of Queen For A Day.

by POLLY TERRY

This April, Jack Bailey’s baby is sixteen years old. But she’s no junior deb. She’s a grand old lady, the matriarch of television giveaway shows. She’s a heart-warming smiles-and-tears favorite of daytime viewers, the indestructible Queen For A Day.

It’s only natural to refer to Queen For A Day as “she.” The show is a very feminine affair. It’s dependent upon the female personality for its impact and much of its audience. And, although Bailey is the star, he shares the camera with women every day and relies on a brainy, hardworking corps of girls operating behind the scenes to help keep the program going.

No doubt about it. Queen For A Day is a lady.

“I think,” Bailey says judiciously, “that our show has succeeded because it appeals to basic, feminine instincts—a woman’s desire to make her home pleasant and to keep her family happy.”

Although Queen For A Day gave away approximately a million dollars in 1959 in goods and services, its winners can’t get the rewards that lured contestants to the “big money” shows of a couple of years ago. Nobody gains a steady income for life, or a five-figure cash settlement.

Yet nine hundred women pack the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood daily, awaiting Jack’s cheery greeting: “How would you like to be Queen For A Day?” They’re eager to be candidates, in the hopes of having their dearest wishes granted, equally eager to share the dreams of other women like themselves— (Continued on page 58)
Jack Bailey reminisces about everybody's favorite, Queen For A Day

Five candidates await verdict of the applause-meter: Left to right—Mmes. Mae Flory (Idaho), Ann Keck (Colo.), Jean Ellsworth (Conn.), Charity Fowler (Minn.), Amelia O'Keefe (Wash.). Below: It's "Queen Ann" Keck, crowned by Jack Bailey!
They can't all become Queen! But Jack Bailey hopes they'll all be at least "a little happier" because of Queen For A Day.

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A new daytimer, with a built-in fun content for sharp-eyed viewers. How many of these puzzlers could you see through?

What these hunters are getting is really the BIRD. (For a clue to find same, "harpooned" is the word.)

Breathes there a viewer with soul so world-weary he's forgotten the fun of spotting a hidden object in a cleverly drawn picture? That, of course, is the attraction of ABC-TV's new game show, Camouflage. We can't offer you the tempting merchandise prizes awarded daily to successful contestants on that program—or the same kind of helpful hints provided by affable TV host Don Morrow. On television, the riddle's revealed in successive stages, stripping away the "camouflage" of scenery and extraneous characters which distract a seeker's eye from an otherwise clearly defined figure. We can only give you a written clue or two, as you test your "extra-sighted" perception. You have a sharp pair of eyes indeed, if you can find the creature camouflaged in each of these drawings without turning to page 63 to see one of those intermediate stages—and the actual solution!
Lots of birds here—but you seek a WHALE. (Word to the wise: An owl tells the "tale"!)

Hidden CAMEL is making an ancient scene jump! (Timeliest tip: Is that "helmet"—or "hump"?)
Fred MacMurray talks about

MY THREE SONS

The story behind the sure-fire success
of one of this season's most human stories

by MARTIN COHEN

Fred MacMurray says, "In one of the episodes in My Three Sons, Chip tells me he's being bullied by an older boy at school. I check into it and find Chip isn't exactly telling the truth. The situation is just reversed. Now, on TV, I go to work on it calmly and tactfully—but I'll tell you this: If it had really happened, and wasn't a written script, I'd probably have grabbed my son by the shoulder, shaken him, and barked loud and angrily!" He grins. "The moral of this story is that I think the show is making a better father of me at home."

Candor and facing up to facts are two characteristics of Fred MacMurray. True, My Three Sons has been a sure-fire hit since its premiere last fall—but before Fred launched the series, he faced up to several dangers. "A number of other Hollywood people had tried TV series and, for every one who succeeded, three or four failed miserably. You can't ignore that. And then you know that, if you do succeed, you have to worry about over-exposure. The public tires of seeing you every week, and then where's your career? You must also face up to the problem of turning out a new show every week. Television actors will tell you that's exhausting work and, in itself, a pitfall."

Fred pauses. "That gives you an idea of what I was thinking about before I decided to do the program." He pulls off his coat and puts a cold, unlit pipe in his mouth. Fred MacMurray is one actor who appears the same, off or on the screen. He's tall, handsome, very nice, and obviously a little diffident when it comes to talking about himself.

"Whether or not a show will succeed is always a gamble," he continues, "but you must have faith in the idea. I liked the idea, and I had confidence in Don Fedderson and producer-director Peter Tewksbury. I read two or three scripts and I liked them. While we were still in the discussion stage, I was working on a feature movie for Walt Disney and Walt asked me if I hadn't considered the danger of over-exposure in television.

"Well, we worked that out, I think. As you know, the series isn't called 'The Fred MacMurray Show' but, rather, 'My Three Sons.' The story may pivot around me, or one of the sons, or Bill Frawley, who plays their grandfather. Often I have but a small part in a story. That, I think, eliminates some of the usual danger of over-exposure."

Fred went into the series with a unique contract. He is required to spend only three to four months, out of the year, on the television series, and he will not be required to work after 6:30 P.M. "I know," he explains, "that (Continued on page 76)

My Three Sons, ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Div. of General Motors.

The household is all-male on My Three Sons: Top to bottom—Bill Frawley as grandpa "Bub," Fred as Steve Douglas, Tim Considine as Mike, Don Grady as Robbie and Stanley Livingston as Chip. But Fred's own home boasts a pretty wife and twin girls, in addition to a teen-age boy!
Yes, there is! A fanciful, enchanting show for children, called Pip The Piper. How did it happen? Well, here’s the fantastic story

by PAUL DENIS

Pip the Piper is on network TV today because two suburban wives volunteered their husbands’ talents to help stage an amateur show raising funds for cancer research. It all started six years ago, when redhaired Phyllis Spear and brunette Geraldine Kaminsky, attending a meeting of the organization in Newark, New Jersey, were among those asked if their husbands could help put on a show.

Said Phyllis: “My husband Jack is a musician and songwriter.” Said Geraldine: “My husband Lucian writes music and clowns around.”

When Phyllis went back to suburban West Orange that night, Jack Spear said he’d be glad to help. Busy with his photography business, he still loved to write lyrics and music and to play his flute. Meanwhile, a half-mile away, Geraldine was telling Lucian Kaminsky about the projected show, “Vidiot’s Delight.” He worked as a salesman, but was always writing songs, though no one would perform or publish them. The idea of helping to (Continued on page 67)

Neighbors were astounded when Jack and Lucian sat in their car, singing lustily—composing for the new show.

Pip The Piper (Jack Spear) serenades Miss Merrynote (Phyllis Spear)—while Mr. Leader (Lucian Kaminsky) lends an ear to Wishenpoof, the talking wishing well.
Their wives and children have never been startled by anything Jack and Lucian did, are now Pip The Piper’s most devoted fans. That’s Geraldine Kaminsky in rear, Phyllis at right, Robin and David Spear in foreground. At back, middle-son Robert Kaminsky; center, youngest-son Donald—who, says his dad, “accepts the TV fantasy completely.”

For Lucian and Jack, work with their hands releases the tension of the creative effort they put into the series. They still love creating. Jack’s at piano here—but he will never give up the tin whistle that started it all!
"Lord, What a Beautiful World"

Zest for living, a desire to experience deeply and make every moment count—it all comes out in song. Right, Sam recording for RCA Victor.

“Am I blind? Where am I? What happened to my buds?” . . . Gently, sparingly, the nurse gave Sam the answers. The driver of the car—Eddie Cunningham, one of Sam’s closest personal friends—had been killed in the crash. The other two, riding in the back seat of the car, had suffered only minor injuries. Sam himself? He was not on the critical list. He was going to live.

But there was serious danger that he might lose his left eye, and no certainty that the right would not be affected. There had been a half-dozen glass splinters lodged deep in the eyeball. These had all been extracted, but it would be another two weeks before the actual damage could be assessed. Until then, Sam would have to live in darkness—and uncertainty. . . . Says Sam today, “There’s no need saying it, that this was the hardest time of my life. Of course it was. What does need (Continued on page 60)
Maureen raises legs, then slowly lowers them, to firm abdomen. Tiny poodle Max watches in awe.

For good posture, Maureen places a broomstick on shoulders and arms, then swings to the right and left.

You just don't know how wonderfully alive you can feel until you exercise, claims peppy Maureen Arthur of The Jan Murray Show, who makes it a point to do so every day, no matter how hectic her schedule may have been. Maureen finds that, after a few stretches, tension disappears, circulation is stepped up and her whole body is toned. And, along with this complete revival, comes good posture—the basis of the perfect figure. Maureen is straight as a West- Pointer, graceful as a ballerina—qualities which she attributes to swimming, consistent exercising, both at home and at a gymnasium. Make your exercising period a pleasant one, she advises. Invite others to join you—a party is always fun. Or, if you'd rather be alone, tone up to musical accompaniment. Begin with a simple exercise that will give a springy step to your walk: With your head high, walk on tiptoes, stretching from the waist. To encourage proper posture, balance a book on your head as you walk (Maureen modifies this with a high kick, which would be difficult for a novice). To strengthen abdominal muscles, lie flat on your back, slowly raise your legs as high as you can, being sure knees are straight. Try simple stretching to keep muscles supple: Lie on your back and place both arms overhead and stretch, then relax and stretch again. Maureen's good figure-ing keeps her shapely and sparkly.
"Mi Ka Na Mid Dancers" perform Indian tribal rituals to depict Kansas history.

EXPEDITION
KANSAS

Station KAKE-TV celebrates Kansas's Centennial Year with a series of public-service programs

IN LATE SEPTEMBER, 1960, the ABC-TV Network presented the first of its series, Expedition! For months before the premiere of the network series, work had been going on at ABC-affiliated stations to develop local public-service programming which would command the same time segment as the national show every third week. This challenging idea, when presented to KAKE-TV in Wichita, Kansas, led to the formation of an organizing committee of educators, who set about the task of making Expedition, Kansas a truly vital local program. Since 1961 is Kansas's Centennial Year, the series was to do honor to this event, while acquainting viewers with the state's background, resources and peoples. ... On October 4, KAKE-TV proudly presented its live premiere of the series, utilizing as narrator Dick Welsbacher, instructor of English at the University of Wichita, with youthful Darcel Sikes and Hal Jones as supporting participants. Study guides were supplied as teachers' aids for the thirteen-part series. ... Far from being overly academic, the very history of Kansas itself has lent color to the nine shows so far presented. For who can resist the lure of cattle drives, cowboys, Indians, stories of the early settlers, the folksongs of the region? The first program was devoted, for example, to the story of early Kansas from Indian times to pre-Civil-War, with a teaching guide titled: "Trails to Tomahawks." This first program brought in requests for more than 500 additional teachers' guides! While originated live at KAKE-TV, the series is being carried over the Golden K Network, which also includes KTVC-TV, Ensign—Dodge City, and KAYS-TV in Hays, Kansas. As a merging of entertainment and information, the series is in the best tradition of public-service programming on the air.
On tour, Bonanza’s Michael Landon, Lorne Greene bought papers from Hugh, who was selling them for local charity.

Trading quips with a pro like Bob Hope isn’t easy, but Hugh was equal to the task, during interview in Columbus.

An elderly lady, a chance remark, and a vintage-1946 television set led Hugh DeMoss, WLW-C’s ace news director, into broadcasting. Early in 1947, while watching television with a friend, Hugh heard her say about the announcer, “If I had a son, that’s what I’d like him to do!” After thinking over this statement a while, Hugh decided it wasn’t such a bad idea. Upon graduation from high school, he went to the University of Cincinnati, and received his B.A. degree in radio and television. . . . Hugh joined the staff at WLW-C, in January, 1957, as announcer and newsman. A few months later, he was chosen to head the news department, has now established himself as a newsman of note, delivering local and national news with an authoritative and crisp style. His schedule is a full one. He deftly manages twelve appearances a week, acting as lead-off newsman for Medallion Home Edition, a show featuring twenty minutes of news, sports and weather, at 6:25, Monday through Friday . . . and he is Central
Ohio's favorite nightly reporter at 11 p.m., Sunday through Friday. In addition to his schedule of news shows, Hugh is narrator for the public-service documentary series, Probe, telecast every third Saturday at 10 p.m. . . . Born in Covington, Kentucky, Hugh was with U.S. Army during the Korean conflict, and was news and program director for Armed Forces Radio in Tokyo. Local interest was centered on Hugh and WLW-C when, during a Columbus newspaper strike, he accomplished a notable news achievement. Through him and the efforts of Reverend Huburt Drachenburg—pastor of a Lutheran Church serving the deaf—the daily news was translated into sign language, as a service to the aurally handicapped citizens of the city of Columbus, who had no other way to learn the news. . . . During his news career, Hugh lists his most inspiring interview as the one he had with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. "I was extremely impressed by the knowledge and personality of this amazing woman," he says. He also has had a frightening experience . . . which comes under the heading of "it was a great news story, but how close can you come?" category. Last October, armed with his camera, Hugh went to a small Columbus airport, intending to board a plane and cover a skydiving exhibition from the air. At the last moment, he decided to cover the story from the ground, because of better camera angles. That evening, on his 11 p.m. newscast, his lead story was "Skydiving plane hits house . . . four people hurt." Hugh's wife Marge and two children—April Lynn, 3, and Douglas Hugh, almost a year—and the staff of WLW-C were all extremely relieved to learn that Hugh DeMoss had decided to keep his feet on the ground while covering that particular news story! . . . Hugh has received much praise for his work—letters, awards, etc.—but he considers that his greatest compliment came from a small boy who told his daddy . . . "I have three favorite television shows—Mighty Mouse, Mickey Mouse and Hugh DeMouse!"
Relaxing made Easy

All you have to do is tune in to station WIL and listen to St. Louis's Dick Clayton

Handsome Dick Clayton fulfilled two ambitions when he joined WIL Radio, in St. Louis, in January, 1958: Combining a show-business career with his natural attraction to living in the great outdoors. Since that time, he has had to play a dual role. The first, between nine and noon, Monday through Sunday, finds Dick conveying a casual and somewhat easy-going image, as part of his campaign to help housewives—who constitute a major portion of his audience—relax after their early morning routine. They enjoy his daily tongue-in-cheek, true-to-life vignettes, presented for those requiring drama in their lives. ... The second Dick Clayton resides with his wife Susan—a St. Louis girl Dick met in Dallas, Texas, while both were attending a rodeo—on their 400-acre ranch in Town and Country in St. Louis County. His neighbors learned long ago not to become alarmed when the dawn's breaking light disclosed two early-morning horseback riders. "Mr. Horse" and "Sandy," Clayton's mounts, must share his and Susan's time with their four English setters. ... Dick recalls that he was stage-struck since his early childhood in New York City. This aspiration was temporarily set aside to handle a tour of duty in U.S. Army Ordnance, and attendance at Columbia University, which culminated in a degree in Business Administration. Dick began his radio career in Asbury Park, New Jersey, then went into station ownership in upper New York State, latter returning to New York City, where he was associated with WNYC, WNEW, CBS and NBC. Clayton moved to WPTR in Albany, New York, as a program consultant, and created quite a stir in the market as a unique radio personality. This resulted in WIL's interest and the eventual move to St. Louis. ... The few spare moments left in Dick's hectic daily schedule are spent concentrating on his study of the American Revolution, and on field trips with Susan to add another memento to their collection of items dating back to this period in our nation's history.

Enjoying fruits of his labor—Dick won first prize in a cake-baking contest.
A man of many interests, Dick serenades his wife Susan (above) and spends time with his setters (below).
... comes steaming into Minneapolis every weekday afternoon, via KMSP-TV, with genial Captain Ken Wagner at the helm.

The lives of young citizens of Minneapolis took on a brighter hue last August, with the advent of two new shows on KMSP-TV, helmed by artist and entertainer Ken Wagner. At 8 a.m., in the guise of "Cap'n Ken," host Wagner presents Kartoontime, a puppet show—with cartoons—livened, on occasion, by appearances of animals from the St. Paul Zoo. Regular puppet characters on the show are a dog named "No Name" and a mad bird called "Flooglebird," who lays purple eggs. At 6 p.m., comes Cap'n Ken's Cartoon Showboat, featuring cartoons and a live audience of youngsters whom Ken entertains with his facile drawings. Both shows go on the air each Monday through Friday. . . . Ken's genial manner wins and holds a large juvenile audience, and his genuine talent as an artist gives his shows unusual validity and sparkle. . . . Ken came to his present job after a varied and highly successful career as art and film director at WOC-TV in Davenport, Iowa, where he produced and starred in Iowa's oldest, longest-running TV show, Comic Cutups. And, with so outstanding a combination of talents as artist-performer, his present shows should also enjoy a record-setting run.
Eric Fleming

(Continued from page 37)
pride made him seek ways of bettering himself. It was that pride—or, as he puts it, "the desire for survival"—which moved him to walk across town so he could attend the half-day Depression sessions of two different schools, registering at one under an assumed name.

"In my early environment," Fleming recalls, "there wasn't much opportunity. There were only two types of men who succeeded—the smart gangster and the dumb one. I noticed the smart ones survived—their brains were another weapon—and I wanted to survive, too. Besides, I had a natural curiosity."

Nevertheless, Fleming had to abandon his education while in the tenth grade. Money was short and he had to go to work. He says, "I didn't finish high school until I entered service during World War II." (He was a Seabee in the South Pacific.) "I enrolled in the U.S. Armed Forces Institute, got my high-school diploma there, then began picking up a few college courses. I've got three years in college credit now, and I'm still taking courses—history, sociology, anthropology and creative writing. It all helps when you're in this business—or, for that matter, in any business."

Though Fleming's formal schooling didn't come easy, there can be no doubt that he is a well-educated man. Today, he can discuss the merits of a Van Gogh or Rembrandt in one breath, the past glories of the Old West in the next. Meanwhile, for TV, he's spending up to fourteen hours a day in the saddle under the same hot, dusty conditions that the old trail hands knew.

Like them, he rides several horses during the process of a day's work. For that reason, every actor in the show—including the star—draws his mount from a remuda (a horse herd just like the trail drivers used) and no one has any special horse.

"Accuracy is the key to the 
Rawhide
series," Fleming explains. "You have no idea the amount of work and research that goes into it. Sometimes we check a minor detail—a setting, for instance—a dozen times before we use it. We have to. There are too many people who would notice it, if we didn't."

"I guess that's what I like most about the show. It makes you feel pretty good when you can go to Texas, as I did recently, mingle with the people, and have them tell you they like the program. After all, those people produced the trail riders and some of them still have big ranches. They can recognize a phony—or spot a mistake—a mile away.

"Also, that's why we don't have any fancy gun play on 
Rawhide. In the Old West, if two men decided to shoot it out, they meant business. It was either kill or be killed. If one reached for his gun, he'd better use it fast. He might start twirling it, but he wouldn't do it long. The other fellow would kill him."

This same desire for accuracy creates one of the show's major problems. Most of 
Rawhide's big scenes—the fires, stampedes, floods—are photographed on the 50,000-acre George Light ranch in southwest Texas, and up to 3,000 head of cattle are used. But the finishing touches, the closeups, loopng and dubbing of unusual scenes, are taken with 500-head herds on California ranches. The moving between Texas and California takes time, lots of time.

"I guess you could call time our greatest enemy," Fleming says. "It takes us a week to film a single program. By that, I mean a full week—fourteen hours a day for six straight days. We've spent two and a half years working on 
Rawhide, and the only time off, aside from two or three days occasionally, was one three-week period last summer. We try to stay six episodes in front, but we don't usually do it."

Other major problems in filming include modernization and the unpredictability of cattle. "Nothing spoils a scene faster," says Fleming, "than to have some farmer drive up in his new pickup truck or one of the big jet planes fly
over at the wrong time. You'd be surprised at just how often it happens, too."

The cattle represent a real problem, because it is impossible to train 3,000 wild, range-bred animals. "Cattle are crazy," he says. "They do exactly what they're not supposed to. Sometimes, when you're filming a big scene and you want them to stay calm, the slightest noise will set off the whole herd. Then, when you have a scene which calls for a stampede, you can try every trick in the book, make all kinds of noise and raise all sorts of Cain—and they just stand there and look at you.

"We try to keep our wild rides to a minimum," he adds. "It's just too expensive to spook the cattle. They run off too much weight. Once in a while, though, when we're filming a routine scene, something happens to start them running and we try to take advantage of it. The cameramen have learned to watch for it and they try to shoot as much film as possible. Then we use it in later episodes."

The stampede scenes aren't just photographed from a distance, with doubles doing the riding. "In the two and a half years we have been working on Rawhide," he explains, "we've learned a lot about handling cattle and what to expect from them. This way, if they do start running, we can pitch right in and help the real ranch hands. In fact, they've come to look to us for help. They know they can depend on us."

"Besides," Fleming adds, "I enjoy working with cattle. A lot of times, I'll help the regular wranglers bed down the herd after we finish shooting for the day. It helps me understand my rôle better."

By all rights, Fleming never should have been an actor. He was working as a stagehand in Hollywood—with the idea of either becoming a writer or going back to school and eventually entering the medical profession—when he made a hundred-dollar bet that he could do better than an unknown actor in an audition he had seen.

The bet was taken and the audition set up. "I was terrible," Fleming recalls. "I lost the bet. I lost a lot of pride, too, but the hundred dollars hurt worse. I decided to do something about it. Acting cost me that hundred, and I made up my mind it was going to pay me back."

It has—many times—in both cash and pride. He made his debut, after study in Hollywood and New York, in the road company of "Happy Birthday." During the past eight years, he has had roles in eight Broadway plays, including "No Time for Sergeants," "Plain and Fancy" and "Portrait of a Lady.

Since returning to Hollywood, he has appeared in several movies and TV shows, in addition to Rawhide."

Despite his success as an actor, Fleming has not abandoned his earlier desire to write. He and his collaborator (Fleming is single and he works with his girlfriend, attractive Chris Miller) have written three Rawhide scripts. All have been accepted by the producer, although they have not yet gone into production, as of this writing.

"I guess my early ambition as a writer fizzled because I wasn't willing to starve to death," Fleming says. "I just couldn't write commercially. About the only thing I could handle was vignetted— and there wasn't any market for them. Now that the acting is going so well, the creative sparks have really started flying and it looks like it's all jelling about the same time."

Fleming still carries his master carpenter's union card and keeps it as a reminder not to let success go to his head. "I don't believe in kidding myself. I'm on top of the world now, but this is a fickle business. It could end at any time. If it does, I'm going to be ready for it. I've drifted a lot and I know a little about a lot of things. If this business ever folds, I figure I can still do enough to earn three square meals a day.

"I think that's what caused the trouble during the stock-market crash in 1929. The people just gave up and jumped out the window. They knew only one thing and, when that fell apart, they were lost. I'm not going to give up, and I'm not going to jump out any window."

Recently, during a short break in the Rawhide schedule (the group was filming an episode in which Fleming did not appear), the six-four, 200-pound actor accepted a whirlwind personal-appearance tour in Texas and the southwest. Newsmen, covering the tour, were expecting the usual Hollywood prototype. They were astounded when Fleming showed up wearing faded jeans, a worn, inexpensive blue work-shirt and brush-scarred leather chaps.

One of the reporters cornered the actor and, in a sarcastic voice, asked, "Just who in the devil do you hire to break in your clothing?"

"The cattle," Fleming replied simply. Later, after the star had finished the interview and had turned to a group of anxious youngsters and adults hovering nearby for autographs, the same cynical reporter had kinder words to say. "You know," the newsmen remarked, "that guy's so real you can almost hear the cattle!"

Eric Fleming, cowboy, realist and dreamer, had received his greatest accolade.
Hanna-Barbera will have another adult cartoon series, *Top Cat*, ready as a fall entry. ABC has also ordered a third cartoon series for night-time using the voices of Gosden and Correll, the creators of *Amos 'N' Andy*. . . NBC approached Disney about an adult cartoon series, but Walt was reluctant. He further dampened NBC's interest by estimating it would cost about $80,000 a segment. . . Gina Lollobrigida joins emcee Bob Hope on the Oscar Award show April 17. TV's Emmy Awards come up May 16. . . Networks figure that, every time they televise J.F.K.'s press conference, it costs them $140,000 in commercial time. . . The *Dr. Kildare* TV series is now solid. Dick Chamberlain, a former track star, plays the title role. Raymond Massey is Dr. Gillespie. . . Entry of *Concentration*, with Hugh Downs, in nightime programing April 14 marks a victory for Hugh. NBC originally planned to use Hal March and stream-line the format. Hugh threatened to quit the morning edition of *Concentration* and walk out on Paar, if they used what he called "outmoded glamorizing" techniques. Downs won. Sponsor conflicts were overcome and Downs has the assignment, with the assurance that the show will remain virtually the same. He had argued that he built the prestige and ratings of the morning show and therefore had a vital interest in its evening version. . . Lawrence Welk comes to N.Y.C. in June to do one show. . . Trends in TV? *The Hathaways*, a new ABC comedy series starring Peggy Cass, Jack Weston and the Marquis Chimps, has had its title changed—to *The Chimps*. . . A network exec points out that TV commercials are improving. Nightmarish pictures of upset tummies, blocked sinuses and calloused feet have been replaced with cartoons. . . With cartoons replacing live people, and chimps replacing actors, television appears to be on its way back to radio.

TV's pert and pretty Janet Blair is waiting . . . for a very happy event.

What's New On The East Coast
(Continued from page 3)

tallies, *Candid Camera* won out as the big new hit of the current season. Rumors of friction between Godfrey and Allen Funt persist. The friction is not fiction, but the two men have agreed to peaceful co-existence for the rest of the season. . . Other hit of the year was *The Andy Griffith Show*. Nielsen reports *Peter Loves Mary and My Sister Eileen* in the flop category. . . The life of a foreign correspondent glamorous? NBC's John Chancellor, in Moscow, waited six months to get a three-room apartment for his wife and three kids. It's on the ninth floor and the elevator is broken. Could have been worse. They might have been stuck in the elevator for six months . . . Connie Francis had quite a fracas at the Copacabana when she took sides with a photographer against club owner Jules Podell. Connie stuck to her guns and refused to go on for her last performance. Now all is patched up and she returns to the club in May. . . KDKA's Rege Cordic up with another brainchild. His production company will adapt famous movies to radio. . . *Wagon Train* episodes with Ward Bond having run their course, the story has picked up John McIntire as a bum "on the trail west." McIntire's TV career has been bloody. As a top detective on the original *Naked City*, he was shot dead. On *Bonanza*, he was riddled. In the first episode of *The Americans*, he played Pa Canfield and died before the last commercial. In *Wagon Train*, he will progress over a period of weeks to the role of wagon-master—but, if the TV audience doesn't go for him, it means more homicide. . . Merv Griffin's success with the recording "Banned in Boston" results in an album for him at Carlton.

Chick & Chat: Lucille Ball begins to tape her TV spec, "Lucy Goes to Broad-

New wagon-master, John McIntire, joins Robert Horton on *Wagon Train*.

several times previously. Last year, backstage at the Brooklyn Fox Theater, he gave away all of his pocket cash, $500, to a fan-club prez whose mother was hospitalized. . . The cost of public-service programs is far from negligible. CBS figures production tab on *CBS Reports* and *Face the Nation* comes to a quarter of a million per month, and that doesn't include the cost of time. . . The Sinatra-Lawford-produced pre-Inaugural gala show for the Democrats was filmed and is now being edited for sale to a TV sponsor. . . Teal Ames departed *The Edge of Night* to free-lance. . . Teri Keane, radio's ex-*The Second Mrs. Burton*, added to the cast of *As The World Turns*.

Home Stretch: Hanna-Barbera will have another adult cartoon series, *Top Cat*, ready as a fall entry. ABC has also ordered a third cartoon series for way," in May, but you may not see it until fall . . . The star of CBS-TV's new adventure series, *Danger Man*, is Irish actor Patrick McGoohan. Last year he won the British "best actor in TV" Award and was nominated as best-of-the-year for his stage work. The series marks his first appearance in the states in thirty-four years. He was born in New York but raised in Ireland. . . Johnny Tillotson steady-dating Dawn Nickerson, ingenue understudy in "Bye Bye Birdie." . . Ex-presidential press secretary Jim Hagerty, now news chief at ABC, plans to introduce network newscasts throughout the day. . . Brod Crawford is the TV hero in Nige-

NBC's John Chancellor is finding life can be pretty rough in Moscow.

The *Hitchhiker*, . . .
The Queen's Sixteen

(Continued from page 38) and to root for the candidates of their own choice to become Queen For A Day. Bailey is proud of them all, and particularly proud of the caliber of his contestants. “The element of larceny is missing on our show,” he boasts. “Our Queen candidates are sincerely nice people who are usually trying to do something for somebody else—not just for themselves.”

One of the most striking instances of selflessness occurred recently when a Queen asked that her prizes go to a woman whose name she didn't even know. While waiting in line outside the Moulin Rouge, the Queen had stood next to a girl from Texas who, with her child, was stranded in Los Angeles and wanted tickets home. “She needs help worse than I do,” the winner explained.

The sad stories related by candidates sometimes strike sympathetic chords in unexpected breasts. “One woman wanted a stove,” Bailey recalls, “I’ve forgotten exactly what the circumstances were. She wasn’t chosen Queen—but my agent heard the story, and he bought the stove for her. I never thought I’d meet anybody who could wring the heart of an agent!”

Bailey tells this with tongue-in-cheek—although the story is true—but there’s a similar story with no facetious overtone.

An unsuccessful candidate had asked for paint and new curtains for a room she hoped to rent to increase her income. Although she wasn’t selected to reign, after the show, a painter called and said he’d like to paint the room and give her some curtains his wife wasn’t using. The would-be Queen accepted his offer. Later, she learned that her benefactor had been out of work for three months before he made his generous donation of paint and time, and that his circumstances were more unfortunate than her own.

Bailey has such a good time talking with candidates—more than 400,000, in the history of the show—that his pleasure in meeting new friends and giving help where he can outweighs his distress at not being able to solve all the ills of the world. “No. My job couldn’t depress me,” he emphasizes. “It’s a lot of fun.”

Queen For A Day has weathered several storms and was, in fact, born during heavy weather. Created by a veteran Los Angeles advertising man, Raymond R. Morgan, it made its debut in New York under discouraging conditions. It went on the air in face of terrific competition, the celebration of a false Armistice.

The very hour the show bowed in, an untrue rumor was circulating that Germany had surrendered, ending World War II in Europe. Crowds were hysterical. They danced in the streets. Nobody wanted to go into the Longacre Theater to see some sort of program devoted to people's troubles.

Even though Germany had not surrendered, it seemed for a dark while that the Queen For A Day staff might, in the face of overwhelming odds. But, with a splendid show of determination, the crew went into Times Square and literally bought a studio audience so that its first program could go on the air. Not everybody who came into the theater was crowned Queen—but each was paid a dollar for attending.

During the season for scandal, when quiz shows were being accused of fraud and were being dropped by sponsors and networks, Queen For A Day continued regally unscathed. Nobody even suggested that it might be rigged.

Two factors have probably been responsible for the program's spotless reputation. First, Bailey and his staff scrupulously avoid every appearance of evil, even when they have to sacrifice entertainment value. For instance, Jack laments the fact that a nodding acquaintance with a member of the audience once cost him a very funny interview.

Contestants are chosen on the basis of cards submitted by members of the audience, briefly describing their problems. “We were having a king For A Day show,” Bailey remembers, “and one man turned in a great card. He would have made a very funny interview. It seems he wanted a telephone of his own, because his wife is so tied up in community-betterment work that she talks on the phone all day and he never can get the line. I wanted to use him on the air, but I’d met him once before very casually, so we couldn’t even consider him as a candidate.”

Long before Congressional committees were investigating contestants on other programs, Bailey employed a firm of private detectives to check up on his winners as an extra precaution against cheating. The private eyes, after a thorough investigation, certified each winner was an honest woman who had reported her life and hard times according to fact.

A second factor that keeps Queen For A Day pure is its enormous audience. Should anyone try to cheat, she’d be caught before she could get off the air. By way of illustration, one aspirant to Queenship told a tragic tale revolving about the death of her husband on Christmas Day on a highway near Los Angeles. Los Angeles police, who evidently include Queen fans, called to say no fatal accident had occurred on Christmas at the place named by the imaginative lady!

The show's own real problems usually originate with the Queen's requests. Many of these are solved by Betty White, a brisk blonde who makes travel arrangements for winners—who, incidentally, have travelled fifty-four times the distance around the world, though the biggest trip of all hasn't
started yet: A girl has been given a ticket for the first trip to the moon, still unscheduled!

When a nurse was Queen for a Day and asked for her eighteen-year-old patient, a boy in a respirator, to be taken to the opera, Miss White made the arrangements—which included removing the audience from half of the opera house, because the respirator made so much noise they couldn't hear the music.

When the television show was asked to bring three babies from Africa to join their mother in Los Angeles, Miss White was again equal to the occasion. She arranged for a stewardess to shepherd the youngsters as far as New York. From New York to Los Angeles, an official of the airline on which they were to travel said he'd be responsible for their care.

The babies got air-sick over Illinois. The plane ran into stormy weather over Missouri and was grounded in Kansas City—all day long. The distracted airline official invested the lay-over time in taking his small, weeping charges to a motel and giving them baths. As a climax, when he and his party arrived in Los Angeles, the mother of the children wasn't at the airport to meet them.

Miss White was. She baby-sat with the little Africans until her scouts could locate the missing parent!

Bailey says he's learned, in his sixteen years of experience with the show, that it's a mistake to bet on a sure thing. "I know now that I can't tell, in advance, which contestant the audience will choose as Queen. There was a time when I tried. I'd think, This woman hasn't a chance, so the crew just didn't begin making any arrangements to grant her wish. Then she'd be the winner, and we'd be embarrassed."

"Now we get ready to crown any one of the finalists. Recently, a girl who wasn't married—and who wasn't even a working girl—came in ahead of a mother with nine children. Who would have expected a thing like that? But this girl wanted an electric typewriter for her brother, who has cerebral palsies. Though he can't use a regular machine, he can type on an electric typewriter by holding a pencil in his teeth."

Former Queens have organized a club in Los Angeles and do charitable work as a group. Thus the show, like a pebble thrown into a pool, extends its influence far beyond those it immediately touches.

Bailey hopes that everyone who comes on the program becomes a Queen, at least to a degree. "I try to boost the morale of each contestant," he says, "so that win or lose, she'll leave a little happier than she was when she got there."

"Truthfully, most women are Queens. I just try to give them the treatment they deserve."


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“Lord, What a Beautiful World”

(Continued from page 47)

saying is that it probably was the most important period of my life. I think I'm
a little wiser and a lot humbler as a result of my brush with death and
blindness.”

As it turned out, Sam’s eyesight was not affected, and today there isn’t so
much as a scar to remind Sam of his ordeal. He was back at work three
months later, and outwardly he seemed little changed. But change there was,
nonetheless. Sam’s own words probably describe it best of all: “The doctor
told me I could go back to work a few weeks after the accident. I took three
months instead. I guess I was knocked out, needed the rest. My friend’s death,
the thought of how close I’d come myself—it all hit me pretty hard.

“I had to look into and around myself, trying to find out about things. All
kinds of things. What did I learn? Well, let me try to put it this way. The
Lord, in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to let me stay around a little longer. The
least I can do now, to show my gratitude, is to make every minute count!”

Sam had been high on the crest of a first wave of popularity, and the accident
seemed to set him back. Today, Sam is convinced that it helped him, in the
long run, both in his career and as a human being. “Mainly, it made me
more serious,” he says. “It gave me a sense of purpose and of responsibility
I didn’t have before.”

It is in moments of reflection such as this that Sam, normally full of smiles,
reveals the deeply serious side underneath his happy-go-lucky appearance.
It is a side, moreover, whose existence isn’t altogether surprising, considering
that Sam’s father is a minister and Sam himself started out as a gospel singer.

“My father,” says Sam, “is the most remarkable man I’ve ever met. I’ve
never, but never seen that man do wrong—no matter what you call ‘doing
wrong.’ What’s more, he doesn’t necessarily condemn others for doing things
he wouldn’t do. And he’s got a lot of plain common sense. For instance,
when I asked him, some years ago, whether it was wrong for me to give up
gospel singing for popular songs, he told me, ‘Son, what you sing isn’t so
important. God has given you a good voice to use. He must want you to make
people happy by singing. So go ahead and sing.’”

Sam got his start as a singer at the age of sixteen, when the church choir
group to which he belonged received bids to sing for pay all over Chicago’s
East side, where he grew up. Though the pay was small and the scope limited,
it gave Sam his first taste of being a performer, and a professional one, at
that. Soon the personable lad with the golden voice came to the attention of a
fully professional group, The Soul Stirrers. He was invited to join, and
stayed with them for the next five years, touring the length and breadth of the
country. “We sang nothing but church hymns and gospel songs,” Sam
recalls. “It was a very satisfying experience.”

It was as a gospel singer with The
Soul Stirrers, during a concert at the
Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium, that
Sam first came to the attention of a
record company official, by the name of
Bumps Blackwell, who wanted him to
try doing pop tunes. To Blackwell’s
surprise, Sam hesitated. “Everybody
was doing rock ‘n’ roll at the time,” he
explains, “and I wasn’t sure that I
wanted to do that kind of pop singing.
It’s not that I don’t like rock ‘n’ roll,
but being a gospel singer, I didn’t feel
I wanted to change direction quite so
suddenly.”

Rather than try to force himself into
an alien mold, Sam decided to wait a
while and consult with his dad. Even-
ually, he decided to record a blues ballad
his brother L. C. Cooke had written.
Since the song didn’t have a rock ‘n
roll beat, the company which recorded
it wasn’t too enthusiastic and sat on it,
for over six months, before deciding to
sell both Sam’s contract and his record-
ing to another company. This one,
Keen Records—though small, unknown
and possessed of limited resources—
thereupon turned around and sold al-
mast two million records of “You Send
Me” . . . the very first popular song
Sam ever recorded.

Since then, Sam has followed up with
a string of others, such as “Sentimental
Reasons,” “Old Man River,” “Win Your
Love For Me,” “Only 16,” “Everybody
Loves to Cha-Cha-Cha,” “Chain Gang.”
Now under contract to RCA Victor, he
has the enviable history of never yet
having cut a record that didn’t make
the Top Forty list or sell at least a
quarter of a million. Moreover, most of
the songs he sings were written and
composed by himself.

“I can’t play the piano or read mu-
sic,” Sam grins. “All I can do is pick
out a tune with one finger and tell my
arranger what I want done with it. The
system seems to work, though.” He
has recently taken up the guitar, explain-
ing, “It’s a very easy instrument for
me and I enjoy playing it. Besides, it
helps me in personal appearances, es-
pecially when I play supper clubs.”

Sam continues to be in heavy de-
mand for everything from one-night
stands in popular dance halls to book-
ings in sophisticated clubs. “Playing
the supper clubs wasn’t easy at first,” he
admits. “I had to adapt my style to the
more intimate atmosphere, and develop
a new patter. I’m still learning, but I’m
having a lot of fun doing it.”

His personal appearances take Sam
out of Los Angeles, where he makes
his home, for approximately two out of
every three months. He enjoys these
trips—except that he gets awfully blue for
his wife, Barbara, and his brand-
new baby girl, Tracy. However, he
manages to turn even his loneliness to
profit, composing some of his recent blues ballads alone in his hotel rooms
when he’s lonesome for his Barbara. His
latest hit, “Sad Mood Tonight,” was
written following a long-distance tele-
phone conversation with his wife. Other
hit songs Sam wrote for her, when he
was on the road, include “I Need You
Now” and “Love Me.”

Sam married Barbara about two
years ago, “after going steady with her
since I was twelve years old.” They
had their first child last October, and Sam
was frankly disappointed when the baby
turned out to be a girl. “Man, I’d told

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that doctor I wanted a boy," he protested to his agent. "That man knew he was to deliver me a boy. How can he do that to me, gettin' me a girl?"

This was before he'd laid eyes on the baby. Then, like all fathers, he promptly fell in love with her. When you ask him about her, his smile gets even wider than usual. "She's my little heart," he beams. "Whoever heard of anyone wanting a boy?"

Barbara is just as much in love with Sam, misses him when he's away from home, and—in addition—worries about his eating habits. "He once ate a hot pastrami sandwich topped with blueberries and sour cream!" she reports. "When Max Asnas, owner of the Stage Delicatessen in New York, saw the check, he just shook his head. 'I can't let you pay for that,' he said. 'I want you to be my guest. Nobody's ever eaten anything like this before.' Can you blame me for worrying about Sammy?"

Back home, Sam's major interest today—outside of his family—is his own record business, SAR Records. He started this business a little over a year ago, is taking a very active interest in its management, and is proud that the company already showed a small profit after its first year in business. "I love dealing with people, love building up an organization," Sam explains. "I get a big kick out of seeing something grow that I brought to life myself. One of these days, I expect we'll have a real strong business here. This will give me as much satisfaction as anything else I've ever done." Sam can't star under his own label, being under contract to RCA Victor, but his old friends and associates, The Soul Stirrers, are now under contract to SAR and doing well for the company.

Rounding out Sam Cooke's varied activities and interests, it should be noted that he has made many successful appearances on television, both as a singer and a straight dramatic actor (notably in "The Patsy," with Sammy Davis Jr.) ... is an avid reader, mostly of non-fiction books ... has ambitions to write, and aspires to be as good a singer as Harry Belafonte, as good an entertainer as Sammy Davis Jr.

Today, at the ripe age of twenty-five, Sam Cooke has the world for his oyster. He's successful, mature, happy. Has he made good on his pledge to make each minute count? He proves it in a typical moment as he emerges from the restaurant into the bright sunshine of one of Los Angeles' clearest days—a golden day when the hills are green and the sky is deep blue.

Sam sniffs the air, squints at the sun, breaks into a wide, wide smile, and sighs contentedly, "Lord, what a beautiful world."

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Long John Nebel: The Insomniac’s Delight

(Continued from page 17)
a forum at Long John Nebel’s microphones. No one really cares how much of an off-beatnik a guest may be. Only: Can he talk? Has he something to say? (Or she, as the case may be.) Restrictions placed upon guest and discussion panel alike are few—mostly relating to good broadcasting and good taste.

Long John calls himself the conductor (rather than the moderator) of the show, but he keeps a firm hand on all that goes on. One signal to the engineer in his glass-fronted booth can close up a mike speedily. It’s rarely needed. John jumps in with one of his conversationally worded, low-pitched but hard-hitting commercials, or signals to the next speaker to take over, or decides it’s a good time for the nightly coffee break.

First made famous by the “kookie” characters who have come on as guests, the show is far from “far out” every night. There are informed, in-depth discussions of such medically controversial subjects as water fluoridation, represented by guests and panellists qualified to speak on them. There are lively discussions of communism versus the free world, of books and authors, painters and bull fighters, psychiatry and hypnosis, astrology, nutrition—the list has covered almost any subject during almost five years.

Panel members who have been more or less regular in recent months—some going ‘way back—include Lester Del Ray, science-fiction and science-fact writer; Ben Isquith, learned young mathematician and cybernetician; Bob Norden, student who sounds like a professor; Albert Lottman, erudite insurance broker; Eden Gray, the lady who owns a bookshop meeting-place for intellectuals; Mel Schiloni, semanticist and stockbroker; Loker Raley, poet and editor.

Also frequently serving on the three- or four-person panel are Dr. Emerson Coyle, psychologist associated with a Brooklyn college and consultant to industry; Dr. Le Roy Bowman, retired professor, sociologist, now devoting time to speaking and lecturing; Dr. Edward Spingarn, professor of English.

Dr. Bowman’s book, “The American Funeral,” a sobering summing-up of the rite of burial in this country, came up for rousing discussion one night, proved to be one of the biggest mail-getters in the history of the show (the average is about 5,000 pieces a week). It was repeated five times on tape by listener demand—on Sunday and Monday nights, tapes are run in place of the usual “live” performance.

If all this sounds pretty grim for “wee-hours-of-the-morning” listening, we haven’t given you a “square count”—to borrow one of Long John’s expressions. It’s gripping and absorbing. But, no matter how serious a subject, it is always splashed with humor. Where else would you hear four or five grown men and women suffering from a simultaneous fit of giggles over something one of them said, or over a “beeper” telephone call just taken on the air, or a telegram that has come in on the special teletype machine? Just find yourself, though many miles away shaking with laughter along with them?

Much of the show’s humor, of course, comes from Long John’s wry slant on everything and the sensitivity of his funnybone. It shows in his blue eyes, behind owlish glasses, that see everything without seeming to be looking. His hair stands up in a short, blond, crew-cut brush. The “Long” in his name is accounted for by his six feet, four inches of height. His voice is the easy-to-listen-to kind. Born in Chicago almost a half-century ago, he has used it persuasively to work theaters, carnivals, auctions, as well as more gray-flannel types of sales jobs. He shuns long or unusual words—maybe he just doesn’t know many, his education having been more practical than classical—and is master of the quick and pointed retort.

Producer of the shows is Paris Flammonde, a well informed young man who performs brilliantly as a panelist when required, sees people before they come on, makes all arrangements, plans the whole proceeding. Two bright young people, David Field and Anna Marie Goetz, act as technical coordinator and business coordinator. Ralph Giffen directs the TV show.

Many guests could not possibly be called off-beat, even though their topics may seem a little strange. The eminent experimenter into the mysteries of extra-sensory perception, Dr. J. B. Rhine, Director of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University, squeezed out an hour of time to talk with John on the air. Most visitors plan to stay the entire five hours, if schedules permit.

Anthropologist and zoologist Ivan Sanderson sits in, when he isn’t tramping the world in search of rare specimens or following the tracks of the Abominable Snowman. Stewart Robb appears often and talks authoritatively on the predictions of Nostradamus. Professional magicians challenge the occultists and the psychics—men like the Amazing Randi, escape artist, and William Neff, the illusionist. Well known writers, like Will Oursler, dis-

Long John relaxes with two honored guests: Desert artist John Hilton and Ben Gross, dean of TV-radio columnists (and an early booster of the Nebel show).
cuss religion and philosophy. Members of societies who study Unidentified Flying Objects debate on the show. Perhaps the most prominent of these is Major Donald E. Keyhoe, retired from the U.S. Marine Corps and now head of N.I.C.A.P. (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena).

Very occasionally, an unexpected guest drops in. The show was off and running, one night. Suddenly, the studio door swung open and in walked a large man in a camel's-hair coat, who immediately went off into a corner, signaling he was there just to watch a while. The man was Jackie Gleason, longtime friend of John. Gleason may be a good listener, but it's no secret that his strong point is talking. In ten minutes, he had a mike in front of him and was leading a discussion of flying saucers, one of his long-time interests. It was a good show—although hardly as planned.

Some devotees have been listening since the show went on the air in its present form in August, 1956, when John used to talk about "the audience out there, those eight listeners." A casual announcement, one night last winter, that they might start a "club"—the Society of the Original Eight—began to snowball. An illustrator friend of the show, Dexter Miller, designed the membership card. In two weeks, 11,000 requests came in by mail—all claiming to be one of the first eight. (They got their cards, just the same.)

An integral part of the show is its engineer, Jack Keane, who sometimes gets into the act by shouting a comment into the talk-back system while the show is on the air. When John announced that Jack was in the hospital, 3,500 cards were received for him during the first fifteen days. Ben Gross, much-quoted TV and radio critic for the New York Daily News, has said that Keane is one of the few off-mike people who has developed a well-known air personality. Incidentally, Nebel credits Gross as being "one of those who really gave me a hand at the beginning—Ben wrote about the show and came on before hardly anyone else knew I was around."

The studio presents an informal scene as the show begins, ushered in by the theme song—an MGM recording of David Rose's "Forbidden Planet." People lounge in ordinary office chairs, around a green vinyl-covered table. The host is dressed informally—usually in slacks and open-neck sports shirt. Ashtrays soon begin to fill up, water pitchers empty, paper cups get strewn about. There's also a jar of sharpened pencils for quick jottings on ruled yellow pads, to remind each speaker of something he wants to answer or to bring up later.

A twenty-minute coffee break occurs around 2:30, with recorded music filling in the time. The picnic-size coffee urn has been bubbling aromatically. The fabulous sandwiches and famous cheesecake are sent in from a delicatessen (a sponsor). Everyone helps himself. The show often grows even more volatile during the break—tempers held in check on the air flare up. But, just as often, the hatchet gets buried under the influence of food and conviviality.

Radio discovered Long John on a New Jersey highway, where he owned a tremendous retail operation, open seven days a week. Weekends, he auctioned off special items and people came even from nearby states—as much for the "show" he put on as for the merchandise. A WOR executive heard him and said there was a place for him in radio. John finally sold out his business. His first radio show, in the afternoon, was no great success. He took a six-month hiatus. He came on again, from 11:30 to 12 at night, and this later became the midnight-until-morning spot he now fills.

John gives credit to two men for affording him every opportunity, and every freedom to do the show as he sees it: Robert Leder, vice-president and general manager of RKO Radio and TV, and Robert Smith, vice-president in charge of programming.

But he still doesn't consider himself "talent" in the usual sense of the word. Just a salesman, not a performer. He sells, but he doesn't "buy"—though, like everyone else within earshot, he finds his guests well worth the hearing!

It's a new show! It's a great show! It's a 1961 edition of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL, produced by the editors of PHOTOPLAY! And it's available now wherever magazines are sold!

PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is the greatest. It brings you all the news and gossip of everyone of importance in Hollywood. It also brings you gorgeous full-color portraits of the stars, plus exciting candid shots and never-to-be-forgotten pinups.

3 1/4% interest on New U.S. Savings Bonds now in effect and the Bonds you already own are better than ever, too!

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

SAVE WITH U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising.
The Treasury Department thanks The Advertising Council and this magazine for their patriotic donation.
The Blue-Sky Talent of Norma Zimmer

(Continued from page 34)

close enough to a freeway to simplify Norma’s almost daily trips to television stations and recording studios.

They sold their city house and furnishings, and bought a large trailer. It was set in place as the first unit in Park La Habra. On that brave day, four years ago, the Zimmers made plans to establish eighty spaces for mobile homes in their park. Every possible orange tree was to be saved. All utilities were to be placed underground, to preserve vistas of the distant Coastal Range.

Each mobile home was to have a concrete patio, and connections for telephone, electricity, natural gas. There was to be a centrally located pool with brick decking, and there were to be ample dressing rooms and laundry facilities. Eventually, there was to be a recreation room for card games, TV viewing, dancing, and general community fellowship. The second floor of the recreation room was to become a two-bedroom, two-bath, living-room, family-room, dining-area and kitchen retreat for the Zimmers.

Best of all, the Zimmers themselves were going to do as much of the construction as possible, calling upon expert craftsmen for tricky jobs only. The boys were to learn how to dig a straight trench, level a site, build forms, pour concrete, prune trees, plant shrubbery, and still get their school homework done.

As this is written, there are sixty spaces completed and occupied. Norma says with pride, “We have a hundred and twenty of the nicest people you could hope to meet anywhere. We have teachers, business people, retired folks—one big, happy family. I know that’s a cliche, but cliches are cliches because they express eternal truths.”

Norma rolls out in the morning at six-thirty and prepares breakfast for Randy and the boys, then does the dishes and plans her day. Usually, she has a studio call every day excepting Saturdays and Sundays. She allows herself an hour traveling time, although the trip takes only thirty minutes if there has been no delay on the freeway.

Before departure, she may clean the swimming pool. “I’m proud of that pool,” she says. “The inspector told me it was the cleanest pool he had ever seen. That’s the way I like to keep everything.” Or she may help her mother, Mrs. Kay Larsen—Park La Habra’s manager—with accounts or some such office detail.

From April through September, Norma tends a vegetable garden which supplies the Zimmers with radishes, lettuce, beets, turnips, string beans and corn throughout the summer.

She does her own light laundry and puts the household linens through the laundermat. She plans meals on a weekly basis but—because of limited storage space—does the marketing each day.

Even Norma’s driving time on the freeway is put to use. She vocalizes. Every singer is obliged to go through certain vocal calisthenics daily, an obligation which has caused Randy some embarrassment. One morning, when he was driving Norma into Hollywood, he begged, “Please, honey, don’t let out those high notes when we’re stopped at a signal. Everybody turns to see if I’m beating you!”

When she has a free day—and thus must vocalize at home—Norma wraps her head in a towel and sings away. She says, “I must look like something from outer space, with a beehive head giving out muffled scales.”

At the end of her studio day, Norma scoots home to face an array of possible tasks or diversions. In summer, the entire family may hike on their bicycles and wheel along the lazy side roads far from the hum of traffic arteries. Or Norma and Randy may set up their easels and paint. (They studied for two semesters at night school, before they moved to Park La Habra, and intend to take additional instruction as soon as they “can find some spare time.”)

Once a month, the citizens of Park La Habra have a community pot-luck supper, planned and supervised by the Zimmers. They also organize bingo parties, swimming meets, shuffleboard tournaments, and luaus. At Thanksgiving and Christmas, Norma and Randy provide the roast turkey. Other tenants join forces to provide the “fixings.” Norma says, “We have so much fun that some of our people always turn down outside invitations in order to stay with our group.”

During the winter, when California has an adequate fall of snow, the Zimmers spend as much time as possible at their daytime ski resort at Kratka Ridge on Angeles Crest Highway. In addition to both “nursery” slopes and a course which tries the mettle of experts, the resort boasts the presence of Swiss yodeler Fred Burri, a Capitol recording artist.

Norma Larsen and Randy Zimmer first met on the ski slopes of Mt. Rainier in August, 1943. Norma was a beginner; Randy was a veteran who had proved himself the master of that mysterious and unpredictable mountain, which cloaks itself in veils of linen-thick fog and amuses itself by arranging and rearranging the folds.

Daring the higher slopes of Mt. Rainier one day, Randy had raced into an abruptly formed fog bank. He knew that a pine forest lay on the left and a rock-ribbed canyon dropped precipitously to his right—he had no choice except to continue his descent, flying blind and hoping to hold to an unobstructed course. Suddenly, he shot into a wind-blasted, snowless outcropping of rock. By the time the ski patrol was able to remove him to a hospital, he had contracted pneumonia. Just as he passed out, he heard the doctor say, “This boy will never walk again.”

Busy with flourishing Park La Habra, busy on The Lawrence Welk Show, Norma Zimmer still finds time for play with her sons Ronnie and Mark.
But Randy Zimmer cheated the mountain gods. He licked pneumonia, and he learned to walk again—then to run, then to ski. Undaunted, he had returned to Mt. Rainier. And there he met Norma.

And how did Norma meet Hollywood? Late that summer, she and two girl friends took the all-day excursion by steamer from Seattle to Victoria, B.C., and back. On the homeward trip, the girls began to sing and quickly attracted an impromptu serenading group.

Among the passengers was a Hollywood agent who told Norma, "I can get a singing contract for you with one of the big broadcasting studios," and tendered his card. Norma and her mother made the trip to Hollywood. Norma was taken to NBC for audition, and was promptly invited to sign a three-year contract as a staff artist. She also signed for 150 fifteen-minute singing spots for Capitol.

That was in December, 1943. Randy abandoned Seattle in the spring, and he and Norma were married in June, 1944.

Since then, in addition to producing two husky sons and collaborating in building a trailer park, Norma has sung many a sweet note. During her initial days in Hollywood, she worked with The Girl Friend quartet; she toured the U.S., including Hawaii, with Carman Dragon's orchestra; she recorded with Nelson Riddle, Alfred Newman and Pete King. For nine years, she has been the soloist for the "Standard School" programs on network radio. And annually, since 1958, she has sung at the Hollywood Bowl. In 1958, she also met Lawrence Welk; she was a guest on his program, she was a vocalist on his "Songs of Faith" album, and hers is one of the hummir-γî voices on Welk's smash-hit single, "Calcutta."

On Christmas Eve, 1960—on camera—Lawrence Welk invited Norma to join his Music Makers as a regular. She says, "For a minute, I couldn't collect my lower jaw. The invitation was so unexpected and so wonderful. I finally managed to say, 'Thank you, I'd love to.'"

All these years, Randy has been a more-or-less silent partner in Norma's career. She depends upon him to serve as partisan critic and loving guide. A few years ago, Norma decided to change her style. She wanted to develop a new sound, a heavier, sexier timbre, and a more sophisticated beat. After she had worked on the mutation for several weeks, she asked Randy, "What do you think about it?"

"All wrong," he said gently. "You're not the type. There are thousands of blues singers, but very few girls with a true ballad-singing ability. People think of you as one of a family group gathered around a piano. That's your style. Why not keep it?"

She did.

One day, Norma came home with a green silk sheath she'd seen in the window of an exclusive shop. Its lines were the height of sophistication. Like every girl, at least once in her life, Norma had thought wistfully, That's the way I want to look.

She hurried to model the love-at-first-sight purchase for Randy. He put down his paper, stared at her for several pop-eyed seconds, then said, "Burn it." That ended, before it started, the slinky-sheath era of Norma Zimmer. From then on, she has worn the modest necklines, slim waists and full skirts preferred by her husband, by Lawrence Welk, and by most men who will speak up honestly.

Wholesome as a Washington apple, fresh as a bright blue sky—that's Norma Zimmer.

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**CAMOUFLAGE**

(Continued from page 41)

**Bird.** One harpoon formed left side of tail. Strip other items from intermediate stage, above. Result, below!

**Whale.** Owl's still clue—plus assorted bird features—in a more simplified drawing. Finally, it all comes clear.

**Camel.** Biggest helmet was the one to watch. Take away human features—and hills. Behold "ship of the desert."

*Camouflage* is seen over ABC-TV, M-F, 12 noon (all time zones), under multiple sponsorship.
Ann Marlowe: Miracle Maker

(Continued from page 24)

a performer, as well as a producer. The daughter of a successful New York industrialist, she was reared in Westchester County, majored in psychology at Columbia, and once planned to become a kindergarten teacher.

But Ann also had a voice and a love of drama. Her father approved her study, but objected to her working professionally on stage. (He did, however, once build a theater in a real-estate development and named it for her.) She continued to study voice during her first marriage. Her son, she says, was born on a high note: “I phoned my coach to say, ‘I’m sorry, but I can’t come in for my lesson today.”

Grumpily, the maestro had demanded, “Why not?” Ann had replied sweetly, “I just had a baby.” Telling it, she adds with a flick of mischief, “They say the man fainted.”

When the marriage ended in divorce, Ann worked doubly hard to build a new career. She understudied the lead in “Sunny River.” This show was Rodgers’ and Hammerstein’s last flop before their big success with “Oklahoma!” Ann, however, remembers it fondly, for it marked the beginning of her friendship with Oscar and Dorothy Hammerstein.

It also led to radio work, first in daytime dramas and later to programs of her own, one of which was titled Love Songs Of The World. She then became a producer and once had seven shows on the air. Writing and doing commercials caught her interest. One remains unforgettable to many a listener: “I was the original Rinso White girl, a fact which brought laughs when I worked at Stage Door Canteen during the war. It seems that in hospitals, where patients had no control of the public address system, that commercial could ping in maddeningly. Boys who met me would blurt out, ‘So you’re the girl we promised to come home and shoot!”

Commercials provided the preface to romance when, during a conference at the Biow advertising agency, Milton Biow introduced a client, Martin L. Strauss II, president of the company making Eversharp pencils and Schick razors and originator of that landmark of radio, The $64 Question. On his next trip in from Chicago, Mr. Strauss phoned to invite her to lunch. Ann begged off. The Squibb show was rehearsing at the Waldorf and she was to have a quick lunch there with Mr. Biow.

When she came to the table, Mr. Strauss, too, was present. His opening question was: “Do you have a good fountain pen?” His second: “May I see it?” Ann’s next reaction was a small shriek, “There goes my nice pen!” Mr. Strauss had dropped it, breaking the point.

He was all apologies. “But I can supply a replacement...” Out came a handsome gold pen and pencil set—and a confession. “I did that deliberately. I wanted you to use mine.”

Until Mr. Strauss died in 1958, theirs was a wonderfully happy marriage. Television was one of their many shared interests. Ann produced and appeared in a number of shows. She found her future when Paramount president Barney Balaban invited them to a private showing of “Quartet,” a British-made film of four of Somerset Maugham’s short stories. “I came out of there with stars in my eyes and told my husband, ‘This is what I want to do on TV—Maugham’s stories. Do you suppose I could?’”

“I don’t see why not,” said Mr. Strauss staunchly. They opened negotiations and both were thrilled when Maugham designated Ann his representative for television and executive producer on all his shows.

She cherishes an incident which occurred when Maugham came to the United States to introduce the first series. At a cocktail party which the Strausses gave, critic John Crosby challenged him, “Mr. Maugham, why do you permit your stories to be done on TV?” The aging Maugham lifted his hooded eyelids in a stony stare. “Young man,” he said, “since this generation is not much given to reading, but more to listening and watching, I prefer them to listen and watch my stories.”

Ann’s “dream-casting” scored a triumph when she asked Sir Laurence Olivier to star in “The Moon and Sixpence.” He agreed, “if suitable terms could be arranged.” Suitability started at one hundred thousand dollars. Ann says, “Estimating the total cost of the show scared me, but I couldn’t quit then, so I looked for a ‘dream sponsor.’” Du Pont took it, and I think it was a good investment. The show won all the major awards, including the international TV festival in Monte Carlo.”

Even before that kind of money was known to be at stake, important addresses had begun to beg Ann Marlowe for a chance to do Sadie Thompson in “Rain.” Sadie—the notorious girl who meets up with the merciless reformer, Mr. Davidson, on a rain-drenched South Seas island—has lured many an actress. Lee Strasberg, famed head of The Actors Studio who also will have a hand in the TV production, offers this apt plot resume: “It is the struggle between good and evil which goes on in every human being.”

On Broadway, Jeanne Eagles created the role, Tallulah Bankhead played it, and June Havoc starred in the musical version. On film, it has been done by Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford and Rita Hayworth. Ann Marlowe says, “It was obvious that Marilyn Monroe was the actress to do it for television in the Sixties.”

They met at a party, and spoke first of it then. Miss Monroe invited Miss Marlowe to tea. Ann says, “It was all very pleasant, but very brief, for the time was the defeating element. Miss Monroe had too many motion picture commitments.”

But neither one forgot. As soon as Miss Monroe had finished “The Misfits,” she phoned Ann from Hollywood and said, “Let’s talk about this.” She, too, had done some dreaming. She wanted a six-figure television fee for a very special purpose. Feeling that study at the Actors Studio had helped her during a critical stage of her own career, she planned to give the entire sum to benefit other students.

Lee Strasberg, who has been Miss Monroe’s most understanding coach, saw Jeanne Eagles’ portrayal of the role. He reports, “Miss Monroe has always been intrigued by my stories about that show. Most people see only the toughness of Sadie, but Miss Eagles gave her a luminous quality, too—that of a lost soul groaning for a new life and, for a time, transformed and washed clean. When the missionary she trusted fails her, it is no wonder that she turns back with fury to her old life.”

The upcoming version of “Rain” should be a show worth seeing. With the contributions which Marilyn Monroe, Lee Strasberg, Ann Marlowe and Somerset Maugham make to it, the ever-challenging Sadie is bound to take on a fascinating new life.

COMO’S ON THE COVER

Inside: An intimate closeup of Perry in person • Two great stories of gratitude: The Man Who Saved Gardner McKay's Life • The Friend

Bob Hope Will Never Forget • Among our many exclusives in the June

TV RADIO MIRROR at your favorite newsstand May 4

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Anything New?

(Continued from page 44)
raise money for a worthy cause appealed to him, too. Jack and Lucian met, for the first time, at a committee meeting in charge of the show—and liked each other instantly. Lucian, a rather introspective former college history teacher, felt Jack was a "guv with great magnetism . . . a natural entertainer who looked like a cross between Eddie Albert, David Niven and Eddie Bracken."

They became close friends and wrote a couple of songs for the show. A year later, when the same organization staged a revue called "Suburba on the Rocks," Jack and Lucian collaborated on fourteen original songs. They wrote lyrics and music together, arguing vehemently during the writing and composing, but resuming a wonderful friendship after each creative session.

As they got to know each other, they discovered they had mutual reservations about most of the children's shows on TV. Being parents, they dreamed of the perfect TV kiddie show. If that show wasn't on the air, why not create one? They began to visit each other's home, to confer on long automobile drives, and to confide to their wives their aspirations. For both Jack and Lucian, the dream of doing a kiddie show was the inevitable climax of years of soul searching.

Jack Spear's feeling for show business started when he was seven and won a tin whistle for selling the most tickets to the Avon Avenue Grammar School's spring festival, in his native Newark. "I took the whistle home, and messed around with it. Three days later, I was playing 'Oh, Susannah' in school. When the teacher heard me, she sent me to the principal, and I thought I was in trouble. But I was wrong. He had me play 'Oh, Susannah' at the next assembly in the auditorium."

At Weequahic High School, he learned to play many other instruments by ear, but never had the money or time for a formal education in music. But, when he got into the U.S. Army and became a clerk-typist at Ft. Bragg, he won an audition for the Army band, even though he couldn't read music. In time, with the help of musician buddies, he learned to read music enough to stay in the band as a saxophonist. After the Army, he enrolled at the Newark Conservatory of Music, and began earning a living taking photographs at weddings and parties.

The big change in his life came when he was introduced to a local girl, Phyllis Gomberg. She was petite and charming, had studied both dancing (one year) and piano (eleven years), and sympathized with Jack's love for music. She encouraged his dream of someday being a fulltime musician, entertainer and songwriter. Six months later, he proposed marriage—but first warned her, "I don't want to marry, if marriage endangers my hopes for a career in music!"

Phyllis's brother Sy was a writer (he's now producer-writer of TV's "The Law And Mr. Jones") and she knew how precarious show business was, but she promised: "Somehow, we'll manage." A half-year later, they married. Phyllis quit Bloomfield College, where she was studying to become a music teacher.

Phyllis soon became "Pipp" to Jack, as she had been to her friends ever since her brother amusingly called her "Pippin" because she was such a lively tomboy. Her mother liked Jack and gladly gave her consent when Phyllis married Jack. But Jack's yearning to become a children's entertainer unnerved her, and she asked: "Why can't you whistle . . . from this you will make a living!" Jack assured her, "You'll see—I someday, I will!"

Because Jack wasn't making enough money at first, Phyllis played piano for a dancing school. Then, when they bought a house just before son David was born, in the summer of 1953, Phyllis made extra money teaching piano to neighborhood kids. After all, they had a twenty-year mortgage to pay off.

Lucian Kaminsky had bought his house, in the same neighborhood, three years before the Spears, and he's paying off a thirty-year mortgage. In many respects, his life has been like Jack's. He grew up in the Bronx and Brooklyn in New York, attended the College of the City of New York, then went into the U.S. Navy. While in uniform, he proposed to his childhood sweetheart, Geraldine Gottlieb, then a nurse at Beth Israel Hospital in Newark.

They had first met in summer camp for kids, then as camp staff personnel, kept corresponding, and dated whenever he came into town. They decided to marry when he had three days' leave, and he had to scramble around City Hall in New York for a special waiver eliminating the usual three-day waiting period.

He took her with him to Virginia—and, a week after their marriage, he was on the way to the Pacific, where he saw action and came down with malaria, hepatitis and a kidney condition. When he returned, ten months later, he was sick and went through a difficult period of adjustment. And Geraldine lived with her folks at Kearny, New Jersey, and it was only after their second son, Robert, was born that they bought their house, thanks to a G.I. mortgage.

He managed to graduate from Rutgers University as a history major in
1948, and got his master's degree from New York University the following year, then taught history at Rutgers in 1949 and '50. Yet he wasn't happy. He liked teaching, but he couldn't make enough to raise his children. So he became a salesman, but still felt frustrated. He knew he was destined for something more creative, like music. He remembered how happy he was playing piano and drums, how satisfying it was when he performed in Navy shows and did a local radio show while stationed in Rochester, New York.

In his friendship with Jack Spear, Lucian felt a glimmering hope that perhaps they could get into TV. Lucian and Jack wrote songs, plotted a TV show to be called Pip The Piper, and hunted desperately for some way to reach the executives of TV who buy shows. Jack opened the crack in the door when he persuaded a customer, Victor Peccarelli, to whom he was selling baby pictures, that his kiddie-show idea was valid. Peccarelli contacted a friend, Peter Piech, a TV package, who arranged auditions for potential sponsors.

Meanwhile, Jack was getting good experience appearing as "Sheriff Jack" during summers, in cowboy shows in New Jersey, and the kiddie-show idea was constantly being revised. At first, Jack was going to be the sole performer, featuring his tin whistle, with Lucian as writer-musician. Later, it was decided that Lucian would perform as Mr. Leader and that Phyllis would be in the cast as dancer-pianist-singer. The one-man show became a bigger show, and in time Piech arranged for a pilot taping of the show in color.

After the taping, the Spears and the Kaminskys waited for the phone to ring with the momentous news. Jack and Lucian went to their regular jobs daily and periodically phoned home: "Any news?" The children came home from school, breathless, asking, "Anything new?"

On the fifth day, Phyllis received the call. A sponsor, General Mills, had bought the show! She quickly phoned Geraldine. When the husbands came home that night, they were told the great news. Then everybody sat around, too stunned for words. When they revived, they phoned Victor Peccarelli, who had now become their manager, and urged him and his wife to join them for a "victory dinner" at a local restaurant.

The Spears got a baby-sitter for son David, 7, and daughter Robin, 5, and the Kaminskys asked their eldest, Peter, 14, to watch over Robert, 12, and Donald, 9. Then the three couples met in the restaurant to celebrate. They kept looking at each other in disbelief. Their dream had come through! Their own little show on a big TV network! They would tape fifty-two half-hour shows in color, but the shows would be shown first in black-and-white. At a future date, the tapes would be re-run in color. That would extend the life of the series, and bring more money!

Their elation was cut short when they discovered they didn't have enough money to pay for the dinner, and they had to borrow ten dollars from Peccarelli. Then, when they drove home, Jack and Phyllis realized they didn't have money to pay the baby-sitter, so they had to borrow again from Peccarelli.

The next day, Lucian enjoyed the supreme moment when a man quits a job he hates, and goes on to a job he loves. He says, "I became a new man.

I felt younger and lighter and more creative. I started to live! For me, this is it."

Jack let his photography business lapse, and he and Phyllis and Lucian worked feverishly on scripts and songs for the fifty-two shows. They brought their children to see the set and the costumes, and all frankly gaped at the beauty of the artists' creations. The following week, the children went to the studio to see their parents tape the first show. When the parents did the first commercial, the children nudged each other and whispered, "Yes, no doubt about it . . . the commercial . . . they're on TV, all right!"

The show, says Lucian, is based on the idea that kids live in a world of fantasy, where things are as they should be. Jack portrays Pip, a merry man with a tin whistle that can play classical as well as popular tunes. Phyllis is Miss Merrynote, and Lucian is Mr. Leader. "On the show," says Lucian, "Phyllis and I represent illusion, and Jack is the bridge between reality and illusion."

Around their neighborhoods, the fact that they have their own network TV series is astounding news. Folks who couldn't understand how two grown-up men could stay up half the night, playing piano and writing songs, are now saying, "I always knew they had talent." Now they understand why Lucian and Jack would sit in a parked car, close the windows and sing at the top of their voices while writing new songs. Now they appreciate why Jack Spear practiced blowing a toy whistle for hours and hours.

Now, when Jack meets his mother-in-law, he can tell her slyly: "Yes, from a tin whistle, I'm making a living!"
Those Fortunate Four-Footed Actors

(Continued from page 11)

NBC—have also named A.H.A. to serve in a similar capacity. Most independent producers seek A.H.A. services where animals are involved in productions. As a result, almost all American motion pictures and television shows which include animal action are supervised by the A.H.A.

When animal actors are mentioned, the average viewer automatically calls to mind such stellar players as "Lassie," "King" in National Velvet, the mounts of various cowboy stars, "Cleo" and the family canines in such series as My Three Sons, Bachelor Father, and The Tom Ewell Show. But the A.H.A. really doesn’t have to spend too much time on these.

"These highly trained animals are, after all, bread-and-butter for their owners and trainers," James Jack, of the Hollywood A.H.A. office, points out. "Those owners are not about to allow any harm to come to their charges. We do run spot checks, now and then, on such situations. But the star animals are much less our concern than the 'bit players' and the ranch animals used for background and atmosphere.

"What many people do not realize is that the number of animals working in telefilms and movies has nearly tripled in the past ten years. In 1950, we recorded a total of 5,300 animals employed. Last year, there were more than 14,000 signed up through the studio prop departments. It's our job to see that none of these is mistreated."

What does the A.H.A. supervision entail? Here are a few quick quotes from inspectors’ reports: "Heard that bad hay was being fed to lease horses; checked and found this true; advised stock man and new hay was obtained."

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What does the A.H.A. supervision entail? Here are a few quick quotes from inspectors’ reports: "Heard that bad hay was being fed to lease horses; checked and found this true; advised stock man and new hay was obtained."

. . . "Noted that actors were racing horses between takes, and had that stopped." . . . "Action called for corral fence to be broken by rearing horse; checked, found that fence, made of balsa wood, was in reality being broken by off-stage wire." . . . "Horses appeared overtired, although unit was scheduled to continue shooting for two more hours; requested that shooting be halted for the day to save horses; request granted."

Not all the inspections involve horses, although these account for the majority of the animal population on sound stages. Mr. Jack estimates that an average of one hundred horses are used on each of the twenty-one working days every month. These come from four major stables in the Hollywood area—those of "Fat" Jones, L. C. Goss, the Hudkins Brothers, and Ralph McCutcheon. Each owns from 150 to 200 horses, leased out by the day to TV and movie productions.

Now and then, the A.H.A. inspectors are involved in some pretty off-beat inspecting. How, for instance, do you go about approving working conditions for a dinosaur? In the case involving the Hollywood A.H.A. office, the "dinosaurs" were in reality horned toads and iguana lizards, with specially constructed plastic fins glued to their bodies by the make-up department. Trick photography, in such pictures as "1,000-000 B.C." and "Journey to the Center of the Earth," made them come out on the screen as towering prehistoric monsters.

It became the duty of the A.H.A. inspector to determine if the glue used to affix the plastic fins would be harmful to the reptiles and whether it would be better to remove the makeup nightly, or leave it on for the four or five days the sequence required. Since he did not pretend to be an expert on reptiles, the inspector did some research. Checking with zoo officials and reptile authorities, he found that, since the skin area involved was relatively small, it would be to the creature's advantage to have the makeup left on, rather than removed nightly. Check the dinosaur problem!

The inspectors come up with some wild stories in the course of their rounds. One of the best is their tale of the "ham" alligator. He's a resident of the Alligator Farm, across the road from Knott's Berry Farm, near Anaheim. The inspectors figure that this character is one hundred years old, by conservative estimate. But he gets as much of a charge now, as he did during his first jungle movie—years ago—out of "losing" fights, and floating away down the river, "bleeding" to death.

After he is "stabbed" by a prop rub-

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ber dagger, he obligingly flops over on
his back. The cameras are stopped
momentarily, and the makeup department
rushes in to apply a smearing of
“blood.” The cameras start grinding
again, and Mr. Alligator floats off down
the jungle river, expiring by inches
with all the histrionic enthusiasm of a
high-school Hamlet. The inspectors
have been told that Mr. Alligator also
enjoys romping and playing in the
water with people—but none of them
has ever cared to check on that per-
sonally.

Up until last year, the A.H.A. was
unable to provide any supervision for
films or TV shows made on foreign
locations. “Ben-Hur,” for example, was
made without A.H.A. supervision. In
recent months, however, an Interna-
tional Society for the Protection of
Animals has been formed, comprising
the Royal S.P.C.A. in Great Britain and
similar organizations in other coun-
tries all over the globe. Working co-
operatively, these groups are now able
to supervise such foreign locations as
that of “Hatari” in Tanganyika, and
“Swiss Family Robinson” in Tobago.

One of the by-products of A.H.A.’s
Hollywood office is the running of the
annual Patsy Awards. Thus, each year,
onstoppable animal actors are given the
equivalent of the human Oscars and
Emmys. Last year’s awards were a
walk-away for the pooches, with
“Shaggy” winning for Walt Disney’s
movie, “The Shaggy Dog,” and “Asta”
first in place for television’s The Thin
Man Series. Other winners of note, dur-
ing the decade that Patsys have been
handed out, were “Samatha,” the goose
in the 1957 movie, “Friendly Persua-
sion”; “Pyewacket,” the Siamese cat
in “Bell, Book and Candle” in 1959; and
“Francis,” the talking mule, a peren-
nial winner in any year in which one
of his pictures appears.

Although acting in a Western, wheth-
er movie or telefilm, looks like a haz-
ardous occupation for a horse, it may
in reality prolong his life span. A.H.A.
officials estimate that the accident rate
for animal actors is approximately fifty
percent less than for their contempo-
rarities living on farms and ranches.

Time was when most horse falls
which were done before cameras re-
sulted in broken legs, or worse. Today,
horses are trained to fall without hurt-
ing themselves. They topple on cue, and
land on carefully prepared beds—
sometimes even mattresses—out of


*In Defense of Westerns and Private Eyes*

*(Continued from page 18)*

violence. Well, tell me—how can you
do a dramatic story about a violent pe-
riod in history without violence?

“The critics say there are too many
dead bodies in Wagon Train. If I’m
going to be on next week’s show, there
must be dead bodies. In the period of
history we’re dealing with, it’s either
kill or be killed. Anyone who studies
history knows that, and I understand
they still teach history to the kids in
school.

“Actually, I don’t feel that I . . . or
anyone else . . . needs to defend West-
ers. Especially, TV Westerns. The first
movie ever made was a Western, and
they’ve been the most consistent box-
office successes ever since. The critics
will undoubtedly be yelling about them
from here to eternity . . . because that’s
how long Westerns will be around.”

Efrem Zimbalist Jr., of ABC-TV’s 77
Sunset Strip—expressed similar senti-
ments in regard to detective or pri-
ivate-eye series. “Judging from the
ratings,” he observed, “everyone seems
to like them except the critics. Per-
sonally, I’ll accept the public’s opinion
and let the critics have their own.

“The private-eye programs have the
basic ingredients of suspense, excite-
ment, humor, and a certain amount of
glamour. How can you beat that com-
bination? Detective stories have been
popular in literature for years. It isn’t
necessary for me to cite examples. I
could start with Sherlock Holmes and
go on and on and on.

“It’s certainly no disgrace to be a
fan of these programs. Despite what
some of the newspaper reviewers say,
it doesn’t make you a lowbrow. The late
Franklin D. Roosevelt’s favorite form
of relaxation was reading Westerns in
bed before going to sleep. They took
his mind off his many problems. Every-
one needs some outfit like that. And
it’s ridiculous to say that private-eye
stories cause delinquency, any more
than Captain Billy’s Whiz Bang—or
whatever that magazine was called—
which the older generation used to read
when no one was looking.”

Barry (Tall Man) Sullivan carries
the point a step further. “I have a
theory about the Western form. I think,
if Shakespeare were alive today, he’d
be writing Westerns. After all, what
makes good drama but the clash be-
tween people?”

Gene (Bat Masterson) Barry agrees.
“I’m sick of hearing the eggheads—and
some who aren’t so egg-headed—attack
TV Westerns from the standpoint of
violence.

“Why, I even have an evangelical fo-
lowing. At President Kennedy’s Inau-
geration, I was blessed by representa-
tives of four denominations and asked
by them for my autograph. Don’t you
think religious leaders would be the
first to object if our children were be-
ing hurt?”

“Bat Masterson is just a nineteenth-
century Robin Hood. I see him more as
cosmopolite with a mission—all this
without a gun. It’s just a case of good
triumphing over evil. What better les-
son could you teach a child?”

Tom Tryon, who played “Texas John
Slaughter” on ABC-TV’s Walt Disney
Presents, observed: “At the end of a
day’s work, most people want to sit
down in front of their television set and
be entertained. They want to relax. They
want to escape from their trou-
bles. If these people aren’t interested in
an intellectual discussion or a serious
drama, are they to be condemned?”

“Frankly, I don’t see how anyone can
watch one Western after another, for
two or three hours a night. But people
do. The ratings can’t all be wrong. And
all the ratings list Westerns among the
tops in popularity. The purpose of any
mass medium is to give people what
they want. Otherwise, it’s undemo-
cratic. That’s why Westerns will be
with us for a long time; just as long as
people want them.”

Dewey Martin, who starred as Daniel
Boone on the Disney series, said flatly,
“1’m tired of Westerns and private-eye
programs being the whipping boys of
television. Certainly, there should be
educational programs, drama, thought-
provoking public service shows, and
actor, until this show came along. Now they tell me I'm a star. I don't figure Rawhide will last forever, but I don't figure to walk out on it, either."

The consensus of these performers is obvious—cowboys and private detectives will continue to shoot up the TV screens as long as the public wants them to.

How long will this be? What of the future?

"The future of television won't be determined by the critics or the breakfast-food makers or the Madison Avenue idea-men," replied Alex Segal, one of TV's busiest and most distinguished producer-directors. "It's the responsibility of the viewers, and I think it's been proven time and time again that the public can't be fooled for long."

Segal said that too many producers or advertising men who exercise control over what is seen and said on TV make a mistake of trying to satisfy everyone.

"The people of Los Angeles have little in common with the people of North Dakota. By the same token, the people of Los Angeles have little in common with the people living in New York. Some programs that meet with wide acclaim in New York lay great big eggs elsewhere in the country."

"It's all a matter of compromise. Or perhaps I might better say . . . trying to live with each other."

He adds, "I haven't believed the ratings for years. Not even when my own shows got good ones. As it operates today, television is basically an advertising medium. The advertisers look for some scale of measuring, so they rely on ratings.

"But the ratings don't tell whether people like the program they're watching, nor do they determine whether the sponsor's product is being sold. I don't rely on the professional critics, either. After all, a critic is only one man with one opinion."

As for Westerns and crime programs, Segal believes that, with the current emphasis on these shows, television is merely going through a cycle. "There will always be Westerns and private-eye programs, of course, but not in such abundance. The Broadway stage goes through cycles, and so does the movie business. That's what television is experiencing now."

"I have great faith in TV as an entertainment-educational medium. When a classic book is adapted to TV, they tell me that bookstores all over the nation stock up on the novel and sell out within a few days. That's certainly an indication that the public will support quality productions."

"But it's impossible to please everyone," Mr. Segal concluded. "If we all had the same likes and dislikes, this would be a pretty dull world."

The defense rests.
Dion: The Past He Swore He'd Never Reveal

(Continued from page 13)

able to sport expensive clothes, travel in style, foot the bills for his family's sleek new home in White Plains, New York—the split-level house which he bought last year. But, emotionally, the break with Dion's past has not been so clean.

It is not easy to forget the sight of a close friend lying on a marble slab in the city morgue. Killed for no good reason. An accident, they told him later. Too late. We just meant to scare him.

No, it is not easy. Just as it was not an easy life... just as getting away from it was not easy... just as talking about it today is not easy. Not for Dion, anyway.

Like many performers, Dion is pain-

fully shy off-stage. He is also terribly aware of the rough edges of his past that still show through his newly ac-
quired surface polish. Alone with him, you have the feeling that Dion is chas-
ing in a tight cocoon of self-conscious-
ness... that he desperately wants your understanding and friendship, yet is afraid to share with you the thoughts and experiences which could forge such a bond.

It is thus an important emotional ad-

vancement—a definite indication of Dion's increasing inner security—that now, for the first time, he is able to look back and candidly discuss a part of his life he once swore he could never reveal.

"That old neighborhood," he says softly, "it was... well, you know, kids were exposed to a lot of things and they weren't all good. I don't think any of the fellas were really bad. But we were very frustrated and bewildered. Like nobody had time to think of us. We were lonely and confused, and we just sort of drifted together. There were about thirty-five guys—maybe fifteen to eighteen years old.

"I didn't spend much time with the neighborhood fellas at first. I kind of kept to myself a lot. Me and my friend Rick. Then Rick joined..." Dion lapses into an uneasy silence. Abruptly, he resumes: "See, I always wanted to do something constructive, something dif-
f erent. I wanted to accomplish some-
ing. These guys—most of the people I knew then—they just wanted to do the same things all the time. Go to the pool room or shoot craps, or hang around the candy store and talk about what they wanted to do in the future. Just talk, nothing more. There was no pur-

pose to their lives. No direction.

"Anything that was out of their scope, they frowned on. Like listening to music that wasn't rock 'n roll. They dug this and so did I. I love it, and that's the truth, but I also love classical music. These guys, if a classical record would come on the radio, they'd turn it off without even listening. Now, how can you get to like something without giving it a chance? It bugged me, this narrow attitude."

Dion sighs. "I didn't plan to join with them, but it was kinda tough not to, especially when I had to see them every day at school. And, like I said, they weren't a bad bunch. ... No, they didn't force me. I had a choice. But I didn't like being an outcast," a twinge of wistfulness edges into his voice, "you know, being on the outside, looking in. I never got invited to their parties. I was too shy to make the first move.

"In the gang—or whatever you want to call it—there was a sense of belong-
ing. It was a good feeling—at first. But, later, it got to be a drag. I wanted out, but I didn't know how to go about it. Actually, I wasn't a follower. I didn't like to think that I'd always have to be proving myself, doing crazy things like diving off forty-foot bridges at City Island. It was an odd way of showing you weren't chicken," he shakes his head grimly, "and some of the guys got hurt trying it.

"The first time, I remember standing up on the bridge and looking down—the water seemed so far away—and mut-
tering to myself, 'He who hesitates is lost,' then taking a deep breath and shutting my eyes and leaping off. It's a weird and real scary feeling to be in the air for so long. On the way down, I remember thinking, 'Why did I do this stupid thing?' But I did. Several times."

There were other stunts that involved more than the immediate gang. "They used to get into trouble all the time," Dion recalls sadly. "Most of it wasn't serious, but the point was—it could have led to something. ... One of the big things was to bug the teachers. I could never remember anyone respecting teachers. You just didn't,'" he gestures helplessly, "'if you wanted the fellas to accept you.""What did they do? Oh, cause a dis-


urbance in class; go to the washroom and stay there half the period, sneak-
ing smokes; sing flat on purpose to throw off the other kids in music class. Now I look back on it and I'm sorry..." His voice trails off. A troubled frown flickers across his face. "I wanted to learn, I wanted to improve myself. I still do. I want to be the best in my field. I don't want to wake up at the age of sixty and look in the mirror and say to myself, 'What have you done with your life? Why did you waste it?'"

Dion's struggle to find himself is somewhat reflected in the fact that he attended five high schools over a three-

year period, while in the same residential area. First, there was Mount St. Michael, a private parochial school. "I liked it," he says. "For one year of my life, I learned what discipline was. No, I didn't rebel. It's funny—but somehow I wanted someone to hold a whip over my head and order me to do things."

After a year, his hardworking parents couldn't afford the tuition, so Dion fol-

lowed Mount St. Michael with restless success stints at Bronx's Roosevelt High, Bergenfield High (in New Jer-

sey, where he lived for six months with an uncle), Cardinal Hayes back in the Bronx, and finally, Roosevelt—for keeps. There he broke down and joined the gang.

The comfort of the companionship he'd craved soon gave way to feelings of frustration and confusion. He re-

fused to go along on car-stealing for-

ages, to take part in gang fights, to crash parties, to spend hours in pool-

rooms. "There was no purpose—no di-

rection. If I had wanted to become a pool pro—well, maybe hanging around there would have made sense. But I didn't. Once I'd mastered the game, I wanted a new challenge. I was always looking to find something I could throw my whole life into, you know? But if you wanted new friends and activities—

you needed help."

Help came in the form of Dan Mur-
row, a strapping, soft-spoken, dedicated young man of twenty-eight, whom the Youth Board sent in to straighten out the wayward teenagers. At first, Mur-
row was given the cold freeze. Hostile and wary, the boys deliberately snubbed his efforts. "See," Dion explains, "we didn't know that he was on our side. But when we saw he was okay, a lot of us quit giving him such a rough time. Dan used the psychological approach. First, he'd try to talk to us in groups—about the senselessness of fighting and just bumming around, and what we wanted to do with our lives. Then he'd get us alone and talk to us."

"When I was alone with Dan," says Dion, "it was the greatest. He was the one person I could really talk to. I loved my folks, sure, and they used to give me lots of advice—they didn't under-

stand why I couldn't follow it. But, with Dan, it was different. A kid needs someone to talk to outside his own fam-

ily, he really does. We discussed every-
thing. But, mainly, education and doing
something constructive.

"Dan was a sociology and philosophy major, a college graduate, and he had the greatest philosophy of life in general," Dion shakes his head admiringly, "and so much common sense. Dan was smart, but intellectual-smart, you know? Everything was from the heart. He always had this gleam in his eyes, like there was so much of life he enjoyed. He made you enjoy life, just being with him.

"Dan helped me find what I was best suited for," Dion nods soberly. "Without him, I don't know where I'd be today. I took one of those aptitude tests at the Bronx Youth Board when I was seventeen. I wouldn't have done it, without Dan. It showed that I had a flair for show business and being with people.

"Dan gave me the confidence to start recording. I was scared I'd be a flop, but he kept reassuring me. He'd say, 'You'll never know until you've tried it.' And he'd tell me he thought I could do it. I guess, in a way, I was afraid I'd let him down if I didn't.'"

Murrow's faith in Dion's singing ability was shared by astute, ambitious Gene and Bob Schwartz, former music publishers, who launched a small recording company, Mohawk, on the strength of Dion. It was to mushroom into today's highly successful Laurie Records—and Dion, later backed by The Belmonts, to become one of the industry's top talents.

It was exciting for seventeen-year-old Dion to have a recording contract. But it was rough, too. There was a lot of hard work, there were many disappointments. Success didn't come overnight. His friends weren't overly understanding, either. Possibly they shared the fact that he had found his calling, that he had managed to climb out of the rut.

They gave him neither peace nor encouragement. They demanded to know why, if he was too busy to take part in their activities, they didn't hear his records on the radio. They tagged him a phony, "chicken," a snob. The barbs stung Dion to the quick. Hurt, angry, he tried to avoid them. But he couldn't bring himself to pull out and face life as a "loner."

A horrible, unforgettable shock made up his mind.

Dion tells it this way, in a low, strained voice: "One weekend, I had a recording date on Long Island. My first record, 'The Chosen Few,' was out then. The next morning, I went down to the corner, as usual, and I found out that there had been a big gang fight. The fight had been a bloody mess. The cops broke it up—but not in time..."

"When you see one of your friends, one of your close friends, in a coffin... and there was no purpose—no purpose at all—why he died," his voice rises to a fierce, bitter intensity, "if that doesn't shake you good, if that doesn't make you think, forget it!"

He leans back in his chair, spent. "Sure, they said it was an accident. But that didn't... couldn't bring him back."

There is a long pause. "A lot of us went to the funeral service. The worst thing was seeing the parents of the guy who had been killed. They looked so stunned and not quite believing, you know, that it had happened. It hit a lot of little guys then, it hit them hard. It woke 'em up. Little to what could really happen. You know, you think it's so hard to die... and then you see how terribly simple it is, really. It scares you.

"Dan was real broken up by it. See, he knew what could happen. He knew and we didn't. He said, and he said it real fierce-like, 'Now is this a lesson to you? Is this a terrible, terrible lesson?'

"I had a long talk with Dan after that. For the first time in my life, I felt I didn't have to prove I was tough. I told him that, and he just smiled a little. It was what he had been telling us all the time. I said, 'I've had it. I'm gonna get out. I know what I want to do with my life, now.' Dan just listened. When I was done, he said very gravely, 'I'm proud of you. You're talking like a man.' And he shook my hand. You know," Dion smiles shyly, "I felt so happy I wanted to cry!"

"Slowly the smile fades. "I told Dan then that I wanted to learn, to improve myself, and I did—so badly. Dan gave me books to read and then we discussed them. He took me and some other guys, who had also quit the gang, on camping trips—on his own time. It was great! We'd go into the woods and hunt and fish and do our own cooking. Con- structing things, you know, making our minds work..."

"Dan got married about a year ago, to a real nice girl. I was on the road at the time. I wish I could have been there, though... I called him, the other day. He's got a kid now. I still see him occasionally. We'll always be friends. He's the finest!"

In attitude and ambition, Dion has been veering away from the old life for some three years now. His new home and surroundings are as far apart from the old life as day from night. But the past still haunts him.

Not too long ago, he took a nostalgic spin through the old streets in his new Thunderbird. As the car purred along memory-filled streets, Dion was unusually quiet, obviously thinking about the people he had left behind. Finally, he turned to his companion and he said very softly, "Now that I'm away from this, I wish I could help. But I can't."

Dion shook his head slowly. "I haven't got the power. There's only one an- swer. I learned that right on these streets: God helps those who help themselves."
Jim Garner’s Declaration of Independence

(Continued from page 31) of “dramatic significance,” it did answer a deep instinct in James Garner, at least for a time. For Jim, playing a TV gambler, rover, fighter and lover was like living his early life over again. Since boyhood, the six-foot-three Oklahoman has been filled with a zest for competition and adventure.

Born to Weldon and Mildred Bumgarner, in the town of Norman, Jim excelled in athletics at an early age. One of his two brothers, Jack, was under contract to the Pittsburgh Pirates as a pitcher, and Jim himself was a high-school standout in football, basketball and track. His education was interrupted at sixteen, when the call of adventure took hold. Jim joined the Merchant Marine and spent the next year as an able-bodied seaman aboard a tug operating out of New Orleans.

Then, having seen a little of the world, he resumed his education at Hollywood High School in Los Angeles, where his father had become a carpet-laying contractor.

There followed a period of indecision. Jim took on a number of odd jobs, including modeling bathing suits and working as a gas-station attendant. It was during this period he met aspiring actor Paul Gregory, who tried to interest Jim in becoming an actor. At that time, however, the idea of acting did not stir young Garner, and he only laughed at the advice of friends that “you ought to be in pictures.”

Although living in California, Jim was still a legal resident of Oklahoma and, when the Korean war broke out in 1950, he became the first draftee to serve from that state. As a fighting infantryman, he put in fourteen months in the battlefields with the Fifth Regimental Combat Team of the 24th Division. He holds the Purple Heart for wounds suffered in action. “I’d rather not talk about it,” he says quietly. “War is terrible, and there were so many men who did so much more than I. Think of all those who gave their lives.”

Jim got home, glad to be alive, but full of questions as to what course his future should take. At the suggestion of Paul Gregory—who, by this time, had given up star ambitions to turn producer—Jim at last decided to try acting. Gregory gave him a non-speaking job as one of the six Navy judges in “The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial” and Jim made 312 appearances on Broadway and on tour. When the tour ended, Jim made up his mind to “crack” Hollywood. Eight months later—during which time he took up golf “to keep me occupied”—Jim was signed to a Warner Bros. contract. He made several brief appearances in TV’s Cheyenne and in such films as “Toward the Unknown” and “The Girl He Left Behind.” His break came with a solid showing in “Sayonara” and the boost to stardom in the studio’s Maverick TV series. Within months, he achieved a national popularity equaled only by the most important stars in show business.

On August 17, 1956, Garner married the woman he loved. She was the former Lois Clarke, mother of an eight-year-old girl, Kimberly. Two years later, another daughter, Greta Scott Garner, was born into their little family. In the beginning, they all lived in a sparsely-furnished apartment, since Jim had not yet been signed for the series. Now they live in a lovely home, in one of the best sections of Los Angeles, but success hasn’t changed either Jim or Lois.

“I don’t believe success changes people,” he points out. “Naturally, one’s standards of living rise with his income. But I feel that, if people get difficult and arrogant when success comes, they were basically that way before and just weren’t in a position to show it.”

During his period of layoff, Jim had a chance to work at his golf game and he has become a golfer of tournament quality. He often teases Lois for not coming to watch him play. “The truth is,” Jim confesses, “it’s my own fault she doesn’t show more interest in the sport. It dates back a couple of years, when I was in a celebrity tournament and missed an easy shot. I lost my temper, threw my club down and chewed myself out. Lois was standing nearby and she told me later that she would never go to watch me again. My wife is as frisky as I am and minces no words. She said, ‘I won’t stand by and watch you make a fool of yourself.’ I’ve tried to take her lesson to heart and keep my temper down to a slow boil.”

There is a deep understanding and love between Lois and Jim. Very feminine, she believes her man knows what is best for his career. When he told her he felt that Warner Bros. had broken his contract by exercising the Force Majeure (“act of God”) clause to lay him off during the writers’ strike, she kissed him and said, “You’re right, Jim ... and we’ll see it through to the end.” All during the hectic days of the trial, she proved to be a never-faltering source of comfort, courage and devotion. She insisted on accompanying him to court for days, until it became imperative for her to stay home and keep things running smoothly. On the day before Judge Arnold Praeger handed down his decision, Jim was surprised when Lois said, “I won’t go with you tomorrow.” “Why?” he asked. She took him in her arms and, holding him to her, answered, “Because tomorrow you won’t need me or anyone else ... my woman’s instinct tells me you’ll win—hands down.”

Her certainty gave him the lift he needed. He went to court to hear the verdict with a sudden dropping away of doubt and weariness. Happy and triumphant he came home that night to find “VICTORY . . . —” printed in bright red lipstick on the front door.

Knowing how spotless clean Lois keeps their house, this seemed to Jim the most moving and spontaneous gesture she could have made. For weeks, Jim left the lipstick on the door. “Guess I’ll have to paint it one of these days,” he grinned. “Lois says if I don’t, she’ll buy a new door and hang this one like a trophy in the den.”

The Garners do not live in the flamboyant film town pattern. They spend cautiously and invest wisely. Says Jim: “Lois and I keep our sights steady on the future, for us and our children. For that reason we don’t do any night-clubbing and we don’t go for fancy cars, furs and jewels. This year, we didn’t even give each other Christmas presents. The court decision was all the gift we needed. Peace of mind and security and faith in the future—that’s what we’re after in the Garner family.”

Jim pauses a moment to reflect—then adds, with the same basic candor for which he is known: “I want to take some of that back. It’s not just the security we’re after. Sure, I’m glad that offers for films, TV shows, personal appearances and so on are pouring in. I’m happy my investments are doing well and that we live in a fine home without fear of meeting our bills. But the great thing I’m looking to is the challenge of the future, the parts, comic or serious, that are on my horizon. That’s why I’m so glad to be free of my contract. I don’t have to wait for those parts. I can go forward and meet them halfway!”
Young Man in a Hurry

(Continued from page 14)
six-foot-one, with dark blond hair and green eyes—known to TV viewers as "that young and handsome Police Lt. Ed Gibson," in the CBS-TV daily drama, The Edge Of Night. Larry bounds up the steep stairs all in one breath. He sprawls lazily in a chair for a minute, then is up on his feet with the bounce of a rubber ball. The telephone rings, and he springs down the hallway with one leap, his voice and enthusiasm carrying throughout the apartment.

A great deal quieter, but equally vital, is Maj Hagman, the Swedish girl. Larry met and married in London. Her name is pronounced My, "she speaks English with a trace of Scandinavian lilt, and is tall, blue-eyed blonde. Little Heidi is a quiet, gentle child, with pigtailed the color of light golden taffy.

Larry was born in Fort Worth, Texas, and at a very early age wanted to be a cowboy. As it turned out, he almost got his wish some years later, when he came back to the United States from Air Force duty in England and, with Maj, lived a while on his mother's ranch in Brazil. It might be mentioned here that his mother is Mrs. Richard Halliday, better known as famous singer-actress Mary Martin—now starring on Broadway in the hit musical, "The Sound of Music." Larry is the only child of an earlier marriage, to Texas lawyer Ben Hagman.

His father wanted Larry to be a lawyer, too. But during various boarding-school periods in New York and Vermont, military school in California, and the last two years of high school when Larry lived in Weatherford, Texas, with his grandmother, the urge to be an actor persisted. At eighteen, he got a job on his own, an apprenticeship to Margo Jones' theater in Dallas, followed by another apprenticeship in New York with Margaret Webster. Both were the kind of training any young actor would travel far to get.

St. John Terrell next gave Larry a job in his "Music Tent" at St. Petersburg, Florida. Larry was prop boy and assistant stage manager, also played many small parts, got the princely sum of twenty-one dollars a week—and it looked very good to him at the time.

Eventually, Mr. Terrell moved his tent to Miami, where Larry had sixteen good weeks, doing a different musical each week, learning how things were done backstage and out front, and perfecting his acting skills. When Terrell went up to Lambertville, New Jersey, for the summer season, Larry became stage manager.

He was barely out of his teens when he went to England with his mother's company of "South Pacific," to appear on the London stages. There was a small part open, he had enough experience by this time to qualify on his own, and he played the show for a year. Then Larry joined the American Air Force in England, was stationed in the London area four years, but went on tours of the Continent with shows for service men—writing, producing, directing.

Maj had left Sweden for England to work as a dress designer. She dated the boy who shared an apartment with Larry in London. Americans were strange to her, show business practically unknown. "I had never seen Larry on the stage," she says. "I had never even seen his mother in anything—I had only been for the London opening of 'South Pacific' but couldn't go. My first look at 'Peter Pan' was when NBC surprised Mary by sending over the kinescope of that first TV performance."

Their courtship began rather casually. Larry and Maj had a couple of dates, and off he went on one of his theatrical tours. They saw each other a few times again, then he would have to go to Paris, or Vienna, or Rome. When he went home to the United States on leave, he wasn't even thinking of marriage—although he was thinking of Maj. "Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer. She asked me to marry her," he declares, as Maj smiles indulgently at his fictional account.

They became engaged on Larry's twenty-third birthday, September 21, 1954, were married the following December—in a civil wedding, then in the Swedish Church in London. Maj designed her gown and veil. Larry wore top hat, morning coat and the striped trousers, crew cut and horn-rim glasses. He rented the suit.

Larry had been standing guard duty on the base, overslept in the barracks, and been late in reporting back to duty. For this, he was restricted to the base for a day following his marriage. They finally met at a servicemen's club for a brief hour and were sitting there disconsolate, holding hands, when the elderly director noticed them. "None of that in here," he admonished sternly. They wanted to laugh and to cry— "There we were, married, without a honeymoon, and we couldn't even hold hands!"

When the Air Force sent Larry home, and back to civilian life, they were put on a Navy ship. He was down in the hold with about 1,500 other men, Maj was above decks. They were allowed a few hours a day together, but used to sneak into the movies to meet in the semi-darkness. One day, Larry was called up to see the Captain. Maj went along, trembling, but ready to protect him from wrath. The Captain greeted them warmly. "I'm Swedish, and I wanted to talk to a Swedish girl," he

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said. They had the run of the ship, after that.

After a month in the United States—a week of which they spent visiting Larry's folks in Texas—they went to his mother's ranch in Brazil with some idea of remaining. "I was going to re- 
nounce the theater and became a ranch-er on a coffee plantation," Larry says. 
"But, after three months of isolation deep in the jungle, we decided to go to 
Rio for a month and then to New York. (The cowboy idea might seem more 
aluring now, since the new capital city Brasilia has been finished, just 
fifty miles away.)

In New York, Larry did two off- 
Broadway plays—Saryan's "Once 
Around the Block," and one called "Career." Of the latter, a critic wrote: 
"In the second act, a wonderful actor 
came on, named Larry Hagman." His 
success in it got him some TV jobs. 

Four Broadway flops followed, all in 
one year. "Comes the Day" lasted 
twenty-four days. "God and Kate Mur- 
phy" lasted a week. "The Nervous Set" 
rained three-and-a-half weeks. He joined 
the Broadway company of "The Warm 
Peninsula," starring Julie Harris, which 
had just finished a long pre-Broadway 
tour. That went on for sixteen weeks.

Parts in TV serials came his way. The 
Edge Of Night used him many times 
in one, two or three shots—a character 
who entered the plot only long enough 
to do one scene, or a few of them. Then 
he read for the important role of Lt. 
Ed Gibson, read a second time, and was 
immediately signed.

Heidi was born during one of the lean 
periods when Larry was between shows. 
During a blizzard, he was so broke 
that he had to borrow thirty cents 
from his grocer to get to the hospital 
to see Maj. "The money was all going 
for me," says Maj. "I was lying there in 
an expensive room, with everything 

wonderful."

"I used to eat her lunch off the tray, 
because she didn't want much of it—

until I learned the hospital was charg- 
ing $250 for me to eat. So I quit that," 
Larry recalls.

Independent, determined to stand on 
their own feet and their own re- 
sources, they went to work on the 
apartment. Larry gave Maj a power- 
saw on her birthday—because she's 
a demon builder and carpenter. She 
made cabinets and shelves, modernized 

bathrooms and the kitchen, built a for- 

mica-covered counter that opens into 
their hospitable dining room. Together, 
they have cut doors where there were 
none, or filled doorways in, plastered 
and re-papered walls, rubbed down old 

furniture to the beautiful natural wood.

Maj transforms upholstered pieces 
with slipcovers, weaves rugs on a loom 

from old shirts and levis and anything 
else she can beg for and dye to her 
taste. How did she learn so many skills? 
Her answer is, "You can't live in a 
mess. When you need things and you're

short of money at the time, you learn 
how to make them."

They're outdoor people, too. They 
hunt and skin-dive, and they ski in up-
state New York. Larry learned in the 
Vermont hills during his school days. 
Maj learned when it was the only way 
to get to school in Sweden. "She was a 
cross-country skier, not an up-and- 
down one," he explains.

Maj still does some costume design- 
ing, when she has time, recently did 
Jane Morgan's clothes for the Persian 
Room at the Plaza Hotel. "It has been 
great," her husband says appreciatively. 
"Whenever I have been broke, she goes 
back to work."

When they visited in Weatherford 
last year at Christmas, Larry's father was 
still suggesting that he study law at 
night. Larry's half-brother, Gary Hag- 
man, is a law student. "My father would 
love to see the firm become Hagman, 
Hagman, and Hagman. On the show, 
Lt. Gibson is studying law in his spare 
time—but that's probably as close as 
I'll come to it."

He likes acting. He likes the part he 
plays. He thinks the cast is wonderful, 
the script well written, the direction 

excellent.

Weatherford, Texas, is at a stand- 
still during the half hour when The 
Edge Of Night comes on TV. The home 
folks like the show, too, and are proud 
of the hometown boy who made good in 
New York—Larry Hagman, the smiling 
young man in a hurry.

Fred MacMurray Talks About My Three Sons

(Continued from page 43)

it's very usual to work on a set until 
9 P.M. Well, I didn't want to give up 
evenings with the family, week after 
week, so I insisted on the six-thirty 
clause." But the really radical clause is 
the one that limits the number of 
months he will work. "Turning out a 
good series," Fred points out, "has usu- 
ally meant putting in a full week for 
each segment. That's a lot of time— 
and, for me, it would mean giving up 
golf, fishing trips and making movies.

This is why many Hollywood actors 
won't go into a series.

"But here we are turning out thirty- 
ine segments a season, and I work only 
three or four months. That's about a 
show every two days and, let's face it, 
you can't turn out quality that fast! So 
we worked out a new technique, and 
it's the first time it's been used. In an 
average day, I may shoot scenes from 
two or three different episodes. At the 
end of three months or so, I have fin- 
ished all of my scenes in thirty-nine 
episodes. Then the production 
company puts in another four months shoot- 
ing the rest of the story in each 
segment. Simple mathematics will show 
you that each segment then gets well 
over a week's attention."

My Three Sons, a Don Fedderson 
Production, is filmed at the Deslku 
Studio on Gower Street. The set itself is 
impressive and, at first sight, it's hard 
to believe that the house and garage 
are not real. Yet the most important 
touch of reality is in keeping the home 
slightly disheveled. Fred plays a wid- 
ower and Bill Frawley plays "Bub," the 
father-in-law housekeeper, so every- 
thing indicates the absence of a wom- 
man's touch. Bedspreads look slightly 
crumpled. Sofa cushions are never 
plumped up. Sports equipment lies 
around the living room. The appearance 
of a house not quite in order is con- 
sciously maintained.

The most colorful man on the set is 
Bill Frawley, who won the affection of 
millions in his role as Fred Mertz in the 
I Love Lucy series. In the role of 
grandfather to three boys, he confesses 
that he feels "older," although he isn't 
really much over seventy. "Bill keeps 
us all charmed," MacMurray says. "He's 
got wonderful stories to tell. He's a 
ralid baseball fan and talks about the 
oldtimers. And he has a million anec- 
dotes about show business, back to the 
time of vaudeville. He is just what he 
appears to be as Bub—a very wonder- 
ful, earthy guy."

Fred usually refers to Bill Frawley as 
"Bub." It's a habit he's got into since 
the first day on the set, when Tewks- 
bury asked the cast to address each 
other by their show names. Tim Consi- 
dine is the eldest son, Mike; Don Grady 
plays fourteen-year-old Robbie; Stan- 
ley Livingston plays Chip, the youngest.

"I think Stanley prefers Chip to his 
real name," says Fred. "The first time 
we met, he said to me, 'You're not go- 
ing to say it.' I said, 'No, I won't say it.' 
He asked, 'Do you know what I'm talk- 
ing about?' I said, 'Sure, you don't want 
me to say, 'Dr. Livingston, I presume.' 
And Chip grinned with relief."

Both Chip and Robbie have teachers 
on the set. While lighting is being set 
up for a scene, someone yells, "Back 
to school," and the boys get in twenty 
minutes of lessons until they are ready 
for "the take." Twenty minutes here 
and fifteen minutes there, and so forth, 
are added up until the requirements of 
the state law are met. "I don't know 
how they do it," Fred marvels. "Going
the atmosphere on the set is businesslike and even the boys maintain a professional relationship. When they speak to Fred, it is "Mr. MacMurray." Yet there is a genuine feeling of warmth and affection among the actors. Chip came on the set one day with a pair of cuff links he had received as a gift. It was his first pair and he was pleased and proud. During the day, he learned that it was Mr. MacMurray's birthday and he tried to force them on Fred as a birthday gift. On the other hand, when Chip's birthday came up, June Haver, Fred's wife, appeared on the set with a huge birthday cake and the entire film crew presented Chip with a bicycle.

During lunch break, everyone goes his own way. Mike (Tim Considine) gets out his guitar. Bob (Bill Frawley) may walk over to the Harrigan & Son set to chat with Pat O'Brien, a long-time friend. The younger boys take lunch with their teachers. Fred very often completely skips a sit-down lunch and drives over to a nearby driving range to hit a bucket of balls.

"It refreshes me to get out in the open for an hour," he observes, "because, actually, we stick pretty close to business from 8 a.m. to six-thirty. We don't want to sacrifice quality. No one on our show has ever said or implied, 'This is television, so why waste time on details?' If someone blows a line—and it's usually me—we don't just cut it later, but re-shoot. We usually shoot a scene from three different angles, just as in making a movie, so that the film editor can do the best possible job."

About the show itself, he says, "Our idea of comedy is something based on a real situation. There is no farce—no one falls into a TV set or trips down the stairs. And then we don't limit ourselves to comedy. Some shows may be almost wholly serious. This attitude, plus the use of some twenty-seven individual writers, partly explains the success of the show, for it keeps us from falling into the trap of routine

Yet, reality is not the goal—at least, not reality in terms of Fred's own experience as a father. He has four children. His daughter Sue, twenty-one, is married and the mother of a baby boy. His son Bob is seventeen. Fred's first wife, actress Lillian Lamont, died in 1953. Since his marriage to June Haver, he has adopted twin girls, Katie and Laurie, now five years old.

"As you can see, most of my experience is with girls," Fred says. "But my Bob is a typical boy, although I'm not the perfect father—certainly, not the TV father I play, who never loses his head and always works problems out intelligently. When I get angry at my Bob, I get so mad sometimes I just won't talk to him. Now, if that happened on a television show, you'd have just thirty minutes of silence. Yet I'm sure there are real fathers who are like the one I play. The rest of us can learn a lot from him."

Not being the perfect father at home hasn't made Fred any less critical of scripts. "Once we go to work on a show, I change nothing, except for a line here or there just to make it easier or more natural for me to say. However, we have bought some scripts that we didn't use because, after we lived with them a bit, we didn't think they were right. It may be a little expensive, but it's better for the show."

Fred pauses and then adds, "I guess that's the best way to do things. It's always better, in the long run, to do only the things you believe in."

And that, in essence, may very well be Fred MacMurray's formula for success.

Why not write us a letter? 5-51

In this issue of TV Radio Mirror, there are more stories than ever before. Many of them are, as before, about favorite stars of TV seen regularly on weekly shows. Others, as you've noticed, are about new stars, new shows. Or about what goes on behind the TV scene. Please write us a letter to let us know what you'd like in future issues:

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Send to: TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
Lennon Family Crisis

(Continued from page 28)
charming, so the girls, returning to the motel room in high spirits, gave their father a detailed account of the outing. And, among other things, they mentioned that the Dr. Zaenger they'd met was a heart specialist.

Bill didn’t display any unusual interest in the doctor, but he made a mental note of the name. “And you think he must be pretty good, eh, girls?” he asked, careful not to wince as the pain tightened its hold on his chest.

“Oh, he must be,” the girls said, “because he’s so nice.”

That night, when the girls left the motel to sing at the fair, Bill again stayed behind. Did he know how sick he was, as he told his daughters good-night? In any case, he gave them no hint of his discomfort as they left for their performance.

But, after they were gone, Bill called Dr. Zaenger and asked to see him. The doctor made a perfunctory examination and shook his head. “You’re going to the hospital,” he said, “now—to-night—immediately. You are seriously ill.”

So the sisters were alone in Toledo, frightened by their father’s illness and frightened by their aloneness, because Bill—as both father and manager—was always their guide.

“Remember, DeeDee,” Kathy ventured, “the time you got sick in San Francisco and had to go to the hospital?”

“Yes,” Dianne said, “but I was only staying in the hospital for a few hours, and you didn’t leave me the way we are going to have to leave Daddy. Let’s tell Mother to catch the next plane.”

Meanwhile, more than two thousand miles away on the West Coast, Isabel Lennon, Bill’s wife, was suffering the agony of a heart divided. Even before the girls called, Dr. Zaenger had telephoned to tell her that Bill was gravely ill. Instantly, half of her heart went to her husband. But the other half was so entangled with the seven children who would have to stay in California that, for a critical instant, she thought she wouldn’t be able to leave them.

“Now, don’t you worry about a thing,” Mrs. Lennon’s mother (known to the children as “Nana”) told her. “I’ll be here, and the girls will get here tomorrow, and everything will be all right. Don’t think about anything except Bill. You go to him and see that he follows the doctor’s orders.”

Mechanically, Isabel threw things into a suitcase. It was 12:30 when she’d talked last with Bill’s doctor. At 1:45, she was planning to take a plane. “But I can’t go,” she suddenly stopped packing and wailed. “Denny, Pat and Billy are at Pacific Ocean Park, and I won’t be able to find them in time to tell them goodbye. What will they think when they come home and find their mother has gone without even kissing them?”

“They’ll think you’ve done the right thing,” said Nana. “They will want you to be with their father. Now, don’t you waste another minute worrying.”

The Lennon Sisters obviously believe that theirs is the best and most conscientious mother in the world. “It’s funny,” Peggy says. “I hear some mothers say they can’t wait to get away from their kids for a few days, but ours is miserable when she has to leave us. In fact, she doesn’t leave the little children unless she’s in the hospital with a new one, and then she calls home every night and talks with every one of us.

“She had only been out of California once in her life, when she went to Toledo. We knew she’d be worried to death about leaving the babies, but we have taken care of them so much we knew we could manage things.” And manage things, they did.

Dianne slept in the room with Chris, the youngest, and gave him his bottles during the night. Peggy shared a bed with four-year-old Mimi in the room with little Annie, who is the particular pride of the older sisters.

“She’s so smart,” says Peggy, “it scares me. I’m not just being prejudiced, but honestly, you’ve never seen a baby that’s smarter than Annie!”

Joey, at three, posed a few problems for his baby-sitting sisters because of his vivid imagination. With Joey, the make-believe is very real, and the rest of the world has to play the game. When he is being Wyatt Earp, he refuses to answer or obey unless addressed as “Wyatt”—Joey Lennon simply doesn’t exist.

There was the day, for instance, when Joey “became” the family dog. “All day long,” Peggy laughs, “he went around on all fours—and, at lunch time, I fed him out of a little bowl on the floor!”

Peggy resorted to other meal-time tricks, too. “The kids like ‘baby’ tea-parties,” she says, “so I made little bitty, baby-sized sandwiches and cakes for them.”

Janet took care of the younger children during a great part of the day while their mother was gone. “They didn’t cry for her,” she says, “but they missed her. The little ones were fussy. They were unhappy, without knowing why.”

While Janet didn’t mind baby-sitting, she ducked out of doing the dishes as much as possible. The Lensons have a dishwasher, but the girls don’t use it often. “We can’t get all the dishes in, anyway,” they explain, “so...
we go ahead and wash them by hand.” Janet adds, “And I don’t like to wash dishes.”

Danny, at ten, assumed some responsibility, too, by putting his brothers to bed each night—baby Chris excepted.

“Luckily,” Peggy comments, “our kids aren’t accident-prone. None of them has ever had stitches except Mimi, so we didn’t have any catastrophes.” Even so, Isabel Lennon called home every night to see how they all were.

“How’s Daddy?” was always the first thing the children asked—and their mother, happily, could report steady improvement.

Isabel was horribly lonesome in Toldeo and says her stay was made bearable by the kindness of a priest, Father Bouchere, and the sisters at Mercy Hospital. “In any mention of Bill’s illness,” she says, “I want to express my gratitude to them.”

For the night before they thought their mother was coming home, the girls planned a treat for their little brothers and sisters. “We’ll go to the drive-in movie,” Kathy told the little ones. “How would you like that?”

The little Lennons, most of whom had never seen a picture show, were agog. “Will there be horses?” Mimi wanted to know. “Sure,” said Kathy—wondering where a Western might be playing. “Sure, there’ll be horses.” “Oh!” Mimi’s eyes were as round as her mouth. “Oh, I’d like that.”

The girls decided to leave Chris and Annie at home with their grand-mother. However, this didn’t reduce the crowd. The two missing Lennon young were replaced—and the crowd increased—when the girls invited three of Dick Gass’s little sisters to go along. (Dick, now Dianne’s husband, was then her fiancé.) “So there we were,” Peggy recounts, “with eight little children—going to a picture show.”

The girls knew the little ones would get hungry and want to eat during the picture. “So we decided to save money,” Janet says, “by taking our own lemonade and popcorn. We made a lot of each and took it with us.”

“And,” Kathy adds, “we put the kids’ nightclothes on them, so they could go to sleep if they got tired.”

“All that turned out to be a mistake,” says Peggy. “But we did one thing right—we took two cars. My date took one and Dick took one, and we divided the eight-year-olds from the nine-year-olds. We knew they would fight, so we put them into separate cars.”

Nevertheless, the evening wasn’t successful. First of all, there was no Western playing at a nearby drive-in. “So,” says Peggy, “we went to see ‘The Story of Ruth.’ We thought it might have horses in it.” But Mimi found it a poor substitute for cowboys and Indians. So did the rest of the little ones.

“It was just terrible,” the Lennon Sisters chorus, referring to the evening—not the picture! “The kids spilled popcorn and fought over it—and cried when the lemonade ran out. Some of them got hot and took off their pajamas, then got cold and fought over the blankets.

People in adjacent automobiles agreed completely. They loudly hoped that the people with all those children would go home—soon.

The treat turned out to be a trial. But all trials were forgotten, when the tire youngsters and their exhausted older sisters got home. There, waiting for them, was their mother—with the wonderful news that their father was nearly well. “He’ll be home in a few days,” Isabel told them, “and the doctor says he’ll recover completely.”

Bill was confined to bed for several weeks, after his release from the hospital, and was badly spoiled by the women of the household—including Annie—who fed him soup and asked if his pillows were properly fluffed.

He was well enough to escort Dianne down the aisle when she and Dick were married in October. And, the other day, he played eighteen holes of golf. “Daddy’s recovered completely,” Peggy beams.

But have the girls recovered from their two-and-a-half weeks of babysitting, including the night at the drive-in?

“Of course,” they say. But Janet judiciously adds: “I’m not so sure the people who were parked next to us have got over it!”
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Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray that leaves your hair soft and shining, never stiff or sticky. It is good to your hair. Breck Hair Set Mist holds your curls softly in place. This fragrant mist helps to bring out the natural beauty of your hair.

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

Beautiful Hair

New purse size 75¢; 2 oz. 65¢; 5½ oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $1.50; 11 oz. $2.00; Plus tax. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
When you light a Salem, you can almost imagine yourself in this scene—all golden sunlight and new green, with air so fresh. Salem is the most refreshing cigarette of all, for its High Porosity paper “air-softens” every puff. Rich-tasting, too, with the full flavor of fine tobaccos. Smoke refreshed...smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
NEW TALENT:
Johnny Burnette
Adam Wade
Buzz Clifford

PERRY BUTTS WITH THE MOVIES

PAUL BURKE: TWO-FISTED DETECTIVE

Combustible Cara of Me & Gladys

Perry Como

The Story Behind the PAAR-SULLIVAN Dollar Rumble
You feel this cool, this clean, this fresh with Tampax

The rush of water against your face—how cool, how clean! The floating dress you chose to wear that night—how lovely it looks! And how nice to know that time-of-the-month need never interfere—not with Tampax. Invisible, unfelt, Tampax is used by millions. Worn internally, it's the modern way.

Tampax. So much a part of your active life.
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet; what a beautiful difference it makes! Any gal who's ever used a razor knows there's trouble with razor stubble; bristly, coarse hair-ends that feel ugly, look worse. Gentle, smoothing Neet actually beauty-creams the hair away; goes down deep where no razor can reach! No wonder it takes so much longer for new hair to come in. So next time, for the smoothest, nicest looking legs in town, why not try Neet—you'll never want to shave again!
Today You Can’t Buy A Finer Deodorant At Any Price!

Yet this jumbo “use tested” stick costs only 29¢ plus tax

Think of all the qualities you want in a deodorant. It should stop perspiration odor instantly, and protect all day long. Yet it must be absolutely safe, harmless to skin. Greaseless, harmless to clothes. Delicately fragrant.

Must you pay a high price for all this? Not today! Not when Lander sells so many millions that they can offer an oversize supply in a plastic push-up holder, at a mere 29¢!

Lander
CHLOROPHYLL
STICK
DEODORANT

...and only 39¢ for the lotion ROLL-ON style that stops perspiration worries.
Some Quickies

I would like to know if Roger Smith and John Smith are related.

C.K., Highland, Kansas

No, they are not.

Could you please tell me when and where Robert Stack was born?

L.E., Boulder, Colorado

He was born in Los Angeles, California, on January 13, 1919.

Please tell me if Bobby Darin and James Darren are related.


No, they are not.

Are Anthony George and George Maharis related in any way?

F.E.M., Hurst, Texas

No, they are not.

I would like to know when and where Paul Anka was born.

S.W., Chambersburg, Pa.

He was born on July 30, 1941, in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

I would like to know if Chet Huntley is a bachelor.

V.B.S., St. Louise, Michigan

No, he is married.

Calling All Fans

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

Ingrid Bergman Fan Club, Sylvia Howell, 228 W. Queen St., Inglewood, California.

Connie Francis Fan Club, Paulette Blackman, 2215 Bronxwood Ave., Bronx 69, New York.

Bonanza Fan Club, Mary Linda Clarke, 1154 Norwood Ave., Northbridge Terrace, Charleston, S. C.

Connie Stevens Fan Club, Pattie Thompson, 6606 Selma Ave., Hollywood 28, California.

Rick Nelson Fan Club, Len Cummins, 1238 S. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles 19, California.

(Continued on page 3)

NOW! GO FROM NEARLY BLONDE TO CLEARLY BLONDE... WITHOUT ARTIFICIAL COLORING!

Light and Bright is the first and only one-step hair lightener. It lightens once-blonde hair that has darkened as no rinse or dye can do. Brings out a blondeness that is all yours—blondeness that can't wash out, can't fade! And you control the shade—lighten your hair to just the tone most flattering to you. Gentle—contains no ammonia. Does contain an exclusive creme conditioner that leaves your hair soft, manageable. Easy—just apply, comb through.....$1.50 plus tax.

by RICHARD HUDNUT

©1961 Richard Hudnut
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

by Peter Abbott

Televitis: CBS-TV plans to fight summer doldrums with re-runs of the best of the Playhouse 90 series. Carol Burnett definitely returns with Garry Moore next season. Marion Lorne status uncertain. Recent survey of the pop single market indicates age of consumers has dropped to between 8 and 14 years. In June, Judy Garland begins taping her long-delayed special for CBS-TV. It will be kept on the shelves for the '61-'62 season. Johnny Mathis touting his brother Mike, fifteen and still in school. Mike will be a big man in show business. He plays guitar with the best of them, sings beautifully and is very handsome. The Limeliters hottest folk-singing group since the Kingston Trio. L&M wants them on a three-year contract. Bell Telephone and Toni asking to share sponsorship of Dinah Shore on NBC-TV Friday nights next season. Get the message? Set your hair while making long-distance phone calls. The Untouchables still getting the blast from the Federation of Italian-American Democratic Organizations headed by N.Y. Congressman Alfred Santangelo. Threatening a national boycott of sponsor products for what they claim is stereotyping of Italians as mobsters. ABC-TV, meanwhile, guaranteeing that Italians will be used only when script is absolutely necessary, or in "heroic" roles.

Kiss & Yell: Jody McCrea glistening over Christina Crawford (Joan's daughter). Perry Como will be 49 on May 18. His new contract with Kraft brings him back weekly again next season (see story, this issue). The N.A.B. has drawn up a code for toy makers who advertise on TV. N.A.B. recommends that toys not be demonstrated in action not possible—such as a model plane flying, when it can't. And the words "only" and "just" will be restricted to the prices of toys which do not exceed a few dollars. This will be good news for parents who have had their children say, "But, Mommie, it costs only $24.95." Paul Anka one of the few young singers who doesn't go into ecstasy over Sinatra's singing. Elizabeth Fraser on One Happy Family is the same gal who played Phil Silvers' girlfriend in Bilko series. Peter Gunn firing blanks and closes his office end of this season. Jean Hale, chorine on Mitch Miller's Sing Along, has been chosen Miss Emmy and will handle the gold statuette May 16 on the East Coast segment of the Emmy show. Jean, a fiery redhead and society deb who grew up in Salt Lake City, hopes this extra exposure will lead to an acting career. The gal rides, skates, skis, fences, and is devoutly religious. Peter Lind Hayes says his son Peter Michael has only one interest in life, and that's to go to the moon—"and he's charming on ice—that's Sandy Sullivans.
already had our kitchen in orbit twice."

**Itch for Mitch**: Ballantine Beer says they decided to sponsor Mitch Miller next season on the basis of enthusiastic mail from the audience. *Sing Along* gets a weekly slot, but Mitch lost the decision when he argued against opposing ABC-TV's *Untouchables*. That's where his show winds up on Thursday nights —starring right into Eliot Ness's machine gun. . . . Press release notes that Bess Myerson has joined a pajama maker as director of sales promotion and will also participate in "fashion exhibits." The public has never seen Bess in pajamas. . . . Fabian blames his fall-off in record sales to poor material. "I have much more confidence in my singing now. My range has even increased." He expects to have his "trig" course completed so that he can graduate in June. Meanwhile, he has signed up for the draft—

(Continued on page 57)
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

by Eunice Field

Only in Hollywood: Back from a six-month stay in Australia, where he filmed his new TV series, Whiplash, Peter Graves has been giving our local going-on-a-fishy look. "There seems to be a wacky assortment of fads on the march. Everyone is scrambling for diet foods and trade stamps. I went to a nursery the other day and my eyes bugged out when I saw bags of plant food advertised as 'low-calorie.' When I asked the owner about this, he said it meant the vegetables grown by this plant food would be less fattening because they were fed by fewer calories during the fertilization stage." Peter also gave an example of another "mad fad." While driving on a Hollywood thoroughfare, he spotted a sleek black hearse. "So help me, on the back was lettered, 'We give you your choice of trading stamps.'"

The Invisible Shrine: A pet peeve of Hollywood tourists has its root in 77 Sunset Strip. Folks no sooner get to town than they make quick for the site made famous by TV's trio of handsome "eyes," Ef Zimbalist, Roger Smith and Dick Long. Imagine their disappointment when there's no sign of Ed "Kookie" Byrnes at Dino's, no office emblazoned with the names of Bailey, Spencer and Randolph, and, in fact, no 77 Sunset Strip. Warner's is mulling over an idea of renting an office, staged to look like the TV one, for the benefit of visiting rubbernecks and camera fiends. One complaint, oddly enough, came from a Midwestern police chief who wrote, "If you've fired those men, please let me know where they are, as my town would be glad to hire them to beef up our force."

Misters Clean: The proud boast of veteran actor Pat O'Brien is that he's never had to "get dirty blue" in order to win belly laughs, even from a stag audience. The star of ABC-TV's Hargan & Son recently took his hat off to Danny Thomas because "he never resorts to smutty stuff... I never have and never will. It's not necessary." To cite his point, Pat told the following story, an example of Irish folk humor. An American tourist was trying to set his watch in a small train depot in Ireland. On the wall were two clocks, but, to his chagrin, they showed different hours of the day. "How can you people tell the time if you have two clocks with different times?" he asked the trainmaster. This unperturbed Irishman countered, "Ah, but if they both showed the same time, what would be the sense of having two clocks up there?..." Which brings to mind the subject of cleanliness in song. Ned Washington was asked how long it took to write his hit, "I'm Singing in the Bathtub." His reply: "About ten baths in one afternoon, and that's why I claim the title of cleanest songwriter in the business. Now, Bobby Darin gave me a close second with his 'Splish Splash,' but let's face it—he did that while someone else was taking the bath."
My Favorite Fan: Carl Reiner was at lunch with Cary Grant in the U-I commissary, when a young chap about twelve came puffing up to their table. He glanced blankly at Grant, who is usually the target of admirers, and then squealed at Carl, “Gee, Carl Reiner! My favorite star!” He then tapped Cary Grant on the shoulder and said, “Mister, would you please pass my book to Mr. Reiner so’s he can sign it?” Grant smilingly obliged and the youngster happily departed. Carl played it big. “That’s how it goes, Cary,” he said smugly. “When a new star appears, the youngsters sort of forget the old ones.” At this juncture, Tony Randall slapped Carl on the back. “Gosh, Carl,” he said, “I just met your boy outside and he sure has grown—but what in the world is he doing, waving your autograph in everyone’s face?”

Sours to the Sweet: Ready to start in the film version of “A Majority of One,” Rosalind Russell was asked what keeps a woman young. Without hesitation she replied, “A successful marriage and a job at which she is a success.” But, as Mrs. Jacoby in the film, Roz has this line to say: “Hot water and lemon juice every day keep a woman young.” . . . On the other hand, gospel singer Mahalia Jackson has this old New Orleans recipe for clearing the throat and producing tones of pearly roundness: “Whenever you are to use your throat for more than ordinary conversation—for instance, to sing or recite or give a lecture—try sipping pickle-brine a few minutes before you go on.” . . . Monkeys-on-His-Back: Ezra Stone of Henry Aldrich fame is preparing The Chimps, an ABC-TV series for Friday-night airings next season (replacing Harrigan & Son). Along with Peggy Cass and Jack Weston, it will feature the Marquis Chimps. These comic chimp isimps before the cameras and their mugging has stolen many a show, including one

(Continued on page 62)

For What’s New On The East Coast, See Page 4
Book Causes Controversy

In your March issue, there is an interesting article about Gail Patrick Jackson with a picture of her and her family. One gets a very good impression until you discover the large book on the table with a “swastika” on the cover. We would like an explanation.

A disgusted American,
Brookton, Massachusetts

The book referred to is William Shirer’s “The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.” Since it is a current best-seller, it also appears on the bookshelves and tables of thousands of other loyal Americans.

All About Ann

What can you tell me about the actress Ann Doran?

M.B.W., Cypress, Texas

Up to the present time, Ann Doran has been the mother of approximately 400 children . . . and she has never been married. There’s a simple explanation: Ann has played the mother of that many children in movies and on TV, her current daughter being Velvet Brown (Lori Martin) on NBC-TV’s National Velvet. Ann isn’t quite sure how she got typecast as a mother, but she’s not complaining . . . that type of role has kept her very busy in show business. . . . Born in Amarillo, Texas, Ann made her film debut at the age of eight in the silent version of “Robin Hood” with Douglas Fairbanks Sr. After finishing high school in San Bernardino, California, Ann moved to Los Angeles, where she attended U.C.L.A. and the University of Southern California. Shortly after leaving college, she got her big break when she was cast in “Zoo in Budapest,” with Loretta Young.

Familiar Themes

That song sounds familiar, but what is the name of it . . . ? It’s a common question, so, for the information of our readers, here is a list of theme music for some of the ABC-TV and NBC-TV network shows:

Adventures In Paradise—“Adventures in Paradise” by Lionel Newman.
The Donna Reed Show—“Happy Days” by William Loose and John Seeley.
Leave It To Beaver—“Toy Parade” by Dave Kahn and Melvyn Lenard.
The Real McCoys—“Main Title #14” by Harry Ruby.
The Untouchables—“Main Title” by Nelson Riddle.
The Rifleman—“The Rifleman” by Herschel Gilbert.
The Price Is Right—“Sixth Finger Tune” by Strouse.
This Is Your Life—“This Is Your Life” by Alexander Laszlo.
Wagon Train—“Wagon Train” by Henri Rene and Bob Russell.

Look Alikes?

Can you tell me if the actresses Karen Steele and Peggy Castle are related? They look very much alike.

A.K.L., Ardsley, New York

Although both are shapely, attractive blondes, and very popular and busy actresses, Karen Steele and Peggy Castle are not related . . . as a matter of fact, they were born more than 5,000 miles apart.

Karen Steele was born in Hawaii. Her father was then assistant district manager of the Marshall Islands and the family made its home in Honolulu. It was only natural that Karen and her two sisters, Leilani and Tweet, should spend their time swimming, canoeing and surfboard riding. Karen was well on her way to becoming a tennis champ when she decided on a show-business career instead. . . . A small part in the movie “Marty” soon led to bigger and better roles in movies and TV. The pretty blonde’s TV credits include 77 Sunset Strip, Gunsmoke and Hawaiian Eye.

Peggie Castle, who plays the part of Lily Merrill on ABC-TV’s Lawman, was actually born in Appalachia, Virginia, and practically born into show-business, as well—her father was Donald O’Connor’s business manager. Peggie began taking dramatic lessons when she was eight, and later, during the formulative years of TV, appeared on many of the medium’s pioneer programs, such as Fireside Theater and Screen Director’s Playhouse. She has appeared in many movies and such TV shows as Cheyenne and 77 Sunset Strip. . . . Peggie is divorced from movie director Robert Rains and is now married to Bill McGarry, an assistant director. She likes to swim, play badminton, paint in oils, and create mosaics. Peggie, whose greatest problem is keeping her weight up, concentrates on a menu that features steak and Italian food.

We'll answer questions about radio and TV in this column, provided they are of general interest. Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Attach this box, specifying whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.
For every talented newcomer, there's the moment when things begin to zoom.

For Bob, the magic moment was helped along by an unforgettable fellow named Barney Dean

**by ADAM MITCHELL**

If it hadn't been for Barney Dean, I'd still probably be hopping around Cleveland looking for a part-time job. Bob Hope—the dashing funnyman who's usually racing for a plane, or a train, or even a scooter, to get to the next place discovered on the map for him to make people laugh—quietly reflected on the man who made him aware of his possibilities . . . and who, for twenty-five or more years, was as close to Bob as any one man can be without being an intruder. . . . Barney was a hoofer, a dancing man with plenty of spirit but not enough Fred Astaire in him.

Bob remembered the icy chill of a Chicago winter with no money in his pocket, not enough food in his stomach, and not a job in sight. He was trying to look like a very important man in the entertainment field, while taking the wintry blasts from the callously indifferent Chicago wind, and trying to conjure up visions of a theatrical job. Charlie Cooley, an old vaudeville pal who'd known Bob in Cleveland, happened to pass by and asked: "What's doing, Bob?"

"Got a few hot deals on the fire, Charlie," said Bob, trying to pass off starvation for indifference.

Long accustomed to the little white lies that actors have to indulge in to keep going, Charlie saw through Bob's barefaced makeup and said: "Need a job?"

Bob hesitated to answer. Before he could open his mouth again, Charlie had him by the arm and paraded him into booking agent Charlie Hogan's office, instructing Charlie: "Get him a job . . . before he starves to death."

Hogan booked Bob into the (Continued on page 67)
With next season’s Kraft Music Hall contract in his pocket, our favorite singer is weighing the possibility of starring in a film. Perry with four who’d just love to have him make that picture: Wife Roselle, daughter Terri, sons David (left), Ronnie (right). They’d all like to go to Switzerland this summer—whether or not they accept bit parts in “The Great Saint Bernard” themselves!

by FRANCES KISH

In one way, Perry Como is just as easygoing as he looks: He likes to take his time, making up his mind. In another way, he’s very wide-awake indeed: No detail escapes his attention; he weighs each decision keenly and carefully. And once his mind is made up—Perry moves fast!

Take the business of signing a new TV contract. Each year, Perry has an idea he’d like to take life a little easier. “What am I trying to prove to myself? Thirty-three a year is a lot of shows, when each takes five long, hard days to put together. After fifteen years on TV and radio—eleven exclusively on TV—this can get a little confining.”

So the question always arises: Shall the number be cut down to twenty or so? “That would mean three a month, with one week off. It would just get everyone confused—they wouldn’t know when we were on and when we weren’t.” Should he concentrate on four big specials a year? “It would take a couple of months to put each one together properly. The result would add up to about the same amount of time.”

Not that Perry’s bored with TV, “Not for one minute. If I were, I wouldn’t be doing shows at all. You have to love it or you shouldn’t be in it. I happen to love it.”

Fortunately for all concerned—particularly, Perry’s host of fans—the TV question has now been settled right up to October 1, 1962. Next season, he’ll continue to headline the weekly Kraft Music Hall on NBC-TV, appearing on thirty colorcasts himself, with Roncom (his own firm) producing three other shows with special guests.

The really new big question in Perry’s life these days has been about making a motion picture. Not that the query was new. Movie scripts are being sent to him constantly, for his approval. He made some movies, back (Continued on page 63)
Front page, March 10—
out of sight, March 17.
A minute-by-minute
recapitulation of the
story that broke big and
disappeared on the far curve

by JIM MORSE

THE HOTTEST, most puzzling and perhaps least-merited
story of the current television season has been the
feud which erupted with sudden verbal violence between
Ed Sullivan and Jack Paar.

Newspapers from Coast to Coast devoted page-one
headlines to the public brawl which saw Sullivan branded
"a liar" and Paar labeled "a welcher."

The two men were scheduled to face each other in a
television debate. It didn’t come off.

Law suits were encouraged, even publicly invited. But
none were filed. The grave issues of the world were side-
tracked while the two (Continued on page 78)
THE REAL MYSTERY??

Why did no major newspaper publish the comments of Morris Ernst, eminent attorney, who by amazing coincidence happened to deliver a cogent analysis of the situation immediately following Paar's blast at Sullivan on his show? Here, in excerpt, may be one good reason why nobody stuck around to see who won the rumble!

The Big Mystery of the Ed Sullivan—Jack Paar feud, aside from why it was permitted to become a national spectacle in the first place, is why more attention wasn’t paid to the caustic remarks made on Paar’s March 13th program by Morris Ernst, the internationally-famed lawyer and fighter for civil liberties.

Ernst—who had been invited to appear on the program three weeks in advance, to discuss his book, “Touch Wood”—was asked to comment on the Sullivan-Paar issue from the point of view of the public.

The attorney raised an issue of his own: The right of the public “to hear, to see and to read.”

His appearance was made immediately following Paar’s anti-Sullivan monologue, which had been climaxd by Paar calling Sullivan a ‘liar. Apparently, newspapermen covering the story rushed to their typewriters following Paar’s invitation for Sullivan to sue him for libel. No reference was made in the press to Ernst’s biting remarks.

Furthermore, Paar’s network, NBC, did not make copies of Ernst’s statement available to the press in the days immediately following his appearance.

TV Radio Mirror obtained a copy from Ernst, who was frankly amazed that his comments had apparently been lost in the exchange of insults between Paar and Sullivan.

What he had to say, in part, is this:

“I think the issue has been entirely befuddled by the press, the radio and TV. I think that Jack Paar and Ed Sullivan are irrelevant. I think that my friends Dave Sarnoff and Bill Paley are irrelevant. Let me tell you what I mean.

“In 1787, we had a Constitutional Convention and there wasn’t a word spoken about freedom of speech. But Patrick Henry and Adams said we won’t have the Constitution unless we get an amendment. And the amendments were The Bill of Rights. The First Amendment is the right of free speech.

“Originally, this right was considered the right of the preacher, the soap-box orator and the man with a shirtful of type. Judge Brandeis and Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the beginning of this century, changed around everything, and they said this is not the right of the speaker, the entertainer; this is not the right of Ed Sullivan or Jack Paar. This is the right of the public, of you and me, to hear, to see and to read.

“I suggest that Ed Sullivan, from the confused statements I’ve seen in the press, has a perfect right to decide who will go on his show, and the money he will pay. He has a right to fix all the conditions. But one right he has not got, and that is to dirty up the market place of thought.

“Some people say this is just entertainment—Sullivan’s show, Paar’s show. But bear in mind that entertainment is educational. And education, if well done, is also entertaining. What I’m worried about is that the issue has gone off on factors. I think it’s totally irrelevant who tells the truth.

“The real issue is: Has the American public the right to see certain people, to watch certain entertainers? I’m not even concerned with the entertainers. I’m concerned with a decent market place, a market place of entertainment and thought.

“The way this has been handled by the press and other parties, it looks like a bout, a competition, a popularity contest. This is no way to treat the only distinction between our culture and that of Russia. We believe in diversity of thought in the market place.

“Ed Sullivan had a perfect right to say to every person, as Jack has, ‘You may not be on any show for two days before or two days later.’ This strikes me as reasonable. This is the rule that has been laid down in relation to the press, in relation to the press and radio.

“But as soon as excessive power is used, to disturb the market place—and, in effect, say that if you go on any other show, and name the other show, no matter how far in the past or in the future, you can never go on my show—the situation isn’t cured by a differential in price.

“If the excessive use of power can be used by Sullivan as against this show—and I hold no brief for this show—it can be used for all shows. A network could announce tomorrow that anybody who goes on another network for a year can’t appear on another network.

“In this particular medium (broadcasting), we have an odd situation: There aren’t enough mikes to go around. Everybody listening to this show would like to get to a mike. So the Government, as a matter of necessity, must hand out to a selected few these precious monopolies of the right to entertain and educate and talk to the American people.

“The wealth or poverty of our nation depends on nothing but what goes through the minds of the people. We’re dealing with the only precious commodity known in our nation: Ideas, thoughts, folkways, attitudes. Ed Sullivan could have controlled reasonably, for exclusive use, anybody he got on. By pitching the level on the basis of money, he has, if anything, confused and dirtied up the issue.

“The real issue: Are we going to allow excessive power to be used by a network—in this case, a network which has delegated its power to Ed Sullivan as its agent—or by Jack Paar—and it makes no difference to me who is in this situation.

“I suggest that this can now only be resolved, not by name-calling and all this silly stuff—this doesn’t get you near to the problem of the First Amendment—by this: That now Mr. Minow, the head of the Federal Communications Commission, should invite the heads of the networks to Washington. It’s his problem, because these are licensed agencies.

“But the F.C.C. has to step in fast, because this practice of the excessive power to knock a blow at any show—Jack Paar, or any show—if this is allowed to stay, there will be a pattern which will be followed so that a network may say, tomorrow, ‘If you go on the other network, you can’t go on ours; if you go on a show, you can’t go on ours.’

“And I say to you: I have no concern for Sullivan, Paar or the networks. I’m concerned for the American people and their right to the free-market of entertainment and ideas and thought.”
From Memphis to L.A. From welterweight boxer to salesman door-to-door. From songwriter to singer. . . . That's the success story of

Door-to-door "selling" had nothing on the way Johnny approached Ricky Nelson! He subsequently wrote several songs for Rick which became hits.

Linda Best is a "best pal"—but Johnny's not going steady.

Since then, Johnny has been making hit records himself—for Liberty—and meeting the top deejays. Above, with Elliot Field of Station KFWB.

Personal pet is poodle, "Cleo." And he says his mom's cooking is still the most!
Johnny has his own Hollywood apartment now. When even the pool seems lonely, he reaches for the phone to make a date.

by HELEN BOLSTAD

When asked that usual question—"How did you get your start?"—Johnny Burnette gives an unusual answer: "I didn't have much choice. Johnny Cash and I had already proved we were the sorriest team of door-to-door salesmen ever to shiver at the sight of a housewife!" Burnette...who wrote many of Ricky Nelson's hits and made many a girl feel he was singing just to her with his own record, "You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine"...has a wry recollection of what he calls, "the sorriest day of all."

It happened in Memphis. Johnny Cash was just out of the Army; Johnny Burnette had just finished high school. Each lived for the day he would cut his first record. To earn move-around money, they had gone to work for an "easy payment" company. In appearance, they made the kind of clean-cut team anyone might invite in. Tall Johnny Cash is Indian-straight, with black hair and serious brown eyes. Johnny Burnette's smoky gray-blue eyes quickly crinkle with laughter, and his dark hair waves. Both young men are courteous and have a generous portion of Southern charm.... But salesmen they weren't. Says Johnny Burnette, "The manager nagged when we couldn't sell television sets or screen doors or metal siding, but we braved it out. It was the unbreakable dishes that busted us completely."

The demonstration had looked so easy, when the manager did it. He had directed, "Just throw a saucer down in front of the woman's feet. Don't say a word. She'll be so amazed when it doesn't break, she'll buy every time." On their first call, Johnny Cash knocked. A woman greeted them with a frosty "Yes?" Obviously, she would need extra convincing, so Johnny Burnette used an extra-big dish and extra force.

The dish hit the cement step and shattered. The woman shrieked, and her husky husband shouldered his way into the door to demand, "What do you fellows think you're doing?" Johnny Burnette was beyond speech. Scurrying madly, he was trying to pick up (Continued on page 69)
Nancy Wickwire explains her true enjoyment of a career which lets her portray both Shaw's Joan of Arc and Claire Cassen in As The World Turns.

One day, Nancy Wickwire and her husband, Basil Langton, were being introduced at a party. "Mr. Langton is a distinguished director from London, and Miss Wickwire is a distinguished Shakespearean actress," their host said. Everyone nodded politely, looked briefly interested—and went on with their conversations.

Then a woman suddenly asked Nancy, "Haven't I seen you on television? Aren't you Claire Cassen in As The World Turns?" Nancy nodded. "They closed around us then," her husband describes the scene. "I doubt that anything Nancy has done on the stage could have brought her such instant attention." All of which (Continued on page 70)
The "spoken word" is guiding star to Nancy and her real-life husband. But Basil's hobbies are photography and painting. And Nancy is a good cook!

There isn't much leisure time, in two busy careers. But Nancy and Basil Langton are doing just what they've wanted most, ever since they met when he directed her in a fine production of George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan."

*As The World Turns* is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, from 1:30 to 2 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble and other sponsors.
It is usually the girl who wins the man with her cooking. But, in Paul Burke's romance, it was he who won the girl with his spaghetti!

The romance started when Paul was eighteen, an aspiring actor trying his luck in Hollywood. He and his roommate had gone to a party given by four girls living together. Paul decided to help things along by cooking the spaghetti. When it was ready, steaming and topped with beef-and-pork sauce, one of the girls—Peggy Pryor, a tall, blue-eyed blonde—confessed she hated spaghetti.

Just to be polite, she tasted Paul's concoction and exclaimed, "This doesn't taste like spaghetti... it's great!" Paul asked, "And where have you been eating spaghetti?" Said Peggy, "At drugstore counters."

"No wonder!" Paul growled. "Now, I'm from New Orleans, and my mother was Italian... and could she cook spaghetti!"

It was virtually love at first sight—aided, of course, by Paul's frequent spaghetti dishes. Today, sixteen years later, Peggy has taken over the cooking... and she's very good at making spaghetti with chicken or with beef-and-pork sauce, a recipe she got from Paul's mother, Santa Maria Palermo.

Paul and Peggy Burke now live with their children—Paula, 13; Brian, 11; Dina, 3—in a big rented house in Scarsdale, just about an hour's drive from mid-Manhattan. Although their permanent home is in Palm Springs, California, the family moved East when Paul signed to portray Detective Adam Flint in ABC-TV's Naked City, which is filmed in New York.

The family stayed in Palm Springs while Paul went to New York to start work on the series—and to locate a house for them. The latter job wasn't easy, because Paul didn't want to buy. "I don't know," he says, "whether I'll be staying in (Continued on page 56)
As Adam Flint of Naked City, Paul Burke plays a tough and demanding role. Here we see an inside view of a quite different sort of man.
A nutty request? Not to the hard-headed businessmen who specialize in supplying “anything that doesn’t breathe” as background props for television programs
MAYBE YOU THINK the actors, and the story, and the scenery, are the only important parts of a television play? Sure, they're important, all right. But no television series on the air could last for two weeks if it weren't for the props! The speaker, a veteran "prop"-truck driver for a television production company, is understandably prejudiced in favor of Hollywood's little-known, big-time business. But he has a point. Where would Wagon Train be without its wagons? How long would The Untouchables last if Eliot Ness and his men had no guns? The major movie studios, now deep in television production, have their own vast prop warehouses. But not even this fantastic accumulation of oddments, built up during many decades, proves adequate to supply all the props necessary for their own shows. Along with the scores of independent producers making TV shows in Hollywood, the major studios turn regularly to the prop rental firms to supply their needs. Total annual take of the combined prop rental houses in Hollywood is estimated, by those who know it well, to be in the multi-million-dollar category. Yet relatively little is known about the business outside professional TV and movie circles.

One of the typical rental firms is Cinema Mercantile, located on Santa Monica Boulevard, not far from the Paramount studios. It was started fully forty years ago—a little hole-in-the-wall, one-man-and-one-bookkeeper operation. Today, its central warehouse alone covers half a city block and requires twenty-five employees to keep the stock and billing straight. To wander through the aisles of this warehouse, which is literally a "library" of furniture, is to take a quick course in history. Ancient Oriental pieces in intricately carved teak, (Continued on page 65)
PITTSBURGH’S ADAM WADE:
from Science to Song
Coed recording contract was almost an accident. Now he's a best-seller!

by MARTIN COHEN

Success stories sometimes fall in the "believe it or not" category. The story of the young man who went from lab assistant to pop singer, in a matter of weeks, tops them all! In 1959, biochemist Adam Wade, 23, was employed at Salk Hall, University of Pittsburgh, where he assisted in virus research experiments connected with the famed polio vaccine. He had gone all summer without a vacation. So, when a friend phoned in early fall and asked if he would care to take a week off and go to New York, Adam agreed.

He returned with a recording contract.

Adam's first disc, "Tell Her for Me," made the best-selling charts. So did every succeeding one in 1960. He made his club debut in Manhattan's The Living Room, and appeared on TV's To Tell The Truth, the Jack Paar show, NBC Saturday Prom, Be My Guest, and the Dick Clark show. At the end of the year, deejays polled by Cashbox and Billboard voted Adam "the most promising singer of 1960."

Yet, up to the date of his trip to New York, Adam had never sung professionally. He says, "It happened so suddenly, I could never explain it. The friend who asked me to ride down to New York was Dick Baugh, then teaching music in Pittsburgh. After we were on the road, he told me he was making the trip mainly to try to sell some original songs."

Adam knew the songs, for he had often spent evenings with Dick at the piano. So, when Baugh went to the Brill Building—the Pentagon of the music (Continued on page 74)
a Very Special Redhead

For Shelley Fabares, the bewitching daughter on The Donna Reed Show, life is full of fun and dreams. Come share with her the delights of being young . . .

She's still shy, never satisfied with her own looks!

by DORA ALBERT

"I'm excited about my career and grateful for it—but, more than anything else in the world, I look forward to marriage and raising a big family," says auburn-haired, seventeen-year-old Shelley Fabares. Her last name is pronounced "Fab-a-ray" and, before her success on The Donna Reed Show, she was usually referred to as "Nanette Fabray's niece."

Now Shelley is a personality in her own right. But—even though she has such a solid career on TV—like most teenagers, she often daydreams about love and marriage. "I hope I won't marry until I'm twenty-two or (Continued on page 72)

The Donna Reed Show, on ABC-TV, Thurs., at 8 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Campbell Soup Co. and Johnson & Johnson.
Every Monday, on CBS-TV’s screen, Frank Aletter co-stars with veteran actresses Enid Markey and Doro Merande as the indulged nephew of two sprightly maiden aunts who refuse to recognize that their beloved nephew is no longer a kiddie. Bringing Up Buddy has brought a barrel of laughs to national audiences this season. But the real-life situation of Frank Aletter, actor, couldn’t be farther removed from the role he plays. Married to Lee Merriwether, the Miss America of 1955, Frank is dealing at home with a thoroughly glamorous wife and one of the most photogenic baby girls to grace the cameras in the last decade. Aletter got the show-biz bug when he appeared in an Army version of the play, “My Sister Eileen.” Following Army discharge, he enrolled for acting training in New York and, after two years of study, had a number of roles in Broadway productions. During the run of “Bells Are Ringing” on Broadway, he met and fell in love with Lee Merriwether, and they married. Young daughter Kyle appeared shortly after Aletter went to Hollywood for his present role. Their happy life together is shown here.

In his role as indulged nephew, Frank plays hilarious comedy scenes with accomplished actresses Enid Markey (left), Doro Merande (right).

As the adored nephew on TV’s Bringing Up Buddy, Frank Aletter comes in for a lot of family-type loving. But at home it’s baby Kyle who gets the royal treatment!
Frank married Lee Meriwether, ex-Miss America, in 1955, won role in *Bringing Up Buddy* series just before birth of their daughter Kyle.
Young parents, Lee and Frank take easy, modern view on responsibilities of parenthood, specialize in giving daughter Kyle a sense of being loved. Frank's adept at baby care, and keeps a camera record of Kyle's growth.

Pixie in a pinafore. Young Kyle delights in a high-flying life when papa Frank gives her a man-powered jet ride to outer space—outer space in Sherman Oaks, California, that is!

Frank Aletter co-stars with Enid Markey and Doro Merande in Bringing Up Buddy, on CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Scott Paper Company.
While Frank's shooting schedule for * Bringing Up Buddy* keeps him very busy, he and Lee make a practice of having baby Kyle right at hand when he's home. And this means standing by while Kyle is fed by Lee and then takes a post-prandial snooze right on the family dinner table—where Lee and Frank can keep an eye on their beautiful daughter.
For every actor, there is the struggle for success, the point where despair is near before the breaks start coming. And—sometimes—there is somebody unselfish enough to lend a hand . . .

by CHARLES MIRON

"I hate to think of what might have been if it hadn't been for Frankie." Gardner McKay shakes his head, as the recollection of that hard, cold 1956 winter still lingers in his mind. It was the winter in which a tall, gangling young man felt the sharp pangs of hunger for the first time in his life. It was also the winter in which no one cared whether he ate or starved, lived or died. No one, that is, except the man called Frankie.

"Frankie Ribondo," says Gar, "is one of those rare individuals in our society. He gives, without asking, or expecting, anything in return."

McKay towers six-feet-five, lean and wiry. Frankie is five-eight, power packed on a solid body. Together, they make a strange pair: Gar, a little on the shy side, tending to be wary of strangers—Frankie, with that outgoing type of personality which puts everyone on friendly footing.

"Frankie has staked a lot of guys in this business," says McKay. "Actors down on their luck, writers waiting for their script to break for them, artists with nothing but a paintbrush to their name, and a host of kids without a nickel."

Frankie's no millionaire indulging in philanthropy. He's a hard working, tough-to-push-around type who is host and all-around troubleshooter for P. J. Clarke's, a Third Avenue late-night spot frequented by celebs, hopeful beginners, and any and all who want to crash the charmed circle in New York. Frankie's job is to sort out the phonies from the genuine article, as well as (Continued on page 68)

McKay stars as Adam Troy, captain of the Tiki, in Adventures In Paradise, on ABC-TV, Monday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EDT
That Whacky, Wonderful Woman named Williams, known to you as That Gorgeous, Giggly Girl named Gladys in That Pert and Pfunny Pseries called Pete And Gladys

by JERRY ASHER

Fortunately for red-headed (really red) and green-eyed (king size) Cara Williams, she has always managed to maneuver her tempestuous life in a philosophic (if inimitable) fashion. "Now, take the bumblebee," theorizes the zany star of CBS-TV's Pete And Gladys. "It's a scientific fact that the bumblebee isn't equipped to fly. But you see—no one ever told him that he couldn't! In a sense, the same thing applies to (Continued on page 58)
As the affable host and program supervisor of The General Electric Theater, Ronald Reagan has been on the TV screen each week since the show first started on September 26, 1954. Either in new segments each season for thirty-nine weeks, or in summer rerun, his handsome face is first-on-view on Sunday nights at 9 P.M. In addition to hosting—and actively participating in some shows—Reagan has set up some sort of record as an informal ambassador for his sponsor. He makes at least two cross-country jaunts each year, addressing civic groups as a representative of General Electric. . . . Home for Reagan, his actress-wife Nancy Davis and their two children is the fabulous house on the Pacific Palisades which is shown on these pages. He also owns a 350-acre ranch about half-an-hour’s drive away, where he breeds horses as a commercial venture. No “method” actor, Reagan broke into the movies from a job as sports reporter for radio, when a talent scout saw him and urged him to test for movies. He proved to be a natural actor, and—aside from World War II service with the Army—has been entrancing movie and TV audiences ever since. His career success and happy family life make him one of Hollywood’s best liked and most respected citizens: A really good neighbor.

Welcoming committee: The Reagans at doorway of Pacific Palisades home. Below, Ronald, Nancy and daughter Patricia Ann on sun-deck. Tree was saved by building deck around it.
High on a hilltop, Ronald Reagan and his family live in an all-electric house which commands an electrifying view. Here we visit TV’s most durable host and his handsome brood.

Reagan house contains every modern electrical installation known, has won a medallion from electrical industry. Above: Ronald at doorway of interior court, which brings the outdoors in. Below: Ronald plays with son Ronald, going on 3, and Patricia Ann, who’s 8 1/2.

Poolside is favorite place for the Reagan clan. Meals are often served at table on outside deck. The whole family love their pool, enjoy swims during the weekdays. On weekends, the Reagans drive to their 350-acre ranch, where Ronald runs a modestly profitable horse-breeding venture as a sideline to TV.

Ronald is host and program supervisor for The General Electric Theater, CBS-TV, Sun., 9 P.M., EDT, as sponsored by the General Electric Company.
Home in New Jersey with parents Reese and Elizabeth, brother Jim. "Dad's a big, quiet guy," says Buzz, "and Mom's a good-looking chick!" They're interested in amateur dramatics, but never thought he'd go into show biz—Buzz was a sports star.

Buzz is 18, played football and baseball in high school. Jim, a year younger, is captain of the basketball team. When Buzz was 9, he wanted a horse—so his folks gave him a cowboy-type guitar! He just sang along with it, now writes songs himself.

Sister Priscilla (above and at right) is 13, a more precious pet to Buzz than either "Kelly," the cat, or "Cinders," the dog. "She's a doll," he grins. But he admits he's a bit shy with girls, though he loves to date—usually, at a drive-in.

With a hit record buzzing up the charts, this handsome six-footer is looking that old siren
Success right square in the eye!

by GREGORY MERWIN

The head of casting at 20th Century-Fox looked at Buzz Clifford for the first time and asked, "Have you ever made a movie?"
"No, sir," Buzz replied.
"Well, you should," said the casting head. And that's the way many people talk or think when they meet Buzz, for he is a Hollywood vision: A husky six-footer, handsome, and blessed with a genial million-dollar smile.

Yet Buzz Clifford's initial success in show business has nothing to do with his looks. It was his hit recording of "Baby Sittin' Boogie" for Columbia that brought him to the attention of TV and movie producers. They've found there's a lot more man in this eighteen-year-old than they bargained for!
Buzz looks more like a candidate for a good college football team than a singer. This isn't strange, for he was a star halfback in high school. But this is no diamond-in-the-rough type. His taste in (Continued on page 76)
a Baby Sitter’s Dream
On the great big TV merry-go-round, there's one fellow who keeps on catching the gold rings. How come? Concentration, day and night—naturally!

Concentration: Hugh's guests, above—Dave Garroway, "peace"-loving soul of weekday mornings, and Cliff "Charley Weaver" Arquette, blithe spirit of the night. Right: Aside from their varied TV duties, both Downs and Garroway are Sunday hosts of NBC Radio's Monitor (Hugh from 3 to 6 P.M., Dave from 7 to 10 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time).

The Jack Paar Show: Hugh and Jack welcome a favorite visitor from the West—Betty White, above. They often take guest stars through the studio audience (as seen at right) to answer typical viewer questions. Hugh gets a lot of those, wherever he goes—most frequently, of course, "What's Jack really like?"
Life of Hugh Downs

by ROBERT LARDINE

Poor Hugh Downs. Time sure hangs on his hands! Why, do you know there are days when he has practically nothing to do? On such occasions, he manages to wile away the hours writing a few chapters of a book—or going down to a recording studio and belting out a few numbers for an album—or tending to his correspondence as a member of the Royal Canadian Astronomical Society and British Interplanetary Society—or attending a meeting as a director of the Manhattan Society for Mental Health—or consulting with other members of the Citizens Advisory Committee on Mental Hospitals of New York State—or preparing a lecture on the capabilities of a free TV society.

It's not exactly lazing around the house, but it still seems like recreation when compared (Continued on page 73)

Concentration is now seen on NBC-TV, Mon., at 9:30 P.M., for P. Lorillard Co.—as well as M-F, 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. The Jack Paar Show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:15 P.M. to 1 A.M. All times given are EDT.

Always busy, and that's the way Hugh likes it! Careerwise, he's doing four separate TV and radio shows, six days a week. When not taping or on the air, he's apt to be waxing an album or writing a book. His "leisure time" hobbies? Skin-diving, astronomy, building hi-fi sets.
the Upbeat Life of Hugh Downs

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Playing his hunch on a geographical gasser, Merv Griffin waxed "Banned in Boston"—with funny "nix" copy on Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Chicago. Result: A barrel of fun and a lot of travel.
Allentown was a typically joyous stop in Griffin's travels around America. Below, signing autographs with Nedd Flemming of Station WAEB.

Merv hit other cities, too, besides those lyricized on his hit Carlton Record. Above, it's Allentown, Pennsylvania—with WAEB's Kerm Gregory holding the mike.

Two new albums stem from TV: "Play Your Hunch"—nostalgic ballads for his daytime viewers. "Merv Griffin's Prom Party"—dance rhythms such as teenagers enjoyed in NBC's New York studios.

Recording career was at an end. "I figured," Merv recalls, "why should I make records if the deejays weren't going to play them? A lot of record companies approached me about re-recording 'I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts,' but nobody offered me anything new to record."

Joe Carlton, president of Carlton Records, was the one who came up with some fresh recording ideas. "If you have six television shows a week," he told Merv, "you have a large audience that knows you. You should have a record out, which would appeal to your audiences." After further discussions, Carlton suggested taking a novelty tune and putting a rock 'n' roll beat to it which would appeal to the teen-age market. The result was—"Banned in Boston."

The first stop on Merv Griffin's record-pushing trail was the Baltimore and Washington area, where he arrived in the midst of the blinding snowstorm (Continued on page 77)

*Play Your Hunch* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 10:30 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Calling Dr. Winchell

Spotlighting a little-known facet in the life of Jerry Mahoney’s beloved “dad”

by JANE HEIMLICH

At a recent medical meeting in New York, a group of surgeons listened attentively to a lecture on a new method of eliminating pain after an operation. Strangely, in that roomful of distinguished doctors, the guest speaker was the only man who was not an M.D. ... Paul Winchell, television’s top ventriloquist, whose “little black bag” holds only his freckle-faced dummy, Jerry Mahoney.

“I've always had a love in my heart for doctors,” Paul says. “I think they are the greatest human beings in the world.” As a child, Paul learned about doctors firsthand when he was stricken with polio and spent countless months in a hospital ward with his leg in a cast.

Four years ago, Paul became closely involved with medicine when he attended a series of lectures on medical hypnosis for doctors. “I was trying to stop smoking,” he explains, “but couldn't seem to give it up. My doctor was taking a course in hypnosis at the time, and invited me to go along with him one evening.” Paul was so intrigued, he asked permission to take the full course.

The instructor put it up to the “students,” who were all doctors and dentists. If they didn’t mind having an outsider in their midst—

“I guess I hypnotized them all,” Paul says with a grin. He not only finished the course, but, according to the instructor, turned out to be one of the best pupils he ever had.

Paul’s study of hypnosis left him with a craving for further knowledge about medicine. Doctors he had met in class lent him medical books—“He just soaked up the stuff,” one of his classmates remembers. “One time, when I gave him a book on surgery, I said to him, ‘Paul, this will be over your head.’ But, by gosh, he understood it all.”

Paul soon had a wide circle of doctor friends who treated him as another medic, rather than a TV star. One doctor’s wife recalls a New Year’s Eve party they attended at Paul’s home. “I thought we were going to meet a lot of theater people—but I looked around the room, and they were all doctors. Why, it was just like home. The men went off by themselves and talked medicine!”

Occasionally, Paul’s surgeon friends invite him to watch a particularly interesting operation—with the permission of both hospital and patient, of course. In the operating room, Paul, wearing surgical cap and gown, stands about a foot behind the head surgeon in order to observe every delicate movement of rubber-gloved hands and instruments. Some operations last as long as six hours.

His television associates still can't get used to what they call “this doctor bit.” Recently, when Paul was in the hospital as a patient for a routine checkup, his agent tried to reach him on the phone. “I'm sorry,” the floor nurse told him, “but Mr. Winchell is in surgery.”

“Surgery!” he gasped, “what's the matter?”

“Don't worry,” she said, “he's only watching.”

Comedienne Pat Carroll, a fellow panelist on Keep Talking, in previous seasons, remembers the time that emcee Carl Reiner gave Paul the phrase, “the olfactory organ located directly below the glabella”—the object of this TV game being to weave such “secret phrases” into the conversation without their being detected. “Of course, Paul didn't have any trouble at all,” Pat recalls. “He just rattled off a whole medical spiel! But when it was my turn, I had an awful time. How could I know it was the medical term for ‘nose’?”

Has Paul ever seriously considered becoming a doctor? Paul admits he had medical school in mind two years ago, when he began taking night courses at Columbia University. He studied feverishly, trying to make up for his lack of formal education. (At fourteen, Paul left school when he won first prize on Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour, spent the next ten years on the road performing in a vaudeville act.) But memorizing TV scripts and history dates, at the same time, proved to Paul you can’t do justice to two careers. “I finally faced the reality that, without a benefactor, med school was out.”

Although Paul may never see his name up on a shingle, doctors do call on him for help. As one doctor tells the story: “I take care of a lot of children who are hemophiliacs—commonly known as ‘bleeders.' Some require as many as a hundred transfusions a year. We use frozen blood plasma, which takes about an hour to defrost—that's a long time, in the middle of the night, when a child is bleeding. Sometimes, I hold the bottle of plasma under the hot-water faucet to speed things up. But there was nothing I could do one night—but wait—when I was called to see a child in a cold-water flat.” The doctor continues, “I had made some sketches for a machine to cut down the defrosting (Continued on page 55)
These exclusive pictures—first ever taken of Audie's 867-acre spread near Riverside, California—reveal the fulfillment of a once-poor farmboy's dream. A sizable chunk of heaven-on-earth, too, for his wife Pamela (former superintendent of hostesses for Braniff Airlines) and their two sons, Terry Michael, 9, and James Shannon, 7.

Audie Murphy, star of NBC-TV's Whispering Smith, is the owner of nearly 900 acres of ranch land near Riverside, California. Ownership of this property, its sturdy buildings, its horses and live stock, represents to Murphy the realization of one of his lifelong ambitions. And the vast "spread" of the ranch is a far cry from the poverty-stricken acres Audie worked on as a kid in Texas, one of eleven children of a farm family... In his new series, Murphy portrays an unusual Western lawman, noted for his lightning draw. The action takes place in Denver in the 1870s. For such a role, it would be hard to discover a better casting, since Audie became handy with a gun while still in his early teens and actually managed to stock the family table by hunting small game in Texas. The original "Whispering" Smith actually lived and became a legend in the Southwest by introducing to the Colorado Territory the methods of tracing and apprehending criminals that later became the cornerstone of the modern science of criminology. The nickname came from his habit of dropping his voice almost to a whisper when aroused to anger or action. ... The real-life Murphy knows danger and action well, having emerged from World War II as its most-decorated hero, with a record of 240 Germans killed in combat. Commenting on this record, Audie says, "Maybe everybody thinks of me, even in a Western movie, as the baby-faced killer who shot all those krauts. What they don't know is that I stalked and watched maybe twice as many—and never took a crack at one."
Rancher Audie Murphy

A leisurely at-home-outdoors afternoon with Audie Murphy, whose TV series, Whispering Smith, premieres next week.

Audie breeds thoroughbreds and quarter horses, to race at Southern California tracks. The boys not only get plenty of riding, but are raising a baby chimp themselves. Future jockey, perhaps?

Continued
New West—new ways to

Guns aren’t toys to Audie. Hunting takes skill—and can bring home food.

Audie can ride with the best—and act, too, as a modern-type Denver police detective in Old West days, “Whispering” Smith.

Whispering Smith, NBC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M., EDT—beg. May 12—is sponsored by the Schick Safety Razor Company and Mead Johnson & Co. (Metrecal).
around! James (left) and Terry take their proud father on guided tour in "ranch car."

What's a ranch without dogs? Terry and James enjoy all outdoor advantages of Dad's Texas childhood—plus new security.
Rancher Audie Murphy

(Continued)

Guns aren't toys to Audie. Hunting takes skill—and can bring home food.

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Who would ever suspect that Ann goes to the studio with curlers in her hair—she cleverly keeps them under her hat! Nail polish is repaired, and Ann totes extra stockings, too.
Who? Why, veteran broadcaster Dick Enroth, who does sports-casting for WCCO-TV and Radio

When a man's been broadcasting news and sports for 24 years, he has to be good! And when that same man is on the radio and TV over WCCO for a grand total of 38 broadcasts each week, he has to be busy. And let's not forget the play-by-play sports reporting of football and basketball games. Any local resident of Minneapolis, if asked to identify this man, would instantly say, "Can't be anybody but Dick Enroth." ... Enroth explains his skill as a sports reporter as follows: "A great interest in sports as a kid led to my desire to be associated with the school teams. A lack of coordination and size, so essential to sports excellence, diverted me to sports broadcasting—a decision I made when I was in the eleventh grade at South High School here in Minneapolis." ... Dick got started as a broadcaster when he was only 19, after two years at the University of Minnesota and a year at Quincy College in Quincy, Illinois. So he's been hard at radio broadcasting since that time, and added his job as reporter over WCCO-TV seven years ago. His TV show goes on nightly at 10:20 P.M., and his radio newscasts are at 8, 8:30 and 8:55 A.M., and at 5:15 and 6:15 P.M., with additional outings at 12:30 P.M. on Saturdays and Sundays and a 5 P.M. spot on Sundays. ... Dick's long experience has made him so familiar with the local football and basketball talent that he needs no "spotters" and can call all plays instantaneously, a factor which gives great pace to his broadcasts of the games. He's justly proud of this, and also feels it's no accident that so many notable news reporters came to their jobs as a result of prior colorful sports reporting—such as Pegler, Ruark and others. Let us say that none of these gentlemen is any more a "pro" than Enroth himself!
Always an amusing guest is comedienne Dodie Goodman.

Former child-star Margaret O'Brien stopped by for a chat.

Above, smiling Pat Boone was guest. Below, the incomparable Hildegarde.

By George

Just name a subject and WLW-F's George Willeford has a decided opinion about it.

Somebody once asked George Willeford how he got started in broadcasting. His reply: "I was attending college on the G.I. Bill and needed money, so I went to the local radio station and told them I was an announcer. They didn't find out differently for several years." This benign deception occurred when George was a student at Indiana University in Bloomington, where he took a master's degree in speech and theater and subsequently taught in the Radio-TV Department of
"Tame" tiger cub [with trainer Pat Anthony and George] turned out to be not so tame. George has the scars to prove it.

The University... George turned to full-time broadcasting in 1957, and now helms two shows for WLW-I, Indianapolis. His variety show By George captures a large audience each Saturday at 11:30 P.M., and Willeford's Weather wise up the citizens on snow, rain, etc., each evening at 6:15 P.M. On the subject of the weather show, he explains, "I don't understand the weather. I have a machine that predicts the weather, and I don't understand that, either. A great many people blame me when it isn't nice. I used to try to explain that I only report the weather, not make it. But now I just tell them I'm punishing them for their misdeeds." On George's variety show various personalities appear, do a part of their act and then chat. Since fun is meat-and-drink to George, the guests end up having a ball. That's the usual routine. One day last year, however, George was bitten by two tigers! He says, "We have a kind of wild show, but it doesn't include me being chewed on by tigers. The trainer, Pat Anthony, said the tigers were tame. I guess, if you spend a good part of your time in a cage with sixteen lions and tigers, you have a different definition of a 'tame' tiger. The only one who was willing to believe my story was the doctor. He didn't seem surprised at all. I was afraid to guess what kind of patients he ordinarily has that make tiger bites so commonplace." We can say, though, that George's shows are never tame—even without co-stars from the jungle!
A Seasoned Newsman

... that's WNBQ-TV's Floyd Kalber, one of Chicago's busiest and most popular broadcasters

ONE OF THE BUSIEST newscasters in Chicago, these days, is WNBQ's Floyd Kalber, who joined the local NBC outlet last fall after a successful eleven-year career in Omaha, Nebraska. Unlike some, Kalber doesn't wait for the news to come in. He goes out after it—covering police meetings, fires, etc., despite his strenuous on-air schedule. His typical week consists of doing the TV station's 6 P.M. newscasts five nights, the 10 P.M. newscasts all seven nights, one or two Huntley-Brinkley "cut-ins" from Chicago for NBC News, and a couple of speeches before some civic or fraternal group. When the station does a local version of NBC-TV's The Nation's Future, Kalber is often called on to serve as moderator for the local discussion. . . . Born in Omaha, Nebraska, Floyd attended Benson High School and Creighton University. After serving for three years in the Army, during World War II, he first entered the broadcasting field when he answered an ad in a newspaper for an announcing job and was hired by radio Station KGFW in Kearney, Nebraska, in 1946. He then went on to Stations WIRO in Peoria and KMTV in Omaha, before going to Chicago in 1960. . . . Home for Floyd is a seven-room, tri-level ranch-style house in Western Springs, a suburb of Chicago. His family includes wife Betty, a high-school classmate he married in 1946; son David, 12; daughter Kathy, 9; and a cocker spaniel named "Skippy." Summer vacation is the happiest time for the Kalbers, when they all go to a Wyoming mountain cabin and spend days trout-fishing.

Away from the studio, Floyd and wife Betty keep in practice for golf season—find the living-room rug especially good for putting.
Family gathering: Floyd, his wife Betty, daughter Kathy, 9, son David, 12, and "Skippy." Below, besides woodworking hobby, Floyd—with David—likes to put together plastic models.
An expert on all phases of weather forecasting, and a proficient airplane pilot, WTMJ-TV's Bill Carlsen is . . .

**THE FLYING WEATHERMAN**

One of the Midwest's best-known bandleaders of the 1930s, who abandoned his musical career when he "saw the handwriting on the wall" for big bands, now has earned a reputation as one of Wisconsin's most authoritative and most popular television weathermen. He's Bill Carlsen, whose dance band was among the foremost orchestras from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, before World War II. Now he's the television (and radio) weatherman at Milwaukee's WTMJ-TV, one of the few TV weathermen in the nation who are completely qualified to expound at length about isobars, high-pressure areas and other factors which determine the weather. . . . Carlsen is a full-fledged meteorologist—a status he gained almost in self-defense. The WTMJ-TV weatherman is an avid flyer and has been, ever since the early '30s. Until World War II, the U.S. Weather Bureau and its extensive weather information did not exist. As a result, flyers literally were "taking their lives into their own hands" whenever they attempted a flight of any great length. Like many other pilots of this period, Carlsen took up the study of weather, simply out of necessity. Then he and other pilots in the Midwest banded together with "ham" radio operators to disseminate weather information for their area to assist each other when embarking on long flights.

By the start of World War II, Carlsen had become so proficient at meteorology that the U.S. Army Air Corps called upon him to serve as a weather instructor for Army pilots in the flight school at Milwaukee's General Billy Mitchell field. . . . In 1951, WTMJ-TV—then less than four years old—decided that its viewers would like to know more about the weather than they could learn from looking out the window or at their thermometer. So, Carlsen was hired to present the "why" and "how" of the nation's weather scene—as well as the "what," which is still the only portion of weather "forecasting" offered by a majority of the nation's television stations. . . . To enable him to present the complete weather picture, Carlsen has at his disposal an up-to-date weather center in Milwaukee's Radio City, which houses WTMJ-TV, AM and FM. Among the instruments included in the weather center are an anemometer, a wind-direction indicator and a minimum-maximum thermometer. In addition, three special weather teletypes bring Carlsen observations from weather stations around the world. Employing these facilities, Carlsen prepares his own weather map for each program. These maps show high- and low-pressure areas, precipitation belts and other significant factors which influence weather throughout most of the northern hemisphere. From these maps, Carlsen formulates his own forecasts each day. . . . The avocation which led to developing his current vocation still is an important part of Carlsen's life. He flies his Beechcraft Bonanza at every opportunity, particularly at vacation time. Nearly every year, he flies with his wife Madge to California to visit his daughter and son-in-law and their three children. (Carlsen also has another married daughter with five children.) Last summer, he flew to Florida for part of his vacation—and, ironically, was delayed by weather conditions!
Calling Dr. Winchell

(Continued from page 42) time, but I couldn’t seem to work out the bugs. So I went to Paul—he’s got a wonderful mechanical sense—and he worked it out.”

The machine is now being given careful consideration by the Blood Director of the American Red Cross; the Navy is arranging for a demonstration at the Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston. And, by early summer, a new text on chest surgery will take its place on the shelves of hospital libraries throughout the world. In the preface, the author expresses his thanks to “Paul Winchell, who combined his interest in medicine and his artistic talents to make the scientific drawings in this text.”

Even so, all the scientific achievements seem insignificant compared with Paul’s greatest gift: Bringing the magic of laughter to the hundreds of sick youngsters he and Jerry visit in hospitals. “He knows just how to reach them,” a nurse says. “At first, the little kids sit poker-faced—they haven’t laughed for so long—and then they all let loose.”

Each nurse in the children’s ward of a hospital where Paul and Jerry have entertained has her own favorite story. The small boy everyone worried about, who hadn’t talked or smiled since his mother died... just kept to himself. Paul was putting on a show in the ward, when he noticed everyone turning around looking toward the back of the room.

A small figure in pajamas had slipped in. It was the sad, silent little boy, who, somewhat shakily, made his way down the aisle, and sat down in the front row. Paul looked down and noticed that the youngster was holding something.

“What’s that, son?” he asked.

“My turtle,” the boy said, smiling up at Paul. “I wanted him to see Jerry.”

At another hospital, there was the eight-year-old boy who was due for serious surgery. The day of the operation, Paul and Jerry stayed by his bedside, talking and joking. During the long weeks of convalescence, Paul dropped in every few days to see him. The boy’s mother remembers, “We were worried about Bobby not eating enough—he was so weak. So Paul would have Jerry talk to him about how important food was, and give him crazy recipes.”

You won’t get these stories from Paul. But he will tell you about the little Greek girl he went to see. “It was shortly after World War II. She had been brought over here for plastic surgery—you see, a hand grenade had exploded in her face. They told me she had seen Jerry and me on television, and, more than anything else, wanted us to visit her. So we went over.

“When we entered the ward, the little girl came running toward Jerry, calling, ‘Kukla! Kukla!’ I turned to one of the nurses and said, ‘There must be some mistake. She wants to see Kukla, Fran and Ollie!’ Then the nurse explained to me that ‘kukla’ is the Greek word for ‘doll.’”

Paul still gets a kick out of “playing doctor.” Recently, a surgeon friend was lecturing on an exhibit at a medical meeting. When the surgeon got an emergency call, he phoned Paul. “You know as much about this as I do—will you take over?” Paul immediately cancelled all his appointments and spent the entire day explaining the exhibit to the doctors.

Some of the doctors recognized Paul—but not all. An elderly physician, after listening to Paul, turned to him and said, “Thank you, doctor, it’s been very interesting.”

Remembering that moment, Paul grins like a small boy, his eyes shining. “When he called me ‘doctor’—I flipped!”

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Two-Fisted Detective

New York after we finish Naked City. It's set for the 1961-62 season. If it's not renewed after that, I may want to return to the Coast."

Paul found a big forty-year-old mansion in Scarsdale and leased it, furnished from Bernard Fein, an attorney. Then he phoned Peggy in Palm Springs. She found tenants for their new house there (just finished in 1959) and then came East with the children.

It was quite a wrench for the children, who had been moved from Hollywood to Palm Springs to Scarsdale within a single year. But, like most youngsters, they adapted themselves nicely to the new environment. Paula goes to Scarsdale Junior High, Brian is a student at Green Acres Public School, and little Dina stays home with her mother.

In Palm Springs, the children had a modern ranch-style, three-bedroom house in the center of that desert town, which the summer sun can bake to 120 degrees. In Scarsdale, they are in a cool, wooded area, on a big eight-acre plot, in a large six-bedroom house with three fireplaces. And, in the East, they saw snow for the first time, and were thrilled.

This isn't the first time the Burke family has followed Daddy when he's had to go on location. They moved to Cape Ann, Massachusetts, during the summer of 1957, when he was working with Barry Sullivan in the Harbour-master TV series. They also vacationed in his hometown, during the summer of 1958. Since Dad knew every nook and corner of New Orleans—especially, the French Quarter where he had been raised—they had a wonderful time!

Although they are close to New York, Peggy and the children don't see Paul as often as they'd like, because Naked City is an hour-long show which keeps the cast busy five full days a week. He has to get up with the sunrise. If it's a day for exterior scenes, he drives there in his Pontiac, which is a portable dressing room. The cast often works late, particularly when night scenes are required, so then Paul stays in town, sharing an apartment with John Lester, an old friend and former newspaper columnist in New Orleans.

At home in Scarsdale, Paul spends most of Saturday resting. Sunday is the family's big day. "We're getting used to suburban life," he says. "Peggy has become part of a motor pool—a new experience for her—and she takes turns at driving the children to school.

"Paula and Brian have made many friends, and they're happy. Paula likes painting, so we may send her to an art school. She and Brian studied piano, but lost interest. As for baby Dina, our doctor says we ought to take her to U.C.L.A., when we return to Los Angeles, and have her tested. She may turn out to be a gifted child."

Because the show is so exhausting, Paul and the rest of the cast don't socialize much after working hours. "Everybody's too tired," Paul explains.

"Horace McMahon hurries to get home in South Norwalk, Connecticut, and Harry Bellaver wants to hurry to Tappan, New York, I've had only three production days off, since we started. It's exhausting work, but I love it."

Paul's father, Marty Burke, has come from New Orleans to stay at Scarsdale for a while. A former champ fighter, he and Paul cleared out a track near the house, and they keep in trim by jogging around in shorts and sweat-shirts.

"When we're on location around the city streets," Paul says, "invariably somebody comes over to tell me about my dad. They remember when he was Jack Dempsey's sparring partner, and one of the great light-heavy and heavyweight boxers of his time. Dad fought in more than 200 fights, until he was knocked out for the first time, and he quit. Then he settled down in New Orleans to raise his children, promote boxing and wrestling bouts, and run several night clubs with mother."

Today, at 65, Dad is a prime physical specimen. He periodically fasts for five to seven days, then breaks the fast slowly with grapefruit juice. It's the secret of healthful living, says Paul, who is something of a physical culturist. A muscular six-footer, Paul has brown hair, hazel eyes, and the easy, graceful walk of an athlete.

"When I was a kid," he recalls, "I used to box in the Boy Scouts and the Boys' Club, but Dad never urged me to follow him into professional boxing. I studied piano, but quit it, and discovered drumming was more exciting. So I used to sit in on the visiting bands that played Dad's night club."

When Paul became eighteen, he told his father he didn't intend to go on to college. "All right," said Dad, "now you walk to the Embassy Club down the street. I bought it for you. It's yours."

Paul had picked up enough know-how about café operating to be able to run the club, but he decided against it. He had spent two years as an apprentice at the New Orleans Civic Theater and a love for acting had sharpened with each passing year. Now he was sure that was what he wanted. That's when he left New Orleans and went to Hollywood to see if he could launch a career as an actor. And that, of course, was how he had met Peggy.

When he and Peggy married, she gave up her own theatrical ambitions to be a full-time housewife and mother. Many times, when movie studios offered her contracts, she would say, "No, I'm a housewife, but why don't you give me a contract to my husband?"

But the studios did not offer Paul a contract, and he and Peggy went through many years of hard times. "Our kids never missed a meal," says Paul proudly, "but I admit there were many times, when I was in New York looking for work, that I went hungry."

Because he could not get enough acting jobs, he often took time out to grab non-theatrical jobs for the sake of the quick cash. He had been a bartender and a salesman many times, and he endured many anxieties. There was a time, for instance, when he was alone in New York—to make money to send back to Peggy, the children, his dad and kid brother—and he came down with phlebitis. The doctor told him, "You must quit the acting business; it's destroying you; it's too insecure!"

Paul said he could never do that. "All right," said the doctor, "then at least go somewhere where somebody can take care of you." So Paul went back to Hollywood, quite defeated. But, a couple of weeks later, he landed an important role in the movie, "South Seas Woman," and the six weeks salary alleviated the financial crisis.

His career went like that—a role, and then famine; another role, and then being broke and the creditors wanting to repossess the Burke car. Yet, always, Peggy backed Paul in his obsession that he had a future as an actor.

He recalls the time he was so desperate for cash, he got a job selling encyclopedias for Sears Roebuck. He was so determined that he turned out to be a superb door-to-door salesman. He earned $275 in commissions the first week. The manager gave him a trophy and assured him he'd be a sales executive soon and that, within two years, he'd be earning $20,000 to $25,000 a year. For the first time, he had hospitalization insurance for himself and the family. He and Peggy began to enjoy the feeling of financial stability.

For four months, he made money—then he quit, with Peggy's blessing, when an acting job was offered him. "I reminded myself that I would rather make less, as an actor, than be rich doing something I didn't like."

After that, he starred less and less, and his career inched forward on TV. He was leading man in the Noah's Ark series, co-star on Harbourmaster, and a steady on Five Fingers.

Now, at last, it looks as though Paul's starving days are over, and he will go on to even greater recognition. "Acting is what I want, and I will never leave it," he says. And Paul Burke means it.
and his new movie contract calls for two films this year. . . . A special hot summer comes up June 6, when the U. S. Brewers Association sponsors “Summer on Ice 1961” via NBC-TV. . . . The boys in the Kingston Trio have agreed to retire when each has a half-million in stocks and bonds—and they will work twenty-four hours a day, if necessary, to reach their goal. . . . F.C.C. asking Congress to pass a law requiring TV makers to build receivers that will bring in all channels. Estimate it would cost an extra $10 per set. . . . Two more Belafonte specials for CBS-TV this season. One for May 25 and the other, mid-June. . . . And CBS-TV gets the new Dick Van Dyke situation comedy series produced by Danny Thomas. Starts in the fall, replacing Father Knows Best re-runs. . . . So well has the Churchill series gone for ABC-TV that they are now planning a similar series on F.D.R. to start in the fall of 1962. Eleanor Roosevelt signed up as a consultant in the series, with the comment, “I think it will have great historical value to young people. It will give them visual sight of the years they missed.” . . . Comedienne Peggy Cass explains the character she will play in the new ABC-TV series, The Chimps. Says she, in the understatement of the year, “I’m just a square housewife who keeps monkeys.”

Hal Marches On: Hal March, very popular with TV audiences, lost the emcee assignment on the evening edition of Concentration to Hugh Downs, but shed no tears. Hal’s Broadway vehicle, “Come Blow Your Horn,” is the biggest comedy hit of the season. . . . Maverick, about to be pushed off the end of the earth, came up with a reprieve and assurance that it will return in the fall with Jack Kelly. Whether Jack will return with his wife is still a dubious matter. . . . Spring cleaning on NBC-TV, May 12: The Nanette Fabray series will be an hour later on the Friday schedule. In Nan’s former slot will be Five Star Jubilee. In the “sandwich,” The Lawless Years, with James Gregory. . . . No gifts or cash prizes in Marx’s new format for the fall. In Tell It To Groucho, he will be a kind of Mr. Anthony and will simply let people tell him their problems and desires. . . . Monica Lewis will sing two original songs during her appearance on Tall Man, May 20. . . . Say when’s Art James tells of the poor motorist who folded up his road map and then discovered his compact car was inside the map.

Madison Madness: Like weird have been the recent pronouncements from Madison Avenue. Half-hour series being considered for the death row or expansion into hour formats. No one explains the logic of a half-hour show being “worn out,” but a full-hour format with the same cast being “hot stuff.” Yet it has been so with Wells Fargo. First announced as in the embalming stage, it now comes back next fall in an hour format, sponsored by the American Tobacco Company. . . . Hot newcomer for next season appears to be Mark Richman, now playing in an off-Broadway production. Mark gets star assignment in Cain’s Hundred, in which he plays a kind of updated Eliot Ness. On basis of pilot, show has been picked up by P. Lorillard and is set in NBC-TV’s fall schedule. . . . CBS has underlined its confidence in Sullivan, the Un-smiling Irishman, by giving him a thirty-year contract which runs to Ed’s 88th birthday. . . . Bob Prescott, ABC-TV’s ace sound-effects man, has a zany comedy album on the Audio Fidelity label. Its title is “Cartoons in Stereo,” and one of the collaborators in the nonsense is ex-ABCer Clark Tyler. . . . Harrigan & Son take down the shingle at the end of this season. . . . Bright new series, Room For One More, being readied for ABC-TV by Warner bros. It will be situation comedy based on movie that starred Cary Grant and Betsy Drake. Ex-daytime heroine Peggy McCay will co-star with Andrew Duggan.

Count Down: Florence Henderson will be away from TV a long time. She’s traveling with the national company of “The Sound of Music,” in the Mary Martin role. . . . Polly Bergen’s debut in her own comedy series, Operation Female, now postponed to the ’62 season. But she stars on the Hitchcock show May 9, in episode titled “You Can’t Trust a Man.” . . . ABC-TV carries the light-heavyweight title fight between Archie Moore and Giulio Rinaldi, on June 10. . . . Lucille Ball will do three specials on TV next season. The first date set is December 3, from 9 to 10 p.m. EST. . . . Victor comes up with a real find in an album titled “A Mario Lanza Program.” Recorded at one of Lanza rare recital appearances— in 1958, in London. . . . Twenty-five-year-old Diana Hyland has joined the cast of Young Doctor Malone as Gig Housman. Diana has starred in The Play Of The Week and in the Broadway cast of “Sweet Bird of Youth.” . . . Bob Hope’s guests on May 13 include Julie London, Juliet Prowse and James Garner. . . . June Allyson has set up housekeeping in a swank East Side apartment in Manhattan. . . . Tony Ray, who for a long time was on Search For Tomorrow, is up for a British “Oscar” as the most promising new actor. It would be for the role he plays in “Shadows,” the American film directed by TV’s John Cassavetes, now breaking state-wide to high critical acclaim. . . . One for the road: George Liberace is recording an album titled “Audio Analgesia,” musical therapy for the medical and dental profession. The idea is that it will lull your nerves—it will be subtitled “Music for dentistry, labor pains and light surgery.” . . . How about an album, “Music to Pay the Bills By”?...
Combustible Cara

(Continued from page 33) me in many cases.” Literally speaking, it just so happens that no one ever told the Brooklyn-born bombshell she couldn’t do things. So Cara went mer- rily on her way and learned anything she wanted to learn.

It never occurred to her that she might have limitations, which is why this Jill-of-all-trades sends her TV writers into paroxysms of praise. “First we write our script,” they enthuse, “and then we show it to Cara. Nothing phases her. She wouldn’t quibble if we asked her to do a cha-cha on a tight-

eopas" Cara herself sees nothing superspe-
cial in her unique approach to life and to the pandemonium of TV. “No one escapes from heartaches and unhappiness completely. Isn’t it better to pass over things lightly, when the knocks come, than to end up in a sanitarium? Most of us need a sense of humor to boost our morale and help us get through the day. Without one— it’s possible to end up wearing a lovely fur-lined straitjacket!”

Cara’s own sense of humor has served her faithfully, as far back as she can remember. Her tendency to laugh at herself even made her teen-age years endurable. Take the time she developed a violent crush on a handsomelad at the roller rink. “The young gent didn’t even know I existed,” she avows, “and once I even made myself take a nasty spill right in front of him. He just calmly stepped over me—and kept on going.

“That did it! A friend gave me his telephone number and I called him up—using a sticky Southern accent. During the course of our conversation, I managed to do a big rave about ‘that cute redhead at the rink’—who, of course, was me. Pretty sneaky, wasn’t it? But it worked. I gave myself such a buildup, he began noticing me at the rink. We had several dates before I told him who the Southern girl really was.”

One time when Cara didn’t tell the truth, she landed a job making a movie in Europe. She said she knew how to speak French—then learned how to speak it fluently in three months. Back in New York, she even bet another actress she could fool Luther Adler into believing she really was a French actress. So Cara met the famous actor-director and when he invited her to “21” for lunch—a top drama critic went along, too. The mademoiselle from Brooklyn turned a little green around the edges.

“It was an awful experience,” she ruefully confesses. “Luther Adler predicted I’d become a famous star—after he helped me lose my accent. He sent me special books and was so nice, in fact, that I decided the joke had gone far enough. The next time he called, I conveniently had the measles! Six years later, when we worked together, Luther walked in, for the first time, and gave me an appraising look. In a dead-pan voice, he quipped: ‘Hello, Frenchy! That was all. Imagine waiting that long for a punch line!’

Further adventures as a French femme fatale were equally memorable. Indeed, they led Cara into meeting her second husband, John Barrymore Jr., father of her little John Barrymore the Third. (Cara has a daughter named Cathy by her first marriage.) Now divorced from Barrymore after a six-year marriage, Cara describes that peri-od in her life as “tempestuous and chaotic, and the less said about it the better I like it.”

But, as for their first meeting, she recalls: “It was John’s sister who bet that I couldn’t fool him. She arranged for us to have a date, and I made with the French-actress bit. We dated for weeks before John found out I was about as French as Judy Holliday!”

Incidentally, when she toured in “Born Yesterday,” playing the role Judy Holliday had created on Broadway, the critics acclaimed Cara “the brightest new comedienne of the year.” Cara was duly grateful, and promptly predicted she’d prove that people would also take her seriously as a dramatic actress. They did, too. Several years later, she was Oscar-nominated for her poignant portrayal of a dabr backwoods woman, opposite Tony Cur-
tis and Sidney Poitier, in “The De-

Why not write us a letter? 6-61

In this issue of TV Radio Mirror, there are more stories than in the past. Many of them are, as before, about favorite stars of TV seen regularly on weekly shows. Others, as you’ve noticed, are about new stars, new shows. Or about what goes on behind the TV scene. Please write us a letter to let us know what you’d like in future issues:

| Stories on major established performers on TV | YES | NO | HOW MANY EACH MONTH? |
| Stories on the people you see on TV who are internationally prominent, but not entertainers | | | |
| Discovery stories on new talent in TV and in the recording field | | | |
| Stories on developments in TV, such as Pay TV, Color TV, international projects, etc. | | | |
| Reviews of new TV series (one a month) | | | |
| Behind-the-scenes stories | | | |

Send to: TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
someday soon. Separated from her newspaper-man husband when Cara was a baby, Flo Williams (whom Cara calls "the Brooklyn Auntie Mame") is partially responsible for her talented daughter's career.

Flo Williams manicured in a barber shop next to the old Albee Theater in Brooklyn. The manager and his wife loved three-year-old Cara and played baby-sitter by propping her in a seat in the back row. The bubbly tot laughed, cried and hammed it up, right along with the performers, and became such a perfect mimic that Mom toted her off to crash the gates of Hollywood. Years of struggle passed before casting directors would stop to look or listen. At one point, the going got so rough, Flo rented a tent and pitched it on a vacant lot. Unabashed, she sent the studios her new address!

Today, says Cara, "My white colonial house off the Sunset Strip is like Grand Central Station. Besides the children and myself, Mother collects stray people and she loves them all. The workmen 'discovered' by Mother usually disappear before a job is half-done. One carpenter asked for $500 in advance, knocked out the kitchen wall — and never came back. Our gas stove is still standing in the garage. Mother's favorite interior decorator borrowed $1800 from me — and, when he paid it back, his checks bounced. Mother felt so sorry for him then, she invited him to dinner!

"One night, when I dragged home from a fifteen-hour day at the studio, Mother casually mentioned that some joker had called and said he was Cary Grant. He was promptly told by Mother that she was — Empress Josephine!"

"But, Mother," Cara exploded, at the time. "It probably was Cary Grant. He's a good friend of mine."

Never one to be caught short, Flo Williams snorted, "It couldn't have been Cary Grant. This fellow had an English accent."

To know Cara Williams is to be well aware that she has a trigger-temper. It's cost her jobs and created enemies. In fact, she almost lost Pete And Gladys because she popped off like a firecracker. TV producer Parke Levy tested more than a hundred girls before combustible Cara walked in. When he interviewed her, she modestly enumerated her credits — including her Academy Award nomination.

"I'm sure it's all true," Levy said, in effect, "but I still never heard of you."

"I've never heard of you, either," the carrot-top cracked, "so let's not spoil our record!" When the producer asked Cara if she was a real redhead, she was half-way out the door before he could stop her. But she liked her spirit, and knew she had found "Gladys."

The rest, of course, is now history.
ON MAY 11, on ABC-TV, Douglas Fairbanks as "The Thief of Bagdad" will reform and ultimately overthrow the whole army of the evil Mongol Khan in order to prove himself worthy of the Princess.

Hollywood has had many kings and queens but only three emperors. The emperor of Comedy was Chaplin, the emperor of Love was Rudolph Valentino, and the emperor of Adventure was—and still is, as these pictures prove—Douglas Fairbanks. Fairbanks' unique skill consisted of co-ordinated athletic movement of his whole body, done with fantastic skill, grace and rhythm. Whatever the plot or the period of the movies, the sight of Fairbanks in motion was pure art.

Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, on May 23, 1883. His father's name was Ulman, but Doug legally adopted the name Fairbanks when his parents were divorced in 1900. He also left Denver that year and went to New York, having decided to become an actor. He got a small part in a road show that opened in Richmond, Virginia. But, immediately after he concluded this booking, he quit acting and held a variety of jobs in quick succession. If he didn't like a job, he quit and went on to something else without any regret or soul-searching. By 1902, he was ready to return to acting and succeeded in signing a five-year contract with William A. Brady. By 1907, he had appeared in a number of plays, including "The Man of the Hour" for 479 performances, his longest continuous run.

In the same year (1907), he married Beth Sully, the daughter of a wealthy businessman who insisted that Fairbanks give up acting and go into the soap business. His father-in-law's fortune was soon wiped out by a depression. Fairbanks promptly went back to the stage, where he established himself as a star in juvenile comedy roles. And, at this time, he began to gain notice for his athletic ability and his famous grin. He leaped, tumbled and cavorted over furniture, steps and other actors. While this made a great hit with the audience, it did not endear him to his fellow performers. In one play, the climax was a fight between Fairbanks and the entire cast. The curtain was supposed to fall at the height of the battle, ending the struggle. But eight times a week, the management and the stagehands had to rescue the star and end the for-really war. In December, 1914, Fairbanks appeared in his last Broadway play, "The Show Shop."
At this point in his career, Fairbanks had almost fifteen years’ experience on the stage. He was 31 years old. He had a son, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who had been born in 1909. He was adored by the public as a light comedian with a warm grin and better-than-average acting ability. His friends knew him as a practical joker, a violent muscular athlete and gymnast.

In 1915, Triangle Pictures (D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Mack Sennett) was formed to hire actors for motion pictures. At that time, there was mutual distrust—the motion-picture producers did not think live actors were really necessary for the one-reelers they were producing. The actors did not think there was any future in movies. However, Harry Aitken, working for Triangle, signed more than sixty actors from the Broadway stage, including William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks. Although Fairbanks was signed at $2,000 a week, he was reluctant to go.

The first picture Fairbanks made was “The Lamb,” directed by D. W. Griffith. The crew disliked him and managed to give him a ghastly make-up which made him look ashen. Griffith, too, was annoyed with Fairbanks’ hamming and jumping about. He implied to Fairbanks that he should transfer his talents to Keystone Comedies under Mack Sennett. “The Lamb” was finished in not more than six weeks. Fairbanks thought so little of it he went back to New York and did not attend the premiere. But the movie was a hit.

His salary raised to $4,000, Fairbanks made eleven pictures in 1916. They were all comedies, breezy stories of contemporary life. They were all good fun. The all-around regular guy fought a six-round bout, made a high dive off an ocean liner, became a human submarine in underwater stunts. Fairbanks had arrived!

By the end of 1916, Fairbanks made a drastic decision. He decided to produce his own pictures. At the time, he was making $10,000 a week and felt that he was working for nothing! As he explained it—the studio paid him $500,000 a year, which for him made twelve pictures that cost $250,000 each and netted a million each. The studio then made twelve million dollars from his efforts. He wanted the profits for himself. So he organized his own company, with the help of his two brothers, and went into active production in April, 1917. Fairbanks prospered. And, by 1919, he was one of the greats of movieland who joined forces to found United Artists—with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith.

In 1920, both of their earlier marriages having ended in divorce, Doug married Mary Pickford, “America’s Sweetheart.” In that year, Fairbanks was the most idolized actor in the world. Everywhere he went, crowds gathered. Doug was always ready to oblige, doing gymnastic stunts everywhere, without regard for life or limb.

The year 1920 was also the time Fairbanks turned to the elaborate costume pictures for which he is best remembered. Of the forty-three movies he made between 1916 and 1931, only eight are in this category, but they include “Robin Hood,” “The Thief of Bagdad,” “The Black Pirate” and “The Three Musketeers.”

Fairbanks had an enormous studio filled with technicians and artists. He was always sending to the far corners of the world for experts to help him create and construct new effects and sets. When he produced “Robin Hood,” the biggest set in the world was built. Nottingham Castle was 200 feet high! As a result of Doug’s athletic stunts in this movie, he became an idol of the youngsters of the country. More little boys are reputed to have gotten broken arms and legs while emulating Fairbanks, than from any other cause.

Fairbanks made the difficult transition to the talkies by appearing in “The Taming of the Shrew” with his wife Mary Pickford. In 1932, he concluded his American career with “Mr. Robinson Crusoe.” Moving to England, he made the last picture of his life for Alexander Korda, “The Private Life of Don Juan.” In 1939, he died while planning a picture called “The Californian,” in which he intended to star Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

In his films, Doug created a unique characterization—resourceful, athletic, the super-optimist. His movies told everyone in the audience that they, too, could be successful if they’d just stop worrying and tackle life with a smile.

Over the rooftops and away on a magic carpet with his love. Such special effects were Doug’s hobby.
from that past master of the double-take, Jack Benny. To allay the fears of Peggy and Jack, Ezra has pledged that the chimps will reform, cease and desist their upsetting and scene-stealing. Chuckles Ezra, "I had it put in their contract—a fine of one banana for every monkeyshiness, and one day's pay docked for making a monkey out of any member of the cast."

Playing the Field: A chat with "Doodles" Weaver—comedian brother of Sylvester "Pat" Weaver, one-time proxy of NBC—cast some light on the origin of his nickname. "If you'd been christened Winstead Sheffield," he replied with dignity, "you'd be using a nickname, too—can you imagine a comedian billed as Winstead Sheffield Weaver?" Doodles, who's gone the guest route on almost every TV show around, claims that most of the stuff written about him is "a lot of hoctnanny nonsense." It is true that legends spring up about some performers like arts about a pot of spilled honey, and Doodles is a fine case in point. Some of the tales have had him dressed as an Indian, paying his registration fees at Stanford University out of a sack filled with Indian pennies; showing up at graduation on roller skates; and building a miniature-golf course on his parents' front lawn while they were touring Europe. Doodles admits only that "the last one is true . . . but it was a bad investment, never made a cent."

The story that he drives a 1939 LaSalle is also true. "It's a custom-made job and I paid $9,000 for it. Best car ever made and the best investment I ever made. It's still getting me around." Doodles came up with what he considers is the best safe-driving slogan he ever heard. Anthony Eisley told it to him when Doodles appeared on the Hawaiian Eye show. It says simply, "Drive like the other fellow has your family in his car."

The More It's Different, the More It's the Same: One of the most romantic stars ever to grace the screen was Paul Henreid, who has a seventeen-year-old daughter following in his footsteps. But Mimi, his fifteen-year-old, scoffs at acting and seeks another type of career. She has gone into tennis in a big way and now ranks No. 5 in the U.S. in her age bracket. "But," teases older sis Monica, "for all her jokes about not going in for movie romance, where does she wind up? In a game where the point system is all based on love, love, love." . . . Muscle-man Steve Reeves, who has been making it big in Italian-made movies, recently completed two more for the same producer—"Morgan the Pirate," and a remake of the old Douglas Fairbanks starrer, "The Thief of Baghdad." (A story on Fairbanks appears on page 60 of this issue.)

All in the Family: Although Dennis Weaver's boys—Ricky, 12; Robby, 7; and Rusty, 2—made their TV debuts on a recent Gunsamoke, they won't be treading the acting trails again for some time to come, says Dennis. "Ricky gave me a real surprise," the proud father explains, "when my wife and I attended a school play one night and I discovered he was the star. He'd kept it a secret, because he was shy about admitting he wanted to be an actor. That's when I got the idea of letting the boys appear in a Gunsamoke episode. I'm not going to discourage Rick, but there won't be planning a full-scale invasion of the night-club field. He's turned down a small fortune in p.a.s at rodeos and fairs and, instead, is investing $15,000 to have experts whip up his niter'y act. Miriam Nelson, Gene Nelson's ex, is doing the staging and choreography. Barry was a song-and-dance man on Broadway and in night clubs before going TV-Western, so he's no novice at it. . . . Though she shuns publicity about it, Milton Berle's wife Ruth is fast getting to be known as the "Berle Mesta" of Hollywood, she works for so many charity organizations of every faith. But "Uncle Mitte" has another name for her. "I call her my humidorable," he grins, "because she carries my cigars around for me." . . . Jane Wyman and Fred Karger will have to wait for that honeymoon. Freddie's under long-term contract to the Beverly Hilton Hotel and Jane is under option until July for a new TV series, Doctor Kate. . . Steve and Nolde McGuire have purchased a four-bedroom home adjacent to Frank Sinatra's place in Palm Springs—so that two-week vacation at Frank's house proved, as Steve says, "the most expensive free vacation I ever had."

Around the World: Molly Bee is really serious about English comedy star Digby Wolfe, whom she met during her month's tour of Australia. However, he's in the process of getting a divorce, so any talk of marriage will have to wait. "I hope, though, to arrange another tour to Australia soon," says Molly, "the people there are so warm and friendly." Meanwhile, Digby is trying to line up some play dates in the U.S. . . . Johnny Weissmuller Jr., just out of the service, wants to follow in dad's footsteps and seek a movie career. He did a little acting before donning khaki, but says, "My two years away from it convinced me that was my real ambition." . . . Charles Boyer and family return this summer to Ischia, a small island near Capri, for the sixth year. "No matter how busy I am," says Charles, "my family comes first and, for twenty years, we've spent a month's vacation together." . . . Bachelor Father travels to Honolulu and South America next season, just to keep the scenery more exciting. It doesn't make the cast unhappy, either, to take these all-expenses-paid jaunts. . . . Del Moore, the "neighbor" in Father, has cut his own pilot, Daring Deeds Of Donny Dru, and ABC has optioned it . . . Steve Allen goes legit via Katherine and Dale Eunson's play, "Southern Comfort." The break-in is set for Santa Barbara in late May, then Steve moves the show to San Francisco, Los Angeles and, finally, Broadway in September.
(Continued from page 11) in the 1940s. “I had one of those contracts that called for a picture a year,” Como describes that part of his career. “I went out to Hollywood, put on a tux, sang a few songs, grabbed my money and ran when the picture was done.”

He played in three for 20th Century-Fox: “Something for the Boys,” “Doll Face,” “If I’m Lucky.” He would like to forget all three pictures now. “I sang,” he sums them up. In 1948, he starred in a musical for MGM, “Words and Music.” He would just as soon forget that one, too.

When picture offers have come to him since, Perry’s reaction has been fast, and final. “It would be silly to go into a movie now and just sing a little. There would have to be a great deal more to it than that. You reach a time in your career when you can demand a few things—and there wouldn’t be much point in merely repeating what I did thirteen or more years ago.”

Not long ago, a part came along in a 20th Century-Fox picture, tentatively titled, “The Great Saint Bernard.” The starring role: A Franciscan monk, Father Raoul, who breeds and trains the world-famous St. Bernard rescue dogs. (By coincidence, Father Raoul also sings.)

“I got interested in the story about a year ago,” Perry says, discussing the strong possibility that he will play—it a possibility which may be confirmed as fact, by the time you read this. “I was intrigued by the subject matter. It is a true story. There is nothing fictitious about it. I wouldn’t want to play either a flip type of priest or one that is too saintly. That wouldn’t be for me. I wouldn’t want to make a movie that winds up being shown only at church functions. There’s a place for that type—but this is a story which should interest all peoples of all faiths. A wonderful story, filled with humor and wisdom.”

A dear friend, who is a Franciscan, may have influenced his feeling a little. Perry knows the Order well. “Wonderful, literate men, who work for charity, are missionaries, scientists, teachers.”

In the first script submitted to him, the monk was quite young. “I told them to take him a little further along,” Perry laughs. “Who would I be kidding—playing a boy in his early twenties!” The man of the cloth was also written a little too “sugary” for Perry’s ideas. “This monk has the responsibility of training these dogs. He would have to show a little toughness.”

Roselle Como, Perry’s pretty wife, liked the idea of his making the picture, right from the beginning. When she found him reading a revised script one evening, she asked hopefully, “Oh, has that come up again?” The thought of being in Switzerland for six weeks or more this summer, and taking the children along, appealed to her. Perry would be doing scenes at the Hospice of St. Bernard, the monastery on Lake Geneva where these dogs have been bred and trained for more than a thousand years, in the breath-taking beauty of the Swiss Alps.

It would mean they could leave New York sometime in June, after the last Kraft Music Hall broadcast of the season, and spend July—and perhaps some of August—in the Alps. Perry once stopped off in Switzerland on his way home from Rome. But, to Roselle and the children, it would be a new experience. “Even if I never made the picture,” Perry smiles, “it soon began to look as if we would have to go to Switzerland, after all the talking we did about it.”

It hadn’t occurred to Perry, or the children, that they might like to do bit parts themselves, or at least appear in crowd scenes, until someone suggested that might be fun. Perry isn’t sure they would be interested. “They live in their own worlds now and have their own interests. They are not show-business minded. My children have never hung around rehearsals.”

Ronnie, graduating from Notre Dame at twenty-one, is thinking of going into the teaching of science. David, fifteen, hasn’t yet decided what he wants. Terri, just turned fourteen, is busy with school and a teenager’s important social life. “You can’t get near a telephone in our house anymore,” their father sighs. “If I pick up an extension in one room, Terri’s voice says sweetly, ‘Daddy, do you mind? I’m on the phone now.’ If I pick it up in another part of the house, my son explains, ‘Daddy, this is Dave. I’m using the phone.’ That’s the way it goes, when the kids grow up.”

Although Perry is not in favor of so-called “trained” dogs—he had an unhappy experience with one of his own—he realizes that these St. Bernards are very different, and their rescue work very important. He knows about the many lives which have been saved by them over the years.

“My feeling about too much training for the average dog dates from the time the children were quite small, and we had a boxer. I wanted him trained so he wouldn’t jump on the kids, even in fun. I thought they might be frightened, or hurt. But the dog’s spirit was broken. When he came home, I had to start scrapping with him, to get any spirit back in him at all. I like dogs as they are, except when they must be taught some special work for which

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their skills are actually needed.

Three toy poodles now have the run of the Como household. “The only time these dogs pay any attention to what I tell them is when they want a cookie. They’re a lot of laughs.”

Working with the St. Bernards would be quite different. They must get used to the voice that gives them the commands. They must get used to the scent of the person who controls them. As a gag, Perry had his latest recordings sent to the producer of the picture. “Just let those dogs listen to these and learn to like them,” he joked. (It shouldn’t be too hard on them. One is a single hit record: “Gone Is My Love,” with “Make Someone Happy.” The other is his new album: “Perry Sings for the Young.”)

When someone asked Perry whether, in recording actual commands to accustom the dogs to his voice, he would do them in French, it brought a laugh. “That would blow the whole picture for me! I don’t speak French. They’ll have to get used to a little mad Italian.”

To establish the close rapport required between monk and dogs, Perry’s socks and shoes, gloves, shaving cream and lotion, were forwarded to the monastery, to be sniffed. “We had all this conversation about it, even before the script was rewritten. I guess they figured it would take a long time for those animals to get used to me.”

One particular St. Bernard will figure prominently in the story. The scenes are both touching and humorous. Perry likes the latter particularly. “The Monsignor says the dog must be given to a wealthy family that wants it. Father Raoul doesn’t want to part with his favorite. The maneuvering the monk does to keep that dog is just wonderful.”

He thinks the picture could be exciting and beautiful, photographed in color as it would be. He likes the monk, Father Raoul. There are many elements in the story that appeal to him greatly—its religious side, but also its broad humanitarian aspects. He is intrigued by the dogs, by the painstaking way they are trained for their great work. And he likes the “nice little boy-and-girl love story” which threads its way through the script.

Other summers, Perry has played golf, played with the children, relaxed on the beach or at home. But the time rolls around quickly, and suddenly it’s autumn, and back into harness again. “They say an important vacation rule is to do something a little different,” he reflects. “Making a picture would certainly be different—and I would like it. This picture could be just the right answer, if it’s right for me.”

“Roselle would like to go to Switzerland. So would the children. They are probably the ones who will do the deciding. Then I’ll just go along and do the movie!”
inlaid with pearl, ivory, or enamel, line the central gallery—pieces which would make many a museum curator chartreuse with envy. Elizabethan furniture stands next to Jacobean, and the assortment of Queen Anne and Early Georgian gives way to Louis XV. The Victorian velvet-covered couches once used in the film, “Gone With the Wind,” stand proudly under their plastic dust-protectors.

As you pace off the decades past the changes in furniture styles, you are brought up to the present and near-present, and the three styles of furniture the firm has so aptly tagged “modern,” “Modern,” and “Moderne.” The distinction is fine. But it’s there. The pieces classed as “modern” are the things you’re apt to find ‘most anywhere, everyday furniture which Mr. and Mrs. Everyone might have in their home. The “Modern” pieces are very fine Scandinavian imports, as well as products of advanced American designers, which might furnish higher-income-bracket homes. And the “Moderne”? That’s the gosh-awful stuff, with stark angles and spare beauty, which became briefly popular just before World War II.

A set decorator, planning the stage setting for an upcoming teleplay, wanders through this vast assortment searching for just the right pieces to fill his picture. Armed with a pad of paper and a roll of Cellophane tape, he tags those pieces he wants with a slip of paper. On the proper date, they are gathered together, invoiced, and trucked to the studio. When the production is completed, back they go to the rental warehouse. In its lifetime, each piece can conceivably earn the rental firm many times its original purchase price.

For the most part, the prop rental houses work on a contract basis with the various studios, rather than a by-the-piece rental basis. At the beginning of each season, the set decorator outlines his general needs for the months ahead, and a contract price for the entire season is agreed upon. Some weeks, only a few pieces may be needed. Other weeks, it may take two truckloads of furniture to fill the want list.

Among the props stored at Cinema Mercantile are lighting fixtures of every size, shape, and vintage. One Maria Theresa chandelier, heavy with cut crystal prisms, is valued at $25,000. Possibly inspired by the sight of this, one set decorator went slightly berserk not long ago. For a big television spec, he had the female singer do her number on a stage decorated only by crystal chandeliers—dozens of them—every chandelier Cinema Mercantile could round up from its own stock and others around town.

Although the stock-furniture division may be the backbone of the prop rental business in Hollywood, it is the least fascinating to the outsider. The real areas of interest lie in the offbeat, the outré, the macabre and bizarre objects. To the west of Cinema Mercantile’s main warehouse is one repository of just such items. The sign over the door bears the innocuous inscription, “First Street Furniture Store.” But to step inside is to plunge backward in time for nearly a century, for the First Street Store houses such props as might come in handy for an 1870-type Western or Gold Rush story. It’s easy to understand how this division of the business is currently one of the busiest of all.

In an attempt to inject a little glamour into the dusty Western, many a director has decided to have one of his dancehall girls soak in suds in an old-style tin bathtub. The call goes out to First Street Furniture, which has a half-dozen or more of these quaint monstrosities in its warehouse. They’re mixed in with spinning wheels, old pot-bellied iron stoves, and old-style granite wear.

How do they come by all these marvelous artifacts of Americana? Current employees are a little fuzzy about the details. “These things have just always been here. They were here when I first came to work, and I’ve been here for years!” Actually, among the best sources of supply are the second-hand furniture dealers in the area. Called to a home to give an estimate on an attic-full of odds and ends, they cannily spot those objects they know will be of value to either antique dealers or prop rental outfits. (And the prop rental people can usually afford to outbid the antique dealer—since, instead of getting a one-time profit from the sale of an object, they can count on an income from it for years to come.)

Just a block to the east of Cinema Mercantile is still another of its subdivisions: the Bausch Galleries. There, still in the stark atmosphere of a warehouse, is a collection of objects d’art to make a fancier swoon. Chubby cherubs carved from wood, standing three feet tall, came from an old French villa. Another three-foot wood carving was recovered from the ruins of a seventeenth-century Italian castle. A magnificently carved Flemish sideboard requires three men to lift it into a truck.

Not all the objects in this gallery are the genuine article, it’s true. There is.

“Send Up a Harem” (Continued from page 21)
for instance, a mock-up of a grand piano which looks for all the world like the real thing—until you touch it. But those who would point the finger of fake at all props should have a look at the intricately inlaid Louis XIV desk, lavishly ornamented with brass figures involving cloven hoofs, fauns, and nymphs.

Any TV or movie director will tell you there are several advantages in renting The Real Thing, as opposed to making do with a fake or copy. The camera is a very discerning eye. What appears to be passably convincing to the human eye will come off blatantly fraudulent on film. It takes a top-rate cameraman to make the unreal seem real, and it's simpler to use the real thing.

Directors will also tell you, with a note of indulgence, that actors are ultra-sensitive people. If they are required to emote in the role of an eighteenth-century dandy, it is easier if they're surrounded by genuine eighteenth-century props. Actors and actresses seem to absorb something from these historic props—a sort of osmosis of emotion.

Furniture and decorative objects are not the only items rented out by the prop suppliers. A variety of prop rental firms dots Hollywood. Several companies rent "hand props," the smaller objects used by actors and actresses in furthering the thread of the story. Other outfits specialize in guns. Rentals by the day, week, or month, rentals by the single piece, the dozen, or the arsenal. And one rental business specializes in hiring out window-display material, current or 1920 versions, for use in the store windows which provide the backdrop for many a television or movie scene.

There are several plant nurseries in the Hollywood area who wouldn't think of selling a seed or a flower bulb. All their business is in renting greenery to the movie and television industry. It's doubtful if you've ever seen a filmed wedding when the potted plants surrounding the pulpit weren't rushed back to the rental nursery right after the ceremony was shot.

Another burgeoning business in Hollywood is the rental of ancient automobiles. With the increasing interest in the 1920s, venerable Hupmobile, Stutz and King cars line many a studio street, most of them rented for the production. Hardest to come by, these car-rental agencies declare, are early trucks. Passenger cars, pampered and babyed over the decades by the traditional little old ladies in Pasadena, turn up every week. But rare indeed it is to find a 1920 truck which hasn't been modified, altered, or rebuilt beyond all recognition.

One of the offshoots of the prop rental business which is making a lucrative living for many a Hollywood firm is the live-animal rental. These come under the heading of "live props," so far as the studios are concerned, and are rented by the day or week, the same as a piece of furniture. Aside from actual four-footed stars, the horses and cattle you see on TV—even the poultry in the barnyard—all these are rented.

Among the animal rental outfits, one of the biggest is the Fat Jones Stables, in North Hollywood, in the San Fernando valley. There, on an acreage within sight of Burbank's Lockheed aircraft plant and jet airport, stands an assortment of ancient rolling stock: Covered wagons, stagecoaches and miscellaneous rigs. It is quite a sight—looking at those remnants of the Old West just as a jet swoops off the nearby runway and zooms across your field of vision!

The furniture, the art objects and the animals are all "for real." But there is one division of the prop rental business which is frankly, and fraudantly, fake. Home base for this world of imaginative wonders is one of the biggest and oldest "decorative prop" houses in Hollywood: Dice, Inc. It's only a stone's throw from Vine Street, near Sunset Boulevard.

If it were not for the brilliant sunlight streaming down through the skylights, the warehouse at Dice might take on a nightmare quality, with its assortment of larger-than-life-size clowns, Santas, mermaids, and Buddhas. As it is, an amble through the aisles—between collections of Arabian, Mexican, nautical and horror-chamber props—can be a shattering experience. A ten-foot golden Buddha smiles serenely down on the viewer, across a red-lacquered Oriental bridge. From an adjacent alcove, an enormous Frankenstein monster beers out. Across the way, miniature papier-mache cherubs seem to float on their own gauzy wings.

Everywhere, the eye falls on objects familiar to the television viewer. Over there is the monkey orchestra Jack Benny used once on his show—it had been made originally for a Spike Jones opus, then Benny rented it after it had been animated. An evil-looking octopus, constructed of foam rubber, was used in a Mardi Gras sequence on The Untouchables, some months ago. In the Hawaiian alcove are tikis heads, huts, and a tropical waterfall. Hanging from the rafters nearby is a ten-foot ant, veteran of a Hitchcock chiller.

One of the best customers of Dice is Red Skelton, who uses all sorts of wild props as "sight gags" on his show. Everything from an eight-foot rat to a giant high-chair, and shoes six feet long, has come from the Dice warehouse to the Skelton show. Some of these props never get back to the warehouse—Red falls in love with them, and carts them home to amuse and amaze his guests.

It's all in the day's work to Dice artists, when TV art directors come in to order an eight-foot alligator, a wooden Indian, a Chic Sale outhouse, or a sequin-covered suitcase. The artists draw up a sketch and, as soon as it is approved, the artisans get to work. Papier mache, foam plastic, foam rubber, Celastic over a wire framework—all sorts of techniques are used to achieve the finished project. The workroom at Dice is a wondrous jumble of supplies: Paint in every conceivable hue, swirls of nylon net, boxes of artificial jewels, sequins, spun glass.

You may not have been conscious of the part props play in movie and TV productions. That's as it should be. Good props, wisely chosen, should not intrude upon the viewers' attention to distract from what the actor is doing, or what the story is saying.

But, without them, all would be lost.

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Bob Hope's "Big Break"

(Continued from page 9) West Englewood Theater, then into the Stratford Theater. It was here that Bob met Barney Dear and ... in a short time, Barney was to put Bob on the map—at least, at the Stratford Theater. Bob got a one-day trial booking, so nervous he barely could get on-stage ... till Barney, who was just hoisting his way off, said, "Knock 'em dead, kid, they're set up for you!"

Charlie Hogan—a little more than worshiped, since he had got Bob into the Stratford, with a chance at a "big" starting salary of twenty-five dollars a week—called Dean to ask how Bob had gone over.

Knowing that, if he put the thumbs down on Bob, it could conceivably ... with Barney. "Then, send me a checkup, and the results were almost like a knife into Bob's heart. "Barney's dying, Bob," was what the doctor told him. He tried to get the doctor to change the verdict. He had Barney given the best care available.

Bob tried. But Barney, seeing the handwriting on the wall, tried to reassure his old friend: "Don't worry about me, Bob. Nothing can knock out an old hooper who keeps moving fast."

This was a private joke between them ... vaudeville days, if a song-and-dance man or comedian did not move fast enough on-stage, he was apt to get hit with an overripe vegetable.

In spite of both them, Barney was called to a higher stage, where his light humor and nimble feet could be put to somewhat different uses. Cancer claimed him ... but without a fight ... and not without Bob Hope, Barney Dear's best friend, at his bedside every possible moment.

"Take care of yourself, Bob," was one of the last things Barney said, always thinking first of his friend.

"Till, you know, Barney," was all Bob could promise. But he knew it would not be easy, not without the warm smile of Barney Dear to help him over the tough days. "...I never recovered from losing Barney—or Charlie Cooley, who died a little later. I couldn't have had two closer friends."

Barney and Charlie had traveled everywhere with him, and were constant sources of inspiration. Bob has said them both to rest, after a long, hard journey.

Thinking of them so often, Bob can still see himself coming off the stage of the Stratford Theater, with the hot lights running sweat-lines down his nervous face ... and hearing Barney, with Bob's whole future at stake, raving enthusiastically into the mouth-piece of a wall phone: 'He was ter- 

And, somehow, the sound of Barney's familiar voice seems to echo into every dressing room Bob occupies. And, each time, it comes as a great comfort to Bob to remember the little man with the dancing feet who made all these dressing rooms possible for the tall comedian with the ski-nose and the fast one-liners. ...

"The job he did for me was far more than anyone had a right to expect. He earned every penny I paid him, and more than earned my undying friendship with his loyalty.

One day, though, Bob realized that Barney wasn't looking so well. "What's the matter, Barney?"

Barney tried to shake off the question. "Nothing, Bob. I'm fit as a fiddle."

But the pallor in his face told Bob a different story. Barney was sent for a checkup, and the results were almost like a knife into Bob's heart. "Barney's dying, Bob," was what the doctor told him. He tried to get the doctor to change the verdict. He had Barney given the best care available.

Bob tried. But Barney, seeing the handwriting on the wall, tried to reassure his old friend: "Don't worry about me, Bob. Nothing can knock out an old hooper who keeps moving fast."

This was a private joke between them ... vaudeville days, if a song-and-dance man or comedian did not move fast enough on-stage, he was apt to get hit with an overripe vegetable. ...
“The Man Who Saved My Life”

(Continued from page 31) to keep everyone happy around the bustling room. He now says, “From the minute Gardner walked in, I could tell he was no hang-around, no-ambition guy. He had a determined look to him, one that says, I’m gonna be a somebody . . . someday.”

It was a cold, wintry night when Gardner first made his way into Clarke’s with some artist friends—he was then in his painting phase and talked the artist language well. One of his mobiles had been deemed worthy of acceptance by the Museum of Modern Art and, among his buddies, that was a badge of honor not to be worn lightly. “I’m as proud of that as anything I’ve ever done in my life,” he notes.

But being proud and being broke seemed to go hand in hand for Gardner that harsh winter. Nobody was breaking down his thin door to buy his mobiles, nor was anyone over-anxious to gamble on his sculpture. “I loved art,” he says. “Still do. But the cost of getting even the cheapest of art supplies was becoming a gigantic problem.”

Gardner, with a few last bucks to his name, sat at one of the checkered-cloth tables in Clarke’s and ordered a couple of hamburgers. His friends chattered on and on about this and that, but all Gardner could think of was how to make the overdue rent. In his own mind, it seemed that he would never again laugh free and easy.

“Frankie knew someone at my table,” he recalls. “He said hello to everyone, and seemed genuinely sincere when he greeted me for the first time.” Frankie asked what Gardner did, got an answer, and wished him luck in his career. But, as Frankie moved on to another table, Gar was left to ponder his plight alone, though in the middle of a crowd. As he says today, “Those two hamburgers seemed like the last good meal I had for the next couple of weeks.”

Gardner began to lose weight on his already lean frame. His shirts hung on shoulders that seemed to sag from the weight of each disheartening day. He had to tighten his belt more than once. And the landlord wasn’t exactly the ideal friend to run into on the stairs.

The cold of New York’s all-too-cold winters did his low spirits no good—not to speak of his lowered resistance to coughs and sneezes, brought on by the scanty and infrequent meals he ate while trying to carve out some sort of an art career before starvation claimed him permanently.

“It looked like the bad end to a bad dream,” he says frankly, “when, one night, I happened to fall by Clarke’s—much in the same way a condemned man goes to eat his last meal.” He sat in the back at a corner table, and prepped to wolf down what might well be a last hamburger.

“Hi, Gardner,” came the friendly voice of Frank Ribondo. He looked up, surprised that anyone would recognize him, a nobody in a room filled with the famous and the notorious.

Long on foresight, and knowing when someone looked short on cash, Frankie could see that the tall boy whom he had met a short time before had lost too much weight and had that tight look about the mouth which tells of days of no return. He quickly sat down and asked, “How’re things coming with you?”

Gardner tried to make it sound as good as he could. “Pretty good, in fact,” but his heart wasn’t in the pre-tense.

Frankie wasn’t much older than Gardner, but he knew all too well the trials a young stranger had to go through in the big city (Gardner had actually been born in New York, but had traveled away from it most of his young life). He tried to breathe some life into him, but the juice seemed to have dried up in Gardner’s discouraged heart.

“I’ve got no place to go. I’m losing my apartment, and . . .” But, before McKay could finish, Frankie tossed in the words that were to change the course of that young artist’s life:

“I’ve got plenty of room at my place. You can stay as long as you like.” And, before Gardner could thank him, Frank gave him the address and was off to greet another customer.

“I was at the end of my rope,” McKay marvels. “Broke, starving, no place to go—and, out of the blue, comes this stranger to save my life. It seemed like a miracle.”

From that day on, his fortunes seemed to brighten, although slowly at first. Frankie made sure Gardner was well fed and regained the weight he had lost. Then, with Gardner looking fit and healthy once again, Frank sat him down one night for a heart-to-heart chat: “Look, Gardner, any guy who has the girls as crazy over him by just walking down the street, as you have, has simply got to give it a try as an actor.”

At first, Gardner thought Frank was kidding. Then, after a bit of persuasion, he sort of acknowledged that Frank might just be right and that acting—and the money it could bring in—would do until he had the finances to continue his art career. However, as Frankie says, “One look at that face of his, and no casting director in his right mind was ever going to let him go back to paints and clay for any length of time!”

With a few bucks which Frankie more than gladly supplied, Gardner went about the task of preparing himself to become an actor. Along the way, he met many amusing experiences and a few people who were to become important in his life.

Among the most interesting was Dolores Hawkins. She was a high-fashion model in the $50,000-a-year class, but they seemed to hit it off from the first, with Dolores and her fresh-as-a-peach smile putting the lilt into Gardner’s life. Following his trip to Hollywood and his subsequent success there, he trotted on back to New York, and picked up their close friendship—but now it’s on equal footing, and not a poor-boy-worships-rich-girl basis. In fact, Gardner has even been able to offer pretty Dolores a chance to appear in an episode of Adventures In Paradise.

Frankie is more than happy that he was the one who introduced them. Now, every time Gardner and Dolores come into Clarke’s, Dolores has at least one big kiss reserved for Frankie, the man who bailed Gardner out of the depths when he needed it most. “Dolores is a doll,” says Frankie, “and the big guy couldn’t do better if he stood on his head and sang ‘You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby,’ in Swedish.”

This past winter, Gardner came in like a champ—what with Adventures In Paradise doing so well, and with Dolores on his arm—and the first to greet him was the little dynamo who first put the acting bug in his ear.

“Two hamburgers, Frankie,” smiled Gardner. Frankie, remembering another day, not too long ago, asked slyly, “You think you can afford it?”

Gardner debated for a moment, looked at the snow falling outside Clarke’s window, then said—and not too sadly: “I think so, Frank. With a little change to spare.”

For Frank Ribondo . . . the Korea veteran who had made it back from the sad hills of the young and the dead . . . to put high hopes into a youthful but starving giant . . . the answer is thanks enough for the life he had saved, once upon a time, back in 1956.

And Gardner doesn’t easily forget. He still looks around the scene he once knew so well . . . sees in the aspiring young artists the life he once loved with a passion . . . and hopes that they, too, will find a place in the sun. And a friend like Frankie.
Johnny Burnette

(Continued from page 15) the pieces. Johnny Cash slammed an answer, "We were just trying to sell you a set of unbreakable dishes, sir."

The man literally roared at them. "Unbreakable?" he echoed, incredulously. "You get out of here! You couldn't sell dollar bills for a dime."

Johnny Burnette concludes the story with a grin. "He was so right. But I sometimes wonder what that man would say today if he knew that each of those no-where salesmen had since sold about a hundred songs they wrote themselves, plus several million records."

To sell his songs was Johnny Burnette's ambition since boyhood. His father—D. W. Burnette, then a construction foreman and later a real-estate dealer—liked plenty of elbow room. Their acreage in East Highland Heights, just outside Memphis, was stocked with hogs, cows and chickens. "We didn't have horses," Johnny adds, "but my older brother Dorsey and I could always borrow a couple when we wanted to play Roy Rogers."

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn couldn't have had more fun. There were ponds to fish, hills to explore and the River—the Mississippi itself—was close. Like their father, they also were builders: As Johnny tells it, "We built an airplane and hoisted it to the top of the house. Dorsey got in and I pushed it off."

But the Burnette brothers were no Wright brothers. Dorsey broke his arm and D. W. Burnette administered a rare tongue-lashing. He said, "Boys, what all y'all? I didn't know I had raised me two idiot sons..."

Gritting his teeth against the pain, Dorsey had interrupted. "Pa, it should have flown. It had a propeller and wings..." D.W. snapped back: "Boy, that's not enough. You got to have power and balance, and learn to do things right."

Two areas where Dorsey and Johnny did learn to do things right were box- ing and music. About the boxing, Johnny says, "A young Methodist preacher was our first coach. Then Dad got us gloves and Dorsey and I really worked at it." In Golden Gloves tournaments, Dorsey eventually won the mid-South light-heavyweight title and Johnny became welterweight champ. Says Johnny, "Dorsey's bigger than I am. He can lick me. But we love each other. We'd rather work together."

In music, they were slower to reach championship status. Their mother played piano. Dorsey was given a bass fiddle and Johnny a guitar. School programs and benefits gave them practice. They earned their first fees at small night clubs, but didn't make enough to buy gasoline for their jalopies. Dorsey became an electrician's helper. Summers, Johnny was a deckhand on a river boat, then tried the door-to-door salesman bit.

No one quite recognized then that forces which were to change the world's popular music already were at work in Memphis. Sam Phillips, a young radio announcer, grew bored with over-aged swing music, and gambled his savings to install recording equipment in an old store building near Beale Street. His cash income came from persons who paid four dollars to make a private record. He spent most of it recording small combos and singers who could produce the exciting rhythm-and-blues songs he remembered from his own plantation childhood.

Sam's Sun Records scored its first national success with Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes." A kid named Elvis Presley who had first wandered in "to hear the sound of his own voice" also showed promise of local popularity. Then Johnny Burnette's no-sale partner, Johnny Cash, persuaded Sam to record the first of his own songs, "Hey, Porter." His next, "I'll Walk the Line," became a hit.

Dorsey and Johnny talked it over. Said Dorsey, "That Elvis allows as how he's an electrician's helper, same as I am, but so far, all he's done is drive the truck. If he can cut records, we can, too."

According to Johnny, that recording session laid them low. "Sam Phillips is a hot cat at the controls and he was making magic like usual and we were doing that old comedy number, 'Git All, Mule.' It was funny, all right. Sam was in the middle of a bee-hive, our violin player's cheap fiddle broke up. We just cut and run. Sam chased us half-way to Beale Street, yelling that we'd have to get some decent instruments before he would try again to record us."

To redeem their pride, Dorsey and Johnny went into the Ted Mack Original Amateur Hour competitions. After sweeping through their local contests, they placed third in the Madison Square Garden finals. It brought them a recording contract—but, as Johnny says, "That wasn't the right company for us. Nothing happened."

They appeared in a rock 'n' roll movie. Result: Ditto. They went on some tours. Ditto ditto.

Says Johnny, "We had to do something. About that time, Dad retired and we all moved to California." Luck was with the two boys, the day they picked up a street map showing where movie stars lived. Johnny says, "We spotted Ozzie and Harriet's house and hoped our old car would get us there."

They drove up just as David Nelson

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pulled out of the drive on his motorbike. Dorsey called, "Hi, David, is Ricky home?" As casually as if they were neighbors, David yelled back, "He'll be here in a few minutes."

They waited an hour and were glad they did. When they introduced themselves, Ricky greeted them as friends. "You did that record, 'The Train Kept A-Rollin'." Dorsey couldn't believe his ears. "You mean you bought one of the few that sold?"

"Sure," said Ricky. "It sounded good, too."

Johnny took it as a cue. "Ricky, we've some songs we'd like you to hear. When can we play you some tunes?"

"Now is a good time," said Ricky. "Got your guitars?"

The ensuing jam session would have drawn a crowd anywhere but in Hollywood. Ricky, Johnny and Dorsey sat down right on the Nelsons' front lawn and played and sang. Soon Ricky dashed in to phone Lou Chudd, president of Imperial Records, to report that he had found some songs he wanted to record. When could Chudd hear them?

"How soon can you get here?" Chudd asked.

"Give me thirty minutes," Ricky replied.

"Make it fifteen," Chudd ordered.

Shortly, the Burnettes—who had started the day sightseeing—were into a session with Ricky, singing their tune "Waiting in School." It sold more than a million records.

They have since written many of Ricky Nelson's hits. But during the time they, too, recorded for Imperial, they never got a hit for themselves. Johnny says, "Once, during a bomb scare, we boarded a plane and the stewardess asked if we were carrying any 'bombs.' We bust out laughing. Dorsey told her, 'Ma'am, we got a whole suitcase full of them—and handed her the record we were trying to promote.'

He tells of the end of that association. "Dorsey and I tried a duet. Lou Chudd said we sounded like a poor man's Lonzo and Oscar. He was happy to give us our contract back."

The Burnettes decided it would be best to split up. Dorsey went to Era Records, Johnny to Liberty. Johnny got his first hit with "Dreamlinin'" and followed up with "You're Sixteen" and "Little Boy Sad."

There is a distance of about two miles between Johnny's and Dorsey's present Hollywood apartments, but they continue to collaborate on some of their songs. About his writing Johnny says: "The simplest songs usually turn out to be the best ones. An idea will come to me quick and I put it down. When I struggle over a song, I usually mess it up."

Sundays, when in town, the boys go to their parents' home in Huntington Park. "I sure do favor my mother's chicken dinners," Johnny says. "When she gets one on the table, you sit down and eat until you hurt yourself."

His father's approval means more to Johnny than all his hits on the charts. He quotes with much pleasure D.W. Burnette's statement, "Lord, those boys did give us a time when they were growing up—but we're sure proud of them now."

(Continued from page 16)

not only illustrates the power of TV, but explains why a classical actress like Nancy can find satisfactions in a daytime serial drama. Audience identification and response. The belonging to a group, a family of actors, as in the old repertory companies. The opportunity to work with excellent actors, well versed in their craft. "I love doing the show," she says. "These are marvelous actors, and marvelous people."

Nancy Wickwire's career started with dancing lessons, when she was about eight, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She was a shy little girl, and her mother decided dancing class might help. The teacher also gave what was then called "elocution." Speaking little pieces and learning parts immediately proved more interesting to Nancy than practicing pirouettes.

All through her school years in Harrisburg, and at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, where she majored in drama, her dream was to interpret the classics on stage. She looked the classical heroine type, too—tall, slim and blonde, with blue eyes set in a small, cameo-like face. By the time she was graduated and descended on New York to conquer Broadway, she had a season of summer stock behind her and had shot up to her present height of five feet, eight inches.

The former was part of Nancy's credentials to big-city theater. The latter proved to be a drawback. The people who gave out jobs invariably asked how tall she was, and invariably it was too tall for the part they had in mind. "This became a kind of personal criticism of me," she says. "I took it terribly to heart. I can change my hair, I used to think; I can change practically anything about my appearance but I can't cut down my height."

"Flat heels didn't help—I still looked like a tall girl. Tears streamed out of my eyes when I walked away from casting offices. I wasn't emotionally ready to be on my own in New York. I lived alone in one of those horrible little rooms aspiring actresses always seem to find. I knew no one. There was nothing to counteract my feeling of being rejected."

Fate intervened, just at this point, by prodding her to audition for a scholarship to the "Old Vic" school in London. She won, and spent two rewarding years there. Part of the training was based on the premise that an actor should be able to do whatever a part calls for. "This is why we took acrobatics and fencing. Why we had to learn to act in all styles—Shakespeare, Restoration comedy, musicals, contemporary drama—and this leads right into daytime dramatic serials. It is why I could feel quite at home in a serial, from the first day."

When she returned to New York, everything looked different to her. "I knew who I was, and what I could do." But, on her first TV show—an Omnibus program—a chance remark she overheard filled her with some of the old self-doubts. During rehearsals, the director had cautioned, "Don't move your arms so much. Keep your face still. This is TV, not the stage." Her voice, trained to project in a theater, was even bigger than her gestures. Other actresses whispered into the microphones and she could hardly hear them. Her voice had almost blasted the audio man out of his booth in the beginning.

As she stood waiting for her cue to descend a staircase, she overheard two stagehands talking. One said, "I hear that about fifty million people watch this show every Sunday." Suddenly, she could see all those faces, and all those eyes staring at her. She was sure she would trip on the stairs and fall on her face before those millions of viewers.

"Old Vic training or no, I was convinced, at that moment, that this medium of TV was not for me. But I got over that, played many other TV roles in nighttime TV dramas, and had a part that ran for eight months in The Guiding Light, another CBS daytime serial."

Nancy and Basil met when both were at summer theater at Wellesley, Massachusetts, she to play the title role and he to direct George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." She had heard that Basil was a fine director and was looking forward to working with him. "We had an immediate rapport, so far as actress and director were concerned, but it was a strictly professional one at that time."

The next year, both were acting in Wellesley, in "The Lady's Not for Burn-
ing." Mutual admiration turned to mutual love—"The lights went on," says Nancy. They planned to be married that year or the next, but seemed to get busiest whenever they talked about getting a license and making the necessary preparations. As it turned out, they finally got two marriage licenses!

The wedding had been set for New York. The blood tests required by New York State law were completed, the license in their possession. They visited a couple in Connecticut and announced their plans. "There's a lovely little church up here," the wife suggested, "so why not get married in it?" It sounded like a lovely idea. Why not? The Town Hall stayed open long enough to let them get Connecticut license. New tests were run through. And they had the kind of wedding Nancy wanted all along—"just perfect."

This was Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1959. She had been away from As The World Turns all summer, playing Shakespearean drama at Stratford, Connecticut. The next day, she was due back to resume the role of Claire Cassen. Theirs was the typically brief honeymoon of working performers.

Nancy had first taken over the part of Claire several years ago, temporarily, to replace Anne Burr. Anne was suddenly out of the cast because of an accident. Ted Corday, executive producer of As The World Turns, had previously directed Nancy in The Guiding Light and knew her work. He sent for her. "There wasn't even time for a reading," she recalls. "Claire had been in the script almost every day—and I went in 'cold.'"

"I had to leave for a while, because of a prior contract to do 'A Clearing in the Woods,' off-Broadway, but I went back while Anne was still recuperating. Later, when she moved to California, I took over the part. But, by actual count, I have had to leave it five times—twice for the summer Shakespeare Festival, once to play on the BBC in London in 'A Month in the Misbegotten.'"

In the interim, she had also done Of The Week twice—"The Stronger" and The Potting Shed—and a Du Pont Show Of The Month, "The Prisoner of Zenda." She has also played off-Broadway in "The Way of the World" and "The Cherry Orchard," and on Broadway in "Grand Prize." But Claire Cassen has continued to draw her back.

"Nancy has given some of her finest performances on As The World Turns," her husband says. "There are many challenges in a serial drama, and she has met them all." Basil, too, has acted in the serials—among them, The Secret Storm and Love Of Life. "Always as a villain," his wife comments a little sadly. "I suppose because he is dark and rather serious-looking."

They have done some programs together: A series with Burgess Meredith, and readings based on James Joyce's Ulysses, Dylan Thomas's "Under Milkwood," Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." They are both in love with the "spoken word" and all that this includes—theater, literature, poetry in all its expressions—stage, auditorium, radio, TV.

Hundreds were turned away from a series they gave at the New York Public Library, called "Poets and Playwrights." Thirty-two sets of books of poetry were taken out the first week of the series, sparked by the new interest they had created in their listeners. Basil, an authority on George Bernard Shaw and his works, is doing a book about the great playwright.

Nancy is a good cook and they are both interested in good nutrition, so she works out her menus according to a careful plan. Basil is a fine photographer, also a "Sunday painter" and a collector of paintings. Both are too busy ever to have enough time—she with the show, he with the directorial duties that constantly come up, and an association with the Manhattan School of Music.

They take their work very seriously—but, fortunately, not themselves. One of Nancy's favorite stories is about the time a friend was posting a letter to her from California. The woman at the hotel desk noticed the address and asked, "Do you know this Nancy Wickwire?" The friend said yes, and the woman went on, "That's wonderful—because, next time you write, could you ask her when Anne Burr is coming back to play Claire?"

"I laughed at this story for a long time, but never had the chance to tell Anne about it until I met her at a party," Nancy says. "We both laughed then, and Anne told me she had just as amusing a story for me. She met two young men, while on vacation, who asked about As The World Turns, and she explained she had had to leave the show when she moved from New York. They wanted to know who had replaced her. She told them it was Nancy Wickwire. 'And what do you think they said to me?' Anne asked. 'Oh, she can act!'"

Nancy can act—and no one has yet succeeded in putting her into any narrow theatrical niche. Shakespeare, the classics, poetry, sophisticated women, the nice-girl-from-back-home—she has done them all. Plus Claire Cassen, a wife and mother of today with all of today's problems and all the excitement of As The World Turns.
(Continued from page 24)

twenty-three," says Shelley. "Annette Funicello—my best friend—and I both feel that we are too fickle to marry until we are out of our teens. For both of us, marriage will be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Even if my religion didn’t forbid divorce, I’d want to marry only when absolutely sure that I’d found the right man. Whether I go on with my career or not, after marriage, will depend on how my husband feels about it. But, even if I still work, marriage will be the most important thing in my life.”

Shelley has been dating only since she was fifteen, and her dates are usually limited to Friday and Saturday nights. "Sometimes I double-date with my older sister Smokey—she's twenty—or with Annette. Sometimes we all triple-date. And we have a ball!"

Among Shelley's dates have been young actor Joe Cronin, singers Bobby Rydell and Fabian, and several non-professionals. But, no matter who it is, Shelley has promised her parents she'll do her best to be home by 12:30 A.M., from all ordinary dates. Occasionally, she stays out later for a big premiere or an important dance. But, if she's delayed, Shelley phones her mother. "You see," she says, "I know I'd worry if I were the mother of a teen-age girl and she didn't come home at the time I expected her."

She's honest in everything she does. When she attended "The World of Suzie Wong" premiere in Los Angeles, a TV commentator stopped her in the lobby of the theater and told her: "Tonight, as Fabian's date, you are the envy of millions of teenagers. Tell me, does he sing to the girls he dates?"

She answered simply, "I don't know. This is our first date.

Shelley was born in Santa Monica, California, on January 19, 1944. Although her parents are non-professionals, Shelley became a child model at four. Her mother sent both her girls to dancing school for tap lessons, so that they wouldn't be shy, as she had been as a girl. But, in spite of the lessons, Shelley admits she's had to fight shyness all her life. "When I'm with people I know, I can babble on for hours. But if I go to a party where I don't know anyone except the host or hostess, I just die.

"Being in show business sometimes puts you in a difficult position," she observes. "If you sit in a corner because you don't want to interrupt other people's conversations, someone's apt to say, 'Look at her. Just because she's in show business, she's stuck up and won't talk to anybody.' But if you walk over to someone and say, 'I'm Shelley Fabares,' that person might think, 'She's pretty forward, isn't she? Just because she's in show business, does she think that gives her the right to interrupt other people's conversations? Sometimes it's hard to know what to do!"

When Shelley was six years old, her mother accompanied her to auditions for parts in movies and TV shows. It took three years to get her first break—playing the child she danced with Frank Sinatra in an NBC spectacular.

At eleven, she landed her first movie part, as a brattish kid sister in "Never Say Goodbye," with Rock Hudson. Later she played featured roles in "Rock Pretty Baby" and "Summer Love.

From time to time, she played dramatic parts on various TV shows, such as The Loretta Young Show, Playhouse 90 and NBC Mattinee Theater.

At twelve, Shelley met Annette Funicello for the first time, when both were being confirmed at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. About two years later, when she worked on Annette's show at the Walt Disney studios, the girls became the closest of friends. Shelley spends so much time with Annette that she's considered almost an adopted daughter of the Funicello family.

Shelley's big television break came with The Donna Reed Show, and she treasures her first Christmas present from that lovely star: A charm bracelet, which now holds many of Shelley's favorite charms, including a little French poodle with a pearl necklace around its neck.

"Some people say I don't have enough confidence in myself," she sigs. "But a lot of teenagers have this problem. It's so hard to hold on to self-confidence when you're changing so much and your ideas are changing all the time.

"I don't like myself very much. I don't like my face, for instance. I think it's too round. I'd like to lose some weight, too." (Shelley's five-feet-four and weighs all of 105 pounds.)

To know what Shelley is really like, you'd have to see her at home. She and her family live in a large sixty-year-old home at the foot of the Hollywood Hills. Shelley's room has pink walls, gray carpeting, a desk with a type-writer, a well-covered bulletin board, and lots of stuffed animals.

Shelley can seldom be heard saying one critical word about anyone. There seem to be only three things that she dislikes: Gum-cracking, going to bed at night—and getting up in the morning.

She likes going to school on the set ("It's like having a private tutor") and she's looking forward to graduation—in white cap and fitted white gown—from the University High School in June. (That's the school from which all students at the studios are graduated, with appropriate ceremonies.)

She likes bright orange sweaters, collecting records—particularly Bobby Darin's—reading fan magazines, going to movies, and talking on the phone. She and her sister Smokey do so much of the latter that their parents gave them their own phones. The two girls have the same number, but different extensions. Things sometimes get pretty hectic when both are expecting calls!

Shelley is beginning to get out of her shell of shyness. The secret? She says it's a good idea for shy girls, before they go to a party, to find out from the hostess who else will be there, and what schools they go to. "Then talk, even if you don't feel like doing so, till you hit on a subject of common interest. You can ask them what grades they are in or what their hobbies are—that kind of thing. You may make a lifelong friend! The important thing is to concentrate on making the other person feel at ease. That leaves you no time to think about your own self-consciousness."

Her prescription for romance? "I can't tell what he'll look like—but I hope he'll have a good sense of humor, love children, and want a big family."

Shelley adds that she hopes, when she meets the man, she'll stop being fickle. "I'm awful," she twinkles. "One week, I admire a boy. The next week, I like someone else. When I was in the tenth grade, I had the maddest crush on a good-looking boy. I don't think he knew I was alive, but I worshipped him from a distance. Then, one day, he moved away—and poof! went my crush. Today I can't even remember his last name."

It's obvious that any boy who meets this very special redhead, these days, will remember Shelley's name.

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Teal Ames Tells Why She Left TV among the many topflight features in July issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale June 6
The Upbeat Life of Hugh Downs

(Continued from page 39) with Hugh's usual workday schedule. The human dynamo has TV commitments which would keep three ordinary men happy and rich, too. He thrives on his morning-to-night toil, and revels in the knowledge that he's unquestionably television's busiest performer. Hugh's blasted his way to the heavy-weight electronic title by appearing five days a week as announcer on Jack Paar's night-time show; five mornings a week as host of Concentration, and one night a week as emcee of the evening version of that same game. In addition, he does a three-hour stint for NBC Radio's popular Monitor program on Sundays.

Even when whirling through the NBC corridors at top speed, Hugh isn't completely content. "I'm unhappy if everything goes smoothly," he says. "I suffer from ennui when nothing goes wrong. That's why I love The Jack Paar Show. It sparks me when trouble develops. I love trouble. It keeps me on my toes."

He's determined to stay on those digits for at least three more years—at what time he hopes to engage actively in major television production. "I don't have a driving need to be in front of a camera," says Hugh. "I'm extremely interested in getting a firm foothold in the production end of the business. When I came to New York seven years ago, I said to myself: Hugh, take ten years as an announcer of commercials and TV emcee, then get out. Well, I've been in it seven years now, and I think I've already turned a corner in my career. I don't do any commercials now, outside of shows I've previously contracted to do. Doing commercials tends to typecast you in TV. Naturally, I'm extremely happy hosting my own show. It's a step in the right direction."

Before coming to New York, Hugh served as disk jockey, interviewer, emcee, and staff announcer at Chicago's NBC Radio Station WMAQ. His first job in New York was with the Home show. He became announcer for Caesar's Hour during the 1956-57 season and, in July of 1957, his up-and-Downs career zoomed when he joined the Paar program.

"In those early days," says Hugh, "I was up at 6:45 A.M. and didn't get to bed until one the next morning."

Today, the genial star manages to snap more shut-eye. "I usually don't get up before seven-fourty-five," says Hugh. "I have breakfast with Didi" (nickname for his daughter, Deirdre, 11) "before taking a one- or two-mile stroll through Central Park with Ruth" (his wife). "This is about the only time that we can discuss anything. It's the 'togetherness' part of the day."

The Downs live in a spacious second-floor apartment which overlooks the park, and their daily stroll usually concerns itself with a tour around the lake. When he gets back to the apartment, Hugh concentrates on his writing. His recent autobiography, "Your Truly, Hugh Downs," is selling extremely well. He keeps at the typewriter until ten-thirty, at which time he begins his phone calls to producers and TV agencies. Hugh's already active in producing a commercial series, and plans to extend this phase of his professional life.

He usually foregoes lunch, content in the knowledge that it helps him in his battle to keep that waistline trim. "I weigh about 173 or 174, but I prefer to be about 168," he says. "I know I've surrendered, when I start letting my clothes out."

Hugh starts the rehearsal for the Concentration daytime show at two-fifteen and winds up at four. He then zips up three floors in the building to take on his duties with Paar. "At ten o'clock, I call it a day. I then go home to eat or go to a restaurant."

His hectic pace sometimes finds him accomplishing the incredible chore of tapping two afternoon Concentration programs, one night-time version, and a Jack Paar assignment—all in a single day! But the forty-year-old rival to a perpetual-motion machine contends he only feels fulfilled when keeping busy. "I can't relax by relaxing," he says. "I must continually be doing something that stimulates me mentally."

Even his hobbies possess a challenge. Skin-diving, astronomy and building high-fidelity sets are the things he likes best. On occasion, he's even been known to play his own album, "An Evening with Hugh Downs." He says: "Yes, I love to sing—but Frank Sinatra has nothing to worry about."

Neither, apparently, has Hugh Downs. Certainly, the bugaboo of another quiz-show scandal cropping up doesn't faze him. As host of the highly-rated Concentration caper, Hugh maintains his own vigil for any sign of hanky panky. "I'll acknowledge that the pressure of corruption in TV is always a factor," he says, "but it's also lurking in other endeavors. With NBC's strict supervision, there isn't a chance for the poison to seep through again. The network's watchdogs are constantly on the alert. Right now, I'd say that the quiz and game shows were purer than the white, driven snow."

Ever willing to go out on a limb, Downs further predicts that "for another generation, the chances are nil..."
for a similar situation to crop up like that which first stunned the American viewer."

Hustling Hugh has the utmost respect for the viewer. He realizes the TV fan can be affronted very easily, through callousness and impoliteness on the part of the television celebrity. "Too many times," says Hugh, "a contestant is turned into an entertainer by the emcee. There is a tendency on the part of some masters of ceremonies to deal in a patronizing manner with outsiders. They use them as springboards for cleverness. I think it's a disgrace."

He's also extremely critical of those interviewers who are so rude they completely disregard the guest's replies to questions asked. "The routine I'm speaking about usually starts with the host popping a simple question such as, 'What's your ambition?' Before the contestant can fully answer the query, the emcee interrupts to ask another. This behavior is shocking."

As an announcer for more than twenty years (he started in Lima, in his home state of Ohio), Hugh has a gripe, too, about some commercial spelers. He looks with jaundiced eye on those pitchmen who use the loud, hard-sell approach. "I know some viewers do respond to this brand of commercial, but many of them resent it. Madison Avenue's advertising 'big wheels' have done brilliant things, but they have also subscribed to a number of fallacies. One of these is that the public has a twelve-year-old mentality. They don't realize that viewers no longer like to be shouted at."

Hugh never underestimates the viewer. He's of the firm belief that the TV audience appreciates quality and good productions. He also knows that the viewer is curious. Wherever he goes, Hugh's asked about the controversial Jack Paar and the many popular guests of that show. "Lots of things have been said about Paar," says Hugh, "but there's one thing you can't say he is—and that's a phony. Jack may be nervous, high-strung and insecure, but he's sincere. I'd say that Jack's tremendous success proves the value of honesty in this business. He's been of the first rank all these years for another reason, too. He does not 'exploit' any talent."

What about Genevieve and "Charley Weaver's" TV fans constantly badger Hugh as to what they're "really like." Hugh says: "Genevieve has a tremendous compassion for anyone and anything in trouble. She's a lovable human being." Charley Weaver, as played by Cliff Arquette? "He's a shrewd and genial comedian who capitalizes on every bit of his huge experience and well-balanced appraisal of humanity."

Finally, what about Hugh Downs himself? What's he really like? "Well, my goal is a simple one," says Hugh. "I merely want to live in such a way that I won't have to look back on a life of emptiness or regret any action I've taken."

Pittsburgh's Adam Wade: From Science To Song

(Continued from page 23)

business—Adam tagged along. Most of the country's music publishers have offices in the Brill Building, so Dick Baugh and Adam Wade started on the eleventh floor, knocking on every door, and working their way down. They were politely turned away—until they got to the fourth floor. At Paxton Publishing Company, the receptionist (also from Pennsylvania) was sympathetic. She found that Marvin Cane, an executive at Paxton and Coed Records, was free to see them.

Cane took them to a piano in a back room and, for forty-five minutes, Adam sang Dick's songs. Adam recalls: "Then Marvin asked me if I knew any standards, and I sang about twenty for him. He sent me across the street to record some 'dubs.' Late that afternoon, he offered me a recording contract."

Marvin Cane tells you: "Two things impressed me about Adam—his gentility and his silky voice. Both reminded me of Nat King Cole. I didn't expect an overnight sensation with Adam, because we're living in a rock 'n' roll era. Adam is a ballad singer, and it will take him twice as long to get to the top. But, when he gets there, he will have a solid foundation."

Cane adds, "The only thing that concerned me about Adam, at first, was the very thing I admired—the quality of a gentleman. The business is rough-and-tumble, and that's why so many successful singers are really tough guys. Adam is no tough guy, but there are other ways to give a young singer incentive."

He got Adam good bookings, but some

were in clubs that were less than elite. "Some clubs," Adam notes, "are difficult for a performer. You may be singing alongside the bar and—what with customers coming and going, arguing over sports and politics—you really have to fight to be heard. That kind of experience gives you plenty of incentive to work harder and to earn the right to sing in better clubs, where the performers get better consideration."

Since those days, Adam has worked at better clubs, including Blintrub's in Boston, Sciolli's in Philadelphia, the Glenn Casino in Buffalo, the Beachcomber in Wildwood, the Bellevue Casino in Montreal, the Roundtable in New York. He has been asked back for return engagements at all of them. And at The Living Room, after his second engagement, the waiters—usually a rather cynical group—set a precedent by gifting him with an attached case. "That was touching," Adam says, "but so was my reception at the Holiday House in Pittsburgh. I've been there twice now and the audience in my hometown was so wonderful, I just about broke down and cried."

Most Pittsburghers who knew Adam were surprised by his sudden success as a singer. In the Homewood district where he was born and raised, he was known as a crack athlete but never as a singer. At one time, his father, who works as a laboratory assistant in the Public Health Department, tried to get Adam started on the piano but Adam wiggled out. "I wasn't mature enough to appreciate what he was trying to do for me. My parents understood me better than I did. When I was a kid, I used to sit by the radio and learn songs. I idolized Bing Crosby. I still think he is one of the best singers of all time."

At Westinghouse High School, Adam excelled in basketball. Westinghouse also happens to have an exceptionally fine music department, headed up by Carl McVicker for thirty-four years. During that time, dozens of fine musicians have been turned out, including Billy Strayhorn, Ahmed Jamal, Dakota Staton and Erroll Garner. Adam played trumpet in the school band—but, in a school which sets such high musical standards, he wasn't considered remarkable.

In 1953, Adam went to Virginia State College on a basketball scholarship. He majored in public health and minored in biochemistry. Between his studies and basketball, he had no time to get involved in choral or instrumental groups. "In my junior year, I married. Kay was my childhood sweetheart. I can't remember when I didn't know her, and we both wanted to marry so badly that it just didn't seem right to wait until after I was graduated."

Kay continued to live in Pittsburgh, where she was going to school, and it wasn't until after Adam's graduation that they set up a home. He was then working in the Salk Laboratory. His co-workers there were used to hearing him hum or sing softly as he worked, but no one suspected the size of his talent. It was Mrs. Homer Brown, whose husband was one of the first Negro judges in Pennsylvania, who gave Adam his first push. As Adam recalls:
"I used to go over to her house occasionally, and she heard me sing. She suggested I audition for a musical production at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. I was kind of a reluctant singer. It didn't mean much to me. But I went down and sang for the musical director, and he gave me a part in the show."

Adam still wasn't taking his voice seriously when he met Jesse Belvin—the Victor recording star who was killed in an automobile crash last year—at the home of a mutual friend. Jesse asked Adam to sing, then kept him at it for two hours. Afterward, Jesse insisted on paying for an audition record of Adam, which he sent off to Victor.

"I got a very nice letter from Victor," Adam recalls, "but there wasn't a spot on their roster for me. Well, I tried a couple of spots around Pittsburgh for a singing job and had no success. It didn't surprise me. I felt that liking to sing was altogether different from being a singer.

When Adam got to New York, the only thing Marvin Cane changed was Adam's name. He had been christened Patrick Henry, and Cane wanted something more distinctive. "Now everyone calls me Adam," says the young singer. "Even my wife—except when she's angry with me. Then it's still 'Pat.'"

Adam notes that he tries to give little cause for anger. "I try to fight the world of unreality that so often engulfs a performer. I try to take on all the responsibilities of a father and husband. When I'm not working, I divorce myself completely from show business.

"Before I signed up with Marvin, I talked very seriously with my wife. I told her it would be difficult for her, in the beginning, because I would have to do a lot of traveling—and, if she didn't think she could endure it, to tell me. I thought too much of my marriage to jeopardize it. Kay has been very understanding, and I feel that I owe much to her."

Today, Adam and his young family live in an apartment in the Queens Borough of New York City. Adam has three children: Sheldon, 4, Patrice, 3, and Damon, the baby. "The best feeling," he says, "is in the evening before the children go to sleep. Sometimes, I rehearse for them and they like to get into the act. Other times, we just get down on the floor and play games."

Even when he's home, he's likely to stay up late and sleep late. "We have a television set in the bedroom and the kids come in and watch cartoons. When I wake up about eleven, I usually find them sitting on my stomach."

Although Adam's income now measures close to six figures a year, he still works in a laboratory occasionally. When time permits, he goes to the Research Hospital, in Flushing Meadows, as a volunteer lab worker. "It's not because I feel insecure in show business—although I very well know that, one day, people may decide they don't want to pay 'x' amounts of dollars to hear me sing. If this happens, I don't want to become a stagnant individual. So I go to the lab to keep familiar with new procedures. Whether it's in the lab or the singing business, I think, while you're learning, you're living."

He still plays basketball. Once in a while, he gets to Fort Totten, where he works out on the court with Johnny Nash, Si Green, and other friends. He enjoys living in New York and doesn't feel far from home, because he frequently bumps into other musicians from Pittsburgh. His buddy, Dick Baugh, is now an orchestral-music instructor with the New York City Board of Education. A few months ago, Adam recently found a publisher to take on his songs.

"Everyone in the business, from Pittsburgh or otherwise, has been good to me," Adam says. "I've had long talks with Erroll Garner and Bobby Darin and Johnny Mathis. Johnny's piano player told me that Johnny's favorite record was one of my first, 'Tell Her For Me.' And I think an especially gratifying experience was working with Sarah Vaughan. Sarah gave me sound advice and told me to keep my feet on the ground. She said, 'If you're going to be a pop singer, be a good one and don't bounce from pop to jazz to the blues.' Actually, I prefer to sing pop. I even enjoy Western songs. My manager, Marvin, says that I'm really a square."

Adam finds the present wholly satisfying. "I'm a lucky man to have my career working and the kind of family happiness in my home." For the future, he would like to learn to act and dance. "And, for the near future, I'm planning on taking Kay on her first real vacation. I've got a job in Juarez, Mexico, in October, and we'll leave the children behind with Kay's sister."

He has one other mission. "I've never been to California. But, when I get out there, I want to visit Jesse Belvin's children. I never met a man who loved his wife more, and it was such a tragedy when they were both killed. And, you know, Jesse never learned about my recording contract, though he had such faith in me. So, when I get out to the Coast, that's one thing I want to do: Just go and meet his two kids."

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Buzz Clifford: A Baby Sitter’s Dream

(Continued from page 36)

clothes, his grooming and manner indicate good breeding and a certain familiarity with money. Buzz Clifford’s family lives in one of the wealthy communities in New Jersey. His father is General Projects Supervisor for American Telephone & Telegraph.

“Dad brings in good bread,” Buzz says matter-of-factly. “But I want to make the point that we’re working people. There is this do-it-yourself philosophy in the family. My grandfather quit school at fifteen and wound up as vice-president for Western Electric. Dad was sent to Dartmouth—but it was made clear, when he graduated, he was on his own. He started out as a $25-a-week lineman in Illinois and worked up to his present position.”

Buzz was supposed to enter college last fall but argued his way out of it. “I’ve got such enthusiasm and love for show business that I can’t put it into words. I’ve got to prove myself. That’s all.” He adds, “I can’t blame my parents for not sharing my enthusiasm. They’re hip and know what the odds are against success in show business. And then I was never an exhibitionist, a child actor or dancer or such. Still, they know very well this isn’t a whim.”

Buzz was so occupied with sports through school that he had no time for the dramatic club or a choral group. He played baseball and football. In his junior year at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, he was All-County Halfback, made the All-State Second Team.

It was out of sheer love of music that Buzz made time for it in the privacy of his bedroom—and it all started when he asked for a horse. “We moved to New Jersey from La Grange, Illinois, when I was about five. When I was nine years old, I was on this cowboy kick. I had a cowboy hat and toy guns and boots, and then I asked for a horse. Well, there was no place to keep a horse—but my parents reasoned that Roy Rogers seemed pretty fond of his guitar, and they gave me an inexpensive one.”

Buzz took to the instrument. He began to sing along with it and, by the time he was in high school, played jazz guitar. He was and is by far the best guitarist in his community but he never sang or played publicly. It was a teenage prank that brought him into show business two years ago.

“A gang of us went over to the Morris County Fair,” he recalls. “The local radio station, WMTR, had a mike set up at the bandstand and a couple of instrumentalists. The guys asked me to go up and sing and I said like forget it, fellows. So I was in mid-air on a ferris wheel when a voice comes over the public address system: ‘Buzz Clifford, report at once to the bandstand.’

“I thought it was an emergency and yelled at the operator to get me down. When I got to the ground, I all but flew off to the bandstand. About a half-dozen guys grabbed me and carried me up on the stage.” He grins. “I got to admit I looked like a teen-age hood: Sideburns, blue jeans and T-shirt.”

There were only a few people present when Buzz began to sing. By the time he finished five numbers, a thousand had collected, the kids were dancing and the crowd swinging. They invited Buzz back the next night—and the police were called to keep order.

Frank Fellmer, a deejay and now program director at WAAT in Trenton, was on hand. He got together with Buzz afterwards. Today, Frank is one of Buzz’s four managers. The others include a solder manufacturer, a jukebox operator and one of the country’s top song writers, George Weiss, who wrote “Mr. Wonderful.”

Much of his time recently has been put into promotion tours for Columbia, usually on weekends. He is still close to his family and continues to live at home, commuting into Manhattan. Home is a large, white stucco affair on top of a steep hill. The family includes his father, mother, brother Jim, 17, and sister Priscilla. 13. Buzz’s real first name is Reese, like his father’s and grandfather’s, but the nickname of Buzz has also been in the family for three generations.

Even in the house of an A. T. & T. executive, the telephone problem exists. Says Buzz, “Let one of us kids mention he has a phone call to make, and it’s like waving a red flag. Jim and Pris and I converge on the phone like three ballplayers sliding into base at the same time.”

Buzz doesn’t pass himself off as a goody-goody. “I was pretty fresh a couple of years ago, and I’m no stranger to discipline. I had a habit that drove my parents crazy. If they began to tell me off for coming in late or not doing my chores, I’d answer them in Donald Duck talk. So I’d lose dating privileges or the use of the car.

“Dad still has a habit of drawing up house rules, when things get loose. Like reminding us that we will wash our dishes, do our beds and be in at a certain hour. But the funny bit is the way he signs his proclamations: ‘Dad, Chairman.’”

But no one has ever been able to discipline Buzz’s sleeping habits. Getting home at a reasonable hour doesn’t mean he will go to sleep. “I’m a bad sleeper. Even if I go to bed early, I’ll wake up in the middle of the night. So, very often, around three or four in the morning, I have the guitar out and I’m working on a song.” He likes to write and some thirty of his two hundred songs have been published, and several originals are included in his current Columbia album, “Baby Sittin’ with Buzz.”

While he can drive a good beat, he prefers ballad numbers and folk-style tunes when he writes. He always tries out his new songs or a new recording first on his family. “They are very helpful. It’s like having an A & R panel in your own house. Mother bugs me on pronunciation. My father is good on sound and has helped me on range. My sister knows all the dances and is good at tempo. And Jim is like Dad, pretty sharp on sound.”

His interest in such fine Negro performers as Johnny Mathis, Ray Charles and Jackie Wilson has led him to think considerably about racial problems. “I don’t understand people’s attitudes on segregation. Negroes take the same bullets we do, and share all other responsibilities. They deserve equal opportunity.”

Religion is another thing Buzz takes seriously. “We’re the kind of family that prays together and never has a meal before grace is said. On Sunday we all go to church together.”

He misses sports. “I’m not much for golf or bowling. I love football and boxing. I wanted to go out for the Golden Gloves, but my parents and managers talked me out of it. Outside of swimming, I haven’t developed a liking for other sports.”

He drives a ’53 Studebaker Hawk which he has rebuilt and modified. “It’s nothing to brag about, really. I’m not a first-class boy mechanic, but it gets me to drive-ins.”

Drive-ins are the usual date, though he occasionally drives into Manhattan for dinner. “Truthfully,” he admits. “I’ve always been pretty shy with chicks. I’m just at the opposite end of the pole from the guy who can hop in the car on Saturdays and cruise down Main Street looking for a girl.

“When it comes to taste, I don’t date them by types—tall or short, blonde or brunette. I like a girl who doesn’t come on too strong, a girl I can talk with and feel comfortable with. The only thing that really bothers me is a girl who swears, or one who tells me how to drive.”

Buzz has made his summers count. During one vacation, he labored on a construction job. Another time, he worked as a stunt man in a cowboy town for children. “That was like being ten years old again and getting paid for it! I’d be the Apache Kid or Doc
Six-City Caper

(Continued from page 41)

that pelted the East Coast in early February. On Buddy Deane's popular show, in Baltimore, Merv "mouthed" the vocal to his record, just as he did on similar shows in other cities. "Because of the storm," he remarks, "there was a captive audience. Since no one would dare go outside in such weather, we probably had the most viewers of the entire tour. The storm may have been bad for Baltimore, but it helped the record really take off!"

In Washington, on Milt Grant's Dance Party, Merv's "vocal" was nearly drowned out by a buzz in the audience. "I couldn't figure out what all the commotion was about," he says. "Then I heard one of the kids say, 'That's the X-Y-Z man! I almost broke up laughing.'" (On Play Your Hunch, players pick the right answer from three items which are marked—X, Y, and Z.)

On successive weekend jaunts, Merv attended hops, deejay shows, and promotional functions planned by the Carlton staff in all the cities named in the song lyrics—plus Pittsburgh, Allentown, Cincinnati and others.

Since Play Your Hunch is a Monday-through-Friday program, it was necessary to tape some of the shows so Merv could get away on weekends. "NBC was nice enough to let me tape the Friday morning show on Thursday, so I could leave New York shortly after noon," he recalls. "That way, I could hit two, sometimes three cities before coming back Friday night. A couple of times, I went right back on the road, immediately after finishing the Prom show at six o'clock Saturday evening."

Making these trips was "a real revelation" to Merv. "I got to see what people thought of me and of both our shows. In New York, people don't even blink an eye when they see a television personality on the street. As I walked down the streets of the various cities I visited, I would get questioning looks and could overhear whispers from passers-by who recognized me from TV.

"One of the funniest experiences was the time I walked into the record librarian's office at WBZ, in Boston. He was watching Play Your Hunch on the TV set in his office. When he turned around and saw me watching myself on TV, he couldn't believe his eyes and remarked excitedly, 'But you can't be here—you're on the air now! Actually, this sort of thing happened to me more than once.'"

On The Bob Clayton Show, in Boston, Merv was unexpectedly asked to "sing" three of the tunes he had originally recorded with Freddy Martin. "Bob's request really took me by surprise. But, fortunately, I remembered the lyrics. As I was singing 'Coconuts,' I suddenly recognized what a tremendous difference there was in the sound and type of arrangements between 1950 and 1961."

His two latest albums, "Merv Griffin's Prom Party" and "Play Your Hunch," were packaged to appeal especially to his TV audiences. Since the music played on Saturday Prom was predominantly either a "twist" or a cha cha, that was the treatment given a group of standards on 'Prom Party.' Sid Bass (who had arranged "Banned in Boston") and Merv went through a long list of song favorites from the past, winding up with twelve selections like "Tumblin' Tumbleweed Twist," "The Charleston Cha Cha," etc.

"Most of these tunes," says Merv, "were ones I used to sing with Freddy Martin in a sweet vein, but Sid's arrangements gave them a totally differ-
The Paar-Sullivan Dollar Rumble

(Continued from page 12)
big show-business personalities aired their dirty linen.
This comment by Jack Gould, TV critic of the New York Times, is typical of many that have been written and voiced throughout the country: “Hours of time on television and eight-column streamers in the newspapers for the Messrs. Paar and Sullivan? If the people of the Congo think we have gone back to the playpen, they can’t be blamed.”
In the weeks following the exchange of insults in early March, the public—and the entertainment industry itself—has been left with one big question unanswered: Why? What happened to cause the split between Paar and Sullivan, who previously had been members of a warm mutual-admiration society?
Some four years ago, when Paar was fired by CBS, it was Sullivan who paid him $5,000 a show for as many appearances as he wished to make on his Sunday-night variety. Even during the March name-calling, Paar admitted to his NBC audience that he would never forget how Sullivan “helped me when I really needed it.”

After the heat of the March exchange and tempers had cooled a bit, little was said. Sullivan ended his participation on the firing line by explaining, “This controversy is clearly a misuse and abuse of the air waves and has become objectionable to the public. I will have nothing more to say on the subject.” Paar agreed to pull his punches as long as Sullivan did.
There was even a hint of reconciliation: On his March 15th telecast, Paar said that “Ed Sullivan and I could never be friends after what went on.” His announcer, Hugh Downs, objected. “You want me to retract that?” said Paar. “I retract it.”
Although there has been no official explanation from Paar or Sullivan—or their respective networks, NBC and CBS—the consensus of those supposedly “in the know” is that the whole thing should never have happened, was definitely a mistake, and was triggered by temper. Unfortunately, the temper was displayed publicly, and immediately became news.
The war of personalities was set off on Thursday, March 9, when Jack O’Brien, the syndicated television columnist of the New York Journal-American, revealed that Sullivan had notified the major talent agencies that, henceforth, any performer appearing on the Paar show for the “scale” of $320 would get that same amount—and no more—for an appearance on his own show, which frequently pays up to $7,500 for a guest shot.
Sullivan explained that he had in mind bona fide “performances,” as opposed to mere appearances on Paar’s conversation panel. He also said his ultimatum did not apply to beginners, but, rather, was aimed at established performers. His irritation was apparently sparked by comedian Sam Levenson’s appearance on the Paar program for $320, shortly after he had commanded a $7,500 figure on Sullivan’s Sunday-nighter.
Another source of irritation to Sullivan was the appearance of Pat Suzuki on the Paar show for $320, after she received $5,000 from Sullivan. “Paar himself said on-camera he didn’t understand how he could get stars like Pat Suzuki for $320 when she got $5,000 from me,” said Sullivan. “I was in the odd position of being indicted right in front of Miss Suzuki and the NBC network, as a dope.”
After the O’Brien story was published on that fateful Thursday afternoon, Paar went on the air that night with a session which ranged from pleas to threats and challenges to Sullivan’s position. He charged that Sullivan was trying to put his late-hour, low-budget week-night program out of business. The battle was on.
Several performers were immediately on the spot, as they were forced to “declare themselves” for either party. Joey Bishop and Buddy Hackett joined Paar on his Thursday-night show to assure him they were on his side. Myron Cohen and Sam Levenson said they’d stick with Sullivan.
“Paar insists that Americans have the inalienable right to work for less,” said Sullivan. “I say Americans have the inalienable right to work for more.” He described Paar as “an emotional man who feels the whole world is against him—look at his many fights and feuds.”
Paar returned the compliment. “I think we have found somebody who is more incoherent, more emotional, more nutty than I am,” he said. “The person is Sullivan.”
What began as a conflict in business interests immediately became a public brawl of personalities.
As the feud picked up momentum, the two principals agreed to debate their differences on Paar’s NBC program Monday night, March 13. This announcement was greeted with more—or, at least, as much—attention as the Kennedy-Nixon debates of last fall’s Presidential election campaign. After each apparently agreed to certain conditions demanded by the other, the stage was set.
Monday morning’s newspapers carried headlines that Bennett Cerf—president of Random House and panelist on What’s My Line?—would moderate the debate. However, Monday morning, when the appointed “seconds” of the two met in Cerf’s office to complete arrangements for the verbal duel, tempers flared again.
Sullivan withdrew from the debate, claiming that Paar was a “welcher.” His specific reason for withdrawing was Paar’s insistence on an informal discussion period following their debate. Paar said he wanted the open discussion in order to go into such matters as the financing of the Sullivan show, “the people he (Sullivan) has conned” and “the way he uses his newspaper column to beat people over the head to come on his show.”
“Paar simply has welcomed,” Sullivan insisted.
Sullivan saw it this way: “This morning (Monday, March 13), in the presence of moderator Bennett Cerf, at Random House, Paar’s attorney,
James Stable, acknowledged that the word 'debate' means that each side in turn presents its arguments, and that the first speaker ends the debate with rebuttal.

"As a matter of record, I challenged Paar to this debate last week. He specifically accepted the debate. The other day, Paar in newspapers insisted that I speak first and that I speak last. I agreed. Paar now has said he would not appear unless I agreed that, following the debate, we have a discussion. Obviously, after the debate, I'd have nothing to discuss with Paar and there would be no subject open to discussion."

That night on The Jack Paar Show, in place of the debate, Paar cut loose with an anti-Sullivan tirade in which he said, "Ed Sullivan is a liar. That is libel. He must now sue and go to court. The public is going to insist that you go to court and, under oath, I repeat, Ed Sullivan, you lied today."

In his suite at New York's Delmonico Hotel, where he was watching the Paar telecast, Sullivan is said to have laughed when the word "liar" burst from the screen. Asked if he would sue Paar for libel, the columnist-emcee said that he would not.

"As someone once said," Sullivan explained, "never sue if someone calls you a liar because he's liable to prove it. I've told a lie from time to time. Who hasn't?" He later commented: "I won't tell a lie about Paar. Despite all the smokescreen and all the publicity from NBC, this fellow (Paar) walked out on the debate."

Variety, the show-business trade paper, scolded both Paar and Sullivan in an editorial titled, "Who Cares?: "Why the networks should endow their facilities for what is essentially a private squabble—and an uncouth one at that, with childish name-calling and personal invective—is the major issue . . . Who 'welched,' who is 'afraid'—who cares? Show-wise as the TV public may be, whether it's for the $320 minimum or some fancy $5,000 and $7,000 fee is an economic barometer that must stagger many a prosaic family man who'd settle for either. Or less."

In the aftermath of the fight, Paar told his audience: "I have lost the battle to Mr. Sullivan in the daily newspapers. I do not believe I've lost it with the public." He said he felt that he'd done "something courageous and right," but conceded that there is room in the TV spectrum for both him and Sullivan. "The truth is that the performers need both shows and the public enjoys both shows."

So, again the question: Why?

The best opinion, based on conversations with network and talent-agency officials, who wish to remain anonymous for obvious reasons, is that Paar's public bragging of hiring performers for "scale"—when they receive much higher fees from Sullivan, Perry Como, Garry Moore—irked Sullivan and goaded him into making a response.

It is doubtful that Sullivan—or Paar, for that matter—intended that the incident would develop into an all-out feud. "The nasty matter of money," commented one man close to the participants, "shouldn't be a public matter. There was no necessity for this squabble to come out in the open. But when you make a remark to the newspapers or to a television audience of millions, it's different from blasting someone within the confines of your office. When Jack and Ed started slagging, they did it in full view of the public. It got out of hand, that's all."

There are those who still believe that the rhubarb was intended to be a publicity stunt at its outset. One story making the rounds of network corridors is that CBS had been dissatisfied with Sullivan's Sunday-night ratings and was considering shifting the program to a Wednesday-night time slot. The battle with Paar could have been the gimmick needed to bring attention to Sullivan. This theory, of course, has no official confirmation.

Another story has it that Sullivan was not merely representing his own program, but—as the established veteran of television emcees—was also striking a blow for Perry Como and Garry Moore, who pay guest stars Sullivan-size fees. Through spokesmen, both Como and Moore answered queries about the Sullivan-Paar rhubarb with "no comment."

A clause in all contracts a performer signs, before appearing on major variety programs, specifies that he will not appear on any other show for twenty-one days prior to his appearance and eight days afterward. An executive with General Artists Corp., one of the larger booking agencies, told Variety that he recently asked the booker for The Garry Moore Show for a waiver to permit a "name" act to appear with Jack Paar. His request was turned down. He claimed the booking was refused, saying, "Especially Jack Paar."

Possibly the best summation of the spectacle of two celebrities "talking out of school" was offered by Fred Danzig of United Press International. "Stars can and will always come on Paar's show to chat," he wrote, "and they'll fit into his format most comfortably. Sullivan, who can't see the logic in paying $7,000 to stars who accept $320 from Paar, has placed himself in the impossible position of trying to apply logic to show-business fees. He may as well try straightening out the mess in Africa. It would be easier."
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